

# Voorwaarts.

BY S. P. BUNTING.

The "International" is luckily still a far cry from that "uncertain age" when it may be reduced to living on the past, however creditable that has been so far. Our "great age" is all before us: the achievements of our first year are hardly more than negative. The coming year and the next, and the year after that, are not going to bring us to the promised land: for some of us indeed there is no promised land in our time. "Wars, dreadful wars," tribulation and persecution are ahead of us. Among veterans and new recruits alike, some may fall out of the ranks, saying, sometimes almost unanswerably, "The time has come to look after No. 1." A few will fall out among themselves, wasting good fighting qualities and time on heresy hunting instead of on the class struggle. Impatience for the "returning wave of popularity" will tempt others to leave their front trenches and go back to meet it — as if a couple of eggs or convictions had been crucifixion enough to earn resurrection with—cramming election manifestoes once more with toothsome promises in the old style; how grateful and comforting after all to ride again on the crest of the false issues created for us from time to time by the enemy! Effective reorganisation of the wage-earners will sag to the breaking of hearts of the grafters for Industrial Union, the too patient croakers meanwhile hardly concealing a malicious "I told you so." Some middle class supporters will be painfully slow to forsake the middle class outlook. Utterly discouraging checks must be looked for in educating whites and natives in this country (and elsewhere too) concerning the essential (call it "ultimate" if you will) identity of their economic position in the class struggle. Splits, apostasies, cunning flatteries of whites, or of privileged sections of them, inspired by the master class, will be weathered seemingly only by a miracle. Never mind. Discount it all. A Kitchener view must be taken of the scope and duration of our stupendous Armageddon; coupled with the determination to see it through to the last man, last shilling, last drop of blood: indeed far more is demanded of our militants than of all the fighting men of the "civilised" world of today. So, comrades and Internationals, let us take an ambitious view of our movement's future, think of the huge, and amazingly recent, advances in capitalist military equipment, and keep our brains and energies for ever busy capping them. Nothing like cheek. "We have been nought, we must be all." The wave we shall welcome is the wave, strong and deep, of indignation at the awful pass the System has brought us all to; the "wrath to come," the revolutionary rage, "right is the main" that must, if we see to it, succeed to the present acquiescence vain." As the methods of

production change before our eyes, look out, as good Marxians, for the corresponding change in social outlook. Yet remember that it is we Socialists, and no other soul in the world, on whose shoulders the duty is laid of urging and guiding that change for mankind's good. No more truces then, nor hobnobbing, nor "sneaking sympathies."

"Fear Death? To feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place.....  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like  
my peers.  
The heroes of old....."

## The Leaflet in Demand.

As a result of the police prosecution several requests have been received from various parts of the country for copies of our leaflet "Let Saints on Earth in Concert sing," but the police have taken the remainder.

Meanwhile our Capetown Comrades of the Social Democratic Federation have passed a resolution appreciating the leaflet, and expressing indignation at the attempt to suppress the dissemination of rational ideas. The S.D.F., as is well known, has not officially declared on the war issue, but the adoption of this resolution, giving endorsement to the views expressed in our leaflet, has created controversy, and some of the pro-war members are talking of resignation. However, the resolution has been passed at two successive meetings.

At East London too our voice has been heard. The silently working comrades there have given the leaflet a good show. The *East London Dispatch* of the 19th inst. comes out with the following:—

The other day we published a telegram from Johannesburg stating that three members of the local Socialist party had been arrested under the Public Welfare Act and remanded on bail in connection with the publication of a leaflet, "Let Saints on Earth in Concert Sing," reprinted from "The International," organ of the S.A. branch of the International Socialist League. It may be of interest to the local police to know that the leaflet in question was yesterday being distributed on the trams in East London. It is of the blatant scurrilous type so characteristic of the effusions of the International Socialists, and after reading it we are not surprised that the authorities on the Rand should have taken action.

Always and everywhere men have been lulled by fine words; never and nowhere have they obtained the thing with the word. From time immemorial it has been repeated, with hypocrisy, that *men are equal*; and from time immemorial the most degrading and the most monstrous inequality ceaselessly weighs on the human race. . . Equality has never been anything but a beautiful and sterile fiction of the law.

Sylvain Marechal,

quoted in Salford Bar's "Last Episode of the French Revolution."