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The International

THE WORLD'S CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

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THE ORGAN OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY (S.A. Section of the Communist International).
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No. 350. FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1923. PRICE THREEPENCE.

Prickly Pars.

By Sen Yah.

Great.

From time to time the magazines invite opinions from well-known men or women as to the "greatest" men in history. This presumably perpetuates the idea in the minds of the Dubbs that history has been made by certain "great" men without whom we should still be in a state of savagery. Recently Mr. H. G. Wells has been given the opportunity to select the six "greatest" men the world has known, and his selection has been thrown open to the criticism of several well-known authors. Neither H.G. himself or any of the others included the name of the Editor of the Johannesburg "Star," and this has hurt him so much that he comes out with no less than three successive leaderettes drawing attention to the omission. This "great" man business is about the oldest guessing competition we know of. Even old Plutarch had a go at it in his day, hence his "lives." Emerson discovered that "to be great is to be misunderstood," and so on. None of them, however, could define what they meant by "great." From a certain standpoint Fatty Arbuckle and Langley Levy are great—at any rate, the fat'll be in the fire when they die. From different standpoints Charlie Peace and Lionel Phillips; Slippery Jim and Slim Jannie; Dean Inge and Conan Doyle; Jimmy Green and Mr. Wodson; Horatio Bottomley and the Editor of the "Star"; Harry Lauder and the Prince of Wales; Marie Lloyd and Queen Mary—all, all these are "great."

It's all a great—humbug, Henry.

* * *

The Heroes.

"Approaching Christmas there was a large influx of men from neighbouring places, and the organisers of the recent public meeting sent or brought A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF MEN TO US FOR RELIEF."—B.E.S.L. report.

"And we'll give you all our kisses
When you march back home again."

* * *

A Mail Achievement.

Ireland: "The Irregulars on Thursday dynamited the culvert of the bridge between Lisduff and Templemore. The Dublin mail train, carrying 300 passengers, jumped the twelve foot chasm safely."—"Rand Daily Mail."

Oh, Munchausen! Oh, Louis de Rougemont!

* * *

Making Hay, etc.

The Duke of York, following his sister's footsteps, has grabbed a golden butterfly. The old "royal blood" gag is out of court with big Mary—"it's only the cash that counts" nowadays, Henry. That's prudence. A lot of the family have lost their jobs lately, and—one never knows. But we were told that Lizzie was offered to the Prince of Wales? Like her future ma-in-law did in her day, she's taking the next best.

* * *

Tragedy and Farce.

Paris, Tuesday.—According to a Berlin telegram the German Boxing League has decided, owing to the occupation of the Ruhr, that French and Belgian boxers are not to be allowed to appear in Germany.—Reuter.

So if America joins France as she may, Henry—Schlesinger will ban Charlie Chaplin films until the war is over. That's the way to beat the enemy, Henry—that'll make him spit blood, eh!

* * *

The Strain.

Pretoria.—Colonel Mentz, Minister of Defence, has been having renewed trouble with his eyes, and underwent an examination yesterday.

Eyestrain, Henry, me boy, looking for a plausible defence for Kirby, Fulford, and the rest of the black-and-tans.

* * *

The Game.

On the way to table his motion of "no confidence," General Hertzog stopped to shake hands with Jannie Smuts.

It's a bitter struggle, Henry, me lad—why the 'ell don't they all kiss and bury the hatchet.

* * *

David.

The old Israelitish king bearing the above name was "a man after God's own heart." You've heard of this bloke, Henry? His hobby was peeping through bathroom keyholes. But David Draper, the man who "exposes" a German plot to invade South Africa is a man after Fat's own heart.

He's the real top-hole champion.

Mussolini-Scab.

After maudlin tears on the neck of the "saviour of Italy," Mussolini, British Bourgeoisdom finds he is a dirty dog.

All in twelve hours, Henry.

Guess why?

* * *

Ex-Premiers.

What a lot of ex-Premiers are knocking about. Have you noticed it? Now we have Signor Nitti, ex-Premier of Italy, and Lloyd-George, ex-Premier of Great Britain, turned press-prostitutes for a living.

THE BOLSHEVIK GOVERNMENT IS NOW THE OLDEST IN EUROPE.

Note.—"Nitti" in English means lousy in the head, and is a word in common use in the Officers Mess.

* * *

The Die-Hards.

Hickson the Healer opened the eyes of God's black army as to the possibilities of the healing stunt.

He didn't open anyone else's eyes, but Mr. H. D. Viljoen, of 205 Van de Walt Street, Pretoria, is an easy first over Hickson's advertising manager. He can out-Sequah Sequah, so to speak.

Have you read the yarn he sent to the "Volkstem"? In the twentieth century it wants a man with a brass face to do it.

By the way, can anyone contradict the common talk that Hickson got away with over £7,000 for his "mission"?

Great Thoughts.

The "Star" gives due prominence to Mr. Geo. Brown, secretary of the Boilermakers, who gets this off his chest:

"The registration of all trade unions is, to my mind, a very good point, and also the provision for setting up compulsory conciliation."

Dear! dear! COMPULSORY conciliation is IT!!!

It reminds me of the youngster who was taken to a picnic by his bullying father. He was too terrified of the old man to join in the fun, whereupon his father, noticing his aloofness, caught him by the ear and roared at him:

"I've brought you out to enjoy yourself, so enjoy yourself, damn you, or I'll break every bone in your body."

Poor kid! and poor boilermakers!

* * *

The Week's Best.

"The fact that the Johannesburg Branch of the Musicians' Union has decided unanimously to throw in their lot with the S.A. Industrial Union is accepted by the S.A.I.F. elements as the latest telling victory over the 'Associated.'"—("The Star.")

De-licious!

* * *

Ireland Crucified.

Diabolical mass-murder is now capitalism's brutal and unashamed method in Ireland. Extermination pure and simple is plainly the aim, and—curses on them—it is "Irishmen" who are doing the dirty work for blood money.

Still there are some who retain a simple faith in a Providence.

No Classes.

Potchefstroom, Tuesday.—A deputation of poor whites has waited on the magistrate here to protest against the treatment they had received on relief work in connection with the Belmont railway construction, from which they had lately returned.

. . . . . .

Grahamstown, Tuesday.—The Supreme Court today found for the plaintiff in the case in which General Byron sued the Cape Sundays River Settlements, Ltd., for wrongful dismissal.

General Byron was awarded £5,000 damages and costs.—Special.

. . . . . .

Matatiele, Tuesday.—The poor whites engaged on construction work on the railway extension from Franklin to Matatiele refuse to stay longer as they cannot live on the pay.—Special.

Colonel Creswell, if Parliamentary cretinism hasn't progressed too far, try—please note.

* * *

£10,000

Dubb No. 1: "I hear that the Auditor-General of the Union strongly objected to the sum of £10,000 given to the S.A.I.F. by the Government being entered under the heading 'War Expenditure.' Is that true?"

Dubb No. 2: "Yes, it's true enough; but, as the Government explained, the entry was quite correct."

Dubb No. 1: "How could it be 'war expenditure'?"

Dubb No. 2: "It WAS war expenditure—the Class War."

Dubb No. 1: "Oh!"

* * *

No Victimisation.

A young miner applied for a job at the City Deep last week.

The mine captain, Adams, said to him: "You came during the strike with a crowd threatening to damage the property. Now you can look for a job to your Bolshevik friends in Russia."

Victimisation? Certainly not!

* * *

Crawlers.

A more disgusting exhibition of toadyism has seldom been shown by a body of trade unionists than that exhibited by the Braamfontein Branch of the A.E.U. last week.

Mr. Corbett, the Secretary of the Branch, presented Major Hunt, the South African Party M.L.A. for the district, with an illuminated address "as an expression of gratitude and appreciation," etc., etc.

Fulsome praise of the action of the police during the great strike followed from Mr. Corbett's lips. But enough! One's gorge rises at the thought that such lickspittles and crawlers are still allowed to infest the workers' movement.

* * *

Who Lies?

Smuts, in defending himself against the accusation made by Creswell that the Government, through a prominent member of the S.A.P., inspired the abject letter which Garnsworthy and the other eleven condemned strikers signed prior to the commutation of the sentence of death, produced another letter purporting to come from the same men who are now undergoing various sentences of penal servitude, in which they fulsomely thank the Government for its clemency and abjectly deplore their actions in March. It bears the same taint as the former letter of having been written under duress.

When Creswell challenged him to state who wrote the second letter, the Prime Minister conveniently ignored the question. All honest men will turn with loathing and disgust from a man who shelters himself behind servile letters from men in the desperate position that the alleged writers of these two letters found themselves in.

Smuts has a dirty name, and he lives up to it.

All our historical studies lead us up to the history which is being made to-day. We study the force at work in past history in order to understand what forces are at work in the world we live in.

—PLEBS LEAGUE.

Profit and Loss.

"Yesterday afternoon Sir Lionel and Lady Phillips gave a reception at Villa Arcadia to the heads of departments of the Corner House and members of the staff, and a delightful afternoon was spent. Francis Phillips stood with Sir Lionel in the hall to welcome the guests, and looked exceedingly charming in a beautiful French frock of white net over white silk. It was made with great simplicity. She wore a wide-brimmed hat wreathed with a blue ostrich plume tipped with white; a double string of pearls completing a pretty toilette."

. . . . . .

"Mrs. Maria Huntley, living on farm Cyferfontein in No. 2 District, Johannesburg, said Albert Herbert Muller one day said to her, 'I've seen the doctor, and he gives me four months to live. Rather than suffer I'll take my life.' . . .

"After wishing her son good-night on January 5 she heard a shot in his bedroom.

"'This is a man's best friend,' Stanley Huntley said his step-brother Albert told him. Witness took the bullet away from his step-brother, who added: 'I have bags more of them. I shall do away with myself on Tuesday.'

"Witness tried to persuade his step-brother not to take such drastic measures, but his step-brother coughed and vomited and observed: 'You see that, Stanley? That's why.'

"A verdict of suicide by bullet wound was returned."

. . . . . .

"Would that I had Pope's satire darts
To gie the bastards their desarts."

—Burns.

Again.

"Bolshevik propaganda in Northern Transvaal causes native unrest"!!!—screams Fat's press.

And even the Dubbs laugh, because they know the most holy Chamber of Mines is out for more native labour and the natives are getting wiser and require bayonets to drive them to the Rand shambles.

Communists, being tacit outlaws, have no redress at Fat's law.

* * *

Tales.

Miss Marie Tempest, the notorious actress, has been telling the tale about her South African tour, in London, allright.

She's been shooting leopards from her bedroom windows, Henry.

Fancy! . . . and yet not a word about that bunch of pink snakes her ricksha ran over in West Street, Durban.

What a delectable crowd Fat's felines are.

* * *

What Would?

"What would happen to US if all the working-class suddenly committed suicide?" asked a gentle-highly-cultured-hothouse-reared-real-bourgeois little lady.

"You'd be bashed to work hoeing and planting skoff for your gentle Clarence, quick and lively, my dear lady," replied her knowing friend.

But she didn't believe it.

* * *

Birthright.

Mr. Moymagh is a humorist of sorts. He refers to Kenya Colony as a "white man's birthright."

Oh, Christ!

Bunting's Return.

We regret that by this week's mail Comrade S. P. Bunting writes that owing to the continued illness of Mrs. Bunting, his return to South Africa will have to be indefinitely postponed.

At the Labour Party Conference at Durban, Mr. Briggs, chairman, suggested that they should organise native workers. These men should be taught the rudiments of trade union principles, and taught to line up to standards to which white workers aspired. Existing conditions in the trade union movement were opposed in a large measure to such organisation, but, to his mind, that was the rock on which they would split if they did not take warning. The forthcoming Trade Union Congress should consider the matter.

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Who Are the Agitators ?

With flaring headlines about "Black 'Reds,'" "Natives Out of Hand," "Communist Teachings," etc., the "Rand Daily Mail" published an article last Tuesday designed to create the impression that a very ordinary dispute between the native tenants at Shongoane's Stad, Waterberg District, and the white landowners has in some unexplained way been engineered by Moscow through local Communist agents.

Such phrases as "the preachings of agents of Messrs. Bunting and Andrews are bearing fruit," "native soviet gentlemen," "native bolshevik agitators," "Moscow's South African agents," are distributed through a column and a half like plums in a pudding. Even in the one-sided and garbled report above-mentioned, it seems perfectly clear that the alarm of the agent of the Transvaal Landowners' Association has its foundation not in a belief that there is any danger of a native rising engineered by Bolsheviks, but that the blood-sucking crowd he represents, who have stolen huge slices of the land of the Transvaal from whites and natives alike, are not getting in their extortionate rents, rates and taxes as easily as heretofore. It appears that the native farmers do not take kindly to an imposition of a stock tax of three shillings per head per annum on large stock and 6d. per annum per head of small stock, in addition to a hut tax of £2 per annum hence these tears. In order to impose the stock tax it is necessary that a complete census of stock should be taken, and naturally the native stock owner is not over zealous in assisting in this work.

It occurs to one that quite "respectable" whites are sometimes afflicted with the same complaint, and are not over anxious to assist the investigations of the income tax authorities, and many business men, large and small, exercise considerable ingenuity in concealing part of their taxable income. This is looked upon even in quite law-abiding and church-going circles as a matter to be quietly chuckled over, and by no means attributable to Bolshevik influences and propaganda. One is reminded in this connection of the old saying: What in the officer is but a choleric word is in the man rank blasphemy. The universal distaste amongst farming populations for taxation, particularly of the land, when expressed by native farmers, becomes a serious crime justifying the most brutal punishment.

The natives of Shongoane's Stad are said to be a bad lot, and they sometimes get drunk. The indictment is terrible, but not new. Wherever and whenever an oppressed race or class murmurs against the exactions of the masters the same things and worse have been said of them. The long and heroic struggle of the Irish peasantry with alien landlordism has given rise to the same calumnies. They have been called lazy, dishonest, dirty and criminal by the hirelings of the master class. With just as much or as little justification as the Transvaal natives are now being abused. A peasant, like a donkey, is only virtuous in proportion as he is docile and industrious. Independence of thought or action is a crime.

It is extremely probable that a percentage of natives who have learned to read and write have discovered, among other things, that the peasants of Russia have abolished landlordism; that the Irish have gone far in a similar direction. They probably, through contact with Indians and others, have become acquainted with the growing determination of the Indian and other Eastern peoples to throw the yoke of the conqueror from their shoulders.

It is not necessary to postulate sinister activities on the part of Moscow nor mysterious and secret meetings in Johannesburg. The capitalist press despite itself throws a certain amount of light on the world movement for the workers' emancipation which is a feature of the present day. This information is bound to filter through to the remotest native kraals without any conscious effort on the part of the "Rand Reds" or anyone else. With natives news travels rapidly. The point to be remembered, and which is commended to the notice of the Department of Native Affairs and the authorities, is this, that agitators, whether red or any other colour, can make little impression on a contented people; can exercise no influence on a community, whether white or black, unless there are genuine grievances resulting in severe hardships to the people. The trouble is the result primarily of the grossly unjust treatment of the mass of the South African population who, whilst constituting the foundation of the whole superstructure of South African economic and social life are treated little better than serfs and pariahs in the land of their fathers.

The notorious one-sidedness of "justice" as between the black worker and his master, the iniquitous pass and other laws, the refusal to allow the native some say in the making and administration of the laws which he does not understand but has to obey, are noted by the native people. All these disabilities tend to create a spirit of resentment in the minds of masses of the black workers against the ruling class. The fundamental cause in all examples of agrarian unrest, whether in countries inhabited by whites or those with mixed population like South Africa is the policy of divorcing the peasant from the soil. Land hunger is a universal human phenomenon. It produced the great peasant uprisings in England. The French Revolution could not have happened were not the peasants treated worse than dogs by the landowners of that day, who lived in luxury on their misery, and the Russian revolution became a movement of overwhelming force not solely nor perhaps chiefly through the Marxian teaching of a comparative handful of intellectuals backed by the class-conscious workers of the towns. These undoubtedly gave direction by skilful leading, but the elemental land hunger of the Russian peasant was not created by agitators nor learned from books. And if the native races of this country ever become dangerous it will be the result of the policy of the ruling class, which permits and in fact encourages the land sharks and exploiters of labour to grind the faces of the poor, whether white or black, regardless of justice or the claims of humanity.

The French peasant of 1792 saw his age-long oppressor in his chateau and rose and destroyed him. The Irish peasant still struggles to the same end, and has partly succeeded. The Russians knew the Grand Dukes and the thousands of lesser lords as their hereditary enemies, and the big estates were seized and parcelled out without any prompting from Bolsheviks; in fact, rather against their principles, which do not favour the small holdings idea.

Scare articles about Moscow emissaries and Bolshevik gold will lead to no solution, even if there was any justification for them, which there is not. The remedy for whatever discontent there may be in Waterburg or elsewhere lies at the door of the South African system of government. Repression is no permanent remedy. The native question can never be solved outside the general emancipation of the workers. Capitalism has no remedy to propose. It is bankrupt in ideas, and therefore can only distort the proposals and tactics of those who have. Fearing that an understanding of the causes of the workers' increasing misery is dawning in the minds of the great exploited mass, capitalism seeks by cunning innuendos and vile slanders to turn the tortured workers against those who would enlighten them, in the hope that its parasitic existence may be prolonged thereby.

Vain hope! The writing is on the wall! Capitalism is cracking to its foundations. Sooner or later the workers will learn to unite, and will push the vile thing into the limbo of past and forgotten tyrannies.

Where Will it End ?

In spite of the efforts of the capitalist propaganda agencies to keep the brains of the South African workers addled by Test Match and other dope, it is impossible for them to ignore altogether the happenings in Europe, where crisis succeeds crisis. The debacle of Greece in Asia Minor after two months' fruitless debate is still being discussed at Lausanne, when the French Government takes the bit between its teeth and advances an army into the great German mining and manufacturing district on the right bank of the Rhine. As a side show a mysterious movement takes place in the north-east of Germany, and Memel is seized by the Lithuanian Government, acting no doubt as agent for some greater power. German marks of course tumble, also the franc.

Everyone is asking, what does it all mean? And so far no very clear answer has been given. The ostensible reason given by French capitalism for the brutal invasion of a helpless nation is that the German authorities are concealing wealth and pleading poverty fraudulently. They have consequently been compelled, in order to obtain reparations, to seize a big slice of the most highly industrialised part of Germany. The result so far, however, seems to have been disappointing to the French. The coal, coke, etc., obtained by force has, it is said, been less than one-third of the amount which the Germans were sending across the border prior to the occupation. Probably the real intention of the French Government will become clearer as the situation develops, but a certain amount of light is thrown on the real motive by a French authority, who states that the intention is to form an alliance between the French iron masters of Lorraine and the German coalowners in the Ruhr Valley. This combination, it is asserted, will crush the British steel industry and the Franco-German steel and coal combine will dominate the markets of Europe, and perhaps those further afield.

Viewed from this standpoint, it would appear that the German workers, who are just now being encouraged to strike, to go slow and sabotage, by their employers and the government, are merely being used as pawns in a game of bluff between the German masters, Stinnes, Krupp, etc., and the French steel barons. They are just as much the tools of capitalism as the French soldiers and officials who have poured into the Rhine country as conquerors. French soldier and German miner are being used as counters in a contest which is to determine what share of the plunder shall go to the respective groups of capitalist brigands. When that is settled French and German capitalism will settle down amicably to extract the last ounce of energy out of both French and German workers and chuckle over their foolishness in not uniting on the common ground of working class solidarity and dethroning both sets of masters.

The situation presents many minor points of interest to the class-conscious workers. Not for the first time has the German Government since the Republic was founded called upon the workers to use the weapon of the strike in its defence. The general strike was called a year or two ago to overthrow the Kapp Putsch, which threatened to restore the monarchy and reinstate the landed aristocracy as the predominant factor in State affairs. The workers responded, and there was an end of Kapp and his junkers, but when the more advanced workers wanted to go further and take possession of the mines and factories the government they had saved ruthlessly shot and imprisoned them. Now the commercial and industrial kings are threatened, and they in their turn, not being able to arm their slaves to fight the invaders, urge them to use the weapons which they (the workers) invented to fight capitalism in favour of their exploiters.

There is no talk of constitutional action or ballots and counting of heads now. Direct action, rapid and effective, is required, and the workers, inflamed with patriotic emotion, respond. There are, of course, incidents carefully minimised by the capitalist news monopoly, but not altogether to be concealed, which show that the Communist section of the French and German workers see through this veiled warfare even more clearly than they appreciated the underlying urge of the world war. Cachin, the French Communist Deputy, has been arrested and thrown into prison for opposing the policy of the capitalist ridden French Government, and in Germany we read of collisions between Communist workers and the White Guard elements. The Communists realise that it is of no interest to them as workers whether they are exploited by French or German capitalism.

It is significant that the strike and sabotage is in this case initiated from the top. Officials, directors, clerical and technical staffs are the most prominent in practising sabotage. The workers themselves, although affected as they are bound to be, do not appear to be so enthusiastic as their masters would like. They probably have not forgotten the ruthless suppression of the revolutionary movement in the Ruhr a year or so ago by the very men who now call upon them to strike and suffer in order that Stinnes and Co. may make a better bargain with the French.

Whatever the immediate result of the present crisis, it is one more example of the increasing difficulty capitalism has in resuming operations. In spite of the misery the workers suffer this is the ray of hope that the situation reveals. Capitalism will one day be unable to feed even the majority of its slaves. When that day comes the slaves must revolt and feed themselves.

Ourselves.

This week's issue completes the seventh volume of our paper. Writing in the first number of this volume, the Editor urged his readers to make volume seven "a record one." It is, but not in quite the way intended and hoped for. The period covered by volume seven is longer by nearly five months than that covered by previous volumes. The reasons for this are well-known. From March 10th to May 26th our paper ceased publication, having been prohibited by the military authorities under martial law. At the same time our printing office was raided, some machines destroyed, and the rest put out of action by the police. After restarting the paper, the finances of the Party owing to the terrible depression began to shrivel up, and drastic retrenchment had to be undertaken. We were reluctantly compelled to announce in our issue of August 4th that until further notice the paper would be issued fortnightly instead of weekly until further notice.

It has now been decided by the Central Executive to resume weekly publication. This has only been done after careful consideration of ways and means, and even some misgivings on the part of the more cautious comrades. Whether the optimists will be justified or not depends on YOU, gentle reader. Our appeal for monthly guarantees still holds good. Unless the necessary MONTHLY income is forthcoming we shall have to confess defeat. We respectfully urge all our readers who think "The International" should be kept going to rally to its support. Those who have promised to help, we thank most heartily. To those who are still "thinking about it" we say act and act quickly. To those who have forgotten in the excitement of Christmas, New Year, and Test Matches, let this act as a reminder.

We want your help—NOW.

Send in your promise (with first instalment) immediately. Volume 7 broke records. Help us to make Volume 8 break records in quite a different way.

I.W.W. and Geneva Conference.

Cognisance of a protest by organised labour in Japan against the International Labour Conference established by the League of Nations was taken by the Industrial Workers of the World at the closing sessions of their 14th General Convention in Chicago. The I.W.W. joined with the General Federation of Labour of Japan in condemning the so-called Labour International at Geneva, Switzerland, as a creation of capitalism, designed to suppress the workers and to mislead them the more effectively.

Be Good Boys !

Eleven members of the I.W.W., arrested on the docks at San Pedro, California, and held in the county gaol at Los Angeles pending charges of criminal syndicalism, have been offered their freedom if they would agree to cease efforts to organise the marine workers in this port. All of them refused flatly to make any such promise, though this refusal may mean one to fourteen years in prison.

Jim Larkin.

We notice it is reported by the daily press that Jim Larkin has been released at last. We hope it is true, and that the uncompromising proletarian fighter will soon be at it again.

If a man pleads guilty when he is not guilty, and the magistrate finds him not guilty—is he guilty of perjury ?

—Donald Snowdon.

The Gagging Process.

In "The International" of August 18th and September 1st last, the "conciliation machinery" set up by the Chamber of Mines, and used as the basis for their recognition of the unions, was dealt with at some length. The advice given to the workers at that time was to repudiate the Chamber's proposals, as they simply meant the ham-stringing of their organisations. Since then, the ignoble report of the Mining Industry Commission, on which sat the renegade Brace, has been presented. On the basis of this report the Government has framed the Industrial Conciliation Bill, which is to come up for the second reading in Parliament on February 5th.

Many of the provisions of the new bill bear a striking resemblance to the Chamber's "terms of recognition," and it would seem that the object of the bill is to consolidate in law the arrogant enactments of Solly Joel and Company. Trade unions will be compelled to apply for registration, on the granting of which they are to be accorded the doubtful privilege of becoming bodies corporate, capable in law of SUING AND BEING SUED. If this means that a trade union can be held liable for loss incurred by an employer as a result of a strike, then it must be resisted to the uttermost. Accompanying the application for registration of a trade union must be sent a LIST OF THE NAMES OF ITS OFFICERS AND OF ITS COUNCIL OR EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE WITH THEIR DESIGNATIONS, also "A COPY OF ITS RULES SETTING FORTH ITS OBJECTS, THE PURPOSES TO WHICH ANY OF ITS FUNDS MAY BE APPLIED, THE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE PAID BY MEMBERS AND ANY BENEFITS TO WHICH THEY MAY BE ENTITLED, AND THE FINES, LEVIES AND FORFEITURES TO WHICH THEY ARE LIABLE, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH ANY BALLOT SHALL BE CONDUCTED OR CONTROLLED."

The Registrar of Trade Unions "SHALL SATISFY HIMSELF THAT ANY RULES SUBMITTED ARE IN ACCORDANCE WITH LAW," and "NO ALTERATION OF THE RULES OF A TRADE UNION SHALL HAVE EFFECT UNTIL A COPY OF THE PROPOSED ALTERATION HAS BEEN SUBMITTED TO THE REGISTRAR AND HE HAS CERTIFIED THAT THE ALTERATION IS IN ACCORDANCE WITH LAW." In short, the enemy wants to know all the moves and have all the say as to how the Unions shall be conducted.

That portion of the Bill which deals with "conciliation" may be briefly summarised as follows: "It shall be unlawful for any employer, trade union or other person to declare any strike or lock-out until the dispute giving occasion therefor shall have been submitted to, considered and reported upon by a conciliation board," which shall consist of equal representatives of the employers and employees, and which shall appoint its own chairman. In the event of a dispute arising, and "if there be no Standing Conciliation Board, any employer or any number of employees EXCEEDING TEN may notify the Inspector (White Labour) of his or their desire for the appointment of a Special Conciliation Board, and the Inspector shall thereupon constitute such a board IF HE DEEMS IT NECESSARY AND EXPEDIENT: PROVIDED THAT NO MEETING OF A STANDING CONCILIATION BOARD SHALL BE CALLED OR A SPECIAL CONCILIATION BOARD BE APPOINTED IF THE DISPUTE IS IN CONNECTION WITH THE ENGAGEMENT, SUSPENSION, DISCHARGE, PROMOTION, OR DERATING OF INDIVIDUAL EMPLOYEES."

Summed up, this means that in all cases the decision as to whether a dispute merits consideration by a Board rests with the Government, and, it being unlawful to strike until the dispute has been considered by a Board, it is easy to foresee that numerous disputes will of necessity go in the bosses' favour, in default of the meeting of any such board. Disputes in which less than ten members are concerned, and disputes relating to "suspension, discharge or derating," in other words VICTIMISATION, will under no circumstances be brought before a board. But you MUST NOT STRIKE. Henry—always bear that in mind!

"If a Conciliation Board is unable to agree on the dispute referred to it WITHIN A FORTNIGHT of its first meeting, OR SUCH FURTHER TIME AS THE INSPECTOR MAY DETERMINE, an independent referee shall be called in and the matter again discussed under his chairmanship, and if he is unable to bring the parties to agreement, he shall present a report to the Inspector. A LOCK-OUT OR STRIKE SHALL NOT BE DECLARED UNTIL AT LEAST FOURTEEN DAYS HAVE ELAPSED AFTER THE DATE OF THE REPORT OF THE INDEPENDENT REFEREE." The old, old game of delay, to give the masters time to prepare for a struggle. Delay in action is always suicidal to the workers.

"The result of any ballot taken during a strike, to ascertain whether the members of the trade union or the employees concerned are in favour of the continuance or discontinuance of such strike, shall be forwarded to the Inspector by the trade union concerned, and the Inspector SHALL COMMUNICATE THE SAME TO THE MINISTER AND TO SUCH NEWSPAPERS AS HE MAY DEEM DESIRABLE." Ye gods! A tacit betrayal of the strength of the workers' forces to the enemy!

"NO STRIKE SHALL BE DECLARED OR CONTINUED UNLESS THREE-FIFTHS OF THE PERSONS VOTING IS IN FAVOUR OF A STRIKE OR ITS CONTINUANCE, AS THE CASE MAY BE." Another trammel—another muzzle on the militants—another stumbling-block to effective action!

An attempt to get this Bill thrown out must be made at all costs. It is a danger to organised Labour. In the event of it becoming law in its present form, containing the restrictive and objectionable provisions here dealt with, the trade unions for their own preservation if not their self-respect should solidly refuse to register.

What about renewing your subscription to the "International"?

The "New Economic Policy" in Russia.

By S. P. BUNTING.

"Well, if I had known that private trading and hire of labour were going on I should never have come to Russia," said recently a Johannesburger just arrived in Moscow. He expressed what to one who had not closely followed the course of events to date in Russia was a natural misconception in view of the somewhat Utopian propaganda about Russia to which most of us, especially in distant countries, have been parties; but a misconception still held also by some earnest Communists who have been right through the fire of the last five years in Russia itself. "Was not the revolution to abolish exploitation, trade and profit, and introduce co-operative production for common use? And did it not in fact do so? At any rate, did not we in Russia enjoy Communism for several years—not generous rations, but equal for all? Why should we now have to see, under the 'new economic policy,' a new generation of profiteers grow up and make money while we, who thought we had fought down profiteering for good and all, live but little better than before?"

"COMMUNIST CONSUMPTION."

Such talk reflects the common tendency to dwell on the "consumer" aspect, to consider "profit" as what the shopkeeper makes, to dwell on distribution and forget production. It was no doubt possible and necessary as a temporary war measure to seize and distribute whatever consumables came handy. But Communism involves not just "having all things in common," but producing them. War-time production, such as it was, was not normal production; rather it precluded the possibility of it. The "War Communism" fleshpots to which (poor as they were) some in Russia still look back with regret, did not imply "putting on flesh." They meant little more than spending the country's resources. That could not last. Everybody was nominally given some sort of a job and got some sort of a ration, clothing and shelter; but that, in the disorganised condition of things inherited from Tsarism and the Great War, and intensified by the Allied attacks which have only just ended (temporarily at least), did not mean that everybody was really producing his whack and earning his salt, or that what he produced was useful. On the contrary, in Russia, as in other countries in war time, the bulk of war products necessarily went to waste; and while most other countries covered this with huge war loans, Soviet Russia could not borrow a sixpence.

PRODUCTION THE PROBLEM.

The Communist Manifesto says one of the first duties of a victorious proletariat is the concentration of all instruments of production in the hands of the proletarian state and the rapid increase of productive forces. But how was this possible in the devastating circumstances of the time? How could Socialist production be suddenly introduced out of the chaos taken over from Kerensky? To take food production in particular, elimination of landowners does not of itself bring about socialist agriculture: on the contrary, it left most agriculture in the same petty, backward state as before. Besides, although all human activity may be reduced to terms of a simple quest for food, clothing and shelter, yet this quest in fact postulates the whole machinery of organised industry, transport, distribution and exchange, not to mention general amenities, all of which the revolutionary government found in a state of considerable collapse, and the counter-revolutionary wars pretty nearly destroyed altogether. The dramatic stroke of a revolution, dethroning the capitalist dictatorship, leaves the task of socialisation still to be begun, and although obviously it cannot even be begun until the capitalist class has been dethroned, yet no mere dramatic stroke of itself can accomplish it, least of all in a country always backward, and in the midst of civil war.

WAR COMMUNISM.

For the first six months after the revolution, indeed, private enterprise in Russia, notwithstanding the pre-existing collapse of transport and industry, was, it seems, still very active. But as the civil war and foreign attack thickened it stopped, the private employers and managers, "not taking us seriously," as Trotsky says, threw up their job, and the Government had to take over one concern after another more than it could chew, dislocating the correct Communist Manifesto policy, namely, after seizing power to wrest all capital from the bourgeoisie "by degrees." The ensuing War Communism might indeed have developed into real communist production had other countries, and Germany in particular to begin with, followed the example of the November revolution as was hoped at the time—and it was on such hopes that much of our Utopian propaganda abroad was based. As it was, even rural production sagged for want of stimulus, and the peasants became discontented.

WHAT THE "N.E.P." COMES TO.

It was not until the latter half of 1921, when comparative peace had at last been secured, that the Soviet Government felt able to tackle, or at least to face, the position, greatly worsened as it was owing to the deliberate counter-revolutionary destruction of railways, factories, mines, machinery and even raw material, and, on the top of all this, to the famine. It was, as it still is, clearly impossible it had never even been thought possible—for the State in these circumstances to run all the expropriated concerns itself: it could only concentrate on the most essential and the easiest. Food was the first necessity. Hence, in the absence of adequate State production of articles exchangeable for corn, the stimulus of free exchange and an open market was re-introduced, coupled with revival of currency, payment of wages according to work done, and decontrol of many undertakings, the State aiming for the present at retention of large or key industries only, taking care, however, "to prevent decontrolled industries from developing to the detriment of general principles" and of a prospective complete socialiastion in the fulness of time. Thus even now the concerns not directly (like the railways) administered by the State still consist predominantly of concerns run or controllingly influenced by "associated individuals" (to quote the Communist Manifesto again)—by co-operatives, workers' unions or groups, "trusts" nominated by Government with the approval of the employers and industrial unions concerned, etc.—and only to a small extent and on a small scale of individual private enterprises; and, as regards shopkeeping, which is the main direction of private enterprise, the Government itself is a shopkeeper on a large scale, competing successfully with private shops and preventing them from profiteering especially in bread and other prime necessaries. Moreover, the Government retains complete control of foreign trade and itself conducts the bulk of it, thus checking the danger of capitalist ascendancy from that quarter. And of course the State remains owner of all land.

"HEAVY INDUSTRY": THE KEY.

Results, in spite of an increased inequality of incomes, have justified this policy. Light industry, i.e., the production of necessaries and goods for which there is an immediate market and demand, has "rapidly increased"; the general minimum standard of living has risen and is still rising accordingly; the peasants' disaffection has been neutralised; the rouble has become very much more stable than the mark; and the State Treasury has been appreciably enriched. Nor has the comparatively small class of private tradesmen or employers (of course disfranchised), though "making good" to the disgust of many proletarians, acquired the slightest political influence or impaired the absolute working-class control of the State. However, "light industry" cannot get along in civilised communities without "heavy industry" to produce the plant, machinery, railway material, minerals, etc.; things for which there is no ready public market, the chief buyer being the State, or things requiring much capital to produce. Now it is just in "heavy industry" that capitalism elsewhere finds its power. Simple production, e.g., of corn or rice, although it constitutes the bulk of human production, is in general not so directly amenable to capitalist control: it is too scattered, and goes too direct from hand to mouth (and for the same reason it will probably be the last form of production to be socialised). It is through the more elaborate industrial and commercial undertakings that Big Business, with its steel kings, gold bugs, coal barons, oil magnates, merchant princes, shipping rings, and so on, is enabled to control the world. For heavy industry, therefore, as contrasted with smaller undertakings (many of which the State could not be bothered to conduct at all), "proletarian state capitalism" (with the working class as its own owner-capitalist) is the only possible policy for Soviet Russia. To heavy industry as its Palladium the Workers' Republic will cling with the utmost tenacity. To recondition and restart it, and at the same time to retain it in State hands, is a crucial link in the chain of Soviet development to-day. And so, though money is very tight, and though heavy industry has actually declined right up to date, yet "concessions" have gone only a negligible distance. There are many Urquharts eager to enter the field, but the Government prefers slowly and painfully to accumulate the necessary capital itself, in competition with such urgent needs as military and (since Lausanne) naval expenditure, and at the expense even of education, even though this reluctance to "attract capital" is responsible for the comparatively slow progress of Russian industry to-day. However, when large scale industry, and the consequent maximum circulation of "commodities," eventually get going at full swing, the justification of the New Economic Policy as the link between industry and peasant production will then at last become apparent to all.

A TRANSITION POLICY.

There is nothing reactionary, then, in the mere revival of buying and selling. Socialists have often pointed out that it is not in the market so much as at the point of production that the capitalist shoe pinches. In the present transitional regime private trading is after all only an incident. The predominant feature is "State Capitalism under proletarian control"—contemplated by Lenin as far back as 1918; or, as Trotsky describes it, "State Socialism using the methods of the capitalist market for its work." Perhaps the N.E.P. may be classed as one of those measures which "appear economically" (much as the "United Front" may to some appear politically) "insufficient and untenable, but which in the course of the movement outstrip themselves, and are indispensable as a means of revolutionising the whole mode of production"—to quote once more from the Communist Manifesto, which, be it noted, never even suggests the abolition of trade as such. As Lenin says, trade is no further from Communism than is the petty peasant patriarchal agriculture prevalent throughout most of Russia. It is all a question of (post-revolutionary) stages. "It is absolutely wrong," says Trotsky, "to suppose that a socialist economy can be inaugurated in accordance with a priori statistics that we can simply blue-pencil capitalist methods and then juggle Socialism into the world on a calculation of the needs to be satisfied and the material elements available. . . . An incipient socialist economy has to work with capitalist means." Of course there are risks about it. Much depends on the activity and loyalty of the industrial unions, which play a most important part in Russian economy. Ultimately it all depends on the persistence and spread throughout the world of the revolution in general. As for that, Trotsky remarks that with capitalism crumbling everywhere else it would be strange indeed if in Russia of all places in the world it should triumph. Meanwhile (such is the value of control of the political machine), just as a ruling bourgeoisie can concede reforms to Labour without endangering its power, so the proletarian power can make certain concessions, including the right to make profit, to the bourgeoisie and yet remain secure in the saddle.

THE NEW GENERATION.

Russia's chief weakness to-day is not the "retreat" to trade, but rather an excessive technical backwardness, resulting in slackness and venality—all relics and characteristics of the old regime which it takes time to abolish. The main army of Tsarist officials had necessarily to be kept on for lack of competent and loyal substitutes, while of the experts and professional technical men some sulked and ran away, others remained to sabotage. This is where education is looked to, and rightly, both to combat the "N.E.P.man's" tainted ideology and to re-man the whole State economic apparatus with a sympathetic, efficient and honest communist personnel. There will be black sheep still, but the students of to-day are such a keen, intelligent lot, and so well steeped in communist politics and economics, that the "government service" they are destined soon to fill will be the finest and cleanest in the world, just as the Red Army personnel is already the finest and cleanest in the world, because it understands the fine and clean cause it has to fight for. Of course it is necessary, as Lenin says, that many young Russians should learn "business," by experience, even at the feet of bourgeois instructors, and this may sorely try their communist faithfulness. But hence all the more the lavish attention paid to "the youth" and the Young Communist organisations, and the seizure of every opportunity to propagate among the young people a healthy contempt for bourgeois "morals" and a burning patriotism for the communist system as the necessary foundation of a higher ethical standard.

"BITING THE GRANITE."

At a Young Communist gathering last October in Moscow, Trotsky pointed out that whereas under capitalism a proletarian class-consciousness was learnt empirically from the mere presence of the boss, making theoretic schooling superfluous, now on the other hand, with the workers' state as "boss," with private exploitation eliminated, with the working class growing only richer, not poorer, and the foundation of society becoming only stronger, not weaker, as this "state capitalism" develops, and hence with no purpose served by striking, etc., the young worker who has grown up during the revolution, but knows little about it, must be expressly taught about man's place in the universe, the structure of society and the State, the workers' past, present and future position in it, the functions of capialism, imperialism, religion, and so on, before he can properly understand the workshop. "It is the question of the life or death of a whole class, of the people. Great sacrifice, great class intensity, is needed to attain Socialism. Here and now, while the painful "first socialist accumulation" is going on, our working class must consciously realise that here on earth paradise is to be attained. Education, education!" concluded Trotsky: "let your young teeth bite the hard granite of education, all the more because our situation is bad and blinds us to the class birth of the State. In the years before us working class youth must work intensively as the advance guard of the working class when the struggle exhausts the strength of the older generation. On our young people's organisation hangs the life or death of Russia and of the world revolution." And the deafening response of that great concourse of "young men and maidens" (like the huge demonstration that followed on 7th November) seemed to promise that they felt equal to their task: that with their help and pressure the "siege tactic" of the N.E.P. will not weaken but strengthen the movement towards Communism, until organised communist industry is able ultimately to absorb all the rest, and the Soviet Republic will have steered through yet one more dangerous channel clear to safety.

THE APPROACHING CATACLYSM.

By C. F. GLASS.

Events in the capitalist world are once more moving towards an upheaval, before which the great war of 1914 will pale into comparative insignificance. On this occasion, it is the French occupation of the Ruhr which bids fair to be the spark which will set the world ablaze. Britain's fear of the impending catastrophe is but thinly veiled behind her stated reasons for condemning the action of the French Government. Whilst admitting French claims on Germany, she declares that the occupation of the Ruhr will have the effect of strangling the economic life of Germany, thus making payment of the full amount of the reparations impossible. Whilst this contention may be perfectly correct it must not be taken as the real reason for Britain's protest. Experience has shown that the motives of British diplomacy are by no means so altruistic as would appear on the surface, and there is no reason to suppose that in the present crisis Britain is actuated by any consideration for French interests. Far from it, as we shall see.

The possession of the Ruhr coalfields makes possible a considerable development of France's iron industry, and will bring into being a powerful competitor with British interests. Further, bearing in mind that the policy of British diplomacy in the past has been to maintain a "balance of power," in other words, to keep the territorial and military strength of the nations as far as possible at a common level, it is probable that the protest against the occupation of the Ruhr is based on a fear that the equilibrium will be upset and that France will become the dominant power in Europe.

America, on the other hand, stands in an unique position. Fearing to antagonise France by actively supporting Germany, thus damaging her chances of raking in the debts owing to her by the former, and fearing to sponsor the claims of France, knowing as she does that France's action must inevitably precipitate the final and irrecoverable bankruptcy of Germany and still further derange the economic stability of Europe, American capitalism stands hopelessly undecided.

And what of France? She requires "hard cash" to meet the crushing expenditure involved in the restoration of her devastated territories on which she had embarked on the strength of the payment of reparations by Germany. Her statesmen must be fully aware of what the consequences of the occupation will be, namely, the complete economic collapse of Germany. Their policy, then, would seem to indicate that capitalist France is bidding for the position which Germany held in 1914. This being the case, the breach between France and Britain must inevitably widen, with war as the ultimate result.

Generally, however, another viewpoint is permissible, which would explain America's aloofness in the present crisis. Britain to-day is America's greatest debtor, and there is little if any likelihood, considering the state of Britain's finances, of the debt being liquidated or even the interest paid. The whole diplomatic trend points to an early rift between the two countries both on this score and mainly in the scramble for the markets of the Far East, on the capture of which the economic security of both imperialist groups depends. What can be more conceivable than that America is quietly acquiescing in the French occupation of the Ruhr, Germany is gradually becoming a French colony, and that a Franco-American alliance against Britain is in process of formation.

Plainly, the antagonisms born of the new national alignments of the Treaty of Versailles are rising to the surface of international politics. A fresh storm is brewing which threatens to submerge the whole capitalist world. When the storm breaks, the workers of all lands groaning now under intolerable burdens will rise in their organised might and sweep the decadent system into oblivion, and build for themselves a new world freed of parasites. It is this spectre, the spectre of Communism, which Capitalism fears. It is this which explains their frantic efforts to stave off the final crisis.

In the meantime, the iron heel of the invader is planted firmly on Germany's neck. France, the one-time "chivalrous" ally of Britain, has become the oppressive military power of to-day, threatening to involve Europe in a fresh welter of blood. Of one thing we can be sure, the workers of Germany, suffering sufficiently now, will not tamely submit to the imposition of further burdens by French militarism. Sooner or later, probably sooner, they will kick over the traces. The day of their successful revolt will witness the establishment of a fraternal alliance with the great Workers' Republic of Russia, whose invincible army of Red bayonets will sweep Capitalism with all its rottenness from the face of Europe. This will be the beginning of the end.

'Protestant, African, Christian.'

"Het Westen," the Transvaal Nationalist paper, describes the politics of the Nationalist Party as "Protestant, African, Christian," which is very illuminating. When it comes to denouncing Communism the organ of Potchefstroom Nationalism is much more definite. It speaks of the workers being "poisoned by Socialism and Communism and all forms of unbelief and superstition," and proceeds to urge the leaders to teach "healthy doctrine"—(Protestant, African, Christian, we presume)—"just as the Communist preachers above all others are doing on the Rand with so much success."

We are gratified at the implied compliment to our methods, and are quite prepared to leave it to the workers to decide as to who is preaching superstition, the Protestant-African-Christian Party or the Communists.

Fascisti in England.

"The most noble order of Crusaders" is the name of an organisation at whose head stands Major T. H. Hogue, who calls himself the Grand Seneschal. This gentleman, who was defeated at Woolwich at the last election, has been interviewed, and states that "it would be a good thing to have the Fascisti movement here," i.e., in Great Britain. The "Crusaders" declare that "our sword shall ever be used to the glory of God, etc."

When some particularly diabolical plot is hatching against the workers the exploiters and tyrants always declare it is for the glory of God. Poor old God! What crimes are committed in thy name.

Reflections from Capetown.

By M. LOPES.

The Communist Party has used very effectively the United Front tactics in its agitation for the reprieve of strikers condemned to death and for the release of class-war prisoners. A practical result of this agitation was the commutation of the sentences of five workers sentenced to death by the Treason Courts. This decision made public on Christmas Eve is not due, as so many workers imagine, to the goodwill of the Union Government at a season of "goodwill," as it is a little naive to imagine that the cosmopolitan rulers of South Africa would be ready to grant any mercy to strikers because Christ was born on December 25th. Two causes have contributed to the reprieve. First, the effective and strenuous agitation carried on by the Communist Party, with the assistance of some of the labour leaders. Secondly, a movement of dissatisfaction in the ranks of the capitalist party against the ferocious policy of the Government. Christian softgoods merchants, far-seeing lawyers with an eye on the elections, ministers of religion, and capitalists who were dissatisfied with the complete subservience of Smuts and Co. to the mining interests and the neglect of their own petit bourgeois requirements, all combined to protest against further judicial murders. Besides, there is no need for these tactics just now, as the workers on the Reef are beaten to the dust, their unions crippled, and their fighting spirit not yet recovered.

Meantime, the Communist Party moves into its own—the leader of the militant section of the workers, its numbers and influence increasing, and getting now into the fight for a complete amnesty for the strikers still in prison.

MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

The two Opposition parties in the Union Parliament, the Nationalist and the Labour Party, are now gently coquetting with each other with the view to obtaining united action in the elections. It is not to be a marriage—only an act of prostitution, as the leader of the Labour Party and his friends are prepared to scrap the socialistic clause in their programme at the request of the Nationalist leaders. At their recent congress the clause containing a clear and unequivocal statement of the socialist objective was scrapped and another inserted which, while being sufficiently of a socialist character to enable the left wing of the Party to soothe their conscience with, is also so delightfully vague that the right wing leaders can make it mean anything they like. The leader of the Labour Party's left wing, Mr. Lomax, and the "International" maintain that the moderates were defeated. Tom Mann's opinion, my own, and that of the "Cape Times"—(strange trinity.—Ed.)—all agree that the "extremists" were defeated, in so far as they desired a clear and definite statement of their socialistic objective.

TOM MANN'S IMPRESSIONS.

Comrade Tom Mann has just returned to Capetown from a three months' tour of the principal centres of the Union, and the following are some of his impressions regarding conditions here. The meetings he addressed at Capetown, Kimberley, Johannesburg and the Reef towns, Durban, Port Elizabeth, etc., were uniformly very good indeed from the point of view of numbers and enthusiasm. A hostile crowd was not encountered anywhere throughout his tour, although the Press did its utmost to arouse public opinion against him, and when this failed it boycotted all accounts of his meetings.

His championship of the proposal emanating from the Cape Federation of Trades for a general congress of all unions to re-establish the unions upon an industrial basis was welcomed by the union leaders in Johannesburg at least ostensibly—but in the end they stated that considerations of a financial nature would prevent the holding of the congress. He found industrial organisation at a low ebb in South Africa, with large sections of the workers much depressed, even fearful. Many railway workers were afraid to be seen talking to him, so cowed were they as the result of the Railway Administration's policy of weeding out all active trade unionists from the service.

INCREASED EFFICIENCY.

The result of the March strike is that £10,000 a day is paid less in wages to workers on the mines. 8,000 white miners are out of work, and the output of the mines remains the same. New methods of operating at Kimberley has thrown 1,500 white workers on the scrap heap who will not get jobs even if business should become normal. In estimating the chances of a speedy recovery of the union movement it must be remembered that unions include the most intelligent and courageous workers who have been roused by all that has taken place, and are more active than ever, and are busy rebuilding their organisations. It is difficult to know how long it will take the unions to recover, but this active minority are determined to take action as speedily as they can, to regain what they have lost, and to carry on the struggle further.

The social evil presents itself in three principal phases, first—I must speak plainly—that of the brothel; secondly, street walkers; thirdly, women who are supported, often in luxurious surroundings, by paramours. Of this class we do not speak. Society does little more than lift her brows on that phase, and the law there does not interfere any more than it interferes with prostitutions quite as deplorable, quite as sickening, and far more reprehensible because they are wholly without excuse, namely, those of lawyers and clergymen and artists and writers and speakers prostituting their talents in the service of the privileged classes of society for the sake of their favour, their patronage or their reward.—Brand Whitlock, U.S.A.

NOTICE.

The Entertainment Committee will be much obliged if comrades who had tickets for the Social to sell will send in all unsold tickets with money received, so that a settlement may be arrived at promptly.

A Ride in the Crimea.

By D. IVON JONES.

Having been ordered down South over the damp autumn months, the kindness of the Moscow comrades enabled me to make the trip to Crimea. Along that strip of Black Sea coast, sheltered from the North by a mountain range, of which Yalta is the centre, the sun shines warmly for a long time after Moscow is deep in snow. Here, amid scenery which they say equals the Italian Riviera in beauty and salubrity, the heroes of the revolution who are broken in health are sent for repose. Here the Black Sea belies its name, and ripples serenely blue against the steep slopes of the green hills, clothed with foliage in places to the water's edge. And here I pen these lines.

On the way down to Simiferopol, where our railway journey ended, the Russian landscape in late August was an everchanging feast of green freshness here, and golden ripeness there, and browny earth further on, where no sooner is the harvest garnered than the plough begins anew for the sowing of the winter wheat, whose young seedlings just manage to show when the snow clothes it all in over the winter, to start again with the spring thaw.

Our train arrived at its destination within scheduled time—38 hours from Moscow three times a week, besides slow trains. We could have gone on to Sebastopol, the terminus, and taken a passage by sea round the coast to Yalta. But instead we were sent across country in a motor lorry with three or four other comrades, working men Communists.

It is good to be with the Communist par excellence, none other than the class-conscious working man. And what with the ride, and the scenes along the road, and the talk of the old revolutionary campaigners—old in experience but still men in their youthful prime—and the great climb over the mountain range winding up through a luxuriant forest, peering over the roadside down the steep forest slopes, far adown among the giant stems into untrodden glades, why, it was worth all the jolting as we sat on the ever-shifting freight; until at last the summit was reached, where we caught a glimpse of the sea's far horizon, blurred by the distance even in the clear Crimean air. Here we stopped at a rude hut, where a jovial Tartar prepared us a special dish of meat morsels grilled on little wooden skewers. And so we realised the vastness of the Soviet Republic, spreading out towards populations which have a lively kinship with those who are fighting against capitalist imperialism on the Bosphorus

And what did we talk about? Conversation serious and conversation light. Tovarish Sergeef was saying how fine it was compared with a year ago to have the trains running so punctually. "Yes," agreed another, a practical metal-worker judging by his dress, but he was nevertheless afraid that it was achieved at the expense of more important kinds of transport. Still, if all other things were normal, everybody agreed that it was a very good thing. And so these working men weighed the pros and cons of Soviet economy as masters, just as you hear the bourgeois speak on the train in England about their economy, "trade improving," "business brisk," shilling off the income-tax—very good for the country," etc., etc.

Sergeef was the humorous one. For instance, a fluff of white mist clung round the top of a distant hill against a blue sky. "Ah, somebody's left his sugar up there." Naive humour! To appreciate it you must remember that a year ago in Russia "Communism" meant a heavenly paradise where, among other things, there will be plenty of sugar—so scarce was that commodity until a few months ago.

Along the road it was noticeable how many workmen carried guns, reminding one of Moscow a year ago. We were told that although Wrangel was chased into the sea the Crimean mountains were not altogether free of White Guard bandits. And on one lorry was a Red Commander, a tall, swarthy soldier, one of the new proletarian officers of the Red Army. His rough khaki suit was relieved only by his red peak cap. He was very far from being a dandy. His top boots looked as if they had grown like part of him in long sleepless campaigns. And he did not exercise officers' privileges, for he was the most active in handling the freight, and mending the tyres when they bust—just a working man off duty. We were told that he commanded the division which chased the Makhno bandits into Roumania, and that he was about to prepare a clean sweep of the White Guard remnants in the Crimea. Such a fine type of proletarian commander, little given to talk, no bookworm, but a proof that the working class has the elements that can rise to grapple with any situation.

After crossing the mountain, now in beautiful moonlight, and reaching a place on the seaside called Alooshka, our motor broke its wind at last. It was therefore decided to finish the remaining twenty miles by sea next morning. This little seaside place was very sleepy now, for all the aristocrats had fled from their many mansions along the coast. But when the Soviet Republic can afford it, the coast will again swarm with visitors—working men on holiday. The little port still boasted, however, of a harbour master and an assistant.

A knot of longshoremen, Tartars and Russians, and some ragamuffins were witnessing our departure. As we made to descend the ladder we were reminded that here the regime of travelling passports was still in force, owing to the more recent deliverance of the Crimea from the White Guards. And who should step out of the bunch of bystanders to examine our passports but one of the aforesaid "ragamuffins"—the harbour master's assistant! He was a young lad in his teens, lightly clothed, bare-footed, ragged shirt. Never mind, for the time being he was clothed with Soviet authority! The Red Commander stood by, smiling, I thought, with pride at his young official. Sergeef could not restrain a laugh when asked for his pass, but instantly recollected himself and put his hand over his mouth as Christians do when they have made a sacrilegious jest! And, indeed, as the lad scrutinised my Commintern passport, reading it carefully, slowly, painfully from beginning to end, no matter who was waiting, although the Red Commander assured him it was all right—Commintern, not a Soviet pass; still, good enough, and a word to conjure with in Russia—it was enough to make one's heart warm for this dear land of hope and suffering which reposes its fortunes and its future in the hands of its youth, no matter how ragged it may be.

Yalta from the sea was a charming sight, as we saw it on that sunny afternoon, brilliantly embroidering a sweeping crescent shore. As we approached the port our sailors, in a very matter of fact manner, hoisted the boat's flag on the mast head, THE RED FLAG, to acquaint the harbour master of the vessel's nationality. And there over the Port Office we could see the Red Flag also flying. How it all makes one feel at home! And so we edged in to the quay among a lot of other fishing and coasting smacks, some loaded with potatoes and pumpkins, while a crowd of longshoremen looked on.

These people had been used to seeing different live cargoes arriving at their port in other days—very different indeed from these working men who were now arriving every day. The Crimea has very little industry of any kind, and these parts almost wholly depended upon the parasitic class of people who flocked here in the old days. And what wonder if the natives partook of the psychology of their patrons! The social revolution is the work of the town proletariat, and it draws with it other subject classes, but these latter do not always come willingly.

But even here, in a population made up largely of Tartars, the new spirit moves. A cab driver called out from the quay, "Cab, sir?" using the word "barin" ("sir" or "lord").

Some of the onlookers shouted, "No lords here now."

"No, no," said the Red Commander, who was busy chucking the baggage ashore. "No, no, no lords now!" And he was a living proof of it.

Aloopka, 17th November, 1922.

The Land of the "Free."

The latest bulletin issued by the American Defence News Service refers to the uneasiness of the United States employing class over the continued falling off of immigration from Europe, and the steady stream of foreign-born workers returning to their home lands. Both factors cut in heavily upon the labour surplus on which the big industrial captains have depended as a means of controlling wages. A Wall Street journal is alarmed on account of the fact that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the United States actually lost 10,000 men.

The reason for this is not far to seek. Although conditions in Europe are bad, the land which imprisons sixty-four men for being against the war, which has disgraced itself with the Mooney and Billings frame-up, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Centralia tragedy, the Everett massacre, the murder of women and children by gunmen at Ludlow, and a host of other onslaughts against the labouring masses, is not an attractive land to emigrate to. A country where men are sent to prison for one to fourteen years solely for holding membership in the Industrial Workers of the World, and where five men hailing from England, Australia, Canada, Portugal, and Italy are awaiting deportation for the same reason under a law which was passed AFTER they were convicted and were still in prison, cannot boast of being the land of the free.

Judge Page, who sentenced these five workers, declared that "No matter how long an alien has resided in the United States, nor what property rights he may have acquired, Congress may at any time pass any kind of a law to banish him. HE HAS NO RIGHTS so far as length of residence is concerned, and he is powerless to raise questions of constitutionality, as related to Congressional legislation on immigration and deportation."

What United States capitalism wants is a return to slavery under another guise, but in this case white slaves are required.

For brutal and cold-blooded candour the statement of Doctor Harry Garfield, President of Williams College and Federal Fuel Administrator during the war, is classic. He said: "Unskilled workers have no right to demand a living wage that would allow them to marry and support families. If such workers want to marry, it is up to the wife to work also. . . . The unskilled employee, whether in workshop or office, ought not to receive in wages more than enough to keep him in good working condition."

What have the sentimental labourites and reformists got to say to this? It sounds like the class war, does it not?

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No. 1 Goch Buildings,

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Eloff St., Johannesburg.

COMMUNIST PARTY NOTES.

The Social.

Although the attendance was not so large as it would have been had Comrades Mr. and Mrs. Bunting not been detained in England, the Social on Saturday was a quite enjoyable affair.

Opening with the "International" and a word of welcome from the chairman, Com. W. H. Andrews, the proceedings passed off very pleasantly, and the Entertainment Committee wishes to express its thanks to the following artists who so kindly gave their services during the evening: Miss Patsy O'Donovan, song; Miss Fanny Grodzen, piano solo; Miss Israelstam, recitation; Messrs. Argoll, Christian, and Bennett, songs; Mr. C. Hudson, banjo; Mr. F. Ingham, pianist; and Mr. M. Sabel, violin solo.

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 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.

Blood Brothers.

By S.O.S.

Two human fleas hopped on the deck, with coal below on fire,
Li Phi said, "Now we're off to Hell." Jan said, "My Hopes are higher.
The Devil will not have us there! Old Sat will then be sold;
We've got a hellish job to do in Jo'burg with the gold.
And these, our plans, we'll carry through, though hellish it may be,
To hang or shoot the workers down, then get 'Indemnity.'"

So off across the ocean these two Blood Brothers went,
They talked of leagues of nations, but leagues of robbers meant.
The Stars all sang the praises of these great Reptiles bold,
Who planned the league of robbers, the peace of Ireland sold.
How wonderful, how glorious, the new world yet to come,
"But" after the election of nineteen-twenty-one.

Then things began to happen, and the band commenced to play,
And all along the railway the poor man got "half-pay."
The Reef was set on fire by these Blood Brother scouts,
They tried to smash the Unions and turn the workers out.
We knew what they were after, so we put up a strike.
All honour to those lads who died, they had the guts to fight.

So now the plan Li Phil had made, with Jannie on the sea,
Is easy for the schoolboys, or any mug to see.
They are the villains of the piece, they played it part right through,
But their dirty game has shown itself, they don't know what to do.
Li Phil crawled off, Slim Jan remained, guarded by "police and spy."
Compare them with the men who died, to see the Red Flag fly.

Comrade SAM BARLIN

Invites all Comrades and Friends to call at his office before ordering their suits or costumes elsewhere.

FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED.

It will pay you to give him a chance by calling at

27, ROYAL ARCADE,

(Pritchard Street).

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