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THE MORAL OF LAST LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THE Lord Mayor's Show has come and gone, and it may be supposed that many respectable people, including probably the city magnates who formed part of the procession, are easier in their minds that it is well over. But perhaps they will not on reflection be thoroughly reassured. The procession was far from being a triumphant one, and was escorted by hoots and groans all along. The success of the police in preventing a demonstration was only partial, since a huge meeting was held and harangued in Trafalgar Square, in spite of Sir Charles Warren's proclamation, besides the large meeting in Hyde Park held together by members of the League in spite of the pouring rain. All this is not very like a police triumph. But the most significant fact is that the allies counted on by the police, judging by Colonel Fraser's letter, entirely failed them. It goes without saying that the Kenny and Kelly gang were nowhere, and that the Liberty and Property Defence League might as well have saved themselves the expense of printing and circulating the handbill which was plentiful in the city on the 8th, and which was practically an incitement to the crowd to attack the Socialists. All this was a small matter, but what was important was that the crowd everywhere were in sympathy with the Socialists; and it must be said this is a very important fact, and shows that the propaganda of the past year has produced its effect. The middle-class—the respectables—certainly expected it to be all the other way, and the press has shown its disappointment clearly enough, though some part of it has tried to hide its uneasiness at the affair. The *Standard* probably expresses the general feeling on the matter, and the tone of its article is regret that the police did not stop the meeting at any cost, because authority has received a blow from what took place—as indeed it has. The *Pall Mall* admits the collapse of authority. The *Daily News* loses its respectable head from sheer peevishness, even to the extent of allowing itself to publish the following remarkable sentence: "The spirit in which they [the Socialists] conduct their agitation is a good deal more important than their principles." Really, Mr. Bourgeois, "even for your own purposes," you should try not to be so empty as that. Socialist principles, whether they are right or wrong, profess to deal with a subject no less than the whole of human life; and however rude and offensive we, the present agitators, may be in our agitation, those principles will be discussed, whether they are acted upon or not, long after the world has got rid of such passing matters as us and our rudeness.

A very few words upon, not the cause of this demonstration, but its occasion. The *Daily News* ends its article by saying, "Socialism is one thing, and the prevention of the threatened winter's sorrow at the East End is quite another. Those who doubt it have only to read the resolutions carried at Trafalgar Square yesterday." Yes, that is true, but nearly in the inverse sense that the *Daily News* means it. The steps suggested by those resolutions, or rather the action of the Government which the whole agitation is meant to force on, would certainly do something towards "preventing the winter sorrow." But, let alone the very little that the Government could be forced to do for poor people, even the whole of the resolutions do not mean Socialism or anything like it, though they do mean an attempt to palliate present poverty. An attempt, it must be said, which, even as a palliative, is bound to fail, because it is a palliative that looks towards Socialism. No bourgeois government could carry out the measures claimed by these resolutions, even if they would; and certainly none will try to do so, or can be forced to try, so long as they are a constitutional government and not a revolutionary body.

Nevertheless the crowd in Trafalgar Square did not draw, and had no chance of drawing, any nice distinctions. They were there supporting the Socialists in general, who they believed were trying to raise them from the terrible condition in which they are, and they were at least in a fair way of understanding that they are poor because the masters of the police and soldiers are rich. The net gain of this strange Lord Mayor's Show is that, as far as it goes, it has struck a blow at bourgeois authority, and that it has emphasised the class distinctions which rob us all of our due life. That at least is something. Until people find out either by learning to see it, or by instinctive feeling, that there is a class war going on, any great change for the better is impossible. When the poor begin to know that they are poor not by irremediable accident, but because they are robbed by a useless class who can be got rid of, the beginning of the end is at hand.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

COMMUNAL LIFE.

We are oftentimes met with a smile of incredulity and scorn when we speak of the pleasant life we look for in the future, when free federated communes replace the cumbrous machinery of modern Society, and when national, class, and individual rivalries have been ended by the fall of the system which originated and fostered them. Those who in their own families practise Communism unconsciously; who find life infinitely more full of enjoyment when passed in close communion with their kindred; who know the advantages of association with sympathetic folk; even these look with dread upon the prospect, distant as it is, of communal life. To them it appears inevitable that it must be bald, uninteresting, monotonously utilitarian, and that it will necessitate their close contact with people toward whom they cannot now maintain even a negative attitude. A picture rises in their minds of "model dwellings" and "Peabody buildings" multiplied a thousand-fold, of jerry-built bastilles towering toward the sky, and overshadowing straight streets of dull brick and bad iron; the libraries they imagine under the semblance of some "free" one to which they are admitted on sufferance, and made to feel it; the common rooms are thought of as resembling railway waiting-rooms at a third-rate station; and the feeding arrangements equal to those of a back-street cookshop. After evolving such a terrific and appalling prospect from the depths of their inner consciousness, they stand and cry out in alarm that to this are we tending—woe worth the while!

What will be done during the period of transition we cannot foresee; nor are we, of course, able to speak of more than what *can* be done when Socialism is fairly established, but at that we can make a pretty close guess. Let it be remembered that in those days the producers will be the whole body politic; there will be no parasite class living upon their labour; the whole of the wealth produced in the community will be free to be devoted to the support of life and the comfort and pleasure of it.

What size the communes will be is of no consequence. They may be of any area, from that of a small parish to a large county; that will be decided by the special needs of the locality and all attending circumstances. Whatever their size, their population will arrange itself in proportion to their productivity, agricultural or manufacturing. There will be no fear of overcrowding until the well-nigh inconceivable time when the whole habitable earth shall be covered with folk. Until then it will be easy for those who cannot readily find sustenance within one commune to move on to where it is not so difficult to procure. Monopoly and its myriad accompanying evils having disappeared, each worker's life having been relieved of the drain upon it of providing for several idlers as well as for himself and family, each and all with light labour can produce their sustenance and more.

Every faculty of each member of society at large will be stimulated to utmost healthful exercise by the direct interest which each will have in increasing the common resources and thus adding to his own share of them. In those days each would feel that every time he added to the available wealth of the community he benefited himself. To-day a worker can but recognise that his toil adds to others' enjoyment, not his own; and even where his reward increases with his work, so also does the amount of surplus-labour wrung from him increase. Every faculty would in a rationally organised society have due play, and all would seek new ways of securing a larger return for less exertion. This would mean multiplied opportunities for the enjoyment of life to each, not, as now, increased profit to the exploiter and a lessened wage, or none, to the labourer. What was saved upon the labour of each would add to the common store of all, and not go to build up the fortunes of an "employing" class.

It is of paramount importance to society that it afford facilities to all its members to exert their full faculties in its service, and, in order thereto, that the mental and physical needs of all be bountifully supplied. Society should be, and will be when monopoly is ended, a co-operation of individuals for mutual aid and benefit, associated for the purpose of producing and distributing all things necessary to their existence or conducive to their comfort. It may be trusted not to indulge in the enormous mad waste of labour, potential and actual, that goes on to-day. Where production is for consumption, not profit, goods being made for use and not simply to bear profit or be used as counters in the universal gambling we know as competition, valuable time and energy will not be flung to the winds recklessly as they are in myriad instances to-day. Nor will the production of more than is required for immediate consumption produce the disastrous consequences that now