‘The fact is that the reality of things is missing.’

THE SEATTLE ANARCHISTS GO TO MEXICO

from the Cronaca Sovversiva
Dec. 1911 - Dec. 1912
As it turns out, anarchists can get things wrong. Not only can they get things wrong, they can be dumb-shit morons like every other human, but few anarchists got things so wrong as the Italian anarchists of Seattle, the ones who lived there at the start of 1911, over a century ago.

Not all of them got things wrong, mind you, just most of them. So what did they get wrong? you might be asking. Well, it's pretty simple, and unfortunately very complicated. In a word, they refused to support the Mexican Revolution, but only after fighting in its opening battles, physically, in real life. What makes this refusal even more shameful is that their reasons were undeniably racist, believing as they did that the indigenous could never mount a successful revolution.

One of these Italian anarchists from Seattle who fought in Mexico was named Antonio Rodia, a well-known coal-mine agitator of the insurrectionary variety. With him was his brother Sabato, or Sabatino, or later Sam Rodia, who would go on to build Nuestra Pueblo, or the Watts Towers in Los Angeles. Sabato was illiterate, he couldn't read or write, allegedly, but Antonio was quite literate, writing the opening announcement for the new meeting hall of the Social Studies Circle in Seattle, a group he helped found.

When Antonio and Sabato fought in Mexico, they were joined by Michele Bombino, Michele Cirpriani, Vincenzo Cipolla, Domenico Marino, Giuseppe Piccirillo, and Michele Ricci, among many others. In this international brigade was Joe Hill, bard and fighter of the IWW, and in plain words, they all helped ignite the great Mexican Revolution.

The uprising began with the January 29, 1911 liberation of Mexicali and quickly spread, with the rebels soon taking Tecate that March, which is likely when the Italian anarchists arrived from Seattle. Several battles were fought against the federales, and soon an entire anarchist military division was marching on Tijuana, which fell on May 8, 1911. That same day, the forces of rebel general Francisco Madero took Ciudad Juarez, triggering the end of the dictatorship. Without the distraction of the Baja California uprising, Madero might never have taken Juarez.

The anarchists holding Tijuana couldn’t defeat the federales sent to crush them, and after losing twenty comrades and seeing a dozen more wounded, the anarchists escaped back into the US, among them the Italian anarchists from Seattle. They felt used, and when Madero eventually took state power, the great Revolution seemed anything but anarchist, especially...
And so these are the prosperous conditions of the mine workers in the famous “Far West,” the longed-for promised land of many deluded people!

On the one had, there is the greedy arrogance of mining capitalism which increasingly exacerbates the methods of exploitation, and on the others there is the unionist Camorra which tries by every means to stifle the audacity of the workers while milking them as much as possible, betraying them every day, even now brazenly prostituting themselves to the immoderate desires of their masters.

But we trust that a few rebels of Cle Elum, Wash. and environs will draw greater strength from these reactionary groups and, leaving aside the sterile personal disputes by which they have been divided up to now, will desire to unite and reactivate anarchist and revolutionary propaganda among this mass of exploited people who will be reminded that if the straight path that leads to their own emancipation is fraught with difficulties and requires temporary delays, it is therefore the only path that must be followed, without fear or hesitation; that if the fact of unionism must be temporarily accepted as an essential element of life, it cannot and must not be considered the only means to improve one's condition; that it's indispensable to resolutely counteract the arrogance of the employer with one's own forces, without mediators of any kind; that, finally, though prompt and energetic action against any attempt at repression, we can hope for better living conditions, even in the current state of the capitalist regime.

And thus the comrades of Cle Elum, Wash., who aren't few nor lacking the necessary energy, will give an effective contribution of activity to the anarchist cause.

A. RODIA
From Cronaca Sovversiva (December 17, 1910)

In order to intensify the propaganda of the great and sublime anarchist ideal among the Italian element of Seattle, we have decided to establish a Social Studies Circle in 1001 Waller Street corner of 10th Ave S.

The aforementioned circle is open every evening, and meetings will be held every Sunday after lunch, 2 pm.

We appeal to all anarchists and sympathizers to come and bring friends, so that we can effectively discuss the best means of spreading anarchist propaganda.

We invite all anarchist and revolutionary newspapers and magazines to send us copies of essays.

For the anarchist members of the Circle,

A. Rodia

From Cronaca Sovversiva (June 3, 1911)

For the relocation of the “Cronaca”

From Seattle, Wash., (April 16, 1911)

After reading all the press releases regarding the move of the newspaper Cronaca Sovversiva from Barre, (Vermont) to another location, no one has calculated the expenses, which would amount to approximately $300.

We members of this Social Studies Circle take the initiative to collect these expenses for the transport of the newspaper to the new residence, opening a special subscription for this purpose. And we hasten to declare that it's not our intention to have the Cronaca in Seattle, which we recognize as a location unsuitable for the life and development of an anarchist news-
As you can therefore see, our initiative is only aimed in the interest of propaganda, and to set a good example we subscribe with the sum of $44.00 (Forty-four dollars).

We appeal to all the other comrades, circles, and groups in the United States to help us financially in order to be able to raise the funds for the transfer of the Cronaca as quickly as possible. And we leave the comrades of the Cronaca full freedom to choose the most suitable location for propaganda and the life of the newspaper.

We have sent the aforementioned sum to the Cronaca; we invite other groups, clubs, etc. to do the same.

The anarchists comprising the Social Studies Circle Seattle, Wash., 1001 Weller St. Cor. 10th Ave. So.

*From Cronaca Sovversiva (June 17, 1911)*

**Things from Mexico**

We receive and publish:

**Comrades of the “Cronaca”,**

We send you this press release with the request that you publish it as soon as possible, so that the deception does not last longer.

You were slow to speak out, and you would have done well not to speak out at all.

Salutations.

**The Anarchists and the Mexican Revolution**

**From those who have been there**

The Mexican revolution, as seen through our newspaper, much more than in the East.

To this we add the brazen Camorra of the mind bosses who steal by the weight of the coal, and the other no less shameless bleeding from the infamous Union—the “United Mine Workers of America”—which is not happy with the fixed monthly quota of the past and requires the payment of a percentage of the nominal wages of all members.

And since we’re talking about the Union, here are some specific facts from which we can deduce what infamy it’s capable of and what kind of maternal concern it provides in the interest of those it ignominiously exploits.

Several months ago, in a Black Diamond mine, there was a gas explosion which caused many poor miners to die, and the charitable Union, instead of forcing the mining company to pay a proportionate compensation to the families in the towns, agreed with the brigands of capitalism and decided to tax all the miners of Washington two bucks each. Faced with such a revolting act of injustice, the miners of Cle Elum rose up in protest and sent their complaints to the “North Western Improvement Coal Co.” who, without being moved at all, replied that they “received orders from the leaders of the Miners’ Union and therefore the miners had to address their protests to the Union.” And the Union, consulted in this regard, referred their complaints to the Mining Company.

It was this game of passing the buck that clearly revealed the bad faith of the unionist officers who were waiting for their share of the loot from the theft committed against the poor miners.

Indignation pervaded the people and they thought of reacting against this Camorrist act of the Union and the bosses. A meeting was called, and after a short discussion, someone ventured the proposal to go en masse to the Company’s offices...
pers, presents itself as a “social economic revolution”. Either our newspapers have been misinformed by their correspondents or it’s very easy to form a large movement on printed paper.

The fact is that the reality of things is missing.

That is, the Mexican revolution, under the auspices of the “liberal” Party who, rather than presenting a lavishly financial appearance for some armchair revolutionaries, became the messenger of this movement.

We the undersigned, who have seen the cities up close... where the red flag is flying, and the rebels fighting with the cry of “Tierra y Liberta” are able to say that the movement is neither political nor social, and we warn our comrades to turn their energies elsewhere both materially and financially.

Ernesto Teodori, Galleotti Guglielmo, Filippo Perrone, V. Cipolla, Sam Rizzo, John Lougo, Pasquini Guglielmo, A. Palladini

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In recent days we have received various letters from comrades who have left for Mexico, ready to give their energy and their lives for the libertarian cause, all characterized by feelings of distrust.

We were determined not to make them public, because it seemed ungenerous to cast the shadow of discredit on a revolutionary movement, at the very moment in which sad Madero is preparing to suffocate it in blood. However, yielding to the insistence of comrades who are worthy of our every consideration, we had to withdraw from this purpose and make room for the above letter in the newspaper, leaving it as it reached us.

With this, we do not intend to comment on the mat-

APPENDIX

From Cronaca Sovversiva (April 29, 1911)

The Conditions of the Miners of Cle Elum, Wash. and En-
virons

Seattle, Wash.—The workers of the Eastern States, living in the old and highly populated counties of the giant North American Union, imagine that their comrades in the far West enjoy a certain well-being. They undoubtedly think: “In these States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, etc—thousands of immigrants land every day, the poor pariahs who poverty drives out of their countries, and here, without means and with the impossibility of prolonging their sad pilgrimage any longer, they gather in large cities or surrounding villages and offer their arms for a starvation wage, thus unconsciously harming the indigenous workers due to the enormous demand for work, which reduces the already meager rewards to negligible proportions; but in the distant El Dorado, in the Far West, things are very different—they conclude; competition on wages is not possible, given the small number of immigrants who can make it there, and those comrades of ours enjoy it—lucky them—working less while earning more.”

Oh this grand, this immense illusion!

Here, as everywhere else, poverty, mocking ferociously, sneers on the desolate mass of workers. And if the number of immigrants is relatively small compared to the East, this doesn’t mean that we are swimming in abundance.

These miners, in general, work two of three days a week, consequently not being able to earn what is necessary for life, also because rents are expensive and basic necessities cost...
ter. Events will soon tell us what conduct we should adopt and whether it is legitimate to speak of "swindle."

n.d.r.

From Cronaca Sovversiva (November 11, 1911)

A couple more infamous ones!

Infamous, cowardly, vituperable agents of Madero, or perhaps of Porfirio Diaz, are all those who don't swear by the word of the Mexican Liberal Party, who don't believe in the social revolution of Mexico and, rather than get lost in the herd of turbulent hosannas or freebooters of careerism, who consider it more dignified for themselves, more decent for everyone, more useful for revolutionary education and the emancipation of the proletariat, to open the doors of truth even when it's ungrateful, to recognize everyone's right to speak on every topic and, especially, to let this be all the more unchallenged for minorities when they arise sincerely and serenely to collide with judicial things, with conventional lies, with cynically organized and shameless fraud.

Infamous and cowardly are the comrades from Kansas because in Tijuana they saw nothing but taverns, cowboys and sacristans, infamous is Perrone because he didn't want to lend a hand to the ignoble speculators of Los Angeles, and infamous and cowardly are we who didn't give a damn for decorum or, it seems, the glory of these disciplined, oblique, eunuch brotherhoods.

At least this is what Degeneracion wants us to understand, the authorized body of the Los Angeles Mexican Liberal Party Council, which is so sure of having yoked the Italian sub-

Please receive my fraternal greetings. Yours and for the rest,

V. Cipolla
Seattle, Wash. 11 Dec. 1911

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Dear Comrades,

Although I did not sign the communique because I was absent, I was in full agreement with the comrades who signed it and I confirm once again today that they wrote it.

Of the conception I formed in Tijuana, I must say that in Mexico it was not possible to start a social revolution, just as I don't believe it today. I believe that Mexico needs to take small steps, like all other people need.

They found us wrong because we believed that for all of Mexico it had been like Tijuana, but we had every reason to believe so, as we have today, because they considered Tijuana one of the most fervent places, and there we found nothing but lies.

I lost faith in the Los Angeles Junta, first because I found them to be liars, and secondly because they abandoned the movement into the hands of the adventurers while they stayed in Los Angeles.

I don't believe that in Mexico it is possible, as I have already said, to start a social revolutionary movement, so I dedicate my energies to other things.

I hope it ends once and for all, and something more necessary is accomplished.

Best regards,

M. Ricci.
Seattle, Wash. 11 Dec. 1911
and of the sympathizers someone will certainly be offended. I support what I wrote together with other comrades in Los Angeles because the social movement didn’t appear to us as we had depicted it in the printed paper. I was very enthusiastic and believed the companions from Los Angeles were going with utmost sincerity.

We made a mistake, it’s true, talking about the whole of Mexico regarding its situation while we had only been in Baja California, but as we found them lying, where we went we believed it was the same everywhere in Mexico, only I know not everywhere is the same. Magon and company claimed that all their hopes were in Baja California, and that there was nothing in the interior of Mexico. After the defeat of Tijuana they changed their motto, saying: in Baja California there has never been a social movement, and in the interior of Mexico there is that movement.

For my part, I declare to my comrades that they should spend their energies elsewhere, morally as well as through money and labor, because the communist social revolution, as they want to call it in Mexico, only exists in the imagination of Magon and company.

And if anarchy must come and be like that of Baja California (someone wrote that people lived there in perfect anarchy), I prefer the emperor of Russia or the Mikado of Japan who execute anarchists because they are the most dangerous criminals.

Other things are not worth mentioning again; Teodori, Perrone and others have said enough about them in the columns of the Cronaca.

I hope that the conference will bear good fruit and will put an end to this now nauseating Mexican question, just as I hope to read the report in the newspaper.

versive herd of the United States to the chariot of its fortune that it no longer even hears the obligation of prudence and caution, and warns us with anticipations of liberal tolerance that if one day they come to grasp power, they will leave their subjects nothing to regret, not even the bestial and Dominican ferocity of Porfirio Diaz.

With all this, the phalanx of unbelievers grows and becomes more aggressive under the muddy and poisonous wave of vituperation.

Jean Grave, naturally also an agent of Madero or subsidized by Porfirio Diaz, dared to write with the harsh frankness customary to him “that the revolutionary movement of Mexico exists only in the desire of the comrades of Los Angeles who undoubtedly exchange their desires for reality.” (Temps Nouveaux, V. 17, N. 21, 23 Sep. 1911)

E. Rist might be a scholar full of scruples and conscience as he reveals himself in the well-known essay on the situation in Mexico, an infamous person like Grave who dared to affirm that “not from the raiding cowboys of the north, not from the Yaquis teeming in the plains of the West, not from the Navajos or the Mohavi who grew up in the mountains or on the high discreet planes of Sonora who ignore everything about the modern world and cannot be the pioneers of a social revolution, would the idea of human progress have ever arisen.” (Temps Nouveaux, V.17, N.22, 30 Sep. 1911)

Indeed, Rist is a specifically infamous repeat offender who in the latest issue of Temps Nouveaux dedicates a sacrilegious paragraph to Tijuana.

Sacrilege! For a couple months, Tijuana paid the price of the apologetic guitar playing of all the unemployed Tyrtaeuses strumming and clowning subversivism. Tijuana was the
city over which the red flag was now waving, the harbinger of the victorious social revolution, and that red flag waved by the cheerful bullfighters of Degeneracion in the liberal limelight shows how many danglers it caught at the fair, and how much money!

And how many blows in the back to our good comrades from Kansas who had gone to Tijuana to defend the red flag and, not having even seen it, returned dejected, disappointed and penniless, to complain that Tijuana was a gambling den, a brothel, a sacristy, everything you wanted except an outpost for the social revolution!

Now here is what E. Rist writes about Tijuana in the Temps Nouveaux of Paris on October 7th:

“Several European newspapers published the following note: The city of Tijuana finds itself completely transformed into a vast communist colony…(Il Libertario of Spezia, for example, of June 29). Other newspapers presented Tijuana as a city, an important point for its situation. (Libertaire of Paris, July 29). According to Il Libertario, a communist colony is preparing to put into practice the theories of Bakunin, of Kropotkin. (Voice of the People, June 18-25, Il Libertario (I), etc.)

Tia Jijuana (or Aunt Giovanna) is located on the northern border of California, 15 miles from San Diego. The journey between these two points by electric tram costs fifty pennies.

Tijuana is on a sandy plain against a hill. It is a village of thirty or forty houses with between 150 and 250 inhabitants, depending on the season.

The name Tijuana gained immediate notoriety in California a little more than two years ago for the following reason:

Il Libertario was only wrong to allow itself to be dragged along in this very serious matter by that illustrious illiterate and rifle-shooter, Ludovico Camanita, employed to shout about the Mexican Revolution and its funds.

Well, the compilers of that shop rag want to call me this, please, the same who wrote these words: “we would like to declare that the information reported above regarding the Revolution has been taken as is (except for some slight changes in the comments) from Regeneracion, Spanish edition”? (II)

It’s only been two months since they wrote and printed these words, and they’ve already forgotten them… but I’m the imbecile...

Perrone is a sellout to Madero, Teodori is a donkey, Rodia is a boaster, Galleani is a scoundrel, Grave is compassionate, the anarchists of the Social Studies Circle of Barre are gossips, the anarchists of Lynn, Mass. are shit, I’m an imbecile in the superlative, all those who don’t believe in the verb of Los Angeles are cowards.

And who is saved after all that? The smart ones who chatter about revolution are saved… they stay at home.

I understand: I threw a stone into the Mexican swamp and some spots splattered on my shoes. And a bit more, from a little brush…

A. Cavalazzi
Barre, Vt. 10 dec. 1911

From Cronaca Sovversiva (January 6, 1912)

I read the press release in the Cronaca regarding the conference which is to be held between the 24th and 25th of March, and I am very interested in it, and I would be happy if we ended once and for all with the blessed Mexican revolution which has created more discord among the good comrades,
**Temps Nouveaux** of Paris, on the Mexican question, trains itself to unleash blatant insults against me and to distort my writing.

I won’t follow him into the area of insults, for the simple reason that I don’t want to give him the excuse to then scream, as is his custom, that it was me who insulted him. As for the falsehoods... all I have to do is add it to the many others that make up its glorious record of service.

In my letter to the **Temps Nouveaux** (among other things that the Patersonian banner needs to go unnoticed) I essentially said that all the news on the alleged revolution in Mexico is handled by *Regeneracion*, which collects it from the alarmist bourgeois press then transmits it to the anarchist press of the various countries.

For having said this, according to the Patersonian trade

(I) That the shop is the only serious concern of the Patersonian church and also an ancient conviction of Francis Widmar, the current owner of Era Nuova who wrote to us on March 13, 1903, in his own hand:

“Tired and nauseated by the terrible moral environment of Paterson, you should not be surprised by the fact that I abandoned La Questione Sociale three weeks ago.

“The loaf-making spirit has pervaded everyone and presides majestically over everyone. They shredded the strongest characters and became the most intransigent opportunists in all circumstances”... and... continued by inserting names and circumstances that are not worth mentioning.

From 1903 to today things have changed... for the worse, from the point of view of the moral environment: but Francis Widmar was able to extend his mortgage on the newspaper, on the machinery, on the material that was already of the Gruppo D. a. E. and being the absolute master over there, a master who in defiance of propaganda does his business lavishly, everything goes well in the best of all possible worlds. The loaf-making spirit inspires uniquely, presides majestically, and pettily governs as an usurer this entire company of Era Nuova, skilfully defrauded of its companions and constituted as the absolute and exclusive personal patrimony of Francis Widmar, who doesn’t care about anarchy and anarchists so easily that when subscriptions fade, there’s no delay in prostituting the typography, created by the collective effort of the comrades to spread libertarian ideas, to the societies of San Rocco, the Sacred Heart, the Bersaglieri Italiani, as long as they pay cash promptly.

**Who would dare say that Francis Widmar is an imbecile?**

Who would dare say that Francis Widmar is an imbecile?

A society against horse racing has been formed in the United States. As soon as the puritanical Hugues—a reserve candidate for the presidency of the United States—governor of the State of New York, prohibited betting on races in his state, California followed suit. They obtained from the obliging Diaz—the price is not stated—the concession of two racetracks on Mexican territory just a stone’s throw from the border. Their syndicate established a racing camp in Juarez, while another syndicate, probably the same one, chose Tijuana. Juarez was reserved for the Eastern and Central American states, Tijuana for the West. The authorization of the Diaz government immediately attracted a special audience in Juarez, but California, which only had Tijuana, saw the diversion and protested. The advertising, however, was done, and the price of land had risen vigorously.

This was Tijuana.

And so it happened that it was a destination for strolls by idle Americans from the coast, from San Diego and Los Angeles, the small village where everything is paid for dearly and with salt. One detail is enough. If a foreigner’s whim or need doesn’t arise, he will pay between twenty-five and forty pennies for a bottle of beer, and the remainder in proportion.

Everything comes from San Diego.

I would now like you to tell me by virtue of what miracle a communist colony can be established in Tijuana, and through what kind of glasses Tijuana was looked at to judge it “important for its situation.”

And I believed in the miracle, once upon a time.

E. Rist
Poor legend and poor red flag! The former dies among the blasphemies of the cheaters and the unemployed, slothful bookmakers; the latter, instead of waving a challenge from the future, full of audacity towards a past filthy with infamy and crimes, it sinks under the shame of the sordid speculations that, in its shadow and under its banner, has created a brazen company of greedy and scoundrel toothpullers.

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And with the legend of the red flag in Tijuana, other usurped hungers are brought down, dragging into their defeat the fragile edifice of illusions naively woven around them.

Emiliano Zapata. They served him up to us, in the absence of more persuasive elements, a Spartacus, a John of Leyden, a Pisacane, a Flourens or a La Calle, recast for the use and consumption of the Mexican social revolution and for the mortification of the infamous who don’t believe in it just from the three editions of Degeneracion, the Spanish one from Magon, the Esperanto one in Volapuk or Ostrogoth from Kanguroo, the Croatian one from Paterson–But Emiliano Zapata, always in arms (the rare but angry henchmen, like the master, scattered throughout the countryside to keep up the company’s shares, barked again), Emiliano Zapata at the head of the Magonists, who challenges Madero’s rurals, who challenges the battle-hardened and disciplined federal troops, who threatens the entire social order with his assiduous actions, who inaugurates communism in Mexico and is the most flagrant proof that over there, beyond the Rio Grande, the social revolution has begun, and your not wanting to see it is stubbornness, to be punished with quaestio major, pincers, the retorts, and in the most benign hypothesis with the excommunication and the interdict.

Confirming once again, since there always seems to be a need for it, the paradoxical scam of the Los Angeles silver tongues and their next inevitable failure.

Fatal revenge of logic, truth, and justice at the same time.

Which will be duly hastened in part by the infamous ones, gloriously targeted by so many anathemas, so many vituperations.

La Cronaca Sovversiva

From Cronaca Sovversiva (December 2, 1911)

From Seattle, Wash.

Forced to go elsewhere due to lack of work, we had to close our Social Studies Circle which was located at 1001 Weller St.

We therefore ask our companions in all localities to address letters and correspondence for our Social Studies Circle at the following address: V. Cipolla, 1824 Yesler Way, Seattle, Wash.

We make the same recommendation to our own newspapers and to the magazine “L’Universita Popolare” to which several comrades subscribe.

V. Cipolla

From Cronaca Sovversiva (December 23, 1911)

So as to not be contradicted

The banner of the bottega (I) in Paterson, taking the opportunity from an objective letter of mine, published by the
sort to arms. According to the Monterey shopkeepers, Emilia-
no Zapata would only be the general of Madero’s bodyguards.

The rumor is confirmed by three Mexico City news-
papers which, dated October 28th, confirmed that Emilio-
no Zapata is maintained and supported by Francisco J. Madero to
keep the provisional government in check, and that in this re-
gard the new president and been wonderfully served by Zapata,
three cabinets having had to resign, powerless to reduce the
Zapatistas to obedience, they fear that Zapata’s pronon-
cement will end up swallowing up his instigator and guardian
Francisco J. Madero to open the way... not towards commu-
nism or revolution, not even in dreams, but to the restoration
of Porfirio Diaz and the advent of Beranrdo Reyes (New York

Let’s welcome with due reservations the news that
comes in agreement from Monterey and Mexico City, let’s even
put it under quarantine, reflecting it only as one of the infinite
contradictions that involve the Mexican situation and make it
difficult to determine a precise character of the thousand insur-
rections occurring in the neighboring republic.

Only one thing, however, will not be recklessly inferred
from these hints: that the bourgeoisie of Monterey, like that of
Mexico City, fears everything from Emiliano Zapata’s gangs,
whether or not they are supported by Francisco J. Madero,
they also fear the return of Diaz, even the advent of Reyes,
all the misfortunes of the homeland, everything ...everything
except expropriation, communism, and anarchy.

Thus confirming Rist’s conclusions that the idea of hu-
man progress cannot be conceived or raised from the insurrec-
tional movement of the cowboys and mestizos of today’s Mexi-
co who are completely ignorant of modern thought and cannot
be the pioneers of a social revolution—of common liberation.

Like the ghost of Hamlet, General Emiliano Zapata
was regularly recalled each Saturday to the indifferent or un-
grateful communists who did not carry out his revenge, who
left him alone to deal with the enemy, who did not even have
a word for his audacity as a guerilla fighter. And this re-enact-
ment was even more mortifying than if it were simply a bandit
who, in the storm, rang the bell to all the homeless, to all the
breadless, reminding them that while the satisfied were fighting
in the name of Diaz or Madero, of De La Barra or Reyes or Ma-
gon, who are all the same, there was a magnificent opportunity
to have lunch in the open air once and for all, to replenish the
wardrobe, to provide a good pair of boots for the upcoming
winter and a bit of birdseed for the brood, and thus Emiliano
Zapata would have seemed very nice to us again, certainly nicer
as a banished man who, among the enemy’s camps, gains cour-
age tempered in a hundred clashes, more so than the honest
followers who cry out for revolution, whose attacks ring out
from the cellar or the attic in the face of a carnival audience
that only knows how to wave the husks of their souls from
purgatory.

Desinit in piscem...him too. The handsome handsome
bandit, the nice out-law, camped outside the confines of every
order and every morality, even if it had to be the communist
morality, it seems he’s no more than a bashi-bouzouck or a Don
Cossack, no more than a landsknecht to Francisco J. Madero.

In Monterey, Mexico, the business world orders Fran-
cisco J. Madero to put an end to Zapata whose guerrillas dis-
turb the peaceful, front-line development of provident trade,
and the newspapers who are the most sincere expression of this
dubious business world agree that Zapata’s gangs are supported
and subsidized by Madero to keep the various opposition fac-
tions in check, to face them down and disperse them if they re-