EDITORIAL

THE FATALITY OF THE DOOMED.

By DANIEL DE LEON

If these were the days of Greek or German mythology, there could be no question but that the action of the Czar’s Establishment, during the elections for the Duma, would be ascribed to some longheaded deity bent on befriending the people and on urging the downfall of the Czar’s Establishment in the inscrutable ways that only deities know of.

When the elections were started Revolutionary Russia dashed to the polls only to find its way intercepted by bayonets, shot-guns and Cossacks’ knouts. The elections became a farce. To-day the farce must be pronounced a blessed farce, despite all previous opinions entertained to the contrary. Even Revolutions do not “drop from the clouds”; they grow from below like everything else. Being growths, even Revolutions must connect with existing things, and gather some support from existing things, like plants do from the atmosphere. Revolutions, like comets, have a small head—the enlightened, thinking and determined minority—and a very long tail—the sentiment (sentimental?) but cloudy majority. Under existing circumstances, the victory of the Revolution at the polls would have been unfortunate. It was and is essential to the Revolution to gather “public sentiment” in its behalf. That could not be done without the Czar’s Establishment was first thoroughly discredited in the eye of slow “public opinion.” It was essential to the Revolution that the fact of the revolutionary sentiment in Russia—its depth and, above all, its breadth—was first established beyond peradventure, strongly enough to counteract the world’s “public opinion,” as created by the Josiah Flynt reporters, to the effect that the revolutionary spirit was confined to the criminal classes, the flightily intellectual and the “hopelessly dull peasantry.” The fact of the breadth and depth, intelligence and determination of the Revolution is now established. It has been established thanks to the doings of the Czar’s Establishment itself. The Duma
was painfully filtered through the Czar’s Janissaries. And that Duma, even that Duma, makes demands at which the Czar’s Establishment gags and rears on its hind legs. The picture now thrown upon the canvas of history places the Czar’s Establishment just where the Revolution needed it to be placed—unquestionably in the wrong, incorrigibly opposed to the ways of civilization, unweanable from the ways of barbarism, erring as a drunken man staggering in his vomit. That point gained, the Russian Revolution will now, though it may have to wade through blood, start on its “home run.”

All honor to that fatality that pursues the doomed.