

THE TIME BY MY DIALECTICAL WRISTWATCH IS

Well, what is it? Yes, I know we are in the second stage when things are supposed to be a bit on the chaotic side but what lies ahead? Are we yet close to the sunny upland meadows of synthesis? Oh, you think the real word should be 'synthetic' do you? Well, I can't argue. My heart quickened when Corbyn offered the possibility of a more fair and more equal world but the reality was that the racists were out to get him for his antiracism and the greedy for his opposition to greed.

Still, the Labour Party is in safe hands, the hands of a knight and a QC to boot. Did you know that barristers are not supposed to get paid? At the back of their gowns is a pocket where the people in whose interests they work may, supposedly without the barrister noticing, place an honorarium. That is posh Latin for a bit of financial encouragement that they can, strictly speaking, say that they knew nothing about. Remind me, when did Starmer tell us about where he got the money for his campaign to become leader? Am I right that it was after the campaign finished?

Today, it seems, we are confronted by lots and lots of short term problems. That means that we have to keep an eye on our long term hopes/wishes/aims/purposes. But they can be vague, uncertain and confusing. Very seldom do the slogans accompanying election manifestos capture and summarise considerable thought. Usually what they capture and summarise are a set of ignorant prejudices.

What struck me about the manifestos of Corbyn was not so much that they awoke the spirit of 1945 but how similar they were to that of the Liberal Party in 1929. Maynard Keynes and Lloyd George were strong influences on that manifesto. At that time the country was recovering from the fiasco of Churchill's 1925 budget. Osborne did not invent austerity. And then Wall Street got involved. The Liberals offered reconstruction. It was rejected. Corbyn too offered reconstruction. Again, rejection.

What happened to the Labour Party in the early thirties? I have always felt a little sorry for Ramsay MacDonald. He won't, however, be the last revolutionary to have his socialist talons drawn. Does, I wonder, Starmer have any socialist talons? Blair certainly did not.

My dialectical wristwatch? Its going backwards. I must give it a knock.

Cliff Jones 30th. May 2020

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