

TAKE 'EM.

"Gourock," if you yearn for them, you can have all the bay leaves that are going as far as Gribble is concerned. Having become rusty on classical lore, I had forgotten they were the poet's reward, and if I had not, I should have thought Desmond was entitled to the wreath. I refer you to him, also to Filmore and Alf. Budden who are also aspirants, not forgetting the noble Shier, who has already written as much as four plagiaristic lines, which appeared in "Cotton's" some time since.

Take 'em all, bay leaves, laurel leaves, maple leaves, bury yourself in them, and then, as you seem in a lugubrious mood, sing "Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves," etc., or, if you prefer it, "The Maple Leaf For Eyer"; perhaps that will be sufficiently mournful. As that makes you "it," define "politics" for yourself, or do you want to be spoonfed?

So you consider I "sighted" industrial unionism in the Clarion "last week." Oh, you poor, sensitive soul! But how did I sight it? I haven't mentioned it for months in the Clarion. Do you mean by my quotation from the charter of the S. P. of C.? If so, what are you doing by belonging to a party which "sights" what you imagine to be industrial unionism?

All the "pointers" you allege you gave me at Nelson I had heard years ago and had investigated them probably before you had heard of them.

Is your representation of E. T. K., the editor, and others conscious or unconscious? You first make us say politics is but a reflex of industrial conditions, then go on to make us say that "our" industrial movement is, in a muddle, and after this piece of distortion go on to sapiently remark: "Where does that leave the political reflex?" It is difficult to believe that you are not deliberately unfair. I deny that the Socialist movement is a reflex of either craft or "industrial" unionism, as you well know, if you have an average memory.

What you, Gourock, fondly imagine to be industrial unionism, or, as some style it in that mouth-filler, "an economic organization of the workers on the industrial field," is nothing of the kind. The real economic organization, the real industrial union is that union of the workers in industry for the social production of wealth, and Socialist politics is a reflex of that organization.

Say, Gourock, the next time you unburden your soul, be careful you don't misrepresent others, and be especially careful you don't make those you have already misrepresented say that a piece of paper and a pencil mark is the only kind of political action.

You remember the card of membership (No. 2) I was carrying the last time I saw you? It is possible for that to be used in political action. The one mentioned is a good one; if you would like to know more about it ask Comrade Sam Welch, who also has one hanging on the wall. And while you are about it you might ask him what he thinks of what you call industrial unionism. He had the same ideas about it as yourself before you or I were out of short pants, but experience cleared his mind of such delusions.

To think you are not out of the "constructive" stage yet! To think you have to be bracketed, in this respect, with the "giant" "Intellectual" reformist Shier. Why, don't you know, the only thing really the matter is ownership? The workers do all the construction now, and as to the future, I'll trust the workers when they know enough to own, to know enough to enjoy.

History, past and present, goes to show that the owners are also enjoyers and we may safely conclude that it will be so in the future.

In the most comradely manner possible let me suggest that you devote your mind to becoming clear as to whether Dreadnoughts are paid for out of the necessary or surplus value, before you pose as a critic or unwarrantably charge others with prejudice.

I am going into no controversy with you, but would like to refer you to that part of the S. P. of C. manifesto, "The Class Struggle," and you might also see what the "Communist Manifesto" has to say about it. As to your moan about McKenzie's sneering, you know what the crock called the kettle.

So long, Gourock; hope you look well in the bay leaves!

WILFRID GRIBBLE.