
Who is the Foreigner?

by D. Bond

Published in *The International Socialist Review* [Chicago], v. 11, no. 12 (June 1911), pp. 741-742.

There are but two nations in the civilized world. To which nation do you belong? Do you belong to the nation that lives by working, or to the nation that lives by owning? Some people who think they live by working in reality live by working the workers. Preachers, lawyers, capitalists, and burglars are apt to be of this class.

“Workingmen of all countries, unite.” That means unite in your own nation. The Chinaman, Jap, Mexican, Italian, Hungarian, or Negro who works, belongs to my nation. He belongs to your nation if you both are doing needful work. On the other hand, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Taft, Nicholas, Edward, Diaz, Alfonso, do not belong to your nation, no matter where they are born or where they live; no matter where you were born or where you live. No matter what their race; no matter what your race.

When Taft circled the world hobnobbing with royalty, did he go down into the hut of the Russian peasant and drink his health? When he came West, how many hours did he spend in your shack consulting you about the common good? Did he call in and take dinner with you? In Los Angeles he took dinner with those who could pay \$25 a plate, did he not? Those who took dinner with him do no useful work. They work you. They belong to the Morgan-Edward-Taft-Nicholas-Diaz nation. Down at El Paso did Taft consult with the

Mexican peon and the American wage-slave? He consulted with the arch-fiend Diaz how best to work the workers on both sides of the *imaginary* line. How to keep you and the peon thinking you are enemies belonging to different nations. How to insure that you should despise the Greaser, and the Greaser should hate you. These two lordly Greasers were greasing both of you.

Taft and Diaz belong to one nation. You and the peon to the other. There are but two. Taft and Diaz are foreigners to you in fact. You should hold them so in thought.

Get out of your bogus patriotism. Get the genuine kind. My country is the world. Those who do useful labor are my countrymen, my compatriots. The foreigner, the enemy, is oppressing my countrymen all over the world. They are breaking the backs of strong men. They are enslaving and debauching my country-women. They are grinding the lives of our poor little ones into profits for their insatiable maws. They are none of them my countrymen. I have nothing in common with them.

Workingmen, get rid of your slavish idolatry. You set up such men as Bryan, Taft, Roosevelt — you set them up as your idols. While you are worshipping your idols, their pals are riveting ever faster your chains.

Edited by Tim Davenport.

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