

# The International.

The Organ of the International Socialist League (S.A.)

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper

out rotten.

FRIDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER, 1915.

[PRICE 10 WEFKLY

## A World to Win.

By S. P. BUNTING.

Many of us are only just rediscovering that Socialism Queering the pitch. to be effective, must be International. We knew it, and had forgotten it, before. The limpid philosophy of the Communist Manifesto had been muddled away by state educ-\_\_ation and a commonplace press, both emphasising the history of the ruling class only, both idolising the Nation, (a new-old anachronism revived for ulterior purposes by that class, with delicious inconsequence in the case of groups like the British Empire, scarcely recognisable any more as national) and both simultaneously adulating the Army and Navy, supposed to defend the nation, but really more than ever a bulwark of that class. Capitalist influence had wormed itself into the core, so that when the fruit should have been ripe it turned

Modern 'democracy,' too, had produced an organisation L'etat, of Government so complex and elabrate that everybody c'est nous. came to think it must be preserved for its own sake. The National Parliament became the supposed Palladium of liberty—touching faith! The energies of Socialists got frittered away in scrambles, each in their own country after a Labour Governent or a Socialist State—things that really, like the S.A.L.P. or the Australian Labour ministry to day, will act like any other Government or Party, except that everybody sports a red tie and calls him self a 'Labourman,' whereat the ruling class smiles with that 'wide tolerance' which we learn is now Mr Creswell's outlook too; and logically so if his God is 'the State' or 'the Government' so that any incompatibility between these things and Socialism must be decided against Socialism.

"My Country" thus became something above class My country and Party. "You must first impregnably enright or trench your nationalism" as we are now told "before W.ong. 'you can think of becoming an Internationalist' (just as Home Rule had to be passed before Ireland would help the Empire) and at any price, even the price of an Armageddon that destroys Internationalism. In favour of such wars the Labour Movement must go by the board. Bival Socialisms must each spur on their own countrymen to butcher or be butchered by the rest, in the name of the Fatherland Bernbardism, Jingoism, Hertzogiem, Ethiopianism—the common principle of these was enthroned as after all the condition precedent of the working class movement. No wonder our intelligert Dutch pationalists retort "tu quoque" to S.A.L.P propagandists; and our natives prefer continued submis ion to their own exploiters in the sacred cause of a Black v. White crusade rather than cooperate with white philanthropists who would better the conditions of their labour. "The claims of our own people of course come first."

Le débacle. To say that this war took Socialists by surprise is therefore hypocrisy. They had long been playing up for it. Congresses werê held, it is true, once in three or four years (what's the good of that anyhow?) but even if they did not openly boest, like Mr Cresswell, that the whole thing was just an Information Bureau binding nobody, still it came in fact to little more, as nationalism was more at d more tolerated and tacitly allowed not only to divide the groups but to be deliberately cited as a consid-

eration rightly impeding or limiting working class unity. Whether, the more "Government," was exalted, the more wars it would let the people in for, whether "a Socialist State" was not a paradox, whether such tin-pat objectives could ever brang the workers of the world appreciably nearer the loss of their chains, were questions which gradually ceased to agitate the minds of delegates to Stuttgart, Copenhagen - or Vienna. Socialists came to accept patriotism as the inevitable and thus desirable corrective of their first fine revolutionary flight. And now even their sense of humour is gene, and we hear that Russia is fighting for 'liberty and justice' and Turkey for culture, while burghers of the Transvaal and O.F.S. are invited to support England in a noble stand against the annexation of small nations!

Yes, that International broke down; it couldn't The Renaucence help it. And equally a better one cannot help arising on its ruins. Argument in favour of it is uncalled for. Events are blazoning the obvious fact. The moving p cture of the world is enough, without any legend underneath to explain it. It needs no exceeding high mountain, no "Back to Marx' lore. to convince anyone able to contemplate, not his own side's sporting chance of victory, but the sickening spectacle, the vicious circle, the scrimmaga with no ball inside, of the war and its certain consequences as a whole, that an International, a real International, is more needed than ever, and that on it alone the hope of the working class is fixed; that it alone, indeed, not one or the other side's victory, can ever produce any peace worth having.

For, what life, what promise, what inspiration is ther The in the other standpoint? Nationalist parties can never lone hand. become bigger than, at the very most, the population of their particular country. During war, and during all the peace time when, and to the extent that, war considerations loom large, the strength of each national Labour party, concerned at best only with its own country, becomes meaningless and unimportant—its identity is lost after all—(as we see everywhere to day) when the absorbing struggle is between, not within, the nations. Moreover, not only can they not co-operate together, neither being interested in the special ambitions of the other, but each scabs on the rest. Their strength is in each case neutralised and cancelled by the strength of some opponent. All the Socialists on the side of the Germans, for instance, are given the lie by all those on the side of the English and vice versa; so that the net result is a complete blank. A national (e.g. S. African) Labour Party has no friends; and so it gets "it ard."

But with the International it is all the other way The big Even to-day it is the strongest Labour Party in the battallion world. Potentially already, actually as soon as we all like, it is coextensive with humanity. Its importance as a driving and unifying force becomes all the greater when the rest are at each other's throats; and applies equally in parochial, national or world affairs. It alone can resist that most brutal weapon of Capitalism, war. And when others, unable to resist that, are thereby disarmed against the rest of capitalism too, it alone can rally the forces of labour for the Burning Question of to-day and of all modern time. The Internationalists in each country are but branches of the one Party that unites the human race: they not only can but from their nature must co-operate, for all pursue one aim; indeed one of the principal objects of each is to secure the support of the rest. And when the German Internationalist can show that he is supported by the British Internationalist, he carries twice the weight in Germany;

and so with the English in England, or the S. African in S. Africa; each doubles the strength of the other, as "Eendragt maskt magt." While every nationalist group stands alone, a solitary figure in the world, the International that is to be forms a frontierless empire stronger than any of them, upon which the sun never sets. After all the great ideal movements in history have all been International, Labour cannot be less.

Final every foreigner, cuts as little ice as mere Anti-war, pacifist at any price. Your genteel Peace Societies, your well-meaning tours to Germany of English parsons or journalists or Y.M.C.A's, your boosting of Teuton music or chemistry or of English sport, have been tinkling cymbals. The only 'war-on-warites' who have proved worth taking into account are Socialists; and the only Internationalism with any body in it, events have shown, is International Socialism. Not negative opposition to war or to national pride, not even the mere denial that British workers have any quartel with German workers, but the positive common Cause, the thing worth fighting side by side for, is what makes these things go.

Justification This paper is in a way a successor to the, "War-on-War by faith. Gazette" and perhaps the change of name is natural. When war broke out, those of us who saw in it the denial of all we had professed could at first do little more than say so, and adjure such of the working class as we could reach to "oppose it at all times and at all costs." At that time we could only guess that the effect could not be to disarm Englishmen while Germans relaxed no warlike effort; faith could cite 'wise saws' but no 'modern instances' As time went on, the air cleared, and Liebknecht was dimly descried battling for War on War in Berlin; Russian and later Italian Socialists were beard still preaching the truth; and then we knew it must be so in every other land, and that our faith had been well fonuded. From mere local propaganda we found we were all, without knowing it hitherto, sapping and mining towards one common end; and from that to a conscious objective of co-operation the step was immediate. War on War has already become today, in spite of all the pious resolutions of the past, a more real Socialist International movement than anything that has ever gone before.

present help. truction after the war" that Internationalism is showing its value. Just as at the Socialist Congresses it was fear of war, and little else, that kept the International spirit from dying out, so it is this war that has made it specially prominent. In war time, and as a means to oppose and end this war in particular, we believe in it more than ever, though we also see in it the inevitable tendency and form, even apart from war, of all that is best in the Labour Movement of hereafter. Some worthy souls have been lobbying the Premiers and the diplomats to stop the war. The essence of the International Socialist Peace movement is that it cuts the Governments right out, and looks to the organised workers themselves to call the tune. When the peoples demand peace, peace will be made.

Doing Are we counting our chickens to soon? Perhaps. But our bit. the glittering scheme of uniting the Socialist, antiwar, International minorities of the world into one great majority party seems so realisable that it is tempting to assume that it has already been realised. Certainly a beginning has been made: even in disciplined Germany it seems that Liebknecht's 'protesting Burghers' have at last seceded from the Junker majority, no doubt with a view to forming, or joining, the future Federation of the world's workers. We too in 8. Africa can act at once: we might even share in the honour of initiating the new organisation. Two things impede its immediate success. One, the temporary blindness of the bulk of the working class, it is in their own and our pow r to remove: to assist in that miracle is our chief objective. The other is the difficulty of communication, not only between comrades in opposite belligerent countries, but even between those in allied or neutral countries, as instanced in the refusal of a passport to Mr. F. W. Jowett, MP., the other day to go to Berne for an Interna-Monal Socialist Conference. To break through these military lines calls for all our skill and pluck, but they are not impenetrable.

Let no man say "wait until the Allies get a bit back on Do it the enemy." As much as to say that the merits of war now. depend on its fortunes. It's right when you're losing -you're fighting for liberty: it's wrong when you're winning—it's then the other fellow's turn to fight for liberty. In other words: its wrong to win. And after all, if defeat is the supreme evil we are fighting to avoid, we must surely be unjustified in inflicting it on anyone else. Now therefore is the right time to rally. Every week lost means 250,000 more casualties. We have already tasted first blood. The press abuses us as International Socialists, which is just what we are (All we need fear now on that score is lest the enemy's spies or dupes creep in, protesting that they too are, and always were Internationalists, as they protest nowadays that they are all Socialists). We must go on until we achieve, not mere election victories, not even a patched up peace (though diplomats will never achieve anything better now) but a peace with honour, a permanent and universal victory for Labour, quod semper, quod ubique, quod omnibus. We have a world, no less, to win.

VIVE L'INTERNATIONALE!

## What caused the War?

Jean Jaures' Accusation.

Last week we referred to the anniversary of the death of Jean Jaures, on the eve of the declaration of war.

Charles Rappoport, a Socialist friend of his, who spent many hours in his company on that day, recalls the activities of those last fateful hours. They are loaded big with the iniquities of Europe's misgovernors. Listen! In the afternoon Jaures discussed the coming crisis with a number of political leaders and journalists. Jaures exclaimed to the company: "Are we going to be drawn into war only because Aerenthal (Austrian Foreign Minister) has not paid the bribe of forty million francs which he had promised to Isvolsky (Russian Foreign Minister) as a recognition for services rendered in connection with the Bosnia-Herzegovina affair? Are we going to shed the blood of the nations of Europe because Isvolsky sold his country, because in the end Aerenthal did not pay the blood money?"

Jaures declared that he would publish an article the following day under the title "J'accuse," in which he would reveal the causes of the war and fix responsibiltes for it as known to him through many secret sources.

His intention soon became known in reactionary circles, and Able-Ferry, Under Secretary of State, asked him later in the day "what will be the attitude of Socialists towards the war?" "We shall continue our campaign against it," unflinchingly answered Jaures. "You would not dare to do it," responded Abel-Ferry. "You would be hanged on the nearest lamp post."

A few hours later Jean Jaures was assassinated.

At that time, Isvolsky, to whom Jaures had referred,

was the Russian Ambassador in Paris.

Thus died the champion of the workers. And they whom he would have saved worship to-day at the feet of Isvolsky's masters.

When War-on-War meetings were broken up the "Mail" and "Sunday Times" were loud in exultation. When Andrews and Clark were howled down not a word of reproach. But as soon as Quinn and Geldenhuis are pestered with the same mob, the "Mail" suddenly discovers that most unpleasant and unfair tactics, poisonous gasses, etc., are being introduced into political warfare on the Rand.

When we learn to sing that Britons never shall be Masters we shall make an end of slavery.—George Bernard Shaw.

### Brittania Rules the Slaves.

Last monday the Evening Chronicle published with apparent gusto (and the naive approval of an unsuspecting censor) the following most significant cable.

# SLACKERS PROSECUTED Fined for Idleness by Munitions Court.

yesterday 73 munition workers were summoned to answer to a charge of idleness. It was pointed out by the prosecution that if all the hands employed in munition work lost as much time as the defendants it would mean a total loss of one and half million hours per annum, or reduced to weeks, a loss of 30,000 weeks each year.

The men were all found guilty, and fined various sums. ranging from 5/- to 50/- Some of the defendants protested against the punishments inflicted and said that the sooner the Germans came the better. None of the Trades Unions to which the men belonged were represented in the courts—

"Gott strafe the idle poor" is the sentiment seemingly applauded. Tis a new thing for white men, this force labour. With natives of course it is different. As that undignitary, the Bishop of Pretoria, (whose undergraduate slang is affected in the Chronicle headline) is so fond of saying, the Rand Mines are a great missionary institution for the blacks. But we thought that the Labour Party was up against the Pass Law too and in disagreement with his lordship.

Certes, the money that bought Labour control of our contemporary telks, but we are afraid it talks a debased dialect. Britons never shall be slaves, it seems to say. Well hardly ever. We must see it through, you know. We must kill Germans militarism by eclipsing it in Britain. We must destroy the Prussian whip with the English scorpion. We must vindicate our own rule even though we thereby drive our people to sigh for the enemy's. These slackers saw deeper into the essential solidarity of labour than did their Trade Union officials, so conspicuously absent from the trial. The class struggle was uppermost in the Liverpool Court that day.

They are playing up for an industrial revolution in Britian, and

then we may read something like this:

Liverpool 20th September 1916: Yesterday 73 dukes, millionaires, coal barons, bankers, munition bosses, &c., were summoned to answer a charge of idleness. It was pointed out by the prosecution that if all the money made by the defendants without doing a day's work for it were added together, it would pay the interest on the National Debt. The men were all found guilty of idleness and fined various sums ranging from one to ten millions. Some of the defendants protested against the punishment inflicted, and said the sooner socialism came the better.

## Muddle Headed Thinking.

To the Editor of "THE INTERNATIONAL."

Sir,

An article is copied into the "Rand Daily Mail" from the "Daily Telegraph," which purports to be written "By an Engineer," which is as good a specimen of muddle headed reasoning as one can come across and, shows with what little intelligence the big industries of the world are carried on.

This writer says that "when we have utterly crushed Germany, as assuredly will be the case, the world's engineering trade will be in but two hands those of ourselves and of America." But if we orush Germany are we not going to exact a tremendous indemnity? And if we do this how is Germany to pay, except in commodities? And if Germany has to pay in commodities will she not strain every nerve to get the payment finished and, as part of her industrial output is machinery and other ironmongery, will not her output of these flood the markets of the world? In that case where do "ourselves and America" come in?

It is sufficient to state the case to show how ridiculous this Engineer can be Let us hope he makes his engines better than be reasons about politics.

Yours, etc., ALCOFRIBAS.

### The International Socialist League (S.A.).

There was a very full attendance of members of the League at the General Meeting held in the Trades Hall last Wednesday, the 22nd inst., Comrade Crisp in the chair. At/the meeting held the previous week it had been decided to submit the question of withdrawing from the South African Labour Party to a plebiscite of the members. There was a full poll of members during the week. The plebiscite resulted in an overwhelming majority in favour of severing all connection with the S.A.L.P., and the announcement was received by the meeting with enthusiasm. W. H. Andrews then amid further acclamation resumed the chair, which he had vacated on his recent resignation from the party, and the work of organising under the new conditions was immediately proceeded with.

Commissioner Street and Vrededorp Branches were affiliated to the League.

S. P. Bunting, M.P.C., W. Light, M.P.C., A. B. Dunbar, and Robert Barnet were appointed four additional members to form, with the officers, the Management Committee of the League.

The officers are: W. H. Andrews, Chairman; A. F. Crisp, M.P.C., and J. A. Clark, M.P.C., Vice-Chairmen; G. Weinstock, Treasurer; D. Ivon Jones, Secretary.

The Press Committee's report was adopted. The Provisional Constitution was discussed and adopted, the name of the organisation to be "The International Socialist League." Its Provisional Constitution will prevail until a conference of the League can be called

The League then formally nominated its Parlamentary Candidtaes. W. H. Andrews for Georgetown, J. A. Clark, M.P.C., Langlaagte, and R. J. Hall, M.A., for Dundee. The question of contesting further constituencies was placed in the hands of the Management Committee, with recommendations.

The meeting then proceeded to work on the question of Election Finance, and most of the old hands who worked such wonders at the central organisation of the Provincial Council Elections were roped into harness.

In singing the "Red Flag" at the close, the members felt the responsibility of the great step that they had taken, and there was a resolve to spare no energy to make the new organisation worthy of the great principle for the sake of which we had so reluctantly and after so much anxious deliberation parted company with the older party. This parting of the ways was taken by most not without a pang at the severing of old associations. But it was generally felt that the ruthless manner in which the pro-war majority had scrapped old workers for the cause was only one symptom of the complete collapse of the party from its long cherished ideals, and of its now almost abject subserviency to the dictates of a capitalist press riding on the wave of a public stampede of its own creating.

The League can already count in its fold some of the most alert branches of the one-time Labour Party. Commissioner Street, Jeppe, Vrededorp, Georgetown, Valley Central, Belgravia, Mayfair, and Benoni. The last named branch is a tower of strength, as befits that classic spot. Durban and Capetown we trust will soon be organised into the League, in some form or other. And in the period after the elections the League looks forward to grappling with those great South African no less than International problems which in its fatty degeneration the SA.L.P. was getting afraid to face.

The International Socialist League of Benoni met on Monday. There was an attendance of about 26 members. The members have resigned from the local Branch of the Labour Party. At the close of an enthusiastic meeting the "Internationale" was sung.

The Georgetown Branch unanimously decided on Tuesday evening to secede from the Labour Party.

Comrade Andrews had a good hearing at the Elsburg Public Health Hall on Monday, the 20th. There was a mixed audience of Dutch and English people, who gave a very intelligent hearing. At the close several questions were put in Dutch, on the war, the coloured question, and miners phthisis.

## the Pledge in Trouble

More trouble brewing, and again the work of the capitalist press.

The Capetown Labour Candidates have been required to give an extra pledge to the Capetown District Committee to agitate for the extension of the franchive to all civilized men white or coloured throughout South Africa.

This has been done as a result of the voting down of the "White or Coloured" amendment to the resolution defining the Party Membership at the recent Special Conference of the Labour Party.

The Cape Times pounced on the vote, and made a great party score out of it. The result was a burried gathering of Cape Labourites, and the exaction of the extra pledge referred to.

There is no doubt that a radical re-investigation of the Coloured problem is necessary. The Labour Party's Coloured programme is fast being found antiquated. In the meantime, however, the action of the Cape Labourites amounts to the addition of a plank to the Fighting Platform, which is, both in substance and in the manner of its adoption, directly contrary to the Party Constitution

In the Transvaal a policy not pretending to be an addition to the Fighting Platform was imposed upon the pledge, and the party riven in consequence. The Capitalist Press stood guard an saw that the pledge was exacted.

It will be interesting to watch whether the Constitution will be kept this time; or, seeing that votes depend on the other course, whether it will be waived.

The majority must rule if the "Star" is on that side. The Constitution won't count for much if the "Cape Times" decrees otherwise. By the way, while on the question of pledges, it is interesting to recall that Mr. Creswell wrote across his pre-Conference pledge. "Subject to the policy on the war to be adopted by the Special Conference being one that I can conscientiously sign."

That means that Mr. Creswell would have his policy or clear out. It seems to have come as a surplies to the "majority," with its flourish of "Divine Right" that other people also had consciences.

The nominations of Messrs. J. A. Clark, M.P.C., C. Clingman, and W. Light, M.P.C., members of the International League, for the forthcoming Municipal Election, were turned down by the Johannesburg District Committee of the S.A.L.P. on Sunday last.

Messrs. J. M. Nield and J. Connolly, the well-known Socalist Railwaymen, have joined the National Party. The news provokes a smile when one remembers their previously pronounced aversion to political action. How many Socialists there are who patronised us condescendingly in the piping times of peace, but have failed to breast the storm.

When Messrs. Nield and Connolly, and perhaps Poutsma, get "fed up" with the Nationalists, as they assuredly will if they recover their Socialism, let them not come out again without a decent following of Africanders. Perhaps, after all, the only way to Socialise the Africander people is by the growth of a native Africander Socialist Party.

In addition to the usual War-on-War meeting on the Market Square last Sunday afternoon, a big meeting was held in fibrat of the Town Hall in the evening. There was a large audience, who listened attentively to really brilliant addresses from John Campbell and R. J. Hall, M.A. At question time, however, the drunks (about the only champions of gro-war principles who have the Dutch courage of of their convictions), caused trouble, and imported some of their convictions), caused trouble, and imported some of their boldness to the hecklers and a few agg throwers. Good programme was effected, however, and the sale of "The International" and other literature was quite brisk.

The Commissioner Street Branch ("Premier and Senior Branch I at the Labour Party decided on Tuesday night to

## Loyalty.

By ROBERT BARNET.

"The foremost question of the day in South Africa seems to be the question of the candidates' loyalty."

So reads a sentence from a preliminary manifesto issued

by a patriotic Labour Party candidate.

Now, there are two brands of loyalty; the brand that our political aspirant considers the foremost question of the day signifies "attachment au gouvernement, au souverain, au

patrie," in short patriotism.

Robert Blachford and Horatio Bottomley in the same boat, A. M. Thompson singing paeans of praise to Sir Edward Grey, Ben Tillett and Lord Devonport hand in hand, the dipping of the Red Flag to the flag of nations, the surrendering of all Trades Union rights at the bidding of the profiteers,—that is loyalty (of a kind), that is patriotism (socalled). And its results? Listen to what Carlyle says: "There dwells and toils in the British village of Dumdrudge usually some 500 souls. From these . . are selected, say, thirty able-bodied men. Dumdridge has suck ed and raised them. She has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood; and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending, till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word fire is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers, nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce some mutual helpfulness between them. How then, simpleton! Their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot . . . as of old, what devilry soever kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper! That, my friends, is loyalty—"attachment au souverain."

But there is loyalty of another sort! It is contained in the manifesto of the German Social Democrats, and in the reciprocal manifesto of the British Socialists. It can be read in "The Labour Party's duty in the War." It can be seen in the hands of those who in South Africa are graspi the International Standard of Freedom and who will lower it to no Flag of Capitalism.

It breathes in every line of the resolution passed at the International Congress at Copenhagen and Berne:—"In case war should break out, they (the working classes and their Parliamentary representatives) shall be bound to intervene for its being brought to a speedy end, and employ all their forces for utilising the economical and political crisis created by the war, in order to rouse the masses of the people, and to hasten the breakdown of the predominance of the Capitalist class." There you have the two brands; the one is loyalty to King and Masters; the other is loyalty to Class and Comrades.

A modern gentleman is necessarily the enemy of his country. Even in war he does not fight to defend it, but to prevent his power of preying on it from passing to a foreigner. Such combatants are patriots in the same sense as two dogs fighting for a bone are lovers of animals.—Bernard Shaw.

Frinted by the Electric Printing Works 31, Sauer Street Johannesburg, for the International Socialist League (S.A.) 6 Trades Hall, Box 4179, Johannesburg