

Workers' Breadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST

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ECONOMICS AND FINANCE.

Justice set down in long-winded words for Lawyers' Wrangling--Capitalist money-making in other Countries leads to war--Busy Bees and Drones in every Land.

II.

What are the necessaries of life?

Food, warmth and shelter.

How are they produced?

By the labour of the working class.

These are the same questions as I asked last week; these are the same replies. So it will always be. Labour applied to the land is the source of all wealth. We should remember this every day when we are forced to stand about in the streets, unemployed. Only by the labour of the workers can necessaries of life be produced.

The country, however, is being run by the big business men, who have contrived to hypnotise the people into believing that money is the source of wealth. To do this effectively, these business men got together a set of people they called a Government, and this Government passes laws for the people. If you have ever seen a mortgage deed or any legal document, you will have noticed that it is very long and wordy, and quite impossible for any sensible man or woman to understand. It is the same with an Act of Parliament; you have to get a lawyer to explain it to you, then he will probably have a quarrel with another lawyer on the subject and then he will write a long book about it; of course, you will have been "fed up" long ago, and will have given up any idea of trying to understand an Act of Parliament. You will think that this is because you are a plain working man and not clever enough to understand what the gentlemen in Parliament are doing; but there you are making a mistake. As a rule these gentlemen don't understand it themselves, only they have got into the Parliamentary routine and are something like a squirrel in a cage. A few lawyers at the top manage the thing, and it is their game, you know, to bamboozle everybody so as to make the people think that they, the lawyers, are indispensable. Cute too! But they couldn't do it if we only learnt to think for ourselves, and use *our own brains*, which are quite as good as other people's.

Origin of National Debt.

You will remember that we were talking about the National Debt and how it was started about 130 years ago.

The money was lent to the Government by the wealthy merchants of London, in order to make the Government prevent the French king from putting an army across the channel.

This action of the City merchants made the Government their servant, and it has gone on being their servant ever since.

When these rich banking gentlemen want a war, they tell the Government to make a war, and so it has got to be, and the workers have to go and fight and get killed or return to find an impoverished country; because, of course, while they were fighting and making munitions they were not producing *wealth*. Munitions, as you know very well, are not wealth, they are waste.

What is High Finance?

Why should the bankers want a war?

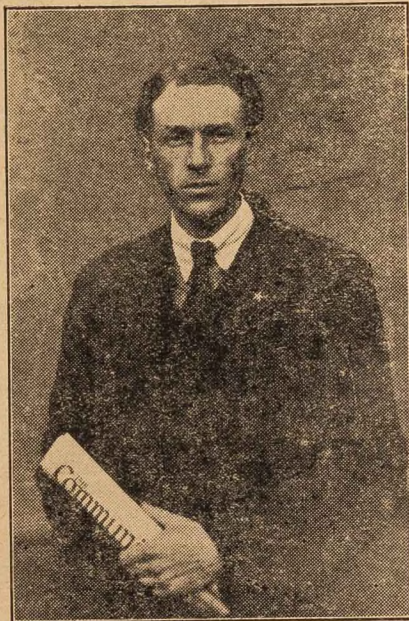
Because of High Finance.

What is High Finance?

High Finance is spiritual wickedness in high places.

This is only a shot definition; a longer description is needed.

You will remember that finance or money is



H. M. EMERY.
Now serving two months.

no good without wealth. The wealth, however, is in the hands of the big business men, in their warehouses and shops. This wealth must be circulated. According to the money system it must be sold at a profit; therefore it cannot be sold cheaply to the workers who badly need it at home. Therefore it must be taken to the foreign markets and sold there.

If, however, another set of capitalists is also wishing to sell its goods in that foreign market, then there is a dispute.

If that other set chances to be of another nation, then the Government has to make a row with the other fellow's Government; then if they cannot come to terms, there is a war, and we have the old stunt: "Your King and Country Need You," etc.

Stock Exchange Gambling.

This is High Finance.

Again, we know what gambling is.

You have, no doubt, backed a horse and lost your money, or played cards and won or lost, as the case may be. If, however, you are a rich man and have a gambling propensity, you can gamble on the Stock Exchange.

There are people who do nothing else but gamble on the Stock Exchange, buying stocks cheaply and selling them at a higher rate.

A lot more goes on at the Stock Exchange than I would like to put into this article; it would not be fit for you to read about, nor worth your while to try and understand, as we hope to do away with the Stock Exchange gambling very soon, and make these stock-jobbers take their coats off.

Let us take Oil.

Oil, as we know, is a very useful and necessary thing, and a large amount of oil springs are

being discovered in different parts of the world.

Capitalists send out investigators who make reports to them, and if they report that a large quantity of oil is at a certain place, the capitalists will float a Company to work this oil supply, and get permission from the Government of the country in which the spring is.

Engineering a War.

There again, you see, disputes may arise between the capitalists of *one* country and the capitalists of *another*; for they may both be after the same oil springs.

So they set their respective Governments to work, and if these Governments cannot arrange terms, then they engineer a war, and out come the workers again as cannon-fodder and starve afterwards; yet these capitalists have the impudence to talk about the National Debt and stabilising finance and so on, and the workers believe it all, because some of their own Labour men tell them so too.

This, then, is the money system put briefly.

It does not seem to be much good to anybody. One set of people gets fat and lazy, the other set works too much and starves. We shall have to establish another system altogether; a system by which we measure or gauge the value of things by their *use* to ourselves; not in terms of money, but in terms of usefulness to the community.

Usefulness the Test of Work.

When we are deciding whether a man or woman is entitled to the necessaries of life, we shall not ask as we do now: "How much money have you got in your pocket?" but, "What work are you doing?" Then the other person will tell us what kind of work he is doing, and if we decide that it is a good and useful work, we shall give him a fair share of the wealth of the country, which he has been helping to make. If he cannot prove to us that he is doing useful work, then he will only be able to have a very small allowance of the plainest food, about as much as our old age pensioners are getting; for that will be quite enough for us to allow for an idle man.

He who does not work, neither shall he eat.

We the *workers* shall decide who is to have maintenance from the State wealth, who is to have a full share of food, clothing, fuel, housing, and who is to go on short rations. We shall not leave lawyers to do our thinking for us; but we shall use *our own* intelligence and *our own* judgment. Then we shall find that our country will soon be a fit place for heroes to live in.

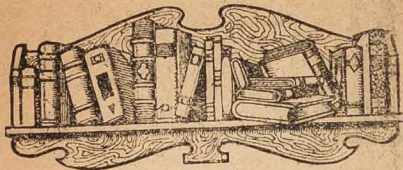
VOTE OR DIRECT ACTION.

The Universal Suffrage movement is no more popular amongst the Japanese workers. In fact, it has never developed into a deep-rooted problem in Japan. The reason for that is obvious.

In the first place, the movement from the start, has fallen into the hands of the political adventurers and the "labour brokers." The workers have repeatedly been fooled and cheated. All the flaring demonstrations and drum-beatings have died away, each time leaving no material result which might encourage the peaceful development of democracy.

In the second place, the suppressive means taken by the government and the hypocritical attitude of the Parliament have completely disgusted and angered the workers.

Thus, the disillusioned proletariat of Japan, today, looks for no vote. He regards the Parliament with bare contempt, and lays no hope upon the sweet promises and declarations of politicians and "sympathisers." His eyes are no more beclouded and he proceeds with firm steps on the straight and short-cut road, Direct Action.



OUR BOOKSHELF.

ROLE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN PROLETARIAN REVOLUTION.

(Thesis adopted by the Second Congress of Communist International. Communist Party. 12 pp. 2d.)

A good portion of this Thesis has appeared in the "Workers' Dreadnought."

PARLIAMENTARISM, TRADE UNIONISM, AND THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL.

(Theses of the Second Congress, Moscow, August, 1920. Communist Party. 16 pp. 2d.)

These were amply discussed in our paper, and in Germany and Italy. In fact, the discussion on "Parliamentarism" or "Anti" seems always to crop up where a few comrades meet, often spoiling their opportunity of doing useful work for their class.

It is a residue of bourgeois education. The reviewer, not wishing to repeat the error he condemns, has left our cartoonist to solve the knotty point. Look at the cartoon. You will say it is not an argument, but you will be forced to admit it is true.

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AN APPEAL

By E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

Being the verbatim report of her speech at the Appeal heard at the Guildhall.

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From the "Workers' Dreadnought" Office, 152, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

THOSE 21 POINTS.

In the stagnant waters of Western Socialism, fouled by Parliamentary immobility for over twenty years, with a clash, came the twenty-one points of the Communist International. They have cut across the old Social-Patriot Parties like a trenchant sword.

They are disciplinary measures aiming to give a new driving power to the old forces of Socialism; to restore class-consciousness to the united forces of the wealth-producers. But recently, the Socialist Parties of Germany and France, Italy and America, split over the acceptance of these twenty-one points.

They are now purifying the I.L.P., and will group together on one side the sail-trimmers, the place-hunters, the politicians; and on the other, those animated by the rugged, honest and revolutionary spirit of a Keir Hardie.

It is inevitable in England as it was inevitable in other countries. To the man in the street—or more truly, to the man in the workshop who does not take a keen interest in his class political welfare—this question of the twenty-one points may appear hair-splitting.

Hair-splitting too, the question of the affiliation to the Third International. Others may question the wisdom of dividing the workers' forces when the class-struggle, the struggle for the emancipation from Capitalism daily increases in intensity.

It is all-important that this question should be made clear by any one of us to our co-workers in all walks of life.

And the question is one of extreme simplicity. Simply this: is the vast movement which we call Labour, which, whilst being the outcome of our position as wage-earners, embodies all the aspirations for a higher standard of life, both for us and for our families—is this movement to be for ever the breeding-warehouse of silver-tongued persons who, risen from the ranks, gradually forget the early struggle of their life, the hardship of the factory life, to become, under the disguise of "advanced leaders," the most useful instruments of oppression and deception in the hands of the master class.

Are the early days to be forgotten; when Socialism was a Religion, and a religion of duty, service and beauty?

Shall Labour for ever, with all its power and its forces, its grand promises of happier days and justice for all, for ever be deviated from its true path and go from one disillusionment to another?

Or, on the other hand, shall not Labour keep its self-determined discipline, dictated by the rank and file, independent from opportunist considerations and proceed straight to its goal?

Acceptance of the twenty-one points put forward by the Communist International as a condition to its membership simply signifies this: shall we talk or shall we prepare to act?

Is it possible, is it advisable to change this capitalist state of society that oppresses all—every one of us in various degrees—and breeds poverty, crime and injustice—into another more humane and more humane, born of a spirit of fraternity and freedom, where the combined efforts of the individuals and of the nations shall promote common welfare and happiness instead of wars and incessant useless and wasteful competition?

Is it possible, is it advisable to do that? Yes or No? Simply that and nothing more! If yes—then workers' parties of all lands must unite with the Communist International at all costs, even at the cost of breaking ties of old friendship.

If not—then why grumble at your lot? Take your hat and the profiteers will give you a morsel and a dole. Leaders speechifying meanwhile.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

By L. A. MOTLER.

If travellers' tales were coffin nails, then Red Ruddy Russia ought to be buried deep by now. But there is yet one more nail left for the *Evening Standard* to hammer into the coffin.

An Englishman born in Russia has recently arrived in London, and he hasn't disappointed the truthful reporter. He has resided in Petrograd during the last ten years. How he escaped, thrills the young journalist, is his own affair. But judging from other cases I have an idea. He probably went and got a passport.

The horrors this veracious "escaped" guest of the Bolsheviks went through were so ghastly that he wakes up trembling at night. Robbery and outrage, he says in perfect grammar, is one of the many things he has seen at their fell work. Every night about twenty armed ruffians burst into his room and carted everything off until only the wallpaper was left.

The daily ration of one pound of bread is notoriously insufficient, but that, he says, is the inevitable result of the cessation of honest work. How, then, the bread comes to be there is a mystery. We can only presume that Lenin comes by it dishonestly. Probably makes a flying visit to Paris every now and then and robs the bakers' shops.

And even then we have to account for the one pound of salt, one pound of sugar, and three pounds of dried herrings, which, we are assured, is "the nation's menu." As there are several millions in the Russian nation, it seems to be a wonderful sort of magic.

This Russian-born Englishman seems rather rocky at finance. First he assures us that a labourer gets the enormous wage of 5,000 roubles a month, and he knows several cases where workmen are making 600,000 roubles monthly out of property stolen from the Bolsheviks. Then he proceeds to tell us that the £1 is worth 100,000 roubles.

So that our overpaid labourer only earns about one solitary boblet a month, and the enormous 600,000 roubles monthly made by dishonest workmen from equally dishonest Bolsheviks amounts to a mere £6. An Aldgate pickpocket could make more in a day in beautifully free Coalition England.

We were not long ago invited to groan with horror at the compulsory labour of twelve hours a day introduced by Lenin or Trotsky—I forget which. The *Evening Standard* was one of the groaners. But the Editor has a pretty short memory, for he lets his truthful reporter—pardon, traveller—tell us that 10,000 roubles are demanded for any work after the official hours of 10 to 4.

And as we have seen that 100,000 roubles make a quid, the Russian worker is undercharging at

the rate of a mere two bob. What I like about lie is that it should at least be a good lie.

And what I should like to know about the property stolen from the Bolsheviks by the workmen at £6 a go is who are the extremely honest people who buy the said stolen goods—and anyway how do they happen to come by 600,000 roubles?

Russia, we are assured, has slipped back 100 years. And cos why? Because butter is unobtainable and a box of matches is unheard of. So far as the butter is concerned, I can point out good slices of our working-class districts that have slipped back 1,000 years, but the *Evening Standard* turns a blind eye and its Advertisement Editor will print advertisements of margarine, which, as are told, is not only as good as butter, but makes that fruit of the dairy quite an unnecessary commodity.

Still, however, there are a few more choices bits to come. Polish up your smoked glasses and put on your masks—one, two, three. Here goes!

"Debates are held thrice weekly, and if I don't vote with the chairman your body soon how gets mysteriously lost in a sewer on the home."

Well, well, the article smells like it, too, and our sewerman concludes:

"I have witnessed several executions. They are more like a human pigeon-shoot. A lot of drives up with fifty prisoners. The Chinese gun opens the doors and shout 'Run for it.' The prisoners run, and, amidst shrieks of ghoulish laughter, are gradually shot to bits."

One would like to know more about that Chinese rifle which shoots one to bits. Our War Office is looking for such a good weapon for the Last War.

COMMUNIST PARTY.

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