

Once money is involved, anything can be exchanged for anything and everything becomes a commodity.

Let's look at simple exchange. Pretend this is you...

...and this is me...

...and you have a watch...

...and I have some salt...

I want a watch. Do you want a massive pile of salt?

No.

Oh.

Now let's introduce money. Give me a coin, Max.

It's an expensive business, being your brother.

I'll sell my salt to someone else.

Would you like to buy some salt?

Yes. I'll give you one gold coin for it.

How much for the watch?

One gold coin.

Here it is.

The dazzling money form. It seems like a good idea. It seems as if it works for us...

...but instead we work for it.

This book isn't just about things — it's really about people. What makes a thing 'worth something'? It's the human labour that goes into creating it.

When we buy a watch we pay for the work done, first by the gold-miner and then the jeweller. But we can't see it. We say that the thing itself has 'worth' when really we mean 'work'.

Before we had money, people related to each other directly. They recognised the efforts, the needs, the desires of other people as just as valid as their own.

How are you?

Do you need anything?

Money changed that.

I don't know if I like you. How much money do you have?

Here's Marx's phrase: We have 'material relations between persons and social relations between things'.

We treat objects like people. We desire them. We fetishise them. We treat them as valuable.

We expect them to make us happy.

I love the shiny watch!

I do love the shiny watch, Rosa. I'm taking it back before you pour salt in it.

We treat people like objects. A person isn't a person anymore. He's a jeweller... or a miner... a beggar... or a boss.

It's money that makes inequality possible.

... In fact, it makes it inevitable.

I have a lovely bowl of soup. Look! There's a starving person—that's their fault for not having money—they should work harder.



When I sold that salt to buy the watch I made that transaction to satisfy human needs. I needed a watch, and my brother needed money.



I don't actually need any money, Rosa.

Yes, you do.

I've still got your coin!



Once money is involved people can exchange goods in order to make more money.

This guy bought my salt not because he wanted salt, but so he could sell it again...



... at a profit.

Money is power ~ it really is. It's the embodiment of all the effort that all the people put into making all those things.



And now one person owns it.

And he wants more.

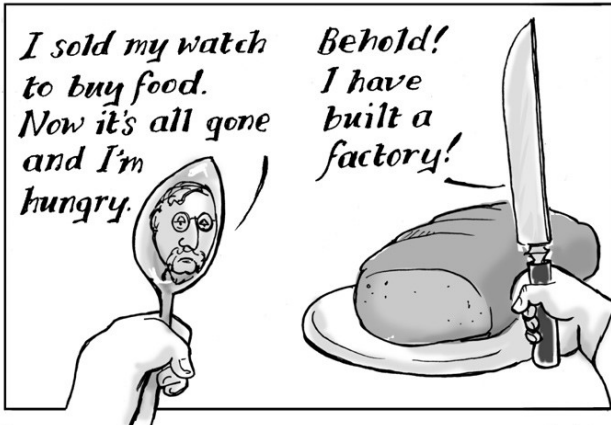


He can't really make money by buying and selling things— sometimes he'd win and sometimes he'd lose.

There's only one commodity he can buy that always creates a profit.



Human labour power.



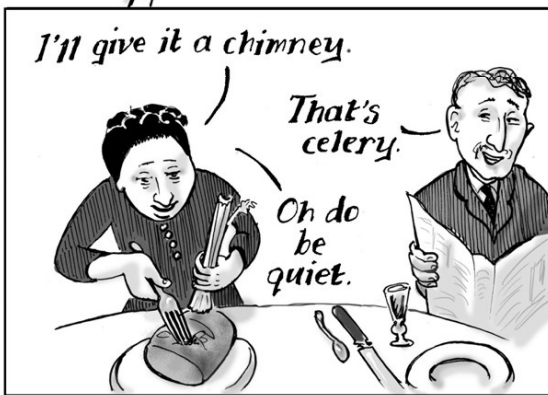
I sold my watch to buy food. Now it's all gone and I'm hungry.

Behold! I have built a factory!



That's a loaf of bread, Rosa.

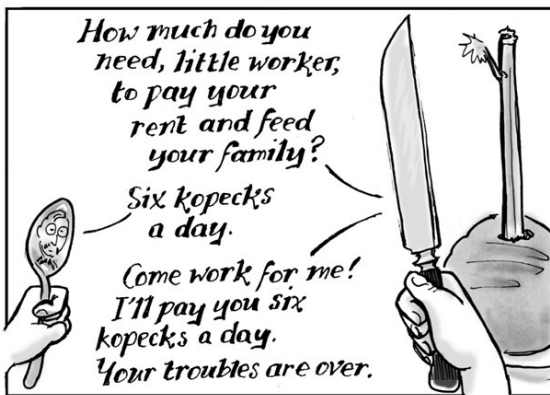
It's symbolic, OK?



I'll give it a chimney.

That's celery.

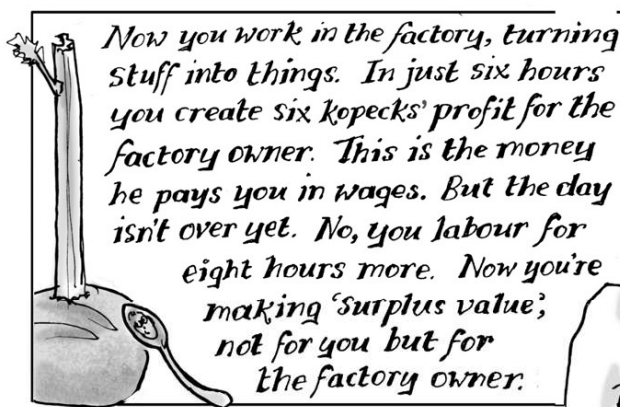
Oh do be quiet.



How much do you need, little worker, to pay your rent and feed your family?

Six kopecks a day.

Come work for me! I'll pay you six kopecks a day. Your troubles are over.



Now you work in the factory, turning stuff into things. In just six hours you create six kopecks' profit for the factory owner. This is the money he pays you in wages. But the day isn't over yet. No, you labour for eight hours more. Now you're making 'surplus value', not for you but for the factory owner.

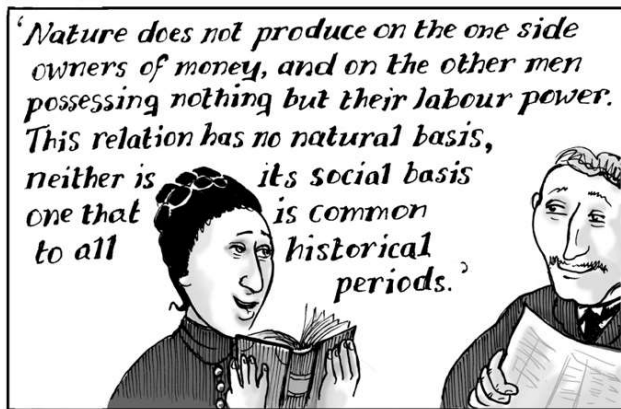
This is capital.

I have more money. I'll buy more machinery for my factory. But I need more workers. I'll employ your sister. Women are cheaper. I'll pay her just two kopecks a day.

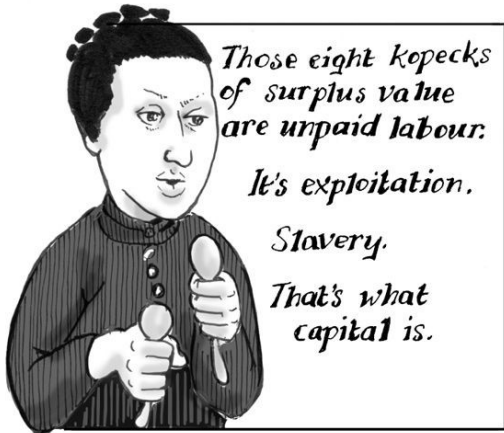


It's the way of the world, Rosa. It's human nature.

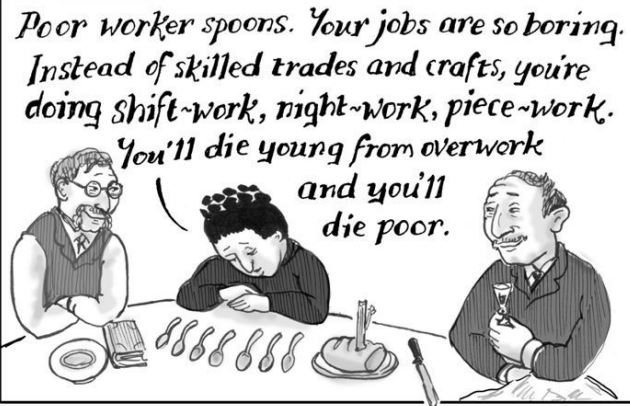
Really?



'Nature does not produce on the one side owners of money, and on the other men possessing nothing but their labour power. This relation has no natural basis, neither is it common to all its social basis is common historical periods.'



Those eight kopecks of surplus value are unpaid labour. It's exploitation. Slavery. That's what capital is.



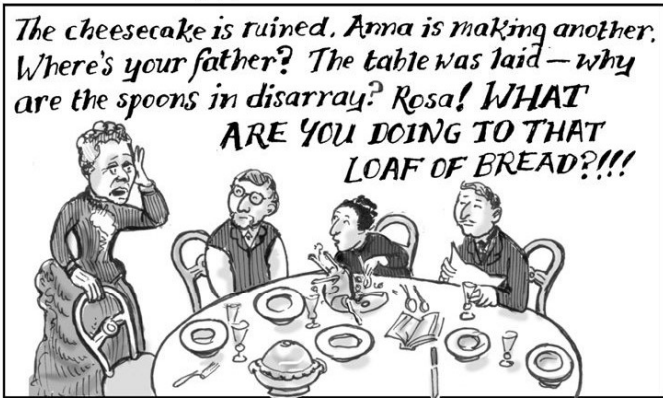
Poor worker spoons. Your jobs are so boring. Instead of skilled trades and crafts, you're doing shift-work, night-work, piece-work. You'll die young from overwork and you'll die poor.



But look! There are so many of you! You can join together, realise your strength and overthrow your oppressors!



And this is how capitalism will crumble!



The cheesecake is ruined. Anna is making another. Where's your father? The table was laid - why are the spoons in disarray? Rosa! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THAT LOAF OF BREAD?!!!



You are not CHILDREN! Why can I not leave you alone for ten minutes! Why does God punish me by sending me such offspring?



And Rozalia Luxemburg! When will you start to act like the young lady you are?

Rosa. My com, please. Drat. You remembered.

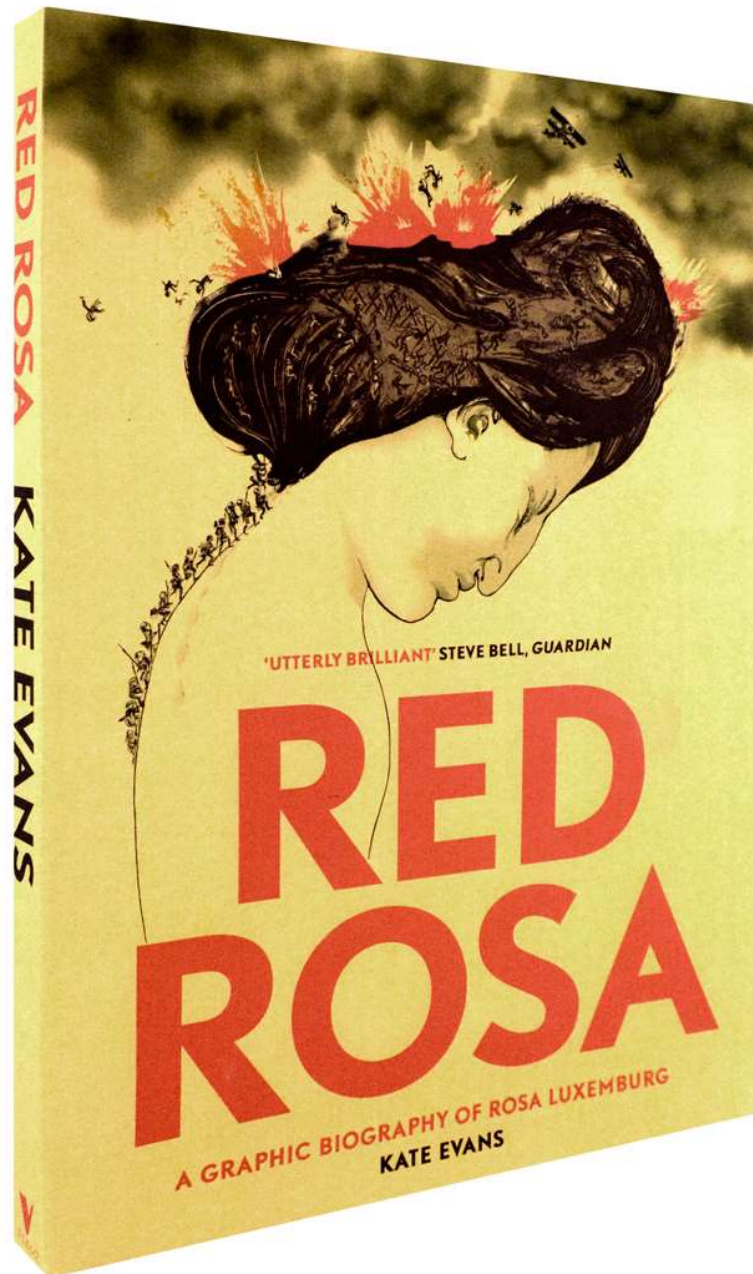


Why, you capitalist!

GIGGLE GIGGLE

TICKLE

TICKLE



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