EDITORIAL

WAS IST LOS MIT TEDDY?

By DANIEL DE LEON

THE brave-bold President of the United States, popularly known as “Strenuous Teddy”, seems to be growing weak in the knees. He, who, but yesterday was posing, proud of his atavism, as the incarnation, pattern and paragon of the savage’s principle “do, or you will be done”, and who saw in the survivor the stamp of admirable superiority,—he now is throwing his arms about, and grasping for support.

It was at Omaha. There, addressing a meeting, the President, attacked the term “Class Struggle”, protested emphatically, declaring:

“In the long run, and as a whole, we are going to go up or go down together.”

The “we”, of course, stands for both the Capitalist Class, of which the President is a member and the chief official representative, and the Working Class, which his class rides, exploits and oppresses. These two are in each other’s hair. Or, to stick to the simile, the ridden class is growing decidedly restive; it is kicking up its heels and rearing, threatening to throw off the rider, who, in turn, is frantically clutching the mane of the “brute”, and is going through the various antics so graphically portrayed in some of the most humorous passages of Mark Twain and Dickens. The rider, of course, does not see the humor of it. Nor does Teddy, whose “strenuousness” seems to be oozing out.

“We” are to “go up and down together!” Not unless the human race is about to meet such a total transformation as that the sun go goes up in the west, and down in the east!

When a ridden class has grown into maturity, something has regularly gone down,—the rider; and something has as regularly gone up,—the ridden; and, along with the one-time ridden, civilization took a step forward. It has been so regularly, all along the line. The upward march of the race is registered by these periodical going-ups, of the
one-time ridden, AND THEM ALONE, accompanied by the simultaneous going-downs of the one-time riders, AND THEM ALONE. A going “down and up together” is an unheard of affair. It is a partial impossibility: UP, no two warring classes can go together; together they can go DOWN only;—that is a possibility, and against that dread possibility, social chaos, the Socialist Movement is in the field, firmly entrenched, conscious of ascendancy and victory. The capitalist class will go down, it alone, and society, relieved of the incubus, the Old Man of the Sea, that Capitalism has become, will bound upward, leaving the Roosevelt class to go down alone to the bottom of the unfathomable sea of abolition.

Can it be that Strenuous Teddy has actually got a glimpse of the “wrath to come”? Or is he as dense as ever, and what ails him is the staggers that overcame even a Daniel Webster, and that has ever since caused smaller men to “cast anchors” right and left,—the vote-catching staggers of the “Presidential bee”?

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