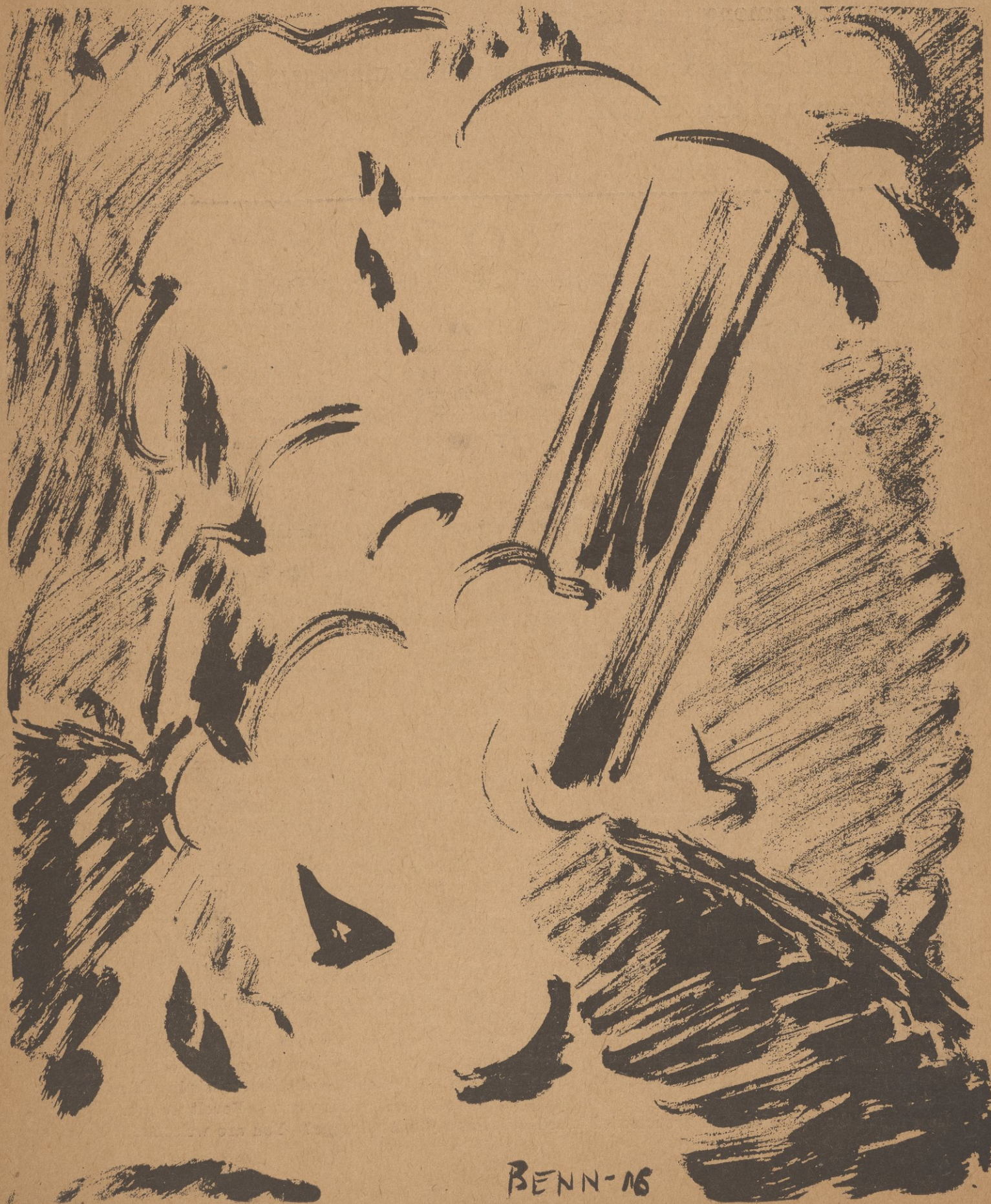


Revol

Vol. I, No. 1.

January, 1st, 1916



BENN-16

To the Militants in the Labor Movement

¶ The REVOLT will receive gladly and will print free of charge reports on strikes, on demonstrations or any other activity among the workers.

¶ Meetings and demonstrations will be announced free in the columns of the REVOLT.

E V O Æ

BE greeted, carrier of glad tidings, fulfiller of our hopes: Glory be to Thee—New Year. Born amidst destruction, destiny chose Thee to crown the work of demolition. Thou art the herald of a greater cataclysm, the stormy petrel of the approaching Social Revolution.

With pleasure we part from Thine illustrious father. In his reign the cancer of smoot opportunism burst open, revealing the pitiful sight of decaying impotent ideas. Gladly we follow to the burial ground Messrs. Compromise and Common Sense.

At last we can breathe again. Caught in the maelstrom of greed and envy, Madame Evolution disappears, leaving the battle-field to the children of Revolt.

Ye rebels do not whine over the downfall of capitalistic culture and civilization. A new world is being born before your very eyes. A cataclysm has cleared the air and freshness is filling our lungs.

Discredited are the corrupters of revolutionary ideas. Disrobed they stand before us. Their masks torn down, they show their face in all hideousness and shamelessness. The International is not dead. Humanity is not dead—dead are only the false prophets. Like rats they are hurrying from the sinking vessel carrying their torn mantles on lame shoulders.

O yes, they had arranged everything nicely. Step by step they entered the morgue of capitalism. Accepting the bread crumbs from the table of the exploiters and rulers they grew into the system and became partners of the masters. How practical they imagined to be! How they smiled at the utopian dreamers, those who couldn't sell their vision, their heart, their soul to the highest bidder. They knew better. Participating in the capitalistic corruption, selling their brain, becoming prostitutes, by these means they intended to establish a Free Society.

How proud they were when they succeeded in sell-

ing their first offspring to a bourgeois publication. They didn't want to sell their soul, oh, no! What they wanted was to reach a larger public.

Lo, behold the result! The poisoned fruit of popularity took hold of their brain. They started as popularizers and ended as vulgarizers of ideas. Fortunately, the minotaurus caught them ere they had chance to pollute the child of the future. *Requiescat in pace.*

Ye militant rebels, you who are disgusted with the pettiness of dull-headed leaders, political climbers and criers on public marts, THE REVOLT greets you.

Ye workers—submerged in the daily task of economic slavery, embittered by the everlasting struggle for daily bread, THE REVOLT greets you.

Ye down trodden and disheartened, ye outcasts, wherever you may hide yourself, THE REVOLT greets you.

Ye coiners of new shapes, strugglers for new impressions, THE REVOLT greets you.

Ye impractical dreamers scattered all over the continent, THE REVOLT greets you.

Ye lonesome souls crying in the wilderness of our barbaric civilization for friendship and sympathy, THE REVOLT greets you.

Ye searchers for truth and light, living in blessed obscurity, THE REVOLT greets you.

Ye All, workers in clay, in colors, in words, workers on the sea and workers in the bosom of our mother Earth, ye who contemplate and ye who produce, THE REVOLT greets you.

Neither intellectual snobs nor horny-hand philosophers you will find in our ranks: rebels against exploitation of men by men, rebels against dogmas from whatever direction they may come, rebels against the State of Capitalism, rebels in art, science and literature, ay Revolvers in Revolt we are.

Have you a message? You are welcome.

Our Program

YOU insist on a "declaration of principles," you want to know our "programme." Well, here it is. We repeat the words we addressed to our friends of the Social War: We are in the midst of a tremendous social transformation, and we need a publication which states the Truth in a vigorous and fearless manner.

To succeed in our mission, we will not hesitate to proclaim our enmity to all the wrongs, shames, and hypocrisies in contemporary life. THE REVOLT will be the voice of the conscious rebels and it will not shrink from the duty of exposing all compromises and underhand dealings which disgrace the labor movement of this country.

THE REVOLT will have no sympathy with ex-revolutionists, ex-idealists, common-sense-men, sneaks, cowards, and business men, gents who use the "horny hand" for the purpose of climbing to a higher position in the capitalist society: those who are revolutionists in theory and reactionists in practice. The conscious workingman is tired of wise, practical, matter-of-fact climbers.

THE REVOLT will not be tolerant. Our whole social, political, and artistic life is corrupted by the philosophy of tolerance—the philosophy of the mollusc. THE REVOLT will not work hand-in-hand with the dear, good, sympathizers, the meek golden-rule people, who say neither yea nor nay, men who preach harmony between capital and labor, those who never want to hurt the enemy.

THE REVOLT will have little sympathy with the man of common sense. Common sense is a good quality for a horse dealer or a bond broker, but out of place in the revolutionary movement. It will not pave the way for the social upheaval.

And first, last, and all the time, THE REVOLT will have nothing but a good dose of contempt for those sweet aesthetes who "see beauty everywhere."

The days of charlatans and political upstarts are numbered. The American workingman begins to realize the truth of the slogan: The emancipation of the working class must be accomplished by the workers themselves. "Scientific" socialism, political inanity, and pure-and-simple unionism have not been able to paralyze the whole energy of Labor. All the labor revolts seen in the last few years have proved the value of direct action and preaperd the way for the final goal: The overthrow of the exploiting system through the Social General Strike.

THE REVOLT will not compromise with Utopians, those who believe that in order to be able to revolutionize economic conditions, the proletariat must first win political power, those who transplant the center of rebellion from the factory to the Congress, from the street to the broker's office; those who have transformed economic revolutionary socialism into a political reform movement. In their Utopian attempt to smuggle in the Social Revolution under the cover of reform, they have succeeded only in transforming themselves into pure and simple politicians. Their position depends on voters and not on revolu-

tionaries. A political party limits its activities to the constitution and laws of the country, thus aiding in upholding the existing institutions. And existing institutions can only be strengthened by the use of political power; to believe in their overthrow by the the participation in the political arena is the height of Utopianism.

We are on the threshold of an upheaval of greater dimensions than any former uprising, a final accounting between the oppressed and the oppressor, a struggle that will truly justify the significant remark of Carlyle, "the account day of a thousand years."

THE REVOLT is the clarion of a rebellious army, the harbinger of future victory. Do not let us hesitate to be true to ourselves. Let us walk the straight road and state our ideas boldly and fearlessly. The judgment and opinion of political upstarts, harlots, and philistines cannot touch us. The man of common sense, the golden-rule simpleton, and the philistine will combine in their denunciation of the Extremist. Let them!

CHOP!

FROM eighteen years to fifty the Intellectual Proletarian ate bread and water and slept in the garret which was his laboratory.

From eighteen to fifty the Intellectual Proletarian wore rags and shivered in winters.

From eighteen to fifty the Intellectual Proletarian deprived himself of all that lightens life in order to bend the longer over his test tubes.

At fifty the process was completed—a wonderful process of inestimable value to the world.

Thereupon a Capitalist, after a languid ten minutes meditation, took the process and turned it into millions. And having stored his millions he kindly remembered the Intellectual Proletarian with the shreds of his nightingale-tongue pie and meltings of his most delicate ices.

And the Intellectual Proletarian as he sat in his place (which was only a little below that of the favored lackeys) devoured these scraps and swelled with gratitude.

And he chanted gratefully:

"Oh, beneficent capitalist!

Oh, generous and far-seeing Capitalist!

Oh, wisest and best of all human kind!

Till the day of my death let me celebrate your kindness and wisdom!

Let me megaphone your praises to the farthestmost constellation!"

CONCLUSION.

Boy, get me a guillotine and a half-dozen assorted Intellectual Proletarians.

HORATIO WINSLOW.

The greatest disadvantage of the national army, now so much glorified, lies in the squandering of men of the highest civilisation. . . . It is mostly the highly cultivated who are sacrificed, those who promise an abundant and excellent posterity.—NIETZSCHE..

Revolt

The stormy petrel of the labor movement.

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Observations

Our Friends on Trial

CAPLAN and Schmidt are fighting for their lives. A ferocious enemy with a big capital behind him is making the most strenuous effort to garotte two militant members of the working class. Comrades, do not let us use big words but let us save our friends. Our protest must be heard all over the country. Caplan and Schmidt are energetic, conscious rebels, blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh. No mistaken zeal for the welfare of crafty labor leaders on the part of a Clarence Darrow or a Lincoln Steffens will be able to break the defence of Schmidt or Caplan. If we do not succeed in destroying the conspiracy of the Manufacturers Association other men in the militant labor movement will be selected as victims.

Balzac on Joe Hill

THERE are many doubting Thomases in the movement; ever ready to approve of and to believe in any gossip or slander about comrades who happen to have a prominent position in public life on account of their ability, these doubting *chechakoos* are ever sceptical when the time arrives to defend these very same men and women. Their mental horizon is obscured by porkchop philosophy.

To-day they doubt the defence of Joe Hill. They cannot grasp such a situation. A social rebel sacrificing his life for a mere woman! Thus they prove the limitation of their vision.

Life contains more romance than any romantic writer can reproduce. Friends, spare a few moments of your precious time for the reading of Honore de Balzac's "Country Doctor." Here you have the case of Joe Hill divinatorily predicted by the greatest novelist of the Nineteenth Century. Instead of fighting over Mary Fenton, the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets, Frank Harris and G. Bernard Shaw may some day take up the case of the mysterious lady of Salt Lake City.

The Awakening of the East

THE modern revolutionary movement in the Near and in the Far East is in evolution since decades; the German exploiters have not yet forgotten the uprising of the natives in Africa, neither have the French or the Italians; nor have the hypocritical English forgotten the great Indian Revolution: they call it the great mutiny. And now we are to believe that the revolts in Africa and Asia are solely due to German money. What naive idiocy!

So far the foreign exploiters and robbers succeeded in suppressing all uprising among the "lower races." But since they have started a big massacre among themselves at home the natives have a chance to rise en masse. Those European benefactors and their mercenaries, whether they be Germans, English, Dutch or Italians, will now reap a rich harvest in empty pockets and broken skulls.

Let us express our wish: Filipinos, join the Asiatic and African *Befreiungskrieg* and drive the Yankees from your hearth and home!

A Bloody Traitor

WHAT every observer of Chinese Affairs knew long ago because visible to the average citizen to-day: Yuan Shi Kai, the Bastard-Manchu-Bannerman, succeeded in his nefarious plan to strangle the Chinese Republic. Under his tutelage it was only a Shadow Republic, now even the Shadow disappeared. Traitor to the old Dynasty, traitor to his benefactress, the old sly Empress Dowager, traitor to the Revolution, the crafty Taleyrand of our day tore at last down his mask of neutral benevolence. But will he succeed in escaping his fate? His days are counted.

In Memoriam

WE all knew that he was doomed. With heart-rending anxiety we watched the progress of the fatal disease. No whe is gone. The I. W. W. lost one of their staunchest friends and defenders.

Joseph O'Brien was hardly known to the rank and file outside of New York City. But the boys in New York will mourn deeply the loss of "Joe."

For O'Brien was not a mere sympathizer. He was with his whole heart and soul in the labor movement. By active participation in the strikes in Lawrence and Paterson, and especially during the memorable agitation of the unemployed the past winter, O'Brien proved his intense sincerity with the social rebellion. Day or night, at any hour, Joe was always willing and ready to assist the boys who happened to fall in the clutches of the guardians of inequality. To the last days of his earthly journey he kept his interest in the agitation. When I saw him last in the hospital he expressed his wish to see Elizabeth Gurly Flynn and Carl Tresca.

His hospitality was unbounded. Many happy hours we used to spend in Joe's cheerful surroundings, discussing, fighting over theories, and I fear, sometimes making Mary's life miserable. It must

have been rather difficult for her to work on a story or a novel in the upper rooms while a regular hubbub went on down below.

Joseph O'Brien was a native son of Virginia and he possessed the charming manners of a truly cultured man, not the traditional politeness of the sword-buckling southern gentleman but the inborn, inherent politeness of a noble soul. So little are we used to natural chivalry that I remember vividly how embarrassed I felt when I met "Joe" for the first time.

A splendid career on the capitalistic press was open for him. He could have had a prominent position in the journalistic word. He was one of the strongest men in Hearst's newspaper syndicate. The organization of the Boston *Journal* was his work. But unlike many of his confreres he soon found out the corruption of the press. The spirit of revolt took hold of his soul. He left the unholy temple of public prostitution. He gave up everything and became a bold free-lance.

The social rebels lost a good comrade.

* * *

Another Fighter Gone

ED LEWIS died in the accursed city of Los Angeles. Ed was a remarkable personality. His position in the labor movement in this country was unique. Kicked out from the ranks of the F. of L., kicked out from S. P., kicked out from the I. W. W., bitterly attacked by Anarchists, he kept up an agitation on his own hook. In the middle age he surely would have held the position of a *condottieri* or a landsknecht in one of the numerous armies of free-booters.

THE REVOLT does not swear to the old adage: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Yet we can not help to give a devil his due. Ed Lewis had many sincere, ay, fanatical friends and admirers, friends who stuck to him no matter what escapades he may have committed. Such a man must possess a strong individuality.

Ed was a forceful stump speaker. Very few men in the revolutionary ranks can hold an open air audience so spell bound as Lewis did. Those of us who had the opportunity to meet him in private appreciated certain qualities in him which remained hidden to the rank and file at large.

Anarchist Forum

For Current Topics

Meets every Sunday at 8 p. m., at the Ferrer Center, 63 East 107th Street, New York.

Discussions will be opened:

JANUARY	- - - - -	Harry Kelly
FEBRUARY	- - - - -	Leonard D. Abbott
MARCH	- - - - -	Hippolyte Havel
APRIL	- - - - -	Gussie Miller

The Outcast

*I am cast out,
I feel it—
In bitterness I wander
I am cast out
And from the world I cannot hide.
Though cast out
To the whole world I belong.
When I have least
They have me most.
Those who most give
The least receive.
I am in anger,
I hate—
A wandering outcast I am.
I sorrow,
I wander,
My heart with silence is locked,
And without tears I weep.*

* * *

*They know me not,
But some there are
Whose tears like mine inwardly fall.
And I feel them
If I see them not.
I am full of speech,
And dumb I must be.
Most are they who laughter hear
And ne'r woe,
And their sight is with darkness veiled.
I am cast out,
Though I wander to lose myself,
All eyes upon me I feel.
I wander,
But sorrow grips me,
And anger wakes me.*

* * *

*The burden hours ring away,
Morning goes to night.
Between I wander,
And I cannot have my own self.
I am outcast—
My silence speaks,
And there are who hear when they feel.
I am cast out,
I wander,
'Midst six millions I wander,
And more lonely than on the prairie I feel.
The people heedless move,
And how still they stand.
So ring the hours away,
So go the days by,
On the time I wander,
I am outcast.*

MAX WEBER.

The Office of the Revolt Raided by the Police

ALTHOUGH great believers in amorphism we have no intention to remove the office of THE REVOLT each month to a different locality. In truth, our great desire was to locate the office in the center of the town. Alas, we did not take into consideration the benevolent and protecting attitude of the police towards the revolutionary movement in general and towards the group Revolt in particular. Ere the first issue of our paper could make its appearance the famous Anarchist Squad of the Police Department handed to us a good dose of preventive efficiency. We withstood the siege in good humor, though it took two hours to dislocate the enemy from the trenches of our office. Still, we know now what to expect in the future. We rented an office from the Ess Eff Realty Co. from the first of December and settled down to work. Towards eve on December the 14th the guardians of peace clothed in civilian sheepskins made their appearance. They burst upon us with the cry: "Where is the stuff, hand it over to us." A homeric laughter was the answer. We inquired energetically whether the gentlemen took the precaution of securing a search warrant. "No." "Well, then there is nothing doing." The siege began. A burly spokesman of the Squad declared that they have an order to wait for the "Chief." The amiable bunch of blockheads settled down. None of us was allowed to leave the office except under the protection of a member of the Squad. After two hours of tedious waiting—we meanwhile continuing our work,—we were informed that the "Chief" had decided not to come. The clever spokesman was the Chief himself and we had a laugh on him.

The sequel: The following morning we were informed by the frightened landlord, an individual by the name of Frank, that we are undesirable tenants and that we have to vacate his place by the first of January. "Remember the explosion on Lexington Avenue," cried this paste-board millionaire into our face. O shades of Caron, Berg and Hanson! If you did accomplish nothing else than to frighten all landlords of New York in their lower extremities, you deserve an imperishable monument in the heart of the workers.

The purpose: The game of the police is simply this. As they could not find any pretext for an arrest they used an underhanded and foul method to deprive us of our office. They hurt us materially for an amount of about fifty dollars. They didn't find any "stuff", for we are no children. Our "bombs" are made of a metal which couldn't penetrate into the skulls of these minions of stupidity.

To his Honor, Mayor Mitchel.

Sir:

The foregoing account of the action of the police towards THE REVOLT may seem a trifle to you, it may even amuse you. Still, we hope that you will spare a

few seconds of your precious tango-time for reflection upon the consequences of such actions. For we are not willing to endure similar procedures from the hands of the Third Section of your Police Department.

Sir, remember that times and conditions change, but that the spirit of Liberty remains forever engraved in the hearts of the oppressed and downtrodden. Have you forgotten the memory of your grandfather, John Mitchell, the great Irish rebel, who was trapped by the Anarchist Squads of his time and sent as a felon to a prison in Australia?

Are you not satisfied with your achievements? So far we had brutal sluggers on the police force, we had sneaks, stool pigeons and traitors in the revolutionary movement, we had Pinkertonians and Burnsers, but you may glory in the thought that under your administration the system of *agent provocateurs* has been installed in the system of the police. You are the first magistrate in our commonwealth who had the questionable courage to approve of the pernicious activity of a Polignani.

Is this the efficiency you and your collaborators Wood and Bruere are so proud of? Does the College of John Harvard produce nothing else than hypocrites nowadays?

Notwithstanding all persecution the social rebellion of our days is marching on and no puny methods of political upstarts will be able to roll back the high tide rushing towards the bulwarks of inequality.

War Is A Bore

ANYTHING that bores the public has no vitality. War is no longer interesting. Its spirit is gone. Its moral life has flown. It is stale. It begins and ends in the same old way. It is caused by the same old greed. It is nourished and maintained by the same old illusions. The same old scarecrows keep in existence its spiritually lifeless form. The same old hollow symbols clang to the tired ears of the multitude.

We are tired of drums and uniforms and hypocrisy decked out in noble phrases. We must be amused. This is no shallow need. It is the need of all living things. Love amuses us. It is real to an emotion. It has meat. We seem able endlessly to vary the old theme. It is an illusion, we are eternally illusioned. We can play with it to the end of time. We can always build our dreams about it, our castles in the air.

But war is no longer amusing to the mind, nor to the fancy. We see through it. It is no longer an amusing illusion. It is a stale and unattractive reality, and a superficial and degrading reality. We no longer can inflame ourselves with grandiose sentiment about war. War is no longer sentimental. It is practical—for a few—very impractical for the many.

But the point is that we can no longer play with the idea of war, but when we do not play, seriously or lightly, we are bored. When the child does not

play, he is ill. When the writer does not play, he has no genius, no life. When buildings are not put up in the same spirit as the child constructs, there is no architecture in them.

Everything that is alive entertains the mind, the fancy. War is no longer entertaining. Therefore it is dead—the spirit of it. The old boresome forms

of it, dead remnants kept alive for evil purposes, weary as to extinction.

Sweep away the towering rubbish! Put by the stale old puppets, and seek more genuine play—play that has meaning to our modern nerves, to our subtler, more disillusioned civilization.

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

Parents: What Are They Good For?

WE are in the midst of a revolution of women. It is almost an accomplished fact. But in the great movements, economic and sexual, which are going on all over the world, there is on more revolution to be accomplished.

It is the revolt of the children against their parents. And that will be the most tremendous, the sublimest revolution of all.

It is time the truth was uttered about parents and their attitude toward those they bring into the world by an act of passion. It is time the mask of sentimental lies surrounding the sacredness of parents was slit into a thousand pieces and tossed back into the wardrobe-room of race-fakes.

Parents: What are they good for?

Let every man and woman look into the last recesses of his heart and answer that question fully.

Parents: What are they good for?

Let the squeezed, mutilated, shabby, humdrum, aching days of millions of youths and girls stand up and answer unashamedly.

Parents: What are they good for?

And billions of strangled, mutilated Minds and Passions and millions of shabby Days rise out of their tombs and answer: They should have been hanged before we grew into our sixth year.

Parents: Or the Mania for Mutilation. Millions of human beings might write a thesis with that for a title—a thesis that would make the horrors of a Dostoevsky seem merely a charivari.

Veiled beneath that vaunted sacred love of father and mother there lies a mania for mutilation which for pure diabolism is nowhere matched in nature.

Under the guise of a perpetual act of self-sacrifice the mother becomes the most incurably selfish being that nature has yet created. Motherhood is nature's supreme diabolistic paradox.

It is always herself she fights for, and never for the child. It is always herself she dies for, and never for the sake of the child. Her love is the very frenzy and insanity of possession.

The father is greater than the mother, because his love-greed in regard to the offspring is not so cruel. Some father will even concede the right of a child to have opinions, ideas and sensations of its own. Motherhood can never ascend to that. It remains forever in the sties of self-worship.

Most children are born into a home. And by home I mean a death-cell. At the moment of birth the murderous machinations of the parents begin. Variation from the parent-type is the one thing to be feared. Hence the home. Hence the squirt-guns of respectability, feigned godliness and prudery which

begin their work on the senses and brain of the child just born. And when he first begins to smell it is the rotten stench of sanctity that greets his nostrils.

I accuse all parents of being liars every second in every hour in every day of their lives in the presence of their children.

I accuse every parent of a pantomime of hypocritical mummery from the day a child is born unto them.

I accuse every parent of conspiring against the unique vision and temperament that is born unto them.

I accuse every parent of spiritual mental, physical murder in seeking to gag the soul of the new-born and to mould it in the image of one or both of them.

I accuse every parent of cowardice before the wide-open look of the child. They fake their personality from the very moment the child looks at them.

(No child ever knew its parents. No parent ever knew his or her child.)

I accuse parents of every physical and mental anguish that boys and girls suffer between the ages of thirteen and twenty.

(If parents only knew of the hate that enforced virgins feel for their parents, whose licentious and unrestrained practices in the marriage bond have obliterated their own early hatreds for their own parents.)

The home, the parent, must be protected at all costs!

Does a girl "go wrong" (that is, does she dare assert the rights of her womanhood and seek sanity away from the insane asylum for perverts called the respectable home?) The first thought in the minds of father and mother is the disgrace that will fall on THEM. A girl—a thing of flesh and blood—is being sacrificed to the Moloch of Respectability for the sake of the parents, those unrestrained and licentious parents, safe in the bosom of the marriage license!

The girl "went wrong"? No. The girl went right. Better one year of full surrender to love and passion and then death in the river than a life of respectable virginity and its inferno of agonies.

Does a boy "go wrong"? He gambles, he drinks, he seduces, he steals. Again the shriek through the cracking walls and falling roof of the House of Lies. "Our reputation! Our reputation! My God! Our reputation!"—that is the cry that mounts to the ironic tomcat squat on the tottering chimney.

No parent ever showed sufficient respect for the child. Love—yes. Respect—never. That is because the love of the parent is the veil of selfishness and egotism, and respect involves self-sacrifice, an abasement in their own eyes of their supreme importance, a division of power.

Love is easier than respect and reaps a richer harvest of lies. To love a child involves no effort. To respect a child one must have ascended high in the scale of emotional and intellectual development.

The parent has no rights which the child is bound to respect. It is in the world without its own consent, bringing with it all the ills that flesh and mind are heir to.

Ancestors, environment, parents stand at the cradle like a menace of death. The social and economic systems under which a child is born have no rights which the child is bound to respect.

A mere flesh and blood asset of the parent and

the blood sucking social and religious systems into which the child is shot—what should the child respect?

ITS OWN SOUL ONLY!

The revolution of the child! The new Children's Crusade! This time they will march to rescue their own souls from the Unholy Sepulchre of their infidel parents.

Youths and maidens and children, you must soon write your Marseillaise. Stifled ones, strangled ones, mutilated ones, dutiful ones, suckled in the House of Fear and raised in the House of Craven Respectability or Leprous Poverty, the time approaches when each and every one must ask the heart:

My parents: What are they good for?

And your hearts will answer: Good for nothing until they are taught to respect, honor and obey us!

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

“What Are You Going to Do?”

ARE you hungry? Your mother, baby hungry? Are you desperate at sight of it? Do thoughts come that are strange and fearful, that make you feel as if you want to shrink back out of sight of men? For the thoughts that come are of robbery and maybe murder? You try to drive them away, but cannot, for they tell you that hunger is wrong and must not be!

You say you do not believe in robbery or murder, also, that the law of the land forbids it. This same law that makes hunger possible in the midst of plenty, that gives protection to the masters in robbing you of all that makes and means life, and so murders you in degrees (when not at once) to this law then you bow the knee, the head! How is it, do you respect murder when it comes in the form of the law, do you believe in it then?

You surely must, or if not, why continue to hunger, for you must know that hunger can be only because you are being robbed and murdered! Why then be quiet, is it because you fear the law, or what?

When hungry, possibly, for you it is sufficient to console yourself with the thought that you have obeyed the law.

Should you need a stronger sedative for stomach and mind, a greater, quieter robber of Will, you may kill, but you satisfy not hunger, nor your sense of justice (if you have any) but your cowardice, when you excuse yourself by saying you do not believe in robbery or murder for no reason whatsoever, be that reason even hunger!

But should war be declared and you are called upon to do murder, to kill and be killed, for what you are told and foolishly believe is your country, you hungry, homeless worker, what then? You have said that you do not believe in murder? But what is war if not murder? Is it not the most miserable kind of killing? You destroy not for yourself, but for others, for those that told you you must not kill when you were hungry. For they are one and the same; those who make the laws that deprive you of food, they also make and declare the wars that

you are to fight in, die in, kill in! Should you obey them and enter the killing you would be worse than a dog, for even a dog refuses to fight for a master that starves him!

Do you fear to refuse because to do so means to be court-martialed and put to death! You think that would be foolish, that it would be better to go to the killing; there might be a possibility of your returning alive, whole or partly whole? And as to killing, why, all you have to do is to shoot up in the air? Well, that sounds like an excuse?

But what about your principle of no murder, do you uphold it, should you only pretend to take part in war, or do you think it is sufficient only to refuse to kill, and that to be killed for refusing is preferable to killing? Should you decide so again you would be a coward. To give up your life without a struggle to any power, be that power even the government, is as cowardly as to take the life or lives of those whom you have never seen and so can have nothing against. If to kill for other reason than self-defense is considered a crime by law even during a period of acknowledged war, the rulers then, themselves, fail to find an excuse for murder, for you see they restrict this murder known as War to just a certain place or people, to the killing of those whom it pleases them to have killed!

Then you be a man and refuse to either kill or be killed unless in self-défense. Show you understand what war means, and that you intend to protect yourself against it, and against those who would force you into it, in whatever shape or with whatever power they come.

That if you must either kill for the masters or be killed by them for refusing to kill and be killed, tell them that you shall fight and kill and die for your own life only!

GUSSIE MILLER.

The more fully and thoroughly we live, the more ready we are to sacrifice life for a single pleasurable emotion. A people that lives and feels in this wise has no need of war.—NIETZSCHE.