EDITORIAL

A SERMON FROM THE OPERATING TABLE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

JOHN BAUDUY, lying on the operating table in Bellevue Hospital on the 11th int., while the red blood flowed from an incision in his wrist into that of his unconscious brother Louis, in an attempt to save the latter’s life after a severe asphyxiation, bore heroic witness to the truth of Socialist philosophy.

Long and loud do the enemies of Socialism raise their voices to cry that Socialism is impossible because of “human nature.” “Human nature” being, they claim evil and grasping, the system, once established, would collapse like a house of cards under the selfishness of its own members; the strong and the greedy will again seize the upper hand, and we’ll be back again where we are now.

All of which John Bauduy on his hospitable table eloquently though mutely refutes. Human nature is not bad but good; not corrupt, but under adverse circumstances corruptible. Man in past ages and the present has been largely corrupted and his better parts corroded with the vice of selfishness, making countless thousands mourn. But there has been a reason for it.

In all past ages man has had to fight with his brother for a livelihood. The earth, with the deficient knowledge and machinery applicable to it, was unable to produce enough for all her teeming children. Under such circumstances, where unselfishness meant death, of course man was turned selfish in spite of himself.

Even at that, there have always stuck out shining examples of disinterestedness. But to-day, the mechanical knowledge, the skill, and the organizing ability of the race has rendered possible a plenty for all. Let once the hampers of capitalist ownership be stricken off, and that plenty will be not producible only, but actually produced. Under such circumstances, unselfishness will no longer become a handicap in the struggle for life. Freed from a hostile environment, liberated from the corrupting necessity of self-seeking, man’s nature
will then for the first time in history assert its goodness, unsullied, universally.

John Bauduy, rising high enough above even his present hostile environment to give his life’s blood for his brother, proves it.

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