

## The International.

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

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper

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

out rotten. 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.

into the core, so that when the fruit should have been ripe it turned

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, pacinse. cifist 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 quarrel 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 Congress; 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.