FIRST EDITORIAL

ONE OF THE “QUESTIONS.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

The approaching storm of the Social Revolution drives ahead of it clouds of social dust that dignify themselves with the name of “Questions,” and each pretends that IT is THE “Question;” a little pushed, and when somewhat heated, their upholders will even go so far as to assert that their “Question” is THE REVOLUTION.

Among these “Questions,” the “Woman’s Question,” so-called, surely makes as much noise as any, and takes in more block-heads than many—even more so than the “Religion Question.” The International Woman’s Congress, that just closed its sessions in London, should teach a thing or two on these alleged “Questions.”

The Congress opened, was conducted throughout and closed without the faintest evidence of its having the faintest idea of the real nature of the undercurrent that the Congress is an external manifestation of. It was run of the lines of sex—just as some negro conventions are run on the lines of color, and some Jewish conventions are run on the line of creed-race. No evidence there was of a sense of the need of emancipation of woman as a human being, not as a sex, any more than in the others in seen the demand for the emancipation of the negro or the Jew on the lines of their rights and duties as members of the human family. Nay, more, the Woman’s Congress adjourned amidst virtual sex hysterics amounting to an apotheosis of WOMAN, with Queen Victoria as a Star-Rocket and Roman-Candle combination, and the American delegates—one blushes to say it—gaping on in mute admiration of the SEX.

There is before this generation but one Question; it is an all-embracing Question; it is a Question that sums up all previous ones which the race, since its earliest infancy, faced, grappled with and solved according to its lights and its imperfect means. It is the Question of the freedom of Mankind from the brute fetters of
economic want and dependence, that have hitherto held it in bondage and kept it from rising. It is the SOCIAL QUESTION, that, equipped with all the knowledge of Ages, fired with all the sentiments of the ever true-beating heart, and armed, at last, with all the material weapons to perform its task, at last is able to couple aspirations with practical and efficient power, and, recognizing the fact that no happiness is possible without material well-being, plants itself unshakable upon the demand for the SOCIALIST REPUBLIC.

Every atom of energy spent upon “curing” the branch diseases on the upas tree of Capitalism, is energy wanted, inasmuch as it is energy taken away from the axe that, striking at the root of the tree itself, is alone able to overthrow the evils that are but the fruits of the Tree of Evil.