Registered at the General Post Office as a news paper.

1923.

First Social in the New Year

AT THE

Selborne Hall,

ON

Saturday, 20th

AT 8 P.M.

Comrades and Friends Invited.

The International

THE WORLD'S CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

THE ORGAN OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY (S.A. Section of the Communist International).

No. 4, TRADES HALL, RISSIK STREET, JOHANNESBURG. P.O. Box 4179.

No. 348. FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1923. PRICE THREEPENCE.

Have You Sent in Your MONTHLY DONATION to the Guarantee Fund?

Prickly Pars.

By Sen Yah.

Dreams.

I dreamt last night, Henry, that I had received an offer of £1,000,000 from Hokey-Pokey, the King of the Cannibal Islands, to raise a corps of Black Guards to capture, kill, salt, and ship over the white population of South Africa in order to provision his navy with. Prior to dropping off to sleep I had been reading the £40,000 stunt and "Fat" accounts for the milk in the cocoanut.

* * *

Apology.

Fat's kept press-in Port Elizabeth quiet so far re inhuman reference to the heads of the nonsuch Mr. Langley-Levy, Editor of the "Sunday Times." I apologise to all other pamphlets, but to this one never-the-less, it's really too aggressive.

* * *

The Confessional.

Once a distinguished military career and many years' service in the S.A.C., Brigadier-General Edward Allen Wood was recently before the London Bankruptcy Court.

The Bankruptcy Court is Fat's Confessional. Henry: The morality of Feudalism was personal corruption; the morality of Fat is solvency. Brigadier-General Edward Allen Wood is highly immoral, old bean.

* * *

Society Notes.

The pig market presented an extraordinary spectacle on Thursday, in that every available corner of it was full with pigs, in every degree of fitness and unfitness. As usual, the unfit dominated in numbers. "The Star" reporter was at Turffontein on Saturday. He reports their Excellencies arrived.

* * *

Sli Phi.

"If every dollar
In ten thousand dollars
Were in six parts,
And every part a dollar
I would not take Hoggy
I would have my head."

* * *

Surplus.

The latest figures of unemployment in "Merry England" gives 1,030,000 men only. In London 241,564 women and children are receiving relief. God bless Fat.

* * *

T.B.B.

Mr. T. B. Blathwayt, who writes to the "Star" about the immoral Communists and their bad grammar, is a person of importance. He says he has a brother who once published an English paper. What happened to it?

* * *

Municipal Election.

Two Labour candidates are standing for seats in Jeppestown, and, of course, the usual capitalist flunkey candidates. If Jeppestown isn't careful one of 'em will get in.

* * *

£50,000 Not Needed.

"The funeral of the native constable who was killed at Alberton on Sunday, through being hurled off the footboard of a motor car, took place on Monday afternoon at Germiston. Among those who attended were the District Commandant (Captain Lotus), the local Superintendent (Lieut. Whelan), and 40 native constables, who were under the direction of Sergt. Greig."

R.I.P.—which means—in proper spelling—Rent, Interest, Profit.

* * *

Jeppestown.

Oh, promises! Oh, promises! I hear the things resound:
I smell the dainty piecrust as I wander through and round.
"What causes such a crop of them?" I whisper in my ear.
And then I know—
And answer so:
Election time is near!

* * *

France and Turkey.

The good old "crisis" dies every other day and comes to life in between times. What a game it is!

Out of the Bag.

King Tutenkhamen.

Goodwill to Men.

Philanthropy.

After Lloyd-George received the disappointing news that the Yankee press gang wasn't going to stump up the £40,000 offered for his book unless he played straight with them, the ex-Premier of Great Britain discovered that he had intended giving the money charity if he had got it. Strange he never mentioned his good intention until he knew for certain that there was no hope of ever getting it. Sounds like Harry Lauder's alleged benefactions to the deserts of the unknown soldier.

* *

Punch.

I [illegible] what you [illegible] and a dear little gentle soul [illegible] for I [illegible] remarks are [illegible] and naughty. For [illegible] the Scotch [illegible] which to hold parliament. [illegible] I assail with [illegible] I talk with the [illegible] from the [illegible] the red-hot scorpion.

In the struggle as we know it Physical force counts for nothing; [illegible] counts for little; Moral force is ruinous. But nature's [illegible] and some of the higher [illegible] have already reached it and [illegible] toward it. It will come because [illegible] is fighting on its side.

J. CONNELL.

Billy Hughes.

Are You?

[illegible]
Are you a gambler?
Are you a drunkard?
Are you a prospector?
Are you a windbag?
Are you a liar?

In short, are you a [illegible]

Henry, I hope so, for Fat's press says it wants such men!

* * *

Fairy Tales.

"The Star" on Saturday gave us a real good yarn telling how a Johannesburg detective recaptured Van der Merwe, the man who escaped from the Black Maria. The detective's name is not published, but he is a very brave man, Henry, for he captured two desperate criminals armed with bludgeons bludgeons, Henry "single-handed". Conan Doyle used to be good at this form of entertainment before he got spiritism.

* * *

Our Prince.

"The Prince of Wales's Eastern Book" is now out, Henry, and you can buy one for 7s 6d. if you haven't any more sense. The Prince is acclaimed as a great author by the Press sycophants, but he hasn't started "authoring" yet. The book is written by Sir Percival Phillips, the journalist, and illustrated by Mr. Donald Maxwell.

Some author the Prince, eh? But—when does the little molly-coddle begin?

So It Seems.

[illegible] Mr. W. S. Lewis: "There is an international movement on foot to organise the natives against the whites." So we have been noticing ever since French and English armed blacks were sent to murder and rape in Europe. Capitalism all over the world is organising blacks against whites. Lewis, beware. BLACK LABOUR IS CHEAPER AND MORE DOCILE THAN SOME WHITE.

Of course, there are white men who are more docile than black, but they are very few and don't count.

* * *

Anthrax.

The International Labour Organisation of the League of Nations—of which Mr. Gemmill and Mr. Crawford are South African members—has got busy again saving the working class from anthrax. I thought Mrs. Fitzgerald finished that little job a couple of years ago. Wrong again!

* * *

Perspicuity.

The magistrate of Benoni, Mr. C. W. F. Atkinson, has discovered that "the parents of orphans could never be restored." Dear me! Has the learned gentleman never heard of scabby old Lazarus?

* * *

Paradise.

Lady Farrar has departed from this vale of tears and joined Sir George, I hope in that place so dear to them both where the streets are paved with GOLD. None of your seven pennyweights to the ton, but real nine hundred fine, Henry! How delightful their paradisian beatitude.

* * *

Creswell's Surrender.

The full weight of the Capitalist Press is supporting Creswell's amendment to the Labour Party Constitution. What the 'ell has Fat got to do with the Labour Party, Henry? Has it struck you yet?

Class Law.

A defender of Fat's "Law and Order" named Arthur Charles Champion Rawlins was so anxious to emulate Captain Kirby that, for some reason not at all clear, he deliberately shot and wounded a storekeeper at Rosebank on 10th March last. Originally charged with attempted murder, the Attorney General reduced the charge to one of assault, and this cowardly swashbuckler was fined £15 for an offence much more serious than that for which Lewis and Hull were hung. Had the storekeeper been killed, which would have prevented him taking action, it's a million to one Rawlins, like the Hanekoms' murderers, would have been "highly commended." And yet there are still a few Dubbs who believe in the impartiality of the Law.

* * *

Obituary.

Miss Fanny Pryde, highly cultured daughter of David Pryde, M.A., LL.D., of Edinburgh, who was in the employ of Lionel Phillips the gold-bug, has died in Johannesburg. Lionel never understood her, Henry; she couldn't even discuss the exchange value of old clothes intelligently.

* * *

Privilege.

On a Maritzburg reporter being charged with boarding a moving train, the Magistrate said: "I suppose newspaper men have a public duty to perform which entitles them to some privileges." However, in discharging him, his worship warned the offender not to do it again.—Press report.

Fat looks after his own!

* * *

The Lilies.

Colonel Creswell, D.S.O., M.L.A., the gentleman Sylvia Pankhurst designated an old-fashioned English Tory, seems to have developed unselfishness in his political senile decay to a marked degree. He is now out to emancipate the workers "by hand and brain" as well as "the people." Leaving out "the people"—which only means the Kapitalist class—it is clear that the Colonel is out to emancipate everybody except himself. The most hopeless Dubb knows Creswell doesn't work with his hands, and almost everyone whose opinion matters will agree that if his latest political "stunt" (and it is a stunt) is a sample of his brain work then he'll remain unemployed for the rest of his natural. Consider the Smuts and the Jaggers: they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say that Creswell in all his war-paint cannot catch votes like one of these.

* * *

Cotton?

Experts are being sent to Australia to show growers how to pick cotton. Later on I expect a group of experts from the Chamber of Mines will go over to show Fat's Australian prototypes how to pick pockets. They can do it, too, Henry!

* * *

Pleasure!

He was looking truly happy as he hurried down the street. "Hello," I said, "old chappie—it's your girl you're going to meet. Or else you're gaily going out to Auckland Park to win from the tipsters' inky sowing quite a heavy pile of tin. Or maybe you're going boating on the Zoo Lake deep and wide, where the swanky swans are floating in their pleasure and their pride?"

"No," he said, "I'm quickly going to the Treason Trials to see how the bubbling blood is flowing at that dirty tragedy."

* * *

'Struth.

The Editor of the "Sunday Slimes" calls on the Labour Party to face facts. Well! if ever the Capitalist Press desires to face facts, its Editors will have to refrain from looking in mirrors.

* * *

Dope.

The Test Match at Newlands, the Labour Party Conference at Durban, and the "Is the Moon a Dead World" propaganda articles in the day-lie press.

What a business!

* * *

Character.

The Dean of St. Paul's, Dean Inge, has been talking again, Henry. This time he has dished out tons of wisdom on "National Character." The gist is contained in the discovery that: "Sturdy independence, rather than a desire for conquest, has been a characteristic of the English." Look at any old map, Henry, and then wonder why all these ideological parasites are such brazen liars!

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THE NEW YEAR.

During the last few days we have been surfeited with advice for the year we have just entered upon. The capitalist machine for the creation of public opinion has dutifully obeyed its masters' orders, and pulpit, platform and press monotonously grind out the advice to the workers to leave the old year and its bitterness behind and start a new year of peace and goodwill. We also are wishful to see a new spirit abroad, and would welcome the recognition by all men and women of their essential brotherhood and the need for co-operation and harmony in the place of competition, discord, and strife. We, however, are realists, and ask ourselves what the class which insistently urges the workers to lay down such weapons as they have are doing to warrant such a policy. Here on the Rand the master class, whilst preaching peace and goodwill is ruthlessly taking full advantage of the temporary helplessness of its victims to entrench itself in its privileges. Men are being driven like serfs in the mines, the workshops, and other industries. Where a worker can be replaced by cheaper labour, whether woman, child, or native, he is ruthlessly driven into the ranks of the unemployed. No sense of brotherhood or human sympathy is allowed to interfere with the relentless search for profits of the capitalist machine. The unemployed are left to starve or beg, and when those who would have them and their fellow-workers in employment unite and demand the right to live in the land their labour has made fruitful and wealthy they are sneered at, misrepresented, and persecuted even unto death as extremists and undesirables.

On all sides the military strength of the capitalist state is flaunted in the workers' faces. Police, prisons, courts of law, backed up by Defence Force, cadets, boy scouts, and all the machinery of modern war, do not bespeak an era of goodwill. These things mean that the possessing class, having won the war, and crushed the workers down, intend to keep them there, and degrade them still further if possible, and if they attempt to rise are prepared to drown their revolt in rivers of blood as they have always done down the ages. The peace which the master class wants is the submission of the slave—the apathy of despair. Communists, on the other hand, know that whilst the present system remains there can be no peace, either between nations, classes, or individuals. Peace can only come when the exploitation of man by man is made impossible, and to that end we work and hope. The struggle between the possessing classes and the dispossessed must continue. It is in the very nature of things. Only with the abolition of classes will the class war cease. The master class, whilst prating of goodwill, keeps all the machinery of coercion in its hands and ready to strike. Predatory capitalism, with bloody beak and claw, ravages the earth in search of its prey, and constantly seizes millions of new victims in the colonial countries. Is this a state of affairs in which the victims are to talk of peace and disarmament? On the contrary, our message to the new year is, keep your armour bright, your sword sharp. The fight is only begun. You cannot shirk it if you will. Fight or be slaves is the alternative before the workers.

To fight effectively organisation, discipline, knowledge, and faith in the righteousness of our cause is necessary. "Workers of the world, unite!" is still the slogan. The work for the year is to reconstruct the machinery of labour organisation, politically and industrially; to adopt tactics calculated to inflict the maximum blow on the enemy with the minimum of suffering on the workers. To cultivate a sound understanding of the ground to be fought over, and when victory is gained to understand how to build up the new society. Forward, then, comrades! The years bring not peace, but a sword. When the enemy calls a halt and talks of peace and mutual goodwill be sure it is only a ruse to gain time. Have at him, then. In the class war there is no possibility of treaties and agreements. One or other must go down, the exploiters or the workers, and the workers cannot be destroyed without destroying humanity itself. The future is ours; the workers are rousing themselves in every land and preparing themselves for the last fight, which must be won by the toiling millions before they can talk of peace or hope to enjoy the fruits of their labour.

Snobbery.

The Durban "labour" weekly, with smug satisfaction, under the caption, "Labour's Aristocratic Supporters," remarks that "Labour in Britain has become the party—not of a class—but of the thinking people. It now draws support from all classes, and some of the most notable names in the country are to be found in its ranks. Even in the House of Lords can be found Labour members, such, for instance, as the Earl of Kimberley, Earl of Warwick, Lord Haldane, and Lord Loreburn."

How delightful! The out of work millions and the starving masses herded in the slums of our cities will be delighted to know that the Labour Party includes such blood-suckers as Earls and Lords, to say nothing of the lesser parasites, Colonels, Majors, lawyers, parsons, etc. The lion now lays down with the lamb—inside.

Save the Children.

For indecency, not to say downright dishonesty, it would be difficult to beat the advertisements now appearing in the capitalist press asking for help for starving Russians. Pictures representing emaciated children, dead and dying, now appear to give point to appeals for funds, and statements are made that thousands of kitchens are being run in the Russian famine regions by the organisers of the fund. This is a deliberate and calculated lie. THERE ARE NO FAMINE DISTRICTS IN RUSSIA NOW.

The famine regions of last year have reaped a bountiful harvest, and there is a surplus of corn for export to other parts of Russia and even abroad. Further, the "Save the Children" fund last year, when famine was rampant, carefully used the means placed at its disposal for other than the Russian sufferers. Why this solicitude for the Russians now? When almost despairing appeals were being made by the Russian people and government and by independent witnesses such as Dr. Nansen, the English Quakers, and the American relief organisations, "The Star" did not put in double column display advertisements asking for help. Only very reluctantly and grudgingly did it insert advertisements put in and paid for by the local Famine Relief Committee, and absolutely no publicity was given to the efforts that the few self-sacrificing people in Johannesburg and other parts of South Africa were making in response to the pleadings of Russia's starving millions.

The real meaning of these belated appeals is, of course, obvious. At all costs the workers in other countries must not know that Russia is surmounting its difficulties. Therefore, pictures taken twelve months ago of conditions then obtaining, and which would have been useful then in drawing help from the charitable, are now being basely used to discredit the heroic workers and peasants of Russia and their government, and to persuade the working class readers of the capitalist press that the great Soviet experiment is a failure, and that the people there are worse off than under the Czar. The report given by our representative of the demonstrations in Petrograd and Moscow to celebrate the opening of the fourth congress of the Communist International should be sufficient answer to those who say that the Russian workers are forced against their will to acquiesce in Soviet government. And the facts culled from official sources which we are publishing in every issue provide absolute proof that the first Workers' Republic, in spite of the open or veiled hostility of world capitalism and the treacherous sabotage of the remnants of Russian capitalism, is making steady progress in the direction of providing a full and free life for all the workers under its direction.

What Russia needs now is not bread but peace and reasonable intercourse with other countries which need the raw products of the great republic as badly as it requires the machinery and other finished articles of Western Europe and America. The unemployed crisis in Britain is to a considerable extent the result of the mulish policy of the British and other "statesmen" in boycotting Russia. The best way to save the children, not only in Russia but in Europe, and even South Africa, is for those who really have any grain of human feeling to insist that Russia shall be treated as an important and necessary factor in world economy and reconstruction.

Tom Mann.

Our comrade had a very successful meeting in the Feather Market Hall, Port Elizabeth, on December 21st, and as in East London drew down the wrath of the local capitalist paper, which on the morning of the meeting came out with a column and a half leader which reprinted all the worn-out lies and half truths which have become too stale even for Rand consumption. Statues to Judas Iscariot, community of women, atheism, free love, etc., etc., are the bogies trotted out by the Port Elizabeth organ of "public opinion" to frighten the Dubbs.

The haunting fear of the revolt of the workers makes the foul-mouthed hags of capitalism foam at the mouth, and in their rage and terror make the most conflicting statements in one and the same breath. On the one hand the "E.P. Herald" speaks of "the few people with Messrs. W. H. Andrews and Ivon Jones constitute the Communist Party in South Africa," and on the other suggests that the government would have "acted with wisdom had it bundled Tom Mann out of the country."

If the Communist Party is so insignificant, why worry? But the cat gets out of the bag at the end of the string of falsehoods, filthy and vulgar abuse which passes for a leading article in the "Eastern Province Herald." Tom Mann is darkly warned that "any attempt to tamper with the native in this part of the country will not be regarded lightly." Quite so. The native worker is the ark of the covenant of capitalism. At all costs he must be kept free from the pernicious doctrines of industrial organisation, labour politics, and above all Communism. He is the almost perfect wage slave, and must be kept so. "Our greatest asset" must be carefully nursed by the missionaries to provide cheap and docile servants for the master class, scabs in time of strike, and policemen and soldiers who will unhesitatingly slaughter his fellow-workers, whether white or black, at the word of command of Fat.

The capitalist's nightmare is the enlightenment of the African and Oriental workers as to their class position, for when that takes place the end of capitalism is in sight. Meanwhile the more Tom Mann is abused the larger grow his audiences. He is now busy in Cape Colony, and is holding meetings in Capetown, Wynberg, Paarl, and other centres. An attempt is being made to prevent him leaving for Australia, but whatever the enemy does only draws attention to and advertises the movement of which Comrade Mann is such an able and enthusiastic exponent.

Some Remarks on the United Front.

By D. IVON JONES.

Comrade Lopes wrote an able article in "The International" for August 18th. By the time it got to the Crimea, and these remarks return to South Africa, the matter may have lost its political significance, such is the speed of the crisis of Capitalism. Be that as it may, the article in question has inspired a few observations even in this distant part of the world.

Comrade Lopes pleaded that the United Front was not applicable to our Party in South Africa for various reasons. Now I wish to refer to a common misapprehension regarding the Untied Front. It does not consist of making "bedfellows" of the opportunist leaders. It is not proposed to unite with Colonel Creswell or Sampson, O.B.E., as Comrade Lopes suggests. In this respect the United Front idea is liable to be misinterpreted. The problem is how to unite the workers, and then how to keep the Communist Party in touch with the workers, and ready at any moment to take the lead, and constantly offering a lead, a common slogan of immediate demands.

The Third Congress of the Commintern raised the slogan, "To the masses and with the masses into the revolutionary struggle." At the Conference on the United Front the Italian Opposition said: "Let us go to the masses, not to the chiefs." Zinoviev, with that sledge-hammer logic of his, replied: "How are you going to get at the masses? Do you think you can go out one fine morning into the streets, looking for the masses, and say, 'Good-morning, masses, come with us'!" No! The problem is how to get at the masses, and the United Front solves that problem.

To-day every struggle for the daily needs of the workers is a revolutionary struggle, because capitalism is becoming too bankrupt to throw sops of reform to alleviate the position. The reformist leaders in all parts of the world are sabotaging this struggle for partial demands, where once they used to make political capital out of it. Because they cannot identify themselves with the daily struggle without furthering the revolution. This was seen in the engineering lock-out in England, and is very clear to-day in Germany.

It remains for the Communists to lead this struggle. But the masses are still behind the reformist chiefs. How, then, get the masses to move? How to get them to realise the true character of their chiefs? By openly declaring our willingness to combine for certain definite action under definite slogans for certain definite working class demands, and forcing the chiefs either to reject our proposals, and thus betray their true character to their following, or make them line up in the active struggle for the partial demands. From that struggle the Communists are bound to return with an increased following, for only the Communists struggle to the uttermost with the workers.

That is the United Front, and it does not necessarily imply that we should ever exchange a single word personally with the chiefs. It is a public parley between chiefs in the presence of the workers on the fate of the working class. Certainly it does not preclude personal contact with opportunist leaders as to technical arrangements. But Communists who are sure of their principles should be the last to fear such contact. We do not believe in the monastic virtues.

The position in the Colonial movements somewhat differs from that in Europe. In the Colonial revolts we see reformist labour men in the active struggle. Colonial exploitation is an absentee exploitation, and local bourgeoisie fight under Labour slogans. Although these bourgeoisie are represented by the Creswell type and others, like Waterston—who, after marching his men up the hill and down the hill again in the good old Duke of York style—runs away to Capetown when he finds that the workers are not in a playing mood. So that this coquetting with revolt only means that Crawford has played out the old game of spoof by collaboration. The pitifully apologetic speeches of the Labour members in the Capetown Parliament showed that the Labour Party in South Africa is just as afraid of going the whole hog for the present needs of the workers as its confreres in Europe. Hence the need for the Communist Party.

Comrade Lopes suggests that our Party in South Africa is not yet sufficiently large nor sufficiently clear in principle for the United Front; at least he quotes Talheimer as saying that such parties should refrain from attempting it.

But what of that? If the party is negligible, the other parties can ignore us, and there will be no united front. If in the United Front we get submerged and the workers fail to see the difference between us, then certainly the party is not characterised by clear-cut thinking. But the problem remains, how to make the workers learn the difference between us and the reformist parties? By the United Front! The United Front is not a suspension of the struggle, but the pursuit of the struggle on a wider field. It is only formally an agreement between chiefs. In substance it is a challenge to the opportunist leaders to fight for the workers or quit the arena.

It seems that the United Front is developing more in the direction of an agreement with the Nationalist Party (to the exclusion of the C.P.) than of purely working class action. This is our weakness in action. It proves one of two things: either that there is no need for a Communist Party in South Africa, or that the Communist Party is not correctly applying the tactic of the United Front. The former is by far the least likely reason. A United Front in which the Communists do the donkey work but in which the Communist Party is ignored is a travesty of the whole idea.

Creswell and Hertzog have identical aims: the protection of the interests of the small local bourgeoisie—one of the towns, the other of the country. The local bourgeoisie, the shopkeepers, etc., sympathise with the strike up to a certain point, because the Chamber of Mines threatened to reduce the number of their best customers. Creswell's white labour policy was a policy, and is a policy, of the local bourgeoisie in search of more customers. There is an identity of interest between the local bourgeoisie represented by Creswell, which desires more white customers, and less black labour, and the Nationalist farmers, who desire more of the black labour now grabbed by the Chamber of Mines. This union is not a working class union. It is an anti-Imperialist union, quite desirable after true working class unity has been achieved. But such unity can only be accomplished on the Left by the Communist Party. The Party must, in its turn, become the link on the left between the white and black workers. It can most effectively do this by first gaining the confidence of the white workers.

That is the whole problem, comrades, how to gain the confidence of the white workers, and having gained their confidence, how to make it operate effectively to our Party advantage, and to the mutual advantage of both black and white workers. Herein lies the problem of how to apply the tactic of the United Front in South Africa.

Fifty—Thousand—Quid!!

A week or two ago Mr. Heaton Nicolls, M.L.A. for Zululand, referred, in a speech to his sugar-planter constituents, to the campaign of leaflet distribution and general Communist propaganda going on in Zululand. It was a wicked lie!

Then our gutter-press comes out with a heart-rending article telling us all about the attack soon to be launched from Moscow upon the natives of this country. Comrade Bunting is discovered as the torch-bearer of a black v. white race war throughout South Africa! Again it is a wicked lie!

Then our old friend, the Most Holy Catholic Magistrate of Maritzburg, refers to Communist propaganda being carried on among the coloured people in his particular area.

Needless to comment on what St. Pol says. To cap it all Mr. W. S. Lewis, editor of Crawford's "Weekly Herald," staggers humanity with a story of an offer of £50,000 made to him to organise a race war on behalf of the blacks. He reported the matter to his masters, the Chamber of Mines.

The first three episodes in the story need little comment. Every worker who is interested in the politics of his class, knowing the uncompromising position of the Communists upon the labour question, including the colour side-issue, will quite understand that Capitalism, noticing with some little alarm the growing popularity of Communism among the white workers, has launched its "last stand" attack upon the Communist Party of South Africa, and relies once again upon the old prejudice to come to its assistance in its dire need.

But the Crawford-Lewis sensation is worth a few lines of comment. Firstly, does it not seem strange that W. S. Lewis, a man practically unknown in the labour world outside Benoni—and not well known even there—should be the chosen recipient of an offer from a gang of cut-throat black conspirators in far-off America, to whom, on his own admission, he is pledged to secrecy? Frankly, we believe that if Lewis can produce any proof of having received any such offer (and it's possible he can, as such frame-ups are too common to be startling nowadays) THEN LEWIS ONLY RECEIVED IT BECAUSE THE FRAME-UP GANG RIGHTLY CONSIDERED CRAWFORD'S NAME TO BE HELD IN TOO MUCH DERISION BY THE WORKING CLASS TO BE OF ANY USE IN THE MATTER.

Secondly, why did Lewis—a miners' official—report the matter to the Chamber of Mines, THE CAPITALIST COMBINE WHICH IS TO-DAY ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN DOING THE VERY THING LEWIS CLAIMS TO BE AGAINST, i.e., SUPPLANTING WHITE LABOUR WITH BLACK?

Thirdly, O! Henry Dubb, would not the Communist Party, the leaders of which are well known throughout the Labour world, logically have been the organisation to receive any such offer if genuine?

The whole affair is really too patently capitalist propaganda to deceive the merest tyro in the labour movement. As a matter of fact, every worker is laughing at the idea of the S.A.I.F.—which sold out to Jan Smuts—turning down an offer of £50,000 with both hands.

Capitalism must get on with the "Russian Atrocity" business and other popular pastimes. THE COLOUR QUESTION CAN NO LONGER DECEIVE THE WHITE WORKERS HERE, WHO NOW SEE CLEARLY THAT THROUGHOUT ITS SHORT HISTORY THE COMMUNIST PARTY ON THIS, AND ALL OTHER QUESTIONS, HAS BEEN ENTIRELY RIGHT.

Capitalism in South Africa no longer needs white workers, and only the Communist Party can point the way to the working class as a whole to obtain even the barest necessities of life under capitalism. See what says the "Sunday Times":

> "If Labour is going to wield any effective influence at all in South African politics, it must face facts. And the facts are these: That owing to the preponderance of coloured workers in the industries of the country, the number of white workers will remain for many years only a comparatively small percentage of the population."

THE COMMUNIST PARTY HAS FACED FACTS FROM ITS INCEPTION. It is still facing facts, and on this question once again puts on record the fact originally noted by Karl Marx that "Labour in the white skin can never be emancipated where in the black it is branded."

The Glorious Seventh.

A NATION'S CHEERS.

By S. P. BUNTING.

Russia is agog with the Fifth Anniversary of her Revolution and, coinciding with it, the opening of the Fourth Congress of the Communist International. For both are national events: not mere affairs of "one section of society," as bourgeois people say, but landmarks in the history of the country's emancipation. And not Russia's alone. One effect of the Revolution has been to give the people a very lively sense of their position in the world. Political meetings, private discussions, newspapers, all deal with the "outside world" as their own world. They have become internationalists, not like the English who assume a God-given command over "other nations," nor yet like bourgeois "good Europeans," but as pioneers of the international revolution for the liberation of mankind. And so even the internal affairs of Russia, like the food tax, the "new economic policy," or the suppression of bribery, become matters of world import, and are discussed in the same spirit and breath and by the same people as, say, the control of the Straits or the British elections; while on the other hand the conditions of foreign States are treated like "home affairs." The Russians to-day are international politicians by second nature. They love Russia, but to raise their enthusiasm an orator must talk to them about the whole world. Indeed, it is said they pay more attention to a foreigner than to their own people.

EAST MEETS WEST.

With a full sense of cosmopolitanism, then, the twin capitals, Petrograd and Moscow, do honour at once to their own people and to the delegates of the world proletarian advance guard. Every day delegates have been pouring in. About 350 are here, from 52 countries; not so many delegates as last year, but as regards place of origin more catholic than ever. There is hardly a country in the atlas but is represented here, directly or indirectly, by a delegate "legally" or "illegally," with a babel of tongues that somehow manages to get interpreted into either French, German, English or Russian, the four languages prevailing in the Commintern. Perhaps the most notable absentee here is our own continent of Africa, except the extreme North and South. Thus, while all the nations of the East, from Turkey through Persia, India, Dutch Indies and China to Japan, are amply and very ably represented here, and have so far, I think, held the most live and serious meetings of any group, also calling forth in the streets and among the students and other Orientals sojourning here the greatest demonstrations of sympathy and support, especially in connection with the struggle for the liberation of Constantinople and the Straits from Western Imperialism—the masses of Africa, on the other hand, are necessarily liable to be ignored, for they have nothing to show for themselves, and are represented only by my one "consultative" vote for the Communist Party of South Africa, as compared with "decisive" votes allotted as follows, for example: Russia 65, Germany and France 50 each, England 30, and so on (for, alas, Ivon Jones is still away, though picking up wonderfully, in the Crimea; and now at the last moment even my co-delegate must perforce, owing to a health breakdown, miss the Congress she came these many thousand miles for, leaving me like Orpheus without Eurydice). The American negroes for their part have two representatives here: one, an unofficial visitor, is Claude Mackay, a negro journalist who has written some fine revolutionary poems, some of which have been published in the "International." He was the first negro to enter Russia since the Revolution. It is good to find his views on "black and white" problems agreeing in the main with ours.

THE CONGRESS OPENS.

The Congress opened first on November 4, 5, and 6, at Petrograd, to and from which the delegates were conveyed by special trains. They were welcomed there with magnificently enthusiastic workers' demonstrations and a review of troops, and were told off to address a hundred workers' meetings held throughout the district in celebration of the double occasion. But Moscow is not to be outdone. The counter-revolutionaries were surely praying for a rainy, muddy or snowy Seventh, but to their chagrin a fine and frosty morning greets the anniversary, an advance on previous anniversary weather which, Trotsky suggested, might be significant of political progress. Streets are swept clean of mud. Banners, with symbolical pictures in that curious art style of which specimens have before now reached South Africa (I last saw them at Marshall Square) bedeck the public buildings, and even the "N.E.P." men (bourgeois products of the "new economic policy"—shopkeepers, etc.) display Marx' picture in their windows, like Johannesburg tradesmen "closing in sympathy with the strikers" or displaying Citizens' Alliance cards, according to which side is uppermost. The newspapers come out with big special editions. At night the town is illuminated. The feast is celebrated like Christmas. But there is more than Christmas cheer going to-day. It is not Christ's but the workers' birthday. Let us see how it is celebrated by the Soviet Government.

THE RED SQUARE.

We go to the Red Square, where the delegates and Commintern officials from a platform witness a review of some 30,000 troops of all arms. The soldiers, who marched barefoot in 1920, to-day look remarkably well clad and cared for; nor is there a trace of caste in the "commissioned" ranks, you can hardly tell which are the officers. After speeches by Trotsky and a couple of foreign delegates, Trotsky comes down from the "Tribune" and, standing at the "saluting post," shouts with his powerful voice (Kameneff and Lunacharsky also taking their turn as reliefs) fraternal revolutionary greetings and slogans to each unit by name as it swings past, always ending up with a "Hurrah" to which the ranks respond with a hearty cheer. Contrast this comradely atmosphere with the stiff pomp and silence of a capitalist review, with hard-faced feathered field-marshals condescendingly looking down from horseback on their militarised mechanical slaves who "about to die, salute them." Somehow in this military display at Moscow there seems no militarism, because there is no ruling class for which these soldiers are to fight, they are only out to fight against all ruling classes.

Why do they cheer? They cheer Trotsky only because he stands for them, not they for him. They cheer as conscious fighters for the workers, and the international workers at that. They cheer because they feel they are helping to push things forward politically for their class in all lands. They cheer spontaneously, without admiring crowds to stimulate them, for the Square is clear, the "civilians'" turn comes later.

Where else in the world is there a national festival in honour of the workers and in perpetuation of the day they kicked their masters out? What other government treats their cause as officially and exclusively its own?

WORKERS' BATTALIONS.

"Oh, but," the critics will say, "it is easy enough for a government to order out the troops, tell them to cheer, and then call that a great demonstration in favour of the Government." Wait a bit.

The army review began at 10.30 a.m., but the march past was not over until 7 p.m. The military display was completely eclipsed by a civilian procession. Where else in the world is an army review followed up by a march of workers, as much as to say, "we are with them and they with us"? But that is what happened here. The public holiday was taken advantage of by the masses of Moscow, not to go to the Zoo or to the pubs, but to march past in their turn, organised in factory group after factory group, branch after branch, union after union, each with its banner and streamers, and always with bands playing, and including many women and some children, all in step. Half a million must have filed by: thousands were still outside the Square waiting their turn when darkness fell, and beguiled the delay with songs.

The whole "public" of Moscow seemed to turn out, not as spectators but as actors in the great show, though even then the pavements en route were crowded with onlookers. Big demonstrations are no doubt Russia's forte; but you can't manipulate the entire public like this: them at any rate you can't make cheer against their will. There is nothing of the compulsory branch or shop committee meeting about this gathering. The impression of mass support of the Government which we got from the "Youth" demonstration in September was multiplied tenfold this time. On days like this N.E.P.-men lie low, and even labour "oppositionists"—unfriendly grousers at N.E.P., etc.—are snowed under and shown up as, after all, only a minor quantity. The "Times" will ridicule the whole affair: well, I have already written what credence the "Times" deserves. Trotsky and his associates stood their ground hour after hour to the end, greeting all the proletarian as they had done the military units, and with the same response. It was a sight and a sound to take one's breath away.

WHY DO THEY CHEER?

Again we ask, why do these people come out in their hundreds of thousands to "salute the happy morn," and wait all the cold day for a chance to do it? There is no king or queen in a golden crown to trudge miles for a sight or a smell of. These people are living in crowded quarters, on poor rations, at wages still below pre-war, with the rouble down again and prices consequently rising (though wage adjustments do follow here); their living standard is still miserable; and it is the workers who more than anyone else feel the injustice of N.E.P.-men coining money while they themselves still go short. Why, then, do they cheer? I can hear them still cheering as they go home at half-past one at night. It is not hero-worship for Trotsky, for as often as not they turned their eyes away from him and up to the tribune where some of the strangers stood, delegates from "furrin parts." No, it is the Soviet Government that is popular, even impregnable, but why? We must answer in this way. In the Russian workers' history and blood there is a "real" idealism that we miss in Anglo-Saxon peoples. They are thinking not just of their immediate fleshpots, though they hope and expect improvement will come there too, but of the political, social and economic emancipation they have already won and held these five years against all attack.

A FREE PEOPLE.

"They have been converted from mere objects of government," said Zinovieff at Petrograd, "into active creators of the State." One thinks of our South African natives, whom an appeal to unite just for more scoff or "better conditions" will often leave cold, they are not so interested in their wage slavery as such. But take away their boss (yes, and their "missus" too), take away the white caste domination which holds them subjected, take away the perpetual discriminating social and political degradation and inferiority they groan under, and see how they will cheer! So in Moscow—which our credulous native leaders are taught or corrupted to look upon as a home of the devil. The workers of Moscow cheer because they have no more masters. They are equal among firsts, to reverse the old phrase. Their exploiting class, except for those unavoidably readmitted under the new economic policy which all hope will be shortlived, is banished or declassed for ever. They know that, whatever their hardships still, it is a choice between Back to Capitalism and Forward to Communism, and they choose to go forward, with a great inspiration and faith that they are ever moving towards better things, a belief in their mission as a class, as pioneers, and not for Russia only but for the whole world—and so their bugbears, their "Guy Fawkes" effigies in the procession, are not local enemies as they might be in England or South Africa (e.g., Smuts), but the international enemies of the working class, typified by Poincare, Lloyd-George, and—the Second International, a top-hatted figure riding astride a capsized boat! The message their cheers conveyed to us was this: "We are not all Communists, though most of us have some connection with the Communist Party. But we all remember what millions of our people have died for, and we are determined not to let go of any of the gains they won, but to 'stand fast,' as our banners say, 'by our Soviets, the organs of proletarian dictatorship.' We defy the world robbers to rob us of them. We have led the way; now we cheer on the workers of other lands, represented by you delegates on that tribune, to follow up our first success in the Great War." That is everywhere the cry in Russia: "When are you workers in other countries going to do your bit?"

THE GLOVES OFF.

In the evening the huge Opera House was packed at a meeting held by the Moscow Soviet to welcome the delegates. Everyone expected Lenin to appear, but he is evidently holding himself in reserve. Russian speakers included President Kalinin, Kameneff (not hoarse yet), Zinovieff and Radek (who looks like Methodist old Daniel Quorm); from other countries, Clara Zetkin, Bordiga, Murphy of the English Party, and many others. One could not help feeling that, although speakers fresh from the latest and hottest fronts ought to be the best, yet the Russian revolutionary veterans, though no longer directly in the fray, have not got soft but still present the best combination of proletarian fire and sound commonsense, and that the further away you get from them the more you are liable to be put off with either mere hot air or, worse still, an imitation of the "weighty and statesmanlike utterances" of heavy capitalist rhetoric. No doubt the working class has men in plenty who would have been Lloyd-Georges or Smutses if they had been brought up or bought up, like those "great men," to serve Mammon: but as it is there is no need to ape their style. The proletarian revolution is a rough and tumble affair, not a job for "gentlemen," still less for namby-pamby pacifists or Nonconformist conscience men afraid to hurt Fat's tender skin, least of all for a class of workers who, as in English-speaking countries (and hardly anywhere else), for snobbery's or respectability's sake deliberately vote for an avowed enemy of their class, a Tory or a boss or a landlord, and when he shoots them down, go and do it again. Maxim Gorky, sulking again at something, has started abusing his own people as cruel. Well, they are not kid-gloved, that is why they could carry through their revolution; and the experience has hardened their hearts a bit more. They have been through so much that life and death are no longer so great matters of life and death to them. A sleepless enemy has made and is making them undergo untold hardships and sacrifices. They have borne these for the cause: but by God, they are not going to spare the enemy in his turn merely for fear of inflicting hardship and sacrifice on him!

Moscow, November 7th, 1922.

The Force of Brevity.

Bill Smith looked from the sheet of notepaper in his hand to the representative of the "Red Poppy," a newspaper financed by Imperialists and supposed to be the only independent British paper in existence.

"You've a nose for news," said Bill.

"Quite so," replied the reporter. "I smell you out, and I want all the news you have about that man," he said, and nodded at the letter. "He sent it in last night. Now briefly tell me what sort of man he was, what he did, how he lived, and why he should take the steps he proposes in that letter. Remember that brevity is force."

"I must make one condition though."

"What is it?" asked the reporter, and looked around for a public house.

"I don't mind giving you the news if you'll take it down word for word and have it printed to give the same impression as I give you."

"I can't promise. There is the paper's policy, you know. I'll do my best. Is that good enough?"

"Tom," began Bill, "was one of those people who took dope in big quantities from boyhood. The newspapers were dirt cheap, and to-day, though there's been a war, they are the cheapest waste paper a man can buy."

The reporter looked at Bill.

"It won't pass," he said. "The old man would have a fit."

"You'll do your best."

"Well?"

"Now Tom never looked upon newspapers as wastepaper until they were a day old and he'd read everything in them. That fellow must have read a few tons of newspapers before the editors sent him to fight for a king and the landlord's country."

"The editors didn't send him to fight."

"Didn't they? They told him a few tales, and that he was a man with a duty to perform. He says as much in this letter. He blames your editor for the state he was in on his return to England. The bloke was editor of The Holy News Letter at the time and Tom took the paper in every day."

"He has used the word blame," admitted the reporter, "still, hundreds of people read the papers and didn't enlist."

"Hundreds out of thousands," agreed Bill. "Everybody doesn't give out their thinking the way dirty clothes are sent to the wash-house. They weren't like Tom. He took dope in big quantities. Now you understand a thing or two about him.

"On the day he 'listed he married a pretty girl; but when he came home on leave, the girl wouldn't live with him. She couldn't make up her mind whom she did love, and hasn't yet. Well, Tom overstayed his leave trying to get the girl back and got C.B.-ed. After the war was over ——"

"Do you think he is justified in holding the newspapers responsible for his wife's desertion?"

"I wish to give no opinion in this interview. If he hadn't gone to the front, what happened wouldn't have happened. You can see that, and you know who sent him to the front.

"He wandered about looking for work, but he couldn't get any to do. It was after-war conditions with a vengeance.

"The habit of reading newspapers is hard to break and through thick and thin he had a peep at the papers every day. Of course he couldn't afford to buy his old favourites, but he went to the libraries and looked over all the papers, and that was his downfall. The dope got mixed. He couldn't make out at times whether there was a trade slump or not. He knew that he couldn't get work, that he was lonely, and that his old friends had gone under."

The newspaper representative reached out a hand for Tom's letter.

"I shall look him up," he announced.

Bill shook his head. "He's done it."

"What! Already? Immediately after dinner was the time he fixed in this letter."

Bill shook his head.

"He must have meant after a cup of tea a pal stood him every dinner-time. It was all the dinner he had lately."

In the evening Bill Smith looked over the columns of the "Red Poppy" for the announcement of Tom's death. He found it. In three lines of small print, the world was informed that an ex-service man had hanged himself in an attic.

"Gee," muttered Bill, "there's nothing like cutting it short. Brevity is a force in the class war."

W.J.C.G.

Copy of Letter sent to Gen. Smuts.

"Mr. J. Smuts,
"South African Government,
"Capetown, 20/11/22.

"Sir,—Last night in St. Mungo Hall, Glasgow, I was empowered by four thousand workers to write you to express the utter disgust of the Clyde workers at the execution of Long, Hull, and Lewis, three of our fellow-workers whose only crime was their defence of their wages and standard of living.

"To us Scottish Republicans your bloody deed becomes all the more execrable, when we realise that you did this frightful deed not as the brave Boer of 1900 but as the bloodstained tool of John Bull, Imperialist and Rand Gold Mine Capitalist.

"We ask you to mitigate the gravity of crime by resigning your premiership and by re ing to your own people who are now lining up w th the workers of South Africa for a Republ c free from the domination and corruption of John Bull

"Yours for the Scottish Workers' Republic,
"JOHN MACLEAN."

A Savage Regulation.

That the Government realises its guilt and fe the just resentment of the workers at the savage reprisals on political prisoners is shown by the latest prison regulation which cancels No. 532 (2), which deals with the burial of bodies of executed persons and substitutes the following:

"The body of an executed person shall be bur in private by the authorities of the prison wher the execution takes place, provided that the D rector may in his discretion permit near relatives to be present at the burial."

YOUNG COMMUNIST NOTES.

STUDY-CLASS PART PROGRAMME FOR 1923.

Classes in Economics and Politics to be held at No. 4, Trades Hall, Johannesburg, on Tuesdays, commencing at 7.30 p.m.

Tuesday, January 2nd.—History of Economic Theory. The Origin of the State (1).

Tuesday, January 9th.—Commodities and Money. The Origin of the State (2).

Tuesday, January 16th.—Transformation of Money into Capital. The Roman State.

Tuesday, January 23rd.—Production of Absolute Surplus Value. The Feudal State in Europe.

Tuesday, January 30th.—The Working Day. The Feudal State in England.

Tuesday, February 6th.—Production of Relative Surplus Value. Co-operation and Division of Labour. Growth of the Modern State.

Tuesday, February 13th.—Machinery and Modern Industry. Functions of the Modern State and Future Possibilities.

Tuesday, February 20th.—Wages. The Rise of Democracy and Liberalism.

Tuesday, February 27th.—Accumulation of Capital. National Movements in the 19th Century.

Tuesday, March 6th.—History of the Growth of the Capitalist Method in Production to the present day, and general conclusions. Imperialism and Colonial Expansion.

The above parallel classes in Economics and Politics will be open to the public. All interested in working class education invited to attend. Time will be allowed for discussion.

Negotiation.

Mr. Crawford has had some rather nasty reminders lately that his policy of negotiation is out of favour not only with class-conscious workers but his quondam friends, the Chamber of Mines. That special creation of the Chamber-cum-S.A.I.F., the Rock-breakers' Association, of which he is secretary, has been told bluntly that there is to be no rise in pay for them, and if they don't like it they can lump it. Under cover of an alleged marvellous automatic machine for heating drills to a uniform temperature the white drill-sharpeners are told that their services can be dispensed with at any moment, and replaced by kaffir workers at a quarter of the pay.

We would recommend the hero of Geneva and Washington to get busy with his "negotiating ability" and persuade the mining bosses that they ought to scrap the heating machines and continue the old methods for the benefit of the white drill-sharpeners. Meanwhile the rock-breakers and drill-sharpeners would do well to remember Napoleon's dictum that God is on the side of the strongest battalions, and the best negotiator is a union 100 per cent. organised and with an equal percentage of determination. Crawford is making desperate efforts to regain some influence over the workers, as the Chamber will scrap him if he fails to deliver the goods.

Progress in Soviet Russia.

Amongst foreigners living in Petrograd there is a growing tendency to assume Soviet citizenship. During the last eleven months 3,314 applications for naturalisation have been received, of which 2,050 have been granted.

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In Viatka 139 members of the town Soviet were elected, of whom 114 were Communists and twenty-five non-party.

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Of the seventy-seven deputies elected to the Kazan town Soviet sixty are Communists and seventeen non-party.

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Tractors are being built in the Ukraine for the first time. It is estimated that the engineering works at Kharkov can turn out 1,200 tractors of fifty h.p. yearly.

* * *

At the beginning of November, the coal reserve in Petrograd amounted to 400,000 tons. This quantity is estimated to be sufficient to cover all requirements for over five months. Petrograd has not had such a reserve since 1917. It was hoped that further stocks would be secured before winter conditions made supplies difficult.

* * *

Figures published recently in "Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn" show an increase in real wages during the current year of nearly 100 per cent. Wages are now equal to at least eighty per cent. of pre-war wages on the average, and in some cases are above the pre-war level in real values.

Why?

Senator Peter Whiteside is in Durban representing Simonstown Branch of the Labour Party. One wonders why? In the course of his speech advocating the abandonment of the objective which he helped to place at the head of the constitution, the Senator remarked that what was good enough for Australia was good enough for him. Mr. Whiteside might be reminded that in the elections just concluded the Australian Labour Party fought on a platform the first plank of which was the Socialist objective, which reads as follows:

THE SOCIALISATION OF INDUSTRY, PRODUCTION, DISTRIBUTION AND EXCHANGE.

What about renewing your subscription to the "International"?

HAND AND BRAIN.

The S.A.L.P. Conference at Durban is, we believe, the first which has been held for several years, and has created more interest than any similar gathering since the special congress in 1915, and for somewhat similar reasons. Then an election was approaching, and the one obsession of the wirepullers was to court poupularity and secure votes. The war fever was rising, and Creswell and his satellites were determined on making the party a war party. They succeeded, with the result that the party was split and became impotent. To-day the scene is changed, but the policy of Creswell remains the same; popularity hunting and vote catching. It is believed that Smuts has passed his political meridian, and that the Nationalist Republicans' star is in the ascendant, hence at all costs the followers of Hertzog must be placated, and as the stumbling block to the Dutch predicant and his supporters, the farmers is the fear of the abolition of private property in land the socialist objective of the labour party must be jettisoned.

Creswell, the patriotic Imperialist, is, of course, quite willing to turn his blind eye to the separatist policy of the Nationalists, but they are not likely to be fooled by anything less than a genuine abandonment of the last vestige of socialism by the S.A.L.P. This is his difficulty, it may even prove to be his political Waterloo. Some of his followers represent, or hope to represent, constituencies which have a strong leavening of class-conscious workers, who whether they label themselves Socialists or Communists or not, are convinced that a genuine workers' party independent of all other classes and influences is necessary.

These politicians, with an eye on their constituencies and their seats in parliament or elsewhere, are not prepared to follow Creswell blindly in his efforts to turn the S.A.L.P. into a purely bourgeois party. Hence the length and occasional warmth of the discussion in Durban. If the reports in the daily press can be relied upon, the speeches have not reached a very high plane, and have clearly indicated in the great majority of cases not a desire to stand firmly by principle and to lead the workers out of the morass, but a frantic anxiety to present to the white electors some catchy phrases some specious promises which will keep the party politicians in their jobs.

The address of Mr. Briggs, the chairman, is the last thing in inanity, and his statement that his party had to outbid General Smuts for Nationalist support is distinctly amusing. The proposal of Col. Creswell was to delete both the original objective of the party and the involved explanation which he inserted some years ago, and to substitute a weird rigmarole which may mean anything or nothing.

Creswell is great on brains, but how anything is produced by brains alone we fail to understand. The snobbish instinct of the author of the proposed "objective" is clearly revealed when he attempts to discriminate between producers by hand and brain. The inference is, of course, that manual workers—who are in the overwhelming majority in almost every constituency—do not use their brains, for even Creswell can hardly deny them the possession of such an apparatus. We hope the miners, mechanics, and manual workers generally will take note of this absurd and snobbish discrimination.

The cloven hoof of the Colonel's bourgeois outlook is seen in the phrase, "popular administration." This is the phrase which has masked the dictatorship of the capitalist class throughout its history; then again he wishes to "promote the political, social and economic emancipation of the people"—again the "people," not the workers. So that there should be no doubt as to what is in the mind of Colonel Creswell. He proceeds with: "More particularly of those who depend on their own exertions by hand or brain for the means of life."

So that the Labour Party is asked to work for the emancipation of those who do not work as well as those who do. What logic! What statesmanship! The non-working class HAVE emancipated themselves from the necessity of toil by forcing others to work for them. How, then, can they need the attentions of Mr. Creswell and the Labour Party, and how can the workers be emancipated from the necessity of toiling for their masters unless they take steps to take away the power over them that the capitalist class now possesses, and how does Mr. Creswell think his phrase-mongering will reconcile these two divergent interests. Probably he knows better. If he, as one may suppose, considers himself a brain worker, then it is to be hoped so. If he knows better he lays himself open to the charge of political dishonesty, and is guilty of practising the gentle art of political window-dressing.

Even this muddled proposal was, however, too much for the Kimberley representative, who was most anxious that the only means used should be parliamentary legislation. No direct action for diamondopolis. The labour leader seemed rather afraid of his own proposal at the finish, for he moved that a two-thirds majority should be necessary to carry the alteration of the constitution. His speech in support again betrayed his contempt of what he called the man in the street, who was unable to understand the original clause, and made a strong point of the attitude of Ramsay Macdonald and Philip Snowdon. It will be noted in passing that during the war Colonel Creswell did not take his stand by their side; now that they have turned violently anti-Communist, they are suddenly patterns to be copied.

Without going further into the three days' discussion, it is sufficient to record that Colonel Creswell considered it expedient to run away from his proposal, and under a new dress the Socialist objective remains. The future of the S.A.L.P. depends, as before, not so much on the method of expressing its objective, but how honestly and zealously its members work for its realisation. For the moment Creswell has been allowed to save his face, and the class-conscious element has kept the flag flying; but he will return to the charge when opportunity occurs. The leopard cannot change his spots.

The Head of the Column.

We know full well that the race or class that is not virile enough to strike an intelligent blow for itself is not fit for emancipation. If emancipated by others, it will need constant propping, or will collapse like a dish-clout. That is true, and this other is true also. In all revolutionary movements, as in the storming of a fortress, the thing depends upon the head of the column—upon that minority that is so intense in its convictions, so soundly based on its principles, so determined in its actions, that it carries the masses with it, storms the breastworks, and captures the fort. Such a head of the column must be the Communist organisation to the whole column of the South African proletariat. The army that is destined to conquer and overthrow Capitalism—which is to-day the empire of the Incas, both in point of its own inherent weakness and the strength of its position—is the army of the proletariat the head of whose column must consist of the intrepid Socialist organisation that has earned their love, their respect, their confidence.

What do we witness on the political field to-day? At every election the country reminds one of a jar of water—turn the jar and all the water comes out. One election the worker votes labour; next election he votes S.A.P.; the following election he plumps Nationalist. He moves backward and forward. The workers are dissatisfied: they have lost confidence in the existing parties they know of, and they are seeking desperately for a party of their class. At such a season it is the duty of revolutionists to conduct themselves in such manner as to cause their organisation to be better and better known, its principles more and more clearly understood, its integrity and firmness more and more respected and trusted—then, when we shall have stood that ground well and grown steadily, the masses will in due time flock over to us as, in fact, they are doing to-day. IN THE CRASH THAT IS SURE TO COME AND IS JUST NOW AHEAD OF US, OUR STEADFAST COMMUNIST ORGANISATION WILL ALONE STAND OUT INTACT ABOVE THE RUINS. But only upon revolutionary lines can it achieve this; upon lines of reform it can never be victorious.—(From "Reform or Revolution," by Daniel De Leon, price 3d., this office.)

DEMOCRACY.

"Pure democracy in the period of revolution may assume new importance as the last safety anchor. That is why the so-called feudal bureaucratic forces (in the period from March to September, 1848) supported the liberals in order to keep the revolutionary masses down. In any case, our only enemy in the day of crisis and afterwards will be the reactionary forces grouped around the pure democracy; and this I believe should not be lost sight of."

—Fred Engels.

Merrie England & Parliamentary Dope.

Tradition decrees that the snobocracy of England representative of its statesmen and military genius shall assemble en masse in all their glittering uniforms, with sword and sabre, symbolical of gruesome capitalism, to open the House of Commons. George V. appeared like his ancestors, trundled in the cumbersome old state coach, surrounded with the flunkeys in gold lace and trappings which go to produce the illusion of importance of an ordinary personality; and the various strings are pulled as with marionettes. Hitherto the sacred precincts of Parliament have been looked upon with reverence as a condition providence had ordained, but our Comrade Dave Kirkwood described the "atmosphere" as something which made his "blood boil." With all due respect to J. H. Macdonald, the leader of the Labour Party, he was, he said, "out to smash that atmosphere." He had just returned from the Courts of Glasgow, where he had pleaded that women and children should not be ejected from their houses and thrown into the street. Comrade W. Newbold, our only real Communist member, also gave them some home truths which evidently tingled their ears. Our purpose, he declared, was to establish a condition of communal ownership and control, where all who share in the means of production would also share in the work to produce it. "And you!" interjected some Tories gleefully. "Yes," said our comrade, "but I'm showing YOU up just now, and that is very useful work."

Unemployment, pitifully bewailed in the "King's speech," was said to be merely the aftermath of war conditions; therefore a problem that can be alleviated. However, be that as it may, soluble or otherwise, the unemployed this time are dour, grim and determined to ventilate their case. They have marched in thousands from the provinces, and further reinforcements are sent for. The "dole" or dope offered on previous occasions is not the kind of alleviation they are after this time. J. H. Thomas, M.P., fears the consequences of that form of "direct action." We have Parliament and "Jimmie," that should be good enough(?) To use a slang phrase, the Government are "getting the wind up," and their organs see the necessity of "easing the situation."

Lady Astor, one of the two lady M.P.'s, has expressed her "sympathy," but some rude revolutionary said they had already been "crammed" with that, and it wasn't very fattening material. However, as I write a new move is in progress; how far the result will aid revolutionary propaganda a later issue may explain. In the meantime Europe is seething with revolutionary fervour, spreading even to the country lanes.

COMMUNIST PARTY NOTES.

Selborne Hall Social.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It is with regret that we have to announce that Comrades Mr. and Mrs. Bunting will not be with us on January 20th, as was expected when the Social was arranged.

The Entertainment Committee has, however, decided to proceed with the arrangements, and it is hoped that comrades and friends will rally and make the first Social of the New Year a great success. Tickets, 2s.; children, at door, 1s.; obtainable No. 4, Trades Hall, and of members of the Committee.

C. P. Propaganda.

The weekly meetings on the Johannesburg Town Hall steps continue to be well attended and orderly; scarcely an interruption now is heard, whereas a year or two ago our speakers' limbs and even lives were often in danger. Last Sunday's meeting was larger than usual, owing perhaps to it being New Year's Eve. Comrade J. Oates presided, and the speakers were C. F. Glass, A. Dunbar, W. H. Andrews, and Donald Snowdon. A useful collection was taken up and good sales of literature, the latter a most valuable form of activity which it is hoped will be undertaken by comrades who wish to be useful.

Benoni Branch holds weekly meetings at Perry's Corner every Saturday.

Cape Notes.

The amnesty meeting arranged by the Trades Federation was a wash-out. If it had not been for the Communists abandoning their usual outdoor meeting there would not have been thirty workers present. This, I maintain, is not due to lack of interest on the part of the workers, but owing to the way it was arranged. Although arranged by the Federation it was not advertised as such; the resolution was a terrible concoction of religious bunk and sentimental piffle, and the speakers were clergymen and capitalist politicians. But the meeting held by the Communists a few weeks ago was very well attended and very enthusiastic. Why the difference? Because they put the CLASS position before the workers, because they gave them a message with a kick in it. To the Federation of Trades: "Go thou and do likewise."

We expect Tom Mann's return visit shortly.

The local branch of the Communist Party has decided to contest two constituencies at the next elections, which will probably be Woodstock and Salt River.

Books Received.

We have just received a copy of No. 2 of the Plebs Textbooks, "An Outline of modern Imperialism." This textbook, like the "Outline of Psychology," which we are selling at 3s. 6d. per copy, was first drafted by Thomas Ashcroft, and then largely revised and in part re-written by an Editorial Committee. It is therefore to a certain extent an attempt at "communal production." Geo. Hicks, General Secretary Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers says in a foreword. "When press, pulpit and platform urge you to the shambles of war, for what is the call to sacrifice—read this book and see."

"If only the information given here were general knowledge in the ranks of organised labour, our movement would be invulnerable and invincible."

Published by Plebs League, 162a, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1., price 2s. 9d. post paid.

Fourth International Communist Congress.

RESOLUTION ON THE EXECUTIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"The Fourth Congress of the Communist International has received the news that the South African Government of General Smuts has executed four workers for having defended themselves during the mine workers' strike against the violence of a government of lackeys in the service of gold and diamond mining capital.

"The Congress denounces the South African Government which in the person of General Smuts when in Europe professed a liberal, pacifist character, while in reality it does not hesitate to murder in order to suppress the working class movement.

"The Fourth Congress sends fraternal greetings to the South African workers. It is convinced not only that they will not give up their fight, but that on the contrary they will learn how to draw the native workers too into the struggle against South African Capitalism, and thereby ensure common and final victory. In this struggle the South African workers may rely upon the help of the Communist International, which looks upon them as one of its outposts."

The above resolution was drawn up by Radek and passed on November 23rd, at the Red International in Moscow.

This paper will be posted FOR FOUR WEEKS ONLY (a) to subscribers whose subscriptions have expired from date of expiry; (b) to persons recommended as likely subscribers.

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