

No. 180.
Saturday, March 14, 1914.

Emma Goldman And The Intellectuals

"Those who still compromise with appearances have no courage," writes Emma Goldman in the February number of "Mother Earth." I am delighted with her whole article—on "Intellectual Proletarians"—both because of the importance of the subject and because it is handled without gloves. She has not been afraid to clinch her argument by naming noted writers, and she does well to name them. Their work is shoddy and we shall have much trouble to undo it; for they have been cajoling us with the sophistry that we can sit safely on two stools, and cheating us with the false fable that man can live by the intellect alone. He cannot. All history gives the lie to that. The record of that long series of empires which have risen to the topmost heights of mental achievement, only to be thrown on the scrap heap as pitiable failures, refutes that vain pretension. What men call "character"—the basic impulses which prompt us to struggle, fearlessly and honestly—has been the keynote to success throughout the ages. It is a thousand times more important than the ability to deliver eloquent orations, write pretentious books or distinguish Tweedledum from Tweedledee. At all these the lawyers are expert.

The world today is full of those who see the road but fear to follow it; who know that giant injustices must be sent howling down to hell but still preach palliatives; who gaze wide-eyed at the approaching hurricane but shrink from urging those heroic measures which alone can save us. They are moral cowards and they bid us shut our eyes; politicians in the true meaning of that despicable word; Jesuits who use speech to conceal their inmost thought; wilfully self-blinded leaders who teach that we can gain the promised land by a primrose path which dodges ugly facts. Of such politicians our timely-calculating labor movement is full, and, with life in these United States growing harder all the time; with ever-lengthening breadlines and huge armies of the unemployed presenting scenes of misery and degradation beyond the power of eloquence to depict; with jails overflowing and lunatic asylums crammed to bursting; with the suicide rate multiplying and sexual degeneracy increasing at a ratio that alarms even the calloused doctors; with all these and many other irrefutable proofs of a society tottering to its fall, we have at this moment no revolutionary movement worthy of the name.

We have reached the jumping point, and we must jump, but how many know in what direction? All we know, as a herd, is that we cannot allow a privileged few eternally to corner the earth, simply because they use their privileges shrewdly. All we understand is that we cannot allow the few eternally to roll in wealth because they have the capacity and cunning to hog supplies, while the millions who devote their lives to producing those supplies end in the poorhouse. We feel vaguely that money imperialism does not fit the democratic ideals we have been taught to worship. We are conscious that we should not go hungry and naked because we produce too much. But how we are to move we do not know, for we have trusted to explainers who do not explain. They have told us to huddle for self-defense, and we have huddled. They have told us to be good and submissive, that we might have public opinion with us; and when the public has twopenny in its pocket it stares at us. They have dinned into our ears the "class struggle" but about all the struggling they have authorized is the gathering of dues and an occasional game of who can starve the longest.

The proletariat has a right to be indignant. It has looked for guidance and has not received it; has looked for simple statements of exceedingly simple facts and has been answered with flowery orations which side-step all the risky points. Our Intellectuals know well that the situation is one of social war, but they seldom warn the masses to prepare themselves. These hundreds of thousands who crowd our labor meetings nightly, are they being

drilled by their orators for the stern, self-sacrificing role they eventually must fill? Do their leaders tell them that they must carry to its logical conclusion that tremendous revolution which began with our conquest of steam and electricity and must end by placing the race above fear of want? Indeed, have these leaders, these orators, these editors, even the faintest conception of the enormous responsibility they themselves have shouldered, as captains in the greatest battle of the ages? Do they recognize that they, as the intellectual elite, are called upon to wrack their brains, as a pilot wracks them, until they have found the navigable channel? Are they conscious of the fact that, where gigantic issues are at stake, incompetency is a crime, and quitting a treason for which no punishment is too severe? I guess not. Labor leadership and oratory of the "shoulder-to-shoulder" flub-dub type have become well-paid trades, and the labor editor is usually a politician, deep in the councils of the inner ring. I read their papers.

Nevertheless conditions in the United States have become revolutionary, for they have reached the point at which all hope of patching them has vanished. The ramparts behind which Privilege was wont to snuggle so comfortably have crumbled into dust. There was a time and not so long ago, when the masses regarded the politicians as the true guardians of their interests, but that day has passed forever. There was a time when the people cheered the army and navy, as the patriotic defenders of their fatherland, but that myth has been killed by the record of our labor struggles. There was a time when the people of this country revered the law, as the champion of fair dealing between man and man, but today no prudent person ventures an argument so absurd. Perhaps the church, and especially the Roman Catholic church, has still some hold upon the masses; but the cornerstone of their teaching is the doctrine of submissiveness, which already has the death-rattle in its throat. These mental illusions, which were Privilege's ramparts, are dead or dying; and this fact, coupled with the inevitable economic unrest, has created a revolutionary situation which cannot be evaded.

What is coming, swiftly and most menacingly, is the universal revolt of the "House of Want" against the "House of Have," of the many who are unarmed—as was the Mexican four years ago—against the few who have summoned all the resources of twentieth-century Terrorism to their defense. Therefore the real problem before us is a military one; and military problems, which deal directly with human life, cannot be treated lightly. If social war there must be—and all our strikes, the breaking up of meetings, the cruel clubbings administered to the unemployed, etc., are war in its least heroic and most repulsive form—that war must be conducted with brains, and cultivated brains at that. Great issues, involving the fate of millions, cannot be entrusted to ignorance, and if our so-called Intellectuals are really such they must know that all along the line the cry is for efficiency; that the clear-thoughtedness which comes from knowledge is always in demand; that the slap-dash methods of the past—the hot-air oratory, the ringing resolutions and all the sensational clap-trap hitherto employed to catch a hysterical public opinion not worth catching—rank with the benighted Chinese method of burning stinkpots and making faces at the foe. No lasting victories can be won by tactics so obviously out-of-date; only crushing defeat awaits the incompetents who dream that they can pit undisciplined masses, uncertain of their aim, against adepts. Therefore I say that for true Intellectuals the demand is great and growing; but I submit, with Emma Goldman, that it is necessary to plunge into the struggle and eat out of the camp pots.

Labor at this moment is said to be in the high tide of revolt, but I trust it is largely against the worthless leadership which has brought it down to where it is. I trust it is in revolt against those who have used it chiefly to feather their own nests; against those who have dragged it into futile politics because they have personal ambitions to serve, and against those who have induced it to castrate itself by committing all power to their own intriguing hands. I trust it is in revolt against all the red tape with which schemers have tied it up, and with the everlasting wrangles over

by-laws and points of order to which those who wish to block serious business always resort. I trust it is tired of being drubbed to death because it stands only on the defensive, and understands that the sooner it attacks the pirates who prey on it incessantly the better it will be for it, and all of us. I hope it means, before long, to follow the example set by its Mexican brothers and make short work of the land thieves, the money thieves and the governmental thieves, who have stripped it already to its skin and mean to have its hide. If my hopes are well founded the labor movement in this country will cry for brains and welcome all true Intellectuals. But, anyhow, the place is open, and God helps those who help themselves.

WM. C. OWEN.

Anarchist Congress

Victor Cravetto writes reminding us of the Anarchist Congress which is to meet in London, August 29 to September 6, and of the necessity of seeing to it that the subject of the Mexican Revolution is laid before that Congress as it deserves to be. The matter is of the first importance, and we should see to it at once. We should see to it that the Anarchists of the world are made to understand, once and for all, that the struggle going on in Mexico is vital; that it represents a nation-wide attempt to put in practice their basic principles; that, therefore, the time for shilly-shallying has passed.

Let it be granted that on this subject many Anarchists, and among them men of distinguished reputation, have been in honest doubt. Well, those doubts must be removed; once and for all. It must be demonstrated conclusively—as we consider that we have demonstrated it in the pages of "Regeneration," that the Mexican Revolutionists have endeavored, with a loyalty never excelled, to put in practice the teachings of such men as Bakunin, Kropotkin and Jean Grave, and that the Anarchists of all the world are called on to declare unambiguously whether they still hold by them. It is a question which no honestly representative body can afford to side-step, and again we say—"there must be no shilly-shallying."

Time slips along rapidly and August will be here before we know it. We MUST be represented at that Congress—personally, if possible; by written communications, if nothing better can be done. We are far away, and our most active fighters cannot abandon their individual posts. If, therefore, our participation should have to be confined to writing, we must see to it that such writing is given the full consideration which the weightiness of our cause demands.

Our friends must take this up; at once and AGGRESSIVELY. They must lose not a moment in seeing to it that the Anarchists of the world are made to understand the paramount importance of this fight; made to understand that its influence is spreading rapidly; that it is coloring and affecting, most profoundly, the vast movement of discontent which is shaking the United States; and that the governments both of this country and of Europe have caught the alarm.

If the Anarchists of today still stand by the great manifesto drawn up by Bakunin and adopted by the Geneva Congress in 1882, they will have no hesitancy as to their position; for the Mexican Revolutionists are putting through that very program.

The Republican papers are playing up the fact that during the fiscal year, from Oct. 15, 1912, to Oct. 15, 1913, thirteen of the fifteen principal food staples of this country advanced in price, the increases ranging from 1 to more than 40 per cent. This they do to throw the blame on the Wilson administration. In other words, for the sake of attacking their political rivals they are willing to fan the flame of that popular discontent which, sooner or later, will wreck their entire economic and political system. We should not worry.

Commenting on the recent despatch which informed the public that a member of the Terrazas family had been forced to turn to work, Ricardo Magon writes: "It will be the first time during his vampirish life that he will lift to his lips a mouthful of honestly-earned bread." Today, in the United States, as in Mexico, there are millions of whom the same might be written. Yet the workers stand it

Mexican Notes

The issue is narrowing down, and therefore, although the situation of Mexico was never so critical as at this present moment, we can deal with it in the few words our curtailed space unfortunately requires.

Today the United States is seeking co-operation in the task of pulling Wall Street's chestnuts out of the fire, and is finding herself isolated. Accordingly, President Wilson pleads earnestly with Congress to make peace with Great Britain in the matter of the Panama Canal tolls, and with Japan, whose national pride we have wounded to the quick. His personally delivered message ends: "I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the administration. I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure."

Naturally the daily press is now devoting columns to Mexico, and quoting Congressmen innumerable as declaring that joint intervention of some kind is imperative. What is far more important is the statement, sent out from Washington March 5, that "Secretary Bryan told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a few days ago, and made the same statement to the House Foreign Relations Committee today, that he feared a possible European combination which would intervene or force American intervention in Mexico."

"Intervention is the drift. Senators predict it will be in Northern Mexico." So runs the heading in the "Los Angeles Times" of March 7. It is the opinion we ourselves have expressed "ad nauseam," believing that the border States would be the first, because the easiest, prey. The killing of Benton and Vergara, the former by Constitutionists and the latter by Federals, have furnished the opportunity for the general attack, our politicians proclaiming indignantly to all the world that neither in Northern nor in Southern Mexico is there recognized authority to whom appeal can be made. It is even so. In Mexico one has now to deal directly with an aroused people, busily engaged in getting after its enemies.

Much capital is being made of the detention of Terrazas' son, who is being held for ransom. On that subject Villa is reported as having replied to a deputation of women relatives: "If the Cientificos had Pancho Villa a prisoner in the same circumstances, do you think he would be restrained in a palace and treated with the consideration I have shown Don Luis? No; Pancho Villa's head would have been placed on a pike and paraded about the city. The Terrazas family have accumulated their great wealth through oppression of the people, and now the people demand reparation."

It is the French Revolution over again, and if joint intervention comes history once more will repeat itself, for it was the Continental Coalition, headed by England, which created Napoleon the Great as the defender of his country in its struggle to overthrow the landed nobility.

Felix Diaz has bobbed up again, this time in Washington, D. C., eager to plunge an ambitious finger in the pie. Also Charles F. O'Brien, agent for absentee landlords in the Yaqui Valley, is making his voice heard at the White House. There is a serious strike at Cananea, which is charged first to the influence of Mexican Socialists and subsequently to the intrusion of I. W. W. agitators from this side of the line.

Von Moltke used to say that he could figure five hundred ways of marching a German army into England, but that he had never been able to see his way to getting it out again, since war would be made on it from behind every hedge. One imagines that much the same consideration is giving the would-be invaders of Mexico pause. Whether your army be composed of Americans alone or made up of contingents from the European Powers, it can't stay shut up in Mexico City and it must be fed, though every Mexican from whom you try to commandeer food will knife you at the first chance. Such, fortunately for the weaker nationalities, are the difficulties that beset invaders.

We observe that Senator Works, lawyer and apostle of Christian Science, is outdoing Hearst himself in his clamor for intervention. For God's sake let some one shove a gun into his hand also and push him across the border.

CARRANZA AND MADERO

R. B. Cunningham Graham, the noted London publicist and author whose brilliant radicalism has done at least, something to relieve the dullness of debates in the House of Commons, has been writing on Mexico, in the London "Daily News." He is a regular reader of "Regeneration," and evidently has a clear conception of the root of the trouble in Mexico—land monopoly. Moreover, he expresses most decided opinion that Carranza, if he should succeed in stepping into Huerta's shoes, will not have the courage to lay the ax to the root of the tree. In short, he expresses a very poor opinion of Carranza; and as for Madero, he reminds the "Daily News" editorialist that "no one less patriotic than Madero has ever ruled Mexico. Whatever his intentions may have been when he first rose to power, he speedily became the tool of the American concession-mongers." Mr. Cunningham Graham does not see the same of Carranza, but we may add that, in our judgment, he will be found as closely allied with Wall Street, and particularly with American oil interests, as ever was Madero which is saying a good deal.

Mr. Graham further voices his belief that the real people who are voicing the needs of the Mexican masses are ourselves, and that we are in the same position toward Carranza as the English Syndicalists toward the Liberal Party, which is their bitter enemy. He ends his letter with the remark that "the revolution will go on, no matter which of the blood-thirsty military dictators assumes the supreme power." His views on the wrongs inflicted by capitalism on the weaker nations—Egypt, for example—are well known and highly esteemed in England, and we think that in the matter of Mexico he has a pretty firm grip of fundamental facts.

The aforesaid letter has wrung an answer from M. Covarrubias, who signs himself "late Mexican Minister to Great Britain." He has only golden words of praise for Carranza, while as for ourselves, he cannot find language too harsh. He says, in fact, "They violently attacked General Diaz in their paper, as they attacked Senor Madero, and as they surely opposed Huerta and Carranza, because nothing short of a general expropriation of all the lands of Mexico in favor of the poor would ever satisfy them. Yes; we are distinctly in favor of giving the poor the land, since we regard it as nature's gift to the race, and agree with Herbert Spencer and quite a number of supposedly distinguished thinkers in the opinion that it is the joint heritage of mankind, not to be monopolized or trafficked in."

Mr. Covarrubias is astounded at the charge that Madero found favor in the eyes of American concession hunters. All we can say is that a man in his position is supposed to be acquainted with a document so important as the special report of the investigating committee appointed by the United States senate, and the damning evidence it unearthed. Did he never hear of that wonderful pipe-line concession, covering about all the oil worth mentioning in Mexico, and granted by Madero to an obscure Congressman, who admitted he had the most powerful financial backing in the world? It proved too raw even for Madero's Congress.

As for the charge that we fight only with our pens, there may be something in that; but let Mr. Covarrubias leave his safe retreat in England and pay a visit to the Zapatistas or Yaquis, for example, and he may get an idea of the harvest those pens have sown. The real struggle for the land is only now about to reach its climax, and the poor may get it; if only we are not crushed out of existence by that united militarism which is the Money Power's stupid and brutal hiring.

Perhaps Mr. Covarrubias is not aware that Carranza himself also is intrigued against Madero; as to which Zapata's special organ has been publishing some interesting information. Madero, it may be observed, seems to have had two frightful weaknesses. First, he was more optimistic and trusted all sorts of people, including Carranza. Secondly, he let himself be run by his own greedy family, and especially by the arch-financier, his brother Gustavo.

An owner of mines in Mexico says the United States should intervene "because over \$1,000,000,000 of American property is tied up by the war." Why should a \$15 per month patriot get filled full of lead and army beef to protect someone else's \$1,000,000,000?—"Critical Electrical Worker."