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EDITORIAL

## FANATICS! ONCE MORE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HE nomination of Preston by the Socialist Labor Party convention has opened the sluices for a fresh set of cries of “Fanaticism!” and “Fanatics!”

Does the S.L.P. nominate a candidate whose condition sums up the sound principle—“No picketing, no Union; no Union, no Socialist Republic”?—every believer in hocus pocus as a social solvent growls “Fanaticism!”

Does the S.L.P. insist that dickers and deals with Democratic and Republican politicians are corrupt, corrupting and debasing to the Movement?—every worshipper at the shrine of Make Money While the Sun Shines sets up the snarl “Fanatics!”

Does the S.L.P. contend that the Labor or Socialist Movement has the sacred duty to strive to unify the proletariat of all lands, to resist all capitalist attempts at raising false race issues, and to hew close to the line which recognizes but two nations to-day, the Capitalist nation of Plunderers, and the Proletariat nation of the Plundered?—every ramshackle intellect of the family of Freak-Fraud sets up the howl: “Fanatics!”

Does the S.L.P. prove that bogus capitalist make-money-quick schemes, such as gold-brick mines, are not legitimate sources of income for anyone active in the Labor or Socialist Movement, and that activity in such lines on the part of officers is conclusive evidence of betrayal of the working class?—every obscene being in the land whose guiding star is “Make money wherever you can, crookedly in preference,” emits a long, loud and prolonged yelp: “F-a-n-a-t-i-c-i-s-m!”

Does the S.L.P. denounce as an outrage to sense and decency silence toward the twin iniquities of the pluck-me store and the check-off on the part of men active in the Labor or Socialist Movement?—every dealer in the flesh and blood of the proletariat quivers out wrathfully: “Fanatics!”

Does the S.L.P. expose as cowardly the shutting the eyes to such a crime as was perpetrated upon Preston and Smith, and scorn as unworthy the lying low before such issues lest votes be scared away, and funds for speakers to make tours cease to flow?—every wretch with the soul of a small trader who sands his sugar and waters his molasses furiously screams: “Fanaticism!”

It is to the echoing and re-echoing reverberations of “Fanatics!” and “Fanaticism!” that the hosts of Labor’s emancipation will be gathered and drilled, and that the Plunderbund, together with its nasty smaller parasites, will be rolled in the dust.

The louder the cry, the merrier. It is an inspiring sound to the “Fanatics.” It is proof positive that their scent is true, and the game feels crowded.

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

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