

# THE WORKER DREADNOUGHT

For International Socialism

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## RED BOLOGNA : *The Italian Socialist Congress.*

Beautiful Bologna! "Red Bologna" — red in a double sense, red in its colouring, Socialist red in spirit—still seems to be lingering in the quiet old world of the Middle Ages; the hurrying swirl of modern capitalism has not touched the ancient city yet, nor are its people stirred by the approach of the newest Social Order. Aggressively modern Communities writhe and groan in long and painful birth pangs, for the New Order; their populations contend in terrible strife, but the working people of Bologna, seem to be hurrying forward gladly and without fear or doubting, to take their part in the Social Revolution.

The old streets are mostly lined with portici, so that one seldom needs to step from under the shady archways into the sun. The massive houses, coloured in soft venetian red that pales to a mellow orange, are cradled with the arms of ancient families, and through their lofty doorways one sees spacious courtyards with statues and fountains, wrought iron gates and glimpses of green gardens beyond. Oxen pass drawing great drays, finely carved and ornamented with nail heads; old vehicles handed down from generation to generation. Some of their owners will tell you they do not know the age of them, but can trace them back for more than a hundred years. On these slow-going drays big wine barrels, from which, when they stop at their destination, you can see the grape juice ladled out, all newly trodden, with the stalks and the smashed grapes yet in it. Pictures of long ago they seem as they rumble through the old streets, these drays with the covering of straw that the barrels may rest steadily without rolling, and the woman in short cotton skirt and a handkerchief for her head-dress, sitting on the barrels to drive holding a whip of string, whilst the man toils before leading the oxen with his hand on the bridle.

These peasants coming into Socialist Bologna, are arriving from a surrounding country that is even more Socialist than the town.

At Imola, a little village forty minutes' ride in the train from Bologna, a meeting was addressed by members of the newly elected Committee of the Socialist Party and the foreign delegates to the Congress.

The speakers arrived late,—the audience very early, it had waited more than two hours when the meeting began. The stage was cleared of scenery, in order that the entire space might be occupied by the people who crowded in behind the speakers. The pit was thronged, the tiers of the boxes (which take the place of the circles in British theatres), were packed, the women in front, the men behind, with tightly wedged human beings who seemed as though they might easily burst over the edge by sheer weight of numbers. Very vivid, almost startling, was the effect of the bright coloured peasant dresses and the warm brown human flesh lit up against the black interior of the boxes; more striking still was the force of the enthusiasm that stirred the people. "Viva il Socialismo! Viva Lenin!" the cries resounded, the people all



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cheering and waving, calling the speakers by name—"Viva Lazzari! Viva Serrati!" Even the foreign delegates were remembered, the French with a special enthusiasm. It was not from the speakers these people had come to gather enthusiasm, they had an abundant and overflowing store of it to impart. They were all glowing and burning with it—one felt the thrill of the coming revolution.

On the walls of the village houses was painted here and there: "Viva Lenin!" The Socialist Party has a large club house in the village where there is a big portrait of Lenin in a fur cap. On the walls of the Lecture Hall

of the club-house are painted portraits of Karl Marx, Karl Liebknecht and Andrea da Costa and the motto—"Those who do not work shall not eat."

Again in a suburb of Bologna itself there was a gathering in the Casa dei Fiori; a supper in honour of the newly elected Executive of the Socialist Party and a meeting in the courtyard outside. There was a dense mass of people, peasant women of all ages, some very old, others but children, were seated on chairs in the centre of the crowd; the men were standing densely massed on the outskirts.

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## BETWEEN OURSELVES. By L. A. Motler.

## "LITTLE MARY"

The price of existing in this free country has gone up a few. Soon, Henry, it will be no cheaper to die, because I hear the undertakers have been holding up the dead Dubbs until the cash for the coffins has been forked over.

But, as you sit down to the very shop soiled eggs and perfumed bacon of your morning meal, you have reason to be thankful. I read in the "Daily Express" of the twentieth of this month, thusly:

"Fewer Starvation Deaths. There were 26 deaths from starvation in England and Wales last year, in spite of the high wages prevailing. For the most part, according to a Government White Paper, death was due to disease following on or accelerated by want or exposure or both. There were 66 deaths from starvation in 1917."

You will see therefore that even in a Christian land of plenty (of profiteers), there are still people who die because they are the unfortunate possessors of "Little Marys." Now, if only the working-class could do without appetites, how cheap it would be.

It is true that last year, and the year previous, the "Hun" boats were sinking our food, when it was not thrown overboard by our profiteers. There was then a sort of double blockade.

A ship arrived in a port with sugar, but because the shipper or consignee, or whatever the "owner" was, had no license to import sugar, the ship had to leave port and the sugar was dumped in the North Sea. It was much cheaper than taking it back to where it came from.

That was only an instance. Other ships would arrive with meat or bacon, but because there was no cold storage, they had to go from port to port, until even a dying cat wouldn't have looked at the meat.

Now the U-boat blockade is no more, but the profiteers are still at the merry game. What are you going to do about that? And what are

you going to do about the blockade of Russia and other countries? A blockade is always a war on women and children, because they are the first to suffer. Death from a "baby-killing" Zeppelin or Gotha was more merciful than the death the Allies propose to mete out to Germany, Austria, and Russia.

You have read the Peace Terms, Henry. Now I ask you to look at one item. The Allies demand the surrender of 140,000 milch cows from Germany. What does this amount to?

It means that for every litre of milk lost, a baby will die. We are at peace with Germany now, or will soon be officially. Are we going to start by starving the women and children of Germany? "In Prussia and Austria especially," says General Foch, "the population is certainly in a state bordering on famine." "Nearly all the infants died soon after they were born," says a returned English prisoner in "Commonsense."

And our pet Lloyd George read in Paris, on March 10th, a telegram from General Plumer saying that the sight of the sufferings of women and children was causing discontent among our soldiers in Germany.

Again I ask you, Henry, what are you going to do about it?

You will say, perhaps, that Germany and Austria are only getting what they asked for. What you mean by this is that it is only right that the people of Germany and Austria should suffer for the sins of their rulers. But those of the people of Germany and Austria who will suffer first—they are suffering already—are the women and children!

Do we make war on women and children—especially when we have just concluded Peace?

Look at Russia for a change then. Russia did not fight against us. She suffered about six million casualties—practically all of whom were workers and peasants. Then these peasants and workers, tired of being killed for the sake of a monarchy worse than even that at Potsdam, overthrew their rulers. And incidentally the Tsar was killed.

Then King George, his cousin, (and the cousin of the Beast of Berlin as well as of the Puppet of Petrograd), went into mourning. Who went into mourning for the Russian workers and peasants killed in the war?

You would think that six millions of casualties were enough share of blood for a fight for "Liberty, Honour, etc." But the Allies were not satisfied.

As soon as the "Huns" troubled them no more, they set out to tighten the blockade of Russia. I will not quote any pro-Bolshevik for the effects of this blockade. I will quote at once the most recent evidence from a man who is out to wipe Lenin and Trotsky from the face of the earth.

My copy of the "Star," (London 21.10.19) has the following:—

"Yudenitch Appeals to America Help Starving Petrograd. The Prime Minister of the 'North West Russian Government' and General Yudenitch, commanding the North West Army, confident of the almost immediate fall of Petrograd, have requested the American Minister in Stockholm to take urgent steps to secure American relief for the starving population of the city."

I ask you, Henry, to remember this insistently. Say it to yourself again; and yet again. A blockade is always a war on women and children.

In Russia the workers have risen and taken over their own country. They are trying to make it a better world. They are trying to make it a "land fit for heroes to live in."

And the answer of the Allies is a blockade. A blockade is a war—a merciless war on women and children. And the Allies have had the cheek to ask the Germans to lend a hand in starving Russia.

For the last time I ask, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO!

## THE WORKERS' SOCIALIST FEDERATION.

For Revolutionary International Socialism, the ending of Capitalism and Parliament, and substitution of a World Federation of Workers' Industrial Republics.  
Membership open to all Men and Women. Subscription 4d. per month, 4s. per annum.  
Write to the Secretary, 400, Old Ford Road, London, E.3. Telephone—East 1787.

## LONDON MEETINGS—OUTDOOR.

Friday, 31st Oct. 12 noon—The Square Woolwich, Melvina Walker.  
Saturday, 1st Nov. Great Push for Communism and against Conscription and Intervention in Russia in Camberwell. Meetings; 3 and 7 p.m. Grove Lane, Camberwell. Speakers: Minnie Birch, Melvina Walker, Henry Sara. (3 p.m.) Ph. Edmunds.  
Sunday, 2nd Nov. 11.45 a.m.—Osborn Street, White-chapel. Melvina Walker, Minnie Birch.  
7.30 p.m.—Dock Gates, Poplar. Henry Sara. Chair Melvina Walker.  
Friday, 7th Nov. Queen's Rd., Dalston Lane. 7.30 p.m. Henry Sara.  
Saturday, 8th Nov. Great Push in Hammersmith.

## INDOOR.

Monday, 3rd Nov. 7.30 p.m.—20, Railway Street, W.S.F. Business Meeting. 8.30 p.m. Reading Circle.  
Thursday, 6th Nov. 8 p.m.—First Lecture on Industrial History (General Introduction). Mark Starr.  
Friday, 7th Nov. 7—10 p.m.—400, Old Ford Road, E.3. Dancing.

## NOTICE.

Fortnightly Sunday Meetings will be held at 400, Old Ford Road E.3 at 7 p.m. On November 9th David Ramsay will speak on "Industrial versus Political Action." We urgently appeal to members and friends to attend and to make these meetings known.

## OTHER ORGANISATIONS.

EAST LONDON WORKERS' COMMITTEE.  
Sunday, 2nd Nov. 12 noon—Victoria Park, Walter Ponder and others.  
Tuesday, 4th Nov. Queen's Road, Dalston Lane.—7.30 p.m.; Walter Ponder and others.  
Thursday, 6th Nov. 7.30 p.m.—400, Old Ford Rd., E.3. Business Meeting.  
WALTHAMSTOW LEAGUE OF RIGHTS.  
Tuesday, 4th Nov. 3 p.m.—William Morris Hall, Somers Road. Ed. Fuller.  
East Ham League of Rights.  
Tuesday, 4th Nov. 8 p.m.—Old Public Offices, Wakefield St. Clara Cole, "The Right to Strike."

## GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

General Fund. Irene per Mrs. Drake (20/- w.) £4; Bow & Poplar Branches £1 17 4; A.J. Marriott 10/-; Rev. and Mrs. Moxon 10/-.  
Collections. Osborn Street (two) £1 14 1; Woolwich (two) £1 1 0; Liberty Club 13/3; Hoe Street 9/-; Dock Gates (two) 8/10; Pretoria St 3/-.  
Social Work. Poplar Garden Fête £5; Per Miss Udry monthly, £4 2 8; Mrs. M. Boswell, monthly, £2; Misses Gulland, monthly, 1 15 0; Per Miss J.E. Weir, monthly, £1; Miss F. Haughton 5/-; Miss Clara Syronds (Quar.) 2/6;  
Collections E. Laxsding and J. Watts, Greens Yard, £1 12 7.

## W. S. F. NOTES.

An International Fair will be held, on December 5th and 6th in the Bunhill R.C. Institute. Contributions towards expenses and goods for the stalls will be welcomed by Miss Beauchamp, 7, South Court, Gray's Inn, W.C.2.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Classified advertisements: One penny per word.  
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