MCLARION

Official Organ of THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA

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FIVE CENTE

Our "Holy Family"

sad case. One of my critic he need for education; and another, w like a movie film, "in various insidious r of foundations of an ensive, and of trying stage whist, of trying to put something across."

At last, ha, ha, it appears I am found out and ucifer I fall, ha ha ha de High, unrepentant. As I think rough a knot-hole" There is nothing like tailor, "there is noth-

other, a poet, laureate of epoch; another, a modern puritan Sword-of-the-Lord-Gideon, obsessed with a theory of social sin and atonement through misery, degradation and blood-sacrifice; another, an actor, to whom life is a set piece—the curtain rises to revolutionary music. On with the play, vide Lestor in last issue. Enter "sudden babies," all-at-once alive and "joyous chickens" in a happy conjunction with "throes of economic crises," "vivid earthquakes," "blind avalanches," "a complete breakdown, sudden and terrible," orators apostrophizing the Revolution thusly: "Oh Revolution, thou awaitest not the hour," etc., etc., "thou comest suddenly," etc., etc., What happens? Hark, the tumult! the proletariat is on the move. "The struggle grows fiercer," there are "sudden seizures" and, as a grand elimax, "the whole of society is spring in the air." So, the actor, "all great changes come with spectacular rapidity," says he. So they do in the world of make-believe to sooth our various lazinesses, instencies and ineffectivenesses, and in a world of grease paint, rosin and lath and plaster, , , , w the action of this work-a-day life drags, how dreary is the study of this vast, coma network of established ways and means of life that have to be changed. Let's cut the gordian knot, let's go to the play again and hear Lestor, read "R", argue with F. C., and sit at the feet of J. A. Mc-Donald! There's speed, style, action and form for is. So shall we escape a drab reality for an hour in emotional experience. Escape, that's it! That's all!

I am outcast! But how else was I to fare with sellies so opionated, so certain of themselves and truths, to whom an increase of knowledge of could problem messly means a fresh accumulated problem messly means a fresh accumulated and data municipal under the old headings? each of themselves, each in their several ways say are not wholly agreed—how class was I to I for whom the opitagh is already ordered of 1 "For he was prev common place; of genius had a teace; his thoughts the world have never

Donald). I now can feel for poor old Hegel, troub- freakishness in the matter of my articles than in led on his death-bed. The story goes that as the great philosopher lay dying, his disciples who had gathered round him, seeing the furrows deepen on his careworn countenance enquired the cause of his grief and tried to comfort him by reminding him of the large number of admiring disciples and followers he would leave behind. Breathing with difficulty, but his ruling passion for a statement in antithetical terms still on him, he replied: "None of my disciples has understood me; only Michelet has understood me, and," he added with a sigh, "even he has misunderstood me." But I, I am in even worse ease, I am without even the doubtful small the law reminded of an comfort of a Michelet. More like that "Ancient and bedom; whose moral is Mariner" adrift in the vast in the betwint dehuman-Mariner" adrift in the vast inane betwixt dehumanfized wastes of alien seas and skies, "I am all, all alone." I do not believe anyone reads my stuff; only my critics read my stuff, and, woe is me, even they misread my stuff. I am a minority of one, with fear, a rapidly developing minority-inferiority mplex, in spite of what Lestor says of my ego, hich Lord preserve till I being my critics over to rational point of view.

my erues up not misread me, why does Comworking class as a small, dirty, ignorant boy; an- rade McDonald lecture me on the need for education as though I had denied the need, when, on the contrary, I have time and again asserted that the chief function of a revolutionary socialist party is socialist doctrinaire and educational one, holding, however, that that function does not give a warrant for a destructive opposition to labor's mass organizations on the political field? On the subject of the need for education and for an organization specializing on that work, Comrade McDonald can not speak too eloquently for me, more by token that my own chief interest lies that way: If he has not misread me, why does "R" imply I hold that revolutionary change must go "slow," when my advocacy of intelligent organization of advance should be evidence of my desire for haste and my belief that there are superior and inferior ways of fighting the battle of progress. What I have done is to decry shiftless, shuffling dependence on accident in catastrophic conditions for our cause, a dependence social and less egotistical than they. Which egofostered by a superstitious belief in the good-will of tistical piece of brag on my part constrains me to other powers than human ones: If he has not mis- say I doubt if there is a hair-line between us. read me why does F. C. imply I have logically cast down the class-struggle because I recognize that the 'nation'' is a fact and that practically all men have (by instinct, culture and by force of historically given circumstances) a natural and ineradicable interest in their respective national communities? All my reasoning is on ways and means of waging the class struggle to the end that the working mass may win a leading position in the life of those communities and so transform them from a capitalist to a socialist organization of life. If he has not mis-read me why does Lestor charge me with base motives and ulterior designs for discussing the problems of ways and means of change when it is our function and bounden duty as Socialists to be so continually engaged? On the matter of my "ego" which Comrade Lester finds so offensive, it certainly does not reveal itself in my close reliance for the matter of my articles on others, eminent intellectually, trained intelligences in the scientific method of sifting evidence and passing judgments. As a matter of fact I claim there is less of personal

those of my critics, just by virtue of my closer dependence on Marxian theory and the body of modern science. Two issues ago I quoted Marx and Engels from the Communist Manifesto where they laid down the law in unequivocal terms against just such an anti-labor party position as the S. P. of C. assumes and my critics support.

"Have a care of Labor's institutions"! exclaims "R" disdainfully, quoting myself, "Nonsense" says he, "We need care as little about Labour's institutions as about," etc., etc. Here on this matter and on the place and function of a socialist party, "R" and Marx are as wide as the poles asunder. Yet with all the assurance in the world "R" assumes, very evidently without consulting Marx, but by some process, personal to himself, it is a mere stand-patter's defense of things as they are, he assumes that anti-labor party position is that of Marx. Again, I attempt to give an aspect on the social problem from the side of social phychology. Allowing something for my inefficient handling of the subject there was a residue of value, however, the sifted result of a generation of enquity and discussion, such as a ne today, the commonplace of the scientific journals. To bring down science and broad-cast it, that is our function. But here is personal freakishness again declaring against our tradition, "Away with borrowed psychology," says "R." And at that without knowing whether there was any value in it or not, as his reasoning amply showed. Away with it! He might as well have added, "A welcome to know-nothingism!" Borrowed knowledge! Knowledge is social. We all have a proprietory interest in the body of it. It is this modern science, its post-Darwinian preconceptions and its findings in the anthropological sciences which I would like to see fused with the Marxism of our Party, displacing the mystical Hegelian and other preconceptions of pre-Darwinian science. At the same time, my critics need not plume themselves that they are defending the original Marxism of Marx. I am nearer it than my critics, and to modern science, just because I am more

Why have I incurred their political enmity? Is it because we disagree on points of doctrine? To some degree. But back of that, as a main cause, is incompatability of habits of mind. On doctrinal matters my critics are not themselves as one, but they are a unit in habit of mind, hence their united front against poor me. Beneath the references to contemporary affairs that clatter through their articles, look at their methods and reasoning! They interpret Marx's or Hegels' descriptive words, phases and paragraphs with the crude literalism of bible students. A prognostication by Marx or Engels vividly outlining the working out of a process of things in the future—a working out which can only be considered inevitable when such postulates as those of Hegel are used, i.e., of the goal, to which the process trends, governing the working out of the trend such a prognostication of the future my critica take, not as a matter of opinion or as a smentific hypothesis to be taken with reservations, but literally as in a sense an accomplished

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