

MIGHT IS RIGHT

By RAGNAR REDBEARD (1896)

Introduction by S.E. Parker to Loompanics Edition

"It is surely one of the most incendiary works ever to be published anywhere."

--James J. Martin

"A vitriolic, racist hymn to the doctrine of force."

--Chris Cuneen

A MAN

Might Is Right is a book whose survival has nothing to do with popular acclaim or academic attention. It has, nonetheless, been read and discussed by a continuing circle of individuals for some 85 years, necessitating several editions. Originally published in 1896, it was reprinted as late as 1972. Erratic, inspiring, infuriating, a mixture of individualistic sense and collective nonsense, it outlines a case for "social darwinism" that is one of the frankest and most powerful I have ever seen.

There is no certainty as to who the author, Ragnar Redbeard, was. The most likely candidate is a man named Arthur Desmond who was red-bearded, red-haired and whose poetry was very similar to that written by Redbeard. Born in New Zealand of an Irish father and an English mother, his actual date of birth is unknown, 1842 and 1859 being two of the years given. While in New Zealand, Desmond stood as a radical candidate for parliament, organized trade unions, championed the ideas of Henry George, supported the Maori leader Te Kooti, and edited a radical paper called *The Tribune*.

In 1892 Desmond left New Zealand for Sydney, Australia. Here he continued his political activities, edited *Hard Cash* and *The Standard Bearer*, wrote poetry which influenced the famous Australian poet, Henry Lawson, joined the Labour Party, and associated with radical personalities like John Dwyer who had known Marx and Bakunin. It is said that he left Australia in 1895, taking with him the unpublished manuscript of *Might is Right*. Any account of Desmond's subsequent career after leaving Australia is largely based on conjecture. He is said to have published *Redbeard's Review* in London, to have lived in Chicago, where he co-authored a book called *Rival Caesars* with Will H. Dilg (using the pseudonym "Desmond Dilg" for the occasion), and edited the *Lion's Paw* under the name of Richard Thurland. His date of death is not certain. One version has him dying in Palestine in 1918 "while on service with General Allenby's troops," another version claims he died in 1926, again in Palestine. On the other hand, I have been told that he was running a bookshop in Chicago as late as 1927. And this is to discount not only the more bizarre stories such as that he was really Ambrose Bierce and was shot during the Mexican Revolution, but also the fact that there seems to be no definite evidence that Redbeard and Desmond were the same individual....

A BOOK

What is certain, however, is that if Desmond was Redbeard, then his views must have undergone a drastic change toward the end of his stay in Australia. *Might Is Right* is no manifesto of a political radical intent on the "emancipation of the workers." I cannot conceive of any of our contemporary saviours of the proletariat recommending it as required reading, even though it is claimed that it influenced some of the early Wobblies. And it certainly has no appeal for those sentimental totalitarians who profess "care" and "love" for mankind.

Redbeard sets out the theme of his book in a prefatory note entitled "All Else Is Error."

"The natural world is a world of war; the natural man is a warrior; the natural law is tooth and claw. All else is error. A condition of combat everywhere exists. We are born into perpetual conflict. It is our inheritance even as it was the inheritance of previous generations. The 'condition of combat' may be disguised with the holy phrases of St. Francis, or the soft, deceitful doctrines of a Kropotkin or a Tolstoy, but it cannot eventually be evaded by any human being...It rules all things...and it *decides* all who imagine policemanized populations, internationally regulated tranquility, and State organized industrialism so joyful, blessed and divine."

But in this war of each against all there are only a small number of victors. They alone conquer power and enjoy the loot. This is because "The great mass of men who inhabit the world of today have no initiative, no originality or independence of thought, but are mere subjective individualities, who never had the slightest voice in fashioning the ideas that they formally revere." The "average man...is a born thrall habituated from childhood to be governed by others." The majority of the common people can never become free, they are but the sediment from which all the more valuable elements have long been distilled...Mastership is right, mastership is natural, mastership is eternal. But only for those who cannot overthrow it, and trample it beneath their hoofs."

On the other hand, the strong man is the free man and "freemen should never regulate their conduct by the suggestion or dicta of others, for when they do they are no longer free." The free man is "above all laws, all constitutions, all theories of right and wrong. He supports and defends them, of course, so long as they suit his own end, but if they don't then he annihilates them by the easiest and most direct method." "Liberty is honestly definable as a state of complete bodily and mental self-mastership...and thoroughgoing independence from all official coercion or restraint." It is synonymous with proprietorship. To be propertyless and unarmed is the condition of actual dependence and servitude. Unarmed citizens are enslaved citizens, always. Liberty without property is a myth, a nursery tale, believable only by babbling babies.

Redbeard rejects equality as another myth. Let us take the notion of "equality before the law." "By what rational method can any two litigants be placed in a position of unconditioned 'equality before the law?' First of all, plaintiff and defendant always possess totally different physical and mental characteristics, different personal magnetisms-and different sized bank balances. Also all judges, juries and legal officials are unequal in temperament, ability, courage and honesty. Each one has his own peculiar idiosyncracies, prejudices, inferiorities, superstitions and--price....No two men are born alike: each one being literally born under his own particular star...'Equality before the law' is just a meaningless catchphrase."

Equality is a lie because "every atom of organic matter has its own vital peculiarity. Every animate being is different in osseous structure and chemical composition. Ethnology, biology, history, all proclaim equality to be a myth. Even the great epics of antiquity are all glorifications of inequality: inequality of the mind, inequality of birth, of courage or condition...Mentally and morally, every breathing being is a self-poised monad-a differentiated ego. No two germs, planets, suns, or stars are alike. Among the higher vertebrates this is especially so, and consequently the only law that men ought to honour or respect is the law that originates and finds its final sanction *in themselves*-in their own consciousness."

For Ragnar Redbeard, then, life is struggle, life is war and in this war those who are the strongest, and have set aside the authority of laws and moral codes as suitable only for the submissive mass, will be the winners. They will remain winners, however, only to the extent that they can continue to prove themselves the strongest. If others arise who are stronger than they, then they will lose and new masters will take their place. In this way the "survival of the fittest" will prevail and will no longer be hampered or denied by doctrines of brotherhood or equality which have no roots in reality.

Redbeard does not deny the existence of oppression and exploitation now or in his future world of the strong. What he does deny are the hypocritical claims of the power-seekers that they are doing what they do out of altruistic love for those they want to dominate. Legalism and moralism are the masks of connivers and their acceptance by the strong will lead to weakness and degeneration. Redbeard's position is not all that far from the Marquis de Sade, when he wrote: "Individuals who are not animated by strong passions are merely mediocre beings. It is only strong passions which can produce great men; when one is no longer...passionate, one becomes stupid. This point established, are not laws dangerous which inhibit the passions?"

A CRITIQUE

Although Redbeard claims to scorn moral codes, stating that "all arbitrary codes of right and wrong are insolent invasions of personal liberty" and that greatness lies "in being beyond and above all moral measurements," he is, nonetheless, a moralist. He makes plain his antagonism to Judeo-Christian morality, but his whole approach is shot through with the perennial moralistic desire to redeem the human race from "evil." For him, what is "natural" is "right" and the further human beings get away from "Nature," the further they depart from "right." Leaving aside the fact that "Nature" is a mental construct, not a fact, and that "Man" is nothing but an aggregate of individuals, the question remains as to how Redbeard would square his belief that "every breathing being" is a differentiated ego with his demand that all these differentiated egos accept the common goal of being "natural"-as he defines it. If I am unique, then what it is in my "nature" to be will not be the same as what it is in the "nature" of other individuals to be. Indeed, what is "natural" for me may well be "unnatural" for others, and a collision unavoidable. Redbeard's interpretation of "social darwinism" clearly allows for this, but his morality of Nature equally clearly negates it.

In fact, this contradiction is starkly illustrated by Redbeard himself when he comes to treat sexual relations between men and women. On the same page he proclaims that "moral principles...are artificial human enactments, but not necessarily natural, honest or true. Moral codes are the black terror of all dastards," and then goes on to state that "readers must distinctly understand that *sexual morality* is nowise condemned in these pages." This is because women are frail beings at the best of times...they must be held in thorough subjection" for "woe unto the Race if ever these lovable creatures should break loose from mastership, and become the rulers or equals of Man." He follows this warning with a denunciation of "sexual degeneracy," "promiscuity," and other "evils," in a language redolent of the very Christian morality he so fiercely attacks elsewhere. "If our modern Sodoms," he writes, "were all razed to the ground, how Nature in all her perennial purity would rejoice exultantly!" Substitute "God" for "Nature" and what religious moralist would object? Redbeard's view of the "nature" of women is in no way consistent. In one paragraph of his chapter on "Love, Women and War" he repeats his opinion of women as being "incapable of self-mastership...mere babies in worldly concerns," but in the next paragraph writes that "when their passions are stirred women have performed deeds of heroism (and terror) that even a man with nerves of steel would hesitate at...They have led armies and been criminals of the darkest dye." In claiming that women are destined to be "subjects" and at the same time are capable of being "rulers," Redbeard effectively destroys his own case for male superiority and, what is more, seems oblivious of the fact that he is doing it!

Redbeard is also a racist believing that Anglo-Saxons are the superior race. Blacks, Jews, Asiatics and "degenerate whites" are all excluded from his class of supermen. His racism, however, undermines the logic of his "philosophy of power." In a typical description of his philosophy he writes of the capitalist that he can 'do as he likes with his own,' *as long as he has the power*. He may own the earth...if he wants to, and he may buy or sell men and nations if he feels inclined to or thinks it profitable. There is in Nature no limit to his energies or ambitions. All that is needed is power equal to his energies or ambitions. All that is needed is power equal to the design. But the same principles may be acted upon by any other man or association of men, and in the conflict that ensues *fitness is proved--absolutely and without doubt*. The 'rights of the rich' are what they can maintain and the 'rights of the poor' are not less. No bounds are set to the accumulation of property, and none whatever to its re-distribution."

If, therefore, "all that is needed" for the survival of the fittest is "power equal to the design" and "the same principles may be acted upon by any other man or association of men," this must logically apply to all human beings. It follows that if a Black, a Jew, an Asiatic or a "degenerate white," proves to be stronger than one of Redbeard's Anglo-Saxon supermen, then he has no grounds upon which he can deny the victor his spoils. If I can do as I like with my own as long as I have the power, then it does not matter what race or colour I am for I have shown that I am the powerful one. Redbeard's racism, like his sexism, is therefore completely inconsistent with his own "philosophy of power" since he can only defend it by using collectivist notions that deny his individualist premise that there are no "rights" outside the "might" of the individual.

Might Is Right is a work flawed by major contradictions. Like the Christian bible it can be used as a source for the most incompatible views, but unlike that venerable collection of idiocies and myths it is sustained by a crude vigor that at its most coherent can help to clear away not a few of the religious, moral and political superstitions bequeathed to us by our ancestors. Whoever Ragnar Redbeard was, and whatever criticisms may be justly levelled at his book, he remains worthy of the attention of all who are conscious that their "rights" are equal to their power.

S.E. Parker edits and publishes the anarchist individualist review Ego, and wrote the introduction to the Rebel Press edition of Max Stimer's The Ego and His Own. The above essay originally appeared in issue #13 (Winter, 1982-83) of The Storm!, 227 Columbus Avenue #2E, New York NY 10023.

"It will hypnotize your very soul, and send you forth into this world of pitiless and ferocious combat a Conqueror of Men. Surely you can afford a volume, the like of which has not been printed or written (or carved in granite) since the days of Jupiter and Thor--of Odin and Mars--the gods of eternal struggle, who are not dead, but only sleeping."

-The Chicago Tribune

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Redbeard on Contracts:

"No man ought to obey any contract, written or implied, except he himself has given his personal and formal adherence thereto, when in a state of mental maturity and unrestrained liberty. It is only slaves that are born into contracts, signed and sealed by their progenitors."

"The free man is born free, lives free, and dies free. He is (even though living in an artificial civilization) above all laws, all constitutions, all theories of right and wrong. He supports and defends them of course, as long as they suit his own end, but if they don't, then he annihilates them by the easiest and most direct method."

"There is no obligation upon any man to passive obedience, when his life, his liberty and his property are threatened by footpad, assassin, or statesman."

Redbeard on Belief:

It is notorious, universally so, that the blackest falsehoods are ever decked out in the most brilliant and gorgeous regalia. Clearly, therefore, it is the brave man's duty to regard all sacred things, all legal things, all constitutional things, all holy things, with more than usual suspicion.

"I deny, and I affirm," is the countersign of material freedom.

"I believe, and I obey," is the shibboleth of serfage.

Belief is a flunky, a feminine -- Doubt is a creator, a master.

He who denies fundamentals is in triple armor clad. Indeed, he is invulnerable.

On the other hand, it has been said that every belief, every philosophy, has some truth in it, but so we might add has every insanity.

As far as mankind's searchlights have penetrated into the darkness that enshrouds the origin of nations, we see the subduers and the subdued, the plebans and the patricians, the chiefs who governed and the vassals who obeyed. And there is nothing in the most modern social developments (of these deedless days) to warrant any belief that this ancient and natural division of human animals, into castes of superiors and inferiors, sovereigns and serfs, can ever be dispensed with. The slave owner's whip cracked from the beginning and it will crack till the day of doom. In every kingdom, republic and empire on earth, we have (in one disguise or another) the master and the slave [servant] -- the ruler and the ruled. In the course of centuries, names alone have changed, essentials have remained the same. Forms of royalty may alter but Kings can never die. There was mastership at the beginning, and there will be mastership at the end. We build, but as our fathers built. Change is not progress, nor are numbers advance.

Every one who would be free must show his power. Unalterable remains the basis of all earthly greatness. He who exalteth himself shall be exalted, and he who humbleth himself shall be righteously trodden beneath the hoofs of the herd.

The "humble" are only fit for dog's meat.

Bravery includes every virtue -- humility, every crime.

He who is afraid to risk his life must never be permitted to win anything.

The rights of Mankind are not determined by Justice, but by Might.

Disguise it as you may, the naked sword is still king-maker and king-breaker, as of yore. All other theories are lies -- lures.

Therefore! If you would conquer wealth and honor, power and fame, you must be practical, grim, cool and merciless. You must ride to success (by preference) over the necks of your foemen. Their defeat is your strength. Their downfall is your uplifting. Only the powerful can be free, and Power is non-moral.

Life is real, life is earnest, and neither heaven nor hell its final goal. And love, and joy, and birth and death, and fate, and strife, shall be forever.

This earth is a vast whirl of warring atoms -- a veritable revolving cock-pit. Each molecule, each animal, fights for its life. You must fight for yours, or surrender. Look well into it, therefore, that your breaks and spurs, your fangs and claws, are as sharp as steel, and as effective as science can make them.

Iconoclastic: Christian Ethics Impeached, Jesus the True Prince of Evil (The Mephistophiles of the World, King Among the Slaves).

I

In this arid wilderness of steel and stone, I raise up my voice that you may hear! To the East and to the West I beckon. To the North and to the South I show a sign proclaiming, "Death to the weakling, wealth to the strong."

Open your eyes that you may see, Oh men of mildewed minds and listen to me ye laborious millions! For I stand forth to challenge the wisdom of the world; to interrogate the "laws" of man and of "God." I request reasons for your Golden Rule and ask the why and wherefore of your Ten Commands. Before none of your printed idols do I bend in acquiescence and he who saith "thou shalt" to me is my mortal foe! I demand proof over all things, and accept with reservations even that which is true. I dip my forefinger in the watery blood of your impotent mad-redeemer and write over his thorn-torn brow "The *true* Prince of Evil - the king of the Slaves!"

No hoary falsehood shall be a truth to me - no cult or dogma shall encamp my pen. I break away from all conventions. Alone, untrammelled, I raise up in stern invasion the standard of the strong. I gaze into the glassy eye of your fearsome Jehovah and pluck him by the beard - I uplift a broad axe and split open his worm-eaten skull. I blast out the ghastly contents of philosophically whited sepulchres and laugh with sardonic wrath. Then, reaching up from the festering and varnished facades of your haughtiest moral dogmas, I write thereon in letters of blazing scorn; "Lo and behold, all this is fraud!"

I deny all things! I question all things! And yet! And yet! Gather around me O' ye death-defiant and the earth itself shall be thine, to have and to hold.

II

All ethics, politics and philosophies are pure assumptions, built upon assumptions. They rest on no sure basis. They are but shadowy castles in the air erected by day-dreamers, or by rogues, upon nursery fables. It is time they were firmly planted upon an enduring foundation. This can never be accomplished until the racial mind has been thoroughly cleansed and drastically disinfected of its depraved, alien and demoralizing concepts of right and wrong. In no human brain can sufficient space be found for the relentless logic of hard fact, until all pre-existent delusions have been finally annihilated. Half-measures are of no avail. We must go down to the very root and tear them out, even to the last fibre. We must be, like nature, hard, cruel, relentless.

Too long the dead hand has been permitted to sterilize living thought -- too long, right and wrong, good and evil, have been inverted by false prophets. In the days that are at hand, neither creed nor code must be accepted upon authority, human, superhuman or "divine." (Morality and conventionalism are for subordinates.) Religions and constitutions are all arbitrary principles, every mortal theorem, must be deliberately put to the question. No moral dogma must be taken for granted -- no

standard of measurement deified. There is nothing inherently sacred about moral codes. Like the wooden idols of long ago, they are all the work of human hands, and what man has made, man can destroy.

He that is slow to believe anything and everything is of great understanding, for belief in one false principle is the beginning of all unwisdom. The chief duty of every new age is to up-raise new men to determine its liberties, to lead towards its material success - to rend (as it were) the rusty padlocks and chains of dead custom that always prevent healthy expansion. Theories and ideals and constitutions, that may have meant life and hope and freedom for our ancestors, may now mean destruction, slavery and dishonor to us. As environments change no human ideal standeth sure.

Wherever, therefore, a lie has built unto itself a throne, let it be assailed without pity and without regret, for under the dominance of a falsehood, no nation can permanently prosper. Let established sophisms be dethroned, rooted out, burnt and destroyed, for they are a standing menace to all true nobility of thought and action. Whatever alleged "truth" is proven by results to be but an empty fiction, let it be unceremoniously flung into the outer darkness, among the dead gods, dead empires, dead philosophies and other useless lumber and wreckage.

The most dangerous of all enthroned lies is the holy, the sanctified, the privileged lie -- the lie that "everybody" believes to be a model truth. It is the fruitful mother of all other popular errors and delusions. It is hydra-headed. It has a thousand roots. It is a social cancer. The lie that is known to be a lie is half eradicated, but the lie that even intelligent persons regard as a sacred fact -- the lie that has been inculcated around a mother's knee -- is more dangerous to contend against than a creeping pestilence. Popular lies have ever been the most potent enemies of personal liberty. There is only one way to deal with them. Cut them out, to the very core, just as cancers are. Exterminate them root and branch, or they will surely eat them all up. We must annihilate them, or they will us.

III

He who saith unto himself, "I must believe, I must not question" is not a man but a mere pusilanimous mental gelding. He who believes "because it has been handed down" is a fool in his folly. Sagacious spirits doubt all things, and hold fast only to that which is demonstrably true.

The rules in life are not to be found in Korans, Bibles, Decalogues and Constitutions, but rather the rules of decadence and death. The "law of laws" is not written in Hebrew consonants or upon tables of brass and stone, but in every man's own heart. He who obeys any standard of right and wrong, but the one set up by his own conscience, betrays himself into the hands of his enemies, who are ever laying in wait to bind him to their millstones.

"I rest my hopes on nothing" proclaimed Goethe, and masterful minds in all ages have never done otherwise. This unspoken thought gives to all truly great men their manifest superiority over the brainless, vociferating herd. The "common people" have always had to be fooled with some written or wooden or golden Idol -- some

constitution, declaration or gospel. Consequently, the majority of them have ever been mental thralls, living and dying in an atmosphere of strong illusion. They are befooled and hypnotized even to this hour, and a large portion of them must remain so, until time is no more. Indeed the masses of mankind are but the sediment from which all the more valuable elements have long ago been distilled. They are totally incapable of real freedom, and if it was granted to them, they would straightway vote themselves a master, or a thousand masters within twenty-four hours. Mastership is right -- Mastership is natural -- Mastership is eternal. But only for those who cannot overthrow it and trample it beneath their hoofs. Is it not a fact that in actual life, the ballot-box votes of ten million subjective personalities are as thistle down in the balance, when weighed against the far seeing thought and material prowess of, say, ten strong silent men?

IV

"Love one another" you say is the supreme law, but what power has made it so? Upon what rational authority does the Gospel of Love rest? Is it even possible in practice and what would result from its universal application to active affairs? Why should I not hate mine enemies, and hunt them down like the wild beasts they are? Again, I ask why? If I "love" them does that not place me at their mercy? Is it natural for enemies to "do good" unto each other and, what is "good?" Can the torn and bloody victim "love" the blood-splashed jaws that rend him limb from limb? Are we not all predatory animals by instinct? If humans ceased wholly from preying upon each other, could they continue to exist?

"Love your enemies and do good to them that hate and despitefully use you," is the despicable philosophy of the spaniel that rolls upon its back, when kicked. Obey it, O' reader, and you and all your posterity to the tenth generation shall be irretrievably and literally damned. They shall be hewers of wood, and carriers of water, degenerates, Gibeonites. But hate your enemies with a whole heart, and if a man smite you on one cheek, smash him down; smite him hip and thigh for self-preservation is the highest law. He who turns the "other cheek" is a cowardly dog -- a Christian dog.

Give him blow for blow, scorn for scorn, doom for doom; with compound interest liberally added thereunto. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, aye four-fold, a hundred-fold. Make yourself a terror to your adversary and when he goeth his way, he will possess much additional wisdom to ruminate over. Thus shall you make yourself respected in all the walks of life, and your spirit - your immortal spirit - shall live, not in an intangible paradise, but in the brains and thews of your aggressive and unconquerable sons. After all, the true proof of manhood is a splendid progeny; and it is a scientific axiom that the timid animal transmits timidity to its descendants.

If men lived "like brothers" and had no powerful enemies to contend with and surpass, they would rapidly lose all their best qualities - like certain oceanic birds that lose the use of their wings because they do not have to fly from pursuing beasts of prey. If all men had treated each other with brotherly love since the beginning, what would have been the result now? If there had been no wars, no rivalry, no competition, no kingship, no slavery, no survival of the toughest, no racial extermination, truly what a festering "hell fenced in" this old globe would be!

If this struggle is ordained of us, why not enter into it with kindly courage, with dauntless delight? Why not go forward daring all things, to conquer or to die? Is it not better to perish than to serve? "Liberty or Death" is not a meaningless phrase. No, it is of tremendous import to those who - comprehend.

What is death that it should make cowards of us all? What is life that it should be valued so highly? There are worse things than death, and among them is a life of dishonor. All men lead dishonorable lives that serve a master with hand or brain.

Life itself is but a spark in the gloom that flashes out and disappears. Why therefore not make the most of it here and now, here and now! There is no "Heaven of glory bright", and no hell where sinners roast. There is no right; there is no Wrong- nor God- nor Son - nor Ghost.

Death endeth all for every man
For every "son of thunder":
Then be a lion in the path,
And don't be trampled under.

For us there is no rest - no Kingdom of Indolence, either on this Earth or beyond the skies- no Isles of the Blest- no Elysian Fields - no garden of the Hesperides. NO! NO! All these magical legends are but fanciful dreams - fiction of mortals of yore.

Here and NOW is our day of torment! Here and NOW is our day of Joy! Here and now is our opportunity! Choose ye this day, this hour, for no redeemer liveth.

Every attempt made to organize the future must necessarily collapse. The present is our domain, and our chief duty is to take immediate possession thereof upon strict business principles. Strive therefore against them that strive against you, and war against them that war against thine. Lay hold of shield and buckler or their equivalents; stand up! Be a terrible one in thine own defense. Raise up also the clenched hand, and stop the way of them that would persecute you. Say unto thine own heart and soul: "I, even I, am my own redeemer."

Let them be hurled back into confusion and infamy, who devise thine undoing. Let them be as chaff before the cyclone, and let the Angel of Death pursue them, nay, overtake them. In a pit they have hidden a trap for thy feet; into that very destruction let them fall. Then, exultant, "sound the loud timbrel". Rejoice! Rejoice! in thine own salvation. Then all thy bones shall say pridefully, "Who is like unto me? Have I not delivered myself by mine own brain? Have I not been too strong for mine adversaries? Have I not spoiled them that would have spoiled me?"

V

Blessed are the strong, for they shall possess the earth - Cursed are the weak, for they shall inherit the yoke. Blessed are the powerful for they shall be revered among men - Cursed are the feeble for they shall be blotted out.

Blessed are the bold for they shall be masters of the world - Cursed are the humble, for they shall be trodden under hoofs. Blessed are the victorious, for victory is the basis of right - Cursed are the vanquished for they shall be vassals forever.

Blessed are the battle-blooded, beauty shall smile upon them - Cursed are the poor in spirit, they shall be spat upon. Blessed are the audacious, for they have imbibed true wisdom - Cursed are the obedient, for they shall breed creepings.

Blessed are the iron-handed, the unfit shall flee before them - Cursed are the haters of battle, subjugation is their portion. Blessed are the death-defiant, their days shall be long in the land - Cursed are the feeble-brained, for they shall perish amidst plenty.

Blessed are the destroyers of false hope, they are the true Messiahs - Cursed are the God-adorers, they shall be shorn sheep. Blessed are the valiant for they shall obtain great treasure - Cursed are the believers in good and evil for they are frightened by shadows.

Blessed are they who believe in nothing, never shall it terrorize their minds - Cursed are the "lambs of God," for they shall be bled whiter than snow. Blessed is the man who hath powerful enemies, they shall make him a hero - Cursed is he who "doeth good" unto others, he shall be despised.

Blessed is the man whose foot is swift to serve a friend, he is a friend indeed - Cursed are the organizers of Charities, they are propagators of plagues. Blessed are the wise and brave for in the struggle they shall win - Cursed are the unfit, for they shall be righteously exterminated.

Blessed are the sires of noble maidens, they are the salt of the earth - Cursed the mothers of strumous tenderlings, for they shall be ashamed. Blessed are the mighty-minded, for they shall ride the whirl-winds - Cursed are they who teach lies for truth, and truth for lies, for they are - abomination.

Blessed are the unmerciful, *their* posterity shall own the world - Cursed are the famous wiselings, their seed shall perish off the earth. Thrice cursed are the vile, for they shall serve and suffer.

PAX VOBISCUM

The Philosophy of Power and Logic of Today.

Might was Right when Caesar bled
Upon the stones of Rome,
Might was Right when Genghis led
His hordes over Danube's foam,
And Might was Right when German troops
Poured down through Paris way,
It's the Gosepl of the Ancient World
And the Logic of Today.

Behind all Kings and Presidents --
All government and law,
Are army-corps and canoneers
To hold the world in awe.
And sword-strong races own the earth
And ride the Conqueror's Car --
And liberty has never been won
Except by deeds of war.

What are the lords of horded gold --
The silent Semite rings --
High pontiffs, priests and kings?
What are they but bold master-minds,
Best fitted for the fray
Who comprehend and vanquish by --
The Logic of Today.

Cain's knotted club is scepter still --
The "Right of Man" is fraud.
Christ's Ethics are for creeping things --
True manhood smiles at "God".
For Might is Right when empires sink
In storms of steel and flame;
And it is RIGHT when weakling breeds --
Are hunted down like game.

Then what's the use of dreaming dreams,
That each shall "get his own"
By forceless votes of meek-eyed thralls,
Who blindly sweat and moan?
No! A curse is on their cankered brains --
Their very bones decay:
Go: Trace your fate in the Iron Game,
It's the Logic of Today.

The strong must ever rule the weak,
Is grim Primordial Law --
On earth's broad racial threshing floor,
The meek are beaten straw --
Then ride to power o'er foemen's necks
Let NOTHING bar your way:
If you are FIT you'll Rule and Reign,
Is the Logic of Today.

You must prove you're Right by deeds of Might
Of splendor and reknown.
If need be, die on scaffold high --
In the morning's misty gray.
For "Liberty or Death" is still
The Logic of Today.

Might was Right when Gideon led
The "chosen" tribes of old.
And it was right when Titus burnt
Their temple roofed with gold:
And Might was Right from Bunker's Hill,
To far Manilla Bay,
By land and flood it's writ in blood --
The Gospel of Today.

"Put not your trust in princes"
Is a saying old and true
"Put not your hope in governments"
Translateth it anew.
All "Books of Law" and "Golden Rules"
Are fashioned to betray:
"The Survival of the Strongest"
Is the Gospel of Today.

Might was Right when Carthage flames
Lit up the Punic foam --
And when the naked steel of Gaul
Weighed down the spoil of Rome;
And Might was Right when Richmond fell --
And at Thermopylae --
It's the logic of the Ancient World --
And the Gospel of Today.

Where pendant suns in millions swing
Around this whirling earth,
It's Might, It's Force that holds the brakes,
And steers through Death and Birth:
Force governs all organic life,
Inspires all Right and Wrong.
It's nature's plan to weed out man
And TEST who are the strong.