EDITORIAL

TAMMANY HALL.

By DANIEL DE LEON

WHAT would become of the “Washed Crime” of this city at each recurring
Mayoralty election were it not for Tammany, the “Unwashed Crime,” to
furnish it with pretexts for campaign slogans?

Bosses!” “Decent Forces!” “Down with the Tim Sullivans!” “No Blackmail!”—to the
sound of these and of scores of similar war cries the clans of the “Decent” are
gathering into committees and conferences for the purpose of—themselves looting
the city, and “red-lighting it.”

Tammany Hall is unspeakable—no doubt about that. Nevertheless,
unspeakable though an exposed ulcer is, an ulcer covered with a silk handkerchief
is an aggravated unspeakableness.

The “decent” Anti-Tammanyite is to Tammany what the crime of the educated
is to the crime of the ignorant.

The “decent” Anti-Tammanyite is to Tammany what the expert chemist
poisoner is to the rough wielder of a bludgeon.

The “decent” Anti-Tammanyite is to Tammany what the housebreaker is to the
door-mat thief.

The “decent” Anti-Tammanyite is to Tammany what a Messalina is to the
brazen strumpet street walker.

Sad were the plight of Society if it stood before the Hobson’s choice of Tammany
or its Antis, with no other alternative. If that, indeed, were the case, then, by all
means, Tammany! Better far a Bacchanalian orgy of undisguised dissoluteness,
than hypocrite primness. The former is raw material, the latter social shoddy.

But such is not the alternative. Society has developed beyond the raw material
stage, and is not to be taken in by shoddy. A kernel, that redeeming minority, is
gathering to omnipotent head. That minority ranks itself centrally around the banner of those who demand the unconditional surrender of the Capitalist Class—washed and unwashed.

That minority spurns both Tammany and Antis—a plague on both their houses.