

DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 10, NO. 226.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1910.

ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

VINDICATING SIMPLE SIMON.

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EXPERIENCE, rising to the height of philosophy, philosophy drawing its strength from experience, establishes that no man is wholly bad. The best of us has some weakness; the worst of us has some good spot. Even the Devil occasionally slides into telling the truth. It so happens with Simple Simon, alias Mr. A.M. Simons, Editor.

When Mr. Simons deliberately wrote over his signature, on last November 19, the sentence: "The S.P. has become a hissing and a by-word with the actual wage workers of America," *The People* did not allow itself to be influenced by its knowledge of the gentleman's asinine depravity. Serenely rising to the height of philosophy, rock-planted on experience, *The People* recognized in the utterance an instance of the Devil's exceptional truthfulness—and we gave Mr. Simons full credit for the luminous interval to which he had temporarily succumbed; for the flash of sound sense and truthfulness that lighted the otherwise habitual dull and mendacious caverns of his mind.

Not so Mr. Simons's associates in his party. Being less philosophic, they were less charitable. They fell over him, in private, for having blurted out the fact of their party's measly status in the estimation of the working class of the land; and, in public, they fell over him, in substance pronouncing him an ass who "did not know nawthin'."

And now comes Time, that healer of all wounds, that straightener of all kinks, and vindicates Mr. Simons at all points.

At its last January session the California Building Trades Council, with headquarters in San Francisco, and head and backbone of Gompers Unionism in that State, solemnly adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the State Building Trades Council, in its ninth annual convention assembled, declare its intention now to organize a working class political party in the State of California, with the object in view to get control of the law making powers of this State, and the several municipalities, and make the laws in the interest of the producing class, and secure for the common people legislation that will give them the right and opportunity to enjoy life, liberty and prosperity instead of protecting wealth, profit and greed. WE ALSO FAVOR A NATIONAL WORKING CLASS PARTY, TO THE END THAT THE BONA FIDE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMMON PEOPLE MAY CONTROL THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND FINALLY PLACE A MEMBER OF THE WORKING CLASS IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.”

He who has ears to hear knows what these sounds mean.

The Socialist party’s goal is not the Socialist goal of an Industrial Republic. The party’s essentially bourgeois instincts prevent it from rising above and projecting itself beyond the bourgeois social stage of political government. The S.P. does not aim at a central directing authority composed of representatives of the useful labor constituents of the land. The S.P.’s ideal is the present political form of government, made up, just as at present, of delegates from territorial, and not from occupation constituencies. In short, the S.P. aim is to substitute Socialist politician incumbents for the present Republican and Democratic office-holders, from President down to dog-catchers. The identical governmental ideal floats before the mind of Gompers Unionism—and for the identical reason. Gompers Unionism, like the S.P., are caricature imitations of the bourgeois—the former on the economic, the latter on the political field.

Now, then, notwithstanding the S.P. points to, strains for, and preaches the goal of placing Socialists in control of Congress and in the presidential chair, the bugle blast, sounded by the Building Trades Council of the State of California, which specifies the identical goal, specifically convokes a new national party, contemptuously ignores the S.P., and thereby distinctly trumpets to the world that it holds the S.P. a hissing and a by-word with the actual wage workers of America. And the echoes of the bugle blast are reverberating approvingly in the columns of the “Labor Press.”

Simple Simons is being vindicated—and rapidly, too. In the ripening of time history will say of him: “He knew not much, but that little he knew well; and, with a

truthfulness exceptional to the man, he dared to utter that little and compress it in a pithy sentence—“The S.P. has become a hissing and a by-word with the actual wage workers of America.”

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.
Uploaded January 2011

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