EDITORIAL

ARCADIA REALIZED.

By DANIEL DE LEON

Is Arcadia, “Sweet Arcady” a poetic myth?

Let’s see.

In the May 31 issue of The Party Builder, a weekly publication by the headquarters of the Socialist party, John M. Work, the S.P. National Secretary who has just been supplant, has a signed article entitled “An Appreciation” which is addressed to the office force, especially the girls on the same.

The address contains these passages:

“The girls of the office force have given me a beautiful devotion, in return for which I love them with all my heart. Their kindness and confidence and affection are the sweetest things in my life. In the closing days of my administration, these girls have been especially kind to me. They are types of the girls we will have under Socialism—strong and gentle and loving and beautiful. All the triumphs of my career—and there have been many—even my defeats are triumphs in disguise—are insignificant compared with the fact that these splendid girls have given me their affection. Such a blessing is unfortunately not vouchsafed to every life. They have soothed and sustained me. They have brought joy and peace to me. Their influence upon me has been purifying and ennobling. To the depths of my heart I am lovingly and reverently grateful to them.”

Sweet Arcady is not a myth. It may have been a myth once upon a time: a poetic aspiration: one of the aspirations, however, that are prophetic. The realization has come. It is there. Its location is not in Greece. It is in Illinois; it is not watered by the perfumed waters of the Alpheius, it is refreshed by the redolent-of-oil-and-refuse stream of the Chicago River; and its center is Headquarters of the Socialist party.