EDITORIAL

'TIS SO EVERYWHERE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE below letter, one of many similar ones, sheds many a ray of light upon many a path that leads to the capitalist Waterloo, the triumph of the Socialist Labor Party and all that it stands for:


To the Editor of the Daily People:

I was discussing the difference between the two Socialist parties with a gentleman, when I found out that he had not even heard of the S.L.P. When I had finished telling him the difference, he said that he would write to the Appeal to Reason, and ask them who this S.L.P. party was. The following clipping from the Appeal of October 1, then came as the supposed answer:

“The capitalists find that the more they fight the Socialist party the more it grows. Hence they find it beneficial to their cause to support a fake Socialist party—the so-called Socialist Labor Party. In Europe they support what they call the Christian Socialist party to fight the workingman’s party. Workers on the Appeal are flooded with fake pamphlets and papers issued by the “Socialist Labor Party.” Capitalism is as cunning as a snake. Don’t be disturbed by any diversion. It will fool but few. The returns this election will show that the Socialist Labor Party cast all its votes for Roosevelt or Parker. It exists in the interest of capitalism.”

This gentleman has now subscribed for the Weekly People, and told me he would send for a bundle of Weeklies. He was formerly a hard worker for the S.P.

Yours for the S.L.P.,

G. Stevens.

One of the rays of light is thrown upon the fact of the intellectual and moral spinelessness of the bogus Socialist editors. The Appeal’s answer displays the recklessness of the habitual calumniator, a recklessness that is not even relieved with originality or brightness. It is a ray of light upon which of the two parties indulges in mud-throwing. It emphasizes a difference.
Another of the rays of light is thrown upon the fact, often adduced in these columns, that directly and indirectly the bogus Socialist party is a horse ridden by the S.L.P. The horse is a wild mustang; fain would it throw the rider; when it owns it does not mean to convey the rider on his errand; nevertheless it does. Despite itself, it prepares the temperature and soil for the rider’s seed. It cannot help advertising him; and even when, as in this case, it positively seeks to block the rider, the very stupidity of its method, counteracts its acts and opens a way for the horseman of the S.L.P.

“Git up, horsey!”—so said we once before. Git up horsey!—so say we again.

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