EDITORIAL

SELF-THROTTLING DENIAL.

By DANIEL DE LEON

HOWEVER obviously false the mask of “Union Man,” adopted by the Times correspondent who justly satirized the Christian Socialists for hitching up with the so-called Socialist party, whose human brotherhood is illustrated by efforts to restrict the Chinese and other Asiatics from coming to the country;—however obviously that mask, seeing that, in the loose and common parlance of the day, by union man generally is understood the A.F. of L., an organization that is tuned to the self-same key of anti-immigration;—however transparent the fraud of the mask, the arrow its wearer shot into the S.P. sped its way unerringly home, assisted in its course not a little, we modestly opine, by the paragraph bestowed upon it in these columns a few days ago. How unerringly the shot went home may be judged from the heedless attempt made by The Call to deny the facts in the case.

In its issue of March 18 The Call declares that “no such action [as claimed by “Union Man” and confirmed by the Daily People] was ever taken by the party, and a proposition to that effect was rejected by the last national convention.”

Before us is the official report of the proceedings of the last national convention of the Socialist party. A fishy resolution on immigration was introduced, especially vicious against Orientals (p. 105). Then followed the debate. What the spirit and purpose of the resolution was soon transpired from the utterances of its supporters—especially candid with regard to Asiatic immigration. In the course of the debate spoke delegate Berlyn of Chicago. The substance of the speeches made by these speakers (pp. 107–122), folks who were A.-F.-of-L.-ically hot in the collar against “the people who come from China and Japan,” may be gathered from a few of the passages addressed to them by Berlyn. He said:

“You don’t know why the fleet of battleships has been sent to the Pacific. You forget all about that. You forget that both Democrats and Republicans are united on Japanese and Oriental exclusion, and you want
us to blow the little whistle and say, ‘Me too,’... if we permit ourselves to go to work and back amendments to the proposition of ‘Workingmen of all countries, unite’—if you tack amendments to that, then tack a clause to the name of the Socialist party, the words, ‘A d—n lie’” (p. 114).

The resolution was adopted—and thereby the Berlyn amendment tacked *ex officio* to the name of the Socialist party.

Nor was this action of the last national convention of the S.P., together with the speeches backing the action, in the nature of the one swallow that does not make a summer. It was the third of a series of similar betrayals of one of the most sensitive interests of the International Proletarian Movement.

At the Amsterdam International Congress, 1904, the S.P. delegates, Hillquit, Lee and Schlueter, signed and introduced a “backward races” anti-immigration resolution, which was ignominiously hooted out of the Congress—the hooting led by the Socialist Labor Party.

At the following Stuttgart Congress, 1907, the S.P. delegates reintroduced the identical resolution, only mystified in the sauce of a different verbiage. In support of the resolution Hillquit expressly singled out “the Chinese and the Japanese, the yellow race, in general,” as the races, above all others, to be excluded (Rep. of Int’l. Congr. of Stuttgart, p. 23); and, immediately after, suddenly discovering a Japanese delegate right there, accredited to the Congress, and sitting behind him, he dropped the word “Japanese,” but stuck to the word “Chinese” in his wild anti-immigration ranting (ibid., p. 238). Again the Congress put its heavy foot heavily upon the iniquity. The Japanese delegate castigated it with merited sarcasm (ibid., p. 245); the bulk of the delegates, including Hammer of the S.L.P., tore it to pieces, and the French delegate Uhry summed up its essence in the short sentence: “It flies in the face of the fundamental principle of Socialism” (ibid., p. 234).

Whoever “Union Man” may be, his unerrning arrow evidently quivers below the rhinoceros hide of the S.P., galling *The Call* with pain into a heedless denial. But then, when the sting of Truth inflicts a pain that is intense, “the tongue knoweth not what it sayeth, and strangleth the wriggling sinner.”

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Uploaded July 2010

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