THE INTERNATIONAL.

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

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Patriots: A Country's Worst Enemies.

It is becoming clearer and clearer every day who are the best friends of a country: the fire-eaters who talk of annihilating the German people, or the Socialists who demand a policy based on the principle that all humanity is one, and this, therefore, a "civil" war.

The good work of the anti-war Socialists in Germany is made almost impossible by the orgies of hate and savage venom plastered on the pages of British journalism. The German Junkers are furnished with a complete answer to the Social Democrats by pointing to the mad warmongers in England who demand the extinction of German trade and the German people.

In an article in the Scottish "Forward" entitled "What keeps the German people to the Kaizer's chariot," the complete answer is given. They are the Asquiths, Masterman's, Runciman's and Kiplins of England. The following quotation is given:—

"Vorwarts," (Social Democratic).

"We insist that none must despair of finding that 'middle way' which Lord Courtney appealed for. We desire to bring home to our opponents that they can have no interest in smashing Germany, either politically or economically. But we shall render an even greater service to peace if we can show our comrades in enemy countries how energetically we are ourselves opposed to all who call for a war of annihilation, and to all adherents of a policy of annexations."

Who is it then that strengthens the hands of peace influences in the "enemy" country? Is it not the like peace agitation in our own country?

That would not be denied by the maddest patriot were peace, honour and liberty the object of the war, and not Germany's trade. For that reason Liebknecht's agitation is as distasteful to our Junkers as ours is. The "Star" says that the I.S.L. is helping the enemy. We prefer the *"Vorwarts"* opinion. We can with confidence on this May Day of Labour pursue our propaganda and agitation knowing that the more we do so the more do we awaken response and strengthen the hands, not of the German Junkers, but of the humane influences for peace in that "enemy" country. What is best for humanity must be best for our own people also.

Class War at the Cape.

The "Star" came out yesterday with hysterical scare-heads reminiscent of the turbulent strikes on the Rand. The Tramwaymen at Capetown having struck work on an issue not yet made clear on the reports, all the patriots of Capetown have turned out to scab on them. The Bakers threaten to strike in sympathy if the strike is not settled by Sunday, and the Cape Federation have further steps to aid the Tramwaymen under consideration. Well known business men and women are volunteering to run the cars. "Surely", says the Cape Times "the public might reasonably expect that with victory still to be won in German East and in Europe" etc. etc., Under the cloak of patriotism the workers are to buckle under to every indignity. Snarls of "Syndicalism," and "the discredited methods of the Johannesburg Federation of 1913," emerge from the capitalist comrade in arms as soon as a tramwaymen airs a grievance. Win or lose, the workingmen at the Cape are to be congratulated on their spirit, and will learn how thin is the veneer of brotherhood which his employers affect in their appeals to him to go and fight their battles.

May Day Greetings.

ON this May Day of Labour we South African Internationals send greetings to all faithful proletarians the world wide o'er. Torn and bleeding are the workingclass and their long cherished hopes today, marched in armed millions to enslave and be enslaved, marshalled by their masters to murder their brothers in toil; renouncing the liberties for which they laboured; denouncing the defenders of their truth; lying in wait to mutually destroy in myriads; on slopes of death their life-blood ebbing, ebbing(from hecatombs of broken hearts in the quarrels of capitalized savagery;—whole peoples on this May Day are blighted by the green eyes of the hounds af war.

Even so, with joy we see that in no land, however bound in the chains of militarism, is the clarion voice of International Socialism not heard today calling the workers to their true mission of emancipating the world from that capitalism which finds its most fitting and hideous expression in the present insane conflict.

We greet Karl Liebknecht and all the devoted, courageous fighters whose humane message arises, higher and higher, above the hooliganism of war, and who for the fruition of man's hopes are fashioning a world-wide power destined to challenge and finally conquer the crime of capitalism. To all International Comrades, Greeting!

Dr. Liebknecht's Stand.

"Dr. Karl Liebknecht," says the *Labour Leader* "is maintaining his stand against the war with magnificent courage. In the Prussian Diet, in a debate on the Education Budget, Dr. Liebknecht declared that German education served to strengthen Militarism and Capitalism. History was distorted to arouse hatred against England, and children were educated to be war machines. U boat war and poisoned bombs were the ideals of the schools. Not only should horror of the Sarajevo murder be taught, but the fact that wide circles in Germany and Austria regarded this murder as a god-send should also be taught. At these words there was a great uproar, over which Dr. Liebknecht shouted: "It is true: it is full of truth." The majority of the members left the House, and by vote the Diet refused to hear Dr. Liebknecht further."

With equal truth can the whole of Liebknecht's charges be levelled at the militarist spirit in this country. Germany's desire to celebrate the Shakespeare Tercentenary, for instance, is distorted into a claim that Shakespeare was a "Hun." Jingoism turns a world-wide celebration into a parochial wrangle. No less true is it in this country that the education of the children, as has been persistently pointed out by Comrade Bunting, is being turned into the training stable of Jingoism.

The ramification of capitalist interest into every sphere of public education and enlightenment for the buttressing of its power is putrifying the life of the people. The moral seeds sown in this conflict are potential of worse calamities. But the growing strength of International Socialism among the workers is the hope of humanity. The fact that the workingclass movement is producing men of the moral and intellectual supremacy of Liebknecht and many others is a sign of the doom of Capitalist Society.

The Rift in American Socialism.

The political movement in America is divided into the revolutionary Socialist Labour Party and the reformist Socialist Party. As far as "aspirations" go the S. P. is as Socialist as the S. L. P. on paper. The cleavage occurs in present methods, based of course on an all-important difference of outlook.

The crisis in the relations between America and Germany, coupled with the agitation for "national preparedness" carried on by capitalist imperialism, promises to unbridle an earthquake on the American Socialist Movement.

Creswell foundered the Labour Party here by attempting to inoculate the revolutionary spirit with the capitalist maxim that a Socialist Labour Party "must demean itself as if it were to take on the reins of Government to-morrow." That attitude, so prevalent among the American Socialists, is going to repeat our history in that country also.

Meyer London, the only Socialist Member in Congress, recently delivered a good speech against the "national preparedness" intrigue of the armament capitalists. In Congress a member is allowed 45 minutes, part of which he may use to answer questions. It was on the questions after the speech that the capitalists elicited from him the following sorrowful contradictions of his socialist speech:

Mr. James: I can hardly believe it is true; but I read in one of the New York papers the other day that the American Socialists were adopting and signing this pledge. I should like to ask the gentleman as a Socialist if he thinks it is so? It is headed "A league of treason." This is the pledge:

> I, being over 18 years of age, hereby pledge myself against enlistment as a volunteer for any military or naval service in international war, offensive or defensive, and against my approval to such enlistment on the part of others.

I would like to ask the gentleman from New York, as the representative of the Socialist Party, if he thinks any Socialist would sign such a pledge?

Mr. London: I am glad the gentleman has brought that up. The Socialist movement everywhere recognizes the right of a nation to defend itself. I would not sign a pledge which would prevent me from sacrificing my life for the American people whenever the American people were in danger. Applause.

Mr. Kelley:—Of course the gentleman has stated that he is opposed to increasing the Army and Navy. I am wondering if he thinks the country would be better off if we had no Army and no Navy?

Mr. London:—I do know that the less this country relies upon its Army and Navy, and the more it relies upon the genius of the American people, the better off will this country be.

Mr. Kelley:—And the gentleman thinks that we ought not to have any Navy or Army?

Mr. London:—I have not said that.

Mr. Kelley: That is what I would like to have the gentleman say one way or the other.

Mr. London: I have not said so. I have not said so.

Mr. London: If it were necessary for the United States to maintain an Army and Navy——

Mr. Hamilton of Michigan: But the gentleman says that he is in favor of that.

Mr. London: If it were necessary, I would advocate an Army which would enable every man in the United States to know the art of arms, I would like, for the sake of the working people, if a large Army should be necessary, to see every workingman know how to use a gun, and not be the victim of the militia. But we have not come to that pass. No one threatens you. You are the victims of a nightmare of your own imagination. Laughter.

Meyer London is a respected "Socialist" just as Creswell was. It would avail little to reproduce these remarks of his if they did not be a lesson. If we renounce all responsibility for wars of defence, what is our alternative? If we can calmly contemplate the ship of state in extremis what other ship have we? If the working-class Samson is not to be buried in the debris of the capitalist temple, what other refuge has he. If Socialism constitutes a "League of treason" where does its loyalty belong?

It is just here that the great shock has come to the Socialist Parties of the world, whether in the final crisis to submit to capitalism's greatest crime, or fall back on the growing power of the industrially organised working-class as the sole authority which can command our allegiance, and the sole power that can save society when the capitalist State fails.

Though the crisis may play havoc with organisation for a while, the future is brightening for American Socialism also. State Labourism of the kind displayed by Meyer London will give way to the jubilant Socialism of the working-class International.

A May Day Hymn.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn,
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
That dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take and Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good,
Than all who fell, than One who rose
Than many unsubdued.
Not gold, not blood, their alter dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! Must hate and death return?
Cease! Must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to the dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past.
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

SHELLEY.

A May Day Episode.

The South African delegates were journeying to the scene of the Congress of the working-class International on May Day 1930. They were going to meet the men reared in the sturdier Socialism that emerged from the Great Crime of 1914.

Apart from the actual delegates' Congressional, tens of thousands of working men had sojourned thence from all parts of Europe, and were gathered in a vast natural amphitheatre, serried in lofty rows, interspersed by newly foliaged willows and sycamores and ash, and flowering hawthorne from which the dewy wind spread incense all around.

No such gathering had then been heard of in the history of man. In all lands the proletariat had been driven by agressive capitalism to unite in a solidarity undreamt of aforetime. And capitalism, having exhausted its armoury, was at last face to face with their mighty and beneficent power.

The floor of the amphitheatre was reserved for the congress-delegates, in itself a vast congregation. By way of inauguration, the concourse arose at a signal from a beam of electric light playing on a copse of dark green pines, which served as the conductor's baton. And then there uprose, echoing among the far up slopes, where children played, the strains of a mighty choral: the first of those wonders of the creative imagination which have since gloried the triumph of Labour.

And then, with the aid of a resonator (the use of powerful undulations of low-octaved sound for carrying the human voice afar being then newly discovered), the roll of delegates of the workers of the world were announced amidst great enthusiasm.

And here cometh the painful episode which I would relate. As the South African delegates came forward in response to the call, Karl Liebknecht, observing their faces, stepped in front of a resonator and demanded to know which section of the workers of Africa they represented.

"We represent the organised white workers of Africa," came the reply.

"And where are the delegates of the Abantu workers of your continent?"

"They are vast in number, and undersell our labour. Besides, we could not think of allowing them to marry our daughters."

Then Liebknecht replied: "This is a gathering of the world's proletariat. You represent their slave-drivers and compound managers. Our assurance to humanity that our triumph must bring universal beneficence is guaranteed by the lowliest class that toils for bread. Go, learn to call naught unclean that laboureth."

And the South Africans felt themselves a taint upon the freedom of that fair valley. And they left, exceeding sorrowful.

M. H. F.

The Founder of the International.

"No celebration of May Day would be quite complete without some reference to the founder of the Working-class International. Our paper is sometimes suspect of 'blind adulation of Karl Marx.' Admitted that it does endeavour to place Socialist aspirations on the terra firma of economic science, so that they may not be blown hither and thither like intangible gossamer. Our little paper is somewhat further emboldened on this point by a letter which Walton Newbold writes to the "Labour Leader" appealing to the Independent Labour Party to grapple with the economic issues ahead, and to dally less with men of the Manchester School such as Trevelyan, Morel and Outhwaite, who are given such prominence in the I. L. P. organ just now. "It is nothing short of tragic" says Newbold "that our Press and our young men are entirely absorbed in other things . . . . Nothing has been more regrettable than the absolute dependence of our Movement on Non-Socialists for the formulation of our peace and foreign policies."

It is a practice in English Labour papers to ignore the name and message of Marx: or, when mentioned, to brush aside as "obsolete generalisations."

But the men who have fired the workers of the Clyde do not care a hang whether Marx was an Englishman or not. Inspired by the union of the supremely practical with the supremely ideal which will be Marx's great achievement in history, they have accomplished on the Clyde what bucketfuls of Manchester aspirations have failed to do.

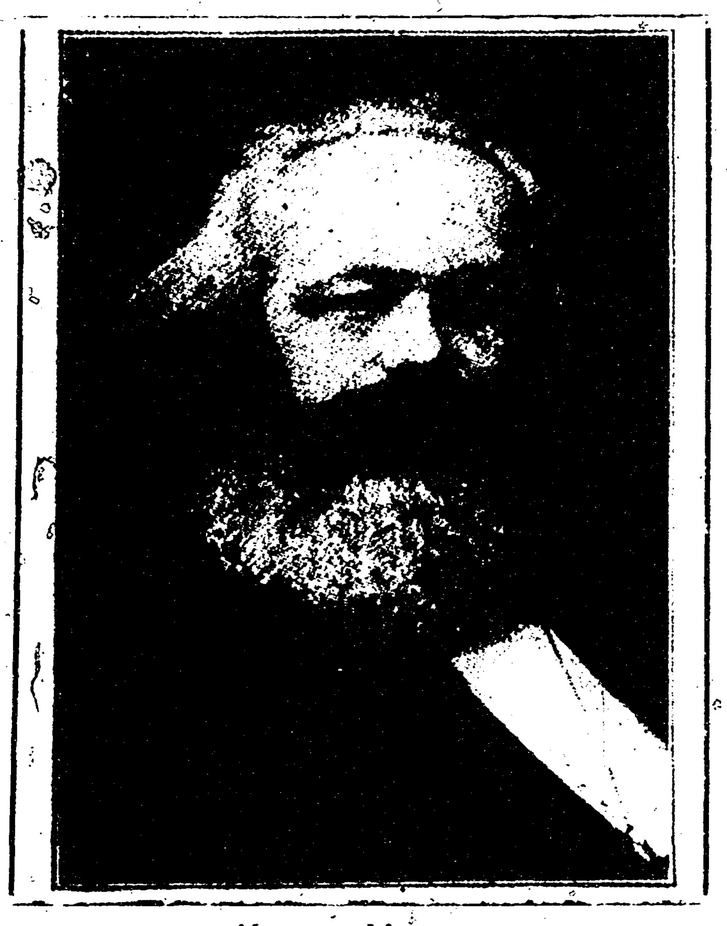
Marx sleeps among the poor in Highgate Cemetery, London. But his journey there was a stony one. Hounded by the Police from Germany to France, expelled from Paris to Belgium, and again from Belgium to London at their request, he finally settled in London, where through years of poverty he devoted thought and action to laying the philosophic and material foundations of the modern Socialist Labour movement.

It was not his station in life but the universal sweep of his intellect, which compelled him to be the economist and philosopher of the working-class. Had he less power, a little less sympathy, a little less courage, had his intellect been less Titanic, he might easily have renounced what seemed a lost cause in 1849, renounced the long vista of poverty before him, and still become famous and opulent in a more compromising position.

He brought Socialism from Utopia to Science. Sanity is the mark of his ideas. He checked Mazzini's national idealism in the Working-class International. And with equal vigour caused the expulsion of Bakunin, the Anarchist Chief, from its counsels. With equal devotion he attended to the details of the budding movement as to those writings, great and small, which, whether acknowledged or not, have since guided its path. His fireless pen was ever busy to castigate the enemies of the workers. Thiers, the murderer of the Paris proletariat, goes down to history immortal in two pages of Marx's biting satire.

The insularity of the British accounts for their avoidance of Marx. Had he been a John Smith the British Socialist movement would not be in its present backward state, compared with the continental parties, which are enthusiastically Marxian.

The proletarian revolution involves such a tremendous overturn not only of the old Society but of the vast superstructure of ideas which rests on it that a philosophy of the Socialist movement must needs be oceanic in its breadth. Marx's thoughts deepen from the simplest to the profoundest concepts of human knowledge. To enthuse over them does not necessarily claim a complete



KARL MARX.

grasp: no more than to prefer paddling in the sea to wallowing in puddle is a claim to having plumbed the Indian Ocean.

His style is itself revolutionary. He broke away from the meandering phraseology of his predecessors. His sentences are like homeward wending wains, creaking with weight of meaning.

Marx's work was not to provide texts which men must repeat. He more than any deprecated systems, toeing the line, and diagrams. His work was to propound two or three laws in sociology, such as Darwin and Newton discovered in other domains, which he placed like mighty instruments in the hands of the militant proletariat of all lands.

While large tracts of the Socialist movement are still verbally damning him and his work with faint praise, his discoveries are invincibly making way in the lecture rooms of the world's universities, in spite of bitterest opposition.

Nothing will ever exceed the grandeur and the simplicity of his call to the workers: "Proletarians of all lands unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains: you have a world to win." And to Marx the new Socialist movement must humbly and inevitably return by the compelling force of events. "He represents the manhood of the Socialist idea."

Triumph of 'The Manifesto.'

The manifesto against Economic Conscription issued by the Management Committee of the League has made a great impression. It has expressed the smouldering discontent with the highhanded methods of the Recruiting Committee. That committee, with its fiats and official insignia of "on his Majesty's Service." Defence Department envelopes and exemption Badges bid fair to achieve full dictatorship over the people of the Rand, and to acquire by insinuation, suggestion and stealth what the Goverment dared not legally enact an effective process of conscription for the wage-earners which left the rural areas and the employing-class wholly exempt.

Nothing quite so cynical, so ambitious in its swindlery, so hypocritical in its appeal to sentiment as a cloak over its appeal to the screw of hunger as the proceedings of this self-elected committee of employers, employers' toadies and Labour jackals, has yet been attempted on the workers of the Rand.

Having "doped" the official Labour leaders the recruiters were about to hack their way through the common decencies of human society. But they forgot those who stand in the shadow, keeping watch over the cause of Labour. They were knocked silly from two directions. Mr. Van Niekerk's question in Parliament compelled Botha to repudiate the official assumptions of the Committee just while the League manifesto was being distributed by our members. House to house distributions were made in Johannesburg and Benoni, Durban and Germiston did not escape. And "The International" carried it to individual members all over the country.

At the Federation Labour Day meeting on Good Friday the audience was drenched with it and other League literature. The Federation loyalists had to repudiate "The International" from their platform. As a result the indifferent response of the crowd was in marked contrast to the reception given to Comrade Campbell when he took the platform at the close. There was a record sale of "The International." Three out of every four of the audience must have bought one.

"The Star" could not contain itself. It lost all discretion. Its vituperation of the League burst through all resolves to boycott us.

"Instead of trying to knee-halter the Recruiting Committee the Government would be well advised to place some restriction on the mischievous activities of the members of the International Socialist League of South Africa, who are doing everything to nullify the efforts of the Recruiting Committees and prevent men from enlisting." Poor "Star," it could not even refrain from reproducing one of the most hefty paragraphs in the manifesto!

And now Botha has deprecated the issue

of Exemption Badges. It must be percolating through even his bucolic skull how absolutely false and pernicious is this so-called "Imperial necessity" which, on the pretence of defending widow's horses, rives the people of South Africa into two glowering, resentful racial camps.

In addition to the proud satisfaction of having delivered a blow for the workers at the right time, the League has learnt the value of the small leaflet. The capitalist has boycotted us from press and from platforms. But we thank him for the discovery of a powerful disseminator of Socialism: A message in leaflet form dropped like a fall of snow overnight. There is no propaganda so swift and yet so abiding. We would urge the League everywhere to regard this as its great standback. Let the more "respectable" members be persuaded to unbend to its service, so that our districts may be organised for any emergency as well as for the systematic dissemination of the glad tidings of Socialism.

The Screw at Work.

A comrade sends us a copy of a reply he sent to the Recruiting Committee. Since then (in spite of Botha's assurance, (when have political assurances ever been of any use?) he has been dismissed from his employment in the Victoria Falls Power Company. He states that all the single men he knows in that employ have been forced to leave or enlist. A motor mechanic, on being approached, expressed his views rather forcibly to the Poo Bah of the concern, and was instantly dismissed.

The reply is a good one, and worth reproducing:

A. A. Noble, Esqrs.,
Town Hall, Johannesburg.

Sir,

I am in receipt of your Printed Circular "A" and in reply beg to state that I do not recognise your authority to ask me my reasons for not joining in the legalised murdering of my fellow-man of any nation.

An officially appointed body *may* have the right to do so but a self appointed body, some of whose members are hiding behind their own appointments to refrain from joining, have no earthly right whatsoever to question me.

I must inform you that any further communications under this heading will be ignored by

Yours faithfully,

(No names no pack drill. ED.)

International May Day was created by a resolution adopted, upon the initiative of the American Socialists, at the International Socialist Congress held in Paris, in July 1889.

The resolution had for its prime object to get the workingmen of all countries, races, climes and nationalities, speaking all the innumerable languages of the earth, to celebrate on the same fixed day their own holiday, and thus graphically to demonstrate to the world that, in spite of all differences of language, nationality, etc., they are all members of the same class, the proletariat,—the propertyless wage-earning class—that their interests are the same and, like members of the same family, they stand for the Workers' Brotherhood, International Solidarity and Universal Peace.

BORIS REINSTEIN.

Send us name and address of any friend who should read "The International" to Box 4179, Joh'burg.

The Socialist Sunday School

The Johannesburg Central Sunday School for Young Socialists had its origin last May Day; so that a word of congratulation comes natural today. During the year much progress has been made. The school meets in Comrade Neppe's spacious workshop, among the novelties and coils of electrical mechanisms. An increasing number of grown-up Socialists are being recruited for the good work of teaching, and Sunday morning at the corner of Fox and MacLaren Streets is getting to be quite a Mecca of Internationals. Comrade Clark is the superintendent. And a piano is now installed which contributes greatly to the musical edification of the young folk.

The importance of the S.S.S. cannot be over estimated, especially while the Day Schools are being increasingly exploited for the inculcation of the jingo bias in the minds of the coming generation. Who knows but that the Socialist School is the embryo of the Labour College of the future, free from the mandarins of orthodox education.

The Day School, moreover, is blatantly a machine for creating profitable wage slaves. The fate of all its scholars, unless favoured with means, is the click-click atmosphere of the commercial high school, where the finishing touch is put upon the jelly-mould "education" of youths and girls, and they are given the final polish for the £3 a month drudge in the department stores.

The Socialist Sunday School is an attempt to imbue the minds of children with ideas of true nobility and greatness; to correct the suggestion of the Day school that "success" and "toadyism" are one. To teach, in fact, from the lives of great founders of Socialism that success is not an affair of pocket but of mind.

By rule and rote, and the cramming of mere items of information,—these are the petrifying methods of the day school. The habit of liberal thought, wide sympathy, and a true understanding of nature, these are the methods of the Socialist School. All comrades should send their lassies and laddies to this Commune of the Young.

BRANCH NOTES.

Benoni.

Comrade Andrews, Wade and Barendregt will address an open air meeting on the Benoni Market Square to-morrow, Saturday evening.

Comrade Clark will be out on Sunday to open our first Socialist Sunday School in Benoni. Thus the good work spreads apace.

Johannesburg.

Comrade Alper's lecture on "The Real Russia," on Thursday in last week attracted a number of friends of Russian freedom, who followed the lecture, which gave detailed information on the status of the various sections of the Russian people. There was some animated discussion at the close.

Comrade Dunbar delivered the lecture on Sunday night in the Trades Hall on "Some Popular Fallacies." The more interesting part of his address however was not so much his good humoured tilts at the unpopular alleged fallacies of the S. L. P. as in his remarks on the function of industrial organisation as the key of working-class emancipation: which provided material for an interesting discussion.

Comrade Pettersen has been up from Durban, and his visit as usual leaves a whiff of the sea in the wake of his roystering good cheer.

Last night John Campbell lectured on "The Marxian Theory of History." A most interesting subject for Socialists, which will be reported next week.

MAY DAY. All comrades are invited to assemble at 9 o'clock in the Trades Hall on May Day morning to lay the commemorative wreath on the graves of the July martyrs: proceed direct to Brixton Cemetery, where a little ceremony composed of addresses and the singing of the Red Flag will take place.

As for the Re-union in the evening, all that is necessary now is to Roll Up and make it jolly!

BRANCH DIRECTORY.

Benoni: T. Chapman, P.O. Box 379. Meetings, Smith's Studio, Lake Avenue every Monday evening. Branch meetings every first and third Tuesdays in the month.

Durban. W.S. Mabbott, 353, Point Rd. Meetings at Acutt's Buildings every Thursday and lectures every Sunday night.

Eastern Districts. Secretary, C.B. Tyler, 81 Jules Street, Jeppestown.

Germiston. E.H. Becker, 54, Queen St. Meetings in Colin Wade's surgery.

Johannesburg. Mrs. C. Barnet P.O. Box 4179. Meetings, Trades Hall. Every Thursday.

Head Office. D. Ivon Jones, Secretary, 6, Trades Hall. P.O. Box 4179.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

General Dealers Business registered Johannesburg Revenue offices, January, 1916, name, Morris Friedman, Cor Garland & Kimberley Roads, Ophirton, has been abandoned as from March 31st, 1916.

C & L. Clingman, Party's Agents, 25, Mercantile Buildings, Commissioner & Simmonds Streets, Johannesburg. 14.21.28.

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