

# Reflections

By J. H. B.

role in the development of the human race.

Nevertheless, it is far from my purpose to consider the development of man as a whole; that is their business; mine is to manipulate the world's wealth in the interests of those for whom, owing to their class consciousness it is more expedient to act. I might add that the paramount scheme used by exploiters in the arrogation of concentrated wealth, is the appropriation of surplus values created by the workers in mines, mills, and factories after they have expended sufficient energy to pay for running expenses of the particular plant in which they are employed.

It behoves us, therefore, if we would retain our supremacy for any length of time to see that the surplus value appears to the producer as a just recompense for management, or for the use of capital which was, from our point of view, justifiably filched from his class.

Of course such a claim could not be substantiated since the managers and superintendents themselves are usually hired men and the capital a concrete expression of the surplus value mentioned above. The trouble is, that labourers, impelled to think by the growing hardships of their existence, are beginning to see the light. Their educational leagues and labour unions, are damnable institutions, whose great object is to combat our claims to omniscience, with which many of the proletariat credit us.

Then there are disloyal students in our universities who imagine that no monarch or plutocrat has a right to put the smallest restriction on their methods of thought. These claim absolute mental freedom, and this is all to the good, provided they don't clash with our plans, but that is precisely what they do, and for that reason we must remorselessly suppress the activities of such and destroy their power by every means known to the master-mind of the great Satan himself. It is absolutely essential to control the minds of these people, and in order to do so we must control the fountains of information, and that is where my noble fiancées as wives are going to render first aid to the exploiters, as our class is facetiously called.

How miserable would existence be without that mutual assistance involved in a union that is now within reach of all! It is questionable if any one of us could fare well alone.

True, Miss Kashion, if circumstances made her association with me impossible, would soon control the lives of the whole world, but unfortunately for Miss Kashion the masses of mankind, who will some day be her retainers, must at the present moment depend on my permission for a chance to earn their daily livelihood; needless to say my advice as to their studies is paramount; moreover, it is followed in a manner called by earth folks "conscientiously." It is from the children of those whom I have thus indirectly moulded that teachers are recruited. Is it any wonder then that most of them never recognise that I represent a phase of evolution merely? Consequently, they are an indispensable aid in protracting to the limit the miserable condition of those on whom we batten, and those on whom we batten need a stimulus to thought; so you see, my friends, that we are, after all, philanthropists, and that what I said of Miss Kashion, applies with equal force to the Misses Newspress and Churchianity.

Believe me when I say that my dear friend Satan has expressed his personal appreciation of your genius in reactionary scheming when you worked as individuals, but how much more must he value your services in the future; organised, as they will be, in a consolidated and ultra-profitable whole.

And now ladies I wish to say in conclusion that I intentionally omitted one of your names until the last moment because I wished to particularly stress the magnificence of our good fortune in enabling us to gain the consent of Miss Credit to join our matrimonial and exploitative alliance.

Did it ever strike you ladies, that the power of dispensing credit is tantamount to the golden touch of the fabled mythical millionaire king Midas? Indeed, as Miss Credit herself said in her speech to-

LONG with other comrades who have occupied the position of editor of the "Clarion," I have been invited to make my contribution to what is apparently expected to be the valedictory issue of a periodical which has, in its time, achieved an enviable position in the front rank of journals devoted to the exposition of revolutionary working class aspirations.

As to whether it is fated to be the valedictory issue, time will show. I am not convinced on that point. It will not be the first time publication has been suspended, and although the paper has not been a consistent revenue producer, neither has it been a consistent financial sinkhole. True, conditions today show a marked difference to those which forced a suspension in times past. Lack of revenue due to hard times can be properly accepted as a fitting explanation for those temporary disappearances from circulation. The split due to the appearance in some strength of reform sentiment in the party and the resulting defection of many to the S.D.P. did the paper no harm. On the contrary, the party and the paper alike appeared to benefit from the elimination of a quantity of indigestible material and the Clarion continued to maintain and extend the support it had always received in its unaltered policy of advocacy and explanation of an uncompromising class struggle.

The world war, the Russian Revolution and the rejection by the party generally of the impossible "Twenty-one Points" as a condition of affiliation with the Third International—these elements in the present crisis were absent, and had no counterpart in the past as elements in the problem of continued publication. The explanation of the world war and the attitude of the party and its organ through the period of the war in the face of war hysteria and deliberately provoked hostility were beyond criticism, and the paper flourished, in defiance of censorship, without sacrificing revolutionary principles to expediency.

The process of decline seems to date from the party's rejection of the "Twenty-one Points"—a stand which was emphatically endorsed by Lenin himself in a subsequent criticism based on the obvious fact that they were drawn up with Russian

night we shall virtually function as coiners of money.

I therefore welcome Miss Credit into, what I feel justified in calling, our future happy family.

Princes of the Powers of Darkness, ladies and gentlemen, I heartily thank you for your rapt attention, which in itself gives me no small delight as showing that you too understand, as I know that our beloved king Satan does, that at length has arrived the golden, or capitalistic age of human exploitation. Let us hope we can protract its duration to the limit since its downfall will mean ours also. Waiters, bring in the boiling beer. Ladies and gentlemen let us drink to the capitalistic harem. Here's that Satan may send us showers of blessings.

Peroration by Madame Eve O'Lution, dressed in an asbestos-robe: Princes of the infernal regions, Ladies and gentlemen, knowing full well that your position is temporarily impregnable I venture to trust to your indulgence for permission to pass a few remarks by way of criticism. I have been listening to your speeches and confess that although I am not in love with your remarks neither am I actually disgusted. You are to me temporary inconveniences merely. You are a metaphorical step on

conditions solely in mind, and were impossible of application in other countries. Carried away with enthusiasm, many comrades construed the party's attitude in this particular as a hostile gesture towards the revolution, in which belief they were encouraged by some who knew better, but apparently were swayed by less creditable motives. Time and the Workers' Party activities, to say nothing of Lenin's criticism, referred to above, proved the correctness of the party's position on the Twenty-one Points, but have not resulted in the return of those who withdrew their support on that issue. Why? In the writer's opinion the explanation lies in the space the Clarion devoted to reform propaganda per the articles under the heading "By the Way," by "C.," and the equivocal attitude of the Clarion in criticism of the struggles and forced expedients of the Bolshevik government in period of reconstruction following the cessation of armed intervention by counter-revolutionary forces. While many party members might be induced to listen, though unwillingly, to a hyper-criticism of the activities of the Soviet revolution, it was too much to expect that along with it they would submit to a diet of a propaganda of reform, class collaboration and "community points of view," ad libitum, ad nauseum, for months on end. Small blame to them if they considered the accusation proved, that the party had "gone Menshevik." Having found the Workers' Party but a reform outfit, mouthing revolutionary platitudes and slogans, accompanied by a bewildering series of flops in "tactics" and "policies," many of our previous supporters have left that aggregation in disgusted disillusionment, but they see no opportunity for self-expression in revolutionary activity in the S. P. of C., nor any reason for pushing the circulation of its paper. The party has taken in no new members, the majority of the old ones have dropped out, and the handful that is left is incapable of attracting new blood and training it in the revolutionary education that made the S. P. of C. a force to be reckoned with in the past.

The organization is dying of anaemia, and the sources which could provide an infusion of new life have been alienated. Can these sources be tapped again, and the party and its organ once more resume their old position in the forefront of the revolutionary, uncompromising class struggle? I believe it can be done. How or when I don't know.

In any event, with or without the S. P. of C. and the Western Clarion, the revolution will proceed, and forge its own weapons in the process. That, in the final analysis, is all that matters.

the road of evolution, and notwithstanding your various remarks, which were not altogether immodest, you remind one who has sufficient imagination to look down the long vista of time, of a series of bubbles sparkling in the sunshine, that give delight to the fancy of immature children. You too will meet destruction as automatically and as inevitably as they, and into your places, as inheritors of the earth, shall step the meek and lowly like a sentinel sleeping at his post on being awakened by the sting of a hornet, brushes the insect aside, and stimulated by the pain, proceeds all the more earnestly with the real work of the moment.

Comparing your prospects for the future of progressive evolution that are working you, I cannot escape the conviction that your office is very limited. You are, as rapidly sible, taking steps to prolong it, and that from your point of view, is only natural. I would graciously accept a hint from you, say in the words of the poet:

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that blooms  
Tomorrow may be dying.