

THE CONTINUATION OF  
MICHAEL BAKUNIN'S "GOD AND THE STATE."

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# LIBERTY

## • CONTENTS •

Between Ourselves.

Why I am an Expropriationist.

By L. S. BEVINGTON.

Poem.

Railway Monopoly.

By T. BOLAS.

An Anarchist on Anarchy.

By ELISEE RECLUS.

My Uncle Benjamin.

By CLAUDE TILLIER.

International Notes.

W. M. ROY

• A JOURNAL OF •

• ANARCHIST • COMMUNISM •

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## GOD AND THE STATE.



### EXTRACTS FROM UNEDITED MANUSCRIPTS OF MICHAEL BAKUNIN.

(TRANSLATED FOR "LIBERTY" BY "N. T.")

#### I.

During the time of his staying in Marseilles in October, 1870, until his departure from Locarno to the Jura in April, 1871, Bakunin wrote a long, though not finished, book, the first part of which was published in July, 1871, as "L'Empire Kneutegermanique et la Révolution Sociale"; of the second part, "Sophismes historiques de l'école doctrinaire des Communistes allemands," only a few pages were printed, but not published; this part was rewritten at the end of 1872, and I published a few extracts from this latter manuscript in the "Lotta Sociale," of Milan (January, 1894). Of the remaining parts of the MS. a fragment was published in 1882, entitled (by the editors Cafiero and Reclus) "Dieu et l'Etat" (God and the State), from the continuation of the MS. of this fragment the translation of some extracts will be given here.

Bakunin exposes and criticizes at length the system of doctrinal deism and bourgeois liberalism which holds these opinions on the function of the State: "The State, then, imposes itself on everybody as the sole representative of the Well-being, the Salvation, the Justice of all. It limits the freedom of everybody in the name of the right of all, the individual interests of everybody in the name of the collective interest of the whole of society,"—to which Bakunin remarks:

"In the name of this fiction which is called collective interest, collective right or collective will, collective liberty, the Jacobin absolutists, the revolutionists of J. J. Rousseau's and Robespierre's school proclaim the inhuman doctrine of the absolute right of the State, whilst the monarchist absolutists found this doctrine with much more consequent logic on the grace of God. The liberal doctrinaires, at any rate those of them who are in earnest about the liberal theories, starting from the principle of individual liberty pose at the beginning, as we know, as opponents to the principle of the State. They were the first who said that Government, that is the body of the functionaries organized in one or another way and especially charged with exercising the action of the State, was a necessary evil and that all civilization consisted in diminishing more and more its attributes and right. But in reality, whenever the existence of the State is seriously at stake, we see the liberal doctrinaires show themselves not less fanatical partisans of the absolute right of the State as the monarchist and Jacobin absolutists.

"Their cult of the State by every means, which is, at any rate apparently, so much opposed to their liberal ideas, has a twofold explanation: first a *practical* one, in the interests of their class, since the immense majority of the liberal doctrinaires are bourgeois. This class, so numerous and so respectable, would demand nothing better than the right or rather the privilege of the most complete anarchy for itself; all its social economy, the real basis of its political existence, is based on that single law formulating this anarchy in the words which have become so famous: *Laissez faire et laissez passer.*" But it likes this anarchy only for itself, under the condition only that the masses who are "too ignorant to use without abusing it" should be kept in submission to the most severe discipline exercised over them by the State. For if the masses, tired of working for others, should revolt, and the political and social existence of the bourgeoisie would fail to pieces. Thus we see always and everywhere that, when the masses of the workers begin to move, the most exalted bourgeois liberals at once become again partisans of State omnipotence. And since the masses of the people begin to stir today like a growing and chronic evil, we see that the liberal bourgeois, even in the freest countries, become more and more converted to the cult of absolute power.

Besides this practical reason there is another of an eminently *theoretical* character which in equal degree forces back the most sincere liberals to the cult of the State. They are and call themselves liberals because they take individual liberty as the basis and starting point of their theory, and precisely because they start from this basis, they must end, as a fatal consequence, by acknowledging the absolute right of the State.

Individual liberty, according to them, is not a creation, a historical product of society. They pretend that it precedes every society and that every man brings it with him, when he is born, like his immortal soul, as a divine gift. Hence it results that man is significant, nay, that he is himself, a complete and, in some way, *absolute being*, only as apart from society. Being himself, originally and apart from society, a free being he forms society by a voluntary act and by a sort of contract, which may be either instructive or fictitious, or a product of reflection and formulation. In short, according to this theory, individuals are not the product of society but they, on the contrary, create it, driven by some outside necessity like work and war.

It is evident that, from the standpoint of this theory, society properly speaking, does not exist, the natural state of human society, the starting point of all human civilization, the only medium through which

human individuality and liberty really can develop themselves, is perfectly ignored by this theory. On the one hand it recognizes only individuals existing by themselves and free by themselves, and on the other hand, this conventional society, arbitrarily formed by these individuals and based on a formal or tacit contract; that is, the State. (They know perfectly well that no historical State was ever founded on a contract, but that all were formed by violence, by conquest. By this fiction of a free contract as the basis of the State is necessary to their theory, and they adopt it without further ceremony.)

From the standpoint of this theory, the human individuals, thus massed by convention, form the State, appear very strange beings full of contradictions. Endowed each of them with an immortal soul and inherent liberty or free will, they are on the one hand, infinite, absolute and, as such, within themselves, by themselves, complete beings, self-sufficient and in no need of anybody; strictly speaking not even of God; because as immortal and infinite beings they are gods themselves. On the other hand, they are beings brutally material, feeble, imperfect, limited and absolutely dependent on nature outside of them, which brings them into existence, keeps them and takes them away sooner or later. Considered from the first standpoint they require so little society that the latter appears rather as an obstacle to the full exercise of their existence, to their perfect liberty. And so we saw, since the beginning of Christianity, saint and austere men who were in earnest about the immortality and salvation of their souls, break off all their social relations and keep away from all intercourse with men, trying to find in solitude perfection, virtue, God. They quite reasonably and logically regarded society as a source of corruption and the complete isolation of the soul as the condition of all virtues. If they sometimes left their solitude it was never done of a necessity, but of generosity, by Christian charity towards those who continued to get corrupted in society, who needed their advice, their prayers and their direction. They always did so to save others, never to save and to perfect themselves. On the contrary they risked ruining their souls by re-entering this society from which they had escaped with horror, as from the school of every kind of corruption; and once their sacred work was achieved, they returned as soon as possible to their desert, to become perfect again by incessant contemplation of their own individuality, their solitary soul, in the sole presence of God.

All who to-day still believe in the immortality of the soul, in innate liberty or free will, should follow their example if they desire to save their souls and to prepare them properly for eternal life. I repeat once more, the anchorite Saints who, by isolation, mostly became complete imbeciles, were perfectly logical. Once there exists an immortal soul, that is a soul infinite, free and by itself,—it must suffice to itself. Only transient, limited and finite beings can complete themselves mutually; the infinite is not to be completed. On the contrary, if the infinite meets anything outside itself, it feels curtailed; hence it must escape from, and ignore all that is not itself. Strictly speaking, I have said, the immortal soul could go on without God himself. A being which is infinite in itself, cannot recognize another as its equal, still less a superior being above. All such beings, equally infinite and not itself, would put a limit upon it, and, in consequence, would make it a determined and finite being. By recognizing an equally infinite being outside itself, the immortal soul acknowledges itself necessarily as a finite being. For the infinite is only infinite, if it embraces all and leaves nothing outside of itself. With still greater reason an infinite being cannot, must not recognize a superior infinite being. Infinity admits nothing relative, nothing comparative; the words, "superior" and "inferior" infinity, then, are absurd. God is precisely this absurdity. Theology which has the privilege of being absurd and believes in things precisely because these things are absurd, puts above the immortal, and, hence, infinite, human souls, the superior, absolute infinity of God. But to correct itself, it has created the fiction of Satan who represents precisely the revolt of an infinite being against the existence of an absolute infinity, against God. And likewise, as Satan revolted against the superior infinity of God, the anchorite Saints of Christianity, too humble to revolt against God, revolted against the equal infinity of men, against society.

They declared with much reason, that they required no salvation, and that, since by a strange fatality they were fallen infinities, the society of God, their contemplation of themselves in the presence of this absolute infinity was sufficient for them.

And I declare once more, all who believe in the immortality of the soul ought to follow their example. From this standpoint, society offers them but perdition. What, indeed, does it give to men? Material riches, before all, which can be produced in sufficient quantities only by collective labor. But for him who believes in an eternal existence ought these riches not become object of contempt? Did not Jesus Christ say to his disciples: Do not gather wealth on this earth, for where your wealth is, there is your heart, and again: a big camel can more easily pass through the eye of a needle than a rich man will enter the kingdom of heaven. I always think of the face of the pious and rich protestant bourgeois of the North America, Germany, and Switzerland when they read these words, so decisive and so disagreeable for them.

Men only associate in parties by sacrificing their individuality, thus having none worth sacrificing, and the effect of party association is always to develop phobias and hypochondria.

Risks.



## AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY.

BY ELISEE RECLUS.

There are unquestionably many kind-hearted men who, as yet, hold themselves aloof from us, and even view our efforts with a certain apprehension, who would nevertheless gladly lend us their help were they not repelled by fear of the violence which almost invariably accompanies revolution. And yet a close study of the present state of things would show them that the supposed period of tranquillity in which we live is really an age of cruelty and violence. Not to speak of war and its crimes, from the guilt of which no civilized State is free, can it be denied that chief among the consequences of the existing social system are murder, maladies, and death. Accustomed order is maintained by rude deeds and brute force, yet things that happen every day and every hour pass unperceived; we see in them a series of ordinary events no more phenomenal than times and seasons. It seems less than impious to rebel against the cycle of violence and repression which comes to us hallowed by the sanction of ages. Far from desiring to replace an era of happiness and peace by an age of disorder and warfare, our sole aim is to put an end to the endless series of calamities which has hitherto been called by consent "The Progress of Civilization." On the other hand, vengeance is the inevitable incidents of a period of violent changes. It is in the nature of things that they should be. Albeit deeds of violence, prompted by a spirit of hatred, bespeak a feeble moral development, these deeds become fatal and necessary whenever the relations between man and man are not the relations of perfect equity. The original form of justice as understood by primitive peoples was that of retaliation, and by thousands of rude tribes this system is still observed. Nothing seemed more just than to offset one wrong by a like wrong. Eye for eye! Tooth for tooth! If the blood of one man has been shed, another must die! This was the barbarous form of justice. In our civilized societies it is forbidden to individuals to take the law into their own hands. Governments, in their quality of social delegates, are charged on behalf of the community with the enforcement of justice, a sort of retaliation somewhat more enlightened than that of the savage. It is on this condition that the individual renounces the right of personal vengeance; but if he be deceived by the mandatories to whom he entrusts the vindication of his rights, if he perceives that his agents betray his cause and league themselves with his oppressors, that official justice aggravates his wrongs; in a word, if whole classes and populations are unfairly used and have no hope of finding in the society to which they belong a redresser of abuses, is it not certain that they will resume their inherent right of vengeance and execute it without pity? Is not this indeed an ordinance of Nature, a consequence of the physical law of shock and counter-shock? It were unphilosophic to be surprised by its existence. Oppression has always been answered by violence.

Nevertheless, if great human evolutions are always followed by sad outbreaks of personal hatreds, it is not to these bad passions that well wishers of their kind appeal when they wish to rouse the motive virtues of enthusiasm, devotion, and generosity. If changes had no other result than to punish oppressors, to make them suffer in their turn, to repay evil with evil, the transformation would be only in seeming. What boots it to him who truly loves humanity and desires the happiness of all that the slave becomes master, that the master is reduced to servitude, that the whip changes hands, and that money passes from one pocket to another? It is not the rich and the powerful whom we devote to destruction, but the institutions which have favored the birth and growth of these malevolent beings. It is the medium which it behooves us to alter, and for this great work we must reserve all our strength; to waste it in personal vindications were merest puerility. "Vengeance is the pleasure of the gods," said the ancients; but it is not the pleasure of self-respecting mortals; for they know that to become their own avengers would be to lower themselves to the level of their former oppressors. If we would rise superior to our adversary, we must, after vanquishing him, make him bless his defeat. The revolutionary device, "For our liberty and for yours," must not be an empty word.

The people in all times have felt this; and after every temporary triumph the generosity of the victor has obliterated the menaces of the past. It is a constant fact that in all serious popular movements, made for an idea, hope of a better time, and above all, the sense of a new dignity, fills the soul with high and magnanimous sentiments. So soon as the police, both political and civil, cease their functions and the masses become masters of the streets, the moral atmosphere changes, each feels himself responsible for the prosperity and contentment of all; molestation of individuals is almost unheard of; even professional criminals pause in their sad career, for they too, feel that something great is passing through the air. Ah! if revolutionaries, instead of obeying a vague idea as they have almost always done, had formed a definite aim, a well-considered scheme of social conduct, if they had firmly willed the establishment of a new order of things in which every citizen might be assured bread, work, instruction, and the free development of his being, there would have been no danger in opening all prison gates to their full width, and saying to the unfortunates whom they shut in, "Go, brothers, and sin no more."

It is always to the nobler part of man that we should address ourselves when we want to do great deeds. A general fighting for a bad cause stimulates his soldiers with promises of booty; a benevolent man who cherishes a noble object encourages his companions by the example of his own devotion and self-sacrifice. For him faith in his idea is enough. As says the proverb of the Danish peasants: "His will is his

paradise." What matters it that he is treated as a visionary? Even though his undertaking were only a chimera, he knows nothing more beautiful and sweet than the desire to act rightly and do good; in comparison with this vulgar realities are for him but shadows, the apparitions of an instant.

But our ideal is not a chimera. This, public opinion well knows; for no question more preoccupies it than that of social transformation. Events are casting their shadows before. Among men who think is there one who in some fashion or another is not a socialist—that is to say, who has not his own little scheme for changes in economic relations? Even the orator who noisily denies that there is a social question affirms the contrary by a thousand propositions. And those who would lead us back to the Middle Ages, are they not also socialists? They think they have found in a past, restored after modern ideas, conditions of social justice which will establish for ever the brotherhood of man. All are awaiting the birth of a new order of things; all ask themselves, some with misgiving, others with hope, what the morrow will bring forth. It will not come with empty hands. The century which has witnessed so many grand discoveries in the world of science cannot pass away without giving us still greater conquests. Industrial appliances, that by a single electric impulse make the same thought vibrate through five continents, have distanced by far our social morals, which are yet in many regards the outcome of reciprocally hostile interests. The axis is displaced; the world must crack that its equilibrium may be restored. In spirit revolution is ready; it is already thought—it is already willed; there only remains its realization, and this is not the most difficult part of the work. The Governments of Europe will soon have reached the limits to the expansion of their power and find themselves face to face with their increasing populations. The superabundant activity which wastes itself in distant wars must then find employment at home—unless in their folly the shepherds of the people should try to exhaust their energies by setting Europeans against Europeans, as they have so often done before. It is true that in this way they may retard the solution of the social problem but it will rise again after each postponement more formidable than before.

Let economists and rulers invent political constitutions or salaried organizations, whereby the workman may be made the friend of his master, the subject the brother of the potentate; we, "frightful Anarchists" as we are, know only one way of establishing peace and goodwill among men—the suppression of privilege and the recognition of right. Our ideal, as we have said, is that of the fraternal equity for which all yearn, but almost always as a dream; with us it takes form and becomes a concrete reality. It pleases us not to live if the enjoyments of life are to be for us alone; we protest against our good fortune if we may not share it with others; it is sweeter for us to wander with the wretched and the outcast than to sit, crowned with roses at the banquets of the rich. We are weary of these inequalities which make us the enemies of each other; we would put an end to the furies which are ever bringing men into hostile collision, and all of which arise from the bondage of the weak to the strong under the form of slavery, serfage, and service. After so much hatred we long to love each other, and for this reason are we enemies of private property and despisers of the law.

## Short Drama in Two Scenes.

FIRST SCENE.—Millionaire seated in an easy chair; by him stands a Poor Man in a supplicating attitude.

Millionaire: "Ahem! Very sorry, my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—economize."

Poor Man: "But when a man has nothing to—"

Millionaire: "Nonsense. Under such circumstances a man must know how to save."

SECOND SCENE.—The Millionaire is drowning in a pond; the Poor Man calmly regarding him from the shore.

Poor Man: "Sorry, my friend, that I can do nothing for you, but I can give you a word of good advice—swim."

Millionaire (choking): "Bub-bub-but wh-when a man can't swim."

Poor Man: "Nonsense; under these circumstances a man must know how to swim."

## A Note of Warning.

Get on to the rostrums, you political time servers, and apologize for the accursed act. Shing your pens, you editorial lick-spittles, in defence of Shylock's schemes. Millions of hands are clenching a little tighter; teeth are setting a little closer together; despairing eyes are flashing the fires of unquenchable wrath; the blind Samson (the people), tortured and starving and wretched, has his arms around the pillars of the temple Mammon. Wait. Listen.

## "Business."

Mr. Brown sets about to deliberately wreck the establishments of his competitors. Don't call it cold blooded. It's "business."

Manufacturer Smith produces adulterated food stuffs at so low a price that the honest competitor is driven to the wall. That's "business."

Jones, up the street, cleverly counterfeits a genuine article of commerce and wrecks the enterprise of the honest producer. Don't rail at his counterfeiting, for it's "business," don't you know?





## May Day.

**A DEMONSTRATION will be held in HYDE PARK**  
(At the Reformers' Tree)

ON TUESDAY, MAY 1st, AT 3.30.

Under the auspices of the various groups of London Anarchist-Communists, to express sympathy and fraternity with the workers of all countries in their struggle to free themselves from both economic and political slavery.

Among the speakers will be:

LOUISE MICHEL, DR. FAUSET MACDONALD,  
ERNEST WILLIAMS (Fabian Society),  
S. YANOVSKY, H. B. SAMUELS, JAMES TOCHATTI,  
H. ROLAND (International Society of Tailors),  
C. W. MOWBRAY (Amalgamated Society of Tailors),  
J. PRESBERG, AGNES HENRY, E. LEGGETT (Dockers Union),  
JOHN TURNER (Shop Assistants' Union).

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!

ANARCHIST-COMMUNISM IS THE UNION OF THE TWO FUNDAMENTAL TENDENCIES OF OUR SOCIETY, A TENDENCY TOWARDS ECONOMIC EQUALITY AND A TENDENCY TOWARDS POLITICAL LIBERTY. KROPOTKIN.

"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, Hammer-smith, W.

Subscription, 1s. 6d. per year, post free. Per quire of 25 copies, 1s. 6d. post free. The trade supplied by W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

### To Correspondents.

A. D. MOORE, Norwich. — Extra numbers of "Liberty" as requested.  
We are pleased that you intend to push the sale.

J. ARMSDEN, Southsea. — Thanks for "Why I am an Individualist-Anarchist," which will appear shortly.

LIBERTY,

LONDON, MAY, 1894.

## Between Ourselves.

Our readers will be glad to hear that we have received a letter from our esteemed comrade S. Merlino, from the prison at Naples. He is at present in good health but expects every day to be removed to Florence to take his trial on the old charge. Our comrade Miss Henry will forward him Herbert Spencer's works on Sociology at his request. Several of the warders have been removed for paying our comrade too much attention.

Our comrade Walter Crane writes: "I have no wish to identify myself with persons or parties who advocate the use of explosives. If the ills we suffer from could be cured by explosions it would be another thing. . . . At no time do I like the notion of extradition, there seems something mean in giving up a fugitive or any one who relies on your shelter. Besides, law is by no means synonymous with justice, and it is a bad thing for any one, innocent or guilty, to fall into its meshes. . . . On these grounds I send you a pound to help Meunier to clear himself."

We appeal to our comrades who wish to prevent, if possible, the extradition of Meunier, to at once send subscriptions to the Meunier Defence Fund, Office of *Liberty*, which will be acknowledged in our next issue.

The French Government which has already accused 20 or 25 persons of being the authors of the Cafe Very explosion, now demands the extradition of Meunier on the same pretext, but as he had nothing to do with that act, and can prove his innocence, it ought to be refused. The Bow Street magistrate ought to remember that he has already delivered one man, recognized as innocent by the Paris jury, to the French Government.

In Paris, again, one of those acts of blind vengeance has been committed which are certainly the natural consequence of a society based on violence and on the exploitation of man by man, but which it is a mistake to consider the act a good and useful one in the war against the *bourgeoisie*. A bomb exploded in the Cafe Foyot, a high class restaurant near the Senate and frequented especially by senators. It might have been thought an attack against senators, who could not indeed complain if it were, seeing they are the mainstays of the present order.

But the bomb only injured a poor waiter, and a gentleman supposed to be an Anarchist, Laurent Tailhade, a poet, to whom is attributed the phrase "What does it matter about victims so long as the effect is good." But now he says he is not an Anarchist; that he despises the masses, destined to eternal slavery, and is interested in their struggle simply as an artist and to amuse himself. There are several of these *dilettanti*, egoistically enjoying themselves and regarding with perfect indifference the misery of others, while living in luxury themselves. It is to be hoped this will open the eye of some of our comrades who are so devoted to the cause of the oppressed.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features in the rapidly growing revolt against misrule and plunder of the workers, is the simultaneous and spontaneous formation in the United States of groups of men and women who are now marching on Washington to demand Justice for themselves and the punishment of those who have so long plundered them.

The capitalist and non-working class may well feel uneasy; and probably the more intelligent of them recognize that merely shooting down the "Coxeyites," bayoneting them or otherwise murdering them, in no way improves the situation. Every act of violence by those human locusts whose ambition is to live without work will help to undermine their two strongholds, law and government. When these two strongholds are broken down it will not be possible to plunder the workers by extracting rent and interest, and a new social order — anarchy and peace, will set in.

One notable feature in the Coxeyite risings is the very practical way in which the oppressed workers have asserted their right to use the railways which were made by the labor of their fellow men but are now misused to enrich the idle and corrupt.



## WHY I AM AN EXPROPRIATIONIST.

BY L. S. BEVINGTON.

I advocate and I look forward to wholesale expropriation because I do not believe there is any such thing as a right to property, and because I hold that it is disastrous, nay, fatal, to the welfare of all individuals composing the community, to have to regulate their lives and affairs in accordance with a fictitious abstraction which has no warrant and no basis in the natural laws of life. I desire universal expropriation, not merely because the power that property-holding gives to man over man is in wrong hands, and consequently abused, but because it seems clear to me that property-holding is an abuse in itself, and that to hold property is to make wrong use of anyone's hands at all. I desire to see the bottom knocked out of the noxious property *idea* itself, for good and all.

"The love of money is the root of all evil." Why? Because the love of money is the love of Domination. Property is Government. Property—that is, the prohibitive custody by particular persons of any part of the general resources—cannot be shown to have any value at all for any one, merely as "owner," *except the power it gives him over the faculties and liberties of his fellow-creatures.* And this is a false value, an illusion. It is a craze to believe that you are necessarily better off—the richer or the freer—through dominating your fellows by dint of keeping prohibitive custody of what may be of greater service (intrinsic value) to them than to yourself.

No true, nature-based title to property as merely such can be shown to exist. Perhaps even some Anarchists will demur to this. The belief still lingers that there is such a thing as a man's natural right to "own," to have the prohibitive custody and disposal of, whatever his industry or skill may have produced or constructed out of the raw material provided by Nature. "There is one true title to property—to custody of superfluity—and that is the Labor title;" so say many. It is a delusion. There can be no such thing as a natural title to what is after all an artificial and merely nominal relation between a man and his product; a relation having no basis in reality. That which at the outset is not anybody's cannot be made anybody's by manipulation. This is not a mere metaphysical quibble. He who produces anything useful has, other things equal, a *first comer's economic right* to use, consume, or enjoy it, up to the limit of his own ability to do so. Yet this use of his product is not what the world specially means by ownership. This is not the cursed thing that keeps the world poor and squalid and sordid. Ownership begins to be talked of (here disputed, there enforced) just where the natural relation of a man to men's wealth leaves off—just where the limit of ability to use or enjoy has been fully reached. This natural limit once overstepped there is no other natural limit to be found ever again, till revolution sets one. The moment that ownership, merely as ownership, begins to be stickled for, then, no matter what its "title" may be, property will be able and eager to defend itself by means of law; it will "govern," and ensure to the owner the opportunities of becoming indefinitely richer and richer, with the necessary result that the non-owner must become ever poorer and poorer. Nothing more stable than conventional concession originally placed or left in the hands of individuals, whether producers or not, any power over that part of wealth which remains after satisfaction of requirement, which the individual cannot use, and his fellows are in want of. Conventions remain unquestioned until some lurking hurtfulness in them comes out as a glaring social evil, and then, whether backed by government or not, the struggle for their displacement begins, and their doom is fixed.

As to the modern cry, "the product to the producer," it is surely all right economically and ethically, so far as it goes. But directly it is insisted on that "the whole of the product belongs to the producer as his "property" (to use, waste, sell, or hoard at his pleasure) and directly it is insinuated that human faculties and the wealth the faculties (help to) win are of equal inviolability, then we are face to face with the worst of social superstitions once more. The property holder will remain dominator, the property-holding class will remain the dominating class, and its weapon, the Government, will remain in existence until the idea that things or privileges can "belong" to persons or groups of persons, is seen for the figment it actually is. Government is only another name for property. You can make Government hop from one leg to another, and on the standing leg hop from one point to another. But it will wink at you and evade you, so long as Property exists. You can alter Property's title, what was Strength of Arms one day became Inheritance next, then Purchase. To-morrow perhaps it will be Labor. The poison is in it still. It casts a shadow still, on one or another side of itself, the dark shadow of Mammon's "law." It *absolutely needs* Government, to be alternately its protector and its tool, so long as under any form it remains a recognized institution.

At the present hour the notion that it is only the existing title to possession and not the institution of property itself which cries for abolition is fraught with social danger. I am very sure indeed that in a community regulated in recognition of individual ownership, or even state ownership, (virtual ownership by a central company of officials), every citizen will be less free, less happy, less a man, than he might be as a member of a community where free access to products of industry should have become the universal rule. Reciprocally free access of individuals to personally superfluous products of individual industry, reciprocally free access of districts to the locally superfluous products of local industry, this is what we want for the well and solidarity and peace of our lives as a world full of friends.

I see as much danger in taking property from one class only to give

it another, as in taking Government out of the hands of one class only to give it to another. Nay, it is the identical danger under another name. The prohibitive custody of superfluous wealth, as now maintained in the case of landlords and capitalists, all Socialists see to be evil. To land this prohibitive custody in the hands of an official class, as would be *virtually* done under "Social Democracy," all Anarchists see to be evil. But to say to the producer: Whatever personal superfluity you by the use of your personal faculties unearth or construct is therefore "yours," to withhold at pleasure from the immediate use of those to whom it would be immediately serviceable—this is not generally seen to be evil. Yet it is only to conventionally make the producer a dictator of terms to his fellow men, and to leave the broad gate that leads to destruction wider open than ever. Let us cease to trade, and learn to trust. Let me have free access to opportunity and material for the constructive or productive exercise of any faculties I may possess, and then J. K. and L. only do me a service in coming and making free use of so much of my product as remains useless to myself. Of course this is an extreme position, but it is one on which Nature smiles in the case of communities of intelligent dumb creatures, and I am utopian enough to believe that we word-befogged humans have not yet so far spoilt our own impulses and ruined our own chances as to make it impossible or even very difficult to organise freely on these lines. That is, after once the existing cruel system shall have been paralyzed or broken up. It needs that we make up our minds to inquire less anxiously what is "wise and prudent," and to be quicker in response to the simple dictates of common-sense and good-will as they present themselves from day to day and from hour to hour.

A man who has made such use of material that a hat is the result, has made a hat. That is all he has made. He has not made a "right to property" in the hat, either for himself or anybody else. Before this exercise of his faculty there existed the materials, tools, and himself. There exist now, the tools, and himself, and the hat. He is related to the hat as its *producer*, not as its owner. If he has no hat and wants one, the obviously fit place for the hat is on his head. He then becomes further related to the hat as its *wearer*; and still the word "owner" remains a term without special meaning. But say that he already has a hat and the first passer-by has none, and wants one, then the fit place for one of the hats is on the passer-by's head. It sounds childish, but it's true. The hatter has not produced, over and above a hat, any such identical thing as a "right" to forbid the hatless man to wear the hat, apart from some arbitrary terms of his (the hatter's) making, and which the hatless man, as likely as not, is unable to comply with except to his own damage. (Ah, "damage"—he must pay *damage*, must he? See how instinct lurks in language! Realize the unhealth of a community run on lines, in which damage results to some one at every turn of its minutest wheels).

The hatter's product is his product, not his *property*. His hands belong to him, but not his tools. His tools are, whoever made them, fitly and justly in his hands, his product is the product of his hands plus the tools which other hands have made; and the same justice and common-sense which is satisfied by the placing in his hands as needing them the tools which he did not make, but which he needs and which were not in request elsewhere, demands the placing of the needed hat on the head of the hatless stranger. None of us would object to this sort of method of distribution if we were sure that our pleasure in life did not consist in the abundance of things which we possess, but in the fitness of such things as we had to our real needs and enjoyments, and in the degree of freedom and enjoyment of our powers accorded us by our fellows. But we are not sure that our fellows *would* leave us free, would *not* take advantage of us, if we did not force them a little by means of withholding something that they require or desire until they have first paid for it in service to ourselves. And so we stickle for "ownership" (under one title or another) so that at a push we may have the wherewithal to compel or to bribe someone or other to do our bidding. It is a lot of trouble wasted. It is very poor economy. None of this is surely new, but it needs constant re-statement, even among Anarchists, by those of us who see the most vital of all social questions to be involved in it.

"Property is Robbery," said Proudhon. That is not the bottom truth about property. François Guy in his work on *Prejudices* justly points out that the word "robbery" subtly connotes recognition of property. Expropriation should, for the true and radical Anarchist, mean something quite different from, something much more than, any more retributive robbery, any seizure of possessions as such, any usurpation of title to possession as such. It should mean the total subversion of every vestige of this most solid and yet most insidious form of government, and the final explosion of the idea that there is or can be anything real or useful in property holding. Every pretext by which such an idea is still bolstered can be, and should be, by ruthless logic torn to pieces. Every action, political or social, purposing to reinstate cruel old pretensions under new sanctions should be unflinchingly opposed to the death.

I have in this article done no more than just step on the threshold of the subject. Space does not now allow me to justify the position. But I am an Expropriationist in the fullest sense that can be given to this clumsy word, because I regard the property idea as a craze—the very most pestilent delusion that the human mind, tricked by language has ever had the misfortune to entertain.

"The great political superstition of the past was the divine right of kings. The great political superstition of the present is divine right of parliaments." H. SPENCER.



## RAILWAY MONOPOLY.

By THOMAS BOLAS.

Every monopoly owes its existence to the endeavor of an idle class to subsist upon the industry of others; and the most usual forms of monopoly are ownership of land by those who will not cultivate or make use of it and ownership of other forms of industrial capital (*i.e.*, factories, ships, railways etc.) by nonworkers.

Land and other forms of industrial capital when owned or controlled by persons who take no part in the use of such capital is called "property" or monopoly. Owners of property or monopoly allow the toiling masses to have access to industrial capital on condition that such workers only retain about one-third of the produce of their own industry or enough to barely keep them in a state which is at best but a constant struggle between life and death, but in which death preponderates, especially in advanced age. Thus, in order that an idle class may live in luxurious superfluity, the workers are robbed and virtually murdered, because industrial capital is misused as "property."

"Property" is then another word for systematic robbery and murder; and Anarchist-Communists look upon every taker of rent or interest not only as a robber but also as a murderer. It is important that property—or cunningly disguised robbery and murder—should be in no sense confounded with that organization of industry which is an essential to all highly civilized life, or with that public administration (social order) which is equally essential. It is only when industrial capital on the one hand and public administration on the other hand are forced into the service of an idle class, that the former becomes property and the latter becomes government. When the affairs of the people are in the hands, not of an administration, but of a government, what is commonly called "law" must be brought into force in order to hold the workers firmly down in the grip of the despoiling classes. Law is a corrupt travesty of Justice.

The use of organized industrial appliances in the equal interest of all, of public administration for the benefit of no mere section, and of common justice equally open to all, are the three pillars of that ideal social order which is the aim of Anarchist-Communism. In our present Society, instead of three pillars of order we have three corrupt travesties. Property, government and law, the eradication of which is the mission of the militant Anarchist-Communist.

The British Railway system affords one of the best object lessons for teaching the nature of property or monopoly, and for demonstrating the heartless cruelty and unscrupulousness of the shareholders. Moreover the railway system is likely to afford one easy point of attack when the Social Revolution now in progress becomes more ripe. The People can, by a mere resolution, expressed through that administration which must soon replace the existing system of government, take complete possession of the railway organisation; let us assume by holding the offices of the Railway Association at King's Cross and the other offices; then simply writing off or ignoring the claims of the shareholders to any portion of their present tribute of forty millions annually, or half the total receipts. The dismissal (and possibly punishment) of such directors and general managers, as have been mere organizers of plunder for the shareholders, must obviously be an immediate step, and moreover a step that would in no way disorganize the railway service; while traffic superintendents (*i.e.*, the acting managers) would receive general instructions as to reforms and ameliorations of the service.

British Railway shareholders are now beginning to realize that their position may be a far less secure one than that of landlords and other holders of property;

the organization of the railway system being now so complete that if they were declared national possession to day, the traffic of to-morrow need not be disturbed. Doubtless, however, a few weeks of national ownership would suffice to abolish the numerous petty frauds and extortions, also the gross underpaying of the workers; while after a few years of national ownership, the railways would probably be made as free to all as the ordinary high roads, the Board Schools and the Public Libraries are now. The taking of tickets and the payment of fares is an absurd, complex, and wasteful system, which must break up when there is no class of persons privileged to live in idleness; and such a class must cease to exist, when industrial capital is made a public possession.

Judging from recent notes in the *Railway Times*—the financial organ of the British railway shareholders—considerable uneasiness is now felt lest the revolutionary party should come suddenly into power and indiscriminately execute not only the shareholders but also general managers and others who devise schemes for taking unfair advantage of the public. Indeed the *Railway Times* in its issue of October 28th last expressed a fear that the first Socialist administration in this country would result in a prompt hanging ("sure cord and short shrift") of the railway shareholders. The same paper also pictured Mr. C. Scotter, the general manager of the South Western Railway being "broken upon the wheel." True it is that some weeks afterwards, this paper, realizing how profound an impression its remarks had made in financial circles, tried to make out that its previous remarks were nothing but "sundry little jokes." It then endeavored to defend Mr. Scotter against the charge of having let out the Barnes Railway Bridge as a standing ground for Boat Race spectators, so closing the line to those who had paid for transit, and thereby depriving them of that for which they had paid.

All grades of Anarchists and Socialists will recognize that Mr. Scotter (who may be taken rather as a type than as an individual) is like the policeman, the soldier, the magistrate and the legislator; merely an intermediary between the rank and file of the workers and such plunderers as shareholders or interest-takers. These intermediaries will only serve the plundering class as long as the stress of competition makes the less scrupulous among the workers grasp at any position which seems to offer a tolerably secure livelihood, and they will be quite secure against punishment as long as we are dominated over by a government consisting mainly of those who live not by work but by plunder; indeed persons like Mr. Scotter may count upon a progressive stream of honors, and as a first step the *Railway Times* of January 13th records that Mr. Scotter has been appointed a magistrate for the County of Surrey.

The railway policy has done much to develop Anarchistic views and bring about a wholesome contempt of the law and of those who administer it. Even a casual observer can see in the common forms of railway prosecution, as detailed on bills posted in the booking offices, another instance of the use of the law for the purpose of terrorizing people into meekly yielding to the most barefaced extortions by the capitalist wolf. Such frequent mis-use of the law by railway shareholders gives a peculiar fitness to the appointment of a general manager to the magistracy.

"I detest leading men. I've seen enough of these gentry in my time. They are like goats in a young plantation: they do harm everywhere. They stand in the path of a free man, wherever he turns, and I should be glad if we could exterminate them like other noxious animals. The fact is that the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone."—*Henrik Ibsen*.



## MAY DAY.

BY WALTER CRANE.

World workers, whatever may bind ye,  
This day let your work be undone;  
Cast the clouds of the winter behind ye,  
And come forth and be glad in the sun.

Now again while the green earth rejoices  
In the bud and the blossom of May,  
Lift your hearts up again and your voices,  
And leap merry the world's Labour Day.

Let the winds lift your banners from far lands  
With a message of strife and of hope;  
Raise the May-pole aloft with its garlands  
That gathers your cause in its scope.

It is writ on each ribbon that flies  
That flutters from fair Freedom's heart;  
If still far be the crown and the prize,  
In its winning may each take a part.

Your cause is the hope of the world:  
In your strife is the life of the race;  
The Workers' flag Freedom, unfurled  
Is the veil of the bright Future's face.

Be ye many or few cling together,  
Let your message be clear on this day:  
Be ye birds of the spring, of one feather,  
In this, that ye sing on May Day.

Of the new life that still lieth hidden,  
Though its shadow is cast before;  
Of the new birth of hope that unbidden,  
Surely comes as the sea to the shore.

Stand fast then, oh workers, your ground!  
Together pull, strong and united;  
Link your hands like a chain the world round,  
If ye will that your hopes be requited.

When the world's workers, sisters and brothers,  
Shall build, in the new-coming years,  
A fair house of Life — not for others,  
For the earth and its fullness is theirs.

## MY UNCLE BENJAMIN.



## CHAPTER II.

(continued)

Some time after that, one evening in November, my grandfather came home, splashed to the chin, but radiant.

"I have found something far better than we expected," cried the excellent man, pressing the hand of his brother-in-law; "now, Benjamin, you are rich; you can eat as many matelotes as you like."

"But what have you found, then?" asked my grandmother and Benjamin at the same time.

"An only daughter, a rich heiress, the daughter of Minxit, with whom we celebrated Saint Yves a month ago."

"What, that village doctor who consults urines?"

"Precisely; he accepts you unreservedly; he is charmed with your wit; he believes that you are well fitted, by your manners and your eloquence, to aid him in his industry."

"The devil!" said Benjamin, scratching his head, "I am not anxious to consult urines."

"Oh, you big booby! Once you are father Minxit's son-in-law, you can dismiss him and his vials, and bring your wife to Clamecy."

"Yes, but Mlle. Minxit has red hair."

"She is only blonde, Benjamin; I give you my word of honor."

"She is so freckled that one would say a handful of flour had been thrown in her face."

"I saw her this evening. I assure you that she is not so freckled at all."

Besides, she is five feet three inches tall. I really

should be afraid of spoiling the human race. We should have children as tall as bean poles."

"Oh, these are only stupid jokes," said my grandmother; "I met your tailor yesterday, and he absolutely insists on being paid; and you know very well that your barber will not dress your hair again."

"So you wish me, my dear sister, to marry Mlle. Minxit? But you do not know what that means, Minxit. And you, Machecourt, do you know?"

"To be sure I know; it means father Minxit."

"Have you read Horace, Machecourt?"

"No, Benjamin."

"Well, Horace says: *Nam marit patrios cineres*. It is that devil of a preterit at which I rebel; besides, my dear sister is no longer sick. M. Minxit, Mme. Minxit, M. Rathery Benjamin Minxit, little Jean Rathery Minxit, little Pierre Rathery Minxit, little Adele Rathery Minxit. Why, in our family there will be enough to turn a mill. And then, to be frank about it, I am scarcely anxious to marry. You know there is a song that says:

"qu'on est heureux  
Daus les liens du mariage!"

But this song does not know what it sings. It must have been written by a bachelor.

"qu'on est heureux  
Daus les liens du mariage!"

That would be all right, Machecourt, if a man were free to choose a companion for himself; but the necessities of social life always force us to marry in a ridiculous way and contrary to our inclinations. Man marries a dowry, woman a profession. Then, after all the fine Sundays of their honeymoon, they return to the solitude of their household, only to see that they do not suit each other. One is avaricious and the other prodigal, the wife is coquettish and the husband jealous, one likes the north wind and the other the south wind; they would like to be a thousand miles apart, but they have to live in the circle of iron within which they have confined themselves, and remain together *usque ad vitam eternam*."

"Is he drunk?" whispered my grandfather to his wife.

"What makes you think so?" answered the latter.

"Because he is talking sense."

Nevertheless they made my uncle listen to reason, and it was agreed that on the next day, which was Sunday, he should go to see Mlle. Minxit.

## CHAPTER III.

HOW MY UNCLE MEETS AN OLD SERGEANT AND A POODLE DOG, WHICH PREVENTS HIM FROM GOING TO M. MINXIT'S.

The next day, at eight o'clock in the morning, my uncle was dressed in clean linen, and needed in order to start only a pair of shoes which were to be brought him by Cicero the famous town crier of whom we have already spoken, and who combined the profession of shoemaker with that of drummer.

Cicero was not slow in arriving. In those days of frankness it was the custom, when a workman brought work to a house, not to let him go away without first making him drink several glasses of wine. It was a bad habit, I admit; but these kindly ways tended to offset class distinctions; the poor man was grateful to the rich man for his concessions, and was not jealous of him. Consequently during the Revolution there was seen an admirable devotion of servants to their masters, of farmers to their landlords, of laborers to their employers, which certainly could not be found in the present day of insolent arrogance and ridiculous pride.

Benjamin asked his sister to go and draw a bottle of



To be continued

Abstract: The M<sub>200</sub> variability of 1000 M<sub>200</sub> galaxies is studied. The mean M<sub>200</sub> luminosity is 1.05 mag brighter than the mean M<sub>200</sub> luminosity of the galaxies in the sample. The mean M<sub>200</sub> luminosity is 1.05 mag brighter than the mean M<sub>200</sub> luminosity of the galaxies in the sample.

"The main supports of crime are idleness, law, and authority. Laws about property, laws about government, law about penalties and misdemeanors, and authority which takes upon itself to manufacture these laws and apply them."

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