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EDITORIAL

THE 'FRISCO S.P., FOR INSTANCE.

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A CROSS the face of the San Francisco official election returns, just received at this office, a certain set of facts is luminously written:

First—Although the capitalist forces are still powerful enough to draw unto themselves an absolute majority of all the suffrages, yet are their rancorously conflicting interests such that they split into two hostile bodies, neither polling the necessary vote for election.—The total poll for Mayor was 64,233, of which one of the bourgeois candidates received 13,766, and the other 19,594.

Second—Although the Trades Union forces must have suffered serious defection, yet did they prove cohesive enough to retain, and endowed with power of attraction enough to draw unto themselves, nearly 10,000 votes more than necessary for election.—The Union Labor candidate for Mayor was returned at the head of the polls with 29,455 votes.

Third—The Socialist party was swept into the dust bin.—The poll of the S.P. candidate for Mayor was 1,418 votes, or a loss of 3,105 votes since last year, when the San Francisco S.P. polled 4,523 votes, and thereby already recorded a decline of 2,727 votes from its poll of four years previous, when the S.P. vote in 'Frisco reached the highwater mark of 7,250.

Condensed, these mutually illuminating facts tell this tale:—The attitude of the Socialist party toward the proletariat is so utterly untrue to the revolutionary demands of Socialism that, despite matchless opportunities to catch the proletariat's ear and thereby thrill the proletarian mass into a phalanx for the revolution, the party's attitude has promoted the fossilization of the revolutionary proletariat. The fullest expression of this manifestation is seen in San Francisco. There, accordingly, the proletariat is seen organized into a triumphant political body of craft Union conservativeness, with the tell tale companion-piece of the

traitor S.P. wiped out to all practical intent. The San Francisco picture typifies the S.P. throughout the land.

The tearing up of the social superstitions instilled by bourgeoisdom into the mind of the proletariat was the educational task that the Socialist Labor Party set to itself, satisfied that, either its own or some other body, urged into being by the Party's breath, was bound to grow, or spring up into required proportions. The "style" of the S.L.P. was pronounced "offensive," and retailers of ready-made phrases stalked through the country with the outcry: "There must certainly be something wrong with the style of the S.L.P. seeing it makes so little progress in the presence of so much latent Socialism!" To the rhythm of that outcry rose the S.P. Unnecessary to look into and expose the untruth of the outcry. Theoretically it may be conceded that a body may be sound, yet its style repulsive. The S.P. was to improve upon the style. It shot up with the racket and the glamour of a rocket; it has come down a charred stick. The S.L.P. was not growing fast, yet it progressed: the S.P. has taken a tumble leaving as the sum total of its efforts the political reflex of the economic bulwark of capitalism—the A.F. of L., or Union Labor party.

The tender-handed surgeon makes malodorous wounds. While no sane surgeon will give pain for fun, there are operations that can not {be} performed without giving pain. Laughing gas is a medicament excluded from social surgery. The Social Revolution is not entered through the gate of narcotics. Craft Unionism in America is a guild; that guild is in control of a class of stunted bourgeois: that stunted bourgeois class is the "labor leader," generally in the presidency of the "skilled" organizations, hence ever, practically, a labor-lieutenant of the capitalist class. If pain it had to give, whatever the pain it gave, the lancet had to be stuck deep into the ulcer of the blindly-followed and often idolized Labor Fakir. Only by driving the harpoon deep under the rhinoceros hide of the Misleaders could the misled rank and file be quickened into wakefulness. That the S.L.P. did and persists unterrified in doing—and that the S.P. did not only not do, but condemned the doing.

The practical result of the S.P. policy was to throw the cloak of Socialism over the reactionaryism of a revamped guild system, misnamed Unionism, thus, in fact constituting itself into an outward bulwark of capitalism—A.F. of Hellism—and s typified in San Francisco, perishing in the ignoble attempt to escape the

consequences of its natal treason to Socialism by rehearsing at the last hour the trick of the ass to escape in a lion's skin.

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