

Workers' Breadnought

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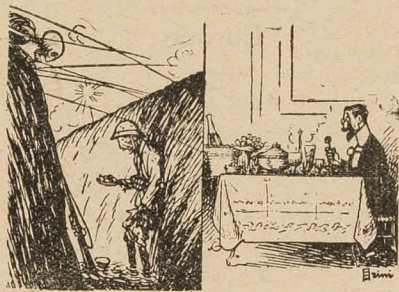
The Man Without a Country

I am the working man—
THE man without a country—
All nations—
Kingdoms,
Republics,
Empires,
Rest upon my shoulders—
For I am labour!
I sail their ships and planes—
I watch their citadels and towers—
I run their presses—
I drop their bombs—
I spread their gasses—
I starve their enemies—
I furnish the corpses for their faiths and vic-
tories—
MY blood is the crimson of their flags—
By ME their glory lives—
From ME their power comes.—
I make them all—
I keep them all—
I guard them all—
I, the man without a country!
I feed the Race—
I clothe the Race—
I house the Race—
I am Agriculture—
Industry—
Transportation—
Commerce—
And Art—
I am fire and steam—
Light and electricity—
Civilisation and society—
For I am labour!
The wizard gold producer—
The raw material of wealth—
The exhaustless source of—
Dividends—
Interest—
Profit—
Rent—
Taxes and riches—
The Aladdin's lamp and the Frankenstein of
Capital.—
I shoulder the State—
I carry the Church—
I build the Union—
I make them all—
I keep them all—
I guard them all—
I, the man without a country!
I am love and life—
I am bread and liberty—
The womb of thought and truth—
The mother of Democracy—
The father of Freedom—
The nemesis of Slavery—
For I am labour!
All that you hold is mine.—
But for ME—
Your fields were wilderness—
Your mines dark cavern in the Earth—
Your railways streaks of rust across a silent
desert—
Your mills and factories mausoleums of dead
and powerless steel—
Your palaces and temples, mints and banks, the
home of ghosts and worms—
Your fleets, lost derelicts on portless oceans
drifting—
Without ME *all is nothingness.*
I am the Logos—
The Living Soul of the Machine—
The maker, keeper, guarder of the all—
I, the man without a country!
—From the *Llano Colonist*.

The Breakdown of Capitalist Finance

Industry Shutting Down.

Germany, in the full blast of her productive powers, is starving. Her factories that worked with feverish haste during and since the war are shutting down, not only in the Ruhr, by way of passive resistance to the French, but throughout the country. The soil of Germany is fertile



IN WAR.

and well cultivated, but the agriculturists are pausing on the verge of refusal to supply the German towns with produce: the peasants are turning towards the policy of producing only what is requisite for the supply of their own families.

The Reasons Why.

The causes are two-fold: Germany has been deprived of raw material, of coal, iron, oil, rubber, pine kernels and so on by the Allied conquerors: moreover, the financial system has broken down: the mark, once 20 to the £, has gone falling down below 200,000,000 to the £.

German money having grown worthless, the means of exchange has broken down; buying and selling are brought to a standstill, and capitalist economics are based upon buying and selling.

So the grim farce moves tragically on its way. Chaos grows.

Attempt to Bolster Dying System.

The German Social Democrats, even those who once belonged to the two-and-a-half International of Vienna, join with the capitalist par-



IN PEACE.

ties in desperate efforts to bolster up the system that seems tottering to a fall. A coalition of Social Democratic and all capitalist Parliamentary parties has been formed to save the system and to preserve a united Germany.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford, the editor of the I.L.P. "New Leader," declared in that paper that the German Social Democrats have acted wisely in joining the capitalist coalition. In support of that opinion, he stated that, in his view, the only alternative to the capitalist unity of Germany is revolution and the establishment of a Workers' Council Republic. This he thought would mean a greater dislocation than it meant in Russia: he declared that it would mean starvation and chaos in a complex social organism like that of Germany.

Starvation and chaos already grow apace in Germany; but it was curious to find Mr. Brailsford, in the next issue of the "New Leader," complimenting Soviet Russia on the stabilisation of its currency and asserting that the present economic situation of Russia is vastly superior to that of Germany.

Socialism the Hope of the World.

In all such argumentation the essential point is missed that if we Socialists believe that Socialism is the hope of the world, we must press boldly forward towards it—above all in these times of acute capitalist failure. This painful clinging to the expedients of capitalist finance, whether it be of Russian, German, or British Socialists, denotes a lack of capacity to conceive of Socialist practice.

Colonel Wedgwood's Programme.

Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, a confirmed Liberal, despite his membership of the Labour Party, writing on the German situation to the "Manchester Guardian," says:

"I suppose it might be possible to save civilisation still. For that the German budget must be made to balance. For that, three things at least are necessary. The colossal expense of paying wages in the Ruhr to 1,500,000 workers for doing nothing must be stopped; the payment of reparations must be postponed and the amount fixed. A dictatorship must be established over German finances, for there is no German statesman who would dare to impose the enormous taxes or to reduce the enormous establishments which will be necessary."

To save civilisation the budget must be balanced! A shopkeeper's notion, truly. How low indeed has the gallant Colonel fallen to be obsessed by such a paltry notion. Does he really believe that the wonderful powers of mankind are dependent upon a budget.

He continues:

"Now, let it be understood, that the German Government is prepared, even anxious, to end the 'passive resistance' in the Ruhr. It is prepared to promise to pay reparations and to leave the amount possible and dates of payment to any tribunal. It is prepared to accept financial control, which means the abdication of self-government. They would hope for a loan, as in the case of Austria, but the Finance Controller would settle that. They think it impossible to work industries and railways with the Ruhr cut out from Germany; but again the Finance Controller would

santly surprised, too, to see Willie and Lottie.

Bobby was not very enthusiastic about Holland. He is very reluctant to leave you. He is a family man, and very sensitive. He particularly objects to being tied till the end of the war; but there is no need for that, anyhow—for about six months, isn't it? But you must decide; you know what seems best in the circumstances.

He must take books with him, of course; besides his school books, a few books of history, geography, and natural history. He must read the "Insurrection in Holland" of Schiller, and the "Egmont" of Goethe, a noble drama, not exactly historical, but full of life.

Here there is a tremendous change. By order of the Imperial Economics Department, the shoemakers' workshop is to be transferred to the penal section. A foolish idea, I think, although the idea of Simon (Nurnberg).

My future is dark. I hope I shall not have to turn to bread-making. Perhaps there will be an interim of a few weeks without work, which to me means being able to work at the things I like—"cum grano salis." In that case I shall want some books; you will see what I wrote about it in my last letter. In any case, my circumstances will change.

Your "hopes of release" appeal to me very little. You know I always wish to the Devil all amnesties or talk of amnesty. "Aut! aut!" To be or not to be. For the present it means *in prison*, and not *out of prison*!

I am worried about Mehring's illness; I hope the improvement is continuous. Tell him so when you see him, and give him my congratulations, too, for his speech in the Landtag, which of course I haven't read, as I have not been able to get the newspaper reports; but the excellence of which, even if I had not imagined it for myself, I was able to deduce from a detestable comment in the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" (German Daily News).

When our friend Franz Jols goes raging about the streets, and causing such disturbances, he needs reminding that he is not seventeen now, but seventy-two!

I took up the *Odyssey* the other day. The art of it is incomparable. Such clear objectiveness, such luminous colours, such pure naturalness, and such noble style. The great, the mean, the commonplace, all fused into action. Turn to the beginning of the twentieth canto, Ulysses in the night, and the awakening of the household in the morning, all separate and complete pictures following one upon the other. And again in the twenty-fourth canto, the description of the death of Achilles by Agamemnon, and the mourning, addressed to the shade of Achilles in Erebus:

"The weeping Nymphs, beloved daughters of Nereus, wrapped thy body in ambrosial linen. The nine Muses mourned for thee in their silvery voices, and all thy warriors wept around thee."

The *Odyssey* is a great epic, a song of sorrow, and homesickness; the sorrow of the husband who resists even the temptation and the immortality of Calypso. It expresses virtues actually taken from the Germans, which in the song of the Nibelung, and in Gudrun, have reached to the

grandest altitudes; but in the latter the sorrow of the wife and of the servant is equally great.

I should like to read for years without raising my eyes from my books, and at the same time be able to act freely without resting. I want a double life, in order to be completely myself.

It is afternoon now. I must soon finish my letter.

The newspapers came about mid-day. A thousand thanks. And yesterday I received a packet, for which also many thanks, and for the meat balls, which have just been brought to me.

The "Book of Action" and Otto's present never reached me. Keep them yourself as well as the others that have been returned. The care and enlargement of my own library is very near my heart.

When shall I see you again? Take care of yourself. They are coming for the letters.

Much love and many kisses to you, my darling. I cherish your dreams. Think of me, and keep strong and fearless; and if there were ten times as many enemies, even worse than the present ones, we are always united, you and your Karl.

I am writing to Helmi about his gymnastics, etc. Look after him, too, in this respect. You used to do gymnastics, too, once upon a time. It is an important help to all the productive faculties; it is also necessary for preparing Helmi for his future fencing lessons. I don't want him to grow up an indoors man.

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 production, 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 for all at essential tasks 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 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.

For further particulars apply to the Communist Workers' Movement Secretary at 152, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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Sunday, September 16th, 11 a.m., Osborn Street, Whitechapel.—J. Bellamy, N. Smyth.

., Brockwell Park, 5 p.m.—Sylvia Pankhurst, N. Smyth.

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