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The Strike Prisoners are still Inside.

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The International

THE WORLD'S CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

German Relief Rally Grand Hotel, Plein Street, Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

(January 23rd)

to make final arrangements for Collections on THURSDAY, 24th, and SUNDAY, 27th.

THE ORGAN OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY (S.A. Section of the Communist International)
No. 4, TRADES HALL, RISSIK STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

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Points of Explanation.

The S.A. strike statistics for the last ten years are as follows: In 1914, twelve strikes; in 1915, two; 1916, ten; 1917, twenty-two; 1918, twenty-three; 1919, forty-seven; 1920, sixty; 1921, twenty-five; 1922, twelve; and 1923—two again. Back to 1915, the year we "saw it through"! Well, there is only one better, and that is the ONE all-in strike which, being wholly and everywhere victorious, will be the last. Which year shall it be?

* * *

South African unemployment continues, says the Labour Department, unaffected by the absorption of as many as 6,000 men, a number "likely to be augmented," on relief works. The reservoir of surplus labour fills at least as fast as it is emptied. A grim object lesson of the insufficiency of palliatives.

* * *

The English Church Commission on faith healing allows priests to administer "unction," but says full weight must nevertheless be given to scientific discoveries. Like "God," "unction" serves where you don't know—just as a synonym for ignorance. But the Commission's medical members, seeing their occupation usurped if this unction stunt became too popular, voted against it, and compelled the Church to respect other "vested" interests by adding that "no sick person must look to clergymen to perform the duties of physician or surgeon."

* * *

A doubting Thomas named Gallacher pricked the bubble of a spiritualist seance the other day by biting the spirit in the arm, whereupon it fled screaming with pain. That's the stuff to give the ruling class with all its mystifying flummery of religion and glamour of "philanthropy." Bite 'em, fellow-workers, get your teeth into them, and send them, like Tom the piper's son, a-howling down the street.

* * *

A letter from Germany says that Hun aristocrats, in their anxiety to get away from that "detestable republic," are offering to join foreign variety companies as "freaks." A Capital idea, which could be developed in South Africa too. We guarantee to supply any foreign impresario requiring the services of freak artists with the names of an almost unlimited number of South African "aristocrats" well fitted for the job. F'rinstance, there is—but we forgot, we had already proposed them some time ago for the Grand Duke Alexander's "Union of Souls to save the world."

* * *

The advent of "Labour" to power in Britain will test whether or not the working class can beat the bourgeoisie by keeping in with it, by patent safety devices commendable to it, by deliberate preference for "gradualness" and careful reticence on the ultimate objective.

* * *

The British Labour Party is at any rate largely a workers' mass party, whereas neither the S.A. Labour Party nor any other here can pretend for a moment to be any such thing, because the mass of our workers are of another race.

* * *

Hence the movement in South Africa, with entirely different local ingredients, must be careful not to model its campaign or its hopes too closely on British precedents. As long as it does so, and pretends that the white workers are substantially the working class of the country, it will achieve but little towards bringing nearer the overthrow of the ruling class, as the history of our last ten years shows.

* * *

The S.A.M.W.U., from whose ranks a bold lead has been given in this matter, will, it is hoped, distinguish caution from cowardice, and realise that the only alternative to an ignominious rout is "audacity" and rapidity.

* * *

It is up to the "Free Press" champions, who have so much to say about Russian repression, to take up the scandal of the Cape prosecutions for selling this paper on Sundays, otherwise their silence will prove their insincerity except where the bourgeois press is concerned.

* * *

Such pinpricks will increase according to our activity until at the moment of our greatest effectiveness they become such total and violent suppression as is now being attempted against our fellow-workers in Germany.

WHAT ABOUT RENEWING YOUR SUB. TO THE "INTERNATIONAL"?

White Workers of the Rand, Awake!

JANUARY, 1924.

The new year outlook for white workers engaged in industry upon the Rand is gloomy in the extreme. The so-called exigencies of the Gold Mining Industry—upon which we all (worker, middleman and merchant) depend for our bread—make the replacement of relatively dear white labour by cheap black and coloured labour the avowed policy of the Chamber of Mines. The process has scarcely commenced, and yet it has been estimated that from Randfontein to Springs we have in our midst 20,000 decent and industrious white mechanics, artisans, and general workers unemployed and, in many cases, destitute. In March the working of the "ratio" makes it certain that some thousands more will be thrown upon the scrap-heap of industry by the arbitrary will of our economic masters.

Wages have sunk nearer the bare subsistence level, and conditions of employment become worse from day to day, while the reduced spending power of the wage-earner is daily throwing into the ranks of the unemployed the small shopkeeper who is forced into bankruptcy and penury.

At the same time the output of wealth goes up by leaps and bounds, while profits have advanced to an amazing point—sufficient proof, if any were needed, that the industry of the Rand has entered upon a phase of profit production v. human life and comfort.

While this terrible state of affairs continues the country cannot progress. While at one end of the scale wealth, extravagance, aye! even debauchery, exist, while at the other nothing is to be found but struggle, misery, poverty and destitution, THERE CAN BE NO PEACE.

Many "men of good will" raise their voices in supplication to the humanity of our industrial administrators. But they forget that our lives are in the hands of a money corporation. It is not a human being; it has no veins, nerves, senses, faculties; it has no heart to appeal to. It is a gigantic combine of capital and, being such, it has no concern with our social lives. It is not its business to better our conditions—only in so far as sufficient of us for its purposes may be merely kept alive and fit to work. One function only it performs; one purpose only it serves—the purpose for which it was established—

TO PRODUCE PROFITS.

On its side therefore its interests are to get as much labour out of our physical energy as possible for as little wages as it dare pay (the white wages saving in the industry since 1922 is returned, BY ITSELF, as £400,000 per month).

On our side we strive to get as much wages as we possibly can for as little of our labour power as we care to sell at the price offered.

Thus our interests and the interests of our masters are always totally opposed to each other.

We give our labour power, our health, our lives, to our masters, in return for a portion of the wealth which we alone, by our brain and sweat, wrest from the natural resources of the earth, which by right should belong to all. Nevertheless deaths by accident and phthisis, according to official statistics, are on the increase while our standard of life rapidly approaches the pig level.

Are we for ever to be bullied by the bayonets (wielded in the interests of the Chamber of Mines by members of our own class) bought and paid for by our labour?

Are we to allow our children to curse our cowardice for the position they will find themselves in?

Never let THAT be said! Let our new year resolution be that we will organise in our Unions and Societies! That we will interest ourselves in the things that matter! That we will combine together! Vote together! and, if necessary, fight together! so that the rising generation may look back with pride and say: "THESE WERE A GENERATION OF MEN!"

HARRY HAYNES.

"Liebknecht the Jew."

A correspondent writes to correct the impression which he says would be produced by the above phrase appearing in our article "Five Years Ago," last week, that Karl Liebknecht was a Jew, which he was not. Some readers might perhaps not catch the sense of the paragraph. It was quoting the talk of the murderers, "Liebknecht the Jew . . . the man who wants to nationalise women"; and the former epithet was no more endorsed by us than the latter. As our correspondent points out, it is an old trick of the ruling class in every country to describe as a "Jew" every man of distinction whenever his influence with the masses becomes inconvenient. It is not long since a Reuter cable told us that Lenin was a Jew, "his real name being Moses Zederbaum." The ruling classes hope in this way to discredit the man's activities and make the masses believe that the whole movement is only created by a few Jews for their personal gain. Anti-Semites are as credulous on this point as Semites—for instance those who refuse to contribute for the starving German workers on the ground that there have been pogroms in Germany, and therefore the workers must be anti-Semites who deserve to starve!

Trying to be "White."

The Johannesburg Hospital Board is debarred by stoppage of funds from employing white laundry hands. When these were employed they were paid so little that it was practically impossible for them to come out without their wages being added to from other sources, which in many cases might mean prostitution. One might think the answer would be: "Pay them more." Not so capitalist society. "Sack them, and pay less to other girls even lower in the scale of our 'civilisation.'" That is not abnormal or "inhuman"; it is the natural, normal process going on all over the world. Can you devise or conceive any remedy? Clearly there is none, clearly it is no use "trying to be white" (as Mr. Hay calls it) under capitalism; clearly the only cause worth supporting is the cause of the overthrow of capitalist "civilisation" altogether and a fresh start on a basis of working class equality and the rest nowhere.

Child Poison.

The "Weekly Herald" (which we somehow always couple mentally with "Umteteli Wa Bantu") publishes a laudation of "Peter Pan." Well, yes; but it is by such stuff also that children are trained to lifelong superstition or rather allegiance to what they know is false. The modern child at the theatre doesn't believe in fairies; yet to save Tinker Bell's life he claps to show he does. The proper boy doesn't fight pirates out of loyalty to the king but because if anyone is to play pirate he wants to do it himself, or just for love of fight or hatred of bullies; yet the brats on the stage are most incongruously and inartistically made to "spoil the whole bally show" by breaking out into King George stuff. What heavy, prosy criticism, you say. All right; but this is parallel to what happens when the bosses send you to war. "We are all against war, but—to save poor little Belgium, we'll enlist"; or again "The solidarity of labour is the hope of the world but—above all, one king, one flag, one Empire"! Infantile weakness is prolonged into years of "discretion," until it is found that discretion doesn't exist.

A Tired Slavey's Epitaph.

Here is the epitaph on a servant girl's tombstone in Bushey churchyard:—

Here lies a poor woman who was always tired,
Who lived in a house where help was not hired;
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going,
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing,
But everything there is exact to my wishes.
For where people don't eat, there's no washing up dishes,
I'll be where loud anthems are ringing,
But, having no voice, I'll get clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now. Don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing, for ever and ever.

THE I.S.L. PRESS: the only party-owned Labour Press in South Africa. Send your printing there. 'Phone 3561, cor. Maclaren and Fox Streets, Johannesburg.

German Relief Committee.

This Committee has recently received the blessing of Mrs. Laura Ruxton, of the "Save the Children Fund," who has associated herself with the Treasurer of the Committee (Rev. M. Ponsonby, Dean of Johannesburg) in a letter to the "Rand Daily Mail" commending the Committee's house-to-house collection on the 27th inst., and business house collection on the 24th inst. to public support.

The Committee has also been fortunate in enlisting the support of the ladies of the Deutsche Frauenbund and Deutsche Frauenverein, of Johannesburg, who have undertaken the main work of the business house collection on the 24th.

It is hoped that German Famine Relief will also be the object of a collection in the local churches at an early date. Application has also been made for a day for a street collection in Johannesburg.

MORE VOLUNTEERS ARE STILL REQUIRED FOR THE HOUSE-TO-HOUSE COLLECTION, which takes place on Sunday week, the 27th inst., in the Northern suburbs (Berea, Yeoville, Bellevue, Hospital Hill, etc.). ANYONE WILLING TO ASSIST IS URGENTLY REQUESTED to send his or her name and address immediately to the Secretary, German Famine Relief Committee, Box 4949 (or 2, Trades Hall), Johannesburg.

THE FINAL MEETING OF COLLECTORS TAKES PLACE AT THE GRAND HOTEL, PLEIN STREET, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, THE 23rd INST., at 8 p.m. (not Thursday).

It is essential that ALL collectors should be present at that meeting in order that the work may be systematically organised and distributed.

As for the common cry "Why collect for Germany when there is so much distress here," a great deal of collection is already being undertaken for distress here as it is; but if any of those who use this cry will undertake—in order to prove that they do not use it as a means of avoiding contributing to anything, or as a means of just discouraging aid to the Germans without giving aid to anyone else either—to organise a house-to-house collection, under a trustworthy Committee, for local distress, we for our part will undertake to give it every assistance in our power, although we know there is no proportion between the extent of the distress here and in Germany.

E. S. SACHS, Sec.

"Gone Back to Capitalism."

Here are some of the measures to be adopted to strengthen workers' control in Russian State industries. Imagine that under capitalism!

(1) The administrators of enterprises and even trusts must periodically report to the workers on the economic position of the works. The report must give financial and commercial data as well as figures of production.

(2) Representatives of the factory committee must be invited by the management to all technical conferences, and their proposals must receive earnest attention.

(3) Copies of the report of the management to the superior economic organisation must be given to the factory committee.

(4) The management of trusts must give periodical reports on their activity to the managing body of the trade union concerned, and to provincial and district conferences of the union. Nothing must be held back on the plea that it is a commercial secret.

(5) The above applies also to State trading organisations.

(6) Any committee formed for the investigation of an enterprise must have a representative of the appropriate trade union.

(7) The trade union organs, from the factory committee upwards, if they have knowledge of any instance of uneconomical working or have any instance of uneconomical working or have any proposal for improvement, must communicate it to the management or, if necessary, to the superior economic organ.

Police Unrest.

It is not only in Melbourne (or Johannesburg) that the police are becoming "disloyal." The Paris bourgeoisie were startled on December 12th (says the "Workers' Weekly") by a demonstration of 3,000 police to demand a bonus on existing wages in view of the high cost of living. A brigade of infantry was hastily summoned to deal with them. The municipal chief of police and his assistant, who tried to stop the demonstrators, got badly knocked about. The men dispersed, swearing that they were going to "strike on the job."

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"Class Legislation."

As a rule when any movement is in favour of or in accord with the prevailing system and ruling class it calls itself "non-political," "without distinction of class," etc., and stigmatises everything opposed to that system and class as "sectional," "narrow," "political," "concerned with one class only," and so on. Perhaps it is a mark of the bankruptcy even of capitalist hypocrisy that the latest legislative abomination, relegating Indians, this time, to a ghetto, brazenly calls itself the "Class Areas" Bill. And rightly too. As with the natives, so with the "Asiatics," the oppressive measures adopted against them by the ruling class both here and in other imperialist dominions under all flags are not merely matters of race or colour, they are ESSENTIALLY CLASS MEASURES taken by an exploiting against an exploited class, with the special object of making them a hereditary slave class, just as the exploiters for their part aim at building up a hereditary master class. "No class legislation," that old-fashioned Liberal cry—why, we imperialists don't waste time over such pretences any more; we are out to function as a ruling race, and begad, we've got the tanks, we've got the bombs—and we've got, we flatter ourselves, the Labour Party with us too!

White workers who dare to favour this Bill will do well to reflect that their turn is coming too, and the very confinement of one and another section of the working mass to locations or "segregation areas" ACTUALLY HASTENS THE DAY. Quite recently some Commission or other was discussing a plan to segregate all "poor whites" into "colonies," under a "discipline" even stricter, perhaps, than any under the Urban Areas or Class Areas Bill. When will it be understood that it is not mere sentiment but direct sequence of cause and effect that an injury to one section of the proletariat is an injury to all, and if white labour expects to escape from oppression itself it must be the champion of all others whom the same master class seeks to oppress. If we don't hang together we shall hang separately, as John Ware used to say; and the sooner the white workers realise that they are NOT MEMBERS OF A RULING RACE BUT OF AN OPPRESSED CLASS composed of all races, the quicker they will realise the common emancipation of themselves and all their exploited fellows.

'Conciliating the Irreconcilable.'

It will be up to the Labour M.L.A.'s to put up the fight of their lives against the (revised) Conciliation Bill, and to draw their Nationalist allies into the figlft with them. The "servile state" will not be in it if the Bill becomes operative; strikes illegal until "conciliation" has been exhausted, illegal in any case in public services, Government empowered to step in where local authorities can't run a public service owing to a strike, etc., Trade Union rules to be approved by a Government official, etc.—ALL PURE FASCISM! And yet we hear talk of the white race as one! It is two, an oppressor class and an oppressed, with nothing really in common except the false idea of unity with which a designing bourgeoisie hypnotises the white working class to walk into its parlour, rather than make common cause with its non-white fellow-workers. The whole talk of "conciliation" is a hypocritical assumption of what the workers' everyday experience shows him is impossible, a reconciliation of the interests of exploiter and exploited. By becoming a party to that hypocritical assumption the worker really becomes a party to his own subjugation.

We notice, by the way, that A. Crawford doesn't like the clause empowering the Registrar of Trade Unions to refuse to register more than one union per trade and industry. For what might then become of the "S.A.I.F." whose activity seems mainly to run in the direction of trying to make two Unions where only one grew before? On the other hand, he does like the provision that the Minister may, on an "agreement" being arrived at by "representative" bodies in industry, make that agreement applicable to all engaged in that industry—for instance, we suppose, the recent "agreement" by "representative" railwaymen for a reduction in wages!

All the Unions get out of the Bill is apparently the right to sue and be sued—an exceedingly doubtful advantage.

No Indians Wanted.

Neither Indians nor any other nationals are required in this country except on capitalists' terms at the bidding of the ruling wealthy class. Smuts in accordance with the desires of the petty bourgeois of Natal and other trading centres is being compelled to introduce special legislation dealing with Indian segregation. The Labour Party in order to curry favour with this same petty bourgeois is also out for the same thing.

On the other hand, the ruling class require the Indian, as he has proved, and is proving, of great usefulness in the realisation of surplus value. This places Smuts in a difficulty which will be noticed in the House of Assembly this next session.

Still Flagwagging Strong.

THE S.A.L.P., 1914-24.

We can understand the "Cape Times" complaining that the recent visit of British warships to South African ports (like that of the late Governor-General to Graaff-Reinet) was ignored by the Nationalists, but it is coming it pretty low when the "Guardian's" Cape letter takes up the same cry.

> The action of the local Nationalist newspaper (it says) which failed to inform its readers that six of the finest warships of the Empire called here on a friendly visit has aroused much comment. Not a single line appeared in its columns of the various functions that took place in connection with the visit, or of the fact that Union airplanes were present and gave daily displays in honour of the squadron. Well might people ask what our Dutch friends would say if the English newspapers boycotted all reference to the friendly visit of a Dutch, or any other warship of a friendly power to Table Bay.

So this is what Cape Labour is aging for, is it? We begin to understand its recent disputes. And the cool assumption that British warships represent, to anti-imperialists whom Britain subjugated, a "friendly power"! But it's much like the "See it Through" spirit after all. "We've got the ships," etc. What we want to know is why this working-class organ DID NOT TAKE UP THE SAME ATTITUDE AS THE NATIONALISTS?

Echoed and Re-echoed.

Like the "prophet," the "International" is not without honour save in its own country, where its contemporaries dare not mention it. Twice last week we noticed in local papers our own articles reproduced (without naming us) from oversea papers which have themselves quoted us, and by name: the "Weekly Herald" (A. Crawford's organ) quotes from the London "Daily Herald" a quotation of our article of 14th September last on the effect of the legal decision against the "colour bar"; and "Abantu Batho" (organ of the Native Congress) quotes from the "Negro World" (U.S.A.) a quotation of our article of 5th October last on the Dutch Reformed Church conference with natives. Passing through this double filter our views, it seems, become more agreeable, just as many people here seem positively to prefer a wireless concert to an ordinary one, or butter which has been from Africa to London and back again. Well, well; so long as our stuff gets home somehow we are satisfied; and at least there is no fake about it, as there was when Lloyd George used to send telegrams to the French Press under his control and then quote them next day as "Paris opinion."

"Russia Gone Capitalist."

The Soviet Government has concluded an agreement with the American engineer Smit in connection with the working of the gold mines in the Amur Basin (Siberia). Smit gets the concession on certain conditions; the duration of the concession is 24 years; after that time the whole equipment and all the assets of the undertaking remain the property of the Government.

A party of Australian farmers have arrived in Moscow with a view to taking up farming in Russia, applying the latest methods in agriculture.

The Soviet institution is a Russian National achievement and is backed up by the Russian nation. The Soviets have liberated Russia from all foreign aggressors. Patriotism in Russia has been cultivated not by the White Guards but by the Bolsheviks. The Monarchists have very few followers in Russia. Should the Soviet Government fail there would not be a single other party to take its place.

—"Der Weg."

Russia can now create a new patriotism based not on preservation of capitalist property but on international working-class outlook. An agreement with a capitalist providing that at the end of twenty years he hands over the whole of his capital to the workers' state, meanwhile paying it half his profits, doesn't sound very much like "capitalism"; yet that is the usual condition of the Soviet "concessions." Rather it may be said that the Russian Government is getting CAPITAL WITHOUT CAPITALISM—and also without putting down a penny for it. As for "permanent investments for capitalists in Russia," a guarantee has been given that they shall be as permanent as capitalist investment is permanent in the foreign capitalists' own country. What does that come to? In these days nearly every investment is more of the nature of a "spec" than a permanence, and many are lost almost as soon as made. But besides that, Soviet Russia would have no reason for existence if she did not believe that the days of capitalist "permanence" are numbered everywhere, and if she did not work her utmost to bring them to the earliest possible end. If she is working in vain, if Communists and Socialists are deceiving ourselves (but even capitalists daren't say that) then let capitalism return full-blown to Russia; but if we are right, and if the fall of the system is at hand, then who is afraid or ashamed of the Soviet guarantee?

And by the way, the French Courts' reported decision (unlike that of the English Courts), that goods nationalised by the Russian Republic are the property of their original owners, is not calculated to encourage too much in the way of Soviet "concessions" to Frenchmen in any case!

WHAT ABOUT RENEWING YOUR SUB. TO THE "INTERNATIONAL"?

The Famine in Germany.

The International Workers' Relief has issued a further appeal in connection with the German famine. It reminds the world of its work for the starving workers of Russia, Bulgaria, and Japan; and states that to-day all other claims must recede in favour of relief for the starving proletarians of Germany, on which the I.W.R. will now exclusively concentrate. It reminds the workers of other countries that their own turn may come any day; and the reports of falling currencies in France and England bear out that warning, for as capitalism retires to its innermost fortresses it devastates more and more country as it goes, and depreciating currency is one of its weapons of devastation among both the middle class of small unearned income-drawers and the wage-earners.

* * *

An international conference, convened by the I.W.R., was held in Berlin on 9th December to deal with measures for German Relief. Numerous representatives of Governments attended, ambassadors, officials, members of the Red Cross, Quakers, etc., also hundreds of individuals of the professional class. The result was a stimulus to, as well as a consolidation of, the relief work in the various countries. Edo Fimmen made a powerful speech appealing to Trade Unions, etc., to sink their partisan prejudices and stand by THE ONLY ORGANISATION REALLY REACHING THE WORKING CLASS OF GERMANY.

* * *

The International Red Cross have promised support to the International Workers' Relief campaign. The National Trade Union Federation of Holland has undertaken a German Famine Relief campaign, the proceeds of which are to be handed to the I.W.R. for administration. The workers of Jugo-Slavia, who had already made sacrifices on behalf of Japan, have now undertaken to raise funds for Germany. The International Federation of Trades (Amsterdam) has characteristically declined to co-operate with the I.W.R., though it has resolved to institute a campaign of its own; while the 2nd International is appealing only for money to support the social democratic press in Germany and France!

* * *

In German heavy industry it is mathematically reckoned that 30 per cent. of the working masses are on the road of slow but sure starvation. In this regard the German magnates, for all their philanthropic professions, are at one with the Dictator of Versailles, Clemenceau, when he said "There are 20 million Germans too many." Both imported foodstuffs and home agricultural products are 60 per cent. less than in 1913- and the remaining 40 per cent. is hoarded. The employed are as starved as the unemployed; their wages are 18 per cent. of pre-war, food prices are 30 per cent. above pre-war; and hundreds of thousands are on short time. And it is in such circumstances that hundreds are shot down—and their hunger appeased for ever.

* * *

One form of German Famine relief largely adopted in Europe is the "boarding out" of workers' children with sympathising families abroad for a few months; and one of the brightest features in this campaign is the readiness with which offers to receive such children have been forthcoming in France too. Hundreds of French families have offered hospitality. For the first time since the war the France-German border would have been crossed by hundreds of German children sent by the International Workers' Relief, thus building a new bridge of mutual understanding between the working class of the respective countries.

But the French Government has refused permission for this work of humanity and solidarity to be done, and the children must perforce continue to starve in Germany.

Would any South African families feel disposed to make up the deficiency?

* * *

The German Cabinet favours some sort of sumptuary measures against the orgies abroad (and why not those at home?) of certain Germans, "regardless of the distress prevailing among their own nation" "spending German money on self-indulgence and display at a time when appeals are being made to the nations of the earth for assistance to feed starving German children." Words, words! Why does not the German Cabinet cease turning its machine-guns on the starving and direct them towards one of the most objectionable bourgeoisies in the world? Why does it not sack General Seeckt, the military representative of the guzzlers? Why does it not give arms to the hungry, and take them from the bloated Fascists against whose orgies it so hypocritically protests! Let it do this and—well, the starvers would soon do the rest.

* * *

"Communists" who turn up their noses at "charity" for starving German workers may perhaps give some consideration to the following note, dated Moscow, 3rd November, 1923, from Com. G. Zinoviev, chairman of the Communist International:—

"For a worker of international sentiment there is at this moment no more serious duty than to afford relief to the starving and struggling workers and their children in Germany."

A Traveller in Germany.

(By Harold Picton in "Forward.")

What most troubles one in Germany is the recurrent feeling of impending catastrophe. People living comfortably in England often consider this a mere crying of "Wolf!"; those of us who live here feel on the other hand that the high gods are giving the world warning, but, alas,

> "Unheeded; and detaching fold by fold
> From those dim heights, and slowly drawing near,
> A vapour heavy, hueless, formless, cold,
> Came floating on for many a month and year,
> Unheeded!"

When in the largest area of European culture prices pass, with increasing speed, from tens through hundreds and thousands to millions and thousands of millions, it is a sufficiently striking warning. When in that same area, and amidst these impossible prices, unemployment grows by leaps and bounds, the combination of facts is a more serious warning still.

I am living at this moment in the rooms of a little family near Dresden. The father was killed in the war, the mother, suffering from spinal curvature and goitre, is obliged to work in a factory to supplement her vanishing pension. The old grandmother, who has had to work for her living since she was nine years old, has to try to get work still. But factories are gradually closing down, the mother has now only three days work a week, and the dear old grandmother is out of work altogether. (Both had quite enough to do at home, but if you want to impose an enormous fine on Germany, these are the people who have to pay the fine.) The boy of 18 and girl of 17 had, while growing up during our blockade, to live for months together on field turnips, without meat, milk, fats, or even potatoes. From my personal knowledge of them I can say that they only just escaped with their lives. The boy, as apprentice, is supposed in Germany to receive only "pocket money," and this amounted last week to 15 million marks, at a time when a pound of margarine cost 100 millions. The girl is, fortunately, away from home.

My landlady at Jena was one of those who were comfortably off before the war. I asked her for the use of some ink, but her answer was: "I haven't got any: I write any letters I have to write at the post office." At the post office she got a dip of ink gratis.

In the little shop where we buy bread, one black loaf, on October 11, cost 180 millions. "I cannot help it," apologised the shopkeeper. At Achern, in August, I found the average workman's wage 355,000 times the pre-war wage, but most food prices a million times the pre-war prices. We hunt in these days for our food, but it is not as healthy as the primeval hunting. We hunt from shop to shop for cheese, butter, or condensed milk, or stand in long queues, as at a theatre, uncertain whether we shall get a place. The smaller shops (and smaller people) grow emptier and emptier. Country inns are often provisionless, and at the end of a long day's tramp we had lately to make a journey of 20 miles to get an evening meal.

At Dusseldorf, after breaking both the Versailles Treaty and later promises, the French disarm the green police and hand them over to the mob which they had brought by special trains to the spot to encourage the break-up of Germany. The French stand by while one of the police, whom they had disarmed, is beaten to death and another almost, if not quite, killed (four English correspondents witnessed this).

To all these things we remain practically indifferent. If the moral force of our civilisation be so dead that we cannot unite to stop them it is indeed time that the formless vapour descended and blotted our civilisation out.

Natives in Barracks.

Extra cheap labour being required in the Cape, Mr. Jagger imported thousands of natives into Capetown. But one trouble of the powers that be was how to house them. They thought that if horses could have stables, and dogs kennels, surely natives could have barracks. Not only that, but the native wandering the streets becomes troublesome. So it has been decided to construct a location on Cape Flats to accommodate 2,000, to be surrounded by an unscaleable wall with one entrance and one exit. A POLICE BARRACKS IS INCLUDED to cost £3,000. The natives are not such simpletons here as those in Johannesburg compounds, and very likely there will be objection taken to this degrading treatment of citizens of this glorious Empire of ours.

What say the Labour Party?

"White Kaffirs."

"In another fifty years," said a member of the Cape Juvenile Affiairs Board the other day, "we shall have a race of white Kaffirs in the Union." What, a race of Communists? For that elegant epithet has been repeatedly applied to Communists because they were for solidarity of all workers, "Kaffirs" included. But he doesn't mean Communists, though the people he does mean will sooner or later become Communists from force of circumstances and for reasons of self-preservation. He means "poor whites," and we may be sure he is a passionate opponent of Communism and upholder of just that very retention of black Kaffirs at their present status which is the cause of the white Kaffir class whose growth he bewails.

Transition's Testing Time.

Ramsay Macdonald's idea of a League of Nations with revolutionary Russia and (we hope) Germany sitting round the table with reactionary France, Britain and the U.S.A. in the League of Nations (a body which must act unanimously in all important matters) is the acme of bourgeois pacifism, and it will not take long in these changing days to vindicate or damn it for good and all.

The same applies to the threatened strikes. Immediately the prospect of a Labour Government approaches, the heart of the workers, so long sunk in apathy and despair, BEATS FASTER WITH THE REVIVAL OF HOPE of emancipation at last of Government support at last for their "forward movements"—and strikes are voted before even the Tory Government is defeated. But how far can the Labour Party in power—even power less precarious than now—satisfy those yearnings? Will it not in the long run find itself obliged, like its predecessors, to disappoint and suppress them, at best to obey its strike-breaking Trade Union bureaucracy, and then, as Lenin foresaw, to give way to a party which frankly recognises the necessity of deposing the bourgeois for good and all, and by the best method, constitutional or unconstitutional—and a party which seeks first the advance of the broadest masses?

Seamen's Solidarity.

A bright feature in Labour's history is the British dockers' support for the German seamen's strike in British ports for the English rate of pay, £9 a month (and poor enough at that), as against the German rate of £2. (Their example might have been followed when a similar demand was put forward by German seamen recently in Durban.) And once more, it is not just a case of sentimental "internationalism" as the cablegram describes it, but "enlightened self-interest." The dockers realise that the cheap labour of a subject race like the Germans brings down their own standard, and that the remedy is not to say "segregate these Germans and encourage their progress in their own segregated area Germany" (how absurd such a nostrum is when you apply it to other countries or circumstances, and yet it is less absurd in the case of Germany than of South Africa) but "encourage them to demand the same wage as ourselves, back up that demand and stand shoulder to shoulder with them in enforcing it, or else they will take our jobs and leave us to nurse the British flag." Not "Britain for the British" nor "White South Africa for the whites" but "the World for the Workers"—only in that sign shall we conquer.

READ AND PASS ALONG TO YOUR MATE!

Bolshevism and Blacks.

OR, COMMUNISM AND COMMONSENSE.

We have never concealed our opinion that the recent proposal of the Central Section of the S.A.M.W.U. to open its doors to non-European mine workers carried with it the possibility of a great accession of strength to the Labour movement, both numerically and because in our view that movement must continue to falter and ring untrue until it faces and tackles this task of linking up the white and the native workers.

But now, we are told, in the eyes of many it only needs Communists to support anything (e.g., a German Famine Fund), and it at once becomes "a crafty plan inspired if not financed from Moscow," and in any case being supported by Communists it is therefore damned.

If so, we can't help it; for the only way we could help it would be either to cease to be Communists or to cease to support anything. But as a matter of fact those who disagree with us do so not because we are Communists but because they disagree with us; and as regards the S.A.M.W.U. proposal, though some may say they will have nothing to do with it "because the Communists happen to be in favour of it," yet the real position is simply that they are not in favour of it and are looking for an "argument" to support themselves by.

The story about Moscow is best refuted by the fact that we had supported such an idea long before "Moscow" was ever heard of. What is more, others too have supported it whom no one could reproach with Muscovite tendencies.

In May, 1919, at the South African Trade Union Congress at Bloemfontein, Mr. Archie Crawford, in a speech subsequently printed, said, inter alia:

"Here we have got a lot of white workers, of whose honesty there can be no question, coming forward and advocating organising with the coloured man and the native. Here is the hypocrisy of the whole situation: the capitalists have organised industries, and we do not object if nine black men are put with one white into the bowels of the earth. We will submit to a combination of nine blacks to one white for the capitalist; but when it comes to organising a better life for ourselves we say 'Oh no, we must not have the Kaffir' . . . If the miners do not want black men in their unions why not also kick them out of the mines?

"The only way the white men in certain trades can maintain their position is to get the co-operation of the coloured man, and if they do not the coloured man will clear them out of the trade. They have to take the coloured man into their union for the white man's own benefit."

Again, about January, 1921, the National Vehicle Builders' Union decided to organise coloured workers in their trade, and accordingly to hold a coloured workers' meeting in Johannesburg. It was pointed out that in the Cape and Free State coloured men were performing skilled work at a ridiculously low wage scale and white men were being kept out of their jobs by this unfair competition. The coloured men were just as keen on improving their position as the white workers, and therefore they should be organised on the principle of equal pay for equal work. It was recognised that the coloured workers as unorganised coloured workers were a menace to the white workers, and it was therefore decided to take such steps as would ensure the safety of the Unions' own members and at the same time further the interests of the coloured men. (They were to receive the same standard rate as the white workers received but were to be run as a separate branch.)

In the same month the S.A.I.F. Convention adopted a resolution allowing local autonomy in respect to coloured labour (a similar resolution had almost been carried in 1916) despite the opposition of miners like Mr. Hendrikz, then assistant secretary of the S.A.M.W.U. (now of the S.A. Party), who said then too: "the idea is the product of the extreme International Socialist Party, which is not only educating these people but helping them to oust the white workers from their legitimate jobs. . . . So far as miners are concerned they are not going to allow coloured men to take the place of white men whether or not they receive equal wages and treatment generally with Trade Unionists." The resolution was carried nevertheless, with the support of Engineers, Engine Drivers, Vehicle Builders, in fact practically everybody except the S.A.M.W.U.

Surely then, if the S.A.M.W.U. is now showing signs of falling into line with the rest, it needs no hypothesis of Russian gold, Communist "permeation" or anything else of the kind. It does not need "dictation from Moscow"—not always at least—for workers to come to commonsense conclusions in the interest of their class.

Indeed, as we have pointed out before, our own suggestion would have been first to call an all-in Labour Conference of black and white (as the Dutch Reformed Church did, but not on Labour lines, and not on truly representative lines) before proceeding with the actual organisation of native mine workers. We still believe in such a conference to discuss matters generally, but it matters little which of two good things comes first.

What must not be forgotten is that the white miners cannot be sure of a friendly attitude on the part of the native workers, whom the other side has been very busy trying to corrupt in recent months. On the other hand, there is no reason why the native associations should wait for a move from the white unions. The interests of both are at stake, and the I.C.U. of Capetown, which has already pleaded for such a conference as above mentioned, or the S.A. Native Congress, might well consider calling it themselves. In that case the white unions would be both foolish and churlish to refuse the advance.

The Glories of Competitive Civilisation.

"Civilisation" is not a period in which mankind is inspired by noble ideals and lives decently. That many persons have the opportunities to be kind and charitable cannot be denied, but their chances are due to the degraded circumstances of the majority of the people. So hopeless is the lot of the mass that a life of happiness in the sky has been suggested as a reward for keeping clean in the earthly cesspool. Of course machinery has been set in motion to make it appear that the struggle to qualify for the life after death is a noble fight. Naturally. Those who understand economic history know the weapons of class dictatorship.

A great deal of breath and ink has been wasted on the idea that competition brings out the best in mankind. Perhaps it does on the running track, in the boxing ring, and in the many forms of sport. But there men are selected and trained. A heavy-weight boxer does not fight a feather-weight. By a series of tests a runner is selected to meet an opponent. In minor contests the principle of handicapping the best competitors is recognised. There is a real competition, providing there has been no "buying and selling" before the events. It must be obvious that in other spheres of life conditions are different.

In a "civilised" society there must be an exploiter and an exploited; therefore there must be profit and loss accounts. That is the state of affairs to-day. It is a perfect form for some people, though the beginnings were as crude as Russian Communism of to-day will appear when the Russians in years to come, happy, content, and progressive, look back at their rough structure and struggles of an earlier day.

There has always been discontent in civilisation. The struggles of the slaves in the first stage are well known. Though in those days human flesh, young and old, was bought on the market place, a whole labourer was valuable and the slave owners appreciated the fact. In feudalism there was much discontent, and the labourer had lost much of his value. When a king gave a chunk of land to one of his friends or enemies a number of labouring families were thrown in to add value to the gift. To-day human flesh is not bought as in slavery, nor is the labourer tied to the land. The idea of feeding and keeping workers when there is no work for them goes against the business grain. The artist, the inventor, the medical man must struggle on his own. If he has anything of a commercial value he may sell it, go back to his attic, and starve until he has something else of use. In principle that is the way capitalism treats its labourers. The energy of the workers is hired for a period, or the result of their energy is purchased. The service of foremen, agents, and experts is bought to see that the capitalist gets the value he expects.

Life is not a game. To degrade the people, as civilisation has done, is like removing the sun from the solar system. They cannot enjoy the results of generations of socially performed labour. The joys of life are beyond their reach. The system fails short. To the mass of mankind the system has failed to work. There can be no peace in civilisation.

W. J. C. GIBSON.

'Twas Ever Thus.

(This poem is taken from the first volume of "Saint Paul's Magazine," edited by Anthony Trollope and published in London in 1868. The author is unknown. The magazine is, of course, long since out of print.)

The poem, says Robert Smillie, M.P., in "Forward," was published four years after the Hartley disaster, and at a time when mine explosions were very frequent, though not so extensive in their range nor so fearful in their results as they became when the underground workings extended. During these sixty odd years, since the Hartley shaft disaster, we have had legislation aiming at greater safety in mines, carried through Parliament at various times—often in the teeth of bitter opposition—but still the slaughter of mine workers goes merrily on.

One cannot get away from the thought—bitter as it may seem—that to a very great extent mining life is being wantonly sacrificed in the interests of profits, says Smillie.

THE COST OF COAL.

Pile up the blazing fire,
Warm to our heart's desire,
Let those who like inquire
How hard the frost is;
But as the pleasant glow
Quickens our spirits' flow,
Surely we ought to know
How much the cost is!

Not the cash price per ton;
But how the coal is won:
What manful work is done
By nerve and daring;
How much in mortal strain,
Wearing out heart and brain,
How much in grief and pain,
Tears and despairing!

Think of the miner's toil,
Fathoms beneath the soil,
Long hours of weary moil,
Working by one light;
Patient and strong and brave,
Oft in that dismal cave,
Digging himself a grave,
Far from the sunlight.

Think what a dreary time!
Ever he breathes a clime
Heavy with heat and grime,
Through every season;
Burrows through fields of coal,
More as a giant mole,
Than as with human soul,
Guided by reason.

Works, as his lot is cast;
Works till some fatal blast
Spreads, as it rushes past,
Fear and amazement.
Needless his fate to tell,
Cramped in his narrow cell
Knowing, alas! too well,
What that quick blast meant.

Hundreds of workers round
Know that the cruel sound,
Echoing under ground,
Finds them defenceless;
Useless their safety lamp,
Too late their hurried tramp,
Caught by the fiery damp,
Shattered and senseless.

Vainly they seek the shaft,
Either by strength or craft
Swifter the deadly draught
Covers the distance.
Lying, with pallid face,
Each on the very place
Where he gave up the race
Ran for existence.

Pity those sturdy men,
Never to see home again,
Hearty and hopeful when
Leaving that morning;
Working in endless gloom,
Meeting an awful doom,
Sent to an early tomb—
Sent without warning.

Not many hours before:
Each at his cottage door
Parted from those who bore
Names that are dearest;
Having no thought nor fear
That the dark hour was near
When would be broken here
Ties of the nearest:

Never to meet on earth
Her who gave life its worth,
Sharing his grief and mirth,
Seeking his pleasure:
Never again to see
Children in happy glee,
Climbing about his knee,
Brightening his leisure.

Quickly the news has spread
Through the town overhead;
Not many words are said,
All whisper sadly.

Gallant men, good and brave,
Hoping at least to save
Some from a living grave,
Venture down gladly.

Round that devoted pit
Groups of mute women sit,
Loth the sad spot to quit,
Hoping, still hoping.
While the men working there
Do all that heroes dare,
Through the dark poisoned air
Painfully groping.

Fearful the risks they run
Ere their sad duty done
Gives the dead, one by one,
Back to their near ones.
Watching with straining eyes,
As those still figures rise,
Dreading to recognise
One or more dear ones.

Piercing the wail and loud
Wrung from that stricken crowd;
Wives with their faces bowed,
Sisters, and mothers:
Bitter the tears they shed
Over these quiet dead,
Winners of daily bread,
Husbands and brothers.

Think of their severed lives,
Scarcely a man survives;
Pity their weeping wives,
Wives now no longer.
Dry the lone widow's tear,
Calm the sad mother's fear,
Cherish her children dear
Till they grow stronger.

Ever on wintry nights,
As the bright fire and lights—
Where are more pleasant sights?—
Make the room cheerful,
Spare one kind pitying thought,
How the deep mine is wrought,
With what dark perils fraught,
Sudden and fearful.

Then, to sum up the whole,
Paid as the price of coal,
Add to the gloomy roll
What the life lost is:
Think that each miner's fate
Leaves a home desolate,
Then you may estimate
How much the cost is.

Safety Revolution.

"A State bank" and "State industries" reappear as nostrums on the platform of the S.A.L.P. State industries would presumably be additional to private industries, whereas, according to the Director of Census, there is an insufficient market even for these. A State Bank might thus ruin itself and the State on hopeless causes if it subsidised new State or indeed private industries. Besides, a capitalist-State Bank would naturally follow the same lines as a private capitalist Bank, so where is the benefit of it? We hear talk of the "credit of the community" which the community "owns but does not control"; whereas the working class as such owns nothing, and credit belongs to those who own the basis of credit—property—the perquisite of the few, not of "the community." Credit, we have been told, is based on "the ability and will of the individual or the community to produce commodities." But this "ability and will" on the part of the producing section of the community is limited and determined (as Tom Glynn points out in the Sydney "Workers' Weekly") by another section, the real owners of credit, the owners of the said commodities when produced. In other words, he says, credit is based, not upon nebulous abstractions, but upon the ownership and control of the material factors of production and distribution. Or, as Marx says, "The property which a man really—or according to public opinion—possesses becomes the basis of the superstructure of credit." There can be no socialisation of credit until the material factors upon which it rests are socialised.

"The fallacies," says Marx, "regarding the miraculous socialising influence of credit and banks are due to complete ignorance of the laws of the Capitalist mode of production and of the credit system which is one of the forms of that mode of production."

Turning the Corner.

In Britain the number of unemployed still sticks at a million and a quarter—and an increase of 113,000 compared with December 17th. This is similar to our own "beloved" country.

"Turning the corner" and—going back again!

"The gloomy picture of 'pensions for all.'"—"Daily Mail" (London). Dreadful! To think of Tom, Dick and Harry enjoying the same ease and retirement as an ex-judge or minister or member of our old nobility! That England should come to this!

"Economic Espionage."

Formerly Russia produced ninety-five per cent. of the world's platinum. The industry, which is for the most part situated in the Urals, was practically in the hands of foreign capitalists. The largest firm concerned was the French Societe Anonyme de Platine. In 1922 the former owners of the mines entered into negotiations with the Soviet authorities for the formation of a mixed company for the exploitation of platinum.

At about the same time there came to the Urals representatives of the French Red Cross to render assistance to victims of the famine. The chief of this mission was Colonel Dulongue. In this gentleman's career there were the following interesting episodes:—

(1) Before 1914 Colonel Dulongue lived in the Urals and was the economic director of the French platinum company.

(2) His first task was to go out to find famine victims in the very district where his former platinum mines were situated.

(3) There he met a former colleague, a certain M. Deryatin, who was now employed by the Urals platinum trust.

(4) Deryatin had hidden in the warehouses of the Trust, in order to save from nationalisation, various articles of property formerly in the possession of Dulongue. These he now returned to Dulongue.

(5) Dulongue also came across his former housekeeper, who undertook to act as his courier, taking secret packages between him and the French mission in Moscow.

(6) He succeeded in securing the services of a highly respected scientist, Professor Claire, a Swiss, who had lived all his life in the Urals. The professor was president of the Urals Scientific Society and the manager of the geological research section of the Urals Platinum Trust. He had at his disposal all the statistical and other information relating to the platinum industry, and even the plans which had been prepared for the future. In return for a consideration (not even a very big one) he handed over all this material to Colonel Dulongue.

Under cover of the French Red Cross, and having completed his labours, Colonel Dulongue returned safely to France. Professor Claire, on the other hand, is now in prison awaiting his trial as an economic spy.

EXCUSE OUR INTERRUPTION, BUT HAVE WE RECEIVED YOUR SUBSCRIPTION LATELY?

"The Banner Bright, the Symbol Plain."

We always have a feeling of pride when we see the banners of our class—particularly the Trade Union banners with their pictorial presentations of the different trades and industries and the bold challenging red banners of the workers' political organisations—in our demonstrations.

We know of the time and care it has taken to make these banners, and the enthusiasm with which the branch members have contributed their quota towards purchasing them. We know the keen delight which is always felt when they are first unfolded to blazon forth to the general public. These banners are symbols—symbols of our movement and our cause. And the people have always loved such symbols, and always will. They are signs of interest and enthusiasm, rallying signals, inspirations. They have a great value in cementing the movement, in binding it together, in creating real solidarity. They have a great publicity value also—the slogans of them telling the world the objects and purposes of our movement.

In these days of class struggle and strife, in this epoch of revolution, when the fight is fierce and the forces of our class are lining up for the conquest of power, it is imperative that our banners should be bright and plentiful, portraying the conquering spirit of the workers, impressing hope and the certitude of victory on the minds of those who behold them. For that reason we should like to see the entire movement possessed of a completely new set of banners, with such slogans on them as "All Power to the Workers," "Up! The Workers' Republic," "The Overthrow of Capitalism means the End of Wage-Slavery," "To Solve the Unemployed Problem the Workers Must Conquer Power," and so on. The Trade Union branch banners should indicate, beside the pictorial representations of industry, the fixed determination of the workers to control industry. More especially, just now, should the Trades Councils secure banners which will serve as rallying signals for the whole of the workers in the localities.

No workers' meeting, no unemployed or Trade Union meeting, no demonstration held by the Trades Councils, should take place without the banners of our class being well in evidence, conveying their message of hope and human solidarity.

—"All Power."

It was noted recently in connection with the excess of departures over arrivals of white artisans in the Union that this excess was greatest among British workers, while of German workers, alone among the various nationalities, the arrivals actually exceeded the departures. Why? Because those German artisans were the cheapest that could be got.

Similarly British immigrants are imported to Australia and Canada because they can be got to work [illegible] even so they [illegible]

Dope for Jews.

Jews, once the "chosen race," claim in modern times to be the "intelligent race," but are ceasing to deserve this name either. They used to call Gentiles "fools" and "English donkeys," but to judge by their narrow-mindedness, gullibility and mental apathy to-day, they are earning those epithets for themselves.

Like any other nationality under capitalist administration, Jews are divided according to class. In whatever capitalist country they may happen to find themselves, a class struggle will go on among them, according to the general position of the country. They also, like other nationalities, possess a press of correspondingly different shades and opinions.

The predominating section of South African Jewry, the petty bourgeois, are largely interested in Jewish American papers, emanating as they do from one of the world's greatest Jewish centres, and packed full of matter of all sorts. The most widely-read paper, "The Jewish Gazetten," is just as much a capitalist paper as the "Daily Mail," "Star," "Cape Times," "Natal Advertiser," etc. It works on the same method of lie-dissemination. It is fairly clever with the particular brand of propaganda as affecting the Jews, and is as unscrupulous, as mean, as hypocritical and as false as any of its kind.

As an illustration of the manner it cunningly chooses to chloroform the Jewish mind and then do with it what it likes, take the attitude of this most reactionary paper to the pogrom on the Jews in Berlin, recently perpetrated by, of course, no other than the Fascists and their paid hooligans. The average Jewish reader, after reading its vague articles on this subject, comes to this conclusion: "Whenever a Jew is to be beaten, every Gentile (including, of course, the Communist) is glad to lend a hand," until he finally comes to wonder whether it was not the workers and Communists who made this pogrom. Having got the mind thus vacillating between a cruel and unfounded suspicion and a weak, unconscious tendency to counteract it, the victim is told a little later (see the issue received last week): "Riga, December 3. It is reported that the pogroms in Ukraine have not ceased. During last month over 200 Jews were killed in different parts of Ukraine. It is stated that soldiers of the Red Cavalry stationed on the Polish border made the most attacks on the Jews. General Budeni has left Moscow to institute discipline among his soldiers in the Ukraine." A typical lie worthy of the great Russian Counter-Revolutionary Fable Agency sitting in Riga, and a lie which did not even reach our own South African "seekers of the truth." A shamelesss lie, but one destined to create the necessary effect—namely, to convince the vacillating Jewish mind that after all there is something in the idea that Bolsheviks, as well as other Gentile anti-semites, are inclined to commit pogroms.

The next thing is easy. When some time later a pogrom occurs, for instance, in that pogrom-ridden, independent and free republic of Poland (one of the usual daily bread-and-butter recreations of the Polish anti-semite) the thought will occur: was not this instigated or even actually carried out by the Polish or Russian Bolsheviks! And the intelligent Jewish petty bourgeois reads all this, believes it, is convinced of its truth, and forms "his own" opinion of the German worker and Communist; and when somebody approaches him with the humanitarian purpose of soliciting help for the starving German workers, the reply comes invariably: "I don't give anything for pogromists—let them starve." Truly it is time to write the epitaph of "Jewish intelligence."

S.M.

In Spite of All!

(By Karl Liebknecht.)

On the day before his murder Karl Liebknecht wrote the following for the "Rote Fahne." It proved to be his last article:—

General storm against Spartacus! "Down with the Spartacists!" The shouts howl through the side streets. "Seize them!" "Horsewhip them!" "Stab them!" "Shoot them!" "Bayonet them!" "Trample them underfoot!" "Tear them to pieces!" Atrocities which put those of the German troops in Belgium into the shade are committed everywhere.

"SPARTACUS SMASHED!"

The shout of jubilation runs from the "Morgenpost" (conservative paper) to the "Vorwaerts" (social-democratic paper). "Spartacus smashed!" And the disarmament of the revolutionary workers, and the re-established imperial police with rifle, sabre and revolver will seal its defeat.

"Spartacus smashed!" And under the bayonets of Colonel Reinhardt, under the machine-guns of General Luettwitz, the elections for the Constituent Assembly will take place—a plebiscite for Napoleon-Ebert.

"Spartacus smashed!" Yes, the revolutionary workers of Berlin have been defeated, hundreds of their best have been thrown into prison. Yes, they are defeated, for they were abandoned by the sailors, by the soldiers, by the security troops, by the people's guard, whose help they firmly expected. Their strength was wasted by the indecision and weakness of their leaders, and the IMMENSE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY BACKWASH OF THE PROPERTIED CLASSES overwhelmed and drowned them.

Yes, they were defeated, for history had demanded that they should be. The time was not then ripe. But yet, the struggle itself was inevitable. To surrender the police headquarters, the stronghold of the revolution, without resistance to Ernst and Hirsch would have been a shameful defeat. The fight was forced upon the workers by the Ebert gang, and it burst from the Berlin masses violently, brushing aside all doubts and objections . . . And Ebert, Scheidemann, and Noske have won, they have won for the militarists, for the bureaucrats, for the junkers of industry and agriculture, for the parsons, the priests, for the money bags. And ALL THAT WAS NARROW, LIMITED AND MEAN stood with them and fought victoriously with rifle, bomb and bayonet.

But there are defeats which are victories and victories which are defeats. The vanquished of bloody January week have fought gloriously. They have fought for a great cause, FOR THE NOBLEST AIMS OF SUFFERING HUMANITY, FOR THE MENTAL AND MATERIAL SALVATION of the tortured masses. They have shed only sacred blood, blood made sacred by this fight, and for every drop of this blood, DRAGON'S SEED for the victors of to-day, avengers of the fallen, will arise, new fighters for the cause which is as unforgettable and eternal as the firmament. The defeated of to-day will be the victors of to-morrow, for this defeat is their instruction. The proletariat still lacks revolutionary tradition and experience, and only by tentative actions and youthful errors, by painful defeats and failures, can it gain the practical training which guarantees its future success. But for the fundamental forces of the revolution, the unceasing growth of which is the natural law of social development, every defeat spells swift recovery, and over defeat and defeat leads the way to victory.

But what of the victors of to-day! For a criminal cause they carry on their criminal bloody work. For THE POWERS OF THE PAST, for the deadly enemies of the proletariat.

Already they are defeated, for they are the prisoners of those whom they intended to use as their tools, but whose tools they always were. Their name is still the cover, but they have but little longer to live. They stand already in the Pillory of History. NEVER WERE THERE SUCH JUDASES IN THE WORLD. Not only have they betrayed their most sacred trust, but they have crucified it with their own hands. As in August, 1914, the official German Social Democracy sank deeper than any other Social Democratic Party, so now at the dawn of the social revolution it presents the most detestable picture.

The French bourgeoisie was forced to take the butchers of 1848 and 1871 from its own ranks. The German bourgeoisie was saved that trouble—"SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS" CARRY OUT THE DIRTY BUTCHER'S WORK, the bloody coward's work. Their Cavaignac, their Gallifet, is called Noske, the "German worker" . . .

"Spartacus smashed"!—Not so fast! We have not fled, we are not defeated, and if they fetter us, we are there and we remain there, and victory will be ours.

For Spartacus—this means FIRE AND SPIRIT, this means SOUL AND HEART, this means WILL AND ACTION of the proletarian revolution. This means ALL SUFFERING AND LONGING FOR HAPPINESS, all determination of the class-conscious proletariat to struggle. For Spartacus—this means socialism and world revolution.

The Golgatha of the German working class has not yet ended, but the day of salvation approaches, the day of trial for Ebert-Scheidemann-Noske and for the capitalist rulers who hide behind them. Events rise high to the sky: we are used to being thrown from the heights to the depths—but our ship continues its straight course firmly towards its aim.

Whether or no we are still alive when the end is attained, our programme will live. It will rule the world of a saved humanity—IN SPITE OF ALL!

Under the rumblings of the approaching economic collapse the still sleeping masses of the proletariat will awaken as at the trumpets of the last judgment, and the corpses of the murdered fighters will arise again and demand a reckoning from the curse-laden criminals.

To-day—only the underground mutterings of the volcano. To-morrow it will burst and bury them all in a torrent of glowing ashes and streams of lava.

The ambiguous position of "Labour Parties" is well examplified in the contrast of the House of Lords and its peeresses gorgeously dressed and bedecked with jewels with the scene of the [illegible] mass outside being "shepherded" by [illegible]. The Labour M.P.'s were not with the [illegible] they were watching the peeresses!

"The Portuguese Government's programme of financial retrenchment includes the sale of horses from the presidential stud." What about the Union Government making them a loan of that remarkable salesman, Archie Crawford, for a week or two? He could sell "the workers" to the great advantage of the Portuguese capitalist.

Communist Party Notes.

We gratefully acknowledge the following further donations to the Press and General Party Funds:—

L.C.B., 10/-; W.F., 5/-; A.R., 2/6; G.M., 10/-; H.B., 5/-; H.G., 20/3; R.J.L., 20/-; J.E.H., 10/-; F.M.J., 20/-; J.E., 7/6; J.A.A., 10/-; J.B., 35/-; C.S., 5/-; M.G., 4/-; M.G., 10/6; E.G., 42/-; A.L.M., 20/-; M.P., 8/-; R.G., 2/-; G.M., 10/-; L.E., 10/-; A.A., £10; R.C., 10/-; W.F., 5/-; H.J., 5/-; J.A.M., 10/-; J.R., £10; H.G., 20/3; P.D., 10/-; C.J.A., 5/-; A.V., 10/-; A.A., £10/10/-; G.M., 10/-; H.B., 10/-; J.A.M., 10/-; K.K., 10/-; A.F., 10/-; W.F., 5/-; H.G., 20/3; L.I.W., 5/-; M.B., 10/-; G.M., 20/-; S.S., 21/-; H.A.H., 10/-; G.J., 3/-; R.F., 10/-; A.R., 40/-; A.L., 10/-; F.P., 21/-; M.P., 8/-.

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With this issue of the "International" our Eighth Volume closes, and from next week the style of the paper will be altered to double the present number of pages, each half the present size of page.

Liebknecht Day in Johannesburg

The E.C. of the Y.C.L. carried out an extensive programme for the 5th anniversary of the murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. It commenced with a public meeting at Jeppes on Saturday evening, followed by a procession through the working-class districts of the town on the following day. The procession, which was attended by most of the members of the Y.C.L., started from Jeppes and proceeded to Troyeville, Doornfontein, Braamfontein, Vrededorp, and re-entered town via Fordsburg. It carried three banners with various inscriptions on both sides. The whole march was accompanied by the singing of the "Internationale," the "Red Flag," "The Builders" and various other revolutionary songs. Comrades from Pretoria and Benoni also marched with the procession.

On Sunday night a meeting was held on the Town Hall steps, and finally a Liebknecht evening was arranged for Tuesday at the Trades Hall, the chief items being the reciting of revolutionary poems, readings and short addresses by young comrades, and a resolution of sympathy with the Y.C.L. of Germany.

Only Young Communists spoke at the meetings.

German Famine Fund.

The following amounts collected have already reached the hands of the Assistant Treasurer:—

B.J., £1; S.P.B., £1; O.K.S., 10/-; S.M., 2/6; F.P., 2/6; F.A.W.L., £5; H.G., 10/3; L.W., 7/6; R.E.C., 5/-; E.L.H., £2; C.B., 5/-; H.J., 10/-; A.H., 10/-; T.L., £1; A.R., £1; F.P., 10/-; G.F.H., £1; Sympathy, 2/6.

An Ever New Book.

Mussolini declares that he stands for "religion, patriotism and the family."

How very old-fashioned! For a brilliant exposure of this sort of claptrap read the Communist Manifesto of 1848, especially Chap. II., obtainable at the C.P. Literature Department, price 1/-.

WHY NOT GIVE YOUR PRINTING ORDERS TO THE I.S.L. PRESS?

The Butcher's business of S. Kuper and Son at Stand 428, Hoofd Street, Boksburg, has been transferred to Berman and Grusd as from 1st January, 1924.

AUGUST MENGE.

18/25/1.

Notice is hereby given that the General Dealer's, Butcher's and Kaffir Eating House Business carried on by Joseph Sack on Stand No. 18, Benoni Farm, has been transferred to Luwes Suskin as from the 1st of January, 1924.

4/11/18. (Sgd.) J. SACK.

Notice is hereby given that the General Dealer's and Tea Room business carried on by Solomon Sachs on Stand No. 191, Ferreiras, Johannesburg, has been transferred to Mohamed Sali as from the 1st of January, 1924.

All previous notices concerning the transfer of the above-named business appearing in this paper during December, 1923, are cancelled.

S. SACHS.

11/18/25.

Notice is Hereby Given that the Partnership between Samuel Jammy and Hilda Grolman, trading as S. Jammy and Co. on Stand 306, Brakpan, has been dissolved as from the 1st January, 1924. The business will be carried on in future by the said Samuel Jammy under the same style.

J. BACHARACH,
Agent for S. Jammy and Co.

11/18/25

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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