EDITORIAL

TROKINKAPISM.

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE term Anarchy conveys no definite idea to anyone. To a very limited extent it might, could or would convey the idea of physical force, in other words, the idea of a method, leaving the end that is to be attained wholly in doubt. Bomb-throwing, homicidal Anarchy, however, is too infinitesimal either to define the whole thing by, or even devote space to the variety. After the bomb-throwing element in Anarchy is eliminated, there still remains “Anarchy,”—a thing wholly undefinable. How undefinable, and why undefinable was illustrated last Sunday by the lecture of the “Anarchist celebrity,” Prince Krapotkin, at the Grand Central Palace. Among other things, Prince Potkrakin said:

“We have on all sides of us very beautiful cities, magnificent palaces, and specimens of architecture that have been created through the labor of the masses, yet they have no part in their enjoyment. One hundred years ago a lifetime was needed in which to amass even moderate wealth, but now human genius has made possible a system of production that permits the amassing of enormous fortunes in a startlingly short time.”

Is that Anarchy? No, indeed! That is but a page, or a sentiment borrowed from Socialist science. It is put above rather loosely; but still it is recognizable as sound Socialist fact and reasoning.

Labor, and not idleness, is the source of all wealth. Consequently, the Working Class, which alone produced all the wealth, is alone entitled to the whole of it. It follows, as the night does day, that it is a usurpation of right on the part of any idler, i.e., capitalist, to presume to say he, or his whole set, justly owns such wealth; and it is an injustice that the producers are not the enjoyers.

Furthermore, thanks to the modern system of production, a fabulous amount of wealth is to-day producible by man with few hours of toil; consequently, the one-time reason or apology for popular poverty is removed. Freedom from physical want has become a possibility.
Both these principles, embodied in the passage quoted from Prince Kinpotkra are Socialist premises. From them the Socialist draws the conclusions:

First, that essential condition to civilization,—the capacity to produce with little labor the necessary abundance of wealth to afford to all freedom from arduous toil for material existence—depends upon the modern tool of production;

Second, the feature of the modern tool of production is the compulsion it puts man under to co-operate on a gigantic scale in production;

Third, co-operation implies organization;

Fourth, organization implies order, discipline, in short, as Marx put it, man’s emancipation from the trammels of his individualism, and his development into the capabilities of his species; and

Fifth, the Socialist Republic is the highest reachable social ideal of the human race, to-day.

These are inevitable conclusions from the given premises. Different, however, are the conclusions of Prince Krakinpot,—if one can at all use the term “conclusions” in regard to him. He denounces Socialism. While applauding the modern machine, he repudiates the inevitable results therefrom. In other words, he preaches for a sun that imparts no heat, a winter where frosts are unknown, a human being with wings to fly, a world without the law of gravitation to hold it together, and obedient to which man must adjust his actions. Such are the gentleman’s views. No wonder, after hearing him, one gets his name all twisted, and one’s head buzzes with the noise of a kakophony whose name naturally suggests itself as Trokinkapism.

What is Anarchy? Get together large boulders of the noblest stones—marble, granite, porphyry, etc.; whirl them with force against one another; the ground will be strewn with detritus; take up a handful of that worthless dust of incoherent materials, themselves the product of far-apart and dissonant aeons in the world’s history. What you would then see would at all points symbolize the “Philosophy of Anarchy,”—Trokinkpaism, for short.