

# Land and Liberty

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Mexico's Battle for  
Economic Freedom  
And Its Relation to  
Labor's World-Wide  
S t r u g g l e

Selected from Writings of

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• Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States  
• of America, in the tenth instalment of his "New  
• Freedom," declares as follows:

• "The facts of the situation amount to this; that a  
• comparatively small number of men control the raw  
• material of this country; that a comparatively small  
• number of men control the water powers that can be  
• made useful for the economical production of the  
• energy to drive our machinery; that that same num-  
• ber of men largely control the railroads; that by  
• agreements handed around among themselves they  
• control prices, and that that same group of men  
• control the larger credits of the country."

• The Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, speaking  
• on behalf of those who, under its banner, are fighting  
• and agitating for the Economic Revolution now in  
• process of development in Mexico, declares that  
• every word of President Wilson's pronunciamiento  
• applies with equal, if not greater, force to Mexico;  
• that no nation can, by any possibility, be happy or  
• prosperous under such conditions; that we have  
• reached a point in economic development which  
• justifies us in saying that the abolition of poverty is  
• both feasible and necessary, and that the overthrow  
• of the conditions described by President Wilson has  
• become an imperative duty, to be performed at all  
• costs. The situation and the causes that have created  
• the situation are identical everywhere, and the fight is  
• the same, whether it is being waged in the United  
• States, Mexico, Europe, Central and South America,  
• Asia, Africa or Australasia.

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## LAND AND LIBERTY

This, the first volume of our "Land and Liberty" series, consists of translations from the Spanish of Ricardo Flores Magon and Antonio de P. Araujo, and articles by Wm. C. Owen, editor of the English section of "Regeneración." They are submitted to the public in the hope that they may help to bring about a better understanding of the revolutionary movement, not only in Mexico but throughout the world. It is believed that the reader will find the contents frankly revolutionary; that is to say, dealing with causes, and the quickest method of removing causes, rather than with effects. The translations from the Spanish are marked with the initials of the original contributors, and the volume is placed on the market at the low price of ten cents, our desire being to make the propaganda as extensively as possible.

Organizing Junta, Mexican Liberal Party,  
Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.  
September, 1913.

### TO ARMS! TO ARMS! FOR LAND AND LIBERTY.

At this moment millions of human beings are casting sad looks to heaven, hoping to find there—beyond the stars they see—that something which is to them everything; because it has been the aim and object of all the grief-stricken efforts and painful battle of the species, Man, from the day when his hesitating footsteps bore him a handbreadth in advance of the unreasoning species. That something is happiness.

Happiness! Happiness is not of this world, say the religious. Happiness is in heaven; there, beyond the tomb. And the human herd lifts up its eyes and, knowing nothing

of heaven, thinks that it is there, in the far away; whereas it has its feet on this planet, which, with its brother stars, constitute the glory and grandeur of the firmament.

The Earth forms part of heaven, and humanity, by that very fact, is now in heaven. We should not raise our eyes in the hope of finding happiness behind those stars which make our nights so beautiful. Happiness is here; on the Earth Star, and it is not to be conquered by prayers or won by supplications, entreaties, humiliations or floods of tears. It must be battled for on foot and with force, because the Earth Gods are not like those of the religions, who can be softened by supplication and entreaty. The Earth Gods have soldiers, they have policemen, they have judges, they have hangmen, they have penitentiaries, they have scaffolds, they have laws, they have all that constitutes what are known as institutions—rugged mountains which hinder the human race from stretching out its arm and possessing itself of the Earth; making it its own and bringing it under that subjection which would result in happiness being the patrimony of all and not the exclusive privilege of the few who today withhold it from the others.

The Earth is the property of all. When, millions and millions of years ago, the Earth had not yet separated itself from the chaotic cluster which, as time passed on, was to dower the firmament with new suns; and when, as the result of gradual cooling, planets became more or less fitted for organic life, this planet had no owner. Neither did the Earth have any owner when humanity was converting every old tree-trunk and every mountain cavern into a dwelling place and a refuge from the inclemency of the weather and from wild beasts. Neither did the Earth have any owner when humanity, having advanced still farther along the thorny path of progress, had reached the pastoral period, in which there were pastures whereon the tribe, with herds in common, settled. The first owner appeared with the first man who had slaves to work his fields, and who, that he might make himself master of those slaves and of those fields, found it necessary to take up arms and levy war against a hostile tribe. Violence, then, was the origin of private property in land, and by violence it has been upheld to our own days.

Invasions, wars of conquest, political revolutions, wars for the control of markets, and acts of spoliation carried through by governors or those under their protection—these constitute the titles to private property in land; titles sealed with the blood and enslavement of humanity.

Yet this monstrous origin of a right which is absurd, since it is based on crime, does not hinder the law from calling that right "sacred," inasmuch as those who have withheld the land are the very ones who have written the law.

Private property in land is based on crime, and, by that very fact, is an immoral institution. That institution is the fount of all the ills that afflict the human being. Vice, crime, prostitution, despotism, are born of it. For its protection there have become necessary the army, the judiciary, parliament, police, the prison, the scaffold, the church, the government and a swarm of employes and drones, supported by the very ones who have not so much as a clod of earth on which to rest their heads, since they have come into life after the Earth has been divided up among a few bandits who appropriated it by force, or among the descendants of those bandits, who have come into possession through the so-called right of inheritance.

The Earth is the element from which everything necessary for life is extracted or produced. From it we get the useful metals, coal, rock, sand, lime, salts. By its cultivation we produce every kind of fruit, for nourishment and pleasure. Its prairies yield food for the cattle; its forests offer us their woods, its fountains are the generative waters of life and beauty. And all this belongs to a few; makes happy a few; gives power to a few; though nature made it for all.

Of this tremendous injustice are born all the ills that afflict the human species and produce its misery. Misery makes man vile; misery prostitutes him; misery pushes him to crime; misery bestializes the face, the body and the intelligence.

Degraded and—which is worse—unconscious of their shame, generations succeed one another, living in the midst of wealth and abundance without tasting that happiness a few have monopolized. With the Earth belonging to a few, those who possess none of it must hire themselves to those who do possess it, if they are to keep their hides and skeletons on foot. The humiliation of hire or hunger—this is the dilemma with which private property in land faces each as he enters life! an iron dilemma which forces humanity itself to put on itself the chains of slavery, if it would avoid perishing by starvation or giving itself up to crime or prostitution.

Ask yourselves today why governments oppress, why men rob and murder, why women prostitute themselves! Behind the iron bars of those charnel houses of body and

soul which men call prisons, thousands of unfortunates are paying, in torture of body and agony of soul, for that crime which the law has lifted into the category of a sacred right—private property in land. In the defiling atmosphere of the house of public prostitution thousands of young women are prostituting their bodies and crippling their self-respect, as the result of private property in land. In the asylums, in the hospitals, in the foundling institutions, in all those gloomy abodes wherein misery, abandonment and human misery take refuge, men and women, the aged and the child, are suffering from the consequences of private property in land. And convicts and beggars, the prostitute, the orphan and the infirm, are lifting their eyes to heaven; in the hope of finding there, beyond the stars which they can see, that happiness of which the owners of this Earth are robbing them.

Meanwhile the human herd, unconscious of its right to life, turns and bends its back to develop by its toil for others this Earth which nature has placed at its own service, thus perpetuating by its own submissiveness the empire of injustice. But, from the slavish and bemired mass rebels arise; from the sea of backs there emerge the heads of the first revolutionists. The herd trembles, for it foresees chastisement. Tyranny trembles, for it foresees attack. And, breaking the silence, a shout, like the roar of thunder, rolls over the backs and reaches even to the thrones: "The Land!"

"The Land!" shouted the Gracchi. "The Land!" shouted Munzer's Anabaptists. "The Land!" shouted Bakounine. "The Land!" shouted Ferrer. "The Land!" shouts the Mexican Revolution; and this shout, drowned a hundred times in blood during the course of ages; this shout, which echoes the thought guarded affectionately in all times by the rebels of our planet; this hallowed shout will bring the heaven of which the mystics dream down to this vale of tears, when the human herd ceases to throw sad glances at the infinite and fixes itself here on this planet, which today shrinks with shame at the thought that, amid the splendor and grandeur of its celestial brothers, it has to drag along the leprosy of human misery.

Silent slaves of the clod; resigned peons of the field; throw down the plough! The clarions of Acayucan and Jimenez, of Palomas and Las Vacas, of Viesca and Valladolid are calling you to war; that you may take possession of this Earth to which you give your sweat, though it denies you its fruits because you have consented, in your submissiveness, that idle hands shall become masters of what belongs to you, of what belongs to all humanity,

of what cannot belong to a few but to all men and women who, by the very fact that they are living, have a right to share in common, by reason of their toil, all that wealth which the Earth is capable of producing.

Slaves! Take the Winchester in hand! Work the Land, but only after you have taken it into your own possession! To work it now is to rivet your chains, for you are producing more wealth for the masters, and wealth is power, wealth is strength, physical and moral, and the strong will hold you always in subjection. Be strong yourselves! Be strong and rich, all of you, by making yourselves masters of the Land! But for this you need the gun. Buy it or borrow it, in the last resort! Throw yourselves into the struggle, shouting with all your strength—"Land and Liberty!"

R. F. M.

### WHO ARE THE BANDITS?

Bandits! That is what the defenders of law and order call us. Why? Because while we are teaching our brothers in misery that all should be for the benefit of all, we are also inviting them to take possession of that all.

Who made the land? Did the frock-coated and belovéd gentlemen who call it "theirs" make it? No; the land is a natural commodity, for the use of every living creature. Who made the houses, the fabrics and all that goes to render life comfortable? Was it the gentlemen we see living in rich palaces and lodged in luxurious hotels? No; all that came from the hands of the poor, who huddle in huts, rot in prison, wither in brothels, and die in hospitals, on the gallows, everywhere, in the noon of life.

Bandits! We who want these things are not the bandits.

R. F. M.

## THAT EVENING AT THE BEACH.

Do you remember that evening at the beach? The golden moon hung full-orbed in the sky, and a road of silver stretched across the softly-undulating sea. At your feet the surf broke gently, a wall of phosphorescent fire. How beautiful it was, and how you both enjoyed it! You talked in low tones, at intervals only, and in the fewest words. "What an enchanting night!" "Could there be a more lovely scene?" "What a beautiful world this is!" You walked home in silence; your hearts beating with emotion; in thought too deep for words. You felt at peace with all the world, and yet your blood ran hot with passion, for you trod on air. It would have been hard then to have done a shameful deed, or harbored an ignoble thought. The poetry of the universe had crept into your soul.

Every man and woman should have the memory of some such evenings locked amid his or her most cherished treasures. In every life, however rocked and wrecked by trouble, there should have been hours in which all the world seemed good; in which the noble seemed to be the natural thing; in which there was confidence in truth; in which there was, at least, one of whose interest and loyalty no doubt was felt and through whom the divine became visibly clothed in flesh and blood. Whatever the later record may have been, such hours we never can forget. However brutally life may have stamped upon those golden moments, it never stamps them out entirely. They stand, a lighthouse in a storm-tossed sea, reminding us that we are never far from port; a spring in the desert, assuring us that there is water in abundance, if we have but pluck and sense to reach it.

Like Elbert Hubbard, or any other New Thought apostle, I might well be writing for the so-called "rich," who, planting their existence in the arid soil of living off their neighbors, condemn themselves to hopeless poverty in essentials and rob themselves of the true poetry of life. Well might I write especially for them, since they, of all others, may seem to need compassion. A class that finds our greatest treasure, Time—that is to say, Life itself—the deadliest enemy and strives continually to kill it; a

class that hunts the wide world over for sensations where-with to whip into new activity its jaded appetites; a class that traffics constantly in sexual aberrations, because its natural instincts have withered prematurely; a class that prays eternally to be amused, and values those alone who can satisfy that unhealthy craving—such a class might well call for sympathy, if we had sympathy to waste. We have not. We cannot cure the hopelessly and wilfully corrupt. We cannot restore organs paralysed by abuse. Whether the rich are to blame, or whether they are the victims of circumstances, we do not care to ask. We are dealing with a military situation that has to be faced immediately, and we cannot squander time unravelling the causes that begot it. Let the rich make their own lives hell, if they choose, since that is their own business. They shall not continue to make ours as bad, or worse, if we can help it.

Let us take Mexico as an illustration, and only as an illustration, inasmuch as things are everywhere very much the same. Since the revolution began, three years ago, Los Angeles has been crowded with the refugee rich, and doubtless other pleasure resorts have suffered invasion from the same swarm of locusts. Except for destruction they have no capacity whatever. They are chronic idlers and would be run into jail but for the fact that they still have certain means of subsistence, in the shape of lands and houses from which it is still possible to extract some rent, or deposits in bank which represent the extortions of the past. Through ignorance of our language they are compelled to live largely among themselves, and they lounge away the time dreaming of the re-coming of the golden days when others shall have saved their chestnuts from the fire and fought successfully the battle on behalf of special privilege which they themselves are too cowardly to fight. Their one activity, outside of the satisfaction of their carnal appetites, is to plot; to interest fellow-parasites in the common cause, since all exploiters travel in the same boat; to lionize any specially prominent pirate, such as Terrazas or Torres, who may happen to come along, and to make a God of such as Felix Diaz, who has shown himself the type of treachery and personal cruelty, and is himself the nephew of the man whose personal ambition and corruption were the parents of their present sorry plight. I defy the world and history to show me a more pitiable crew; a set of human beings more irremediably worthless when judged from the standpoint that Life is a great and glorious opportunity, to be turned to

gloriously happy account. Any self-respecting community of bees would kill such good-for-nothing drones remorselessly, to the last one of them. Our own worthless rich show their own worthlessness by sheltering these drones and falling on their spineless necks; publishing their photographs in the journals they control and chronicling their idle vaporings in the columns devoted to "society" news.

Life should be full of poetry; full of the fire of passion that runs through veins which function actively because the opportunities for functioning abound on every side. Life never was meant to be put in the straitjacket with which monopoly has bound it, or to be cabined, cribbed and confined by the restrictive legislation which the philosophy of monopoly begets as inevitably as the swamp will breed mosquitoes. There is no sense in condemning the naturally light-hearted and most loving Mexican to the loveless slavery of the Valle Nacional, the henequen plantations of Yucatan, the mills of Rio Blanco, or the slavery of the mines, that a small and unspeakably worthless percentage of his countrymen may yawn their heads off and endeavor to kill time in profligacies paid for with his sweat and blood. There is no sense in the American or European workingman who tamely wears out his existence on some grimy bench, producing baubles for the bored-to-death, when a seat is waiting him at Life's rich table. There is no poetry in that, which means there is no sense, no comprehension of what life should be; no grasp of possibilities; no power to recognize facts that strike one in the face.

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Why should it interest any reasonable man to learn that the diamond cutters have organized and are getting more decent wages for supplying gems to deck some pirate's light-o'-love? Let the diamond cutter say: "I find Life too important to waste on nonsensical occupations of this sort." How comes it that apparently sensible people can read with profound interest the story of hunters who risk their lives, year after year, to cloth prostitutes with furs? Let the furs go and the animals that own them rest in peace, while we weave clothing for the really naked backs. Let us get down to business and take stock; let us see how large a proportion of our race is slaving in poverty for the spoiled and idle few, and how small is the percentage which is producing the limited range of articles to which the consumption of the masses is confined. That stock-taking is more wanted than anything I know, for, if we could put it through and ascertain

the facts, it would lead instantaneously to such a reorganization as this world has never seen. There would be no need then for Mr. Gompers' or Mr. St. John's or Mr. Debs' machines, which hope to organize industry completely within the next few centuries. We should simply say, with one accord: "To Hell with such a state of things, in which ninety-nine hundredths of our race are toiling at the useless, and all are robbed of Life!"

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Walking homeward and asking myself why Life should not be habitually one "evening at the beach," I was hailed by an old newspaper friend who has become Chief of Police in this by no means unimportant burgh. He dragged me into his den and the talk fell on a book, "Crime and Criminals," which I was guilty of writing some four years ago. The Chief thought it had done much good, and spoke of reforms recently effected. I replied that, except as to possible improvement in the treatment of prison inmates, it had done no good at all, and could do none, since our economic conditions, with the unnatural and unequal struggle they engender, hatch crime faster than all the books in the world can remedy it. He agreed emphatically, and, after exchanging some experiences, he rapped out a professional opinion. "Damn it," he said, "that Los Angeles has become nothing but a city of detectives! Everybody is spying on everybody else, and I hate to set foot in the place."

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It is even so. We are being starved of Life, and instead of a meal that should be clean and sweet and nourishing, are given an ill-smelling, poisonous mess. The maggots of slavery have eaten its way into and putrified the mass so utterly that only by the most violent efforts can we make it hold together. Never was talk so cheap and action in accordance with our talk so hard to find. Under the loudly-voiced assumption that the people at last are in the saddle and that Democracy is triumphant, the masses are bound to the chariot wheels of Money as they never were before. The world rings with fine sentiments, but those who mouth them have no thought of being held responsible and always it is tacitly understood that Money is to speak the final word. China is once more rent by Revolution in its most violent, gigantic and apparently unprofitable form, and over every battlefield, as vultures waiting for their glut, hover the syndicated European bankers. The Balkans run knee-deep in blood, and the European bankers boss the job. As I write the despatches tell me that "Senator Bacon of Georgia, chairman of the foreign

relations committee and a man of well-known conservative tendencies, characterizes the present emergency—the Mexican Revolution—as the gravest that has confronted the United States in his nineteen years of service." Once more the Money Power is responsible for all the trouble; the Money Power which created the conditions that forced the Revolution; the Money Power which has prolonged it, by protecting its monstrous privileges against the opposition of the masses; the Money Power which seeks now to embroil the United States and ultimately may embroil the nations of the world.

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The Mexican Revolution is only one little corner of this Titanic, world-wide struggle—the struggle for the right to live; the struggle for the rich and fully-rounded civilization to which the knowledge and capacity of the human race entitle it, and for its equal, clean and sensible enjoyment. This world is incalculably rich, with a richness that means the possibility of happiness for all; but the richness is under lock and key. It must be freed. Monopoly must disgorge. It must give up the key. The slavery by which the many must toil when and as the few, the very few, decide, must go and go forever. The human hive must purge itself of drones. Its members must be free to suck life's honey to the full; to garner it in freedom, and to feast, secure against invasion by the idler, on the product of their toil. Such evenings at the beach as I endeavored to describe at the beginning of this article are all too few, and it may be doubted if millions catch even such a single ray from Life's great reservoir of light to cheer them on their long and tragic way. That cannot, should not, last. That slavery must be broken. Those prisoners must be set free. Life must be released, however great the cost and desperate the struggle. To the conquest of "Land and Liberty" our race must rally, conscious of the dignity of its claim and of the omnipotent forces latent in its too-long slumbering limbs. The threads with which the Lilliputians of Monopoly have bound it are only threads. Gulliver has only to collect his wits and rise.

## ON ITS KNEES GOVERNMENT OFFERS AGRARIAN REFORMS.

Considering the government of Mexico's capital as lost and seeing that the millions of dollars spent in armies and armaments are of no avail to smother the Revolution—whose character is evident from the features that have continually marked the various uprisings which continue to shake Mexico—they are once more putting forward measures such as Madero would never have proposed and much less carried into effect.

Nevertheless, it is now late for the implanting of social reforms and for the partition of the lands. In the heart of the Mexican proletariat there are beating today anti-authoritarian and anti-capitalist sentiments, and they will not allow themselves to be deceived as they have been in the past. They will not swallow the hook of a repartition of the lands at the hands of Government.

The Republic's government has confessed that in Mexico there is a war of classes. By the mouth of the Minister of Regulation, Dr. Urrutia, who calls attention to the selfishness of the rich in the matter of contributing funds with which to carry on the struggle against the proletariat, it has said as follows: "The war which is destroying us implacably is not a civil war; it has no political ends in view. It is the war of the poor man; of the man who possesses nothing against the rich man. And it is a curious, not to say an immoral, fact that in the combats recorded daily, in which so many fall, those who fall are all of the disinherited class, those who have nothing to lose and who are fighting only because those who give them orders take them to the battlefield. The well-to-do are helping in this frightful war without taking any actual part in it. They expect us to defend them against assaults, against incendiarism, against pillage, but, with a few honorable exceptions, they do nothing to bring about peace and a definite equilibrium. And I think that the hacienda owners, those who possess much, those who do not know where their haciendas end and who can ride for days without coming to the boundary posts that mark the limits of their holdings, could contribute something, some few acres of land, without reducing to any great extent their capital; and that would be the first step, a gigantic

step, toward the solution of the future and the scattering of the black clouds that now involve it."

Again, from the secretaries' offices of the Departments of Public Works and Regulation orders have been sent out for the immediate splitting up of the lands belonging to the nation, with instructions to grant permission for the working and exploitation of the national lands neighboring on towns. Here is what "El Imparcial," a bourgeois Mexico City paper, says in one of its last issues respecting these orders:

"The Secretary's office of the Department of Regulation has just sent out a circular to the Political Prefectures of the Federal District, ordering that, without delay, the inhabitants of towns and municipalities where national lands are situated be allowed to work and exploit them. Thus, all the timber lands of the Federal District and the lands which belong to the nation, as well as the bottom lands of lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, will be worked and their products exploited—wood, fodder, sand and other mineral deposits, etc., etc., by the inhabitants of the different towns, registered as paying taxes, without any restriction other than that of the morality of the individuals concerned.

"We are informed that this measure is to be put into immediate effect, having in view the special circumstances through which the country is passing, with a view to facilitating the re-establishment of peace while reserving for a later date more detailed legislation. At the ministerial council held last Tuesday night the Secretary of the Department of Regulation proposed this transcendently important measure, and it met with the approval of the President of the Republic.

"We are informed also that at a meeting of the various great landed proprietors of the Federal District it was agreed to cede a portion of their lands, to be cultivated by the workers of the respective municipalities.

"In Xochimilco a well-known man is willing to divide up for the benefit of the natives a large tract of very fertile moor land, whose cultivation and products will be henceforth for the benefit of the poor and industrious of the neighborhood.

"We know also that the wealthy proprietor, Senor Don Inigo Noriega, will cede an important portion of his Xico haciendas and their annexes, with the same noble end of favoring the native working class.

"We conceive that alike the disposition shown by the government and the altruistic proposition of the great landowners constitute a great step toward the work of

pacification, and, as we have said repeatedly, we should not trust solely to military action. It is very probable that the realization of the new measure dictated by the Secretary of Regulation may meet with obstacles and hindrances in the matter of carrying it into effect, but no one can doubt that such an arrangement has been inspired by a self-evident spirit of patriotism, and that it will contribute largely toward the re-establishment of peace by providing means of livelihood and subsistence to the native class which today the rebel chiefs and highwaymen are making use of, that they may drag it to revolt and banditry."

And, immediately after the issuance of the order of the Secretary of Public Works, the same paper expresses itself thus:

"In view of the fact that, at the ministerial council held in the National Palace last night, the Secretary of the Board of Public Works, Engineer Alberto Robles Gil, offered to make known a plan for the repartition of the lands, an 'Imparcial' representative interviewed him at noon yesterday and requested him kindly to furnish us with some details on a subject of such importance.

"Sr. Robles Gil showed us that, inasmuch as the law prohibits the Government from alienating its lands until they have been surveyed by the Government's own engineering commission; and inasmuch as the Mexican Republic comprises 197,000,000 hectares, more than ten per cent of which—that is to say, 23,000,000 hectares—are the nation's property; and inasmuch as the Agrarian Section of the Department has not a staff adequate to the task of surveying and dividing up the lands which must be partitioned; with a view to carrying out the splitting up of the lands as speedily as possible, the Department of Public Works has entered with the President of the Republic into the agreement we publish hereafter, to the end that the Governors of the various States may occupy themselves with the division of the said lands, at the cost of the Federal Government." (Here follows a somewhat lengthy order by President Huerta to the Governors and "Jefes Politicos" of the different States, directing them to divide up without delay such portions of the national domain as may be susceptible of cultivation, in tracts of not less than ten and not more than one hundred hectares, and to put them into the possession of small agriculturists, "in order to alleviate their necessities and contribute to a partial satisfaction of the popular aspirations in the matter of the land." The order is somewhat lengthy and Mr. Araujo has given it verbatim, but the present trans-



lator thinks it sufficient to reproduce its general purport, which he has done quite faithfully.) Mr. Araujo proceeds:

Minister Urrutia's declarations, as well as the decrees of the Executive, issued without waiting for authorization by Congress or even by what calls itself the law, show how great is the Government's agony, and its anxiety to attract to itself the proletariat and induce it to renounce the Revolution, which goes on marching forward in its work of general expropriation.

The splitting up of the lands, while the Government and the principle of private property remain alive, does not mean the helping of the worker on his road to the conquest of well-being, nor would it be practicable; for, as we have said often, the acquisition by ALL the towns in the Republic of the land necessary to provide them with commons, would necessitate the buying out of the hacienda owners at increased prices, since it comprises the lands and forests surrounding the towns, the titles to which are in the hands of private landowners, since they are not the nation's property. Such a purchase is an impossibility, because the Government, although it would force the workers to contribute substantial sums, would need millions and millions of dollars for such an expropriation, and no banking syndicate in the world would be able to accommodate it with the monstrous amount of cash needed. Today the national lands which Huerta orders given to the disinherited are those which the foreign speculator and native hacienda-owner have rejected and declined to take over because of their aridity, their marshy character or for other reasons that make their working full of difficulty.

No system of agrarian laws can be adopted in Mexico. Legal measures or governmental orders—which, lacking the sanction of Congress, proclaim themselves illegal—cannot solve a problem which, as the Minister of Regulation himself says, is social and has no political end in view.

The social problem can be solved only by each and all taking possession of that which belongs to all. The land, which is the gift of nature, and the machines, the plows, the houses, the industries, the trains and all that has been the common work of the past and the present generations, should be expropriated. With the expropriation of the now-usurped common patrimony, bequeathed to man by Nature and his ancestors, the right of all the inhabitants of Mexico to the enjoyment of existing wealth will be secured.

It is this method of solving the problem which is mak-

ing the Government tremble; and, being lost, it is now pretending to be interested in the disinherited and is playing its last card, hoping that thereby it will induce the Social Revolution to commit suicide.

This method of solving the problem—that is to say, expropriation by violence—is causing the most important bourgeois paper of Guadalajara to exclaim, in tears and with dismay:

"Who knows with what the future may present us? We shall say simply that never, during all the Republic's life, have revolutionary movements exhibited a character so sanguinary and vandalistic as they do today, when even private houses are dynamited and there is nothing which can inspire the bandits with respect or restrain their passion."

It is now too late for the government to talk. The time has gone by for it to show itself interested in a proletariat that, during four centuries, suffered in slavery. Its weak voice is lost in the clamor of the revolutionary forces, now enured to war, which are moving from victory to victory, from triumph to triumph, from expropriation to expropriation, and are now well-nigh surrounding the Republic's capital, not that they may shout, with the inevitable fall of President Huerta: "The President of the Republic is dead; long live the President of the Republic!" but the great cry of proletarian redemption: "The Capitalist system is dead! We have killed the Republic! Long live the Commune!"

A. DE P. A.

## WE ARE MOVING FROM ILLUSIONS TOWARD LIFE.

We Revolutionists are not pursuing a chimera; we are pursuing reality. The peoples nowadays are not taking up arms to impose on others their special Gods or their religions. The Gods are rotting in the holy books. The religions are fading away in the shadow of indifference. The Koran, the Vedas, the Bible, no longer dazzle. Between their yellowing leaves the Gods are passing mournfully, as the sun dies in the twilight of a winter day.

We are moving toward Life. Yesterday heaven was the people's objective point; today it is the earth. There are no more Crusaders, lance in hand. Allah's cimeter rests in the museum show-case. The hordes of the God of Israel are becoming atheists. The dust of dogmas is disappearing before the breath of the years as they go by.

Today the peoples are not in rebellion because they wish to adore one God rather than another. The great social upheavals to which religions gave birth have become petrified in the story of the past. The French Revolution won the right to think, but it did not win the right to live, and to the conquest of that latter right the intelligent of all countries and all races today address themselves.

We have a right to live, the thinkers tell us, and this humane doctrine has found its way to the heart of the serf, as dew to the thirsty soil. To live does not mean, for man, mere vegetation. To live means to be free and happy. All of us, therefore, have the right to liberty and happiness.

Social inequality died, in theory, when the rebellion of free thought killed metaphysics. It is necessary that it should die in fact. To that goal the energies of all free men are marching.

Hence it is that we Revolutionists are not pursuing a chimera. We are not struggling for abstractions but for material facts. We want the earth for all; we want bread for all. What though blood may run, so long as the victory benefits all and not a special social caste!

Because of this the multitude is listening to us. Because of this our voice reaches the masses, shaking and awakening them. Because of this we are able to raise a

whole people in revolt.

We are the people; but not the sad and mournful people of the Pharaohs; not the abject and servile people of the Caesars; not the people who were wont to clap their hands when Porfirio Diaz was passing by. We are people in revolt against the yoke; we are the people of Sparta, the people who were with Munzer in the proclamation of equality, with Camille Desmoulins in the tearing down of the Bastille, with Hidalgo in the burning of Granaditas, with Juarez in his upholding of reform.

We are the people, waking the full-fed from their gluttonous slumber and launching to the four winds this formidable phrase: "We all have the right to be free and happy." And the people, which no longer waits for the word of God, engraved on tablets, to descend on Sinai, is listening to us. Beneath their coarse garments the hearts of the loyal are aflame. Into the black pigsties where they who manufacture happiness for those above them huddle and rot, a ray of hope is entering. The peon is thinking as he treads the furrow. In the bowels of the earth the miner is repeating that phrase to his brothers of the chain. Everywhere they are harkening to the eager panting of those who are marching to rebellion. A thousand nervous hands are fondling the rifle secretly; a thousand impatient breasts are counting as centuries the days which must elapse before they can listen to the manly shout—"Rebellion!"

Fear takes wings and is harbored by the vile alone. Fear is a heavy pack which the brave, ashamed to play the parts of beasts of burden, must unload. Packs make us bend the back, and the valiant wish to stand erect. If a load we must support, let it be the burden of the world and of a universe of responsibilities.

Submission! It is the cry of the vile. Rebellion! It is the shout of men. Lucifer, the rebel, is worthier than the submissive hireling, Gabriel.

Fortunate are the hearts in which protest takes root. Insubordination and rebellion! They are flowers we have cultivated all too little.

The timorous pale with fear and the conservative are scandalized when they hear our words; but tomorrow the timorous and the conservative will applaud them. The timorous and the conservative who today adore Christ were they who yesterday condemned and crucified him as a rebel. They who today are rearing statues to men of genius persecuted them yesterday, loaded them with chains or threw them to the bonfire. They who tortured Galileo, and forced him to retract, glorify him today; they who

turned Leonardo's statue alive, today revive him, the hands that tugged at the rope which hanged John Brown, were the ones that later, in the Civil War, broke the chains of slavery; they who condemned, excommunicated and degraded Hidalgo, today venerate him; the tremulous hands that lifted the hemlock to the lips of Socrates, today are penning fearful denunciations of that Year of Thought.

Every man, says Carlos Malato, is at once a Reactionist and a Revolutionist, as compared with some other man.

To the Reactionists—the Conservatives—of today we are Revolutionists, but to the Revolutionists of tomorrow our acts will have been those of Conservatives. Humanity's ideas as to progress vary all the time, and it is absurd to pretend that they are immutable, like the fossils of plants and animals.

But if those full of the fear of God, and the conservative, pale with fear and are scandalized by our doctrines, those doctrines breathe courage into the rest. The faces that misery and grief had marred are now transfigured; down the sun-burned cheeks the tears no longer run; countenances grow humanized, nay, better, they become divine, for men are animated with rebellion's sacred fire. What sculptor ever yet portrayed an ugly hero? What painter ever placed on his canvas the figure of a hero deformed? There is a mysterious light which invests heroes and lends them brilliancy. Hidalgo, Juárez, Morelos, Zapata, mark like suns. The Greeks placed their heroes among the demi-gods.

We are moving toward Life. It is this which is breathing courage into the rest, awakening the giant and causing the valiant to hold their ground. From his Olympus, seated on the rocks of Chapultepec, a Jupiter of wood-kills is putting a price on rebel heads; is signing with his aged hands sentences worthy of a cannibal, while his dishevelled hairs bristle like the pelt of a wolf attacked by rabies. A reproach to old age this perverse dotard clings to life with the despair of a drowning man. Having taken the lives of thousands, he himself is struggling hand to hand with death to save his own.

No matter, we Revolutionists march onward. The abyss does not stop us; when the water is falling over the precipice it is most beautiful.

If we die we shall die like sons, diffusing light.

R. F. M.

## THE REFORM ERA IS DEAD, THAT OF REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN.

One of our correspondents—a somewhat provincial lawyer, deeply religious churchman and enthusiastic Single Taxer of long standing—writes me earnestly and sadly respecting the militant retrospective movement in England and our own Mexican Revolution. He gives strong expression to his innate loathing of violence, but concludes with the reflection that the movements mentioned seem to be going as they have to go, and that his own long experience with purely verbal propaganda has made him pessimistic. Naturally I have had to reply to him at considerable length, and in doing so have referred him particularly to that great master of facts, Charles Darwin. I argued that it could not be otherwise, since all new movements are departures from the prevailing type—must be fought for by the few who have in them those subtle differences that lead to variation of species, and are subject invariably to the great law which Darwin expounds and illustrates with overwhelming proof. The law is that every variation from the prevailing type must fight a terrific battle, which, if eventually won, is the victory of quality over quantity. If life has not taught us that the new has to be fought for by the few, it has not taught us anything.

The great weakness of Democracy, and of all such movements as Political Socialism and the Single Tax, which pledge themselves at the start to follow Democratic principles, is that they promise the IMPOSSIBLE. Either of the movements named may shew its followers with the assurance that it is adding steadily to its army of adherents, that it is permeating thought, and so forth. But all the eloquence in the world cannot conceal the fact that so far as action is concerned, it has taken the form of perpetual impotence, since the basis of its program is that no new departure shall be taken until the majority is on its side. Thus, by the very nature of the case, will never be, and I am willing that history can show no instance of the majority in any large-sized aggregation ever stepping voluntarily out of the beaten track to break a new and unknown trail. It is contrary to all

we know of human nature, and opposed to our invariable experience in the conduct of our own movements. There, at least, we should be able to realize that the new route is always taken by the bolder few, and that the majority invariably favors disciplining the wiser and more clear-sighted rebels. If you want a good illustration look at the history of the Socialist Party during the last two years, and consider the grilling to which the pioneers of Direct Action have been subjected. They were variations from the established Socialist type, and, in accordance with the universal law, had to fight tooth and nail to keep themselves alive.

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We have in this nation, I suppose, some twenty million adults. I will stretch imagination and picture them as all having the vote, as all supremely anxious for the truth, as all possessed of that high degree of intelligence which doubtless characterizes, we will say, the "Appeal to Reason" staff. I affirm most confidently that in the whole program of proposed institutional changes there is not one single item on which you would find ten million and one of those adults unanimous. On the abstract proposition that slavery must go they would all be one, for that is an old sentiment which is today part of the inherited mental equipment of every normal man and woman. But on the definite steps which must be taken to that end you would get not one but a hundred differing opinions, and this would be the case however long and thorough might have been the propaganda with which you had prepared the ground. From the clinging swarm of bees a specially courageous few must always first detach themselves and prospect for the new and needed home. From the monotonous riot of vegetation a few, differing slightly from their fellow plants, will strike out a new line and enrich the earth with a new variation, which will spread and flourish in proportion to its fitness. From the ruck of human beings a few must separate themselves and work out the new trail; tread it themselves, try it and test it, and gradually bring it into general use. Never by mere pointing to the heights will the masses be seduced to desert the valley road they know so well, however muddy and disagreeable that road may have become.

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Democracy thinks it can create a harmonious majority by talk. The Single Taxers think they can argue the mass into seeing the wisdom of taking taxation off industrial products and putting it on land values. Yet, after more than a generation of effort they have not only

failed to make the slightest impression on the mass, but they have found their bitterest opponents in distinguished scholars of the Benjamin R. Tucker type, who want free land as ardently as they. The political Socialists think they can argue the mass into believing that the millennium will arrive when government becomes the one employer; yet, after nearly a century of extraordinary energy, they are still in a pitiful minority; are at this very moment hopelessly divided among themselves on the question of Direct Action and other basic issues; have as their most uncompromising enemies the Anarchists, who hate Capitalism quite as fervently as they do and long for the abolition of poverty with all the original Socialist ardor. I cannot conceive of a more burning hatred of wage slavery than that which animates every waking moment of Ricardo Magon's life, and he regards the Socialist idol, Debs, as one of the proletariat's most dangerous foes. So far as that is concerned, I am in the same boat.

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Fifty years ago Democracy, with its doctrine of education as the universal cure, seized possession of all thinking England. Carlyle, with his gospel of Work, was its great prophet, and the charming delusion that you had only to stuff the masses with knowledge set thousands of reformers enthusiastically busy. Museums and art galleries were opened by the hundreds; lyceums, with literary and scientific lectures, sprang up like mushrooms; settlement work came forward as a society fad, and young ladies, escorted by university graduates, visited the slum-dwellers and hung art prints on dingy walls, to elevate their thought. Ferrer imported to Spain that optimistic philosophy, and today the Ferrer Center in New York thinks it is doing revolutionary work in delivering very much the same sort of lectures I used to attend, at the Barbanks Lyceum in London, nearly fifty years ago. Emma Goldman—who recently, in answer to my own direct and pointed question, asserted that the overthrow of economic slavery was not the whole thing—has become one of those innocent Utopians. I am under the impression that the ignorant Mexican peon, who is running amuck and actually smashing the chains that held him in slavery—for he is not doing much work under the whip today—does not interest her greatly, but she has thought herself into the conviction that the drama, properly expounded, has a tremendous message of liberation for the race.

Neither personal liking nor dislikes should influence criticism, and in this particular article I certainly wish to lift myself above either fear or favor. For I am writing it to express what I consider an all-important truth; a truth that affects the whole revolutionary movement; one that, firmly grasped, would save us years of fruitless effort and hasten incalculably the march to our inevitable goal. That truth—set out so lucidly by Bakunin—is that we are all material parts of one material whole, and that from the whole the parts must take their character. If that position is correct you cannot have such an all-invasive system of slavery as that under which we live without having also a slavish literature, a slavish drama, a slavish art, a slavish music, and slavish institutions in every realm of human activity. Furthermore, you cannot slay slavery with the art it has begotten, but, when you slay, or valiantly attempt to slay, slavery, you may hope to beget, and for the first time, a non-slavish art.

This is not a speculative but an intensely practical discussion. I am arguing for deeds as opposed to words; for action as opposed to talk; for struggle as opposed to sighs. This article voices militant Darwinism as opposed to Christian submissiveness; the stern Christ whose eyes had been opened by his visit to Jerusalem, and who threw himself against the money-changers, as opposed to the mild, because inexperienced, Christ who, in his early, peasant days, dreamed that he could convert the world by parables which I myself consider the world's greatest literary gems. Moreover, the ripened judgment of the more experienced Christ is approved by all literary history, it being an established fact that great struggles for freedom beget a great literature of freedom but are not by literature begotten. The period of the Renaissance, as shown by Mill in his great work on "Liberty", is the classical example. The Shakespearean epoch, when England—rebellious England, that had fought and died for free speech, and was at death-grapples with Rome—became suddenly a "nest of singing birds," is another great example of this truth. The splendid libertarian literature that sprang from the French revolution is yet another, and only since Russia began to struggle against the despotism she bore so long without a whimper has she developed art and literature which have attracted the attention of the world. The drama, as Shakespeare has shown in language that will live as long as the English tongue endures, is life's mirror. Never should we expect it to create life; but always we may look to it confidently

for a faithful reflection of the life from which it springs. If the whole tone of Mexican literature is changing—as it is—the Revolution has brought about that change. The literature did not bring about the Revolution.

Life will not be cheated. Great uplifts of our race were never made by talk alone, and never will be. The whole Democratic scheme of counting noses, and waiting on majorities won over by persuasive words, was doomed to failure from the day of its abhorred birth. We know it now. We have suffered and are suffering most bitterly for not knowing it before, because Democracy, moving on such foolish lines, has landed us in the worst of slaveries and such contrasts between wealth and poverty as this world has never known; but also, most happily, in a struggle which, while it promises to be the bitterest and bloodiest on record, has prizes in its gift such as only bitter struggle wins. We have entered the era of Revolutions, and Revolutions are essentially things of deeds.

Our race's greatest wars, and all its still greater migratory movements, have been under the impulse of this lure of "Land and Liberty," a historical fact incomparably more eloquent than all the books that have been or will yet be written. It proves that land is an individual and racial need; a prize which instinct feels is worth the struggle; a revolutionary magnet of enormous power.

## IF FIGHT YOU MUST, FIGHT FOR REALITIES, NOT SHAMS!

The fruit, well-ripened by ardent revolt, is about to fall—fruit bitter to all who have become flushed with pride, thanks to a situation which brings honor, wealth and distinction to those who make the sorrows and slavery of humanity the foundation of their pleasures; but fruit sweet and pleasant to all who have regarded as beneath their dignity the filthinesses of the beasts who, through a night that has lasted thirty-four years, have robbed, violated, slain, cheated and played the traitor, while hiding their crimes beneath the mantle of the law and using official position to shield them from punishment.

Who are they that fear the revolution? They who have provoked it; they who, by oppression and exploitation of the masses, have sought to bring the victims of their infamies despairingly into their power; they who, by injustice and rapine, have awakened sleeping consciences and made honorable men throughout the world turn pale with indignation.

The Revolution is now about to break out at any moment. We, who during so many years have followed attentively the social and political life of Mexico, cannot deceive ourselves. The symptoms of a formidable cataclysm leave no room for doubt that we are on the eve of an uplift and a crash, a rising and a fall. At last, after four and thirty years of shame, the Mexican people is about to raise its head, and at last, after this long night, the black edifice, which has been strangling us beneath its weight, is about to crumble into dust.

It is timely that we should here repeat what already we have said so often; that this movement, springing from despair, must not be a blind effort to free ourselves from an enormous burden, but a movement in which instinct must be dominated almost completely by reason. We Libertarians must try to bring it about that this movement shall be guided by the light of Science. If we fail to do this, the Revolution now on the point of coming to the surface will serve merely to substitute one President for another, one master for another. We must bear in mind that the necessary thing is that the people shall have bread, shelter, land to cultivate; we must bear in

mind that no government, however honorable, can decree the abolition of misery. The people themselves—the hungry and disinherited—are they who must abolish misery, by taking into their possession, as the very first step, the land which, by natural right, should not be monopolized by a few but must be the property of every human being.

No one can foretell the lengths to which the impending Revolution's task of recovery will go; but, if we fighters undertake in good faith the helping it as far as possible along the road; if, when we pick up the Winchester, we go forth decided not to elevate to power another master but to redeem the proletariat's rights; if we take the field pledged to conquer that economic liberty which is the foundation on which all liberties rest, and the condition without which no liberties can exist; if we make this our purpose, we shall start it on a road worthy of this epoch. But if we are carried away by the desire for easy triumph; if, seeking to make the struggle shorter, we desert our own radicalism and aims, so incompatible with those of the purely bourgeois and conservative parties—then we shall have done only the work of bandits and assassins; for the blood spilled will serve merely to increase the power of the bourgeoisie and the caste that today possesses wealth, and, after the triumph, that caste will fasten anew on the proletariat the chain forged with the proletariat's own blood, its own sacrifices, its own martyrdom, which will have conquered power for the bourgeoisie.

It is necessary, therefore, proletarians; it is necessary, therefore, disinherited, that your thought be not confused. The conservative and bourgeois parties speak to you of liberty, of justice, of law, of honorable government; and they tell you that when you replace with others those who are now in power, you will have that liberty, justice, law and honorable government. Be not deceived! What you need is to secure the well-being of your families—their daily bread—and this no government can give you. You yourselves must conquer these good things, and you must do it by taking immediate possession of the land, which is the original source of all wealth. Understand this well; no government will be able to give you that, for the law defends the "right" of those who are withholding wealth. You yourselves must take it, despite the law, despite the government, despite the pretended right of property. You yourselves must take it in the name of natural justice; in the name of the right of every human being to life and the development of his physical and intellectual powers.

When you are in possession of the land you will have

liberty and justice, for liberty and justice are not decreed but are the result of economic independence. They spring from the fact that the individual is able to live without depending on a master, and to enjoy, for himself and his family, the product of his toil.

Take, then, the land! The law tells you that you must not take it, since it is private property; but the law which so instructs you was a law written by those who are holding you in slavery, and a law that needs to be supported by force is a law that does not respond to general needs. If the law were the result of general agreement it would not need upholding by the policeman, the jailer, the judge, the hangman, the soldier and the official. The law has been imposed on you, and these arbitrary impositions we, as men of dignity, must answer with rebellion.

Therefore, to the struggle! Imperious, irrestrainable, the Revolution will not tarry. If you would be really free, group yourselves beneath the Liberty Party's banner of freedom; but, if you merely want the strange pleasure of shedding blood, and shedding your own, by "playing at soldiers," group yourselves under other banners—that of the Anti-reflectionists, for example, which, after you have done "playing at soldiers," will put you anew under the yoke of the employer and government. In that case you will enjoy the great pleasure of changing the old President, with whom already you were becoming disgusted, for a spick and span new one, fresh from the mint.

Comrades, the question is a grave one. I understand that you are ready for the fight; but fight so that it shall be of benefit to the poor. Hitherto all your revolutions have profited the classes in power, because you have had no clear conception of your rights and interests, which, as you now know, are completely opposed to the rights and interests of the intellectual and wealthy classes. It is to the interest of the rich that the poor shall be poor eternally, for the poverty of the masses guarantees their wealth. If there were not men who found themselves compelled to work for other men, the rich would be under the necessity of doing something useful, of producing something of general utility, that they might be able to exist. No longer would there be slaves they could exploit.

I repeat, it is not possible to foretell the lengths to which the approaching Revolution's task of recovery will go; what we must do is to endeavor to get all we can. It would be a great step in advance if the land were to become the property of all, and if among the revolution-

ists there should not be the strength, the conscious strength, sufficient to gain more than that, the basis would be laid for further recoveries which the proletariat by force of circumstances would conquer.

Forward, comrades! Soon you will hear the first shots; soon the shout of rebellion will thunder from the throats of the oppressed. Let not a single one of you fail to second this movement, launching, with all the power of conviction, that supremest of cries, "Land and Liberty!"

R. F. M.

(Translator's Note:—The foregoing article was written twenty-four hours before the outbreak of the revolution that finally landed Madero in the Presidential chair. It constitutes a complete answer to the charges made by Magon's numerous detractors, for it shows that, acting as the spokesman of the Mexican Liberal Party, he had a firm grip and understanding of the situation. No one can read it without seeing clearly that it was written not by a politician but by one who realized that the economic revolution is the only thing worth fighting for.)



## VAINLY AUTHORITY TRIES TO STEM THE ON-SWEEPING TIDE.

Upon the shores of human activity a gigantic tidal wave, that has been slowly gathering strength in Time's great ocean, is about to break. Within the gloomy chrysalis that still shuts in the human grub a terrific struggle has begun. Throughout society there is running that cold shiver which, as all who have camped out know well, invariably precedes the dawn. Today we stand face to face with one of the greatest crises of our race, for we are passing out of the age-long cycle of Reform and into that of Revolution. For this innumerable skirmishes undoubtedly have cleared the way. For this the writhings of billions of unknown serfs and chattel slaves, straining to throw off their chains, have been a tragic preparation. For this unnumbered thinkers, mankind's heroic vanguard, have died in obscure starvation or perished in dungeons and at the stake. For this scholars have toiled, as toils the ant, accumulating knowledge, to be wrought subsequently into the web of those material inventions which today make nature responsive to our lightest touch. A vast evolutionary process, in which myriads of wavelets have united gradually to form the colossal wave at last about to break.

Reform is as old as the hills and Slavery itself, since Reform and Slavery are natural bed-companions and sleep side by side in perfect amity. But Revolution, as we Moderns understand the term, is a new idea and could not have crept into the brain until Slavery had palpably begun to fail. It signifies exactly what the word itself implies—a complete revolution of the wheel, an inversion of the pyramid, a transmutation of existing values. It does not mean, as does Reform, that by smoothing the rough edges and knocking off the sharp angles of the Pyramid of Life, its hardships will be lessened. On the contrary, it means that thought has undergone a total transformation; that the point of view has changed completely; that we no longer look out upon the world with the dull vision of the grub, but with the radiant, searching glances of the butterfly into which we should develop. It means that, as we now see the thing, our Pyramid of Life is standing

wrong way up, and that we are going to reverse it; placing it on its broad, secure and proper base. This because, in the great march of Evolution, Slavery's long agonizing night is drawing to a close and the dawn of Individual Liberty peeping above the mountain tops.

If you asked Tolstoy or Bakunin, Proudhon or our own American Tucker, what the trouble is all about, each would give you substantially the same answer. Each would tell you—as would thousands and thousands of others, who have thought deeply and investigated widely—that only Revolution can cure our sickness, because our social institutions defy certain basic laws by which we must abide, if Life is to remain worth living and society hold together. Tolstoy would tell you that we shall not much longer be able to endure institutions which compel us, daily and hourly, to cut each others' throats. Bakunin would tell you that the law of human Solidarity is fundamental, and that our grab system, with the economic inequalities it has produced and the privileges and privileged classes to which it has given birth, is fatal to Solidarity. Proudhon and Tucker would tell you that all this social hostility, all these economic contrasts, so painful to our sympathetic instincts and so odious to our sense of justice, are due to the fact that still we drag round with us the poisonous carcass of Slavery in the last throes of dissolution, and that no doctoring with the quack remedies of palliative reforms can make that union healthy. Tolstoy would repeat that the misfortune is that the rich will do everything imaginable for the poor, except get off their backs, which happens to be the one thing needed. Herbert Spencer would give you his comprehensive and accurate definition of Slavery as being the condition in which the laborer is compelled to part with a portion of his product, against his will. Henry George would explain that until mankind retook possession of its natural heritage, the earth, its progress would be toward ever-deepening poverty. With fire in his eye and his voice quivering with emotion, Ricardo Magon would tell you that diplomats and scheming politicians may talk till Doomsday, but that his race's only hope lies in the recovery of those lands from which it has to draw its living. This is not the language of Reform but Revolution.

For my part, I follow Herbert Spencer and presume that some unknowable force is steadily at work through the process we have christened "Evolution." I regard my



race as scaling laboriously never-ending heights, by paths the keenest watchers can descry but dimly. I conceive that, in common with all life, our species passes through set metamorphoses, accompanied by exceptionally bitter pain and struggle, which intelligence may shorten and minimize but cannot avoid. With one of those metamorphoses, called "Revolutions"—the shedding of the old skin and the adoption of a new and brighter garment—we are now, as it seems to me, about to come face to face, and instinctively all the world is arming for the fray. Through society's bones there is running that cold shiver which, as I have said already, invariably precedes the ushering in of a new day.

How unprecedentedly discontented and abnormally restless is modern society, as we see it in every walk of life! Does not that presage a violent eruption, after which things must once more settle down, since life cannot be forever one unceasing strain? Surely to some definite head things must come at last, and I am convinced that, looking carefully, we shall see that the head has all the well-known earmarks of Revolution as distinguished from Reform. For example, it is customary to say that the masses are stupidity itself; yet today, thanks to that gradual absorption of the Spirit of the Age which goes on unceasingly, they are voicing claims of most profound significance. Take the common statement that "Labor is entitled to all that it produces;" a statement that nowadays is found on every workman's lips. What is that but Herbert Spencer's definition of Slavery, which I have spoken of as being so exact and comprehensive? It is so baldly revolutionary that I shall give it a paragraph to itself.

What do the workers mean when they mutter that "Labor is entitled to all that it produces"? Do they mean merely that they want their wages raised some paltry cents, or the hours of labor clipped a trifle; that they want a parliament to insure them against poverty in the decline of life, or to see that their masters pay them when they are injured at their work? Those may be the temporary, often impracticable and always pitifully timid claims, but obviously they have nothing to do with the real meaning of the sentiment just quoted. Obviously, if that sentiment means anything at all, it means that the non-producer shall not get one cent. It must mean, therefore, the abolition of our landlord system, under which the few draw many billions annually by leasing what assuredly

not one of them produced. It must mean the overthrow of all monopoly, for the monopolist commands the sale of certain opportunities or articles, and is therefore able to dictate the price and get far more than he produces—to the worker's loss. In short, it must mean the abandonment of our entire existing social system; Revolution and not Reform. You may be sure, moreover, that thousands of agitators are only too glad to explain it thus to those who still may fail to understand, and that they are actually doing it persistently, day and night. Presently, in all its full significance, it will become part of the general stock of knowledge, and, a little later, an inherited tradition. No one then will venture to deny its justice, and millions will be delighted to fight for its realization. Who in these United States can be found nowadays to defend the institution of chattel slavery, which only sixty years ago was considered by eminent divines a sacred thing, embalmed in and sanctified by what they call Holy Writ?

Revolution, therefore, is to be the order of the day, and authoritarian force will be impotent to stop it. The tidal wave is coming due, and the date for the emergence of the grub from its chrysalis is near at hand. Look, for instance, at the history of Anarchism in this country, which has honeycombed the entire social structure and is today ten thousand times stronger than when Authority sought to strangle it out of existence, in Chicago, less than twenty-six years ago. Similarly, the Economic Revolution now developing in Mexico can be suppressed only by exterminating the race, which itself will give landlordism the sort of world-wide advertisement that will hurry it to a grave from which there will be no resurrection. Either way Revolution gains and the tidal wave sweeps onward.

Nevertheless, though the butterfly is going to be born, we may sadly mar the process by handling the affair so stupidly that there may emerge not a glorious creature full of health and beauty but a weak, maimed specimen, condemned to creep through life on crippled wing. Instead of splendid Individual Freedom, wherein none will be in bonds or rendered helpless by being stripped of rights to arm the hand of privilege, and all will co-operate as equals, receiving the full value of their toil, the Economic Revolution may bring that abortion known as the "Servile State." That is the danger we must fight against, tooth and nail, for that would bind us to the chariot wheels of Privilege, as of old, and perpetuate wage slavery indefinitely, under the protecting aegis of the State. That

is the danger with which Political Socialism threatens us most seriously, and no greater misfortune could befall the human race. For, Privilege would be fully as oppressive though labelled "Public Service," and the political employer might, for aught we know, be infinitely worse than the present industrial boss. The danger is very great, and perhaps our greatest shield against it lies in the ever-deepening and widening disgust of politicians. Luckily also the labor politicians have proved themselves, on the average, most corrupt. Corruption has no lasting strength.

Economic Revolution, forced on us irresistibly, is coming, and it will mean desperate struggle and frightful sacrifice of blood and treasure, since mankind has not reached that stage at which the intellect alone decides. Let us see to it that under no circumstances shall we be cheated, but that we get full value for our sacrifices. The Revolution will be the most serious business we could take in hand. Let us master it as we master other business; eliminating slipshod methods and studying it painstakingly in all its details, that it may be made to yield the best results. It will be our great opportunity, and if we neglect it we shall suffer appallingly, for Life has its arithmetic and keeps its books most carefully. We shall not be able to flinch vital issues—after the manner of orators—without paying heavily for our cowardice. We shall not be able to dodge dangers without falling into worse ones. We shall not be able to make chicken-hearted compromises and play politics, for the sake of supposedly-profitable alliances, without coming to grief, as the politicians of the French Revolution came to grief and as those in Mexico have come to grief quite recently. Just as the Mexican Revolution must be fought through to the bitter end, if a hundred devils are not to enter into the place from which the one Porfirio Diaz was expelled, so we must grasp the nettle, danger, firmly, that from it we may pluck triumphantly the flower, safety. From the broken shell of slavery we must emerge "great, good and joyous, beautiful and free," having left poverty and dependence forever behind our backs.



## SHOW US WHEREIN AUTHORITY CAN BENEFIT THE POOR.

### I.

Beat over the plough and irrigating with his sweat the furrow that he tills, the peon toils and encores one of those inexpressible sad folk-songs that seem to condense and sum up all the bitterness that social injustice has been accumulating for centuries in the poor man's heart. The peon toils and sings, thinking at the same time of the hut wherein his family is awaiting him to share its humble meal. His heart is flooded with tenderness as he muses on his wife and little ones, and looking up to note the position of the sun and tell the hour of day, he perceives a light cloud of dust which gradually grows larger as it nears him. Those who are approaching are soldiers of the cavalry, and they ask him:—"Are you Juan?" On receiving an affirmative reply they say—"Come with us. The government needs you." And away goes Juan, bound like a criminal, on the road to the city, where the barracks await him, while in the hut is left his family, to die of hunger or to turn thieves and prostitutes to save itself from perishing. Will Juan tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

### II.

For three days past Pedro has been tramping the city streets eagerly in search of work. He is a good workman; his muscles are of steel, on his face, which stamps him a child of the people, honesty is reflected. Vainly he tramps the city, begging the employers to "take the trouble" to employ his sturdy arms. On every side the doors are shut against him, but Pedro is energetic and does not allow himself to become discouraged. So, streaming with sweat and with hunger's sharp teeth gnawing at his entrails, he offers and offers and offers his fists of iron in the hope of meeting a master who will "kindly" consent to employ them. Crossing the city for the twentieth time he thinks of his wife and children in their poor pig-sty, who, like him, are suffering from hunger and are about to be put out by the landlord who is not willing to wait any longer for the rent. He thinks of his little ones and, his heart taut with grief, hastens his footsteps in his efforts to find a master, a master, a master. A policeman has

noticed Pedro passing and repassing, turning to pass again and turning to pass yet again the street whereon he himself is posted to "keep public order." He takes Pedro by the collar and conducts him to the nearest police station, to charge him with vagrancy. While Pedro suffers in the prison, his family perishes of hunger, or prostitutes itself or steals to escape starvation. Will Pedro tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

### III.

Santiago, full of content, bids his wife farewell. He is going to ask the hacienda owner for the share coming to him as co-partner in the abundant harvest they have raised. The hacienda owner pulls out books, memoranda, notes, bills, and after adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing, says to his co-partner, "I owe you nothing. On the contrary you owe me for provisions, clothing, wood," etc., etc. The co-partner protests and runs to a judge, asking for justice. The judge goes over the books, memoranda, notes and bills; adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides, and condemns the co-partner to pay the hacienda owner what is owing and the costs of the suit. The wife, all smiles, comes to meet Santiago, their youngest child in her arms, believing that he will bring plenty of money, since the harvest has been a splendid one; but she turns pale when she sees the tears flowing down his sun-burned cheeks as he comes with empty hands and broken heart. The hacienda owner has falsified the accounts, and the judge, as always, sided with the strong. Will Santiago tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

### IV.

In the little shack, saturated with the smoke of coal oil and tobacco, Martin, the intelligent agitator, talks to his comrades. "It is not possible to tolerate any longer the iniquitous exploitation to which we are subjected," says Martin, tossing back his fine, lionine mane. "We work twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours for a few cents; they fine us on every pretext to lessen still further our starvation wages; they humiliate us by forbidding us to shelter in our miserable lodging our friends, relatives, or whom we please; they forbid us to read papers that tend to awaken and educate us. Let us not put up with any more humiliations, comrades. Let us declare a strike and ask for an increase of wages and a shortening of the hours of labor, that they may learn to respect the guarantees the Constitution grants us." A salvo of applause greets the orator's words, and it is voted to strike; but next day the workers learn that Martin was arrested on returning to his house, and that warrants are out against

others of the most intelligent among them. The panic spreads, and the mass of the workingmen becomes resigned and returns to breaking its back and being made the subject of humiliations. Will Martin tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

#### V.

Before daybreak Epifania was afoot, filling carefully a big basket with cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, green chilis and onions, gathered in her little garden, and with the burden on her back she reached the city market, to realize on her humble merchandise and buy the medicine needed for her aged father and the bread of which her little brothers stood in want. Before she had sold a couple of bunches of onions the tax-gatherer appeared, demanding, in the name of the Government, the money needed to pay ministers, deputies, senators, judges, gendarmes, soldiers, place-men, governors, sheriffs, and jailers. Epifania is not able to pay and her little stock is seized by the Government, since neither the poor woman's prayers nor arguments can melt the heart of the public functionary. Will Epifania tell you that Authority is a good thing for the poor?

#### VI.

What, then, is the use of Authority? It serves to inculcate respect for the law which, written by the rich and by educated men in the service of the rich, has for its object the guaranteeing them tranquil possession of their riches and the exploitation of human labor. In other words, authority is the gendarme of capital, and this gendarme is not paid by capital but by the poor.

To have done with authority we must first have done with capital. Let us take possession of the land, of the machinery of production, and the means of transportation. Let us organize production and consumption communally, bringing it about that all shall be the property of all, and then it will not be necessary to pay officials to guard capital kept in a few hands, for every man and every woman will be at once a producer and a guardian of the social wealth.

Mexicans, your future is in your own hands. Today, when, thanks to popular rebellion, authority has lost its power, is the opportune moment to lay your hands on the law and rend it in pieces; to lay your hands on private property and make it the property of all; of each and every one of the human beings of whom is composed the Republic of Mexico.

Let us not permit, therefore, the formation of a powerful government. To the work of expropriation, therefore,

without delay. And if, unhappily, some other individual should climb to the Presidency of the Republic, let us war against him and his followers, to prevent him from becoming strong, continuing meanwhile the work of expropriation.

R. F. M.

When, more than three centuries ago, England was truly great; when she hurled defiance at Rome, drove the Spanish armada from her shores and, by asserting the right to express thoughts freely, paved the way for that great movement of emancipation which created modern literature and gave birth to science, the struggle was fought and won on very different lines. Men perished at the stake, but in so doing they bade their comrades "be of good cheer, since we have this day lighted a candle that shall never be extinguished." They could not know where the battle would be waged or around what particular standard the fighting would be fiercest; but they knew the battle was on; they knew it was for what seemed then the greatest thing in life, viz., liberty of conscience; they knew, as all who have the genius of combat know, that "the letter killeth and the spirit giveth life." Standing for authority and privilege the "Los Angeles Daily Times" knows well that the spirit generated in Mexico is the most dangerous of foes; and we also, who are of the opposite side, know that in that spirit lies the promise of a future which will not be denied. The candle of economic freedom has been lit and shall not be extinguished.

## WE MUST TEAR DOWN THE FENCES MONOPOLY HAS RAISED.

The object of the Mexican Liberal Party has been "to seize the property of the rich in Mexico and divide it up among the poor who needed it." To that statement, made in open court by Ricardo Magon when he himself was under indictment, I alluded editorially last week, saying that, in my opinion, it gave in a nutshell the economics of Anarchism. I now add that it expresses most exactly the one and only purpose of the Labor movement, which, if unable to accept it frankly, should go out of business, shut up its printing shops, dismantle its editorial offices, close its halls and strike its organizers and officials off the pay-roll.

Projecting myself into a dubious life to come, and assuming, for the sake of demonstration, that I may be called to fill a variety of roles, I anticipate the following future. As the possessor of a crop of potatoes which I myself have grown, I imagine myself faced by some survivor of an earlier age who seeks to levy tribute on my product. I hear myself replying: "Pardon me, Sir, but we have changed all that. It is I who planted and harvested those potatoes, on land that I myself have tilled, and I part with not the smallest one of them to any idler." I see myself one of a gang of men toiling in the woods; felling timber, trimming it and making it ready for the mill. I hear some would-be collector of stumpage royalty stammering a parasite's demand, and ourselves answering, politely but decidedly: "Sir, these timbers that you see around you are the product of OUR toil, and we ourselves will make our own arrangements with the mill workers, to whom we are about to send them." I see myself one of the lumber yard force, which has fashioned into building shape the timbers freighted from the woods, and I hear sleek gentlemen insisting that we must pay them for rights of distribution. Again I hear us saying: "Gentlemen, we attend to our own business, and as we paid the choppers the full value of their toil, so will the home-builders pay us, and pay us gladly, for this lumber, knowing that no leakages will dribble into do-nothing pockets. In short, I see a society of workers economically

free; owning themselves, because, at every step, they own the material on which they work; the land where the potatoes grow; the trees they fell and strip; the timber they fashion into lumber; the houses into which the lumber goes, and so "ad infinitum." A society purged of tribute to the parasite. A society no longer bent beneath monopoly's yoke, but one wherein natural opportunity is only for the user and while he uses it. A society no longer weighted down with those who exist merely to ride upon its back. A society of workers, in which energy will be exchanged for energy, and men will toil to satisfy their own needs and not the insane whims of wealth-corrupted idlers. I care not what name you give such economics, it being sufficient to me that they seem practical and just. However, if you turn to the "Data of Ethics" you will discover that Herbert Spencer saw this very vision, although his native pessimism placed it centuries ahead.

That means the taking from the rich the monopolies they today enjoy. That means expropriation, and it can mean nothing else; inasmuch as, having foolishly parted with our lordship of the earth, we have to take it back. To allow the few to continue eating all the cake is necessarily to leave the many hungry, and no sophistry can hide that simple fact. When we decided to abolish royalty we had to put the throne out of existence. When we decide to abolish monopoly we shall have to drive the dog out of the manger and see to it that every horse has access to the feed. There is plenty for all, and the more so because it is only under conditions of monopoly that man is forced to be destructive and play the bloodsucker while his inclination is to do usefully constructive work. The Kaffir of South Africa does not devote his life to digging diamonds for some idle woman's vanity because he likes it, but because Monopoly today dictates production. The American girl is not working in a powder factory because she yearns to risk her life, nor are thousands of working-men manufacturing implements of murder because they are in love with militarism. They do so because Carnegie & Co. are in a position to swing the whip, and they must toe the mark or perish of starvation. That is slavery in its crudest form, and slavery must go. We cannot continue indefinitely holding Life itself by a thread so slender as the pleasure of the few. We have to overthrow Monopolies because they lead eventually to a corner in the exceedingly important business of Life itself.

These, which I am trying to explain as clearly as I can,

are the economics of Anarchism, and I submit that they are both simple and effective. I submit that Magon stated them precisely, and I well remember that the "Los Angeles Times," that most intelligent watchdog of Monopoly, wrote a furious editorial, to which I myself replied in our issue of September 30, 1911. But I am not so sanguine as to suppose that any agitator can influence perceptibly the current of events, and the case would be hopelessness itself if we had not on our side, and working with unceasing energy, a fact of most stupendous power. That fact is that Monopoly—Capitalism—as such, is going all to pieces before our eyes. If you doubt it, look around you. In Johannesburg, the world's greatest gold-producing center, those who dig out the gold are shot down like dogs, and yesterday sixty corpses strewed that city's streets. In Mexico, which is perhaps the richest of all countries, an assassin has waded through blood to the presidential chair, and the world's leading citizens, its great financiers, lend him \$100,000,000, that he also may be able to massacre the workers. In West Virginia are some of the richest coal mines in the world, and there thousands of what has been a fine and hardy population devote their lives to producing that which drives our locomotives across continents and our steamers through vast ocean wastes; which lights and warms our homes, cooks our meals, and is perhaps the one commodity without which we should revert immediately to barbarism. Surely, most useful citizens! But these useful citizens for a year past have been driven from their homes and forced to camp like wild beasts in the mountains; have been harried by private thugs, worried by State militia, shot at by armored trains, chased by federal soldiers, and treated generally as if they were malefactors for whom hanging was too good. Do you think that state of things can last?

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All the foregoing is sufficiently obvious, but there is another and most important development which calls for closer observation. I have said that Capitalism, AS SUCH, is going all to pieces; but precisely because it has found itself no longer able to stand alone, Capitalism has been forced into an alliance which has made it infinitely stronger than it was when Herbert Spencer wrote. In those halcyon days of youthful power Capitalism was proudly self-confident and asked only that the State keep hands off and leave it to itself. But Capitalism found itself immediately in trouble with those it sought to squeeze; found out quickly that it could not stand alone; reached, therefore, across the chasm of a natural caste hatred

and joined hands with the landed aristocracy, courted the official governing class, and made a close alliance with the State. It did not take it long to discover that the State was the most precious of all possible allies; for the State furnished troops who shot down its rebellious victims; the State passed invaluable protective laws and supplied a most effective machine for their enforcement; in a word, the State proved itself the most active and capable of partners, and ever since Capitalism has spared no pains to make their two lives one.

Capitalism has been working more and more along these lines for the last fifty years. If, by some magic, tomorrow's sun should dawn upon a world in which officialdom had ceased to be, Capitalism would be out of business, and permanently, before that sun had set. Capitalism knows that well. Capitalism is interested, first and above all else, in building up the State; in multiplying those soldiers by whom it insures itself against Civil War; in strengthening the fortress of the Law, behind whose ramparts it must defend itself against the guerrilla fight waged unceasingly by that rebellious element among the disinherited we stigmatize as criminals; in paying humblest deference to that ghostly influence we call the Church, which terrifies the weak with threats of Hell and lulls the credulous with dreams of a Heaven beyond the clouds. Capitalism is keenly interested in all this barbarism, and the trouble is that while we understand the hocus-pocus piecemeal we do not grasp its significance as a mass. We understand that the soldier who shoots down the worker is our enemy, and from time to time we emit a shrill anti-military squeak. We understand that the law is most unjust, and we start prison reform crusades. We understand that the Church is fooling us, and a large section of the workers contemptuously speaks of "His Reverence" as a "sky-pilot." But we do not understand so clearly that all these are but parts of one colossal whole, the State, which is Capitalism's all-powerful ally.

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If we understood this clearly, we should reject as poison all schemes for arming the State with added power. We should not consider for one moment the presenting it with railroads, that it might use them for the transport of its troops and operate them with industrial soldiers who would be court-martialed when they ventured to rebel. We should not give into its hands the monopoly of the exchange medium, with which we have to start in-

dustries and distribute what those industries produce. We should not make it the sovereign owner of the land, which is our one storehouse of supplies, and thus allow it to establish a system by which only those who have the price can feed at nature's breasts. None of these things should we do if we saw clearly; but we do not see clearly. Therefore, despite our frantic struggles, we are still in bondage to the few who understand; the few who rule us because, aided by the State, they have made a monopoly of life itself. Do you think that only those with money have a right to be alive? Well, that is just what State-supported Capitalism has brought us to, and if you cannot get a job by which to earn the necessary dollar you are not recognized as having a right to existence on this earth. It is the absurdity of all the ages; the most idiotic dogma that ever ruled mankind. Nevertheless, to that dogma Capitalism is committed, and therefore Capitalism is doomed. Are we to perish eternally of thirst when by smiting the rock we can make the waters of life gush forth? Are we to allow State-protected Capitalism to frighten us forever from laying a finger on that sacred fount?

Sixty men of the good old English breed lay dead yesterday in the streets of Johannesburg, while hundreds of wounded were carried to the hospitals. Nearly two years ago we of the Pacific Coast received a visit from the editor of Johannesburg's labor paper, who had been touring Australia and New Zealand. An intelligent man, who had the pluck to speak his mind and express in plain words the astonishment he felt. He found us, as he had found Australasia, crazy on all sorts of Socialist schemes; Mr. Harriman yelling to the voters of Los Angeles to municipalize public utilities, as, to the enormous profit of the group of financiers which ran it originally, they had municipalized their water supply; Mr. Berger whooping it up for State insurance; a thousand propositions of State arbitration, State minimum wage, State limitation of hours of labor, etc., agitating the workers' minds, thanks to the honeyed phrases with which men of the Debs type had lured them into the opium den of politics. He cried aloud: "Why, all these things we have in South Africa, where money lords it perhaps more imperiously than anywhere on earth! All these we have in South Africa, and the workers are only the worse for them, since they have strengthened Capitalism's hands!" Let the dead lying in the streets of Johannesburg bear witness to the honesty and clear-thoughtedness with which that true

representative of Labor expressed himself.

Capitalism unaided cannot maintain itself; for it can neither employ the workers at the congenial business of producing what they themselves need, nor can it even guarantee them employment at the hardest and most uncongenial tasks. Standing alone it is in unceasing conflict with its slaves, and they would tear it into shreds tomorrow if it had not formed an all-powerful alliance with the State. Surely it is not our business to make that alliance still stronger by clothing the Government with added powers! Surely it is not to our interest to increase the army of non-productive State officials which already is breaking Labor's back! Surely our policy is to weaken Monopoly's great ally, the State, as they are doing today in Mexico; to clip its claws and draw its fangs, that it, like its Capitalist ally, may be no longer able to hinder that great racial movement which is pressing tumultuously onward to throw down every barrier that stands between Man and economic freedom, between Life and the great banquet which the toil of all the ages has faithfully prepared.

The one thing certain is that nothing in this universe stands still. Capitalism in this country must either advance toward the South and become infinitely stronger, or be turned back and receive a mortal blow. When Gugenheim pleads for intervention he is voicing the desire of all his class, which seeks to move ahead under the shelter of Uncle Sam's strong arm. When the Mexican peon opposes that advance, he is fighting the battle of HIS class, which is warring against capitalism and desires to kill it as soon as possible. The more successful his fight the better for the workers on this side of the border, and the better ultimately for all the world, which has to rise from slavery to perfect freedom. We must ascend with the flood, shake off our parasites and win back social health.



## TO FIGHT FOR LEADERS THE MOST FOOLISH OF ALL DREAMS.

The evening dies vulgarly away. For once the sun, in lazy mood, has not cared to toss athwart the horizon his golden mane, being disgusted apparently with the littleness of men who kill one another for littlenesses, and, like miserable worms, suffer for and amuse themselves with littlenesses.

Along the dusty highway, and himself covered with dust, a man of mature years is marching. Long must have been the day's journey, judging by the fatigue reflected in his face and the pain with which he walks. On his shoulders is a light knapsack, containing perhaps a coarse cotton shirt and a pair of ragged drawers. It is a soldier of the Orozco-Cientifico-Vazquez army returning home.

The man walks and walks and walks, contemplating as he goes the settlements scattered along the plain, peopled with men and women toiling at their eternal labor, dressed in the humblest clothes, with sadness and despair written on their sun-burned faces. These people toil and dress and present the same appearance as before the revolution.

The revolutionist stops to contemplate the picture and asks himself: "For what did we make the revolution?"

And he continues his march toward the village in which those belonging to him live; where his helpmeet and his sons should be awaiting him anxiously after so long an absence.

Gradually the road begins to sink into shadow. There passes him a group of workers who walk with the same air of lassitude, of weariness and even of anger as was to be observed in them before they set out for the war, from which the traveller deduces that they suffer as before and are equally unhappy.

The revolutionist takes the group in at a glance and asks himself: "For what did we make the revolution?"

And he continues his march toward the village in which those belonging to him live; where his helpmeet and his sons should be awaiting him anxiously after so long an absence.

The barking of the dogs announces the nearness of the village, now in total darkness. The wind sobs amid the branches of the ash trees that border the road. Our trav-

eller walks and walks and walks, thinking of his family.....

Next day the revolutionist must betake himself to the furrow, like any other of his neighbors, to earn his twenty-five or fifty cents a day; for, even if Vasquez Gomez has seated himself in the Presidential chair, the unfortunate are still unfortunate and the poor are still humiliated by the rich and by Authority.

The revolutionist reflects and asks himself:—"For what did we make the revolution?"

Overcome by fatigue he returns to his hut, which he reached the night before. His supper is a pot of beans and a few pancakes. The dog yawns beside the fire; the crickets sing their love-songs in the crevices; the children are asleep, with scarcely a stitch to cover them.

"Who won?" asks his wife, who hitherto, overjoyed at having clasped her companion once more in her arms, has not had the time to put the question. After a few moments' reflection the revolutionist says:

"Why, we did."

"But you have not a cent!"

"Well, however that may be, we won; for we downed Aladero."

"But we remain at the bottom, as always," says the woman.

The revolutionist rubs his head, not knowing what to say, and silently asks himself:—"For what did we make the revolution?"

"When you joined the revolutionists you had a few cents in your pocket, a good rifle and ammunition, and good clothing, and today you have nothing. How is that, if you are among those who won?" asks the woman.

The revolutionist scratches his head, not knowing what to answer. He knows that his leaders have good jobs, and that Vasquez Gomez is now President; but that for him, as for all the rank and file, there has been nothing except the payment of a few cents for his arms; not even enough to pay his way back home. And then, remembering the trying days passed in the mountains; the fatigues incident to a campaign so long and unequal; the sacrifice of so many lives, and the hunger and nakedness suffered by his family during his absence, he feels a lump in his throat and asks himself once more silently the question:—"For what did we make the revolution?"

"For what did they make the revolution?" the woman asks; and the revolutionist, surprised to find his wife thinking the same thought as himself, can no longer contain the indignation boiling in his heart and he exclaims:

"The revolution was made for the wide-awake ones;



for those who want to be governors; for those who want to live by the labor of others. We obstinately refused to listen to the "Regeneration" Anarchists who advised us, in every tone, not to follow leaders, but to take possession of the land, of the water supplies, of the forests, of the mines, of the factories, of the workshops, and of the means of transportation, making all that the common property of the inhabitants of the Mexican Republic, and consuming in common the product. They told us that to fight in order to elevate certain individuals to power was a criminal task. We did not want to listen to them, because they were poor, because they were of our own class; and, as the saying goes, the sin has brought its own punishment. We deserve what we have got, animals that we are! At this very moment our leaders are living high, while we, the cannon's flesh; we who truly fought; we who showed the enemy our chests; we are today more unfortunate than ever.....

Juan hears the bugle sounding the assembly. He rubs his eyes. It has been a bad dream. He seizes his rifle, congratulates himself on the fact that he is fighting in the ranks of the Red Flag Libertarians, and shouts in stentorian tones: "Long live Land and Liberty!"

R. F. M.

## PEACE! WHAT FOR? THAT YOU MAY INSURE THEIR LOOT?

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." Yes, indeed, fingers and tags and tags along, centuries and centuries behind. Our modern historians, drilled in colleges and habituated to the dim, religious light of libraries, where attendants creep to and fro like mice in a cathedral, never weary of telling us how superior are our educational advantages and acquirements to those of our unhappy ancestors. "In these enlightened United States," they say, "the child of the poorest parents knows a thousand times more than did the English baron who wrung Magna Charta from King John, and had to make his signature with a cross." I guess that is true, but you will notice that those illiterate barons got what they wanted, whereas our typical American child and his parents will pass from the cradle to the grave getting precisely what they do not want—hard work and little pay; heavy responsibilities and little glory; all the kicks and few of the happiness.

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Our workmen have a wonderful bill of fare set before them at the public schools. They can become linguists and mathematicians; stuff themselves with hygiene, sociology, biology and all the other 'ologies, and then turn for their remaining days to the noble labor of attending a part of a machine, which itself performs a hundredth part of some perfectly useless task. All their studies in biology haven't made them screw their courage to the sticking point of saying "this is not LIFE." All their studies in hygiene have not given them the pluck to say, "now that you have taught us that healthy surroundings are indispensable, healthy surroundings we WILL have." All their sociology apparently has not made them aware of the perfectly obvious fact that, under the profit-making, monopoly system in which we now luxuriate, they are lemons to be squeezed as dry as possible and tossed into the gutter. Shakespeare made one of his keen-sighted villains, Iago, tell them that three centuries ago, and Shakespeare wrote a hand that would throw a business-college professor into fits.

I have been led to these reflections by observing that no less a personage than Thomas Marshall, Vice-president of the United States, has stated recently that our education and the ideals it inculcates are leading the masses straight to slavery. In my humble way I have been expressing that opinion for many years. I have observed that the boy who wins the good-conduct medal is apt to be found running messages for the ruder spirits whose simple morality is to get there with both feet; that the model typewriters usually have to stick closely to their machines and are the last to marry; that the scholar who "scorns delights and leads laborious days" is likely to wind up in the poorhouse. I have noted that the men and women who eat most meekly out of the employer's hand, making no kick about the food, are those who have been put through the steady discipline of the up-to-date factory and department store, where each has his little bit of an appointed task and everything is expected to move with the noiselessness of a well-oiled machine. I have discovered that the governmental ideal is a tame citizenship, moulded into paying its taxes without grumbling and taking without a murmur the laws its governors choose to give it; that the police and military ideal is a nation that never makes a row; that the schools and churches all back up that philosophy; that the politicians and labor leaders want their flocks scientifically rounded up; that, in a word, modern education teaches that if the sheep will accept the grazing grounds marked out for them, they need not fear the wolves. So it seems to me that Vice-President Marshall has hit a great big truth in the very apple of its eye.

Other powerful influences all head that way; driving the masses toward the delusion that if they will only talk, listen and read with sufficient diligence they will come out all right; although they are barred from the land, without which they cannot live, and are dependent for every mouthful on the few who, having got hold of the material bases of life, are able to give them jobs. Los Angeles, for example, is a city that prides itself on education, and waits eagerly on every alleged teacher who comes along. Studying the notice board at Blanchard Hall, which is perhaps the greatest and most central meeting place, I find the following set out as the intellectual menu offered by the ten professors who advertise: "Psychology of Life, Health and Poise;" "Instructive New Thought Talks;" "Helpful New Thought Talks;" "Soul Science and Thought Mastery;" "Theosophical Society;"

"Mazdaznan;" "Astrology;" "Rosicrucian Fellowship;" "French and German Lessons;" "School of Acting." Every one is thinking that if we only study enough, and get the right kind of teacher, we can lift ourselves up by our bootstraps and snap our fingers at natural law. "The mind is its own place, and of itself can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell," we declaim. It isn't. The mind is a portion of and dependent on the body; fail to provide for the body and your boasted intellect becomes fit only for a mad-house.

These are facts; proved by the undeviating experience of individual and collective life. The individuals who come out on top are not the students but the fighters, who get and keep the things necessary to healthy material existence; AFTER which all other things are added to them, and their sons and daughters go to college and make the European tour, instead of shouldering picks and shovels or looking round for the best chance of selling themselves, body and soul, in prostitution. The families that flourish most are those that keep the family property together and add to it by judicious alliances, until, like the Guelph tribe, which never yet has produced a man of genius, they are to be found on every European throne. The nations that succeed are those like the English, who have fought; or the Jews, who, though not fond of physical violence, struggle as no other people struggles with the weapons of astuteness, industry and perseverance.

In the name of the Mexican Revolution, which is fighting for material needs, and in the far greater name of universal truth, I denounce this educational sham with which the masses are hoodwinked by the cunning few. The few believe not one word of it, and they show their incredulity by the conclusive eloquence of their daily lives. I denounce the cruel delusion that we first must become masters of all knowledge before we can begin to think of or work intelligently for economic liberty. I say that it is contrary to all experience and contrary to all the teaching of the world's great masters, who have bidden us master simple truths—making ourselves like unsophisticated children—instead of running wild over a thousand mental vagaries, that swirl our heads into the clouds and snatch our feet clear off this solid earth, to which the law of gravitation binds us.

To speak most specifically; I denounce the intellectual hypocrisy of pretending that you can oust from possession

the House of Monopoly by posting people on the drama; by teaching children biology and hygiene, after the manner of the Ferrer Schools; by preaching sermons on peace, after the manner of the Socialists, who have thrown themselves frenziedly into that whining crusade which, until lately, had been left most properly to the Carnegies and their Pecksniffian satellites, who naturally desire, above all things else, a tame and peaceful and well-ordered world. By this time they have succeeded in locking up almost everything worth having, and the keys are in their pockets. Of course they do not want to be waylaid. Of course they want no armed burglar, able to break in and seize the swag. Of course they are for peace; of course they like to see the people studious; of course they feel reassured when they find the disinherited attending church or scientific lectures, visiting the libraries, forgetting all about their bodies in a delirium of intellectual ambition, and trying to convince themselves—as Debs would have convinced the Mexicans—that they are not yet sufficiently instructed to make a dash for economic liberty.

Our civilization has made us COWARDS, and THAT is bringing it and all of us to grief. Our civilization is separating us from Nature, who is the Mother of all strength, and crowding us into cities, where we become economically and sexually degenerate, and are courageous only in talk. Degeneracy has become so wide-spread, under the highly artificial conditions of modern life, that even the most prudish are discussing it; and the fatal thing about degeneracy is that cowardice is its unfailing shadow. I myself have heard high medical authority declare that the advance of sexual degeneracy in the United States is so rapid that the nation probably will not last another fifty years. That means that it will succumb to cowardice; that a more primitive, healthier and braver race will sweep it with the sword.

Peace! What have the disinherited to do with shameful peace? In numbers they are to the monopolist as the sands of the sea are to the gravel on our sidewalk. In enforced hardihood they are to the hothouse financier as the prairie wolf is to the pampered lapdog. In the memory of wrongs which cry for vengeance; in the present sense of miseries which cut to the bone; in the assurance that in the accumulated knowledge of the ages they have a heritage which will banish want and care forever, if they but dare to take it—in all these they have such an incentive as never yet led men to conquest. Why

should they debase their righteous war to one of words, to please the orators? Why should they give their acknowledged enemy the monopoly of bearing arms? Why should they listen to the educators who tell them that, if they will only be peaceful and studious, life's plums will drop automatically into their mouths? It is a monstrous lie, and Marshall is speaking eternal truth when he warns us that modern education and ideals are leading us straight to slavery.

The Mexican peon knows the one thing most needful for him to know, viz., that he has been robbed of his lands and that, unless he gets them back, he cannot have that economic freedom he once enjoyed. Does that knowledge bring them back? There are thousands of German workers who can tell you exactly how surplus value is produced. Does that knowledge abolish surplus value? Of course it does not. The intellect is only a part of life. The head can do nothing more than see the road. The body as a whole must follow it, and pant and sweat and struggle, with many a fall, to reach the goal the mind has sighted.

Professor John Graham Brooks, special lecturer on economics in the University of Berkeley, recently said to his class:—"I wouldn't, if I could, stop the work of either the reformist or the revolutionary Socialists. The reformists are not going to accomplish what they wish to accomplish, but they are going to learn a lot by trying, and, incidentally, they are going to teach the rest of us a lot. But they will not be able to accomplish Socialism through legal reform." The same gentleman said, with a wisdom which happily will be lost on Gen. Otis, that the capitalists had been very foolish in fighting trade unions, for "they were the bulwarks of the present order," and he remarked that Pittsburg, where they have been crushed out, "was rapidly becoming a seething cauldron of revolutionary unrest."

## "IMPOSSIBLE!" THE COWARDLY CRY,

Impossible! This is the cry of the impotents; the howl of the reactionaries; the ejaculation of the bourgeois face to face with the picture of the Society of the Future. Impossible! Impossible! Impossible!

Tell them that no one has a right to take to himself a portion of the wealth the toiler produces; tell them that the earth is the natural possession of all humanity; tell them that the police, the soldiers, the office-holders, are but leeches who live without producing anything useful or contributing to life's pleasure; tell them that thousands and thousands of human beings at present shut up in prisons are merely the victims of a bad social system; tell them all this and they call you blasphemous, evil-doer, criminal, every other name to which they can lay their tongues.

Yet, beyond all question, we are telling the truth; and, being convinced of that, we are directing all our blows at the heart of the old social system. We are not wasting our time attacking the superficial; we are going to the bottom of the question.

That which would seem to be really impossible is the fact that the workers have lived so long without understanding that they are slaves. That which would seem to be really impossible is that the workers have not acted on the proposal that they should throw off the yoke.

But the workers are not to blame; or, at least, not wholly to blame. The real culprits are the politicians, who have lulled the proletariat to sleep with the dream of a smiling future won by the simple expedient of casting a vote. Time has demonstrated that if there is one thing truly "impossible" it is the achievement of economic liberty by the ballot.

Run over the list of nations in which the people have the right to vote and investigate the conditions under which their inhabitants live. At once it will be seen that the vote has had no influence in bettering conditions. On the contrary; year by year misery grows everywhere more acute; year by year thousands and thousands of workers are without employment; year by year the prison populations increase at a rate truly frightful; year

by year a larger percentage of women takes to prostitution; year by year the number of suicides grows; year by year the struggle for existence becomes more hard and full of tragedy; and humanity finds itself more and more unhappy, in spite of the electoral vote, in spite of representative governments, in spite of the progress claimed by what calls itself democracy.

The Mexican Liberal Party is fully convinced of the fallacy of makeshifts or political reforms. Inasmuch as our party is not composed of politicians or place-hunters but of proletarians whose sole ambition is to redeem themselves from wage slavery, it uses the opportunity now presenting itself and goes straight to its goal—the economic emancipation of the working class, accomplished by the expropriation of the soil and the machinery.

Were this not the final aim of the Mexican Liberal Party it would be a party of clowns and impostors.

Forward!

R E M

## ORDER MEANS HARMONY.

"There must be Order." Thus shriek nowadays all the upholders of what is called Order. For these gentry Order can exist only so long as society is subject to the rod of the policeman, the soldier, the judge, the jailor, the hangman, the governor.

But that is not Order. What I understand by Order is Harmony, and there can be no Harmony so long as anywhere on the surface of this planet there are human beings who feed to repletion and human beings who have not a crust to lift to their lips.

If things were well arranged; if every human creature had enough to eat and could obtain shelter without paying rent—in a word, if by a minimum of healthy labor everyone could obtain the wherewithal to live a decent life, no one would have the audacity to say: "I am a greater man than you. Obey me!"

Then there would be true Order because there would be Harmony. Men would not quarrel; men would not envy one another. We should all be brothers, and the policeman, the soldier, the judge, the jailor, the hangman and the governor would be superfluous. They would be superfluous because Harmony among human beings having been achieved by the conquest of economic liberty, the parasitism of public officials would have no reason for existence.

Public officials are not, as is generally believed, the guardians of Order. Real Order, which is Harmony, re-

quires no guardian, precisely because it is Order. It is Disorder that requires guardians, and Disorder—scandalous, disgraceful and humiliating, from the very fact that we were not born to be slaves—at present rules society's political and social life.

That one social class oppresses another social class is Disorder, for there should exist but one class—that of the producers, the workers. Humanity will become a working class when the land and the machinery become the property of all, for then all will have to work in order to eat.

It is the maintenance of Disorder—that is to say, the maintenance of political and social inequality, of the privileges of an upper and the submission of a lower class, which necessitates the governors, the laws, the police, the soldiery, the jailers, the judges, the hangman and the whole mob of big and petty officials who sponge on the people's energies. The existence of these officials serves not to protect humanity but to hold it in submission; to hold it in slavery to those who have been clever enough to get possession of the land and the machinery.

"There must be Order." Thus shriek nowadays the upholders of Disorder; that is to say, the upholders of social and political inequality.

No! Order does not mean the slavery of part of humanity by another part, but liberty for the whole human species. As for bourgeois Order, we Mexicans are battling against it in our present rebellion. Against that kind of Order we shout: "Death to such Order!" For it is an Order that shackles man's free initiative; the Order of the guardroom and the barracks. Death to such Order!

R. F. M.

## FREE SPEECH CRUSHED! WHAT ELSE COULD YOU EXPECT?

As a consequence of the increasing frequency with which radical speakers are being arrested, meetings suppressed, headquarters raided and objectionable agitators run out of town, a great cry is going up from all the labor and semi-demi-revolutionary press. Notably from that owned by the Socialist Party; for, despite all its vehement declarations that it is a political party and favors law and order, the authorities draw no nice distinctions. Accordingly the Socialist papers swarm with protests—though it has been their settled policy to say nothing when Anarchists speakers are suppressed—and I take the following from the "New Times," of Minneapolis, as typical: "The rights of a free press, free speech and free assemblage have always been necessary to free mankind from oppression.—But history never goes backward. The rights gained by untold hardships will not be lightly relinquished by the working class. They realize that, if further progress is to be made, these fundamental rights must be protected at any cost, and it is for this reason that any attacks on free speech, a free press, and free assemblage are so stubbornly resisted by a class-conscious proletariat."

\* \* \*

The passages quoted are such as you will find in almost any Socialist or Labor paper; and, because they reflect the general opinion of what calls itself, and should be, a revolutionary movement, they fill me with dismay. They account for the universal weakness because they are themselves so weak; and they are weak because they betray total ignorance of that which all should know; because they flinch the issue and put the cart before the horse; because they misstate facts.

\* \* \*

First, as to facts. In my opinion we should acknowledge bravely that, where there is economic slavery, free speech does not and can not exist. We should acknowledge bravely that in the United States that condition has been reached. We should lay aside patriotic prejudice and admit impartially that in America everything is BUSINESS, and that business, wherein we are all begging for cus-

tomers or pulling wires to get and hold a job, is fatal to free speech and that truthfulness without which free speech is worse than useless. Commercialism, which has become this country's God, is the condition of mutual and slavish dependence. Freedom is the condition of individual independence, and where that individual independence has gone out of existence free speech is practically dead.

\* \* \*

It was my own good fortune to live for years where we all habitually spoke our minds, for we were economically free. It was my subsequent misfortune to be caged for years in business, as conducted in these United States, and to chafe unceasingly at restraints on free speech which apparently my associates took philosophically, as part of the day's work. As a newspaper man I know something of the "sacred cows" whom it is sacrilege to criticise, though they are almost invariably the community's great criminals. I have scores of business acquaintances in Los Angeles who attend church regularly, and scoff, in private, at the preposterous fairy tales the church still teaches. But the church means valuable business connexions—for the whole thing hangs together—and that means bread and butter. You may talk to such people until Doomsday and they will still be trotting to church. Give them the economic independence that will enable them to snap their fingers at business connections, and they will go a-fishing. He who does not understand these things after a short business experience is either stupid beyond redemption or wilfully blind.

\* \* \*

It is no better among workmen, and you will walk far before meeting one who dares speak out his actual opinions, either in the shop or at the union meetings. In these latter workmen will inveigh against Capitalism, for that is safe and popular, but ask them to criticise their own officials, who have economic power and can make jobs insecure, and see how they will wilt. Free speech may be well enough in theory, but business is business, and they do not propose to risk their bread and butter. All of us are in the meshes of the same commercial net, and the very fact that we talk so much about free speech is proof that we do not possess the thing itself.

Habit makes the man, and people who toady habitually to customers and employers are not going to be heroic in their defence of such agitators as the authorities see fit to suppress. They may go to a protest meeting, for that means pleasurable excitement; but that is as far as

they will go, and it has been proved a thousand times. Nor, under such conditions are the agitators themselves likely to be heroic, and this also the history of the last eighteen months has demonstrated most sadly. Fear of jail; fear of putting themselves in a position where they would be blacklisted and barred from the all-essential job, has gagged millions of workmen during the last eighteen months; and you will notice that practically the only exceptions have been found among the I. W. W. As the advertisements say, "there is a reason." The I. W. W. is composed largely of men who have ceased to care for jobs, who are rebels against Business and have made up their minds to beat their way through life. As for the others, they are all dependent on the commercial machine. Even the rich banker must keep his tongue between his teeth to win depositors, and while Emma Goldman cries out for men of backbone, I myself doubt if her own devotion to business has left her the rudimentary vestige of such a thing. If she had it she would say the things which need, most sternly, to be said. As it is, she picks the subjects that are popular, which is a vastly different thing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why should one spare the whip? These Labor leaders, Socialist leaders, Anarchist leaders, etc., what are they but flies upon the wheel? Our task is to shove ahead the revolutionary wagon, at present stuck fast in the mud of an agitation that deals only with effects. We must lift it to the firm ground of causes. When we howl about the suppression of free speech, we deal with an effect. When Emma Goldman whines, as she did recently in Los Angeles, about the cruelty of modern "economic efficiency," she deals with an effect. When we treat of sexual evils and are horrified at the discovery that jaded millionaires pay large sums for virgin flesh, we deal with an effect. When we surround the ballot with secrecy, that the master may not know how his dependent slave has voted, we deal with an effect. We do not get to causes until we discuss that artificial dependence, which is our punishment for living on each other, and contrast it with the independence—such as the Mexicans enjoyed before they let their politicians steal the land from beneath their feet—which comes with access to and getting our living, in the natural way, from nature. Our economic dependence on one another is the cause of our troubles, and we should recognize it frankly. We should not be such hypocrites as to pretend that, while that rotting slavery endures, we can purify the social system by Ferrer schools, Socialist

law schools, oratorical orgies, sensational trials, dramatic strikes or any other of the thousand and one devices contrived by editors and party leaders and lecturers to attract the crowd and bring in business. We should go straight to the real job. We should say to ourselves—"the first thing we must do is to get out of this condition of dependence; for, if we prize free speech so highly"—and most highly it should be prized—"until we become economically independent free speech we cannot have."

The article I am criticizing and have taken as my text asserts that history does not go backward. It is a lie, for there are long periods of reaction, and we in this country are struggling to emerge from one of them. It speaks of "further progress" and that is a most gigantic lie, concocted and frenziedly upheld by men of the Compers class, who would have us believe that their organizations have been an impregnable bulwark of protection to the workers; whereas they are, in reality, a washed-out levee through which the flood of monopoly poured long ago, drowning the former independence of the American workingman and converting him into the helpless driftwood that he is today. It talks of the stubborn resistance of a class-conscious proletariat, and the resistance reminds me of the spectacle I once witnessed in New York, when several thousand striking, and starving, cloakmakers scattered like chaff before the winnowing of some half-a-dozen policemen's clubs. We are not advancing, as the writers of such articles would have us believe, along the smooth and easy highway of reform, but are being hurried, against our will, to the dangerous rapids of Social Revolution. We can shoot them safely if we steer straight for the one landing point—economic independence. If we pull aimlessly, as we have been pulling hitherto, a frightful smash awaits us.

In all warfare it is necessary, from time to time, to run desperate chances and take part in what is known as a "forlorn hope." But such "forlorn hopes" should never be undertaken except to capture some absolutely-essential point, and it seems to me that it behooves the revolutionist who has some grip of fundamental facts, to say, most firmly: "If you are going to be hung, let it not be for the scraggy end of an insignificant lamb chop but for a good fat, juicy sheep. If you strike, in the face of bayonets and clubs, let it be for something worth the winning. If you must go to war, go to war for something substantial and permanently effective; not for better treat-

ment from the boss, but for elimination of the boss, by conquering your economic freedom. Strike for the full, the individual and the equal RIGHT TO LIFE. Strike for free access to and equal ownership of nature's great factory, the earth. Write on your banner "Land and Liberty," and resolve to win; not by wild words which merely exhaust your strength, but by the well-directed blow which proves that you have studied the game and discovered the enemy's vital spot. Let us win the economic fight, in its basic fundamentals. Free speech, with all the other blessings to which our civilization should entitle us, will then come as naturally as comes the herbage with the winter rains.

Grinding poverty, blind ignorance, crime, suicide, insanity and all the frightful evils that beset society on every side, have a tap root which lies far deeper than the temporary class distinctions social war develops. It is to be found in our denial of the individual claim to life; in our stubborn refusal to acknowledge that every child of man has a right to the free and equal use of this world, into which he has been born without his asking. When that right has been theoretically acknowledged, and won by actual struggle—as eventually it must be—we shall rise, unconsciously and as a race, to heights of which today we can but dream. We shall be free individuals, and by that very fact we shall be co-operators on a scale the magnificence of which we of this generation cannot sense, for each of us will stand on his own feet, able to lend all his emancipated powers to the advancement of civilization's common task. At present we live under a vast system of co-operation, which is wearisomely complicated and hideously oppressive by the very fact that it is conducted under conditions of slavery, which deny the equal right to life. It is the co-operation of dependents, in a thousand grades of varying dependence but none of them free men; none of them able, without personal sacrifice, to speak out bravely what he or she actually thinks, and, therefore, none of them able to contribute his or her just share to that swelling flood of knowledge on which depends Man's future. We must get out of slavery at any cost; for freedom beats it, in the furtherance of human happiness, all to pieces. Hence the necessity of a deep-cutting revolution. Hence the necessity for encouraging such a struggle for the fundamental right to Life as that in which Mexico's disinherited are now engaged, against the blind forces of Monopoly and Privilege. The road ahead of us is long and

hard. Let us shorten it as much as possible by marching straight.

Just as Poland, hedged in by three greedy empires and inhabited by a people more artistic than commercial, has been repeatedly the prey of the invader, so has it been and is with Mexico. She stands between the money-making North and the seductively alluring and almost virgin resources of the tropical El Dorado. Used for generations to free communal access in land, wood and water, her people have adapted themselves to their climate and taken life easy. They have none of the long industrial training and discipline back of us; none of that commercial astuteness our highly artificial life has forced us to develop. All they can oppose to the roaring tide of a commercialism which threatens to engulf them is the rocky barrier of an Indian temperament which is tenacity incarnate; which has clung for centuries to simple ways of life that suit it; which has simple but most decided ideas of right and wrong; which regards the tax-gatherers as robbers; which hates the centralized government that renders collection of rent and taxes possible; which wishes to work for itself at tasks satisfactory to itself; which abhors, above everything else, the military regime which forces it to fight on behalf of a patriotism in which it does not believe. A race at once communistic and individualistic. People who will take in free exchange all the labor-saving machinery we can supply, since they wish to save themselves all trouble possible; but who do not take at all to the idea of working that machinery in factories to profit others.

## LABOR'S SOLIDARITY SHOULD KNOW NEITHER RACE NOR COLOR.

More than two years ago the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party issued the following appeal to members of the Socialist Party. It was published in "Regeneration" of April 29, 1911, and copies were sent to Socialist locals and exchanges throughout the country.

It was drawn up and circulated in absolutely good faith, the Junta having not the suspicion of a doubt that in what, as it knew, was destined to be a terrific struggle between the Mexican proletariat and the Money Power of the world, the Socialist Party would throw its entire influence, in this and every other country, whole-heartedly on the side of the oppressed.

Unfortunately things turned out differently, so far as the Socialist Party was concerned. Unfortunately that party proved to be still in the primitive stage of development during which the mass hangs on and guides itself exclusively by what a few leaders choose to say, and Mr. Victor Berger declared that the Mexican Revolutionists were bandits, while Mr. Debs, in a carefully-prepared pronouncement in the "International Socialist Review," proclaimed that Mexicans were too ignorant to fight for freedom, and prophesied their pitiful scourging at the hands of the possessing class.

So far as the Mexican Revolution itself has been concerned, things have developed almost precisely as they were expected to develop. Through chaos and the overthrow of leader after leader, the Mexican disinherited have marched far along the road to complete realization of the complete program originally framed. All the world now knows that Mexico is the center of a great revolutionary movement which covers the entire country; that the movement is essentially economic; that, as such, it stands in a class entirely by itself; that already it has performed a colossal task of expropriation, testified to by the number of wealthy Mexicans now refugees in the United States and elsewhere, and also testified to by the concern so plainly manifested by the United States and European governments, as agents of the International Money Power.

Clearly the ignorant Mexican has not proved himself as incompetent as Mr. Debs anticipated, and his actions



have been on the largely militant scale that lifts them out of the category to which Mr. Berger so hastily consigned them. In fact, if our readers will trouble themselves to study the translation of Mr. Araujo's article which we present in this issue, they will discover that, within three short years, the Mexican proletariat has done what his class-brothers in the United States and Europe have been vainly hoping for during a century or more. The offers his own government is now making him, on bended knees, are not to be matched in the history of any other country, when the comparatively brief period hitherto covered by the struggle is taken into account.

The main and all-essential economic plank in the platform of the Mexican Revolutionist was the restoration of his stolen lands. Read Mr. Araujo's article and ask yourself how far he is today from getting them.

Obviously the Socialist Party, like many other supposed Revolutionists, calculated wrong. One cannot see that any but themselves and their own movement suffered by the error, and for the Mexicans it must be said that they entered on their struggle with the full understanding that they must fight their own battles for themselves. We give the following manifesto, therefore, simply as part of the historical record, which will appear shortly in the more permanent form of our "Land and Liberty" series. We do so without a touch of malice, since the education of the International Proletariat, along unswervingly militant revolutionary lines, is the only thing in which we take a particle of interest or on which we are disposed to expend the smallest modicum of energy or money.

Comrades! For, whatever hair-splitting pedants may say, you are our comrades. You have been attacking capitalism for years, declaring uncompromisingly that our entire economic system is rotten from top to toe and must be rooted out, at all and every cost.

Mexican prisons are full of men and women under death sentences for teaching what they learned from you. Mexican soil today is red with the blood of those, many of them Americans, who are battling to bring to reality the dream with which you inspired them. If this does not constitute true comradeship—the comradeship of the heart and not of the mere lips—what does?

During long years of talk dissensions necessarily arise; but when action takes the place of talk; when at last the proletariat rises to throw off its chains; these differences should vanish, and every honest soul should feel that it is treason to stand aside.

Do not be misled into supposing that the quarrel between Madero and ourselves is a quarrel between Mexicans, which Mexicans should be left to settle for themselves. It is not. It is the old, inextinguishable quarrel between bourgeoisie and proletariat; between monopolists and disinherited; between those who wish to live peacefully under the existing system and those who know that under the present system there is no peace. Apart from Madero's personality; apart from the fact that he is an enormously rich man, owning approximately five million acres of land and having proved himself in the past a most tyrannical employer; apart from that most significant personal fact, this is a quarrel between the superficial reformer and the radical revolutionist.

This quarrel, therefore, is yours. Without playing the traitor to the great international cause of the emancipation of labor you cannot ignore it.

That you do not intentionally ignore it we know full well. But it is often hard to see clearly, above all when a movement is being conducted in a tongue with which most are unacquainted.

From the very first—nine years ago—the Mexican Liberal Party has stood before the public with a clear and simple program from which it has not swerved one hair. From the first it has said that it means to get the LAND, now monopolized by plutocracy, back to the people. It says so still. From the first it has said that it wages war for complete economic emancipation. It says so still. From the first its motto has been "Land and Liberty." Beneath that it still fights and will continue to fight.

Such a cause claims your adhesion, claims it by absolute right. For the moment Mexico is to the front as an active warrior in the world-wide battle for the overthrow of human slavery. She should not be allowed to stand alone.

Throughout the world the Latin races are sparing neither time nor money to assist what they recognized immediately as the common cause. We are satisfied that the great Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic branches of the army of labor will not lag behind; we are satisfied ignorance, due to language difficulties, alone is causing a temporary delay.

We do not appeal to you to help US. Our appeal is that you leave no stone unturned to help YOURSELVES by utilizing the magnificent opportunity of forwarding the common cause which the Mexican Revolution affords.

Our success means your success. Our failure means long years of additional agony and struggle for you. For

the moment the tide is setting in your favor. If you sit idle it will turn against you.

Do not shirk, either individually or collectively. Grasp the situation; make up your minds to exert yourselves, and a score of ways in which you can be useful will suggest themselves. For example, hundreds of Spanish and Italian papers in this country and Europe have published our manifesto. It has been translated into English and German. See to it that your papers reproduce it in full and enlighten their readers on this all-important subject.

It is needless to say that in our struggle against plutocracy we need all the money that can be raised, and many Spanish papers long ago opened subscription lists. Surely their example should be followed.

Help the propaganda in every possible way, remembering always that in doing so you help yourselves and clear the road for the emancipation of your class and the attainment of a life worth living for yourselves and those dependent on you. It is for our wives and children as well as for ourselves that we must struggle.

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