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Editor Ewen MacLeod

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UNITY FOR WHAT?

AT the fearful risk of being called by all the horrible names now in common use among our earnest fellow men, we make bold to say that there appears to be more humbug than truth and usefulness in all the palaver about Unity—The United Front—we hear so much about nowadays. It is not surprising that the immediate programme for a united front outlined at Berlin some two months ago (see Clarion May 1st) has already been abandoned, for the plain reason that elements which do not agree together can not unite and stay united.

We have been under the impression heretofore that according to the Marxian dictum the workers of the world should unite in order to end their slavery, not to crowd round a free milk bottle or an unemployed relief dole, nor to jointly promote any lengthy programme covering everything from free milk for babies to free burial for the dead. But no; it appears we have been in error and our interpretation is at fault. Working class unity in all things is to the fore, and locally, hereabouts, the emancipation prescription takes the form of a baseball coupon dispensed by former rivals in trade, now however happily united, in peaceful contentment in that Marx's dictum is toward fulfilment and (lest we forget) that the office safe is of some use once more.

"Workers of the World, Unite!" we have held to as a rallying cry to an enslaved class toward emancipation through the abolition of capitalism, but an imitative jargon has tumbled upon working class ears these days and "unity" in the commanded scramble for a soup bone now provides the leaven of working class aspiration.

To make an inventory of the accomplishments of the campaign for working class unity as it affects us here in Canada we need not go to Berlin, nor elsewhere in Europe for that matter, though that is undoubtedly the popular route. Its sponsors here have in some measure cultivated the mannerism and have attempted to imitate the scholarship of Marxism, with consequences calamitous to themselves. Each week these triflers find new and changed conditions to be conformed to, new parties to be endorsed and allied to, new policies to be followed, new mistakes to be acknowledged. Day by day they court expediency and abandon principle, yet they cry for unity with those who stand upon principle and have abandoned expediency. They have yielded to and have given unthinking devotion to an idea that had no validity, that was not of wholesome growth, that was not the outcome of their own reasoning from observable facts surrounding them here and at hand—namely, that leadership could engineer events to its own control—and they have been undone by their own conceit. Even this, in their last forsaken hour of tribulation has fallen under their own suspicion, and, forever cowering before that accusing finger of scorn—haunting them and so much dreaded—pointed by those terrible "scientific Socialists," they find themselves convicted and condemned in the court of their own inquiry.

We want none of this unity that parades form for substance. Our purpose is to make Socialists and to that task we welcome all recruits. But we cannot join hands with those who are crippled on the highway of illusion, lighted by the flickering

candle of reform. Let all such go join the labor party. Better some never had left it.

COURTESY MONTH

JUNE being "Courtesy Month" it would be shameful to let it pass on unnoticed by us. The idea, according to the Rotary Club, the Elks, the Moose, the Gyros, the retail merchants and the B. C. Electric is that you pay up promptly and expect thanks on delivery. When the landlord calls around this month you don't tell him gruffly that you've already paid enough in rent to buy the (adjective) house or that you've got no money and won't stand any worrying. You profess your impecunious sorrow and implore him to call around in a week or so to be ready to grab what you may get in case you surrender to riotous living. When you ask the grocer if he can't wait 'till payday he's supposed (this being June) to refuse you politely, but it must not rile you that you are refused; that alone is no breach of politeness, so long as he doesn't swear in addition and order you out. Same with the butcher, the dairyman, the shoemaker; they're all supposed to refuse you politely.

When you ask for a job anywhere and it happens that you're the one hundred and eleventh man that has asked for a job that doesn't exist there, the boss is supposed to express regret that he can't employ you. There's reason in it too when you think of it, because if he can't employ anybody he won't be a boss very long. When, full of confidence in June, you board a street car and find you can't furnish the fare, the conductor is not supposed to accuse you of trying to wheedle a free ride, he's supposed to be polite while he puts you off at the next corner. All this is the community spirit. It helps us to tolerate one another's company. Carried to its limit it means that if you'll enter into it wholeheartedly and bear your troubles politely you'll starve to death politely and when you're dead you'll be buried politely. They might even send up a cheer at the funeral.

SECRETARIAL NOTES

COMRADE P. T. Leckie's article on "Money", serving as an introduction to a consideration of the subject "Price," suffers in consequence of the admirable scramble for Clarion space this issue and will appear in the next. Comrade Lestor, last heard of, was in Quebec heading west, and will speak at points on the way. We hear also that Comrade John A. McDonald is again in 'Frisco. See articles in this issue by Lestor and John A.

We intended to print a letter from Comrade (Mrs.) Director of Prince Rupert, B. C., in this issue, registering a friendly kick against Comrade Kirk's phrase, used in May 1st issue, in which France is represented as the Jew of Europe. This will serve to notify Comrade Director that next issue will find a corner for it.

IN NEW ZEALAND.

(Continued from page 2)

mining, the largest single branch of industry in the land, the method of production is of a crude, antique character.

The trust or monopoly stage in industry has not materialized in New Zealand, but a lack of development in industrial technique here does not prevent the resources of the country from falling under the influence of world capitalism. The productive methods in vogue in the congested centres of population must inevitably make themselves felt even in backward colonial areas.

The cattle and sheep raisers have a mortal antipathy to anything in the nature of trusts or combines. For a number of years Armour & Co. and Vesty Bros. have made strenuous attempts to secure a foothold in New Zealand trade. Repeatedly their efforts were baffled by the local producers, who were themselves forced to resort to combination in order to defeat the encroachments of their big competitors. In the struggle it became ever more apparent that the small, traditional, obsolete methods must give way to, and be replaced by, a mode that is more in harmony with changed world conditions.

Armour and Vesty have come to stay. Even were it possible to deport these concerns from this country, the mere fact that they and others of their kind have control of the British market, where N.Z. produce is disposed of, suffices to show how futile and unavailing would be the endeavors of local beef and mutton exporters to exclude them from this dominion.

On the political field, the Reform Government in power represents the large landed and industrial interests. The opposition comprises the Liberal and Labor parties, who cater to the requirements of the small producers, shop-keepers, and everything else that possesses votes without understanding what to do with them.

In the ranks of the Labor Party are several individuals who lay claim to being Marxians. No intelligent tribunal would ever endorse the claim. If Marx was a feeble minded, inconsistent, opportunistic old woman, then, those labor leaders would, indeed, make fitting disciples. But, according to what evidence we have Marx was the opposite to such a description, and obviously our local Solons are entitled to reconsider their choice of a patron saint.

The platform of the Labor Party includes all the old family remedies. The Nationalization of Industry, State Banks, Motherhood Endowment, Workman's Compensation, and the Right to Work, can all be discovered in their accustomed places. Anything that is conducive to increasing the labor cross on the ballot paper is always guaranteed a position among the conglomeration of reforms.

The Communist Party is very small, both numerically and intellectually. As is usual with hero-worshipping aggregations, the intelligent stock-in-trade is confined to a wearisome repetition of "Lenin says," etc.

Among the coal miners, of both the North and South Islands, is to be found the real revolutionary movement of N.Z. The workers, here, are receptive to Socialist propaganda, and show a genuine desire to study the philosophy and assist in its dissemination. In no other country have I seen, in a given area, the same revolutionary potentialities as exist among the workers in the mining districts here. This welcome change from the ordinary can be attributed primarily to the dangerous and difficult nature of the miners' work, taken in conjunction with the fact that so great a number have similar occupations, recreations, prospects in life, and general living conditions.

The awakening of the miners here is further accentuated by the fact that the mining areas are pretty well grouped together, making possible social intercourse to an extent unknown elsewhere. The migratory proclivities of the miners, too, have been of assistance in this respect. The majority being of other nationalities, they took their ideas with them from the lands they were forced to leave.

Socialist students from Australia, Canada, and England, have for a number of years done effective work in study classes on history and economics. At the present time there are classes at work in most of the mining camps, and the progress being made is quite satisfactory. The serious study of working class economics may not appear so spectacular as frothy declamations about "long live the class struggle," etc., but the results are infinitely better, and results alone count.

Revolutionary lecturers have not frequently visited N. Z. Most of the places at which I have spoken were virgin soil in this regard. A couple of years ago Moses Baritz gave a series of Marxian lectures in the City of Wellington. These were not appreciated by the Party officials, a fact which leads me to the conclusion that the lectures must have been all right. Outside of Baritz, the visiting propagandists seem to have registered low.

To any Marxian speaker, who has the time to spare, and the wherewithal to travel, who would like to spend a holiday in assisting the revolutionary movement among a bunch of fellows who will do all in their power to further his efforts and make his tour a success, I can heartily recommend the coal mining districts of New Zealand.