

The Bulgarian Situation.

Workers' Dreadnought

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

VOL. IX. No. 38.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 2, 1922.

Weekly—PRICE ONE PENNY.

LINES FROM WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying, "Weep! weep!" in notes of woe.
"Where are thy father and mother? Say!"—
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

"Because I was happy on the hearth,
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

"And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his priest and king,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

THE LITTLE YAGABOND.

Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold;
But the Alehouse is healthy, and pleasant,
and warm.
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;
The poor parsons with wind like a blown
bladder swell.

But, if at the Church they would give us
some ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink,
and sing,
And we'd be as happy as the birds in the
spring;
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at
church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting,
nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as he,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil
or the barrel,
But kiss him, and give him both drink and
apparel.

LINES FROM JOHN BARLAS.

FREEDOM.

Freedom is come among us. Winged from
hell
She rises with the serpents in her locks.
Kings, priests, republics, with her fiery shocks
She breaks and scatters daily. This is well.
But though all other false dominions fell,
There is one tyranny based on the rocks
Of nature and necessity that mocks
And breaks all waves that gainst its base
rebel—
The union of the drove against the deer
That follows not its path, of bird with bird
Against the lonely one of alien song,
The league against the brave of those that
fear,
The hats for isolation of the herd,
The banding of the weak to crush the strong.
—From "Holy of Holies, or Confessions
of an Anarchist."

The House that was Seized.

THE CASE OF FOUR HOMELESS FAMILIES. RIGHTS OF PROPERTY VINDICATED AT THE OLD BAILEY.

The architect of the Central Criminal Court said with his blocks of stone: "Don't you go trying to break out of here or to break in either." He knew something about a Court of Justice. The artists who painted the lunettes inside were more vague in their notions of justice. Mr. Gerald Moira tried to make justice splendid. That he failed does not matter: he tried, and in making such an endeavour he made a vast mistake. Justice—Criminal Court justice—is not an affair of splendour: it is an affair of sordidness and tears. Sir William Richmond forgot altogether where his painting was to be seen; Moira forgot too, from the architectural standpoint: all their pictures seem in a fog; but Sir William Richmond forgot the purpose of the building he was to decorate: he fancied that beauty was somehow concerned with it, and he painted nymphs dancing in sunlight—the very last of things to be admitted here. Justice—Criminal Court justice—would be daily shocked by those nude female figures, if she ever raised her eyes to them; but they are high, and her thoughts never go straying up there. The hangman and the gaoler and the bars of the cell are the symbols that should have been painted here, in this place of doom, with the white faces of stricken families, the grief-bowed figures of young and old. Richmond nymphs, it is well you are faint and foggy: you should fade away in shame at your naked incongruity—you have no business here.

The "Workers' Dreadnought," well that was a poser! Should the representative be admitted? When is a reporter not a reporter? That is what every doorkeeper in the Courts would like to know.

A genial person, the usher, in a black robe like the lawyers', asks with urbanity but a shade of doubt:

"Is there any reason why you should not be admitted? Are you a reporter? Is that your purpose? You have not come to make a disturbance, I suppose?"

The "Dreadnought" reporter passes in. The Press seats are well to the fore, but there is a lower bench in front of them, on which the usher seats himself, large and ample, ready for any contingency which might arise.

It is hot. Off goes the hat of the "Dreadnought" reporter. Oh dear, what a breach of ancient etiquette!

"Are you right to remove your bonnet?" the usher asks, with a note of reproof.

"I should think so," the "Dreadnought" reporter ventures, "it isn't church."

More seriously the usher corrects her: "You don't want to cause any friction here. I am sure. The rule here is that men should have their hats off and ladies keep them on."

From the side door at the end of the platform on which the benchers seat themselves, enters a small procession. A fine gentleman in black, with knee breeches and white lace ruffles comes first, holding a black rod in his hand. He turns his back upon us all to bow to two old men in long red gowns who have followed him. Like marionettes, they stiffly posture and bow to each other. One seems to be regarding a stage play, quaint and ghostly.

One of the old men in red has scuttled away like a mouse; the fine gentleman in black is striding away through the side door.

The other old man in the red and black gown has come forward and seated himself on the bench. He is Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder. How smooth and well shaved are his plump pink cheeks! How serene and comfortable he is.

Everyone in Court stood up when the pantomime on the stage commenced. Now we may all sit down.

The prisoners enter the dock. They look very poor, but carefully brushed up for the occasion, and hold themselves bravely. They presented themselves for trial this morning as free men, but their case was held over till this afternoon, and they have been detained in the cells during the luncheon hour. The cells have cast something of the prisoners' expression over their faces already.

The accused men had intended to defend themselves; but the Court would not have it so, and they have been persuaded to accept counsel to plead on their behalf. Mr. Elliott, properly arrayed in wig and gown, is there to defend them, and Mr. Long sits beside him to prosecute. All is in order, and Mr. Elliott withdraws the prisoners' plea of "Not guilty" and substitutes "Guilty" on their behalf.

Mr. Long briefly reviews the case. The prisoners are charged with forcible entry into the house at 40 South Grove, Peckham. The house is freehold property in Chancery.

The premises were left empty in September, says Mr. Long. Oh! oh! Mr. Long, is that your information? It is not ours. We understand, and we are told by reliable persons residing in the neighbourhood, that the house was standing empty for a year at least, and the general verdict is that it was empty for two years. The house stood empty; no one cared for it; it fell into disrepair; neither the owners and their representatives, nor the august Court of Chancery, knew that humble tenants had stolen in one December night.

Mr. Long goes on to repeat the story that the defendants broke in in February. In February, he says, the doors were still securely nailed up, and the house was void of all human intruders.

Wrong again, Mr. Long, for the Guardians were actually giving relief to one of these defendant intruders in the house at 40 South Grove last December; but how should the great Court of Chancery know? Such little matters as this are beneath its cognizance, except when the vindication of the sacred rights of property becomes necessary in its eyes.

"What sort of a house is it?" the Recorder asks.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

Mr. Long explains that the rent is £50 8s. a year, and again he asserts that it was only unoccupied three or four months—"a lease had fallen in, or something." Indeed, Mr. Long, you have been most imperfectly instructed by the solicitor in this case.

The Recorder observes that the action is being brought under Acts of Richard II. and Henry VI.

Mr. Long confirms this, and explains incoherently that the case came on from the Lambeth Police Court because the prosecution could not ask for restitution because they could not allege occupation by the lawful owner.

The Recorder expresses surprise. Can it be that the legal obstacles to turning out these otherwise homeless tenants only existed in the mind of the Lambeth magistrate, who was reluctant to be the instrument to thrust them forth? Certainly there is an element of uncertainty in the manner in which this case is handled by all concerned.

The Recorder asks who are the owners.

Mr. Long explains that there are twelve of them, one of whom is Mrs. Bowers or Bars.

"What is it desired to do?" asks the Recorder.

Mr. Long replies, with a note of hesitating suggestion, rather than clear assertion in his tone, that possession is to be regained in order that the premises may be "done up" and re-let. Has Mr. Long an uncomfortable suspicion that these premises are not to be speedily re-occupied as a dwelling house, that they may again be left untenanted for a lengthened period, or that they are to be pulled down, perhaps, to make way for some money-making venture in spite of the house famine?

"What would have happened to these premises—if no one had—squatted there—I think that is the correct term?" asks the Recorder.

Mr. Long replies that there was an order for sale.

So the premises are to be sold, not re-let, after all, Mr. Long?

The Recorder settles himself more firmly in his official seat; his tones become severe; his voice is louder. He intends that the men in the dock shall hear him.

"So it is desired that the premises shall get back to their rightful owners, and these people be dealt with?"

Mr. Long seems distressed. One might mistake him for counsel for defence instead of prosecutor. He replies:

"It is a hard case. These people have no home, and they are all unemployed."

The Recorder replies with firmness that the rights of property must be respected; but that subtle atmosphere of thought, which always arises where people are gathered together and sit in silence, is opposed to his dictum, although only lawyers, policemen, officials, and a stray Press man or two are in the Court.

"What about their characters?" asks the Recorder.

Cruel indeed is the Law which punishes, but does not permit the punishment to expiate the offence.

The detective, on oath, declares that nothing is known to the police against two of the defendants; that a third has borne a good character since 1916; and a fourth has borne a good character for a number of years. Three of the men served in the Army.

Mr. Elliot further brings out the fact that these men fought at the battles of Arras, Cambrai, Ypres, and Loos; that one, who was a stoker in the merchant service, enlisted when war began; that another has suffered much from his wound, which has broken out several times since his discharge, and that he was awarded a 30 per cent. pension only; that another, who enlisted, was in business for himself, and therefore has had no money from the Labour Exchange, though unable to find work or start in business again on discharge; that, in fact, these men are just such as our rulers have described as heroes, and for whom they promised to do all sorts of good things after the war. The man who was not in the Army, he points out, was adjudged medically unfit to

fight, but worked and supported his family as a tool maker till 1921.

Now the Recorder proceeds to business—the defence of the rights of property. Under the Statute of James I. he is empowered to make restitution, he says, and observes that there is a note to the effect that the Judge at the Assize may, at his discretion, refuse restitution, but if there is a conviction for unlawful seizure under the Acts of Richard and Henry, there will, of course, be restitution. Certainly, he says, he has the power to make an order for restitution; he is not even sure that he has the discretion to refuse it. Then, again, he raises his voice: the legal argument is for the Court; the rebuke that follows is for the men in the dock. They are men of good character; they are ex-Service men, except one who was medically unfit; but they have taken other people's property.

Mr. Elliot modestly interposes that his clients only pleaded "Not guilty" because they thought the date was material; they, or some of them, had entered the premises in December; they were accused of entering them in February: before he had had the opportunity of seeing them they had put in their plea of not guilty on this mistaken ground.

The Recorder interrupts: "They had never heard of Richard II."

Mr. Elliot, perhaps, hopes the Recorder is making a little joke.

He answers with ingratiating smiles, as counsel should when the Judge deigns to humour: "I am afraid not."

"Did they think they were entitled to seize other people's property?"

Mr. Elliot becomes subdued and discreetly abashed, as befits a barrister who has perhaps annoyed the Judge. His clients, he said, had found themselves near Christmas with no place to live in. They had all tried hard to get work. Some of them were in receipt of small amounts, but not enough to pay for any shelter they could have obtained to cover them. They had nowhere to go, and one of the women was going to bring a child into the world. "They did what was wrong, he humbly pleads, "and what was illegal. We don't excuse it, but they knew not where to go."

"Did they break in?" the Recorder inquires sternly.

"No; it had been done by others who were there before them."

"But they refused to go, although they undertook to do so."

"They had no possible chance; they made every effort, but failed to find a shelter."

"What is to become of their wives and families now?" the Recorder asks.

"They are in this house—" Mr. Elliot impulsively begins. Does he hope—

The Recorder sharply interposes: "They can't stay there."

"We will go," says Mr. Elliot humbly.

Has the Recorder still some bowels of compassion left? He answers:

"I don't want them to go out into the world with nowhere to go."

Mr. Elliot speaks earnestly: "That is what it means. It is November. The weather is element just now, but we are going on towards Christmas. We know not what it may be. These children are very young—some of them are only babies."

"That must be for the Judge in Chancery to consider: it is not for me."

Mr. Elliot assents, but observes that it is a pathetic case.

"Are they led by others who are misleading the working man?" the Recorder asks sternly.

Mr. Elliot answers faintly: "No."

The Recorder turns to the prosecuting counsel, Mr. Long, who also says: "No; I am assured that it is not the case."

The Recorder calls for the detective, puts him in the box to answer, and the detective answers: "No; it is a case merely of poverty."

This plump pink defender of the rights of Property seems appeased: "That is a miti-

gating circumstance. I am glad to know it is not a demonstration that there is no such thing as the rights of private property. If it had been so I should have given a very serious sentence."

Mr. Elliot pleads timidly for time for his clients to find other shelter.

The Recorder, mollified, says: "I don't want a woman recently confined to be turned into the streets. My instructions will be to make an order for restitution, but to delay it."

Mr. Long: "We are willing to agree to anything."

Mr. Elliot reads a letter from the ex-Mayor of Camberwell, offering a portion of his wood-yard and some saws to the unemployed men in the dock, "on the understanding that you behave like men and try to become useful citizens."

Mr. Long observes that the prosecution is prepared to give the prisoners till January 1st to clear out of the house.

The Recorder answers: "That is for your discretion and the master in Chancery." Then he asks whether any of the accused desire to speak.

Prisoner Nay speaks up boldly, saying that after the war he had been sent with the Army to India. He had not been discharged till February 9th. When he came home he found his wife and children destitute. "I thought it my business, as a man, to see that my wife and children had shelter. There was one room empty in that house I went in. I fought the Borough Council to try to get them to find me a place. I wrote to the Minister of Health, and had an answer from him. I wrote to the late Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and had an answer from him. I wrote to the King, and got an answer from him. I told the Court of Chancery I would be prepared to pay the rent; they replied that no rent would be accepted."

"I hope," interrupts the Recorder with anger, "that this is not an attempt to justify this unlawful act."

The unseen sword of vengeance seems to tremble. There is a painful hush in Court.

"Have the others anything to say?"

"No." "No."

Then Nun, with a trembling voice: "I am willing to get out when my wife is able to get out of bed. I have agreed to put my three children in the Guardians' scattered homes, though it's breaking my heart to let them go; and then perhaps I and my wife and baby will be able to find a room."

The Recorder addresses the prisoners: "You have broken two old Statutes. They are old, but they are founded on strict common sense. The rights of property must be respected. Everyone must know it—if they don't know it, it is time that they were taught. If I found you were working with persons who were undermining the law of the land, to replace it by direct action, I should have given you considerable terms of imprisonment. I understand you found yourselves under the compulsion of need, and, seeing an empty house, you went in. People must be taught this kind of action is not permissible."

"It is testified that you are not the sort of men who are trying to undermine society. I am entitled to pass sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labour, and I would have done it if you were men of that sort."

"I am going to send you back for sentence till next session, on December 5th, and keep you in custody till then. As you have not been contumacious in the dock, and as you are not working with those who are undermining the social order, I will be lenient with you. You will be anxious regarding your wives and children. The writs of Restitution will be made out at once, but the prosecution are willing to suspend their rights till January 1st. You will be kept in custody till December 5th. You will be apart from your wives and children. You will have time to consider your position. If this had been the case of persons who thought there were no rights of property I should have given severe sentences."

ROSA LUXEMBURG'S LETTERS FROM PRISON.

Translated by M. Campbell.

(Continued.)

The letters contained in this collection are all addressed to Frau Sophie Liebknecht.

Middle of November, 1917.

My Dear Sonitschka,—I hope soon to have at last another opportunity of sending you a letter, and so I find myself driven to write you now. I have always delighted in the habit of chatting with you, if only on paper, and now that I have to break myself of it I find time hangs. But it couldn't be helped; the few letters I am allowed to write I had to reserve for Hans D., who was expecting them. But that is finished with now. My last two letters were written to a dead person. I have had one of them returned to me already. I still cannot quite understand what has happened yet. However, we will not speak about the matter now. I had rather settle such things for myself and when I am alone, and if it is a question of "sparing" me the shock of bad news and sending me a few wails by way of "condolence," as N. does, I can only say that such actions irritate me beyond words. That my most intimate friends do not come to know me, and underestimate me so much that they do not understand that the best and most appropriate thing to do in such a case would be simply to tell me straight away and in two words: he's dead—it annoys me, but we will drop the subject.

It seems such a pity these months and years should pass by when we might be able to spend so many wonderful hours together in spite of all the terrible things that are going on in the world. Do you know, Sonitschka, the longer it lasts, and the more vile and atrocious actions each day brings to light passes all bounds, the calmer and more invulnerable I become, like when one is up against an element, a typhoon, a cataclysm, a solar eclipse, and can make no use of ethical rules but has to take it as it comes, has to consider it as an object of investigation and knowledge.

These are, apparently, in an objective sense, the only possible paths that historical development can take, and they have to be followed, although one must not lose sight of the main direction. I have the feeling that all this moral slime through which we are wading, this big lunatic asylum in which we are living, can all at once, or within the space of twenty-four hours, be transformed, as by some magic wand, into its opposite, into something tremendously great and heroic, and that if the war lasts a couple of years longer such a change must take place. . . . I would like to read "Les dieux ont soif," by An. France. I consider the work to be of outstanding value, primarily because it portrays with the vision of genius, the essential human element: you are made to see how, in the corresponding moments of history, such sorrowful figures and such commonplace trivialities are shaped into the most momentous events and most monumental gestures. One must take up an attitude toward social events as one does to things that happen in private life: be calm, broad-minded, accepting everything with a generous smile. I firmly believe that after the war, or when the war finishes, everything will finally turn out all right, but undoubtedly we have first to pass through a period of intense human suffering.

Apropos, my last words have presented me with another presentation, or rather a fact, and I would like to pass it on to you, because it struck me as being very touching and poetic. I was reading latterly a scientific work on the migration of birds, a matter which up to now has been considered a rather puzzling phenomenon, and found out that it

had been observed how different species, that at other times are deadly enemies and prey upon each other, become peaceful fellow-travellers when they set out on their oversea journey to the South. Tremendous hosts of birds, on their way to pass the winter in Egypt, darken the sky as they whirl by above in veritable clouds; and among the numbers of birds of prey, hawks, eagles, falcons, owls, there are thousands of singing birds, such as larks, golden-crested wrens, nightingales, flying with them without the slightest vestige of fear, although otherwise they would be pursued by them. It seems that while the journey lasts, a tacit 'treve de dieu' reigns, all are striving to reach the same goal, and somewhere near the Nile fall to the ground half-dead from exhaustion, to separate afterwards according to kind and type of landscape they inhabit. But best of all, it has been observed that during the journey over "the big pond" many small birds are carried on the backs of the big ones, thus great numbers of cranes have been seen to pass overhead with tiny birds of passage chirping merrily on their backs! Isn't that delicious?

Latterly, in an otherwise tasteless and higgledy-piggledy anthology, I discovered one of Hugo v. Hoffmannsthal's poems. As a rule I don't care for him at all: I find him affected, sophisticated, lacking in clarity—I simply don't understand him at all. But this poem pleased me very much, and made a strong poetic impression on me. I'm sending it along to you: perhaps it will please you, too.

I am now very much absorbed in geology. You will no doubt consider it a very dry science, but that is a mistake. I am reading it with feverish interest and passionate absorption; it widens the mental horizon immensely, and more than any other science, gives one a unified, all-embracing conception of Nature. I would like to tell you a lot about it, but it would be necessary for us to talk about it; we shall have to wander along together one morning in the Sudender Feld, or accompany each other home once or twice on one of those peaceful moonlight nights. What are you reading? How are you getting on with the Lessing legend? I want to know about all you are doing! Write me immediately—if it can be done—through the same party, or at least along the official way, not mentioning this letter. I am already quietly counting to myself the weeks that must pass before I see you again. That will be shortly after New Year's Day, won't it?

What has Karl to say? When will you be seeing him again? Give him my very kindest regards. Well, with a warm embrace I must say good-bye for the present, my dear, dear Sonitschka! Write soon, and a nice long letter.

Your ROSA.

(To be continued.)

ITALY UNDER THE FASCISTI.

From an Italian Correspondent.

I have just received this week's "Workers' Dreadnought," which comes to me like a breath of fresh air. The article on the Fascisti naturally interests me very much, as I have been living in the midst of the turmoil. You seem to have a good grip of the situation. Yes, the bourgeois were frightened in 1920.

Why the occupation of the factories was not followed up by a general revolution I never could quite make out. I think the leaders lost courage because they thought Italy would be starved by the Capitalist countries. I believe that actually a sort of blockading movement was commenced in Switzerland. A bourgeois manufacturer at the time told me that the movement could not go on, because no one would give credit to the new owners, and therefore as soon as the supplies of raw materials gave out the factories would be obliged to stop work. Then, again, nobody would buy the goods produced, because the new owners, having no legal guarantees, foreigners would naturally fear that in case

of the failure of the revolution, they would be obliged to give up the goods purchased. Another difficulty was that the middle-class technical workers—designers, engineers, etc.—stood out of the revolutionary movement so, it was said, the workmen would be unable to start new work when they had finished what they had actually in hand for want of technical knowledge and training. In some cases the technicians sympathised, but had not the courage to side openly with the workmen. One I know took a holiday until it blew over.

The Communists afterwards accused the Socialists of having betrayed the workers, but a Socialist of Milan told me that though they took that attitude afterwards, they at the time refused to take the responsibility of leading a revolution.

The Fascisti movement is not, as is pretended, a movement to save Italy from revolution. The revolution had failed from inward weakness, due to the causes I have tried to explain, and to differences of opinion among the workers themselves.

The real causes of the Fascisti movement are twofold. First, the desire for revenge on the part of the master class, who cannot bear to see the slaves rise. The jealousy of the bourgeois women at seeing mere working girls dressed as well as themselves, and the spite of the men who looked forward to the time when poverty would force the rebels to lick the hand that held the whip was something quite evident. The men were rather more discreet, but the women expressed themselves openly.

Secondly, quite apart from fear of actual revolution, the workers' associations, trade unions, etc., were sufficiently powerful to have some effect in preventing too radical a reduction in wages.

This is proved by the fact that even reformist organisations opposed to revolution shared the fate of the most advanced Communists—as you have noticed. Here, as in England, the middle classes, being heavily taxed, are strong on economy and the reduction of prices. Economy, of course, means starving the weakest, so the workers had to be weakened into submission to starvation by discharging "useless" employees. When wages are reduced to such a level that the poor devils of workers cannot pay, they hope prices will come down and all will be well. One does not know whether to laugh at the ignorant childishness of this or to weep. The repulsive cruel selfishness and hypocrisy of it; for of course we are all patriots, and it is the slow starvation and degradation of our own countrymen that we contemplate in cold blood. Into what will not selfishness and cowardice lead people!

To say that Fascismo is a consequence of the revolutionary outbreak of 1920 is partly true; but to say that it was a necessary counter-attack on Bolshevism is not true, because, as I have tried to show, that particular outbreak was stillborn.

I should like to say a word about a sentence in the "Dreadnought" under the heading: "An Australian View." The Australian says:

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

This is all very well; but I should like to know if the young Australian Socialist knows anything about the mentality of the average peasant? I do not know anything about the Russian but I know something of the Italian peasant, and I have heard that the French peasant has much the same characteristics. These are extreme avarice and attachment to the soil, which last sentiment is instinctive, almost animal. I have seen a woman weep a few tears over the son they had taken from her during the war, become fierce over the cow they had requisitioned. They are the narrow-minded upholders of the rights of property. They would rather die on their land than share it. How would the young Socialist propose to dispossess these people? I have heard a peasant woman say it would be better to have no trees because the children picked

(Continued on p. 8.)

Workers' Dreadnought

FOUNDED 1914.

Editor: SYLVIA PANKHURST.

As Editor for Publication to be Addressed to the Editor
Business Communications to the Manager:
Workers' Dreadnought, 152, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

(TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 7240.)

SUBSCRIPTION:
THREE MONTHS (13 weeks) ... Post Free 1/7
SIX MONTHS (26 weeks) 2/8
ONE YEAR (52 weeks) 6/6

Vol. IX. No. 38. Saturday, Dec. 2, 1922.

The Outlook.

The election of Ramsay Macdonald to the leadership of the Labour Party is represented in some quarters as a victory for the Socialist and Left-Wing elements within the Party. It is true that the Labour Party Left is undoubtedly far from Left, and the strongest of its Socialism is exceedingly diluted. Yet, even so, it is decidedly more Left and more Socialist than Mr. Macdonald, who is essentially a Liberal Free Trader and nothing more. Temperamentally and ideologically he belongs to the politics of the nineteenth century. His objects and methods are out of date in these days; and Mr. Bonar Law stumbled upon a peculiarly apt simile when he said there was something of the Rip Van Winkle about Mr. Macdonald's first speech on returning to Parliament the other day.

In fact, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is incapable of pioneering. He has not introduced a single new idea, or new method, and never will. He will neither lead nor follow a minority who are struggling to bring a new idea into general acceptance, until that minority has already passed through the first and hardest stages of its struggle. If he joins then, he will continue to temporise and to take up a mid-way position.

His opening speech as Leader of the Labour Party was flat and barren and conventional. He began with the usual compliments to the movers of the Address, and proceeded to twit Bonar Law with abandoning the Unionist convictions in agreeing to the Irish Treaty, and to read out a number of Law's old speeches containing threats that Ulster would fight to resist coming under a Dublin Parliament. This flippant rustling of the musty pages of old debates showed a truly callous indifference to the tragic state of Ireland, the sorrows, the outrages, and heroisms of the bitter struggle going forward there. Oblivious of all this, he raised a cheap laugh by declaring:

"I shall never be a party to such conduct . . . and if your authority, Sir, has to be upheld and I find the right hon. gentleman and myself standing side by side doing it, and if your eye sees upon the cheek of either of us a blush of embarrassment on account of our tainted past, the blush will not be upon my cheek.

It was either cynically, with his tongue in his cheek, or with a complete lack of comprehension of the true state of affairs, that Mr. Macdonald, in speaking on the Irish Treaty Bill, expressed the hope that it would bring a "spirit of happiness and co-operation between the two countries."

Referring to the unemployed, Mr. Macdonald mildly advised the Prime Minister to do something to allay the discontent of the unemployed marchers at his refusal to see them, but he made it clear that no demonstration of impatience and discontent by the unemployed would meet with sympathy or support from him:

"So far as the Labour Party are concerned, we are here to give constitutional force and political expression to the needs and desires of these men. We are here to persuade these men and to convince them that that is the best way to act, that no other method is going to do them any good, and so long as I occupy the position that

I now hold, that is the only attitude for which I shall be responsible."

The unemployed must by no means look to Ramsay Macdonald as their champion through good report and ill report, or they will look in vain.

Mr. Macdonald's admirers regard him mainly as a guide to them in the sphere of foreign policy. There are few, even in the I.L.P., who do not recognise that his attitude towards the home affairs of the

proletariat is academic and aloof. His pronouncement on foreign affairs, however, was most grievously unsound. He demanded protection for the Armenians and other small nationalities in the Near East by the League of Nations "as the minority-protecting authority." Yet everyone knows that the League of Nations is but the instrument of Big Business in Britain, France, and Italy. Moreover, Armenia has set up a Soviet Republic, and is for the moment comparatively free from outside interference; whilst a scheme is maturing for Big Business, and especially American Big Business, to dash in to save Armenia from the Turks, or from anyone else who is not interfering with her, in order to gain possession of the Armenian oil wells for Big Business.

Like the Suffragettes in pre-war days, the unemployed marchers are endeavouring to see the Prime Minister. Their insistence, like that of the Suffragettes, is purely a propaganda move, for of course

there is no question of converting the Prime Minister by the recitation of stories of hardship and want. The unemployed and their leaders have hitherto shown themselves much less persistent and determined than were the Suffragettes.

In part they have based their hope of securing an interview with the Prime Minister on the reluctance of the London Boards of Guardians to continue maintaining the growing number of marchers in the London Poor Law Institutions. The St. Pancras Board has taken the lead in ridding itself of the incubus. It has turned into the street the unemployed who were housed there, on the ground that hospitality had only been offered for ten days.

Another move to stop the unemployed from marching, and to drive them back to the provinces whence they came, is the Umpire's decision that Unemployment Insurance shall not be paid during the period of the march, on the ground that the applicants' prospects of obtaining work cannot fail to be diminished by their getting out of touch with the industrial area in which they previously worked. The marchers may only draw benefit during their stay in the town to which they are proceeding provided it can be proved that they are genuinely seeking work there. "Vacant tickets" are only to be issued to persons travelling in a "genuine search for work," and not to those taking part in the march.

The Story of the Red Plot and the attack on the character of the unemployed marchers issued from Downing Street had one effect desired by the authorities, in that it helped to deter the Labour Party from official support to the demand to see the Prime Minister. The "Daily Herald" declared that the unemployed must on no account attempt to march on Downing Street. Messrs. George Lansbury, Barker and Brotherton, who interviewed Mr. Law with the object of pressing him to withdraw his refusal, recommended the unemployed to do as the Premier asked, and quietly see the Ministers of Labour and Health instead. Mr. Lansbury, in an interview with the Liberal "Star," declared that the Prime Minister's refusal to see the unemployed was merely part of a "new policy" to "make every department responsible for its own job," and the unemployed should therefore agree to this plan. The Prime Minister had agreed to receive a deputation from the Miners' Federation of Great Britain on an early date, instead of referring them to the Minister of Labour; but then the M.F.G.B. is still a powerful Trade Union, and

the unemployed are, as yet, accounted only the rabble.

When the unemployed proved orderly even to tameness, Mr. Lansbury awoke to the fact that the Prime Minister's democratic talk of abolishing one-man government was purely an excuse for getting rid of the unemployed. He has now become active in demanding that the Prime Minister shall receive the marchers.

The authorities are for the moment content in having avoided a scene when the King came to open Parliament. Moreover, they are well aware that the fireworks of propaganda demonstrations are apt to grow damp if not used at the appointed moment, and fail to go off at all if kept too long.

Our advice to the unemployed is that if they have decided to use Suffragette tactics they should apply them whole-heartedly.

The members of the Communist Party of Great Britain have thus far told the House of Commons nothing about Communism, nor have they mentioned the Soviets which in the Communist revolution will come to sweep Parliament away. Yet it is to secure

Parliament as a platform for speeches on Communism, and for denunciations of Parliament as an institution, that they claim to have sought election. Mr. Walton Newbold secured some publicity in the Capitalist Press for his first Parliamentary oration; he may not be again accorded so much space for some time to come. He threatened civil war, and predicted the downfall of many Capitalists; but he advanced no solution, offered no hope of a better system to cheer and hearten poor oppressed humanity. He made no attempt to explain Communism and show that impoverished wagedom and destitute unemployment are features of Capitalism only a change of system can eradicate?

Mr. Newbold's sole definite, concrete proposal was for an improved scale of relief for the unemployment—36/- a week for man and wife, and a rent allowance up to 15/- a week.

Go to, Comrade Newbold! Is that your idea of the social revolution? Is that your idea of Communism?

Mr. Newbold told the representatives of Capitalism in the House of Commons that unless trade is re-established with Soviet Russia certain firms in this country will go into the Bankruptcy Court, the export trade of this country will cease and general commercial ruin will result. On the assumption that the view is correct, Soviet Russia, so far from abandoning Communism at home, in order to trade with Capitalism without, ought to prepare herself as though for a siege, to refuse all commerce with the Capitalist world. So might she play her part in the destruction of Capitalism. Mr. Newbold fails to make that deduction from his remarks, because, as he says, he is rallied under the flag of Lenin, and thus goes into the contest with his mind in leading strings. Lenin's policy is based on a quite opposite assumption. He is not anticipating the early fall of Capitalism, but a long period of stabilisation. That is why he is making peace with Capitalism. Mr. Newbold is, in fact, all at sea.

Mr. Newbold taunted the Members of Parliament regarding their position when the commercial ruin he predicted comes about:

"What is going to happen to you? You will have to produce. You say you work to-day. Oh, yes, you work to-day, but you will have to work at useful work." Members interrupted and cried out: "So will you!"

Newbold replied: "It is useful work I am doing."

That is precisely the point. Mr. Newbold stirred up some of the Members of Parliament; made them angry enough to interrupt him. The House of Commons so easily breaks forth into clamour. Behind the House and its clamour is the solid power of Capitalism. What does all the talking at Westminster do to build up a force which shall replace the Capitalist system of production, distribution and transport?

Mr. Saklatvala is to be congratulated on moving the rejection of the Irish Treaty in a hostile House of Commons. He rightly said that the Treaty was based on coercion and signed under duress. The hypocrisy of the Labour Party Members, who profess their belief in self-determination, was clearly exposed by their failure to support Saklatvala's motion for rejection. It is not, however, at Westminster that the question of Irish freedom is being settled, but in the struggle that is going on in Ireland itself. The play being staged at Westminster can make no difference to the result.

The atmosphere of the "New Leader," which has replaced the old "Labour Leader," is half-journalistic bookishness, half-committee-room politics. Two weeks ago the editor announced that he had voted for a Liberal woman candidate. Last week he tried to justify himself by saying:

"I would vote willingly (if no Socialist were standing) for any sincere Liberal or Tory, who, as an individual, had helped education, or defended 'native' races in our Empire, or tried to make the League of Nations a little less of an hypocrisy, and, above all, for those who actively oppose cruelty to animals and birds. We shall not be better Socialists by cultivating a fanaticism which forgets the breadth of life and ignores the needs of any fellow-creature."

Mr. Brailsford is certainly no politician! At that rate he should vote for Sir Frederick Banbury, the most hardened old Tory in the Commons, who always goes down to the House to speak and vote for the protection of animals. The I.L.P. certainly made a mistake in choosing this amiable philanderer to edit their national organ.

His refusal to engage in the troublesome work of thinking makes Mr. Brailsford, alas! very cruel and unjust in some of his comments, and causes him to assist in the bolstering up of some of the ugliest things in life to-day. On the same page he said:

"The Irish Free State, after long months of good-natured toleration, is at last grappling with rebels whose tactics are, by bloodshed and wreckage, to make daily life impossible for their fellow-countrymen. I shall make no comment on the case of Mr. Childers or the shooting of the four armed irregulars; Ireland wants no advice from London, and would not heed it."

If only the Irish were one of the "native" races in our Empire they might have had the advantage of Mr. Brailsford's defence!

The decision of the Italian Parliament by 275 votes to 90 to give the Mussolini Government full power till the beginning of 1924, is partly due to terror of the armed Fascisti; partly due to reactionary approval of what the Fascisti have done. The text of the resolution is as follows:

"The Chamber, considering that it is in the high interests of the country and that it is necessary to entrust the Government with plenary powers in order to enable it to settle freely, and without the difficulties of Parliamentary procedure, the most urgent problems of finance and public administration, approves the Bill and passes to the discussion of the articles."

Daragona, a prominent Trade Union official, came to this country in 1919 as a delegate from Italian Trade Unionists, urging a general strike of British, French and Italian workers in support of Soviet Russia.

The Labour Party officials persuaded Daragona not to disclose his mission to the Conference, and the project was quietly shelved. As he was pliant in the hands of Henderson and Thomas, so Daragona is pliant now. A Member of Parliament, he declared himself neutral regarding the Mussolini autocracy, and did not vote.

Pro-capitalist-pacifists all over the world are still whitewashing the murderous Mussolini.

Poverty and hunger in the heart of this great Empire, whose people are to-day able to produce more, both of the necessities and adornments of life than they can consume grows daily more tragic. In Whitton Road, Hounslow, a bird dropped a crust of bread, a man seized it, wiped off the mud of the road where it had fallen, and ravenously devoured it. In High Street, Hounslow, a woman gave her baby boy a cake and left him in his perambulator outside a baker's shop whilst she went inside to make her purchases. A poor man snatched the cake and eat it, looking piteously at the child.

An Ayrshire man broke a window of the Irvine Parish Council Office because his children were crying for food and his baby had been a day without milk. He has only a soldier's pension of £1 2s. a week, but was fined £1.

A woman drowned her baby girl, and attempted to throw herself from the Tower Bridge, because her little boy had died in the infirmary a few days before and poverty had forced the family to sell everything save a bed.

A mother driven desperate by poverty walked into the sea with her seven children at Southsea.

Destitute people are living in caves and holes on the moors of Northumberland.

The wife of a porter was deserted by her husband and left destitute. The Sanctity Court ordered the husband to pay a small weekly sum to maintain the wife and children. The husband ceased to pay, but the Grimby Guardians refused relief because the husband was not unemployed, although the woman and children were thus left to starve. The children were crying for food, and the woman, to help them, lent her body to a man.

"My boy was at death's door. I had no food to give him, and no fire in the house," pleaded the mother. "I had to do wrong to save my boy's life. It is the only wrong I have ever done."

A baby was born as a result, and the husband then appealed to the Court to annul the order. The magistrate decided that he had no alternative save to comply, but he ordered the applicant to pay £9 3s. due in arrears of maintenance.

Now that the unpaid maintenance order is discharged, the Guardians have power to relieve the woman, but Mrs. Grundy will probably intervene. Because she has a child out of wedlock the Guardians may refuse the woman out-relief.

RUSSIAN NEWS. FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC JOINS SOVIET RUSSIA.

The "Russian Information and Review" reports that early in November, after the Japanese evacuation, the Assembly of the Russian Far Eastern Republic unanimously decided to dissolve and to unite the republic with Soviet Russia. A Far Eastern Revolutionary Committee of seven persons was then established, and delegates were elected to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets.

There is no mention of Far Eastern Soviets being called, and no information is given as to who appointed the Committee of seven and elected the delegates to the All-Russian Congress.

The New Economic Policy and Production.

The following figures, officially published by the Soviet Government, show that the "New Economic Policy" of reversion to Capitalism inaugurated in 1921 has worked no revolution in Russian output:

Coal.

Output in tons.—1913, 28,970,000; 1918, 12,180,000; 1919, 8,500,000; 1920, 7,700,000; 1921, 8,930,000; 1921-22, 9,850,000.

Oil.

Output in tons.—1913, 9,400,000; 1918, 4,080,000; 1919, 4,550,000; 1920, 3,890,000; 1921, 4,000,000; 1921-22, 4,570,000.

Iron and Steel.

Pig Iron.—1913, 4,200,000; 1918, 525,000; 1919, 115,000; 1920, 105,000; 1921, 125,000; 1921-22, 170,000.

Martensite.—1913, 4,320,000; 1918, 408,000; 1919, 208,000; 1920, 167,000; 1921, 188,000; 1921-22, 322,000.

Rolled Steel.—1913, 3,570,000; 1918, 363,000; 1919, 181,000; 1920, 208,000; 1921, 175,000; 1921-22, 254,000.

It will be observed that though the figures show an increase in production since 1920, the increase is not very great, and it may be more than accounted for by the cessation of civil war.

Growth of Petty Bourgeoisie.

"Russian Information and Review" observes: "With the recent growth of the petty bourgeois class, who are able to proffer bribes and other monetary inducements to secure residences," the housing problem for Moscow workers became so acute that the Moscow Soviet issued an order taking under its own disposition one-tenth of the municipalised dwelling houses of the city.

Alas, poor Russia: the new economic policy has gone far indeed!

Michael Farbman, in the "Sunday Times," observes:

"At the last Communist Conference Lenin called to the Communists to 'learn to do business well.' The Communists rushed to fulfil this with great zeal. And now to be a thorough business man is as good a Communist virtue as it was only recently a virtue to oppress the business man. Talking to a Communist who is engaged in managing either a factory or shop, it is now quite impossible to distinguish him from any bourgeois shopkeeper or factory manager. In fact, some Communist managers have assimilated the spirit of the new period so well, that as one distinguished Communist leader pointed out to me: 'Even Riaboushinsky, a former big textile manufacturer, and leader of the Whites, would be shy of expressing such views on labour as certain 'comrades' now express.'"

"And so the almost complete reversal of the activities of the Communist Party became possible through the complete reversal of the mentality and psychology of the members. A party which began with a declaration of the 'Rights of the Working and Exploited Peoples,' to the exclusion of the rights of all others, has already recognised the Right of Property, and passed elaborate decrees to safeguard it. The party of revolution is becoming the party of conservatism; the visionaries have become realists."

Such relapses are regrettable, but are to be expected, and must not daunt us in our work for Communism.

SEND IT OFF TO-DAY.

Our circulation is rising steadily. Every week brings applications for the "Dreadnought" from new centres.

Our readers are co-operating with comradely vigour in the effort to double our circulation by the New Year.

May we have from you, by return of post, a new subscriber, and a list of the most advanced men and women you know?

It is not too early to suggest to you that a subscription to the "Workers' Dreadnought" is a most appropriate Christmas gift.

One new subscriber this week from YOU, please!

GOD: KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

By Samuel Butler.

According to Pythagoras, "an adept in the Orphic philosophy," "the soul of the world is the Divine energy which interpenetrates every portion of the mass, and the soul of man is an efflux of that energy. The world, too, is an exact impress of the Eternal Idea, which is the mind of God." John Scotus Erigena taught that "all is God and God is all." William of Champeaux, again, two hundred years later, maintained that "all individuality is one in substance, and varies only in its non-essential accidents and transient properties." Amalric of Bena and David of Dinant followed the theory out "into a thorough-going Pantheism." Amalric held that "All is God and God is all. The Creator and the creature are one Being. Ideas are at once creative and created, subjective and objective. God is the end of all, and all return to Him. As every variety of humanity forms one manhood, so the world contains individual forms of one eternal essence." David of Dinant only varied upon this by "imaging a corporeal unity. Although body, soul, and eternal substance are three, these three are one and the same being."

Giordano Bruno maintained the world of sense to be "a vast animal having the Deity for its living soul." The inanimate part of the world is thus excluded from participation in the Deity, and a conception that our minds can embrace is offered us instead of one which they cannot entertain, except as in a dream, incoherently. But without such a view of evolution as was prevalent at the beginning of this century, it was impossible to see "the world of sense" intelligently, as forming "a vast animal." Unless, therefore, Giordano Bruno held the opinions of Buffon, Dr. Erasmus, Darwin and Lamarck with more definiteness than I am yet aware of his having done, his contention must be considered as a splendid prophecy, but as little more than a prophecy. He continues, "Birth is expansion from the one centre of Life; life is its continuance, and death is the necessary return of the ray to the centre of light." This begins finely, but ends mystically. I have not, however, compared the English translation with the original, and must reserve a fuller examination of Giordano Bruno's teaching for another opportunity.

Spinoza disbelieved in the world rather than in God. He was an Acosmist, to use Jacobi's expression, rather than an Atheist. According to him, "the Deity and the Universe are but one substance, at the same time both spirit and matter, thought and extension, which are the only known attributes of the Deity."

My readers will, I think, agree with me that there is very little of the above which conveys ideas with the fluency and comfort which accompany good words. Words are like servants; it is not enough that we should have them—we must have the most able and willing that we can find, and at the smallest wages that will content them. Having got them, we must make the best and not the worst of them. Surely, in the greater part of what has been quoted above, the words are barren letters only; they do not quicken within us and enable us to conceive a thought, such as we can in our turn impress upon dead matter, and mould that matter into another shape than its own, through the thought which has become alive within us. No offspring of ideas has followed upon them, or, if any at all, yet in such unwonted shape, and with such want of alacrity, that we loathe them as malformations and miscarriages of our minds. Granted that if we examine them closely we shall at length find them to embody a little germ of truth—that is to say, of coherency with our other ideas; but there is too little truth in proportion to the trouble necessary to get at it. We can get more truth, that is to say, more coherency—for truth and coherency are one—for less trouble in other ways.

But it may be urged that the beginnings of all tasks are difficult and unremunerative,

and that later developments of Pantheism may be more intelligible than the earlier ones. Unfortunately, this is not the case. On continuing Mr. Blunt's article I find the later Pantheists a hundredfold more perplexing than the earlier ones. With Kant, Schelling, Fichte and Hegel, we feel that we are with men who have been decoyed into a hopeless quagmire; we understand nothing of their language—we doubt whether they understand themselves, and feel that we can do nothing with them but look at them and pass them by. In my next chapter I propose to show the end which the early Pantheists were striving after, and the reason and naturalness of their error.

CHAPTER IV.
Pantheism. II.

The early Pantheists were misled by the endeavour to lay hold of two distinct ideas, the one of which was a reality that has since been grasped and is of inestimable value, the other a phantom which has misled all who have followed it. The reality is the unit of Life, the oneness of the guiding and animating spirit which quickens animals and plants, so that they are all the outcome and expression of a common mind, and are in truth one animal; the phantom is the endeavour to find the origin of things, to reach the fountain-head of all energy, and thus to lay the foundations on which a philosophy may be constructed which none can accuse of being baseless, or of arguing in a circle.

In following as through a thick wood after the phantom our forefathers from time to time caught glimpses of the reality, which seemed so wonderful as it eluded them, and flitted back again into the thickets, that they declared it must be the phantom they were in search of, which was thus evidenced as actually existing. Whereon, instead of mastering such of the facts they met with as could be captured easily—which facts would have betrayed the hiding places of others, and these again of others, and so "ad infinitum"—they overlooked what was within their reach, and followed hotly through briar and brake after an imaginary greater prize.

Great thoughts are not to be caught in this way. They must present themselves for capture of their own free will, or be taken after a little coyness only. They are like wealth and power, which, if a man is not born to them, are the more likely to take him, the more he has restrained himself from an attempt to snatch them. They hanker after those only who have tamed their nearer thoughts. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel that the early Pantheists were true prophets and seers, though the things were unknown to them without which a complete view was unattainable. What does Linus mean, we ask ourselves, when he says: "One sole energy governs all things?" How can one sole energy govern, we will say, the reader and the chair on which he sits? What is meant by an energy governing a chair? If by an effort we have made ourselves believe we understand something which can be better expressed by these words than by others, no sooner do we turn our backs than the ideas so painfully collected fly apart again. No matter how often we go in search of them, and force them into juxtaposition, they prove to have none of that innate coherent power with which ideas combine that we can hold as true and profitable.

Yet if Linus had confined his statement to living things, and had said that one sole energy governed all plants and animals, he would have come near both to being intelligible and true. For if, as we now believe, all animals and plants are descended from a single cell, they must be considered as cousins to one another, and as forming a single tree-like animal, every individual plant or animal of which is as truly one and the same person with the primordial cell as the oak a thousand years old is one and the same plant with the acorn out of which it has grown. This is easily understood, but will, I trust, be made to appear simpler presently.

When Linus says, "All things are unity, and each portion is All; for of one integer all things were born," it is impossible for plain people—people who do not wish to use words unless they mean the same things by them as both they and others have been in the habit of meaning—to understand what is intended. How can each portion be all? How can one Londoner be all London? I know that this, too, can in a way be shown, but the resulting idea is too far to fetch, and when fetched does not fit in well enough with our other ideas to give it practical and commercial value. How, again, can all things be born of one integer, unless the statement is confined to living things, which alone can be born at all, and unless a theory of evolution is intended, such as Linus would hardly have accepted?

Yet limit the "all things" to "all living things," grant the theory of evolution, and explain "each portion is All" to mean all life is akin, and possesses the same essential fundamental characteristics, and it is surprising how nearly Linus approaches both to truth and intelligibility.

It may be said that the animate and the inanimate have the same fundamental substance, so that a chair might rot and be absorbed by grass, which grass might be eaten by a cow, which cow might be eaten by a man; and by similar processes the man might become a chair; but these facts are not presented to the mind by saying that "one energy governs all things"—a chair, we will say, and a man; we could only say that one energy governed a man and a chair, if the chair were a reasonable living person, who was actively and consciously engaged in helping the man to attain a certain end, unless, that is to say, we are to depart from all usual interpretation of words, in which case we invalidate the advantages of language and all sanctions of morality.

"All things shall again become unity" is intelligible as meaning that all things probably have come from a single elementary substance, say hydrogen or what not, and that they will return to it; but the explanation of unity as being the "unity of multiplicity" puzzles; if there is any meaning it is too recondite to be of service to us.

(To be continued.)

MANIFESTO DE LA KOMUNISTA PARTIO.

Daŭrigo.

La bezono de konstante etendiĝanta vendejo por siaj produktaĵoj ĉacas la kapitalistaron laŭ la tuta supraĵo de la terglobo. Ĝi devas nestiĝi ĉie, enlokiĝi ĉie, starigi interrilatojn ĉie.

Per sia eksplutado de la komerca kampo, la kapitalistaro estas doninta kosmopolitan karakteron al produktado kaj konsumado en ĉiu lando. Je la granda ŝagreno de la reakcianoj, ĝi fortrenis el sub la piedoj de industrio la naciecan teron sur kiu ĝi staris. Ĉiuj jomlonge staritaj naciaj industrioj estas aŭ jam detruitaj aŭ nun ĉiutage detruitaj. Ili estas elŝovitaj de novaj industrioj, kies entrepreno fariĝas afero de vivo aŭ morto al ĉiuj civilizitaj nacioj, de industrioj kiuj ne plu ellaboras enlandan krudan materialon, sed krudan materialon entiritan el plej malproksimaj terzonoj; industrioj kies produktaĵoj estas konsumataj ne sole hejme, sed en ĉiu parto de la mondo. Anstataŭ la malnovaj bezonoj, satigitaj de la produktaĵoj de la lando, ni trovas novajn bezonojn, postulantajn por sia satado la produktaĵojn de malproksimaj landoj kaj klimatoj. Anstataŭ la malnova loka kaj nacia memsufiĝeco, ni havas interrilatojn en ĉiun direkton, universalan interdependecon de nacioj. Kaj kiel en la materia, tiel ankaŭ en la intelekta produktado. La intelekta kreaĵo de individuaj nacioj fariĝas komuna propraĵo. Nacia unuflankeo kaj mallarĝanimeco fariĝas pli kaj pli multe neeble, kaj el la multaj naciaj kaj lokaj literaturoj levigas unu tutmonda literaturo.

Daŭrigota.

COMMUNISM IN BULGARIA.

B. H. Markham, in the "New York Freeman," writes from Bulgaria:

"Down the street, behind a vociferously jubilant drum and a gorgeous red flag of imposing dimensions, comes a long line of children and youth. The children are clad in red, the young men all wear flaming red shirts of the Russian variety—the kind that hangs down outside the trousers—and the young ladies all wear blouses of the same glowing hue. On the arm of every marcher is a small white emblem, representing a sickle and a hammer. The little girls have tied red ribbons in their hair, and their older sisters have bound narrow red bands around their heads, over which their curls flutter attractively. They are all marching with the precision and vehemence of trained soldiers. A young official of some kind, also scarlet clad, keeps them in perfect formation. Everyone is smiling and happy. They are all as erect as royal guards, and as eager as spirited horses. The drum beats, the flag waves, and down the street they go, triumphantly singing.

"That was a Communist Sunday school, or a Bolshevik Y.M.C.A. without the C. That group of young people represents one of the most extraordinary social phenomena in South-eastern Europe. They are devotees of a new religion, bearers of a new gospel, and heralds of a new day. The Communists here, altogether without intending it and knowing it, have started a spiritual movement which in a great many respects is more akin to first-century Christianity than anything the world has seen for centuries.

Naturally this movement has swept over the whole country, capturing the whole proletariat and most of the youth. Just imagine! there are Communist clubs among army officers, and a large proportion of the primary teachers are Communists. At the polls the Communists have elected the municipal Governments in a large number of the more important cities. They represent the second strongest party in Bulgaria. They circulate far more literature than any other group. They are the most vigorous and energetic social group in the land.

"... They have their own papers and magazines and halls and evening schools, and songs and poems, and novels and dramas. They completely ignore us other people. They think that they are the chosen people, the salt of the earth, the light of the world. They tell all the young folks that if they want to be anybody they must come over and join up with them; and when they do get a new member they puff him all up and make him feel that they were holding up the whole show just waiting for him to come in.

"What a going concern it all is! What vigour and vim and 'pep'! In every city, Communists; in every village, Communists; everywhere, Communist clubs; on every billboard, Communist signs; every holiday, Communist parades; and once every year, a great Communist day when thirty thousand people march through the capital, when everybody goes on a picnic, when all work is stopped and the world left to get along just any old way it can.

"How these Reds do give! Every Communist—they are all poor people getting from five to ten dollars a month—has given two weeks' or a month's salary to the starving Russians. A mob burnt down their main building in the capital some time ago, but these poor Reds, all undaunted, chipped in money, work and material, and now, within less than a year, they are completing a very much larger building, one of the finest in Sofia. They have one of the biggest printing presses in Bulgaria, and the most widely circulated paper, and no end of books. They have meetings all the time, everywhere, addressed by the most impudent and eloquent orators in the country.

A BULGARIAN COMMUNIST'S VIEW.

Although Bulgaria is only a small country with a population of about 4,000,000, thanks to her geographical position she is playing an

important part in world politics. Within her pre-war boundaries Bulgaria was the only country in Europe through which you could go to Constantinople and the Bosphorus by land. That is why, if Bulgaria had joined the Allies in the last war, Germany would have been defeated much sooner.

Bulgaria, with her high mountains and thick forests, is the centre and key of the Balkan Peninsula. In order to rule over the Balkans you must first rule over Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is only 24 hours by sea from Soviet Russia; and because of this and her peasant Government and strong Communist movement, Bulgaria is a source of great anxiety to the Entente politicians.

Bulgaria is a peasant country. Only 20 per cent. of the population live in the towns. The 80 per cent. live in the villages and are mostly small land-owners. The peasants are illiterate and very ignorant, while in the towns the people are much more educated.

Bulgaria is a young State. She was 500 years under the Turkish yoke, and it is only forty years since she freed herself and became an independent State. All that 500 years the Bulgarians were fighting against the Turkish domination, but in vain. The terror exercised by the Turks against the Bulgarians made them revolutionary people. Already forty years ago they were fighting not only against the Turkish tyrants, but also against the wealthy Bulgarians who many times betrayed the revolutionary workers. The leading revolutionary in those days was Christo Botiev, a student of Karl Marx and Tchernichevsky.

Twenty-seven years ago the Social Democratic Party of Bulgaria was formed by two Bulgarian students—Kirkov and Blagoev, the first of whom died a few years ago. Blagoev is to-day the father of the Communist Movement in Bulgaria. In 1903 there was a split in the old Social Democratic Party, when the more revolutionary elements left and formed a Left-Wing Social Democratic Party. These are now the present Communists.

In the two wars of 1912-13 and 1914-18 Bulgaria suffered a severe defeat, thanks to the Imperialist policy of the Government and its incapacity to direct internal or external policy from the nationalist standpoint. These two wars were two great catastrophes to Bulgaria. The best parts of the land—Dobrudja, Macedonia and Thrace—were given to her neighbours, the Rumanians, Serbs, and Greeks. Moreover, she was obliged to pay tens of milliards of levas in reparations. The poor workers and peasants have got to pay it, but they are not able to do it. There sits in Sofia an Inter-Allied Commission and a Bulgarian Minister recently said that an English, French, or Italian stenographer in the Commission has more power than all the Government institutions of Bulgaria taken together! He was right. Bulgaria is to-day politically and economically dependent on the Allies. They want to give her a moratorium, on condition that the Inter-Allied Commission should take over control of all Government resources—mines, railways, banks, Customs, etc.

The economic position of the masses is becoming worse and worse. They live in misery and starvation. There is also the usual unemployment. But there is something else also. There is class-consciousness. The masses of Bulgaria are much influenced by the Communist Party. There are only 80,000 workers and peasants organised in the Party, but when the election comes the Communist Party gets nearly a quarter of a million votes.

The social patriots followed the example of Kautsky in supporting the last Imperialist war. The Communists, remaining true to their principles, were alone in protesting against the war, and in those days they were few and helpless. After the war, one of the social-patriotic leaders, Pastuchov, became a member of the Cabinet and Minister of Internal Affairs. The terror he exercised against the workers did not differ from that of Scheidemann and Noske in Germany.

This made clear to the workers under the social-patriotic flag the real character of their party, and soon nearly all the members went over to the Communist Party. One after another the different organisations in the towns and villages joined the local Communist Party, with all their members and leaders.

In the last General Election fifty-two Communist deputies were elected to Parliament. Besides this, the Communists have captured majorities on the municipalities of nearly all the towns and hundreds of villages.

Twenty thousand soldiers of Wrangel's army defeated by the Bolsheviks, together with the Russian civil refugees, founded in Bulgaria many Russian colonies. They opened their own schools and courts, made their own laws, and set up their own Government. They created a State within a State. Stamboulsky's Government knew this, but took no notice of it. The Party organ, and by hundreds of meetings and demonstrations throughout the land, demanded the disarming of the Wrangel bands and their expulsion. The Government still did not act. Then came sensational revelations.

The police seized papers from the Wrangel headquarters in Sofia, and it was made known to the world that Wrangel, supported by the French Government and by the Bulgarian bourgeois opposition bloc, had planned to overthrow Stamboulsky and to set up his own reactionary Government. After killing all the Communist leaders and smashing the Communist movement, he had planned also to begin a fresh attack on Soviet Russia with the aid of the little Entente Powers. The plans for the coup d'etat were ready. It remained only to act. All the documents of this plot were published in the Communist Press. The Communist Party roused the masses, and Stamboulsky's Government was forced to act—to disarm, though not altogether, the bands, with the Generals, and expel some of them. But for the Communists, we should have had a Wrangel Government in Bulgaria, and a new attack on Soviet Russia. Not in vain has the "Times" made recently the statement that the Stamboulsky Government must reckon with the desires of the Bulgarian Communists.

Stories have been circulated about an alliance between Stamboulsky's Government and the Communist Party. This is a shameless fabrication. The Communists are fighting recklessly against both the bourgeois bloc and the agrarian Government—a Government of the big land-owners. This is well known to the Bulgarian workers and peasants.

It was announced that Bulgaria had mobilised her army, in order to help the Turks against her neighbours. Then it was announced that Stamboulsky has considered treaties with the little Entente Powers and with France, according to which Bulgaria binds herself in helping them in their fight against Soviet Russia and Turkey. Whatever manoeuvres Stamboulsky may make, whatever steps he may take, the Bulgarian Communist Party is on guard, and will at any moment, at any occasion, rouse the masses under its revolutionary flag, in order to prevent any new Imperialist war adventures. The Bulgarian revolutionary workers and peasants are ready, and will fight, but not for the interests of the Capitalist class. When the time comes, they will seize the weapon and together with their oppressed brothers of the other lands will smash once for all this system of exploitation, misery, and starvation, and build up the new order of society, based on Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality—the Communist system. For this they are prepared, and this they will do.

J. S.

[This article, as will be observed, makes no mention of the Workers' Party, Fourth International, news of which we shall give shortly. —Editor, "Workers' Dreadnought."]

A Word to the Hunger Marchers.

Mr. Bonar Law refuses to see you, fellow-workers; Mr. Bonar Law does not wish to encourage you to go tramping about the country. He wants you to stay quietly at home, and he will try to make you do so in future—that is quite certain.

The Umpire has decided you cannot have the dole when you are hunger-marching. He also wishes you to stay quietly at home—that is clear.

Some of the local authorities, through whose districts you passed on your way to London, refused to feed you or give you shelter: they did not wish to encourage your roving habits.

The St. Pancras Board of Guardians turned those of you out who had been sheltered in its Workhouse. You had overstayed the welcome of the St. Pancras Guardians—and it was not a very warm welcome at best, fellow-workless. Indeed, some of those who experienced it have told us they had not a decent meal whilst they were there. When we met them emerging from the Workhouse hotel they confided to us they were going to have a look at the restaurant windows, in the hope that the sight of food would appease the hungry inner man.

To-day you are following in Suffragette footsteps, fellow-workless; the Suffragettes were kept out of the political system: you are thrust out of the economic system. You have adopted similar courses.

The Suffragettes never made the mistake of asking, much less following, the advice of Members of Parliament. They knew they had nothing to gain from wire-pulling and compromise. They understood that their business was to make themselves unpleasant: and they did it with vigour and persistence. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald tells you that you should be quiet and let the Labour Party speak for you. The Suffragettes were told the same thing; but they were not so foolish as to obey.

If you continue to make yourselves unpleasant, you will undoubtedly get something, fellow-workless; but you will not get anything substantial by merely going on a deputation to Bonar Law.

If you want to get something big you must do something big.

If you want to abolish poverty and unemployment, you must smash the Capitalist system. You must take the land and the means of production and transport out of the hands of the private capitalist who does not work. You must vest these things in the whole community. You must set up a system in which all shall work, and in which production shall be for use and not for profit. You must set up the Soviets. You must establish Communism, in short.

How, fellow-workers and fellow-workless? How?

By education, agitation, organisation and action. Educate yourselves and your comrades to understand Communism. Agitate for Communism. Organise those who are prepared to act for Communism in every centre where work is carried on.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Cont. from p. 3.

up the chestnuts and robbed her. When you consider that chestnuts cost nothing to cultivate, but are a free gift of nature, like air and water, and that they now sell at ten times the price before the war, you will appreciate the greed and unsocial instinct of the peasant. People have to be educated before they are capable of social work. Communists ought to consider this point. I think as advanced ideas grow up among the more evolved town workers these are apt to neglect the food producers, without whose collaboration a revolution has little chance of success. An armed insurrection, like that of Mussolini, which is dignified with the name of revolution, might be got up; but it is bound to fizzle out, unless it is only a preliminary to a real revolution of social standards.

Perhaps this difficulty is apt to be overlooked in England, which is so largely industrial; but it is very much in evidence on the Continent.

Another point is that a revolution has small chance of success if it is not international, so it behoves Communists to think out the problems involved, not only in their own country, but in other countries.

Did you know that J. J. Rousseau, in his *Contrat Social*, book III., ch. 25, said that a people with representative government are slaves, except during the period of the elections?

As to the dose of castor oil administered by the Fascisti, this is not a figure of speech. When the Fascisti got hold of Socialists they did not want to beat or kill, women, for instance, they forced them to drink a glass of castor oil, then they blackened or painted their faces, cut off their beards, and otherwise insulted them. Ada Costa was treated so among many others.

ENNOIA.

COMMUNIST ESPERANTO GROUPS.

Manchester and District meets every Friday, 8 p.m., at Labour College, 32A Dale Street, Manchester. Secretary, H. B. Robinson, 10 Jane Street, Eccles New Road, Salford, Manchester.

RATIONAL LIVING.

A radical, independent magazine for the workers, devoted to the teaching of rational methods of living in present society, always emphasising the social-economical-industrial background of wrong living. Stands for prevention of disease, for conservation of health, for drugless healing, and against all swindles in the healing professions. Special price for the readers of the "Workers' Dreadnought," 1.50 dol. (7/6 for 12 numbers). Our famous book, "The Child and the Home," by Dr. B. Liber, on the radical upbringing of children, special price for the readers of the "Workers' Dreadnought," 1.50 dol. (7/6). Address: Rational Living, 61 Hamilton Place, New York.

THE COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT.

Works for the replacement of the present system by Communism, a classless order of society in which the land and the means of distribution and transport shall be held in common to be used freely by all.

There shall be no money, barter, buying and selling, wages, or direct reward for services rendered. All shall give according to their abilities, and take according to their needs and desires.

There will be no need for stinting or rationing, because the community can produce more than its members can use.

All shall share the productive work. Short hours of labour at essential tasks for all will allow of abundant leisure for study, recreation, travel, and all sorts of research and creative work, undertaken at will, for love of the work and the community.

Administration of production and distribution shall be by Soviets or Councils of those who do the work, linked together locally, industrially, nationally, and internationally.

METHODS.

To spread knowledge of Communism amongst the people.

To create an All-Workers' Industrial Revolutionary Union of employed and unemployed workers:

(a) Built up from the workshop basis, covering all workers, regardless of sex, craft, or grade, who pledge themselves to work for the overthrow of Capitalism and the establishment of Communism administered by the workers' Soviets.

(b) Organised into departments for each industry and service.

In other words, to create the Soviets in the workshops in order that they may dispossess the Capitalist and afterwards carry on under Communism.

To take no part in elections to Parliament and the local governing bodies, to expose their futility, either to protect, or to emancipate the workers, or to administer Communism.

To refuse affiliation or unity with the Labour Party and all Reformist and Parliamentary Parties.

To emancipate the workers from the Trade Unions, which are merely palliative institutions.

To affiliate with the Communist Workers' International (Fourth International).

For further particulars apply to the Communist Workers' Movement Secretary at 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

SONNET.

To stir sweet sympathy, to lure some mate
Not for itself the wild bird thrills the grove
The small breast throbs with love and joy
elate,
And to some sister pines the brooding dove.

But, barred out from its kind, beneath, above,
E'en in this lonely, hopeless, piteous state,
The baffled instinct fights alone with fate,
He sings apart to his own dream of love.

And so shall I. Thrice poisoned by my curse,
My fate; my sin, within my own locked heart
To lifelong solitude doomed though I seem:

Yet shall I ever in my bosom nurse
My fair ideal, high, unmoved, apart;
Yet shall I sing for ever to my dream.

—John Barlas.

COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT.

Central London Group meets Thursdays, 152 Fleet Street, 8 p.m. For Group business, 9 to 10 p.m. Speakers' class and study circle open, to non-members, taken by Sylvia Pankhurst. Secretary, S. Cahill, 60 Limes Grove, Lewisham, S.E. 13.

THE ALL-WORKERS' UNION OF REVOLUTIONARY WORKSHOP COMMITTEES.

For all particulars, write Secretary, c/o "Workers' Dreadnought," 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

Send for the Catalogue of the "Dreadnought" Publishers and Bookshop. It will be supplied free on application to 152 Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

THE COMMUNIST LIFE

For mutual service. Secretary, Miss Hodson, 36 St. Peter's Hill, Grantham.

THE "WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT."

Agents and canvassers wanted in London and the provinces.—Apply the Manager, "Workers' Dreadnought," 152 Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £387 7s. 5½d. M. McMahon, 11/5; Captain A. St. John, £1; W. Pentney, 5/-; J. E. Keane, 1/-; Social and Sale, £24 18s. 9d. Total for fortnight, £26 16s. 2d. Total, £364 3s. 7½d.

SOCIAL AND SALE.

The Social and Sale held at the Building Labourers' Hall, Blackfriars Road, last Saturday, in aid of the "Dreadnought" Fund, was most successful. £24 18s. 9d. was the net total realised for the "Dreadnought" Fund, the expenses having been kept down to a minimum. The "Dreadnought" tenders most cordial appreciation to the comrades who originated the project, and to all who helped to secure success.

STOP-WATCH COMPETITION.

Many stop-watch competition books have not yet been sent in. In response to many requests, the time of returning has been postponed to December 15th, by which date all are requested to return the books.

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

An open letter to President Harding from fifty-two members of the I.W.W. in Leavenworth Penitentiary who refuse to apply for Individual Clemency. General Defence Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Published by E. Sylvia Pankhurst at 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4, and printed by S. Corio (T.U.) at 10 Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London.