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International Labor Day

THE whole world over, the class conscious working people will celebrate the First of May. There will be parades, speeches, songs, and general rejoicing.

In many lands, the appearance of our brothers and sisters on the streets will be the signal for onslaught by the armed thugs who obey the dictates of our masters, and shoot or club down their own fellow workers. There can be no doubt that some of our comrades will see their last May Day. It is a customary occurrence in those countries where the master class feel themselves sitting on the volcano's edge. But it is an inspiring thing to reflect for a few moments on the significance of this world-wide celebration.

Can you grasp the fact that the most intelligent members of our class, people whom we never saw, never will see, people whom we couldn't speak to if we did meet them, men and women of all races, colors and tongues, representing every land where capital has found a foothold, yet each and every one breathing the living spirit of revolt, singing one song, the Internationale, are this day marching under one banner, and that the one our Russian comrades so proudly carry at the head of the column, the Red Standard of Social Revolution, Symbolic of the common blood. No matter what other differences we may have in our surface appearance, the blood of every slave is Red. That is our symbol.

It has dripped the world over to keep their respective master classes safe. It stains every dollar in their possession. But now, it is dawning on greater numbers than ever before that if blood of necessity be shed, then the place to shed it is in the ranks of Class Conscious Labor, fighting to take their own again.

It is a most happy omen of the future, when we see the highest social instinct gaining ground. What can be more distinctive of growing reasoning power on the part of our class than the growth of this sentiment that places the International above nation, tribe, clan, kindred, and family?

It indicates a breadth of outlook that will never be found amongst the followers of nationalism.

It is a distinguishing feature of man to be gregarious.

The earliest form of mutual aid, the first group ever formed for better defense, was the pioneer of the International. No matter that group has slaughtered group, in the bitter struggle for survival; no matter that uncounted millions have laid down their lives in tribal, and nationalistic quarrels, and are still doing so, the inevitable trend of events has always been toward larger group formations.

These groups having adapted themselves most successfully to the course of the struggle, first with Nature, then in the economic battle for markets, to dispose of the surplus wealth that slaves produce for their masters, have survived. These economic struggles are not peaceful by any means. They reflect themselves on the political field, and as war is a continuation of politics, bloody fights took place to determine who shall be top dog.

But it is dawning on the minds of the workers who furnish the combatants, that not markets alone furnish the motives for their mutual slaughter. Fifty years ago, Marx well stated that Nationalist war was a most convenient method of heading off any threatening slave revolt. So it is, that the workers are beginning to realize that their interests are mutual, no matter what imaginary lines are drawn by alleged statesmen between peo-

ples.

Not a League of Nations will solve this problem, because the nations still retain class divisions, and will always do so, until the struggle continually taking place over the division of Labor's product, is settled by Labor boldly striking out for all political power, and bringing administration into line with the facts of wealth production.

So it is that the most intelligent workers in all countries who know they have nothing to lose but their chains meet together symbolically at least, on Labor's Day and proclaim their common interests, in the face of bourgeois rage and hatred. We have more heart for the struggle now than ever before. Any one of us, momentarily discouraged, has but to look back a few years when all seemed dark, and now, turn his or her eyes to the East. Red Russia and her achievements inspire all of us, in all lands, wherever we may happen to meet on this great day.

And the thought comes right here, that our Russian comrades will be celebrating by doing much needed Extra Work, and not by playing. It is very necessary that they do this. Hunger and desolation is an ever present enemy to them, and while our fellow slaves are so apathetic and indifferent to their fate, it means a most terrible and heart-breaking struggle in Russia, to organize and bring their productive powers up to the nation's need.

So, is it not needful that we too should take thought on this matter, and determine to redouble our efforts to rouse our fellow victims to the need for action in their own interests. Every recruit we make is a support taken away from the ruthless blockaders of our comrades, and the time will come when the scales will tip, and in our respective countries we shall follow the example of our brothers, abolish class distinctions and proclaim that: "He who does not work, shall not eat."

A most terrifying prospect to our masters, but a healthy one.

And further, without a doubt, new wars are brewing. Plans are being laid; and millions of us are doomed to perish like rats by poison gas and liquid fire, for the greater honor and glory of plutocracy. To at least try an avert this by increasing and solidifying our forces, is our bounden duty.

It is not enough to sit around and sing the praises of the Bolsheviks. Lenin correctly said he would prefer the praisers studied their tactics more and profited thereby.

It is easy to enthuse and rhapsodize over an event, or some particular day, to develop a mild form of hysteria over it. But it is better to be practical, and learn well, from what has gone.

When we hail on that day all our heroes of the present and the past, when we remember that only 50 years ago at this time the French Communards were paying the bitter price of defeat, and that but recently our comrades in various parts of Europe have likewise paid. Let us learn from those affairs that besides sentiment, and enthusiasm, our revolution will need discipline and organization.

The collapse of the present system which seems imminent is not a thing to look forward to with un-mixed pleasure. It will bring troubles all its own. Let us look forward to the problems we are likely to meet, and do what little we can to prepare for grappling with them. There is not space for a dissertation on this phase of an event we all look forward to, but it is well to draw some attention thereto. To be successful, the proletariat, in any country, after they are class-conscious, will have to be the best organized side.

We are not mere pessimistic or optimistic waiters and commenters on history. We will be beaten many times, and yet we will rise again and again, scorning the half measures of the past, and learning from the failures till our class is victorious. Marx points out that while Man does not make History out of the whole cloth, yet he does make it, out of the material at hand. So, in the midst of our present rejoicings, let us learn to combine education with intelligent action in the interest of us all. And the near future shall crown our efforts with the greatest of all May Day celebrations, the triumphant acclamations of a Free People. F. S. F.

SAINTS AND SAWDUST.

THE word Bolshevism seems to haunt the capitalist, large and small, in every neck and corner of the earth. When he stirs the liquid he sees the devil in his tea cup. It disturbs him in his dreams and makes his life miserable. It palsies the hand and makes him shudder in his study then he is driven in despair to mischief. Refuge he seeks by the infernal method of contaminating mankind by bribery and falsehood.

I have as a peace loving capitalist, with instructions from my brother capitalist haunted by the same vision, bribed every body worth bribing, and bought every newspaper, book and circular, to plaster its pages with lies about the Russian Bolsheviks having destroyed everything worth destroying; even God and religion could not escape.

A copy of an almanac that reaches almost every rural home lies before me denouncing Bolshevism. At the same time I possess a copy of an article come (by post) dated September 1st, Kovno Lithuania. It says the relics of the Russian Saints are being opened in the monasteries of Russia in the presence of large popular assemblies. For centuries the down-trodden people of Russia sought relief from their suffering by appealing to some favorite dead saint they thought to be non-decomposable. When the Bolsheviks examined the relic of Mitrofan in the city of Voranezh the non-decomposable body of the saint was found to be a human skin stuffed with cotton. The stuffing produced a figure resembling a football with a button stuck on its circumference for a human head. The relics of Tikhon, believed to be genuine, were found, when examined at the Zadonsky monastery, to be cardboard containing some bones. While the relics of the saints were being examined the onlookers bared their heads, but when they observed the shapeless human figure, and the cardboard box, with the bones, they gave way to a sense of disgust and contempt for the brazen deception carried on by the Roman hierarchy. Then the capitalist, through their mouthpieces, tell us the Russian Bolsheviks have destroyed God and religion.

Grant Allan tells us that in the dark ages the savage buried his chief in a sitting posture with the trunk level with the ground, and if the head was lost in battle a coconut took its place. The savage considered a coconut head was just as capable of functioning in a future world of spirits as the real head of his dead chief. There is not the slightest doubt that if some of our modern editors of capitalist periodicals lost their heads they would never miss them. A coconut could take its place. I may deal with this subject later in a more scientific manner. GEO. PATON.