



"Man is the measure-
ment of everything."

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

Vol. 1 — No. 2

San Francisco, February, 1933

On news stands FIVE CENTS

IN RETROSPECT

MARCUS GRAHAM

Self Help

The spontaneous unemployed organizations that are springing up in every part of the country is one of the most inspiring events of the present break down of capitalism's ruthless system of disorder and exploitation. But this is by no means true as to what these organizations are doing or contemplating. On this score there is nothing to grow enthusiastic about. The encouraging support that their doings is receiving from all the institutions of capitalism is the best proof of what has just been said.

Men, women and children are encouraged to go around begging the farmers for the products that they cannot sell. They are sent to beg for stale and unfit food from wholesale grocers, bakeries and restaurants. They are building shanties in dug-outs. In Alameda, Cal., men are living in huge pipes, duped Pipe City. Ragged, hungry and despondent—the unemployed are encouraged to keep up their (?) spirit, in the face of insulting charity that is thrown at them!

But, this is the very road and course pursued that cannot and will not solve the plight of the robbed and exploited toilers.

Spontaneous action is inspiring and great. The use of one's own initiative—most admirable. Self-help is the very thing that the workers need most of all. But not in the manner that it is now being done. Not at all!

There is ample food and clothing stored in the warehouses and retail establishments. There are thousands upon thousands of vacant fit dwelling houses. There are vast acreages in every part of the country lying idle, as are the tools in the hardware stores. All these means and ways of creating a heaven on earth—await to be made use of—by man.

Two roads are now open before the unemployed and exploited. One is the road of Beggary and Submission. The other is SELF-HELP by the most direct method—EXPROPRIATION. The first is the road of slaves. The second is the road of MEN who have realized the natural right to create, live and enjoy the product of their own labor.

Now is the time for the oppressed and robbed to begin re-taking all that rightfully belongs to them—as producers. By no means will it be an easy task to achieve. It can only become successful when it will start spontaneously and en masse. Capitalism will use all the methods of violence and murder to defeat such an attempt. Every political party will try to mislead the mass and promise them the expropriation of the things that rightfully belong to them. Both dangers have to be faced and overcome by the workers.

Mr. Coolidge Died

To judge by the Daily Liars of Capitalism, its press, one of the greatest Americans had passed away. Their labelling Mr. Coolidge a "typical American" is undoubtedly true to a great extent. Exception can only be taken to the hypocritical praise the scribes of easy street have shouted themselves hoarse with.

In reality there isn't anything outstanding about him except if it be—in having served his employers—Capitalism—in a most loyal manner, as a perfect Dummy president. For, without the least scruple of hesitancy he refused to pay any heed to the cry of Humanity that he order the opening of the secret archives of the Department of Justice, that could have proven the frame-up against Sacco and Vanzetti. Two lives

of workers meant nothing to him.

If any true history should ever be written, the name of Calvin Coolidge will be most conspicuous either by its absence, or admission of having been the greatest nonentity that ever sat in the White House.

Technocracy

The exploited toilers of the world are undergoing misery of every sort. They forego food, shelter and all the artificial enjoyment allowed to them by capitalism's censorship. Whilst all this punishment is being inflicted upon the toilers, the robbers of wealth and happiness, the exploiting class—are living in riches and squander. For dividends and profits have not decreased to any extent of depriving these human sharks of their pleasures.

Amidst all this maddening double-circus of life reverberate the suicides of hundreds of people in every part of the country and world. Futile attempts of relief are encouraged by the harlots of the press. But this is by far not strong enough to hide and drown the depraving state of misery. New schemes must be devised. New fads fostered. And along is dished forth—technocracy.

And the compromisers of Idealism fall for the new traps very easily. The Liberals resurrect Thorsten Veblen as the father of technocracy. The Socialist and Communist immediately open up the pages of Karl Marx, to prove that no one else but he could have been the father of technocracy. And even the I. W. W. (Industrial Workers of the World) falls for the new doll of capitalism, and is ready to claim its fatherhood.

That the machine has accumulated untold riches for the capitalist and misery for the worker has been discovered ever since the machine came into vogue. That it can aid man to create the necessities of life at a much easier pace than by human toil has likewise been established long, long ago. The technocrats have not discovered anything new. But they have forgotten plenty, or perhaps—have never known more than they reveal. Foremost, above everything, they have utterly forgotten to say anything about the sacrifice of human life that the usage of the machine demands and will continue to do so, even when all the safety devices of the human mind will have been put into use. Neither can they ever prove in the name of what right or morality can this sacrifice be justified, unless it is being done freely and with the full consent of the victims themselves.

Another thing that the technocrats seem not to

be aware of, is the fact that it is not toil that is the curse of man. The real evil lies in the exploitation of toil. For, the labor one indulges in for the joy and free volition that it may result in, creates contentment and happiness. And, in most instances, all such labor is and can only be done by man alone, minus the machine.

The deluge of technocracy reading matter is but another scheme to blindfold the suffering masses and thus stave off the rebellion that must and will finally come about.

Dangerous "Friends"

The enthusiastic accord that has been given to the stand taken by the recent assemble of labor's "spokesmen" at Cincinnati reveals an interesting aspect. Liberals, Socialists and Communists alike are united in giving approval to the pro-insurance unemployment stand, as also of Mr. Green's threat to use "force" if need be, in stopping the lowering of the labor "standard."

The critical Anarchist finds nothing to rejoice over, or give assent to. For, the time for action in stopping capitalism's onslaught upon labor was right at the start—in 1929. Three long years the "representatives" of labor were witnessing the most vicious slashing of wages and increase in working hours per week. The old sweat-shop system came back with a vengeance. And what did these "spokesmen" of labor do? They were very busy holding confabs with the worst enemies of labor, the Civic Federation of American Capitalism. They pleaded, begged, even hired professors to prove the exploiters how injurious its course will prove to their dividend interests. Failing in their efforts, they even threatened capitalism with social rebellion. Not that they would inspire the masses to such a course. Oh, no! But—brought on by the misery inflicted upon them, the workers would be driven to rise in rebellion. And still the god of Mammon refused to budge. Let the workers suffer and die, but our dividends must remain intact. It is our system of exploitation and robbery that we have labelled as the sacred right of "private property." Our hirelings "statesmen" call this a system of "rugged individualism." Our hired harlots of the press and pulpit sing its earthly and heavenly praise. Our institution, the Government, sees to it that every dissenting voice should be silenced. Every form of rebellion be drowned in blood, and its active participants jailed.

Thus speaks capitalism—unashamed and defiant.

Tired of promises by politicians and betrayals by labor's "spokesmen"—the workers are on the verge of beginning to take matters into their own hands. Before their very eyes stands the betrayal of the entire United Mine Workers officialdom who sold out the workers to the coal barons. This perfidious act was done despite the overwhelming "majority" of miners having voted against the acceptance of the wage scale offered by the employers! These Judases have turned the thoughtless rank and file element of the union into union scabs. In 1920 the very identical thing happened with the railroad workers whose strike was declared an "outlaw" one by their paid officials. In 1927, the "spokesmen" of labor refused to take a sincere stand that could have saved the legal murdering of Sacco and Vanzetti. And what have these "gentlemen" done to free Warren K. Billings, Tom Mooney, Mathew Schmidt, John J. MacNamara, the Centralia victims or any incarcerated true fighter for justice and freedom? Nothing whatsoever!

(Continued on Page Five)



Man's Destiny In Technocracy

FACTS AND FIGURES

WHAT THEY REVEAL

WINNERS:

The Profits Go To—

A partial list, giving a meager idea, of the extent that corporations are profiting in the field of production and consumption:

Corporations	Earnings
Coca Cola (1931)	\$14,000,000
General Baking Co.	3,032,434
Continental Can Co.	5,670,699
Chesapeake & Ohio, R. R. (1st 10 mos.)....	19,289,165
Int. Business Corp.	5,038,962
General Motors (1931).....	96,770,407
The Amer. Gas & Elec. Co. (1931)	12,711,000
S. F. Kresgee Co. (722 stores)	5,517,729
Standard oil ¼ of 1932 dividends to subsidiaries	136,978,894
Electric Power & Light Corp., year ending June 30	1,815,970
Pacific Gas & Elec. Co., reports earnings for first six months	25,657,909
Associated Gas & Electric Co., of Pennsylvania, earned 60 per cent on its stock, annually, from 1922 to 1929 and in 1929 made 160 per cent.	

Dividends and Interest

Figures recently published by the U. S. Department of Commerce reveal how staggering are the

profits of Big industries despite the increase of poverty among the greater part of the population. Interest and dividends alone paid out in the first ten months of 1932 are reported as \$6,030,000,000 against a total of \$3,022,000,000 for the year 1931. With the addition of profits made during the last two months of the year, the total will exceed by far the profits of 1928! Furthermore, the three depression years of 1930, 1931 and 1932 will show payments 90% as great as the whole war decade, 1913 through 1922, which include war prosperity and the post-war boom.

In 1929 there were 14,800 people with an income of over \$100,000 yearly, and 513 persons over \$1,000,000 each. During the same year corporations paid out in dividends \$68,600,000, and still averaged a surplus of \$2,500,000,000.

The New York Journal of Commerce printed the following table, showing how the payment of dividends and interest have piled up for the last 20 years:

Year	Payments	Year	Payments
1913 ..	\$1,777,000,000	1918	3,029,000,000
1914 ..	1,788,000,000	1919	3,189,000,000
1915 ..	1,865,000,000	1920	3,415,000,000
1916 ..	2,135,000,000	1921	3,342,000,000
1917 ..	2,389,000,000	1922	3,239,000,000

thirteen million men are vainly hunting for jobs!

The U. S. Childrens Bureau estimates that there were between 200,000 and 500,000 children wandering throughout the country homeless, ragged and foodless. They are riding freights, hitch-hiking and living on the high-ways and by-ways.

Bank Failures

Over 3,800,000 have lost their saving accounts since 1928. The estimated loss in money has been \$4,000,000,000. Very few, if any of the bankers who were the gainers of the bank crashes have been prosecuted in the manner that counterfeiters would have been for printing or distributing money designations. Is this to be explained by the fact that the bankers handled "lawfully" printed money designations?

Charity

Washington, D. C. Jan. 2.—Charity organizations claim to have spent \$54,600,000 in the year of 1931. They didn't however disclose what part of this sum went for "salaries" to themselves as executives.

New York, Jan. 3.—The number of jobless in this state are reported to be 1,750,000 with over 410,000 families living on charity.

1923	4,085,000,000	1928	6,028,000,000
1924	3,840,000,000	1929	7,584,000,000
1925	4,086,000,000	1930	8,572,000,000
1926	4,391,000,000	1931	8,220,000,000
1927	5,570,000,000	1932	*6,030,000,000

(*—First 10 months.

Who Owns The Country's Wealth?

The Wall Street Magazine for November 12, 1932, prints the following table showing the wealth owned by a few of the corporations of this country:

Corporations	Amount (in millions)
Amer. Tel. and Tel.	3,205
Cities Service	1,312
Columbia	737
Commonwealth and Southern	1,156
Com. Gas of New York	1,265
du Pont de Nemours	621
General Motors	1,300
N. Y. Central R. R.	1,838
Niagara Hudson	799
North American	871
Pacific Gas & Elec.	709
Pennsylvania R. R.	2,171
Pub. Serv. of N. J.	724
Socony-Vacuum	1,039
Standard Oil (three states)	3,273
United Gas. Imp.	845
U. S. Steel	2,230

On January 3, 1933, H. L. Lurie, a social (charity) worker appeared before a congressional committee, reporting, that the agencies he is associated with, have been aiding 650,000 families and 100,000 individuals. He added:

"It is becoming increasingly true that the efforts of relief agencies do not go much beyond the objective of seeing that 'nobody shall starve.'"

Mr. Lurie also added: Deaths due to insufficient food have been reported in several cities. In one 14 deaths of infants were reported within one month. Adequate relief measures "must be taken at once" as only about one-third of the unemployed are receiving some relief. If this will not be done, the unemployed situation will assume "violent proportions."

Aid Given To—

The following disbursements were made by The Reconstruction Financial Corporation:

Loans to 5,548 banks	\$1,101,000,000
Loans to 49 railways	243,000,000
Relief advances to political subdivisions	34,500,000
Loans to 507,000 Farmers	64,000,000
Loans to Workers	0,000,000,000

LOSERS:

The Workers

Industrial wages dropped since 1929: 46.1 percent. Farm wages: 46.9 per cent. The cost of living fell only 23.2 per cent during the same period.

Dividends increased from 1922 to 1929: 143.1 per cent as against 45.5 per cent gain in wages and salaries. (Salaries includes "presidents" of trusts earning in many instances "salaries" of over \$100,000 yearly.)

Average workers output in 1929	\$7,940
Average workers wage in 1929	1,304

The Farmers

The U. S. Department of Agriculture reports that farm mortgages amount now to \$9,241,390,000, with a yearly interest cost of \$55,448,340.

Farms in the United States produced less than half as much gross income as in 1929. Although farmers have cut their expenditures lower than in any previous year, the losses in income have been greater than the reduction in expense. Gross income from products in 1929 was \$11,950,000,000 as compared to estimated \$5,240,000,000 in 1932.

Children

Whilst millions of children are exploited in the mines, factories and stores of the country—over

ANARCHY AND SOCIAL ORDER

English version by V. Aretta.

A. BELLAGARIGUE

The business of the governments, of which we are the pupils, is to educate us to fear and hate the principle of their destruction. But the people, having perceived the essential truths and become aware of the fact that all government is the annihilator of the individual, are beginning to feel the horror of their own destruction being brought about by their institutions.

Anarchy is an old word, but it expresses for us a modern idea or, rather, a modern interest, the idea being the daughter of interest. History has called anarchy the state of a people among which several governments are in competition. But, one thing is the state of a people that, being willing to be governed, lacks government just because there is too much of it, and another thing is the state of a people that, endeavoring to govern themselves, lack government only because they do not want any more. As a matter of fact, ancient anarchy was civil war, and it did not therefore express lack of government but the plurality of them, competition, struggle among the governing factions.

The modern notion of absolute social truth, or pure democracy, has opened an entire series of knowledge or interests, which radically reverse the terms of traditional equation.

So, anarchy—which, from the relative or monarchic view-point, means civil war—is nothing else, in the absolute or democratic thesis, than the true expression of social order.

Therefore:—

When you say anarchy, you say negation of government;

When you say negation of government, you say assertion of people;

When you say assertion of people you say individual liberty;

When you say individual liberty, you say everybody's sovereignty;

When you say everybody's sovereignty, you say equality;

When you say equality, you say solidarity or brotherhood;

When you say brotherhood, you say social order.

On the contrary:—

When you say government, you say negation of people;

When you say negation of people, you say assertion of political authority;

When you say assertion of political authority, you say individual dependence;

When you say individual dependence, you say caste supremacy;

When you say caste supremacy, you say inequality;

When you say inequality, you say antagonism;

When you say antagonism, you say social war.

Hence, when you say government, you say civil war.

I can boldly set my arguments against all those of any government—white and red, past, present and future. The truth is that on this ground—which is that of a free man, alien from ambition, eager to work, disdainful of command, rebellious to submission—I defy all the contenders of functionalism and all the advocates of monarchical or republican tax, even if this is called progressive, proportional, land, capitalistic or consumptional.

Yes, anarchy is order, as government is civil war.

When my intelligence penetrates beyond the trivial details upon which rests the daily polemic, I find that the intestine wars that decimated humanity are due to one cause, that is: The overthrowing or conservation of a government. In political thesis, slaughtering one another has always meant being devoted, attached to the duration or event of a government. Show me a place where they assassinate en masse, in the open, and I'll show you a government at the head of the carnage. If you attempt to explain a civil war otherwise than by a government

trying to come in and another unwilling to leave, you'll lose your time, getting nowhere

The reason is simple.

The same instant a government is formed, it has its creatures, its partisans. The same instant it has its partisans. It has consequently its adversaries.

Now, the germ of civil war is nourished by this very fact, for the simple reason that you cannot have a government, invested with full powers, behave towards its adversaries the same way as towards its partisans. You can't expect a government to distribute its favors equally among its friends and enemies. You can't expect that the former won't be favored and the latter not persecuted.

From such inequality, then, a conflict between the privileged party and the oppressed party will soon ensue. In other words, once a government is established, the creation of privilege, the fomentation of division, the arising of antagonism, the determination of civil war are inevitable.

Therefore, government is civil war.

It suffices to be, on one side the partisan, on the other the adversary of a government, to determine a conflict among the citizens. If it's demonstrated that, outside the love and hatred nursed for a government, there is no reason for civil war, it means that it's enough, to establish peace, that the citizens renounce, from one side to be the partisan, from the other the adversaries of the government.

But, to cease attacking or defending the government in order to make civil war impossible, is nothing but to ignore, repel, suppress it, for the purpose of establishing order.

Now, if destroying the government is establishing order; if absence of government is anarchy—order and anarchy are parallel.

Consequently, anarchy is social order.

(Paris, France, 1850.)

ANARCHISTS:

Severino Di Giovanni

M. S.

Since the night of January 29th, there has not been much sleeping done within the walls of Buenos Aires' National Penitentiary. High officers of the Army, potent pillars of Uriburu's own dictatorship, soldiers and guards of the prison, policemen, detectives, inquisitors of all descriptions, ministers of the holy gospel, newspaper reporters and photographers, and sensation seekers have been coming and going bustling around, conferring, stretching their necks at the hurried passage of the protagonists. During these nights the war tribunal has been sitting in the heavy atmosphere of the prison; two momentous trials have been concluded; two young dreaded and hated lives have been dispatched through the summary procedure of war-law.

Restless prisoners, many of them political offenders, many of them friends of the doomed, have been waiting anxiously, hoping against hope, for the inevitable. Now, they are wide awake, counting the hours and minutes that separate them from the last act of the tragedy.

This is the early hours of February 1st, 1931; this is a gala night for the unusual visitors to the dreaded dungeon. Argentine high society—as christian and pious a high society as there ever was—has been waiting for years to see this moment. The government that on the previous September seized the power at the point of bayonets with the ethics of a band of highway bandits, is about to seal with blood its most heroic deed. It is going to be a first class show prepared by a first class military government for the supreme delight of a first class christian aristocracy.

Severino Di Giovanni, the legendary ubiquitous enemy of Argentinian "law and order," has at last been apprehended, judged and doomed. His execution is to take place at sunrise.

No one who holds any social status in the regime is going to miss the spectacle. Officers wearing shining uniforms are arriving; evening dressed gentlemen, on their way from the city theatres and other evening entertainments, are coming in great numbers; top-hatted papal counts or fascist minions, anxious to lay their eyes in triumph on the man about to die, sneer at his helplessness and eventually catch from his features the nervousness of fear. The stout-hearted man deceives them. He is now bidding good-bye to his dear ones, his wife, his children, giving a touch to his last toilette in order to appear in all the splendor of his faith, face to face with his murderers.

And outside the forbidding walls, to which it had been refused admittance, the fashionable mob is crowding to hear the discharge of the eight executing rifles. Thousands of do-nothings of both sexes, who can afford spending a summer night in the open, with light company and inebriating drinking, are there to assist in the very biblical process of social revenge.

At five o'clock, as the dawn announces the new day, Severino Di Giovanni, a beautiful specimen of humanity, 30 years old, neatly dressed, freshly shaven, erect, his eyes shining under the rising sun, is brought in chained. The last cold formalities, intended to confer dignity to the crime of murder, are rapidly dispatched; he is seated on a stool, refuses to have his eyes covered, declines firmly the last attempt of a catholic priest to reconcile him with his own bloody god, and as the executioners raise their guns, he cries with all the power of his mighty lungs, his last salute to the world: "Viva l'Anarchia!"

A volley, the "coup de grace" . . . and "justice" is done.

From the inside of the prison a loud chorus of "Viva l'Anarchia!" answers to the last salutation of the murdered man.

The show is over. Buenos Aires' powerful and smart can go to sleep now. Law and order are safe again.

But to the thinking mind, Argentina's officialdom and ruling class has made a sad spectacle of themselves. Their vindictiveness has shown itself abjectly. Never before, in modern times, had the savage instincts of the civilized beast made such a loathsome exhibition of themselves. In the eye of an astounded world, Buenos Aires' best society had delighted shamelessly in the murder of a human being. Severino Di Giovanni had been arrested only two days before, after a heated man-hunt in the heart of the city, tried by the military during the night, condemned and executed—all in the excitement of battle. The day before a newspaper had demanded that he be lynched by the infuriated mob. But what else could this "justice" do, administered in the middle of the night by soldiers who had been ordered to kill, if not a first class lynching consummated by a fashionable mob—of professional killers and revengeful moralists of high political and social standing?

That afternoon the grave of Severino Di Giovanni

was literally covered with flowers. The alarmed government had to place an armed guard at the grave to prevent the continuation of the scandal.

And the following morning, at the execution of young Paulino Orlando Scarfo, a lad in his twenty-second year of age and supposedly Di Giovanni's lieutenant, only public officials were admitted. The Government would very seemingly have pardoned Paulino Scarfo had he only consented to sign a petition. But the young fellow refused to the last because: "Anarchists do not beg to be spared."

Who were these men to whom the republican government of Argentine was meting so harsh a justice?



SEVERINO DI GIOVANNI
(1900-1930)

They called themselves Anarchists, and indeed theirs was the fate that capitalistic society aggravated by a military dictatorship, reserves for the anarchist pioneers of revolution.

Severino Di Giovanni was an Italian anarchist who had been living in Buenos Aires for some years, working as a printer and editing *Culmine*, *Anarchia* and other Anarchist publications. He was married, had three children, was a good father and husband, until, following a terroristic attentat against the fascistic Embassy in Buenos Aires, in May 1928, he was publicly denounced as a culprit and was thenceforth forced to live the underground life of the outlaw. From that day a legend arose around his name. Every daring exploit of a revolutionary character was attributed to him: robbery, bombings, forgeries, murders. Even the assassination of Emilio Lopez Arango—the anarcho-syndicalist editor of "La Protesta" who had accused him of being an "agent provocateur" and sternly refused to prove his accusations—was attributed to him. Police and press, unable to find him, had for years inflated his celebrity to the incredible proportion of a challenge to organized society.

The truth about his exploits will probably never be fully known. What is certain is that before his death he admitted a number of these accusations. I don't know to this day if he really was the one that killed Arango. If he was, his more attenuating circumstances is that since all other means of inducing Arango to stand by his accusations had failed, he had no other way to affirm his innocence. For him it must have been a matter of moral life or death. Unless his revolutionary sincerity was and appeared to be evident beyond suspicion, what else could he be but a vulgar bandit of uncommon courage and temerity, one of the many that the capitalist system is so frequently bound to produce? After having raised this sus-

picion, Arango refused to show cause for it or retract it. He persistently refused even to discuss it before a jury of comrades nominated by common consent. In fact, Arango proved that he aimed at nothing but the moral annihilation of Di Giovanni. That is just what Di Giovanni was bound to resist with all the energy he was displaying in his unremitting fight against the organized forces of government to protect his physical existence. Arango's death did not prove the falseness of his accusations; it showed that when personal feuds are pushed to extremes where reason has lost all power of persuasion, nothing remains but the elemental conflict of primitive forces. Arango wanted his opponent's moral destruction; there need not be any surprise, even less indignation, that the latter caused Arango's physical destruction.

To Di Giovanni, in fact, physical life was less important than moral life. He, who for years did all in his power to persuade Arango and other comrades to clear the blot that was being aspersed on his name and could not bear to be suspected in his anarchist earnestness, he, when the hour of expiation came, faced his torturers and executioners with unflinching courage and defiance.

As for the rest, he was a revolutionist with all his heart and brain. The capitalist government had made an outlaw of him and he dared fill the role imposed on him without the least reservation, or wavering. He was a pioneer of the social revolution. All the constituted powers were hunting him; he answered back shot after shot dedicating all the richness of his youth, intelligence, will and temerity to the cause for which he had come to live exclusively. His brain seemed to be in a perennial storm. Ideas, programs, initiatives flowed from his mind as from an inexhaustible source. During his outlaw years he literally inundated three continents with his letters trying to interest unknown comrades in his plans, asking of them help to carry them through, giving them work at translations from foreign languages, at gathering documents he intended to publish. His editorial work had just begun with the publication in Italian, of three volumes of Elise Reclus "Scritti Minori." Four more volumes were under way, and the day he was discovered and arrested, he was emerging from a printing shop in the heart of Buenos Aires where he had spent the whole day tending to the correction of proofs for another book of anarchist propaganda, unmindful of the imminent danger that was in store for him.

Paulino Orlando Scarfo, his supposed "lieutenant," was in fact his devoted companion in all the risky enterprises that were to further their common plans for the benefit of Anarchism. His outlaw existence had begun at the end of 1928 when his brother Alexander was arrested under suspicion of having planned to dynamite Hoover's train, at the time of the latter's visit to South America. His own arrest came a few hours after Di Giovanni's, in the suburb of Burzaco, following a fight in the course of which two of their comrades, Braulio Roja and Juan Marquez had been shot by the besieging troops. He was a young man of uncommon intelligence, with absolute devotion to anarchist ideals. In fact he and Di Giovanni and their comrades were, since the militaristic "coup d'Etat" of September 6th, 1930, a powerful nucleus of revolutionary resistance to the atrocious tyranny and cruelty of the dictatorship. While almost all the militants of the once conspicuous anarchist and syndicalist movements had been thrown in jail or into forced exile, this group of resolute fighters held their place and for almost five months defied the combined forces of the military government and the civil police of the republic.

The end came—a tragic end indeed—as it was bound to come. They faced it in the spirit with which they had provoked and waited for it. They faced it as fighters who deeply feel the cause they have been fighting for, and who know that constituted authority, no matter how shining the paraphernalia of morality, religion and law under which it parades, is just a band of fortunate pirates who hold society in terror of their guns, inquisition and prisons.

No mercy was to be hoped for; they expected none.

Orthodox moral codes are inadequate to judge such men and their deeds. They judged themselves in the light of revolutionary ethics and they showed by the heroism of their death how deeply they believed in the social justice of their cause. As to their means, it had been imposed on them by a heartless system of society which leaves the disinherited majority of human beings no other alternative in a life resigned to misery and suffering, than the harassed existence of the outlaw at war with capitalist "law and order"

"Long Live Anarchy!"

We know not whether our voices will yet shout forth the cry of our hearts. We know not whether this pen of ours will be forcefully broken before it will have written all of the sentiments tumbling in our hearts. But whatever be the morrow, whatever our destiny be, to the Anarchists holding valiantly their position at the social trenches go our salutation and solidarity.

Liberty cannot be killed! And if we are to fall in the very unequal fight, then let our dearest and everlasting cry resound: Long live Anarchy!

—Severino Di Giovanni

IS ANARCHISM DEAD ?

C. H. MITCHELL

No doubt most of the people at the present time, when they hear the word "Anarchism" pronounced, settle back in their chair, satisfied that Anarchism has at last died a natural death, and now they have only the Socialists to worry about. Socialism does not, it is true, worry them very much. Probably they have heard Norman Thomas lecture at their church forum. And they have seen the so-called Communists, led by William Z. Foster, applying at the city hall for a permit to hold a demonstration. Everybody knows that so long as the Socialists obey the laws the State need not worry about their activities. Obviously the laws were not designed so as to let a competitive group gain control of the State. Just so long as the Communists busy themselves with such entertaining mischief as putting X's opposite Bill Foster's name or applying at city halls and Washington for permits to exhibit themselves to the policemen and the mildly curious middle class, the government has nothing whatsoever to fear from this still unconverted and very ineffective group of protestants.

The quarrel between the Anarchists and the Socialists is very old, dating back to the days of Marx and Bakunin and the First International. The quarrel has always revolved around the point of the advisability of employing violence in the labor movement. Marx was unshakable in his faith in the State; he denounced the use of violence against the capitalist State. The Second International, limited in its operations by the laws of the group in power, accomplished nothing. Briand, Thomas, Snowden, MacDonald—these men represent the effectiveness of the Socialist Second International. Once in power these men are no better than their predecessors; indeed, if anything, they are worse. Undoubtedly their rule is just as oppressive as that of their capitalist brethren. Where they do harm is in increasing the scope

and power of the State beyond the point which limited their predecessors' activities. They play right into the capitalists' hands. They are to be fought against by everyone who believes in freedom and cooperation as the basis for the new social order.

The Bolsheviks (Third International) are the only Socialists to be considered at all seriously as such. They recognize the Anarchist doctrine of violence as a means of overthrowing the State, if other means fail. Having overthrown the State, they proceed to set up another State with themselves as the ruling power. In Russia the Bolshevik State eliminates practically all liberty. The Communist Party, representing less than one per cent of the people, rules the country with an iron hand. Their police, the Tcheka, are the most ruthless and oppressive enforcing agency of any set of rulers anywhere in the world today. Anarchists have been driven underground, and it will be years before the Russian people will free themselves from the "Communist" tyrants. It is very difficult to speak with moderation of these double-crossing, cowardly traitors, the so-called Communist Party. They are indebted to the Anarchists' slogans which they pretended to embrace for their position today. Their revolutionary technique is clearly Anarchistic, as are their promises of a classless and Stateless society for the future. Once in power, however, they discard these ideas. They become rulers of the worst type, suppressing all freedom, suffocating the individual and his natural associative tendencies, moulding by force the people into something unnatural, rigid, static, and unbearable. Anarchists will not stand idly before the face of this terrible beast of oppression. Some day the down-trodden Russian people shall really have their freedom, their classless, cooperative society. After the self-termed Communist Party, the present ruling class, has been disposed of,—when the Revolution

has been brought to life again,—then and not until then can work be started on a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law. But the Socialist debris must be cleared away before this work can be started. The Anarchists will take care of that.

* * * *

To say that Anarchism is dead is ridiculous. It is like saying that liberty is dead or justice is dead. All these things are elemental and lifeless. They are as old as the human race. The struggle for their realization is the history of the human race. The principles and tactics of Anarchism were imbedded in human experience long before Karl Marx arrived on the European scene with his half-hearted, luke-warm Socialist doctrines. The clear uncompromising ideal of the Anarchists will outlive all half-way liberal measures, all strangulation at the hands of capitalists, and all opposition from reactionary Socialists and their tyrannical States and laws and policemen. The Anarchist ideal is the ideal of the human race. It will never die; it cannot die so long as there are human beings alive in the world. For brief periods Anarchism may be successfully suppressed, but unless someone discovers how to dissect a human animal so as to remove from him one of his race instincts which has motivated his ancestors' struggle for freedom through the ages,—unless some scientist is able to do this,—Anarchism is most certainly not dead. To all appearances it may be dead, but suddenly it will blaze up again with all the fire and strength which has marked its previous struggles against tyranny and oppression. It may confidently be asserted that Anarchism is now finding its way out of the foul, stinking smoke screen of Capitalist and Socialist post-war conspiracies and that from now on we may look for a strong, uncompromising movement towards the Anarchist ideal, against all inequalities and oppression.

THE ANARCHIST BATTLE FIELD

Russia

The persecution of Anarchists by the Bolshevik Government continues unabated. Many Anarchists have suffered as high as ten years imprisonment and exile. Some have been imprisoned 4, 6 and 8 times. The "communist liberators" find all sorts of subterfuge excuses for to keep our best comrades imprisoned or exiled. The food given to the political prisoners is low and un nourishing. As to illness the orders of the Tchekists override that of any doctor. Men from the South are sent to the frozen north. Thus do the "creators of a (?) new world" improvise and even surpass some of the most sadistic torturous regimes of capitalism!

Among those made victims again by the Bolshevik persecution are the following:

Alexandrov, Makhonin and Silvestrov were again jailed after having been released from the political Devil's Island. (Whenever anyone is released—the Jesuitical Bolsheviks demand from the victims a renunciation of their ideas. Otherwise, the victim is again jailed under various pretenses.)

Kologriv and Lintchevsky were again sent into exile. Kologriv returned in 1921 from America. He was very much liked by the workers of the Kiev railroad line. The charge against him made by the Tchekist was that of appropriating a few pounds of sugar. Despite the workers' testimony that proved the charge as a frame-up, he was found "guilty!" After their release Kologriv and Lintchevsky were called into military service. They refused to serve. Ordered into exile again.

Kumanov and Kardao who have suffered ten years of persecution are again imprisoned, this time their whereabouts are even kept secret. Neither was there given any reason for the re-arrest of N. Belyaev and O. Rikovsky. Other new doomed comrades are: Egorov, Yurtchenko, Arkhangelsky and Rayefsky who have been sent to Yeniseisk; Plotnikov to Central Asia; Shulman to Belgorod; Blumin and Makariants to Tobolsk; Ruvimsky Nemeritzkaya and Anatoly Konse to Kursk; Mikhailov to Orel; Nicholas Bogdayev to Turkestan after 3 years in Suzdal. The same punishment has been inflicted upon the well known Vladimir Barmash now exiled for three years to Siberia, after a three years exile in Upper-Uralsk. Alexei Borovoi, one of the ablest informed Anarchists, former professor at the Moscow University, was again exiled to a new three years sentence—this time to Viatka. The same sentence has been meted out to Kharkhardin, Khudoley, Andrei Andreyev, Ilovaisky, Maria Petrosova.

Comrade Slonovitch, a member of the Kropotkin Museum is already imprisoned for two years—without any reason being given!

As a result of the inhuman treatment at the hands of the Communist jailers, the following com-

rades have died recently:

Makarov, in Obdorsk; Dora Stepnaya in Moscow; Klavdia Loginova, in Irbt; Boris Gurevitch in Kharkov jail; Clara Federmer in Stalingrad; Elena Kanashevitch, in Kudimkor.

The above detailed facts speak for themselves. They are taken from the January four-page Bulletin of the International Working Men's Association (Syndicalist International) Russian Aid Fund. Those interested to obtain copies of the Bulletin or any other information, or render aid in the work of the Committee, can write to: Mark Mratchny c/o Holtz, 1529 Pleasant Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., Or, to: Albert de Jong, Holland.

* * * *

Alexander Naumoff, a youthful comrade of ours (born in Moscow, Tula District in 1906) is dead. He died of tuberculosis in the hospital of Tamsk, April 18, 1932. Since he was 17 years of age Comrade Naumoff has been chased from one prison to another with alternate confinement to the Urales and Siberia, until the tuberculosis so acquired destroyed his life. His only crime had been that of leaving the Youth Communist Organization for the ideal of Anarchy.

Spain

The uprising began on January the 7th, and was drowned in blood after continuous battles for almost a week. The number of killed is unknown, although estimated to be over one hundred, and hundreds are imprisoned—awaiting to be court martialed. Many towns were proclaiming Anarchist Communes. City halls were cleansed of all the legal rubbish they contained, and scattered to the winds. The coalition Liberal and Socialist Government have ordered martial law to be instituted. One of the ministers—Quiroga issued a statement that it is the Anarchist element that is responsible for the new uprising. He added:

"You see what happens. We kill a few and the foolish movement ends!"

If the Anarcho-Syndicalist movement of Spain would not have lost itself two years ago in giving direct or indirect support to the "republican" regime—charlatans like Mr. Quiroga might never have had the chance to heap such insults upon the revolting masses. Of course, Mr. Quiroga—and his co-socialist rulers are laughing a bit too soon. For against tyrants and oppression there is always a tomorrow—even after the most momentary crushing defeats.

According to a cablegram in the Literary Digest of January 21st, the daily Syndicalist C. N. T. disclaims any responsibility in the uprising, and states editorially:

"The Syndicalist revolution will occur only when there is a chance for success— . . ."

To Seekers of "Conferences" and "Congresses"

If there was a First International and there still are the Second, the Third and, let us say, the Fourth (Syndicalist) Internationals, why should Anarchists waste their time in creating a Fifth International?

How is it that the famous Third International, admittedly the most centralized, bureaucratic, quasi-militaristic so-called "revolutionary" organization, has accomplished only one bluff after another during the entire time of its existence?

Has any of the so many "Libertarian" conferences held in this country in the last few years ever accomplished anything except for putting together a lot of inconclusive exhibitionism and piles of vacuous words?

Does an anarchist need the helping hand or the official orders of a . . . Fifth International to know and to choose his trench in the field of the ever-present, social war-fare?

In the work of conversion and propaganda what can be more effectual—a centralized organism necessarily devoid of any relation with the masses, or the groups, the individuals bound, by every day life, to be in close vicinity of their fellow-men?

Since social events and situations arise unexpectedly and in manifold aspects in the various localities, who's best fit to judge how to cope with them the local group and individuals or the Conferences and International?

The best place an anarchist can choose for a "conference" is the one where she or he happens to live—co-operating with all those comrades with whom it will prove possible to carry on a congenial work of defence, attack and propaganda.

In short: if in the anarchist movement there happens to be a few individuals who are tickled by the aspiration of becoming omniscent potentates or illustrious bureaucrats, then they can go ahead and create another machine. But their efforts will prove to be in vain. The Anarchist movement, where our ideal is kept clear of any politics or politicians, will pay no heed to individuals who would be better off in joining the Third or the Syndicalist International without wasting time on the creation of one which the Anarchists have no need of.

S. MENICO

MAN !

Issued By The
International Group of San Francisco
Editor, MARCUS GRAHAM
Free Subscription Voluntary Contributions
Correspondence Address:
1000 Jefferson Street, Oakland, California.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION IN EDUCATION HAROLD J. LASKI

What is our business as teachers? Our first business as I conceive it, is to make those whom we teach skeptical of the foundations of the social order to which we belong. There is no greater danger in any generation than the tendency of all of us to confound the institutions to which we have grown accustomed with the necessary foundations of society. And if our children go out of the schools and out of the colleges believing, shall I say, that the constitution of Utopia was the greatest work ever struck off at a single moment by the mind of man, is it not unlikely that necessary change, when necessary change becomes essential, will be more difficult of access and more impossible of application, when the children leave your hands and my hands? Are they doubtful of our wisdom? Do they believe that we are probably wrong? Are they prepared to be tolerant of our beliefs? Are they eager to insist that they can make the world anew in their lifetime, and remold it nearer to the heart's desire? Or, do they come out of the schools feeling that after all, each of us is an egotistic person, that the attainment of material comfort is the greatest of all goals, and that if each of us properly follows his own self-interest, there is what Adam Smith called an invisible hand somehow multiplying the competitive instincts of each one of us to the maximum good of us all?

We rarely ask ourselves those questions. We are prisoners of the routine and we think that if the child goes out into the world at large, knowing by heart the Utopian declaration of independence and realizing that it has no longer application to the immediate Utopian world, that all things are well; that if the child has had just sufficient training not to be cheated over a shop counter, just sufficient power to read, to be able to go through without understanding the Utopian newspaper, just sufficient intelligence to have the results of educational training counteracted by that propaganda (which I would define, if I may, as the art of deceiving your friends, without being able quite to deceive your enemies) then we congratulate ourselves upon a great task nobly accomplished. This is a grim world about which we have to make our way at our peril. Every one of us to whom there comes a vision of how that world might be reshaped, or who has an inner and conscious enthusiasm about that vision and fails to communicate all that it implies to those whom he teaches, is a traitor to the vocation that we follow.

I am not concerned . . . whether the teacher is reactionary or radical, conservative or socialist. His business is to communicate his vision of the world as he sees that vision, and to stand by the consequences. It is only by the shock of a mind that genuinely believes impinging upon the mind that is eager to receive, that the teacher's work can be done, and my difficulty as I meet teachers of my own profession is their satisfaction with the routine, their patience with public and official dogma, their refusal to examine, their acceptance of things as they are. In the Ninth Inferno of Dante, the very base of that Ninth Inferno, there will ultimately be found the teachers who were satisfied with things as they are, and in my judgment . . . will rightly be so found there. The longer I live, the longer I teach, the more I realize what an endless opportunity is in our hands. Of course, we can't do all that we should wish to do; not even the greatest of teachers, Morris Cohen, Felix Frankfurter, John Dewey—to take only three of the most outstanding of living Americans—of course, the great teacher measured by what needs to be achieved can only be conscious of abysmal failure. But, the teacher who watches the operations of the school board in the capital city of Utopia and feels that it is not his business to interfere because he might lose his job, that teacher fails to understand everything for which the profession to which he belongs exists.

Is it not clear that in the large, and granted all the difficulties and defectiveness, that the interest of the teaching profession is the same as the interest of the working class in this country? You can be sure that the middle class, and the upper class will take care of themselves. They maintain their power very largely by a monopolization of knowledge; they maintain their power very largely because the consciousness of the strength that the working class possesses is a consciousness that can come only from education, and the majority of the working class is not given that education out of which a consciousness of power eventually emerges. You, like ourselves, are divided into the two nations of rich and poor. Those two nations live different lives. Men who live differently think differently, and this commonwealth of America, like the commonwealth of Great Britain, has no unifying principle of common interest between class and class in the community of which we are a part. We are not welded together into a genuine unity.

There is not equal consideration for all. There is not even a thought that equal consideration was the basis upon which your commonwealth in its origins was founded. And until the significance of the historic documents that define the American tradition are written into the fabric of American institutions, the teacher who does not realize that affiliation with labor is the basis of the future of his profession, does not know the purpose for which teaching exists. I know that neutrality is attractive. I know that when one approaches a problem from a non-political aspect, that one generally means, particularly in America, that one is going to strive to be reasonably impartial about it.

But with teachers my own general experience has been that when a teacher emphasizes the neutrality that he feels about a particular subject of popular discussion, that means one of two things—it either means that he cares nothing whatever about the subject, or it means that he cares most of all for the retention of his post.

I am not asking that any teacher should go into a school or a university and preach Socialism or Communism, or conservatism, or the unadulterated glory of the business man. I am asking only that he shall be critical about those hypotheses; that he should explain that it is possible, for example (I don't want in any way to be extreme), but that it is possible that men have served America more greatly than Mr. Rockefeller or even the Secretary of the Treasury.

Possibly . . . I should like to see the teacher emphasize to the children in the schools that if one puts forward the nation to which one belongs as the embodiment of unending, and for others unattainable good, he is a traitor to that large humanity, by which all nationalities will in the end be judged. I come from a civilization that at the moment treads the very edge of the abyss. In Germany, in Italy, in Poland, in Spain, in Roumania, in Portugal you feel the sense wherever you travel of being on the very verge of disaster.

May I put the implication that conveys to me in concrete form, that in a choice between the approach for teaching purposes of that situation between the attitude, let us say, of Professor Einstein and the attitude of the Daughters of the American Revolution, it seems to me that the teacher has no choice; that unless in those years of school and college we can make the use of peace seem the greatest, the most romantic, the most creative of adventures to the next generation, we shall fail in the vital purpose that lies before us; and that the only way in which that end can be attained is by making the young man go out of school, or college, believing that the first obligation is to conscience, and that the obligation to the United States of America, comes very long after the obligation to conscience, that it is, If I may say so without fear of deportation, a very bad

second in all the historic circumstances.

When I first came to America some fifteen years ago, I read the works, then to me largely unknown, of Thoreau, and I found an essay of Thoreau on the duty of civil disobedience, which I am tempted . . . to say is, an essay, the most admirable embodiment of the basis of the teacher's creed of anything that I know. And out of my memories of that essay there comes to me one sentence that I venture to commend to you. "In a time of injustice," said Thoreau, "the place of a just man is also in prison."

It seems to me that we ought to keep that frankly and stoutly before our minds. What does it mean to fulfill the teacher's function as civic obligation? The answer has been set out for this generation of you in America as for us in England, in unmistakable, and unforgettable terms.

If when the teacher's crisis comes he acts as Professor Frankfurter acted in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, then he is entitled to say that as a teacher he was worthy of the vocation to which he was called. But if in a crisis of that kind he feels that it might damage the endowment fund the school or college is trying to raise, or that it will make him unavailable for the superintendency that is around the corner, or that it may lead to his being questioned by boards of trustees or what not, the teacher who thinks along those lines is a teacher who does not understand what teaching is, because he does not respect himself. If people do not respect themselves, how can they expect those for whom they are responsible in any basic sense to respect them?

And may I say this: I have been questioned in my time by boards of trustees. I don't know any more heartening experience. You derive from it a conscious knowledge of effortless intellectual superiority that . . . is incapable of being attained in any other way. If we believe that the endless support of the rich man or the great foundations, or what you will, is really going to protect us in moving forward to our goal, let me assure you that we miss the mark.

You in America as we in England are at the beginning of a long period of grave difficulty in our social and our economic life. And one of the pivotal points of attacks because of that difficulty is bound to be the educational system. When the first grant for national education was proposed in England in 1813, a distinguished English conservative, Mr. William Windham, opposed the grant on the ground that education would make servants insubordinate to their masters. I know no better definition for the purpose of education. It is precisely the function that we serve, to abolish the distinction between masters and servants, to bring out the eminent dignity of human nature, and the equal claim of every sort and kind of human nature, that can equally serve the commonwealth.

IN RETROSPECT

(Continued from Page One)

The labor "leaders" here and abroad have and are serving the interests of capitalism. They repeatedly prove themselves as the auxiliary to down any spontaneous direct action that labor ever gives expression to.

Afraid that the workers will finally begin to rebel and discard their "spokesmen" and "leaders"—Mr. Green stands ready to mislead and betray the workers anew, by professing to give approval to "force" if need be.

If the Liberal, Socialist and Communist "leaders" wouldn't be aiming at gaining the confidence of the exploited for the purpose of RULING over them, instead of capitalism and labor "leaders," they wouldn't have been so quick to give vent by approval, to the seeming change of fronts by Mr. Green and his like.

The Anarchist does not seek or wish for to gain the confidence of the exploited for the purpose of leading them. The Anarchist, on the contrary, warns the workers not to allow themselves in being lead by any one. For, all such efforts must end, as history shows again and again, in rank betrayal. The exploited can only help THEMSELVES in cooperation with their fellowmen. The very moment that labor recedes and gives trust in any individual or party to aid them in the struggle for emancipation—that moment the seal of defeat and capitulation has set in, and the struggle lost.

Figures and Facts

The feature in this issue, Losers and Winners contains an array of facts, that form the most devastating exposure and condemnation that could ever be penned against the present system of exploitation and rulership.

More than any other group—it is the workers

who ought to become fully aware as to what the Facts and Figures fully signify.

It is the toilers' surrender that makes possible the piling up of wealth by the few. It is the toilers' indifference that allows the ravaging robbery of their produced commodities to be perpetrated. It is the toilers' families that suffer want and privation. It is the children of the toilers that are losing their youth in factories and mines. It is they who become homeless and are roaming around the country without any hope for a tomorrow. It is the life of the toilers that is mostly sacrificed in industrial accidents and suicides. In brief, it is the toiler of the world that stands today mute, forlorn, and immovable as every fibre of his body is being starved upon the altar of profits, profits and more profits.

All the commissions appointed by capitalism's protector—the Government—in order to blindfold the oppressed and exploited cannot succeed from hiding the shameful mistreatment inflicted by the few against the many. Not even when they condescend to admit, as the appointed commission of Hoover has recently done in its released report, that revolution is threatening their own system. All these scholarly well paid tools of capitalism can do is to pile up reports on reports. That is all. It has taken them three years to find out what forty millions have known and undergone all that time!

Their press will keep on misleading the masses. The politicians will do likewise—not making a particle of difference whether a republican or monarchial, democratic or socialist, liberal or communist machine reigns as a Government in behalf of capitalism, or of itself as in Russia.

* * * *

Anarchy is the ideal conception of a liberty based on the equal right of each and all to pursue such activities as will bring the most joy.

INDIVIDUAL WILL and THE FUTURE

What we need is a true appraisal of the power and role of the idea.

And first, against the accepted formula of modern Materialism, "Men are what circumstances make them," I set the opposing declaration, "Circumstances are what men make them"; and I contend that both these things are true up to the point where the combating powers are equalized, or one is overthrown. In other words, my conception of mind, or character, is not that it is a powerless reflection of a momentary condition of stuff and form, but an active modifying agent, reacting on its environment and transforming, circumstances sometimes greatly, sometimes, though not often, entirely.

Everywhere in the shells of dead societies, as in the shells of the sea-slime, we shall see the force of purposive action, of intent within holding its purpose against obstacles without.

I think there is no one in the world who can look upon the steadfast, far-staring face of an Egyptian carving, or read a description of Egypt's monuments, or gaze upon the mummied clay of its old dead men, without feeling that the dominant idea of that people in that age was to be enduring and to work enduring things, with the immobility of their great still sky upon them, and expressed themselves, in their lives, must feel that whatever other ideas animated them, and expressed themselves, in their lives, this was the dominant idea. That which was must remain, no matter at what cost, even if it were to break the everlasting hills: an idea which made the live humanity beneath it, born and matured in the coffins of caste, grow and writhe and gnaw its bandages, till in the fullness of time it passed away, and still the granite mould of it stares with empty eyes out across the world, the stern old memory of the Thing-that-was.

And if we wish to know what master thought ruled the lives of men when the mediaeval period had times to ripen it, one has only at this day to stray into some quaint, out-of-the-way English village, where a strong old towered Church yet stands in the midst of little straw, tatched cottages, like a brooding mother-hen surrounded by her chicks. Every where the greateness of God, and the lessening of Man: the Church so looming, the home so little. The search for the spirit, for the enduring thing (not the poor endurance of granite which in the ages crumbles, but the eternal), the eternal,—and contempt for the body which perishes, manifest in studied uncleanness, in mortification of the flesh, as if the spirit should have spat its scorn upon it.

We dabble in many things; but the one great real idea of our age, not copied from any other, not pretended, not raised to life by any conjuration, is the Much Making of Things, not the joy of spending living energy in creative work; rather the shameless, merciless driving and over-driving, wasting and draining of the last bit of energy, only to produce heaps and heaps of things,—things ugly, things harmful, things useless, and at the best largely unnecessary.... what stress and strain of danger and fear of danger, with what mutilations and maiming and lamings they struggle on, dashing themselves out against these rocks of wealth! Verily, if the vision of the Mediaeval Soul is painful in its grotesque and its senseless tortures, the Soul of the Modern is most amazing with its restless, nervous eyes, ever searching the corners of the universe, its restless, nervous hands ever reaching and grasping for some useless toil.

Go through the business street of any city, where the tilted edges of the strata of things are exposed to gaze, and look at the faces of the people as they pass, not the hungry and smitten ones who fringe the sidewalks and plaint dolefully for alms, but at the crowd,—and see what idea is written on their face. On those of the women, from the ladies of the horse-shows to the shop girls out of the factory, there is a sickening vanity, a consciousness of their clothes, as of some jackdaw in borrowed feathers. Look for the pride and glory of the free, strong, beautiful body, lithe-moving and powerful. You will see mincing steps, bodies tilted to show the cut of a skirt, simpering, smirking faces, with eyes cast about seeking admiration for the gigantic bow of ribbon in the overdressed hair. In the caustic words of an acquaintance, to whom I once said, as we walked, "Look at the amount of vanity on all these women's faces," "No: look at the little bit of womanhood showing out of all that vanity!"

And on the faces of men, coarseness! Coarse desires, for coarse things, and lots of them: the stamp is set so unmistakably that "the fairer though a fool need not err therein."

Such is the dominant idea of the western world, at least in these our days. You may see it wherever you look, impressed plainly on things and on men; very likely, if you look in the glass, you will see it there. And if some archaeologist of a long future shall some day unbury the bones of our civilization, where ashes or flood shall have entombed it, he will see this frightful idea stamped on the factory walls he shall uncover, with their rows and rows of square light-holes, their tons upon tons of toothed steel, grinning out of the skull of this our life; its acres of silk and velvet, its square miles of tinsel and shoddy. No glorious marbles of nymphs and fawns.... no majestic figures of winged horses, with man's faces and lions' paws casting their colossal symbolism in a mighty spell forward upon Time, as those old stone chimeras of Babylon yet do; but meaningless iron giants, of wheels and teeth, whose secret is forgotten, but whose business was to grind men up, and spit them out housefuls of woven stuffs, bazaars of trash, wherethrough other men might wade. The statues he shall find will bear no trace of mythic dream or mystic symbol; they will be statues of merchants and iron masters and militiamen, in tailored coats and pantaloons and proper hats and shoes.

And now, to-day, though Society about us is dominated by Thing-Worship, and will stand so marked for time, that is no reason any single



VALTEIRINE DE CLEYRE
(1866-1912)

soul should be. Because the one thing seemingly worth doing to my neighbor, to all my neighbors, is to pursue dollars, that is no reason I should pursue dollars. Because my neighbors conceive they need an inordinate heap of carpets, tapestries, mirrors, clothes, jewels—and servants to care for them, and detectives to keep an eye on the servants, judges to try thieves, and politicians to appoint the judges, jails to punish the culprits, and wardens to watch in the jails, and tax collectors to gather support for the wardens, and fees for the tax collectors, and strong houses to hold the fees, so that none but the guardians thereof can make of with them,—and therefore, to keep this host of parasites, need other men to work for them, and make the fees; because my neighbors want all this, is that any reason I should devote myself to such a barren folly? and bow my neck to serve to keep the gaudy show?

Must we, because the Middle Age was dark and blind and brutal throw away the one good thing it wrought into the fibre of Man, that the inside of a human being was worth more than the outside? that to conceive a higher thing than oneself and live toward it is the only way of living worthily? The goal strived for should, and must, be a very different one from that which lead the mediaeval fanatic to despise the body and belabor it with hourly crucifixions. But one can recognize the claims and the importance of the body without therefore sacrificing truth, honor, simplicity, and faith, to the vulgar gauds of body-service, whose very decorations debase the thing they might be supposed to exalt.

I have said before that the doctrine that men are nothing and circumstance all, has been, and is, the bane of our modern social reform movements.

Our youth, themselves, animated by the spirit of the old teachers who believed in the supremacy of ideas, even in the very hours of throwing away that teaching, look with burning eyes to the social East, and believe that wonders of revolution are soon to be accomplished. In their enthusiasm they foreread the gospel of Circumstances to mean that very soon the pressure of material development must break down the social system—they give the rotten thing but a few years to last; and then, they themselves shall witness the transformation, partake in its joys. The few years pass away and nothing happens; enthusiasm cools. Behold the same idea-

VALTEIRINE DE CLEYRE

list then successful business men, creeping into the social ranks they once despised, pitifully, contemptibly, at the skirts of some impecunious personage to whom they have lent money, or done some professional service gratis; behold them lying, cheating, tricking, flattering, buying and selling themselves for any frippery, any cheap little pretense. The Dominant Social Idea has seized them, their lives are swallowed up in it; and when you ask the reason why, they tell you that circumstances compelled them so to do. If you quote their lies to them, they smile with calm complacency, assure you that when Circumstances demand lies, lies are a great deal better than truth; that tricks are sometimes more effective than honest dealing; that flattering and duping do not matter; if the end to be attained is desirable; and that under existing "Circumstances" life isn't possible without all this; that it is going to be possible whenever Circumstances have made truth telling easier than lying, but till then a man must look out for himself, by all means, and so the cancer goes on rotting away the moral fibre, and the man becomes a lump, a piece of slippery slime taking all shapes and losing all shapes, according to what particular hole or corner he wishes to glide into, a disgusting embodiment of the moral bankruptcy begotten by Thing-Worship.

Had he been dominated by a less material conception of life, had his own will not been rotted by the intellectual reasoning of it out of its nothingness, the unselfish aspirations of his earlier years would have grown and strengthened by exercise and habit; and his protest against the time might have been enduringly written, and to some purpose.

What, then, would I have? you ask. I would have men invest themselves with the dignity of an aim higher than the chase for wealth; choose a thing to do in life outside of the making of things, and keep it in mind,—not for a day, nor a year, but for a lifetime. And then keep faith with themselves! Not be a light-o'-love, to-day professing this and to-morrow that, and easily reading oneself out of both whenever it becomes convenient; not advocating a thing to-day and to-morrow kissing its enemies' sleeve, with that weak, cowardly cry in the mouth, "Circumstances make me." Take a good look into yourself, and if you love Things and the power of plentitude of things better than you love your own dignity, human dignity, Oh, say so, say so! Say it to yourself and abide by it. But do not blow hot and cold in one breath. Do not try to be a social reformer, and a respected possessor of Things at the same time while going joyously upon the wide one. Preach the wide one, or do not preach at all; but do not fool yourself by saying you would like to help usher in a free society, but you cannot sacrifice an armchair for it. Say honestly, "I love armchairs better than free men, and pursue them because I choose; not because circumstances make me."

But if you choose the liberty and pride and strength of the single soul, and the free fraternization of men, as the purpose which your life is to make manifest, then do not sell it for a tinsel. Think that your soul is strong and will hold its way; and slowly, through bitter struggle perhaps, the strength will grow. And the foregoing of possessions for which others barter the last possibility of freedom, will become easy.

At the end of life you may close your eyes, saying: "I have not been dominated by the Dominant Idea of my Age; I have chosen mine own allegiance, and served it. I have proved by a lifetime that there is that in man which saves him from absolute tyranny of Circumstance, which in the end conquers and remolds Circumstance;—the immortal fire of the Individual Will, which is the salvation of the Future."

Let us have Men, Men who will say a word to their soul and keep it—keep it not when it is easy, but keep it when it is hard—keep it when the storm roars and there is a white-streaked sky and blue thunder before, and one's eyes are blinded and one's ears deafened with the war of opposing things; and keep it under the long leaden sky and the gray dreariness that never lifts. Hold unto the last: that is what it means to have a Dominant Idea where the same idea has been worked out by a whole and unmake Circumstance.

Man! can and will only exist as long as those who find it of interest will make this possible by voluntary contributions. When this will cease, Man! will be discontinued.

ART and LITERATURE

Voice Of The Hour

GIGI DAMIANI

With a firm step I descended
 Into the mossy cavern at whose bottom,
 Facing a cave blacker than the night,—
 A pit opens upon a profound abyss
 Which the shepherd of the enviroins (ignorant men!),
 Call "the jaws of the Infinite"—
 There burns,
 In an ancient tripod,
 A flame that never dies.
 And on that flame I threw (so bids the Cabala)
 Seven grains of incense.
 Then thrice my hands toward the sky I raised,
 And—making three obeisances to the Unknown—
 I questioned the oracle.

—O thou who knowest all, highpriest of the Serpent,
 Phantom whose face none has seen,
 And unto whom all ages are given;
 O thou, lord that possessest the treasures of experience,
 —Wrought by age old disillusion piled upon each
 other—
 Thou that readeest the stars of heaven and the hearts
 of men,
 That understandest the past,

That hast no care for the present,
 And that foreseest the future,
 Tell me
 —When will peace be back among men,
 And liberty no longer be a myth,
 And justice break the bread of plenty
 At humanity's repast.
 "The jaws of the Infinite"
 In a distant, far-off voice gave answer:

... To-Morrow!

To-morrow?
 And to those who held,
 Bowed by misery,
 Crushed by sorrow
 Sickened by the triumph of might
 That rides upon the steed of vileness;
 To those that sigh the depths of gaols,
 Or, condemned to die, keep watch on the last night
 of life
 To all those who, still untamed by mountains of
 bitterness,
 Await a word of hope,
 What shall I say, what wilt thou say,
 That they may not exhausted hurl themselves to earth,
 Convinced that all is vain?

"The Jaws of the Infinite"
 In a distant far-off voice, rejoined:

... Resist!

Resist?
 But meanwhile we fall
 And all around us dies;
 Faith dies, hope dies, love dies;
 All things crumble in ruins . . .
 And over the ruins pass the winds of folly,
 And no more do mothers quench the thirst of their
 newborn
 At the breast of sweet goodness,
 But moisten their lips
 With the venom of blind hatred distilled from Cain . . .
 So that life may reaffirm its reign of light,
 Speak thou,
 What shall we oppose to the advancing death?

"The jaws of the Infinite"
 In a distant, far-off, far-off voice,
 —The voice of the hour—
 Cried
 From the bottom of the profound abyss:

... Death!

BOOKS

MARCUS GRAHAM

Art Triumphant

To What Green Altar? by Prescott Chaplin. Print Guild International. Los Angeles, Cal. Fifty Cents.

The printed world is being overflowed with newspapers, pamphlets and books. In my preface to "An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry"—I questioned the accomplishments it had resulted in, if any. The stream of printed matter that is reaching MAN! in its actual infancy, has only strengthened my conviction. One scans pages and pages of printed material in the hope of finding something to partake joy in, and grow enthusiastic over. But the labor proves itself in vain.

And just when one has grown totally indifferent at any printed matter that arrives, as the thunderbolt out of a clear sky, the unexpected happens. A meager 38-page book, not even bound. The pages are opened. A hidden wish flashes through the mind: if its contents would only equal the beautiful format! Eagerly I scan parts of the book. I am entranced by its golden sparks wherever my eyes are turned. Now I read carefully every word. Page after page. At last a book that was worth printing! A book by an artist, instead of a nonentity.

It is the autobiography of an artist. Not of the artist who keeps aloof or looks down upon the people. One of the people. Before you is spread out his whole life. Castles built only to be shattered by reality. Love betrayed and scattered into dust. Dreams woven only to be disillusioned. Yet, despite all, the artistic soul has not been destroyed. It has survived in the very fact of the creation of the autobiography.

A single word tells a story. Sentences describe what others fail to achieve in numerous chapters. A singular page gives one a panoramic view that volumes of a Romain Rolland or Theodore Dreiser fail to convey. Innumerable thoughts and emotions are aroused. For, the real artist leaves many a thing unsaid—opening up vistas—for the reader as well. The reader thus also becomes a creative artist. An inspired one. This is an accomplishment which only the genuine artist can achieve.

I do not wish to impart at all the gigantic world that is unfolded in this book. It would be a futile task, and a wrong committed against those that would read it. To give one an idea of the creative powers of Prescott Chaplin I will quote only this one note of the symphony of an artist's soul:

"Mexico . . . city of chiaroscuro . . .
 . . . 'dobe walls . . . streets that push
 centuries back . . . priest and harlot, peon
 and hidalgo, nun and nonesuch walk to-
 gether . . . insane contrasts . . . a burro
 rubbing the paint of a Packard . . . a mad-
 man sits in the sun . . . a baby lies down
 with a corpse . . . everything leads to
 nowhere . . . thence a cantina . . . the
 world thinks of tomorrow and drinks to
 today . . . Jesuits bind the peons together

To the sender of the translation of an article by Errico Malatesta: very ably done. Sorry that it cannot be used unless the name and address of the translator is given, not necessarily for print. This should be borne in mind by all those who send in material or communications of any sort.

. . . laborites pull the strings . . . and the
 Gringo buys the package. . . "

Those who rave about "proletarian" culture not having an understanding what real great social significance art can impart without obvious propaganda ought to read and study this of all books. If it could do them any good. . . at all.

The out-of-the-ordinary book closes with this epilogue:

"We live in a crazy planet, our back-
 grounds sketched in blood, the story told
 by prostitutes, idiots, or innocents. We
 have been ruled by fools, tutored by
 liars. . . "

I greet the appearance of "To What Green Altar?"—and its author, Prescott Chaplin, on his great achievement! Triumphant art is something that both—the artist and the reader can take joy and pride in.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dark Metropolis by Jacob Hauser. B. C. Hagglund, Minn. The 32-page collection reveals a truly budding poetical soul. Hauser has by no means arrived as yet. Not to the point of issuing a collection. This is said despite some very striking stanzas that are scattered here and there.

When poets issue their works—these should be pearls, not images of them. The weakest poems are just those where he attempts to be the ill-advised "class conscious Rebel Poet" that is to aid in bringing to birth (?) "the workers international state and a proletarian culture."—as Ralph Cheyne, the writer of the Introduction prescribes.

Many a writer of merit has already been lost on the dubious altar of Cheyne's approving thesis. Hauser had better abandon it for the sake of remaining a poet, not turning into a marionette—megaphone—scribbler for classes, even when called the "proletarian" one. Shelly or Whitman, Heine or Freiligrath—none were class or party poets. Notwithstanding, they created the most renowned revolutionary poetry left to us.

The Natural Society of Mankind by Mehendra Pratap (Raja) Servant of Mankind. P. O. Box 20, Peiping, China. The author is also the editor of the World Federation monthly, which sponsors this 76-page pamphlet. The great love for Nature per-

vades the entire essay. The author pleads for the Natural Life as the most conducive one to happiness. Resistance to all forms of oppression is approved. Nevertheless, the following quotation from page 70, appears to me quite contradictory from a genuine Libertarian point of view. It is said:

"Harm to any one individual is only then permissible when by harm of one person ten others are benefitted."

Likewise, I take strong exception to the use of the word "Servant of Mankind" (Raja). He who is a servant of any one—he it god, devil, religion or even an ideal—is a slave.

Unemployment, its Cause and Cure. Originally appeared under the title of "A Pacifist Program of Preparedness"—by John L. Brown, Los Gatos, Cal. A twenty page pamphlet in which the author reveals his lack of understanding (as so many like him) by referring to the present disorder of life as "the prevailing anarchy." It is therefore no surprise to find the author calling upon the bible and governments to aid in "alleviating" the sufferings of mankind.

The Coming Revolution by W. T. Bethune, Chardon, Ohio. The author attempts an unusual feat within the space of twelve printed pages. He rejects authority and accepts in full the teachings of the mythical Jesus Christ. Putting forth the Organic Life and Love as his main prop, he asserts that Jesus was the greatest pacifist that ever lived. . . How to achieve The Coming Revolution remains with the title—alone.

Bibliography

What's Anarchism. — Hippolyte Havel. pp. 20. The Free Society and International Group of Chicago and Detroit.

Free Speech for Radicals, by Theodore Schroe der. pp. 206. P. O. R. R. I. Box 151, Cos Cob, Conn.

Mussolini En Chemise.—Armando Borghi. Préface par Han Ryner. 238 pp. Les Editions Rieder 7, Place Saint-Sulpice, 7. Paris.

Viva Rambolet! (Bozzetto in un Atto) di Gigi Domiani. Biblioteca de L'Adunata del Refrattari. Box 1. Station 18, Newark, N. J.

I Canti dell'Attesa di Luce Fabbrì. M. O. Bertani, Montevideo.

Proffils de Précurseurs et Figures de Reve de Armand.

Qu'est ce que La Séduction? de John Russell Coryell.

Les Différents Visages de L'anarchisme (par S. T. Byington, E. Carpenter, J. H. Mackay, Wm. C. Owen et Henry Seymour). L'en dehors. Cité Sainte Joseph, No. 22, Orleans.

Gedanken uber Anarchie by St. Charles Waldecke.

Eln Weg Zum Boden flir Alle by Peter Holm-Kijar.

Wer Wehlt will nicht Kempfen. Two Page call issued by the Anarchists of Germany.

Death and Life

CLEMENT WOOD

What is the tune the wind sings?

"Greed..... Greed..... Greed....."

Men the dupes of moneyed kings,

Of laws and lies, and unclean things;

As slaves they cower, as slaves they bleed—

"Greed....."

What is the horror the night cries?

"Death..... Death..... Death....."

Rotting in lonely prison sties,

Shot under free and friendly skies,

Robbed of speech, and robbed of breath—

"Death....."

What is the joy the dawn brings?

"Life..... Life..... Life....."

Life and an end to unclean things—

And laughter, and love's enveloping wings,

An end to strife, an end to greed,

And labor awake, and the people freed—

"Life....."

To The Readers

This is the second and last issue that will be sent to readers who have not personally made such a request. No future issues will be sent to them. There is no reason for sending Man! to anyone who isn't interested to the extent of making a personal request, even when one cannot, or does not wish to aid in the expense of publishing the paper.

NOTES ON OUR MOVEMENT

Mother Earth.—A new, mimeographed, illustrated, monthly Anarchist paper for practical people who are non-Anarchists will be edited and issued by John G. Scott and Jo Anne Wheeler of Route 1, Craryville, N. Y., as soon as 200 paid subscribers can be secured. The paper will be called MOTHER EARTH, will be published on a farm, will appeal chiefly to farmers, will use the language farmers and ordinary Americans appreciate and understand. Much space in MOTHER EARTH will be given to practical Anarchy, or Anarchy at work. Brief write-ups of voluntary associations at work among the people all over the world are requested. Subscriptions twenty-five cents or more a year.

A Debate.—On Sunday, October 30, a symposium on "Unity in the Labor Movement," was held at the I. W. W. hall in Detroit. The following paragraph is taken from the *Workers Age*:

"Next came Comrade Paul Raddic for the Anarchists, representing the Libertarian Group of Detroit. He lauded the First International at great length as the example of unity in the past and then went on to attack the idea of unity today. He fumed at the idea of industrial organization, pointing in turn to the "impotent effects" of the A. F. of L., the I. W. W., the Knights of Labor, etc., but what grieved him most was the graft in these organized efforts to "ride on the backs of the workers." When he came to working class political organizations, he fairly exploded. He at-

tacked the Soviet Union and the Communist Parties and concluded by saying that, only when the workers "started to think for themselves" and rejected government of any kind, even the government of the working class, would there be any unity."

* * * *

Austria.—Comrade Pierre Ramus has been released after thirteen weeks of imprisonment for propagating Wasektonie (sterilization).

France.—"Mussolini En Chemise" (Mussolini in his Shirt) implying "exposed," is a new book in the French language that has just been published by Les Editions Reider, 7 Place Saint Sulpice, Paris VI, France. The book is by the well known Italian comrade Armando Borghi, and is considered to be the strongest and most thorough going exposure of the bloody Italian dictator-Benito Mussolini.

The book originally appeared in the Italian and this French version of it contains a foreword by the well known philosopher Han Ryner.

Friends and comrades reading French will certainly appreciate the book which can be obtained at the price of 60 cents by writing to S. Cimini, 29 Jasper St., Providence, R. I.

Germany.—A John Henry Mackay Society has been formed here for the purpose of circulating the prolific and interesting works of our renowned comrade. A circular describing in detail every work, as well as any other information will gladly

be sent by the secretary: Harry Preetz, Berlin-Charlottenburg 1, Spreestrasse 20, Germany.

Communications

California: Notice to the Italian Comrades

Comrade C. Zonchello, who has been on a lecture tour throughout the country, will stop in California for a period of a few months, beginning February 6, 1933. Comrades or groups wishing to arrange for him, one, or more lectures in their own localities, are asked to forward their requests to the following address: 1000 Jefferson Street, Oakland, Calif.

Chicago, Ill. Free Society Forum. Third year lecture season. Every Sunday evening at 1241 No. California Avenue. Free Admission. Questions and Discussion.

The Roseland Educational Forum. Lectures Sunday at 2:30 p. m., Dutch Hall, 233 W. 111 th street. Admission free.

Detroit, Mich. Detroit Educational Forum, sponsored by the International Anarchist Group, at the Libertarian Center, 2015 Third Street, corner Elizabeth Street. Forum every Sunday Evening. Discussion Meetings every Wednesday. Admission Free. Discussion and Questions.

Los Angeles, Calif. Confederate Libertarian Union sponsors every Thursday an open Forum at 224 So. Spring Street, Hall 218. Admission is Free. Questions and Discussion.

Russian Progressive Club of Los Angeles, 1785 East First Street. Open every day.

Financial Statement

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS

Proceeds from picnic of September 18 in Pleasanton, Calif., \$40.25. On list the same day: P. Paolini \$2.00; A. Flammighi \$1.00; G. Becchini \$1.00; E. Monti \$1.00; G. Pillini \$1.00; E. Barabino \$2.00; W. H. and Olive Walker \$1.50; Giovannelli \$1.00; J. Zarradu \$5c; Un Cramp \$2.50; A. Masini \$2.00; G. Ferrero \$2.00; Luca \$1.00; Opposti \$1.00; Martocchia \$2.00 L. di Ciccio \$2.00; F. Negri \$1.00; S. Maggiori \$1.00; G. Gauzzi \$1.00; C. Colli \$1.00; J. Piacentino \$1.00; S. Rainero \$1.00. (Total for the day \$70.00).

G. Piro \$3.00; J. Scarcerioux \$1.00; A. Boggiatto \$5.00; Turiddu \$2.00; F. Caruso \$3.00; N. Boggiatto \$2.00; B. Boggiatto \$1.00; F. Lizzue \$5c; N. W. \$5.00; P. Boggiatto \$1.50; F. Scotti \$1.00; L. L. Kramer \$1.00; O. K. Powers \$2c; San Francisco November 5th entertainment \$50.00.

From a gathering at Comrade Padovan's Ranch forwarded by Scarcerioux: Oci \$5c; Trivelli \$1.00; Tocci \$2.00; P. Cane \$2.00; J. Vizano \$1.00; Giannelli \$2.00; J. Scarcerioux \$2.00; P. Binotto \$3.00; J. Schulmar \$1.00; Mr. Nobody \$1.00; Riskin \$1.00; Pearl \$1.00; Rodia \$1.00; J. Damiano \$2.00; J. Planat \$2.00; a comrade \$5c; Carl \$1.00; Ed. Held \$2.00; Radice \$1.00; A. Baffa \$2.00; Cato \$5c; T. Rigatti \$1.00; A. Baril \$2.00; V. Baffa \$1.00; Pece \$2.00; Carl's Group \$1.00; Wholesale Grocer \$3.00; J. Poll \$1.00; N. Padovan \$1.00. (Total \$41.50).

Finch Walker \$2.00; Marco 1.00; J. Lazzautto \$1.00; Cheyney Trent \$5c; N. Buccl \$4.00; M. Grelli \$2.00; E. Lacco \$2.00; L. Cini \$2.00; G. Gori \$2.00; J. Glombetti \$2.00; M. Baccodani \$5c; L. Ugliuzzi \$1.00; Detroit International gathering \$3.00; Through W. Bacon \$1.00; I. Bettolo \$1.00; T. Judge \$5c; L. Battaglia \$5c; Collected Among Comrades at Montes's \$9.38; Aurora D'An \$1.00; Fantozzi \$1.00; Chicago Affair of October 8, 1932, \$14.00; Gruppo Libertario of Paterson \$15.00; A. Semprini \$2.00; V. Cris \$1.00; L. Toney \$5c; Cerutti \$5c; Angelo \$1.00; E. di Leo \$1.00; Wanda De Toffel \$3.00; S. Antonini \$5c; The Dead One \$1.00; A. Vasconi \$1.00; J. Astrowsky \$5c; P. Shunko \$1.50; S. Wolk \$1.00; P. Wakalchick \$1.00; A. Rey \$5c; G. Fralleges \$5c; V. Hierro \$5c; F. Berzo \$5c; R. Andreotti \$3.00; A. Zmicki \$1.00; J. Massida \$1.00; L. Delprato \$1.00; L. Delprato \$1.00; Los Angeles through Martocchi \$3.00; Centro Estudio Sociales de White Plains \$2.00; L. Eliseo \$5c; Pulvi \$1.00; Nick \$5c; Leo \$5c; Cartone \$5c; Marco \$1.00; S. Buzzu \$5c; Vito \$5c; S. Dettori \$5c; H. Williams \$1.00; B. Kimmelman \$5c; M. Semenov \$5c; M. Simonetti \$5c; G. Mello \$5c; G. B. \$5c; S. Rosetta \$5c; Prospera \$5c; L. Famey \$1.00; Modesto \$2.00; S. G. \$5c; Old Forge Pa. October 30th Entertainment \$10; Macanagua Pa. from November 27th \$15.00; Circolo Volonta from December 3rd \$5.00; E. Benack \$5c; Zdrade \$5c; R. De Chicchia \$5c; J. Briganti \$5c; A. Antolini \$1.00; Geo. Childs \$5c; A. Bagnerni \$2.27; J. Spivak \$2.00; F. Delfini \$1.00; L. Santo \$2.00; L. Rebottaro \$1.00; R. Tortia \$1.00; P. Paolini \$2.00; Printer's donation for typewriter \$10.00; E. M. Homes \$5c; R. B. Garcia \$1.00; A. Isaac \$1.00; J. F. Campbell \$1.00; F. Bersanti \$1.00; A. T. Jones

\$1.00; San Francisco from December 31st Entertainment \$26.40; San Francisco share from December 17th Entertainment \$1.50; J. Myers \$1.00; O. and W. Walker \$1.00; P. Boggiatto \$1.00; L. W. Sweet \$5c; H. Cummins \$5c; A. De Toffel \$3.00; P. Shunko \$2.50; G. Fiallegas \$1.00; Un Compagnone \$1.50; V. Hierro \$5c; F. Berzo \$5c; E. Ardio \$5c; V. Rosetta \$5c; P. Wakulchik \$1.00; J. Chas. Gallo \$5c; Gus. Tetsch \$1.00; E. Girardi \$1.00; Phila. Pa. Gruppo Autonomo \$5.00; G. R. Wilson \$5c; Unknown \$2c. (Total \$413.93).

EXPENDITURES

Correspondence and stationery for preparatory work up to December 30, 1932, \$33.71; Typewriter \$10.50; Rubber Stamps \$1.35; Wrappers \$4.00; Cuts \$9.25; Issue No. 1, Printer \$98.32; Postage \$56.15; Correspondence stationery, return postage and miscellaneous \$18.66.

Issue No. 2, Printer \$74; Postage \$25.00.
Total Income \$413.93
Total Expenditures \$30.94

On Hand \$82.99

Note: For any omission in the acknowledgment of the income we'll be glad to correct same.

Opinions on "Man!"

I received Man! and appreciated it immensely. In its style, character, and content it shows its ability to voice the cry for freedom. It stands as a teacher to those who would learn, and as a memorial to those who have fought the battle for freedom.—William Bacon, Boston.

We hope that you will keep up the good work so the paper will turn out to be a weekly.—Mike Bisceglia, Pittsburgh.

Man! is certainly to be appreciated by all who hold the ideals of Anarchism with a broad and advanced conception. A better way in which to begin a new year in these contemptible times is beyond the vision of our present understanding.—Julius Bohlen, Los Angeles.

It is full of the best of Economic and Social philosophy.—W. H. Burton, Ark.

The first copy seems fine to me; it appears as if there is some life to it. Hope that it not only retains its standard but gets increased support.—J. F. Campbell, Los Angeles.

Found it very interesting.—Wanda DeToffell, Ohio.

Man! promises to be fearless and straightforward. I like the lay-out and style.—Morris Fagin, Chicago.

Man! impresses and interests me very much.—F. Francheschini, Pa.

Very glad to say that it interested me and my friends very much. Even though I am only 15 years of age, I realize the meaning of this paper.—Dora Giovannelli, Cal.

Read it with pleasure, and should be glad to see its continuance.—Jacob Hauser, New York.

In my opinion it is far above "The Blast" or "Road to Freedom"—quite a step in advance.—A. Isaacs, Lincoln, Cal.

It is fine. Keep the good work going.—Thomas Judge, Seattle.

Wishing you success.—Leon Kramer, New York.

I find it most efficient and interesting in its high expression of Anarchist literature.—Nick Leone, While I do not hold the Anarchist position, I would be interested to receive the paper as it is.

—A. Roger Kratz, Pa.

I rather like the tone of it although I never fared as an Anarchist.—Ira D. Kneeland, Cal.

It is welcome at my house.—Herman Lowenstein, Arizona.

I wish long life to it.—Joe Martin, New York. I like the first issue of Man! very much. The general idea of having reprints of classical Anarchist literature in addition to the new material is excellent. The first page struck me as the best in the journal.—C. H. Mitchell, Chicago, Ill.

Found it very interesting.—Leo Mollin, Detroit. It is good.—Jim Myers, Denver.

I hope some day Man! will see the light every week. It is very much needed.—H. Norantonio, Florida.

Intensely interested in it.—Librarian, Pennsylvania School of Social and Health Work.

Man! is a noble pronouncement of the future. Intellectually and emotionally, it appears to me.—Harold Preece, Texas.

I like it. If it can continue it will do good for the cause of freedom.—John G. Scott, New York.

I hope you will continue to send the periodical as it appears.—Leonard Speier, New York.

The very appearance of Man! invites you to read it. It is colorful and attractive.—Hanna Spivak, New York.

I like it very much.—H. J. Stuart, Alabama.

Man! is an up to date paper and therefore born at the right time.—Gus Telch, Wash.

Man! is grand.—Olive Walker, Cal. I have read with interest the first issue of Man! —Samuel S. White, editor Kern County Union Labor Journal, Cal.

It is truth personified.—H. J. Williams, Cal.

I would like to see it succeed.—H. Winderman, Quite a different sort of gift appears in the founding of a new magazine on the Pacific Coast, Man! . . . A monthly magazine which frankly confesses that it must exist wholly on voluntary contributions from its readers, and unless such contributions from its readers follow "it will have failed to win for itself the right to exist," is brave and daring, and Marcus Graham, its editor, deserves a hand for his faith in Mankind.—Harry Emerson Wilders in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

DISCUSSION

This feature was crowded out from this issue. Our many contributors to it will find their opinions in the subsequent issues.

* * * *

CORRECTION

On page 6, VALTEIRINE should read VOLTAIRINE.

International Concert and Dance

To Greet the Appearance of

MAN!

Saturday Evening, February 11, 1933

EQUALITY HALL, 143 Albion St.

Between 16th and 17th St., Near Valencia

The Ravellings by Kittie Kidwell

Produced by Kate Wilbur and associates, in English. A potpourri of the melodies that has made Ukranian and Russian Folks Songs so famous—by the Russian Group. Songs in Italian. Recitations, Concerts, and then the Dance!

All in one evening Admission 25 Cents
International Group of San Francisco

Our Monthly Comraderie

SATURDAY EVE., FEB. 25th

Singing — Recitations — Music

and Dancing, Impromptu!

The first held on January 21st was a

howling success.

The next one

DON'T MISS IT!

At our CLUB ROOMS, 2787A Folsom Street

San Francisco

ALL WELCOME FREE ADMISSION