We Are Moving From Illusions Toward Life

(Translated from the Spanish of Ricardo Flores Magon).

We Revolutionists are not pursing 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 Pharoahs; 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 Camile 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 latneching 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 burned Giordano Bruno alive, today admire 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 tearful defences of that Titan 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 serf. 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 they 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 inwraps heroes and lends them brilliancy. Hidalgo, Juarez, Morelos, Zaragosa, sparkle 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 serf, awakening the giant and causing the valiant to hold their ground. From his Olympus, reared on the rocks of Chapultepec, a Jupiter of vaudeville is putting a price on rebel heads; is signing with his aged hands sentences worthy of a cannibal, while his dishonored 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 suns, diffusing light.

TIMES ARE CHANGING.

Five years ago who so humble as the Mexican peon bending silently from dawn to dusk over the plough; slaving in mine and factory under the overseer's whip? Look at him now! A generation ago, who so timidly-modest and straight-laced as the English bread-and-butter middle-class Miss—drilled to all the respectabilities, taught to keep silence in the presence of her elders, instructed that her vocation was matrimony and that she must abide in virgin seclusion until Prince Charming came along? Look at her now, as she reveals herself in the last annual report of the "Woman's Social and Political Union." Here, in part, is what she has to say:

"The reason of the union's success is three-fold. Firstly, it is independent of all political parties, and cannot, therefore, be exploited in the interests of self-seeking male politicians; secondly it is anti-government in its policy, and therefore the pressure which it can exert is rightly directed instead of being wasted; thirdly, the union is militant, thus employing the only political weapon available to the voteless, and appealing also to the innate dignity and self-respect of the highest types of women who object to making themselves mere suppliants for that which is their right.

"Militancy also has been extended in scope and increased in vigor, and from being merely symbolic, as in the old days, is now directed against property, the public as well as the human life alonco cacreasconlydraLo government feeling its effect, and huinan life alone being immune from attack."

Having published to the world that she embraces the three cardinal principles of militant Anarchism independence of politics, the concentration of the attack on Government, and militancy, no longer "merely symbolic" and having stated that the prosperity of the Union is due to such tactics, the lady proceeds:

"The history of the year ending February, 1913, may be said to begin with the great window-breaking campaign in March, 1912. A skilfully planned secret attack on Friday, March 1, took the police and all London by surprise, for the protest had been expected to take place on the following Monday, March 4. This expectation was not wholly disappointed, for on that day another great window-breaking protest was made. Not all the London shopkeepers had at that time realized the futility and unfairness of laying the blame for window-breaking upon the militants instead of upon the government. Therefore, there was a clamor for drastic punishment. The 267 arrested window-breakers, who included the honorable secretaries of the union, Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Tuke, were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from fourteen days to six months."

Note the psychology revealed—be sure to note that in the declaration that all the London shopkeepers did not realize the futility and unfairness of blaming the window-breakers (the effects) instead of the government (the cause), and do not be surprised that the champions of things as they are write editorials that visibly palpitate with fear. These national upheavals are first flutterings of the great break for liberty which is about to come, and they are worth a century of solemn Social Democratic reports, and an eon of attempting to lift ourselves up by our boot straps or dreaming that we can smash slavery by listening to lectures on a modern art which, bred of slavish conditions, is honeycombed with feeble and degenerate thought.

We are no longer thinking about it but are actually "Moving toward Life," as Ricardo Magon shows so eloquently in the article we have translated for this week's issue.

A TRUE INDIAN TYPE.

Caupolican, chief of the Aurocanos, the oldest tribe of Indians in South America, is featured as one of the Orpheum's principal attractions. He deserves to be, for he is the fortunate possessor of a magnificent tenor voice, trained to great perfection in Paris. He sings in English, French and his native tongue; selections from the world's great masterpieces. Several of them we had heard rendered by artists of acknowledged rank, and Caupolican need not fear comparison, either as to tone or interpretation.

Moreover, he tells the audience how his tribe holds the Andes, from Concepcion to the Straits of Magellan, together with the islands adjoining the Chilian cost; and how it repelled successfully the Spaniards and all would-be invaders, forcing the Chilian nation, after a struggle that lasted a century, to sue for peace. He has clear-cut ideas as to the value of struggle and liberty, and he gave the "Los Angeles Record" an interview, in the course of which he said, speaking of a vanquished race:

"The Inca empire fell, in a day, before the assault of the avaricious and bloodthirsty Spaniards. Why? Because the Incas were trained to rely absolutely on their chiefs; the chiefs thought and ordered; the people obeyed. As a consequence, when the Spaniards captured the leaders, the people were like sheep; no one could lead, and the nation died, a victim of its mistaken ideals. Now, with us, no chief has any authority except in time of war. We as a tribe have no regard for authority as such, so every man is a free man and may become a leader when needed. I hold no nation can last unless every man IS a freeman. That we have so remained is, to my mind, proof that we are good material for the use of evolutionary forces."

Having read that, the editor of this section thought he would like to visit Chief Caupolican, and a most pleasant talk ensued. The chief was well informed as to Mexican affairs, naturally was sympathetic, and finally asked: "What about the social revolution that is coming in this country? Are you interested also in that?" When the writer explained that he was an Anarchist, Caupolican answered with a long-drawn "Ah!" In effect, the situation explained itself.

"SOCIAL WAR" PICNIC.

A basket picnic will be held Sunday afternoon, July 20, in Elysian Park, near the reservoir, which is close to the main entrance on Buena Vista street. The object is to raise funds for the benefit of "Social War," the New York revolutionary weekly. The editor of this section is advertised as the speaker.

In giving—for our forthcoming book—a series of translations from the Spanish of Ricardo Flores Magon, we call attention to the heroic note they strike persistently. Of necessity that note loses much of its soul-inspiring ring in the translation. The influence Ricardo Magon's writings have exercised is due unquestionably to that heroic strain. The still greater influence he himself has exercised is due just as surely to the fact that his written thought has received the all convincing indorsement of a consistent life.

WORKING FOR FREE LAND.

A. G. Wagner, of 708 Central avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., as secretary of "The Changing Order," has sent us notice of a call for a convention to be held in Minneapolis, in July next. The call is signed by a number of residents of Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, and it is evident that the convention's chief business will be the land question, for the main resolution to be introduced states that "we will no longer recognize the validity of any land title, howsoever granted, except such as is based upon occupancy and use of land." A private letter accompanying the call informs us that several well-known public men from the East have signified their intention of attending, and that those who are active in this movement intend to work steadily during the next twelve months, making a propaganda on the land question that, they hope, will result in their convention being the opening of a vigorous, nation-wide campaign.

Surely they have our sympathy and will command such co-operation as we can give. It is high time that the United States take up this land problem seriously, as they are taking it up in Mexico, for land monopoly is converting this nation into one of homeless city dwellers and penniless tramps, with all the wage-slavery and dependence on the Money Power such a condition implies.

We believe that a persevering course of correspondence and general agitation will show the members who have initiated this movement that they have sympathizers in every section of the country, and that there has been within the last few years an awakening as to the evils of land monopoly which is far more general than our thoughtless boomers imagine. If such a movement gets a start it will be imitated in other States, and we may look for a sterling educational campaign and the creation of a literature which is needed frightfully. There are literally millions who feel that this business of allowing the wealthy to buy up the earth is all wrong, but they do not see the way out, as yet, and therefore stand inactive.

We ourselves have a lively correspondence from friends in Washington on this subject, and feel pretty sure that the Northern States, at least, are ripe for the departure indicated.

OUR NEW MAYOR.

Mayor Rose's accession to office has been the occasion of an ovation banquet, at which 1200 were present. Judging from the reports we imagine that the best speeches were made by Fred. C. Wheeler, the Socialist Party councilman, who declared that "wealth was as unnecessary as poverty and prayed for the passing of the millionaire," and by his very opposite in politics, District Attorney Fredericks. In sharp sentences that cut like a razor, the latter insisted that the Recall, Referendum and other measures so dear to modern Socialism and that formless thing which calls itself Progress, were reducing the people to "a milling herd of cattle, always in motion but going nowhere—a pitiful mass, a pestilence at home and a nuisance abroad." Fredericks is a Conservative of the old, stalwart type, and from such men we get the truest crticism of those half-hearted reformers who, facing both ways, advance nowhere, and, sitting on two stools, periodically tumble, dragging the rest of the community with them.

Mexican Notes

What will be the next move? To be able to answer that question correctly we would pay a large sum of money, if we had it. We only know what all the world knows; viz., that Ambassador Wilson has been hurriedly recalled from Mexico City, for a consultation at Washington, and that the dailies print in huge capitals: "Germans demand United States protection."

Naturally the dailies are running out column after column on the subject, the general statement being that Germany has $4,000,000,000 (surely an exaggeration) invested in Mexico; that these millions demand protection; that she calls on the United States either to live up to the Monroe doctrine and act as an effective policeman for the whole of North America, or to stand aside and let the foreign Powers do their own invading. For more than two years we have been pointing out that the foreign Money Power, sooner or later, would invoke the Monroe doctrine, which, adopted years ago without the slightest consultation with the American masses, virtually pledges this country to put down revolution from the Canadian border to Cape Horn.

Three courses are now open to the government of the United States; the first being to abandon the Monroe doctrine; the second, to acknowledge the Huerta government and thus cooperate with it in putting down the revolution, or, third, to intervene, by armed invasion.

What does all this actually mean? In another column we quote extensively from Carpenter's closing series of articles to the "Los Angeles Times," in which, summing up the situation, he insists that the trouble in Mexico is economic, that the people are tired of allowing the country to be owned by the few and that out of all this trouble a complete social reorganization may come. But how is that reorganization, admitted as theoretically desirable, to come if the Money Power, in one way or another—and which way is merely a question of detail—is to be allowed to protect vested interests? To "protect vested interests." That sounds grand and good and virtuously legal to the ordinary citizen, who thinks only in terms of governments and accepts the common doctrine that all property and every monopoly, however acquired and however fatal to individual and national existence, should be protected by the government, as representing the masses—what irony!—the moment it has succeeded in getting itself scribbled down on courthouse records.

What Is Sympathy Worth?

Apply that charming doctrine to Mexico. You admit that the millions have been deprived of their lands. You admit that the deprivation means wholesale misery and the reduction to slavery. You admit that the Mexicans are fighting like tigers to get back those lands, thus putting an end to their misery and redeeming themselves from that slavery into which they have been plunged. You sympathize with that heroic struggle. You have at the entrance to your great harbor a colossal figure of Liberty illumining the world. On your coinage you stamp the figure of despotism pierced to death by the lance of freedom, and you append to it a Latin motto which, translated into your own tongue, reads:—"Thus may it always be with tyrants!" All this you approve and brag about a thousand times a day. But when Mexicans propose to follow that heroic lead; when they propose to slay the tyranny that to them spells death, and to declare void those rotten title deeds by which an autocrat gave away his country to the bargain-hunters who scented the opportunity as the vulture scents the carrion, you say: "No, not that way. Property must not be touched, for property is sacred. Title deeds must be enforced at any price. We agree that there must be social reorganization, but it must be wrought without trespassing an vested rights."

Was there ever position more absurd? Did you never hear of the idiotic councilmen who passed three resolutions; the first being that the old school house should be torn down immediately, the second, that a new school house should be built immediately with the materials of the old one, and the third that, until the new school house was completed, the old one should still be occupied? That is the course gravely recommended in Mexico; a country with fifteen million inhabitants, ninety-nine per cent of them suffering frightfully. That is the course to which statesmen and publicists and all sorts of supposedly wise men of government stand committed, and it is to be noticed that, while even the capitalist papers have been forced to admit from time to time that the trouble in Mexico is purely economic, they are now writing as though it were exclusively a problem of politics. Things come to a crucial point and one hears no more of the peon's pitiable plight, but—"Will not this embarrass the Democrats?" Not—"How is the position of the masses to be improved by all this?" but "How are we going to stand with England and Germany?" No discussion of human rights; only an anxious, unspeakably abject solicitude as to the wishes of the Money Power.

Well, at least the Mexican Revolution is contributing its share to the education of the race by showing it, if it would stop to look, what ALL governments actually are—the watchdogs of monopoly and nothing more.

Forced by the Armed Peon.

At this very moment the leading Mexican dailies are running full of plans to improve the condition of the masses. Before us lies a copy of "El Imparcial," just to hand. It is perhaps the most conservative and powerful of all the Mexican papers, and on its first page we find these heads:—"The work of securing the well-being of the people begins. Without delay they will be permitted to work and exploit the national lands and those in the neighborhood of towns. The national lands will be divided up and thus certain needs will be relieved and the aspirations of a great part of the people satisfied."

Observe that it is always the land question; the restoration to the masses of those rich opportunities which they enjoyed for centuries, which were sold away from under their feet to greedy speculators by corrupt politicians, and which they are now in a fair way to win back. The Revolution is FORCING restoration. The peon—the, humble, despised peon—has taken the gun in the hand and FORCED the great statesmen to remember that he also has a right to life and happiness. And now that the great statesmen of his own country are being FORCED to look life in the face and recognize its basic rights, in comes the International Money Power and says firmly, "No I know nothing about human rights. I know only the law. I recognize one fact only, viz., that our titles are on record and that I ENFORCE them. Diaz tried to and failed. Madero tried to and failed. Huerta tried to and he is failing. I myself now take the task in hand."

What is the International Proletariat going to do about it? Money knows no nationality, and stands, a solid rock, for the enforcement of its so-called paper rights, wherever those so-called rights—the right to wring profit from the human race—may be located. Where does the International Proletariat stand? Have the untold millions of the disinherited soared to that point? Have they cast off all national prejudice and race antipathy? Do THEY recognize THEIR cause as always and everywhere the same? That is the question that transcends all others, and beside it the consideration of whether the Federals or the Constitutionalists have triumphed in this or that battle of this bitter fight sinks into such insignificance that we have scarcely the patience to keep up the chronicle.

Rebels in Hard Luck.

Communications are so interrupted and partizanship has grown so rabid that it is harder and harder to ascertain the actual facts. We think that things have been going badly with the insurrectoes in the North during the past week. There has been much talk of desertions from their ranks, owing to scanty rations and inability to pay. On the other hand, the financial assistance lent Huerta is enabling him to throw troops into Guaymas and push his military measures more actively. Villa is reported definitely as having 1100 well-drilled and thoroughly-equipped calavry and as getting ready for a rebel dash on Juarez, but that dash has been strangely delayed. At Los Mochis, Sinaloa, the American gunboat Buffalo seized a large quantity of arms destined for the Constitutionalists. At El Paso 448,000 rounds of cartridges destined for the rebels is just reported as having been confiscated by the United States authorities. Everything works against the rebels. Everything always has, so far as the action of the United States and foreign Powers is concerned; yet they have fought on.

The rebel chief Ortega is said to have been defeated near Gaudaloupe, the federals capturing 40,000 rounds of ammunition, with quantities of arms and provisions, and taking many prisoners.

Ignacio Pesquiera, Constitutionalist governor of Sonora, wired the following to President Wilson, July 16: "We pray you not to permit the foreign nations of Europe to make of the United States a collection agency to collect moneys that they have advanced for the support of the murderous Huerta government.

"These nations have advanced their money with full knowledge that it was to a usurping government. Now, when Huerta and his followers find they are being crushed, he appeals to the powers who have advanced money to him that they force the United States to grant him recognition.

"The people of Mexico, who have been fighting and winning battles to sustain the regular government, protest against this attempt to take from them their hard-won laurels. The State troops have, and always will, protect American interests in Mexico co."

The "Los Angeles Times" published, July 17, a huge cartoon in which Uncle Sam is depicted as getting ready to swat the revolutionary mosquitoes, and it writes favorably of rumored propositions to place the Northern States of Mexico under a United States protection similar to that now enjoyed (?) by Cuba. They would form, it says, a buffer between this country, representing law and order, and the pestilent revolutionary activities of Central and Southern Mexico. The entering wedge.

Two Vital Truths

The "Los Angeles Times" may be an enemy, and it is. Nevertheless the "Times" has the enormous virtue of being a bold and open enemy; one who is not afraid to acknowledge and salute the virtues of its foe, as are so many of our allegedly revolutionary papers. We doubt if there is another paper in the country that would have printed, and actually played up, such a series of letters as that which Frank G. Carpenter has been sending it from Mexico; for Carpenter has been voicing truths absolutely fatal to the position of the "Times" and the great land monopolies it represents. In proof of which we reproduce the opening sentences of his letter of July 12, which run:

"In this my last letter from Mexico, I want to give you some of the undercurrents of public opinion which are rapidly changing the possibilities of this republic. The man who thinks that the troubles here are only the struggle of the ins and outs is mistaken. The people have become aroused to the possibilities of liberty, and there is a strong hope that the whole social and economic system will be reorganized." Gentlemen of the Jean Grave stripe must be finding facts of this kind the bitterest kind of smoking, and the French revolutionary movement will discover ultimately that by the wilful malignity of leaders it has been betrayed into neglect of a great cause. There can be no greater treason.

It is Carpenter's last letter, and he passes in review the administrations of Diaz and Madero, saying of the former that "every head which rose above the average level was cut off," and of the latter that "he preached but did not accomplish," to which he adds: "The new administration of Huerta is now preaching and promising, and parties are forming. There may be another revolution or so before order is brought out of chaos, but there is little doubt that the old Mexico has passed away forever, and that a new one will eventually take its place." This is practically a somewhat longer rendering of the summary given by Ricardo Magon when he wrote, more than two years ago: "There is chaos in Mexico, but out of that chaos will come something good for the poor."

Carpenter reverts to the land question and tells us that "the people are beginning to realize that it is not right that a thousand families should practically own this mighty territory;" and, referring to the robbery of the communal lands, which ran riot under Diaz, says: "About fifty or sixty years ago every town in Mexico had certain lands surrounding it which were divided among the citizens, and each householder had his own little plat, upon which he could raise enough corn for his family and where he could pasture his cows."

Insured their Independence.

Don't you think that made for economic independence? Don't you think that here in America, which is essentially the country of enormous cultivable areas, our masses would be freer if there were allotted to every one as of course— as an acknowledgment of the claims of life such a plot of land, instead of their being compelled to pawn the industry of years to land speculators who charge hundreds of dollars for the few feet needed as standing-room for a tiny five-room cottage? Do you think there is no other way of settling this pressing land question but that advocated by the Single Taxers, who would have us wait a century or two until they have won over a majority and induced the government to tax unoccupied lands out of monopoly's grip? Carpenter thinks the progressive politicians of Mexico may manage to get the Single Tax. If that should come to pass "The Public" will herald it to all parts of the globe as a triumph for its propaganda. But, in reality, it will have been forced from authority by the heroic action of the unlettered peasant, whom dull respectability has deemed beneath its notice.

Referring again to the communal lands, Carpenter informs his readers that "among the schemes now proposed in the Chamber of Deputies is (one) to purchase or condemn these tracts and to restore them to their owners." He adds: "If this is done the peons will be largely free of their old masters, and they will gradually become more civilized. It is found that this has been the case with the Indians of the few towns which did and give up their communal lands. They are more independent and better in every way."

What lessons this Mexican Revolution could teach us, if we would but learn! What are Carpenter's reflections but a demonstration of the great truth that the basis of life is material, and that if man is to be elevated his material conditions must be improved by actual deed, and not by talking about it? What are they but a proof of the equally important truth that the tiger of monopoly will never let go his grip until he has been cornered by force of arms and fear has filled what he is pleased to call his soul? But yesterday the plaint of the Mexican peon was as the whistling of the wind. Today, armed with a Mauser and knowing how to use it, he bids fair to lay down the law to Presidents and statesmen. It is the elucidation of an all-pervasive law, since it is impossible to conceive of the universe as constructed on any other principle than that of strength; the balance of conflicting forces.

"LA HUELGA GENERAL."

We are delighted to find "The Industrial Worker" advertising the new Spanish organ of the I. W. W., "La Huelga General." (The General Strike) as about to make its appearance, with offices at 420 N. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles. As we have said before, there are thousands of Mexicans in Southern California whom we do not reach effectively, and there is room for half a dozen revolutionary papers, each of which would be an assistance to the others, since each would be helping to batter down the wall of apathy against which we all break ourselves.

If "La Huelga General" is to fare better than "Regeneracion" has fared during the last three years it will have to do just one thing—turn out better work. Nothing else counts. Its editorials will have to be superior to those of "Regeneracion," its revolutionary outlook broader, the education it gives its readers, both as to the necessity of social revolution and the best methods of bringing it about, clearer and more convincing. Those who come after the pioneers are expected to better their instruction, for it is when you have to find and break the trail that traveling is hardest. The new paper will be required to go above the mark "Regeneracion" has set.

Should "La Huelga General" do this, it will live and prosper, with our most cordial approval. Should it fail in this, it will die, and deserve to die. The masses want results. They are not to be cheated everlastingly with wordy wars between would-be leaders, or those vague frothings with which so many allegedly revolutionary papers abound, to their own merited undoing.

We want another good, live, well-edited Spanish revolutionary paper in Los Angeles. We always have wanted one. If "La Huelga General" does good work it will have in us its most generous friend. If it goes in for slush and feeble-minded personalities we shall flay it alive. Our business is the Social Revolution, and, like good business people, we judge solely by results.

Now that Secretary Bryan's peace plans have been approved by a number of the nations, all that remains to be done is to see who can build the biggest navy. (Wall Street Journal.)

French thought and character—anxious, above everything else, to keep the family together and provide a living, however slender, for each member—has always inclined to State Socialism, as a benevolent Santa Claus with his wallet full of jobs. It is in France that State Socialism has been receiving its most startling extension, and in France it is breaking down most hopelessly, as it always will. The French are beginning to find that out, and thereby once more are teaching the world a valuable revolutionary lesson.

HARKEN TO THE "APPEAL TO REASON!"

"The fact is that the revolution in Mexico has never subsided since the uprising against the old dictator, Diaz—— For the present the administration favors Huerta, for the reason only that he has the backing of the more powerful interests represented in Wall Street; the same interests which instigated and finally accomplished the overthrow and assassination of Madero, after these interests became satisfied that Madero was too weak to establish stable government—— The revolution of the Mexican people against the landed pirates, who have stolen their domain and left the small farmers in a state of peonage, is peculiar to that country and, in the very nature of things, makes it impossible for the revolution to subside while these dispossessed millions are on the verge of starvation—— They have absolutely nothing to lose by revolution and everything to gain. Revolution, therefore, has become a natural state with them, and until some substantial concessions are made to them, in the way of restoring their lands, by the powers which plundered them, there will be no peace in Mexico."

Do you know, gentle reader, from whom we are quoting? No less an authority than the "Appeal to Reason," the great champion of the proletariat which wrote, May 27, 1911, an editorial that began: "The Mexican revolution is at an end," and continued with what we ourselves branded as the "bombastic and lying statement" that "thus ends a remarkable historical event that was practically inaugurated by the 'Appeal to Reason'."

We ourselves care nothing about yesterdays. We are saturated with the philosophy that "while the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return." We should welcome the death-bed conversion of the "Appeal to Reason," but unfortunately THAT LYING SHEET IS LYING STILL. It is lying in a way most injurious to us; it is lying in a way most fatal to the great revolutionary movement of the world. There can be no mistake, about that, and alleged revolutionists—whatever they may call themselves—should take the trouble to put on their thinking-caps and understand the lie.

We are showing that the Mexican Revolution is identical with the struggle of the disinherited throughout the world that to rob man of his access to natural opportunities is to doom him to wage-slavery of the most hopeless type; to crowd him into cities whose pavements grow no bread; to deliver him, bound hand and foot, to the remorseless cruelty of the Money Power, backed by the Servile State. Our whole argument is that the condition is universal, and that the Mexicans are entitled to universal support because they are waging a universal fight.

Always the "Appeal to Reason" has done its very utmost to alienate that universal sympathy, and done it in its habitually Jesuitical style. It has done it by representing conditions in Mexico as PECULIAR to that country; by representing Mexico as still in the feudal stage, whereas in reality she is the victim of entirely up-to-date capital, of absentee profict and usuary-mongers, operating according to the most modern methods.

It should be easy to grasp the point we make. It should be easy to understand that the "Appeal to Reason's" misrepresentation has precisely the effect it is intended to have, and makes Socialists believe that the Mexican Revolution is no concern of theirs, since Mexico is in a stage of development we ourselves left behind more than a century ago. It is not so. It is a huge economic lie, and, therefore, a gigantic crime, because what divides and paralyses the revolutionary movement is muddy thought, deliberately created by those with private axes to grind. The "Appeal to Reason" has a very large ax to grind. It has no sympathy with us because we do not believe in the ballot, of which not one Mexican in a hundred knows anything; because we say—and this is absolutely fundamental for the entire revolutionary movement—that before you can talk of ascertaining the free opinion of any people you must set them economically free.

The "Appeal to Reason"—however smoothly or radically it may talk, under the pressure of events, today—is utterly antagonistic to us, and is an enemy the more dangerous because it is hiding in the long grass instead of coming out into the open. It is antagonistic because it is personally interested in upholding to the end of time the great Socialist delusion which puts the cart before the horse and teaches that you can get a free expression of opinion at the ballot box from a people economically enslaved.

No greater delusion than this was ever foisted on the ignorant. No fouler crime was ever committed than the dissemination of that delusion by the so-called "Intellectuals," who know it to be a delusion and sefishly conceal the truth. Such crimes have to be bolstered up by endless lies, and of that pernicious art the "Appeal to Reason" is a past master who has taken the hundred and fifty-fifth degree.