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EDITORIAL

LAMPOON AND LAMENTATION.

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THE life of the reformer is spent between lampooning and lamenting. One moment it is the one, the next it is the other.

One day there is a reformer's lampoon against the Standard Oil: the octopus is painted in the colors of the arch-fiend. The next day there is a reformer's lamentation: the octopus though arrested, tried and fined, manages to keep up prices, and do very much as it likes.

One day there is a reformer's lampoon out upon the Traction Company: no devil incarnate ever acted the way that octopus acts, according to the lampoon. The next day a reformer's lamentation goes up: the devil incarnate is having his own way, is building third tracks against law and special decree, is packing people in its cars like sardines in a box, is running the trains few and far between—the reformer looks helpless on.

One day the reformer's lampoon is directed against the Gas Trust: the description of the Trust and its ways is enough to make any plug-ugly look green with envy. The next day lamentation takes the place of lampoon: oh, how plaintive the wail at the alternative of \$1-gas, or no gas!

One day fierce blazes the reformer's lampoon against the "grinding heel" of the Railroad Interests: the Czar of Russia may know something about despotism, but even he might go to school with the Railroad Interests, and improve himself. The next day lamentation, like a thin column of smoke from a collapsed ruin, mounts skyward: vat ish der use!

It is so all along. Reform alternates between "riding through blood up to the bridle of its horse," or "crawling on all fours in sack-cloth and ashes."

The Labor, or Socialist Movement, neither lampoons nor laments. The wind of its sails being filled with the breath and its rudder held in the grasp of Revolution,

the ship keeps her head steady to her course. There is nothing to lampoon, there being nothing to grow angry about. The ways of capitalism are not whimsical. Capitalism is directed by a law that inflexibly drives it on from cause to effect. Reform would leave cause intact, and yet raves over effect. There is nothing to lament. So long as the walls of a house are not raised, and the roof spread over the area, the rain will pour in. Reform, too empty-pated to know or care aught about social architecture, moans shiveringly as the wet, seemingly unaccountable for, drenches the visionary.

The Labor or Socialist Movement moves on deliberately, laying brick upon brick, fact upon fact, conclusion upon conclusion. In its onward progress, the Labor or Socialist Movement leaves to the Capitalist Class, together with its pursuivants, the sport of fighting the Revolution with lampoons—and the freedom, in due season, to solace its Napoleonic retreat from “burning Moscow and frozen Russia” with all the lamentations that it may please.

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