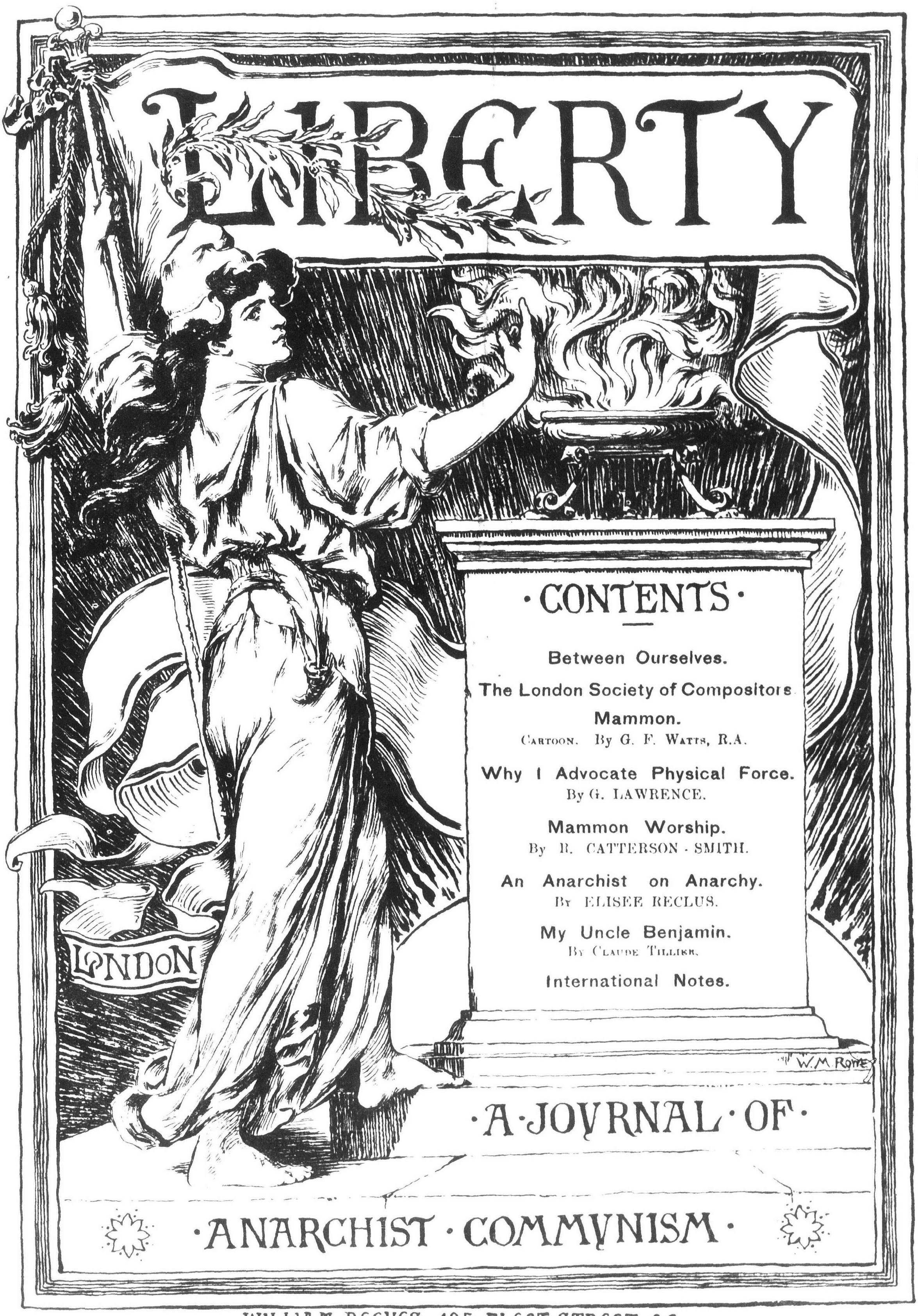
"Communism and Anarchism," A Reply to William Morris.

Vol. I. No. 3. MARCH, 1894. PRICE ONE PENNY.

LIBERTY



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· A · JOVRNAL · OF ·

· ANARCHIST · COMMVNISM ·

WILLIAM REEVES. 185, FLEET STREET, E.C.
AND OF J. TOCHATTI, CARMAGNOLE HOUSE, 7, BEADON ROAD, HAMMERSMITH.

"COMMUNISM AND ANARCHISM."

"AN ANARCHIST'S" REPLY.

I have read with considerable satisfaction William Morris' reasons for being a Communist. Morris says: "I am a Communist because, amongst other reasons, I believe that a Communal Society could deal with every problem with which a capitalist Society has perforce to deal, but with free hands and therefore with infinitely better chance of success. I believe that a Communal Society would bring about a condition of things in which we should be really wealthy, because we should have all we produced and should know what we wanted to produce: that we should have so much leisure from the production of what are called "utilities," that any group of people would have leisure to satisfy its cravings for what are usually looked upon as superfluities, such as works of art, research into facts, literature, the unspoiled beauty of nature; matters that to my mind are utilities also, being the things that make life worth living but which at present *nobody* can have in their fulness." To this *Credo* I, as an Anarchist, heartily subscribe. And when Morris further states that he does not believe in Catastrophical Communism, I add, neither do I, nor that our end will be gained by open war. How then? Morris believes that we shall reach it by using the Parliamentary method, that is, by sending guaranteed Socialists into Parliament who will decree for the workers an improved life, "better livelihood more leisure, in short treatment as citizens, not as machines."

That is all very well. I am never sorry to see our fellow beings in the Houses of Parliament show evidence of their humanity, but when these individuals have expressed their views on such matters, wrangled over them, written them on parchment, dated them Vic. so and so, and Cap. such a one, sealed them with seals, they have done their share of the work and there still remains the putting of their laws into practice, which is immeasurably the more important part. Men and women are now asking themselves all over the world why can we not improve our lives without waiting for Parliament to decree that we shall do so? Many have come to see that this very waiting for someone outside to order a new state of things, is just as futile as attempts at catastrophical reform, that the direction of men's thoughts and hopes towards benefits to result from deputed duties is misleading, that, in short, the immediate and active participation of each individual to the best of his ability in changing his own life is the only real way to change the vile system of competition into one of true co-operation and is the thing most needed to develope healthier conditions. The individual efforts towards the realization of our hopes, however small, are and can be the only signs of our growth towards Socialism. Anarchist Socialism demands these signs. Its development depends upon them, as indeed must every development whether of a nation as a whole, or of its component parts, the human beings, now artificially divided into governed and governors.

Perhaps there are among us still many who, like the sheep that Panurge sent leaping overboard by throwing their bell-wether into the waves, will not act without following a leader. Well, the Anarchists cannot but regret that there should be such, and think that at least they ought to have some better reason for following than those sheep had, and that when they move, they should do so, not because their leader jumped in a certain direction, but because they want to go that way themselves.

The advocates of the use of state machinery ask Anarchists from time to time what they propose as a substitute. We propose certainly to use existing organizations, but none that are so cumbrous and unwieldy as parliamentary ones. The workers who [illegible] are admittedly most harassed by present conditions must through their trade combinations make those terms with their present masters that William Morris wants made by Socialist M. P.s for them. Each trade-union knows what things its members lack, or rather each member knows what is needful for him and his fellow, and these they should straightway demand in return for what they produce. They want primarily, decent homes to live in, suitable garments to wear, wholesome food to eat and leisure to enjoy these things. The rest will follow.

The wonder is that the workers have not insisted long since on these wants being supplied out of the wealth they produce. Surely this has been because they were not fully conscious of their needs and of their powers. Socialist teachings have helped and are helping the dullest among them to attain this knowledge: without it the most beneficent acts of parliament would be so much waste-paper; with it what need is there for traveling the roundabout parliamentary road.

Again we say that supposing the workers to have obtained the sanction of the Houses of Lords and Commons to their living a decent life, they have still to organize so as to live that life and herein lies the whole and true difficulty.

The business of Socialists is to keep the development of the individual as a most necessary part of the development of the Community he lives in, ever before the minds of those they wish to socialize. Man, it has been said, cannot exist outside Society. Society we know could not exist without the individual. Both are necessary to each other and of equal importance. No Socialists can be more fully aware of these facts than the Anarchists, therefore, for William Morris to suppose that Anarchism is a negation of Society, shows clearly that his exponents of Anarchism did not make themselves understood or that William Morris is at present incapable of understanding it by reason of his head being too full of schemes for the socializing of Parliament.

Perhaps the best thing for Anarchists to say to such Socialists as William Morris would be, "If you think you will reform society through the ballot box by all means try to do so, but I claim the right to use other methods. Your ballot box shall no have control over my life. My methods shall not hinder yours. If we are honest and our methods just, we must meet eventually at the point towards which we are both trending. Good luck go with us!

There is no despair, idealized or otherwise among the Anarchists of England. Why should there be? We are gaining adherents every hour, and in the "genuine and spontaneous" growth of socialism among the workers there is more cause for hope to the Anarchist, who believes in organization without domination, than to the State-socialist, who can only exist where the masses remain in ignorance of their power. All things are setting our way. The greatest thinkers, dreamers, poets, (including William Morris) men of science, the more intelligent among the professors of religion are all teaching that only in fellowship can men live truly, and fully, and they are, as well as we, demanding the change as speedily as possible.

The spirit of the age first changes and then the form. We see or rather hear of rich men ashamed of their riches because they doubt the purity of their source. Poor men are around us, unashamed of their poverty because it testifies in these days to their honesty: workmen are refusing to become foremen over their fellows, lest they should lose that touch of fellowship which has become to them more precious than increase of wage: trade union officials are choosing to re-enter the ranks of their union, because they find they can be more helpful to their societies as ordinary members and they do not care to sell their help for coin; our youths prefer to

swell the ranks of the unemployed to joining the army in which they may one day be ordered to shoot down their fellow-countrymen as at Featherstone.

Such men are truer signs of the times than those who strive to climb into power upon the shoulders of their comrades. Of such will come the fellowship of True Communism.

THE LONDON SOCIETY OF COMPOSITORS.

This Society has in the past been looked upon as a model trades union, and the members generally are not very slow to take credit to themselves for belonging to it. There can be no doubt that as a trade organization it has had a remarkably successful career, but the last three years or so should have shown the members that the old conservative policy is well nigh useless to grapple with the present economic conditions. In this respect I conclude it is the same as other trade unions. The capital of the society has decreased about £10,000 during the past three years. Last year it paid out £11,696 in unemployed allowances, and its out-of-work members averaged about 6 per cent. of a total membership of 10,000. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that the object of a trades union is to save competition beween its members for the sale of the only commodity possessed by the workers, viz., labour-power; but this fact appears to be entirely ignored by the great majority of the L.S.C., amongst whom may be counted those who are mainly responsible for the conducting of its affairs. The card of membership covers a multitude of sins. We find members who, whilst they are determined to be paid the minimum rate of wages, are equally determined to keep their situations: to do which they may have to produce work worth considerably more than their wages (of course I am now speaking from the trade union standpoint, but I recognize the curse of the wage system) and allow the scale to be violated in various ways. It is the boast of the L.S.C. that this scale was mutually agreed upon at a joint committee of masters and men, which boast in itself illustrates the composition of the society, as I am fully convinced that in this instance the masters agreed to the scale because they had considerably the best of the agreement, the men because they either did not recognize their true interests, or had not the courage to insist upon them. It is apparent that if a man does £2 worth of work for £1 wages he must be working against himself and against his fellow workers, as well as against his professed principles—he is no more a trades unionist than the man without the trade card. Although individual members are much to blame in this respect, it is the members as a body who are most in fault, this being the competition they banded themselves together to avoid.

In the various trades where machinery has been introduced, the workers have almost unanimously been convinced that it would be a failure, believing that no machinery could do their work; nevertheless machinery has done it, and the compositors are just awakening to the fact that the introduction of machinery is no more impossible to their trade than the others. Committees have been sitting in conjunction with the provincial societies to consider this question, the great object of which appears to be that the machine operators shall be paid a little extra, ignoring altogether the lot of those who will be thrown out of work by their introduction. So it amounts to this, that H to Z have been bearing a large proportion of the expense of these deliberations to enable A to G to get a slight increase in wages, with the greatest certainty that they themselves will be thrown out of work. Now with the increasing number of unemployed, the decreasing capital, the increasing working expenses, and the successful introduction of machinery, it will be interesting to notice how long the members of this society will be content to allow any attempt to discuss their position to be shelved by the Executive (which has hitherto been done) to say nothing of endeavoring to better their condition.

How long will they refuse to recognize that a large unemployed army is a direct encreement to their masters to reduce the wages and very likely try to break their combination? Do they not see the absurdity of expecting the unemployed to support a union which looks upon them as unworthy members, notwithstanding they are allowed the magnificent amount of 12s. (less 10d. subscription) per week to *live* upon! and how long before they determine upon a policy, not for better wages merely, but for using their combination to help to work out their emancipation from the accursed system of wage-slavery!

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.

CHAPTER II.
Continued

WHO MY UNCLE WAS.

My uncle Benjamin lived at his sister's; he was five feet ten inches in height, carried a big sword at his side, and wore a coat of scarlet ratteen, breeches of the same color and material, pearl-grey silk stockings, and shoes with buckles; over his coat bobbed a large black cue almost as long as his sword, which, incessantly going and coming, had covered him with powder, so that my uncle's coat, with its shades of red and white, looked like a peeling brick. My uncle was a doctor; that was why he wore a sword. I do not know whether the sick had much confidence in him; but he, Benjamin, had very little confidence in medicine: he often said that a docter did very well if he did not kill his patient. Whenever my uncle Benjamin came into possesion of a franc or two, he went to buy a big fish and gave it to his sister to make a matelote, upon which the entire family feasted. My uncle Benjamin, according to all who knew him, was the gayest, drollest, wittiest man in all the country round, and he would have been the most—how shall I say it not to fail in respect to my great uncle's memory?—he would have been the least sober, if the town drummer named Cicero, had not shared his glory.

Nevertheless my uncle Benjamin was not what you lightly term a drunkard, make no mistake about that. He was an epicurean who pushed philosophy to the point of intoxication,—that was all. He had a very elevated and distinguished stomach. He loved wine, not for itself, but for that short-lived madness which it brings, a madness which engenders in the man of wit an unreasonableness so naive, piquant, and original that one almost prefers it to reason. If he could have intoxicated himself by reading the mass, he would have read the mass every day. My uncle Benjamin had principles; he maintained that a fasting man was a man still asleep; that intoxication would have been one of the greatest blessings of the Creator, if it had not injured the head, and that the only thing that made man superior to the brute was the faculty of getting drunk.

Reason, said my uncle, amounts to nothing; it is simply the power of feeling present evils and remembering them. The privilege of abdicating one's reason is the only thing of value. You say that the man who drowns his reason in wine brutalizes himself: it is the pride of caste that makes you hold to that opinion. Do you really think, then, that the condition of the brute is worse than your own? When you are tormented by hunger, you would like very much to be the ox that feeds in grass up to his belly; when you are in prison, you would like very much to be the bird that cleaves the azure of the skies with a free wing; when you are on the point of being turned out of house and home, you

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An English Tribute to the French Commune.

DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

A COMMEMORATION MEETING will be held at the Club and Institute Union, Clerkenwell Road, on MONDAY, MARCH 19th. Speakers: John Turner, P. Kropotkin, Louise Michel, H. B. Samuels, J. Tochatti, C. W. Mobray, Fauset Macdonald, Agnes Henry, S. Yanovosky. At 8.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT, NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT, LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

"LIBERTY" is a journal of Anarchist Communism; but articles on all phases of the Revolutionary movement will be freely admitted, provided they are worded in suitable language. No contributions should exceed one column in length. The writer over whose signature the article appears is alone responsible for the opinions expressed, and the Editor in all matters reserves to himself the fullest right to reject any article.

We would ask our contributors, to write plainly and on one side of the paper only.

All Communications should be addressed, The Editor, Liberty, 7 Beadon Road, Hammersmith W.

Subscription, 1s. 6d. per year, post free. Per quire of 27 copies, 1s. 7d. post free. The trade supplied by W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

To Correspondents.

H. J. PURKISS, Southampton. We agree with you with regard to Comrade Merlino's arrest; see notes.

B. FEINSTEIN, Landport.—Space prevents our printing your interesting letter.

W. A. WHITTICK, Philadelphia. Thanks for your article "Why I am an Anarchist." Will appear shortly.

H. CAMPBELL, Edinburgh. We are pleased to hear from you; as requested, LIBERTYS forwarded.

LIBERTY.

LONDON, MARCH, 1894.

Between Ourselves.

Colonel Majendie's assumption that Martial Bourdin's "intention was the immediate use of the explosive probably against the Observatory, its contents, or inmates," is utterly absurd; but it is what we would naturally expect from Colonel Majendie, intent, no doubt, on creating a prejudice against Anarchism. It is impossible to say more, the whole affair being involved in mystery.

The Strand Magazine seems to be anxious to give a practical lesson to discontented, wronged or desperate persons who may seek to regenerate Society by promiscuous dynamite explosions, as in its February issue is an article on "Dynamite and Dynamiters" in which detailed illustrations and explanations are given of the various clock-work and other means of firing bombs; moreover when such devices have failed the sources of failure are carefully given. The illustrations appear to be from official photographs.

The arrest of Comrade S. Merlino has created quite a sensation, not only with Anarchists and Socialists, but also with the public, amongst whom he has a number of personal friends and sympathisers, being well known as a lawyer and writer on political and economic matters.

Among his contributions to the Social Question, we will only mention two of his most conspicuous books, viz. "Monopolismo e Socialismo" (Monopoly and Socialism) and "l'Italie telle qu'elle est" (Italy as it is) containing valuable and well arranged documents on the exploitation by the financial bloodhounds.

When Merlino arrived in Naples, he found that many of the Anarchists and Socialists were in prison, and on attempting to meet some friends one evening in a public garden he was warned by the cry, "the Police." On beating a retreat the police fired four shots at him; unfortunately his foot caught in the tram rails and he fell and cut his forehead, which enabled the police to effect a capture. The information of Merlino's engagement to meet his friends is ascribed to a spy mixing with the few comrades who met him.

Merlino was put with the common criminals at first, and an attempt was made to prejudice them against him by circulating that he was a police spy, but they soon found out what a good fellow he was. When placed in solitary confinement, no communications are allowed from the outside world, and to prevent any indiscretion the jailers are not allowed to go to his cell, his food being taken to him by the governor of the prison.

Things seem still to be in a bad way in Italy, it is difficult to get at a true record of what is taking place there. Freedom of the press is completely suppressed, and the papers are allowed to publish what is agreeable to the Government only. Any deviation from this on the part of Editors is promptly punished by imprisonment and seizure of the journal.

Arrests and condemnations continue in the most violent and brutal ways. In Lunigiana more than 1,600 persons arrested and in Sicily not less than 2,500, and in other parts of the country all who have the misfortune to be suspected by the Government, or who have shown themselves active in Socialist propaganda are quickly laid by the heels, even innocent persons being blindly condemned by the military tribunals to heavy sentences. The object doubtless being to scatter terror, crush the revolutionary movement, and the Anarchist idea at one and the same time. Every one pointed out by the Government, must be effectively struck down. Such is the order given by Crispi the Infamous, and the idea of justice just now in vogue in Italy. It is only by means of private letters that one can get any gleaning of the doings of the precious Government of the discredited House of Savoy.

At Mantua the advocate Molinari was arrested in the middle of the night, dragged from his bed, and sent bound to Massa. He was there duly brought before the tribunal, and in spite of the fact that he had never been out of his own locality during the troubles at Lunigiana he was sentenced to 23 years imprisonment, three of which are to be passed in solitary confinement. Such a terrible punishment has stirred the whole of the Italian press, but the Government continues its path of blood and oppression.

At Palermo a soldier has just been condemned to 20 year's military seclusion, because he gave aid to his own mother during the troubles there, who had been thrown down by the violence of the gendarmes. At the village of Marineo (Sicily) a company of the 38th Regiment fired on the people, 8 persons being killed and 35 wounded; among the former was a poor woman, who had a son (Bonafede) in the ranks of the very soldiers who had caused this butchery.

Scarcely had Society avenged itself on Vaillant, than it was again thrown into a state of consternation by the explosion at the Café du Terminus. So the war goes on. Not long ago it was Ravachol; almost yesterday, Vaillant; to day Henry. Our views on the explosion at Cafe du Terminus are well expressed by our comrade in his Paris letter.

The police make raids, seize literature and arrest well known Anarchists, still the blows fall. The press cries out for the arrest of Anarchist speakers who incite these deeds; they are arrested, but still the outrages do not cease. Oh no, messieurs! it is not the agitator who is creating the mischief, but your rotten corrupt society. Go on guillotining, but you will find it useless, sooner or later you must try something else.

Correspondence.

Dear Comrades, Paris, February [illegible]

[illegible]

MAMMON WORSHIP.

By R. CATTERSON SMITH.

Watts' picture is delicated to the worshippers of Mammon. At first sight the meaning of "Mammon" seems plain, but when I turn upon my thoughts to examine them more carefully, the meaning and its bearings are not so evident. Appealing to the dictionary I find that mammon means riches, or with a large M the God of riches. Turning to "The Book," Jesus says "ye cannot serve God and mammon," meaning one cannot seek riches on the path to God. The God in this case demanding self-renunciation as the highest tribute.

All things considered it seems that Mammon is the God of those who seek to gain power to indulge themselves, and cut a fine figure, without regarding the consequences of their actions upon others. Here crops up the question of "the consequences of their actions upon others," and it is just in that, that the hardest nut to crack comes. Men certainly are right to do the best for themselves. The man with foresight and energy sees his way to prosperity, and attains it, he sees the from-hand to-mouth man, void of gift, with little or no foresight, plodding along with a ring in his nose led by others, and he naturally thinks himself the finer creature, and deserving of all he gets, and if he thinks scientifically or without sentiment, he considers he is the kind which ought to survive, and sees in himself Nature's darling. He shall have his horses and his carriages, his palace, his pictures, his luxurious living and beautiful wife. And why not? Because well, I cannot argue although I believe it is for ever right for a man to do the best for himself, it does not follow that the best is to be gained by the pursuit of riches disregarding the welfare of others; and that brings me back to Watts's picture; for in it he has given his opinion on the matter, or perhaps rather the opinion of many or most of the greatest moralists of this and past ages.

MAMMON.

By G. F. WATTS, R.A.

There sits the God, and at his feet his victims. They have attained the very presence of their God, to find, "the vanity of vanities" for surely there never sets an emptier attainment. Look at the features of the God! The eyes are not merely stupid they are horrible like eyes asphyxiated; there is neither love nor any possibility in them; they cannot perceive an appeal, they are as hopeless as death. The forehead and eyebrows are wrinkled not with noble thought but with peevishness and *ennui*. The nose a coarse inhumane beak. The mouth flabby, and gutless, a mere sink. Many such faces may be found amongst us decorating the heads of some of our proudest citizens. Look again! the ears are ass's to denote asinine stubbornness. On either side of this empty head is another, not more empty human skulls fit decorations to the regal seat, for to the God Mammon, art is of no avail, he being blind. Drop your eyes from the head over the gold brocaded mantle which, by the way, has no show of art upon it, but is gaudy only, to the grasping hands, the right clutches ruthlessly by the hair a female, tender, beautiful and young, meaning, I take it, to convey the idea that beauty is not used but abused by Mammon. This woman may be the type of worshippers who have gained all that riches can give, or, of the no less unhappy victims who have suffered from the consequences of the pursuit of riches by others, *i.e.*, the workwomen. Under the left foot manhood lies crushed; again whether it be the attainer of riches or the poor slaves who minister to the wants of such it matters not. The picture taken as a whole impresses me with the silence and horror of a charnel house.

Now though I believe the pursuit of riches leads to the throne of an uncreative God, a God of consumption only; yet, I do not believe that the cure of the evil lies in trying to persuade people to give up the pursuit of power, for I do not think they will, so long as the possibility of riches is left open to individuals. So long as we allow a monopoly of the means of life and comfort, we shall have the ruthless, selfish, clever, or strong in some way or other, wasting life's highest possibilities. And to me, the first steps towards closing the paths to this wasteful power, is in the direction of the common ownership of the earth and the tools necessary for production.

I cannot, after dwelling on these unpleasant aspects of life, refrain from adding the hope inspiring words of Shelley, so far off the cant of self renunciation or the brutal self indulgence of mammonism.

> If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
> Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
> How much, while any yet remain unshared,
> Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared:
> This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
> The unenvied light of hope; the eternal law
> By which those live, to whom this world of life
> Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
> Tills for the promise of a better birth
> The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

"England has become a nation of thieves. Everybody is trying to rob everybody else, and that not bravely and strongly, but in the cowardly and loathsome ways of lying trades." JOHN RUSKIN.

Continued from page 21.

would like very much to be the ugly snail whose shell there is none to dispute.

The equality of which you dream, the brute possesses. In the forests there are neither kings, nor nobles, nor a third estate. The problem of common life studied in vain by your philosophers was solved thousands of centuries ago by the poor insects, the ants, and the bees. The animals have no doctors; they are neither blind, nor hump-backed, nor lame, nor bow-legged, and they have no fear of hell.

My uncle Benjamin was twenty-eight years old. He had been practising medicine for three years; but medicine had not made him a man of income, far from it: he owed his tailor for three scarlet coats and his barber for three years of hair-dressing, and in each of the most famous taverns of the town he had a pretty little account running, with nothing on the credit side but a few drugs.

My grandmother was three years older than Benjamin; she had cradled him on her knees and carried him in her arms, and she looked upon herself as his mentor. She bought his cravats and pocket-handkerchiefs, mended his shirts, and gave him good advice to which he listened very attentively, — so much justice at least must be done him, — but of which he did not make the slightest use.

Every evening regularly, after supper, she urged him to seek a wife.

"Bah!" said Benjamin; "to have six children like Machecourt," — that was the name he gave my grandfather, — "and dine off the fins of a herring?"

"But, poor fellow, you would at least have bread."

"Yes, bread that will have risen too much to-day, not enough to-morrow, and the day after will have the measles! Bread! what does that amount to? It is good to keep one from dying, but it is not good to make one live. I shall be far advanced indeed when I shall have a wife to tell me that I put too much sugar in my vials and too much powder on my cue, to come to the tavern in search of me, to rummage in my pockets when I am asleep, and to buy three cloaks for herself to one coat for me."

"But your creditors, Benjamin, how do you expect to pay them?"

"In the first place, when one has credit, it is the same as if he were rich, and when your creditors are good-natured and patient, it is the same as if you had none. Besides, what do I need to enable me to square my accounts? Only a first-class epidemic. God is good, my dear sister, and will not abandon in his embarrassment him whose business it is to repair his finest work."

"Yes," said my grandfather, "and render it so unserviceable that it has to be buried in the ground."

"Well," responded my uncle, "that is the usefulness of doctors; but for them there would be too many people in the world. Of what use would it be for God to take the trouble to send us diseases if men could be found to cure them?"

"In that case you are a dishonest man; you rob those who send for you."

"No, I do not rob them, because I reassure them, I give them hope, and I always find a way to make them laugh. That is worth a good deal."

My grandmother, seeing that the conversation had changed its current, decided that she had better go to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

WHY MY UNCLE DECIDED TO MARRY.

Nevertheless a terrible catastrophe, which I shall have the honor to relate to you directly, shook Benjamin's resolutions.

One day my cousin Page, a lawyer in the bailiwick of Clamecy, came to invite him together with Machecourt to celebrate Saint Yves. The dinner was to take place at a well-known tea-garden situated within two gun-shots of the faubourge; the guests, moreover, were a select party. Benjamin would not have given that evening for an entire week of his ordinary life. So after vespers my grandfather, adorned in his wedding coat, and my uncle, with his sword at his side, were at the rendezvous.

Almost all the guests were there. Saint Yves was magnificently represented in this assembly. In the first place there was Page, the lawyer, who never pleaded a case except between two glasses of wine; the clerk of the court, who was in the habit of writing while asleep, the government attorney, Rapin, who, having received as a present from a litigant a cask of tart wine, had him cited before the court that he might get a better one from him; Arthus, the notary, who had been known to eat a whole salmon for his dessert; Millot-Ratant, poet and tailor, author of "Grand Noel"; an old architect that had not been sober for twenty years; M. Munxit, a doctor of the neighborhood, who consulted urines; two or three notable merchants, — notable, that is, for their gayety and appetite; and some huntsmen, who had provided the table with an abundance of game. At sight of Benjamin all the guests uttered a shout of welcome, and declared that it was time to sit down to table. During the two first courses all went well. My uncle was charming with his wit and his sallies; but at dessert heads began to grow hot; all commenced shouting at once.

Soon the conversation was nothing but a confusion of epigrams, oaths, and sallies, bursting out together and trying to stifle each other, the whole making a noise like that of a dozen glasses clashing against each other simultaneously.

To be continued.

Liberty the Mother of Order.

Order springs from the free activity of all: there is no government. Whoso lays a hand upon me to govern me is a usurper and a tyrant. I declare him my enemy.

Proudhon.

WHY I ADVOCATE PHYSICAL FORCE

TO REPEL THE AGGRESSIVE FORCE OF THE GOVERNING CLASS.

By G. LAWRENCE.

In order to make clear my advocacy of such force as has been used on the Continent (and will no doubt be used sooner or later in this country too) it is well to state what position in, or rather outside, Society it is from which I have to deal with the social problem.

I am an economic slave; that is, I have to sell my labour, being the only thing I possess, to anyone who will purchase it; considering myself lucky if even I can sell it to advertise the adulterated food which poisons me, to build a church which robs me of my intellect, to build a wall which prevents my looking upon natural scenery or, worst of all, to advertise the cause of the candidate for office whose interests I believe to be diametrically opposed to mine; I am in a vice. I must sell myself to help do some job I would rather not have done, or I must starve if I refuse so to sell myself. I am a slave because I cannot choose my work according to my aptitude or my principles; a slave because I must starve, beg, or steal, if not employed on the terms laid down by another; a slave because I cannot choose whether, even on terms not my own, I will be employed and so be able to live or not. A slave, because Society treats me, not as one of its members, but as a tool or a wire, to be disposed of at any market value like a log of timber or a bale of goods. I must do the

bidding of the commercialist if I desire to live, the alternative is starvation and death. Thus, being an economic slave, I have no political rights.

Now while those who form Society, *i.e.*, those who hold the property of the nation and as a consequence enjoy political freedom, are discussing the situation, I am suffering under it. It must not be forgotten that there are plenty of nostrums advocated for the regeneration of Society, by men who are politically free. Hundreds of nostrums; but no particular hurry to come to any agreement about them. And if one comes to review the many schemes put forward, it is plain that the advocates of each of them are willing to do *something*, provided only that the something to be done does not affect the schemer's individual position. The consequence is that nothing actually *is* done. It is all very natural: self-preservation is the first law of nature. But we must remember that the economic slave is also a natural being, and must therefore act in precisely the same way.

It is because I believe so strongly in the law of self-preservation that I predict, that the conflicting schemes propounded by the propertied classes, each of which schemes is so devised as not to interfere with the present position of those who devise them, must inevitably fail. What then? The same natural law which thus robs the rulers of power, will assert itself in the slaves, causing them to resort to the only means of self-preservation which they possess, namely, physical force. They will thus compel Society either to make concessions, or to dissolve. In the latter case a new society would begin to grow according to the real aspirations of the people who, having no longer any immediate interests apart from the rest of humanity, would be inclined to act in a perfectly just and equitable way.

But now what about acts of individual revolt? and are they beneficial?

They are just as truly a natural phenomenon as the general revolution itself; justifiable, therefore, in the same way and proportionately beneficial. They are, in short, part and parcel of the total revolution, and an important part, inasmuch as they contribute to its success by forcing upon the attention of Society the desperate condition into which it has got, bringing home to people otherwise indifferent, that something is really and radically wrong. This cannot but induce thought as to how matters can be remedied. Even though Society concludes that it is best to hang the individual rebel, at least it has been moved. The chances are that when action becomes more frequent Society will begin to alter the manner of its response. Deeper consideration will be given, and minds thus unconsciously prepared for the actual revolution.

My belief is that through the acts of such men as Ravachol, Pallas and Vaillant all Society is roused to give at least a passing thought to the social question; and the hard ground is broken for those whose work it is to teach the philosophy of that question.

"DEFEAT!"

Who is it speaks of defeat?
 I tell you a Cause like ours
Is greater than defeat can know;
 It is the power of powers!

As surely as the earth rolls round,
 As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world [illegible],
 Must our Cause be won!

What is defeat to [illegible]
 Learn what [illegible]
While the great [illegible]
 [illegible]

[illegible]

AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY.

By ELISÉE RECLUS.

And what are the remedies proposed for the social ills which are consuming the very marrow of our bones? Can charity, as assert many good souls — who are answered in chorus by a crowd of egoists — can charity by any possibility deal with so vast an evil? True, we know some devoted ones who seem to live only that they may do good. In England, above all, is this the case. Among childless women who are constrained to lavish their love on their kind are to be found many of those admirable beings whose lives are passed in consoling the afflicted, visiting the sick, and ministering to the young. We cannot help being touched by the exquisite benevolence, the indefatigable solicitude shown by these ladies towards their unhappy fellow-creatures; but, taken even in their entirety, what economic value can be attached to these well meant efforts? What sum represents the charities of a year in comparison with the gains which hucksters of money and hawkers of loans oftentimes make by the speculations of a single day? While Ladies Bountiful are giving a cup of tea to a pauper, or preparing a potion for the sick, a father or a brother, by a hardy stroke on the Stock Exchange or a successful transaction in produce, may reduce to ruin thousands of British workmen or Hindoo coolies. And how worthy of respect soever may be deeds of unostentatious charity, is it not the fact that the bestowal of alms is generally a matter of personal caprice, and that their distribution is too often influenced rather by the political and religious sympathies of the giver than by the moral worth of the recipient? Even were help always given to those who most need it, charity would be none the less tainted with the capital vice, that it infallibly constitutes relations of inequality between the benefited and the benefactor. The latter rejoices in the consciousness of doing a good thing, as if he were not simply discharging a debt; and the former asks bread as a favor, when he should demand work as a right, or, if helpless, human solidarity. Thus is created and developed hideous mendicity with its lies, its tricks, and its base, heart-breaking hypocrisy. How much nobler are the customs of some so-called "barbarous countries" where the hungry man simply stops by the side of those who eat, is welcome by all, and then, when satisfied, with a friendly greeting withdraws — remaining in every respect the equal of his host, and fretting under no painful sense of obligation for favours received! But charity breeds patronage and platitudes — miserable fruits of a wretched system, yet the best which a society of capitalists has to offer us!

II.

Hence we may say that, in letting those whom they govern — and the responsibility for whose fate they thereby accept — waste by want, sink under exposure, and deteriorate by vice, the leaders of modern society have committed moral bankruptcy. But where the masters have come short, free men may, perchance, succeed. The failure of governments is no reason why we should be discouraged; on the contrary, it shows us makes us all the mor efirmly resolved to take our own cause into our the danger of entrusting to others the guardianship of our rights, and own care. We are not among those whom the practice of social hypocrisies, the long weariness of a crooked life, and the uncertainty of the future have reduced to the necessity of asking ourselves — without daring to answer it — the sad question: "Is life worth living?" Yes, to us life does seem worth living, but on condition that it has an end — not personal happiness, not a paradise, either in this world or the next — but the realization of a cherished wish, an ideal that belongs to us and springs from our innermost conscience. We are striving to draw nearer to that ideal equality which, century after century, has hovered before subject peoples like a heavenly dream. The little that each of us can do offers an ample recompense for the perils of the combat. On these terms life is good, even a life of suffering and sacrifice — even though it may be cut short by premature death.

The first condition of equality, without which any other progress is merest mockery — the object of all socialists without exception — is that every man shall have bread. To talk of duty, of renunciation, of ethereal virtues to the famishing, is nothing less than cowardice. Dives has no right to preach morality to the beggar at his gates. If it were true that civilized lands did not produce food enough for all, it might be said that, by virtues of vital competitions, bread should be reserved for the strong, and that the weak must content themselves with the crumbs that fall from the feasters' table. In a family where love prevails things are not ordered in this way; on the contrary, the small and the infirm receive the fullest measure; yet it is evident that dearth may strengthen the hands of the violent and make the powerful monopolizers of bread. But are our modern societies really reduced to these straits? On the contrary, whatever may be the value of Malthus's forecast as to the distant future, it is an actual, incontestable fact that in the civilized countries of Europe and America the sum total of provisions produced, or received in exchange for manufactures, is more than enough for the sustenance of the people. Even in times of partial dearth the granaries and warehouses have but to open their doors that every one may have a sufficient share. Notwithstanding waste and prodigality, despite the enormous losses arising from moving about and exchanging goods in warehouses and shops, there is always enough to feed everyone in all the world. And yet there are some who die of hunger! And yet there are fathers who kill their children because when the little ones cry for food they have none to give them.

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