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EDITORIAL

WELL FOR “DISRUPTERS”!

By DANIEL DE LEON

OF course there is such an article as a disrupter—a vicious being who, either for pay or pleasure, sets people together by the ears and bursts up things. This is the ordinary article. He needs no description, and less praise. But there is another kind of “Disrupter.” He is a being whose title deserves to be spelled with a capital D. Upon him praises enough can not be bestowed.

The capitalist system is ripping up in all directions. Sober Senators pronounce obituary speeches on the Constitution. Sober millionaires out of Congress soberly speak of a complete change having taken place in society. The one and the other are at a loss to patch up things. The cloth is too rotten to hold the stitches. The fiction of the Brotherhood of Capital and Labor stands no longer. While the rich are growing richer, the poor find it harder to live, and the two sets are in one another’s hair. As a consequence the class on top is experiencing all the irritations that it is the lot of usurpers to experience when the backs they have been riding grow restive. In the midst of the chaos of such conditions, and the still more chaotic mass of nostrums to allay it, the Socialist rises cool and serene. He cites the facts, analyzes, classifies and explains them. His analysis, classification and explanation lay bare the fact of a disrupted society, the reasons thereof, and the logical way out.—“Disrupter!” forthwith is yelled at the Socialist. The usurping class, that fain would doze over the hurricane, is startled by the Socialist’s propaganda. Though the usurpatory social system is rent from top to bottom, the class that profits by it realizes Socialism means its death, and it hugs the delusion that its disrupted society may not engulf it. Hence the frantic yell: “Disrupter!” “Disrupter! at the Socialist.

Likewise the so-called Socialist party. The S.P., built upon the principle of being all things to all men, its rake raked in Odd Ends mainly. While the heap of Odd Ends grew higher there was great glee in the Odd Ends camp. But that could not

last long. It is a feature of Odd Ends that they fall out. Each Odd End wants its way. Error, in contrast with Truth which is One, being Multiple, each Odd End kicked at all others. In magnificent pictorial parody of Socialism, whose Truth renders all for each and each for all, with the Odd Ends aggregation all kick each and each kick all. In the midst of that hubbub the Socialist Labor Party propagandist makes his appearance—serene and cool. He, in turn, cites the facts, analyses, classifies and explains them. His presentation lays bare the fact of a disrupted Odd Ends organization, the reason therefor and the way out—unflinching S.L.P. agitation that, bending neither towards Anarchist rowdiness nor towards "Intellectual" pure and simple politicianism, enlightens the proletariat and the really intellectual forces of the land to organize both upon the political field, where the Revolution can be preached and drilled in the open, and on the economic field without which the political agitation is but a flash in the pan.—"Disrupter!" forthwith is yelled at the S.L.P. man. The S.P. Odd Ender, though disrupted beyond repair, realizes that the S.L.P. threatens the continuance of his fly-on-the-wheel glory. Hence the frantic yell: "Disrupter!" "Disrupter!" at the S.L.P. propagandist.

The yell "Disrupter!" is a symptom of two things—

First, it symptomizes the fact that the yeller is a disrupted concern;

Secondly, it symptomizes the fact that the yellee is the carrier of a higher, the only gospel that can bring peace and unity to society.

Who would not cheer the "Disrupter"?

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official website of the Socialist Labor Party of America.
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