

# The Bulgarian Situation.

# Workers' Dreadnought

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

VOL. IX. No. 38.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 2, 1922.

Weekly—PRICE ONE PENNY.

LINES FROM WILLIAM BLAKE.

### THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

A little black thing among the snow,  
Crying, "Weep! weep!" in notes of woe.  
"Where are thy father and mother? Say!"—  
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

"Because I was happy on the hearth,  
And smiled among the winter's snow,  
They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

"And because I am happy and dance and sing,  
They think they have done me no injury,  
And are gone to praise God and his priest and king,  
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

### THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold;  
But the Alchouse is healthy, and pleasant,  
and warm.  
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;  
The poor parsons with wind like a blown  
bladder swell.

But, if at the Church they would give us  
some ale,  
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,  
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,  
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink,  
and sing,  
And we'd be as happy as the birds in the  
spring;  
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at  
church,  
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting,  
nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see  
His children as pleasant and happy as he,  
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil  
or the barrel,  
But kiss him, and give him both drink and  
apparel.

LINES FROM JOHN BARLAS.

### FREEDOM.

Freedom is come among us. Winged from  
hell  
She rises with the serpents in her locks.  
Kings, priests, republics, with her fiery shocks  
She breaks and scatters daily. This is well.  
But though all other false dominions fell,  
There is one tyranny based on the rocks  
Of nature and necessity that mocks  
And breaks all waves that gainst its base  
rebel—  
The union of the drove against the deer  
That follows not its path, of bird with bird  
Against the lonely one of alien song,  
The league against the brave of those that  
fear,  
The hat for isolation of the herd,  
The banding of the weak to crush the strong.  
—From "Holy of Holies, or Confessions  
of an Anarchist."

## The House that was Seized.

THE CASE OF FOUR HOMELESS FAMILIES.  
RIGHTS OF PROPERTY VINDICATED AT THE OLD BAILEY.

The architect of the Central Criminal Court said with his blocks of stone: "Don't you go trying to break out of here or to break in either." He knew something about a Court of Justice. The artists who painted the lunettes inside were more vague in their notions of justice. Mr. Gerald Moira tried to make justice splendid. That he failed does not matter: he tried, and in making such an endeavour he made a vast mistake. Justice—Criminal Court justice—is not an affair of splendour: it is an affair of sordidness and tears. Sir William Richmond forgot altogether where his painting was to be seen; Moira forgot too, from the architectural standpoint: all their pictures seem in a fog; but Sir William Richmond forgot the purpose of the building he was to decorate: he fancied that beauty was somehow concerned with it, and he painted nymphs dancing in sunlight—the very last of things to be admitted here. Justice—Criminal Court justice—would be daily shocked by those nude female figures, if she ever raised her eyes to them; but they are high, and her thoughts never go straying up there. The hangman and the gaoler and the bars of the cell are the symbols that should have been painted here, in this place of doom, with the white faces of stricken families, the grief-bowed figures of young and old. Richmond nymphs, it is well you are faint and foggy: you should fade away in shame at your naked incongruity—you have no business here.

The "Workers' Dreadnought," well that was a poser! Should the representative be admitted? When is a reporter not a reporter? That is what every doorkeeper in the Courts would like to know.

A genial person, the usher, in a black robe like the lawyers', asks with urbanity but a shade of doubt:

"Is there any reason why you should not be admitted? Are you a reporter? Is that your purpose? You have not come to make a disturbance, I suppose?"

The "Dreadnought" reporter passes in. The Press seats are well to the fore, but there is a lower bench in front of them, on which the usher seats himself, large and ample, ready for any contingency which might arise.

It is hot. Off goes the hat of the "Dreadnought" reporter. Oh dear, what a breach of ancient etiquette!

"Are you right to remove your bonnet?" the usher asks, with a note of reproof.

"I should think so," the "Dreadnought" reporter ventures, "it isn't church."

More seriously the usher corrects her: "You don't want to cause any friction here. I am sure. The rule here is that men should have their hats off and ladies keep them on."

From the side door at the end of the platform on which the benchers seat themselves, enters a small procession. A fine gentleman in black, with knee breeches and white lace ruffles comes first, holding a black rod in his hand. He turns his back upon us all to bow to two old men in long red gowns who have followed him. Like marionettes, they stiffly posture and bow to each other. One seems to be regarding a stage play, quaint and ghostly.

One of the old men in red has scuttled away like a mouse; the fine gentleman in black is striding away through the side door.

The other old man in the red and black gown has come forward and seated himself on the bench. He is Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder. How smooth and well shaved are his plump pink cheeks! How serene and comfortable he is.

Everyone in Court stood up when the pantomime on the stage commenced. Now we may all sit down.

The prisoners enter the dock. They look very poor, but carefully brushed up for the occasion, and hold themselves bravely. They presented themselves for trial this morning as free men, but their case was held over till this afternoon, and they have been detained in the cells during the luncheon hour. The cells have cast something of the prisoners' expression over their faces already.

The accused men had intended to defend themselves; but the Court would not have it so, and they have been persuaded to accept counsel to plead on their behalf. Mr. Elliott, properly arrayed in wig and gown, is there to defend them, and Mr. Long sits beside him to prosecute. All is in order, and Mr. Elliot withdraws the prisoners' plea of "Not guilty" and substitutes "Guilty" on their behalf.

Mr. Long briefly reviews the case. The prisoners are charged with forcible entry into the house at 40 South Grove, Peckham. The house is freehold property in Chancery.

The premises were left empty in September, says Mr. Long. Oh! oh! Mr. Long, is that your information? It is not ours. We understand, and we are told by reliable persons residing in the neighbourhood, that the house was standing empty for a year at least, and the general verdict is that it was empty for two years. The house stood empty; no one cared for it; it fell into disrepair; neither the owners and their representatives, nor the august Court of Chancery, knew that humble tenants had stolen in one December night.

Mr. Long goes on to repeat the story that the defendants broke in in February. In February, he says, the doors were still securely nailed up, and the house was void of all human intruders.

Wrong again, Mr. Long, for the Guardians were actually giving relief to one of these defendant intruders in the house at 40 South Grove last December; but how should the great Court of Chancery know? Such little matters as this are beneath its cognizance, except when the vindication of the sacred rights of property becomes necessary in its eyes.

"What sort of a house is it?" the Recorder asks.

### YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

A blue mark in this space indicates that your subscription is now due.

The high cost of production of the paper necessitates prompt payment.







## A Word to the Hunger Marchers.

Mr. Bonar Law refuses to see you, fellow-workers; Mr. Bonar Law does not wish to encourage you to go tramping about the country. He wants you to stay quietly at home, and he will try to make you do so in future—that is quite certain.

The Umpire has decided you cannot have the dole when you are hunger-marching. He also wishes you to stay quietly at home—that is clear.

Some of the local authorities, through whose districts you passed on your way to London, refused to feed you or give you shelter: they did not wish to encourage your roving habits.

The St. Pancras Board of Guardians turned those of you out who had been sheltered in its Workhouse. You had overstayed the welcome of the St. Pancras Guardians—and it was not a very warm welcome at best, fellow-workless. Indeed, some of those who experienced it have told us they had not a decent meal whilst they were there. When we met them emerging from the Workhouse hotel they confided to us they were going to have a look at the restaurant windows, in the hope that the sight of food would appease the hungry inner man.

To-day you are following in Suffragette footsteps, fellow-workless; the Suffragettes were kept out of the political system: you are thrust out of the economic system. You have adopted similar courses.

The Suffragettes never made the mistake of asking, much less following, the advice of Members of Parliament. They knew they had nothing to gain from wire-pulling and compromise. They understood that their business was to make themselves unpleasant: and they did it with vigour and persistence. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald tells you that you should be quiet and let the Labour Party speak for you. The Suffragettes were told the same thing; but they were not so foolish as to obey.

If you continue to make yourselves unpleasant, you will undoubtedly get something, fellow-workless; but you will not get anything substantial by merely going on a deputation to Bonar Law.

If you want to get something big you must do something big.

If you want to abolish poverty and unemployment, you must smash the Capitalist system. You must take the land and the means of production and transport out of the hands of the private capitalist who does not work. You must vest these things in the whole community. You must set up a system in which all shall work, and in which production shall be for use and not for profit. You must set up the Soviets. You must establish Communism, in short.

How, fellow-workers and fellow-workless? How?

By education, agitation, organisation and action. Educate yourselves and your comrades to understand Communism. Agitate for Communism. Organise those who are prepared to act for Communism in every centre where work is carried on.

### THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Cont. from p. 3.

up the chestnuts and robbed her. When you consider that chestnuts cost nothing to cultivate, but are a free gift of nature, like air and water, and that they now sell at ten times the price before the war, you will appreciate the greed and unsocial instinct of the peasant. People have to be educated before they are capable of social work. Communists ought to consider this point. I think as advanced ideas grow up among the more evolved town workers these are apt to neglect the food producers, without whose collaboration a revolution has little chance of success. An armed insurrection, like that of Mussolini, which ne dignifies with the name of revolution, might be got up; but it is bound to fizzle out, unless it is only a preliminary to a real revolution of social standards.

Perhaps this difficulty is apt to be overlooked in England, which is so largely industrial; but it is very much in evidence on the Continent.

Another point is that a revolution has small chance of success if it is not international, so it behoves Communists to think out the problems involved, not only in their own country, but in other countries.

Did you know that J. J. Rousseau, in his *Contrat Social*, book III., ch. 25, said that a people with representative government are slaves, except during the period of the elections?

As to the dose of castor oil administered by the Fascisti, this is not a figure of speech. When the Fascisti got hold of Socialists they did not want to beat or kill, women, for instance, they forced them to drink a glass of castor oil, then they blackened or painted their faces, cut off their beards, and otherwise insulted them. Ada Costa was treated so among many others.

### ENNOIA.

#### COMMUNIST ESPERANTO GROUPS.

Manchester and District meets every Friday, 8 p.m., at Labour College, 32A Dale Street, Manchester. Secretary, H. B. Robinson, 10 Jane Street, Eccles New Road, Salford, Manchester.

To emancipate the workers from the Trade Unions, which are merely palliative institutions.

To affiliate with the Communist Workers' International (Fourth International).

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

### SONNET.

To stir sweet sympathy, to lure some mate  
Not for itself the wild bird thrills the grove  
The small breast throbs with love and joy  
elate,  
And to some sister pines the brooding dove.

But, barred out from its kind, beneath, above  
E'en in this lonely, hopeless, piteous state,  
The baffled instinct fights alone with fate,  
He sings apart to his own dream of love.

And so shall I. Thrice poisoned by my curse,  
My fate; my sin, within my own locked heart  
To lifelong solitude doomed though I seem;

Yet shall I ever in my bosom nurse  
My fair ideal, high, unmoved, apart;  
Yet shall I sing for ever to my dream.

—John Barlas.

#### COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT.

Central London Group meets Thursdays, 152 Fleet Street, 8 p.m. For Group business, 9 to 10 p.m. Speakers' class and study circle open, to non-members, taken by Sylvia Pankhurst. Secretary, S. Cahill, 60 Limes Grove, Lewisham, S.E.13.

THE ALL-WORKERS' UNION OF  
REVOLUTIONARY WORKSHOP COMMITTEES.  
For all particulars, write Secretary, c/o "Workers' Dreadnought," 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Send for the Catalogue of the "Dreadnought" Publishers and Bookshop. It will be supplied free on application to 152 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

#### THE COMMUNIST LIFE

For mutual service, Secretary, Miss Hodson, 36 St. Peter's Hill, Grantham.

#### THE "WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT."

Agents and canvassers wanted in London and the provinces.—Apply the Manager, "Workers' Dreadnought," 152 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

#### DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £337 7s. 5½d. M. McMahon, 11/5; Captain A. St. John, £1; W. Wentney, 5/-; J. E. Keane, 1/-; Social and Sale, £24 18s. 9d. Total for fortnight, £26 16s. 2d. Total, £364 3s. 7½d.

#### SOCIAL AND SALE.

The Social and Sale held at the Building Labourers' Hall, Blackfriars Road, last Saturday, in aid of the "Dreadnought" Fund, was most successful. £24 18s. 9d. was the net total realised for the "Dreadnought" Fund, the expenses having been kept down to a minimum. The "Dreadnought" tenders most cordial appreciation to the comrades who originated the project, and to all who helped to secure success.

#### STOP-WATCH COMPETITION.

Many stop-watch competition books have not yet been sent in. In response to many requests, the time of returning has been postponed to December 15th, by which date all are requested to return the books.

#### RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

An open letter to President Harding from fifty-two members of the I.W.W. in Leavenworth Penitentiary who refuse to apply for Individual Clemency. General Defence Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Published by E. Sylvia Pankhurst at 152 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, and printed by S. Corio (T.U.) at 10 Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London.

#### RATIONAL LIVING.

A radical, independent magazine for the workers, devoted to the teaching of rational methods of living in present society, always emphasising the social-economical-industrial background of wrong living. Stands for prevention of disease, for conservation of health, for drugless healing, and against all swindles in the healing professions. Special price for the readers of the "Workers' Dreadnought," 1.50 dol. (7/6 for 12 numbers). Our famous book, "The Child and the Home," by Dr. B. Liber, on the radical upbringing of children, special price for the readers of the "Workers' Dreadnought," 1.50 dol. (7/6). Address: Rational Living, 61 Hamilton Place, New York.

#### 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 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 at essential tasks for all 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, either 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.