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THE FARMER REBELLION

(Associated and United Press Dispatches)

Winnipeg, Canada, Dec. 1.—Five hundred irate farm folk, men and women, were back on their homesteads in the Arborg district today as police and town authorities surveyed damage to municipal offices and prepared reports for provincial government officers.

The farmers, protesting against tax sales, invaded the Arborg town hall yesterday, wrecked the tax office, scattered assessment rolls to the winds and forced the assessor to resign.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 22.—More than 55000 share croppers have formed an organization to fight for their existence. On December 19th, deputy sheriffs made an attack upon a negro cropper at Natusulga. It resulted in a battle between the croppers and the landlords' protectors—the law. Four negro farm hands were killed, several wounded and 12 jailed. First to open fire were of course—the law-upholders.

Bucks County, Pa., Jan. 3, 1933.—The United Farmer's Protective Association members bought out at a mortgage sale the \$1,800 debt due on John Hanzel's farm for \$1.18. They afterwards presented it back to him for a lease of 99 years at the price of one dollar.

Le Mars, Iowa, Jan. 4.—Farm unrest, smoldering for months in the Iowa corn belt, flamed anew today with threats to lynch a representative of a mortgage holder and forcible detention of a jurist who sought to summon aid.

The demonstration occurred at a foreclosure sale when Herbert S. Martin, attorney for a life insurance company, submitted a sealed bid for the John A. Johnson farm of \$30,000—3,000 less than the amount of the mortgage held by his company.

During the disturbance farmers kept pouring into the town and joining the crowd.

The demonstration today climaxed a general movement against forced sales. In several counties sales for delinquent taxes have been postponed because of failure to obtain bids on the property, through agreements among those attending not to make offers for the property.

Wilmar, Minn., Jan. 21.—A large group of 1000 farmers today prevented a foreclosure sale of the farm on which Soren Hansen lived for fifty-seven years.

Logan, Iowa, Jan. 22.—Five hundred farmers prevented a mortgage sale of Ernest Ganzohlin's farm. Two hundred farmers at Story County, Iowa forced the sheriff to return the cattle taken on an attachment of Price Miller's farm.

In Van Buren County, Mrs. Otto Nau forced the sheriff off her farm at the point of a gun.

At Madison, Neb., Judge Shase announced that no further decrees of foreclosure sales, nor sales under foreclosures will be issued or recognized by him.

Bowling Green, Ohio, Jan. 26.—Foreclosure sale of Wallace Kramp's farm brought \$14 dollars to satisfy a mortgage of \$800. Close to a thousand Wood County grim-faced farmers have in this manner saved their neighbor's property.

Lemar, Iowa, Jan. 26.—Plymouth farmers stopped a foreclosure sale on the home of Dr. G. W. Cunningham, to whom they owed dental bills.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 28.—All at once a new interest has developed for the grain trade—country grist mills.

Long looked upon as just so many picturesque antiques, neglected survivals of the little red schoolhouse area, the grist mills are at present awakening widespread attention as forming in the aggregate a large scale outlet for the domestic supply of wheat, and furnishing also a big source of flour. Trade reports current here today indicate farmers have gone back wholesale to the ancient custom of taking wheat to countless small rural mills and of bringing home an output both of flour and feed.

New York, Jan. 30.—Eastern life insurance companies order nation-wide moratorium of \$1,700,000,000 worth of farm properties that is mortgaged to them.

Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 31.—A mortgage moratorium was passed by the legislature.

Mound City, Iowa, Jan. 31.—D. Marr, 67, Kansas City real estate dealer, who came here yesterday to foreclose a mortgage on a farm, was found fatally wounded on a highway last night. He was taken to Fort Scott, where he died.

Marr had been shot several times. His body had been dragged from his motor car, which was pierced with bullets. The foreclosure was on a 500-acre farm, which Mrs. Marr said her husband had traded to J. M. Holzapel of Colony, Kas., druggist, for an apartment house. Marr bought back the farm at the foreclosure sale yesterday.

At Tuscola, Illinois, friends bid 4 cents for a cow and 2 cents for a horse on Charles Grady's farm and then ran a representative of the mortgage holder off the place when he attempted to raise the bid.

Cherokee, Okla., Feb. 1.—Thirteen hundred irate farmers,

ON THE RIGHT ROAD!

The news items appearing on this page are about the only encouraging sign of the present breakdown of Capitalism. The tiller of the soil, the only one whose work actually aids in sustaining life, has been fleeced, nay, actually robbed at every turn. Between the railroads' unbearable high-freight rates, the government's bleeding taxation, the bankers' and insurance companies' interest, and the commission merchants' cleansing of whatever may be left over, the farmer has been reduced to the point of an actual penurious existence.

The statistics of 1930 revealed close to one-half of the farms in the country no longer belonging to their real owners. The year 1931, showed a further increase in this direction. The year 1932 was the breaking point. The farmers, through their organizations, were imploring for relief from their oppressors and exploiters. The railroad magnates, the government officials, the bankers and commission merchants—all readily made Promises. And they saw to it that the farmers should get Nothing.

In the January issue of MAN!, an editorial note greeted the decision of The National League of Farmers that had decided to take matters into their own hands. One can only rejoice in the fact that this has now come true. The LAW, by its very nature, cannot be anything else but UNJUST. And the farmers have and are disregarding it, or making it ridiculous—by living up to it, as evinced at the "foreclosure" sales.

The farmers have realized that not by begging appeals of any misruler or promising politicians can they obtain justice. Instead, they have spontaneously arisen in every village in the grandest spirit of solidarity ever displayed in this country!

Now, the politicians are rushing through legislation that has really the sole purpose of stopping the foreclosure sales of which the farmers have made a huge joke. If the farmers will be alert, they can make as much of a joke of every foreclosure sale in 1935 as in 1933!

All the sharks upon the backs of the farmers are now promising "real relief"—whilst plotting to continue in robbing the farmer. Aided by the Daily Kept Press at their disposal, they are urging a curtailment of production to "boost" prices. The sharks' sincerity is of as much value as the Barter association schemes now being fostered by knaves, careerists, charlatans and politicians, as a solution to the sufferings of the workers in the cities.

The interests of the Farmer and city Worker are one and identically the same. A genuine union between the two is now most appropriate. For, there is land enough whereon to grow food for the need of all. Not the curtailment of food necessities is needed—but the TOTAL EXTINCTION OF THE PROFITEERS FROM WHATEVER IS PRODUCED BY THE WORKER AND FARMER!

No further trust should be given to any promises of the politician, exploiter and parties—even when they profess friendship—as the Socialist, Labor and Communist ones. The destiny of the liberation of every one—lies within the reach and possibility of each one of us—all alike. The moment this task is entrusted to others—nothing else but disillusionment and betrayal will ensue.

The Prelude to the beginning of the Social Revolution in America has been made by the Farmers. It's now the turn of the Workers of the cities to join hands with the Farmers in MAKING THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION AN ACTUALITY!

escorted out of town an insurance agent that came to hold a foreclosure sale on Mrs. Julia Jobe's farm.

Austin Texas, Feb. 1.—The legislature asked the Governor to suspend all mortgage foreclosures.

Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 1.—A mortgage moratorium until March 1935 went into effect today.

Anderson, S. C., Feb. 1.—Hundreds of placards were posted today calling upon all to come Monday to the Square and stop any foreclosure sale that will be attempted.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 4.—The first bloodshed of the farmers' present revolt against burdensome conditions intensified today a rebellion that gradually spread from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rocky mountains.

Through the corn belt the situation was made more apprehensive by a milk price war. Three states were affected by the controversy as dairymen protested against low prices.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 1.—Out of 19,563 farms in this state 9,920 are mortgaged, according to a committee appointed by the Governor.

Truesdale, Ill., Feb. 1.—A real-estate dealer was offered \$4.90 for a \$2,500 equipment mortgage sale at the farm of C. D. Brady. He refused to abide by the offer, and wired Governor Horner:

"We are face to face with anarchy."

Aurora, Neb., Feb. 1.—Ten cents was offered by 800 farmers at a foreclosure sale of equipment on W. C. Brock's farm.

Anita, Iowa, Feb. 6.—One hundred farmers threatened to lynch T. F. Sanders, at an impromptu trial, when he sued for \$130 on a sale of chattels. He consented to pay the \$130 and costs.

Chester, Pa., Feb. 6.—Police used tear gas bombs to disperse a crowd that prevented a sheriff's sale.

Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 6.—Hundreds of irate farmers threatened open rebellion as they descended upon the legislature, demanding immediate relief.

Madison, Wis., Feb. 7.—The State Supreme Court came to the rescue of all loan sharks by declaring it as its "duty" to "protect property holders" from foreclosure sales, which yield less than the value of the mortgaged property.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 7.—Farmers are threatening a milk strike throughout the entire state. They claim that the milk companies are robbing both the consumer and the farmers.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 8.—Farm mortgages rose from \$3,320,000 in 1910 to \$9,241,000 in 1930.

Gross incomes from farm products in 1932 were estimated to be at \$5,240,000,000. In 1931 it was \$6,955,000,000; in 1930 it was \$9,403,000,000 and in 1925 it was \$11,950,000,000.

Lansing, Mich., Feb. 8.—About 1000 irate farmers, many of them armed with ax-handles forced P. A. Holman, a bank agent, to accept bids ranging from 10 to 25 cents at the mortgage sale of Roy Mazzoff's farm. The sale brought \$3.70 on an \$870 mortgage.

Appleton, Wis., Feb. 8.—The Wisconsin Cooperative Milk Pool today prepared to begin a milk strike which it hopes will spread to the middle west.

Yorkville, Ill., Feb. 8.—Cards signed by over 700 on the first day read:

"I pledge that I will give my moral and physical support that no person in financial distress shall be unreasonably treated.

Reidsville, Ga., Feb. 8.—More than 200 farmers at Ahoopoe bought out at low bids a foreclosure mortgage sale, and presented it back to the owner.

Bolivia, N. Y., Feb. 9.—At a meeting here it was decided not to allow any further tax sales.

McAllen, Texas, Feb. 13.—Rio Grande Valley farmers declared today a strike, pledging themselves, not to harvest the vegetable crop "unless we receive production cost plus a margin of profit."

Kankakee, Ill., Feb. 14.—Five hundred farmers stormed the Kankakee County Court house today, prevented a mortgage foreclosure against an aged couple and dictated terms of an agreement.

Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 15.—The Governor signed a bill to postpone foreclosures until March 1, 1935.

The legislative houses of Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Texas, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, Illinois, Idaho and Kentucky have or are considering to pass similar measures.

Helena, Mont., Feb. 16.—Both houses of the legislature are considering a bill to declare a two-year moratorium on foreclosures.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 16.—A ten-year moratorium on delinquent taxes was approved in a bill by both houses of the legislature.

Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 16.—Four thousand farmers descended upon a joint session of the legislature. After reading a long list of demands, J. T. Green, their spokesman, added:

"We are in revolt against the leadership of international bankers and other businessmen. . . in their mad scramble for profits they have reduced the masses to poverty."

Harry Lux the Farm Holiday spokesman, declared:

"We know what we want and we are going to get it. They, (the farmers) want to retain possession of the lands for which they have tilled. They are going to do it by regular means if the Legislature will pave the way, by continued mass action if necessary!"

AMERICAN INQUISITION

Since the beginning of the Anarchist movement, Governments have persecuted Anarchists. There have been times and places in which this persecution was extremely severe, but nowadays the mere fact of being an Anarchist is not "legally" considered a crime in any civilized country. Not even in Italy under the fascist dictatorship, or in Russia under the bolshevik dictatorship, although in these countries for the mere fact of being Anarchists men and women may—and are almost without exception—arbitrarily persecuted by the Government through their police, subject to special surveillance, exiled, deported to compulsory domicile in far away provinces or islands, and forced to undergo the tortures inflicted on them. The alien laws of most European countries make no exceptions against Anarchists—that is, no Anarchist is peremptorily excluded from any of these countries merely on account of his or her beliefs. It is true that most countries make up for this oversight, as soon as their governments find out who is and who is not an Anarchist, by persecuting alien Anarchists, admonishing them to keep out of mischief, and finally, whether they have kept out of mischief or otherwise, expelling them (and I say expelling because deportation is only known to the most backward countries and the U. S. of A.) by ministerial decree. But, in theory at least, they respect the freedom of opinion: they don't expel you because you are an Anarchist; but because the governments, in their uncontrollable wisdom, deem your presence to be dangerous to the public peace or safety.

The United States of America is the only country, amongst all that pretend to be civilized, where no pretense is made of respecting freedom of opinion. Here the law prescribes that alien Anarchists shall not be admitted, and if found in the country, no matter how legally admitted, shall be deported. For, among the excluded classes, are, says the law:

"... Anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States or of all forms of law or who disbelieve in or are opposed to organized government, or who advocate the assassination of public officials, or who advocate or teach the unlawful destruction of property; persons who are members of or affiliated with any organization entertaining and teaching disbelief in or opposition to organized government, or who advocate or teach the duty, necessity, or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, either of specific individuals or of officers generally, of the Government of the United States or of any other organized Government because of his or their official character, or who advocate or teach the unlawful destruction of property; prostitutes . . . etc., etc."

This law, which was concocted during the war, has been the source of many untold abuses. The men in the service of the U. S. Department of Labor have gone a long way in stretching it so as to comprise not only every denomination of Anarchists, who are obviously included, but persons who either have no notion of anarchism or are not in sympathy with it: Communists, Pacifists, Laborites, Strikers and so on. Barely a few weeks ago, at the instigation of some professional patriots of the female sex, the American Consul in Berlin went so far as to apply to Professor Albert Einstein the same kind of moral inquisition which the immigration officials are legally bound to apply to all wishing to come to the United States. But Professor Einstein is not a poor ignorant immigrant or a moral derelict of the mercantile class. He knows that his beliefs and opinions are or should properly be of no concern to anyone but his conscience, and sensitive to the dignity of man's conscience, he very properly protested against the inquisition he was being submitted to, intimating—as it was reported—that he would rather cancel his proposed journey to America than tolerate it.

Of course, Einstein is not an Anarchist, and the U. S. Consul in Berlin, had he been a little less obtuse, might very well have spared himself and his country the ridicule that followed. But he was commanded by the law to question even the great Einstein about his moral and social beliefs, and the immigration law of this great republic certainly deserves all the sarcasm and ridicule that he called forth. In this, as in most cases, the literal application of the law served to enhance its absurdity.

How such a law should enter without adequate protest in the law books of a country which prides itself in being a great democracy, is easily explained by the religious and political bigotry which dominate the American system of education. But it is explained also in no small degree by the circumstances in whose favor the scheming law-making powers designed the Anarchist clause and put it through.

The first attempt to limit the freedom of opinion was made in 1798 with the "Alien Act," so-called, which was sustained by its promoters on the ground of the international complications of those warlike times. But it was furiously fought by a host of liberty loving people all over the country with such an enthusiasm and consistency, that it had to be repealed soon after. The second attempt was made following the death of President McKinley—another moment of public panic and hysteria. Czolgosz was an Anarchist; his name denounced him as a stranger, though he was an American citizen by birth. The press of the country, already corrupted to its marrow, credited this popular belief, well knowing it was a lie; and the great Roosevelt placed himself at the head of the crusade to exclude and ban from the country alien Anarchists who approved of regicide. In this first step Congress did not dare suppress freedom of opinion altogether; philosophical Anarchists were not excluded. It was reserved for the government of the great prophet of New Democracy, Woodrow Wilson, to ask Congress to deal this last blow to freedom of opinion, and Congress complacently dealt it by passing, in the calamitous atmosphere of the war hysteria, the law that excluded Anarchists of all denominations and which has been repeatedly confirmed by succeeding Congresses.

All of this goes to show that the powers of oppression calculated their steps very cautiously so as to be sure to

meet the least resistance from the people, in every sense so estranged by hate, passion, and hysteria, as to be unable to discern that their constitutional liberties were being strangled.

That these same powers of tyranny are calculating to take more steps in this direction is proved by the current attempts to add to the Immigration law a Communist Clause, and then a Pacifist Clause, etc., etc. And that all these steps aim not only to save God's blessed country from undesirable aliens, but to prepare the field for political, social, and moral restrictions for the citizens of America by right of birth, is further demonstrated by all the anti-Anarchist, anti-Syndicalist, and anti-Communist laws which have followed in various parts of the country.

It is not my purpose to show how far the Anarchist Clause of the Immigration law violates the American Constitution. All this concerns those who consider the American Constitution as the best possible formulation of human rights. There has been a time when America was lucky enough to count a pugnacious minority of ardent advocates of liberty and democracy as the founding fathers had conceived them in the words of the Constitution. At that time the first attempt of the executive to gag the freedom of opinion was energetically fought by words and deeds, on paper, and at the tribune, and was finally defeated. No such resistance has been opposed to the following attempts, and they were fully successful. Not only the intellectual liberals, who so often give lip-service to democracy and liberty, failed to raise their voices in opposition to this crime against freedom of conscience, but also the authorized spokesmen of organized labor have openly advocated this crime, freely encouraging the most outrageous abuses of the executive. More than that, the United Mine Workers of America, for instance, have put even the despots of the Federal Government—who still tolerate the Communist Party as a legal organization in America—to shame, amending its constitution—and boasting of it—"so as to make communists ineligible to membership in this union."

To such a degree of abjection has indifference to tyranny sunk!

Where is the pride of the Virginia legislators who, in

RESTLESS SPAIN

On the 8th day of January, 1933, revolutionary groups and individuals streamed out on the streets—throughout various regions of the peninsula and rebelled at the cry of "Long live the Social Revolution!" And a large number of spies and armed thugs of the republic were made to bite the dust.

Our dead were many but those arrested and tortured by the police are even more numerous; although we noticed that, due to the importance and vastity of the insurrection, they do not represent even one third of the number arrested in previous attempts.

We will explain why: this time the people were much more in earnest and to the action of groups and nuclei the individual action was a complement and a stimulus. As a matter of fact no day went by without an attack on the odious, bloody defenders of the so-called "established order."

Government and police forces alike were almost routed by the daresness and determination of the revolutionists and didn't dare to enact the special emergency laws that the reactionary press kept on invoking, conspicuously showing its trembling fear.

The revolt would have been a victorious one if the Anarchists groups would have had at their disposal some rapid means of connection, not only from one region to another but even in Barcelona itself. This is the only reason why only part of the revolutionary vanguard moved to the attack and the fire of revolt didn't break out simultaneously all over Spain.

The government, the merchants of justice and the bloodhounds of the police department are still afraid because the revolt is now manifesting itself with individual acts and deeds, as they were afraid of the titanic fight sustained by the peasants of Casa Viejas and those of Medina Sidonia who in a group of about 500 well armed took to the mountains determined to exact a great price for their freedom and life; as they were afraid of the workers of Murcia who fought in the streets like lions; of the Sallat miners who fought like ancient gladiators proclaiming for the second time in a year Libertarian Communism; of the Libertarian youth of Valencia who succeeded for a while to dominate the situation after having routed the government forces; of the audacious Barcelona groups who scared the joined forces of police and soldiers together and of the valiant Aragonians who succeeded in paralyzing the means of transportation so that the forces of reaction could neither go nor come.

This bloody fight of a comparatively small number of rebels has not been sterile for no revolt is ever so. The single epic episode of Casa Viejas will stand like a page of heroism in the history book of Social Revolution: there twenty men lost their lives and thirty more were wounded—every one of them a tiller of the soil, a valiant and rebellious spirit. During a whole day they resisted and repulsed the organized squads of the storm guards equipped with incendiary bombs and machine-guns and on the night of January the 10th they launched themselves to a bodily fight determined to die, yes, but bringing death to their assailants as well.

The clash was terrible: rifles crackled and bombs exploded all night long and in the morning of the 12th, when a whole army of carabinieri and storm guards succeeded in taking that barricade, there were twenty dead men and thirty more dying. Fifty men who had worked all their life for the benefit of the capitalists while leading a life of misery, but who preferred to die fighting rather than continue to live in slavery.

In Sallat the "democratic republic of the workers" murdered four comrades after they had surrendered—their last bullet used, through the hand of an officer of the carabi-

M. S.

accepting the Federal Constitution, placed as a condition "That among the essential rights, the liberty of conscience and of the press cannot be cancelled, abridged, restrained or modified by any authority of the United States"? No trace of it is to be found among Americans of this generation. This violation of the fundamental bill of rights, consummated by the government with the complicity of Congress and the sanction of the Supreme Court, has been silently accepted by the people, and today the fiery protests of liberty jealous patriots of a bygone age are no longer to be heard. If any mild protest exists, it is surely against some of the current abuses rather than against the law itself. And even abuses have been supinely accepted. Outright Anarchist defendants against the tyrannical powers of the Department of Labor officials find it hard to obtain lawyers willing to defend them, even among the most liberal set of the profession. And these same liberal lawyers are generally more inclined to concede to the Government the right to deport Communists under the Anarchist Clause—which right they obviously have not—than to resist such an abuse of power, and consider themselves satisfied when the Federal Government consents to their clients' leaving voluntarily at their own expense, rather than be deported to their original country, where political enemies in power may readily send them to prison or death.

In this greatest of democratic republics, inquisition is triumphant. No liberty of opinion exists. If you happen to have ideas and beliefs which sound suspicious to any bigot in the service of the government, or any stool pigeon in the service of the ruling class, you may be excluded from the boss-controlled American Federation of Labor; you may be fired by your employer, arrested in your home without warrant, in your working place or on the street, sent to prison, third-degreed about what you believe or do not believe, sentenced to hard labor or deported without trial as a Communist, as an Anarchist, as a Syndicalist or a Pacifist—which all spells in the perverted judgment of a government of imbeciles, and despots that you are an enemy to society, an undesirable alien, even if your conscience is fully satisfied that you have done nothing but what might produce good to you and your neighbors.

What else has inquisition meant to the Dark Ages?

Giuseppe Guelfi

nieros who fired at them while they were standing, hands up against a wall. Four soldiers were sentenced to death for having turned their rifles on the officers who ordered them to fire at the people.

All of those arrested that are brought to prison bear witness of the atrocious tortures they underwent at every police station at the hand of the modern, republican inquisitors.

In the face of such serious events the Confederation of Labor, self-styled "anarchistic in spirit" did not even have the courage of proclaiming a general strike which would have moved its members, evidently subjected to a syndicalist dictatorship, to the intensification of the violent action initiated by the Anarchist groups.

"This is not our revolution," the journals "C. N. T." and "Solidaridad Obrera," organs of the Confederation, wrote on January the 10th. And I believe every comment is superfluous.

Let us salute our dead and defeated ones and let us salute the vanguards always ready to start it over again tomorrow with more enthusiasm and more than ever determined to fight and win.

(Barcelona Prison)

A RECTIFICATION DEMANDED!

A book entitled "REBELS AND RENEGADES" written by a man who signs himself with the pseudonym of "Max Nomad" and published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY publishing house of New York City, contains a biographical essay on Errico Malatesta.

On page 30 of this book, relating an episode of Malatesta's life during his stay in the United States, "Max Nomad" writes:

"The inevitable discussions as to the merits or demerits of organization now began again, and this time almost cost him his life. During one of these disputes G. Ciancabilla, the leader of the 'anti-organizational,' seeing that the majority was siding with the old champion, emphasized his own argument by emptying his revolver into the body of his opponent. The hero escaped, and Malatesta, unable to leave the place on account of his wound, was arrested. He refused to name his assailant, although the police left him for a time without any treatment in the hope of forcing him to give the desired information. Ciancabilla remained a prophet among the guardians of the Holy Grail of unrestrained liberty, and died a few years later in California, where he edited a paper with the fitting title — LA PROTESTA UMANA."

The fact related by Max Nomad is substantially true and happened in West Hoboken sometime in 1899, but G. Ciancabilla had no part in it. Malatesta's assailant was not Ciancabilla. The man's name, which Malatesta very properly did not give the police as any other Anarchist would have done in his place, was Domenico Pazzaglia, a barber with an impetuous character, who was little considered among local anarchists before the event and less afterwards. Anarchists of all shades of opinion disapproved his act. As Malatesta had done, they did not deliver him to the police, but made him understand that they did not like his ways. So Pazzaglia, who had meantime assumed the name of Gigi Battaglia, estranged himself from the movement and died forgotten by all a few years ago.

G. Ciancabilla had absolutely nothing to do with that affair. He disapproved of Pazzaglia's act. His was a combat of ideas among comrades, and he was able to defend his opinions with words and arguments. Besides, his moral

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THE LAST VISIT

Yes, it was comrade Mario Cortucci who gave our Burzaco address to the police. I talked to him personally and also have a letter of his in which he confesses the truth about the matter. But how can anyone who has witnessed the atrocities the police are capable of, brand this unfortunate comrade an informer? Cortucci was a victim of the police who resorted to every means of torture to obtain from him the desired information that brought about the catastrophe of Burzaco. Cortucci resisted for ten days. Beaten to the point of death under the weight of unheard tortures he gave up. Perhaps a stronger type might have resisted without revealing anything, but not every one has the strength of a hero. I only have a great sense of pity for Mario Cortucci who has been sentenced to a penitentiary for life, by the Argentinian justice, and I believe that the thought of the harm he caused will only aggravate his sufferings.

It is impossible to relate the tragedy which I lived through from January 29th to February 2nd, 1930. I believe that those who perished in the fight were more fortunate than those who survived it, for the former at least escaped the terrible tortures inflicted on my companion and on my brother. Not satisfied with having them in their claws and knowing most certainly that they would undergo the death penalty, the bestial police force made them go through the inflictions of the torture chamber. But the temperament of the two men was as of steel, and couldn't be bent. Yes, Severino Di Giovanni and Paulino Scarfo remained calm to the end, a living example of courage and stoicism.

The morning our house at Burzaco was assaulted comrades Marquez and Roja were murdered. My brother was captured and so brutally beaten by the police that his facial features were deformed. Later they tried to pass this deformation as a birth-mark because they wanted to bring up the traditional "stigma of degeneracy." But the worst happened in jail, where Severino and Paulino, before and after the sentence, were subjected to the atrocious tortures of which comrade Recchi gave a faithful description in the written account of his personal experience:—"The Chair," "The Whip," and "The Triangle."

When I went to see Severino, he had around his neck the evident marks of the rope, clotted blood at his wrists, bleeding gums and signs of contusion all over his face. A pair of wooden pliers had been used to squeeze and pull his tongue and lighted cigars were used to burn it. During his examination, lighted cigars were thrust in his nose and ears, his testicles were squeezed and incisions made under nails in the presence of the commissioners Florio and Garibotto, of the ORDEN SOCIAL (Department of Justice) and under the direction of Dr. Vinas, warden of the prison, the same one who out of his perfidy kicked Severino's body after the execution. And my brother underwent the same ordeal.

When I apprehended that Severino was sentenced to die, I began to scream that they should let me see him for the last time—until they consented. I found him very calm and with a

lucid mind. He told me that he was greatly touched by the news that a little girl had been killed in the shooting preceding his arrest, and that the thought of his own children had given him a moment of profound emotion. It grieved him terribly to be believed the author of that killing. His lawyer had called for a fire-arm expert report to show that Di Giovanni hadn't killed the child, but the tribunal of course refused it. The courage shown by his young lawyer, Lieutenant Franco, also impressed Severino immensely. As a matter of fact it required great courage for an officer of the army to sincerely fulfill his task. Keeping up his dignity of a man against the imposition of his superiors. I had occasion to see Lieutenant Franco after his return from the exile to which he was forced on account of his



PAULINO SCARFO

defense of Severino, and he told me how much the latter's personality and pure ideas had impressed him. He hasn't as yet been reinstated to duty because he refuses to sign a request for a pardon on the ground that he has nothing to regret for his work of defense.

During the hours I remained with Severino, under the continuous guard of a multitude of officials and curious idlers

America Scarfo

anxious to catch a moment of weakness on our part, we both remained perfectly calm. We naturally had our hearts in turmoil but there was no crying, and pathetic scenes were purposely avoided. I was trying to console his last hours of life and he succeeded in disappointing those who expected to find a humiliated and defeated enemy. As I saw him, he appeared like the personification of the ideal that does not surrender.

Our conversation was interrupted many times. An officer of the army started a discussion with Severino about one of Lombroso's books, only to find out that he was discussing very calmly and using good judgment consequently he remarked: "I thought I would find here a man in spiritual annihilation." To which Severino answered: "I love life, but I don't complain of my fate—for it reaffirms, in one way, the reasons of my life. To die like this is a way of rendering life more intense." To the priest who from time to time was trying his works on him, when he once tried to caress his forehead—Severino retorted with an amused gesture: "Do not soil my forehead."

When the hour of separation came I embraced him. And while I was assuring him that I would always remember him, He said: "Do not grieve. Live your life. I only ask you to be so good a mother to my children as you have been so far."

I was allowed only five minutes with my brother Paulino—my life friend, companion and confident. Commissioner Florio, the most cynical of his torturers, was standing guard.

When I saw him with a disfigured face I asked whether he had been hurt, and he smilingly replied: "This is nothing." The torturing had been so painful that he was wishing nothing else but to be executed—and thus put an end to his sufferings. I tried to console him, assuring him that it was of great pride to me, to know, that he, my brother, knew how to die like a man. He answered that this was understood. As for mother, he was asking that she be spared the painful ordeal of seeing his physical condition. "She would die of it" he said. "If I could only see her without her noticing me," he added. "Here, give her my last kiss."

Then he said he was hurt by mother asking for clemency in his behalf. When my other brother and a brother-in-law asked him to sign a request for a pardon, he staunchly refused, saying: "An Anarchist never asks for clemency." He died as he lived. Proud of his ideal to which he happily was dedicating his death—as he had dedicated to it—his life.

Ed. Note: Comrade America Scarfo who is hereby giving this gruesome account of the atrocities which government trained thugs inflict upon Anarchists, is the faithful and courageous companion of our late comrade Severino Di Giovanni and sister of Paulino Scarfo. As it was related in a biographical sketch by M. S. in the last issue of MAN!—these two comrades were savagely tortured and summarily executed by the bloody dictatorship of General Uriburu in Argentina. A drawing of comrade Di Giovanni also appeared in that issue.

THE SACRILEGE

Horrors! An irreverent hand lifted to hit the chosen and sacred chief of the great Republic, the Numa Pompilius of this new chaos, which greed of masters and severity of the times have nourished with material privations and mental torment.

Giuseppe Zangara, suddenly emerging from the humble and slavish crowd, has emptied his gun against Franklin D. Roosevelt, president-elect of the United States, hitting, not him, but other persons around him. In his declaration in court, he asserted he intended, first, to kill Hoover and that he hated "all the rich and those in power who impoverish and humiliate the people."

Some months before, another young man penetrated into the legislative dens of Congress, compelling, gun in hand, the attention of the little legislators of high Finance and great Industry. He, too, wanted the Representatives and Senators to turn their eyes on the imminence misery ravaging among the American population.

Sacrilege? Horror? Perhaps—But also a symptom.

When Herbert Hoover thundered "prosperity" of the nation, the people knew it wasn't an exaggeration. They know it still. Indeed it never occurred to the farmer in the past to get warm at the flames of the burning wheat, which he had sowed and harvested not for combustion purposes! Never before did the cotton planters yield to the suggestion of burying the product of their land and thus let it rot. Never in history was a cattle raiser advised to cut down his stock on account of super-production. Nevertheless, the vestiges of today's plenty do not reach the consumer. The industrial worker is starving. He stretches his hand for public charity in the bread lines and in the streets, in order to calm the pangs of his dear ones' stomachs and his; thus adding, to his material want, the most abject humiliation which ever debased man, depriving him

A Rectification Demanded!

(Continued from Page Two)

character impelled on him the more civilized behaviour.

These circumstances are so well known among Italian Anarchists in America, that it seems strange that Max Nomad should gather such a false version and accept it without further investigation. This can hardly be explained by the evident animus that he displays against Ciancabilla's ways of thinking.

But a false statement is a false statement no matter which cause it serves, and although reprehensible in any case, it is more so when it is used as an aspersion on the moral character of a dead man who, no matter how unacceptable his opinions may appear to Max Nomad, professed them in good faith, disinterestedly and with full conviction.

Max Nomad the writer of the misrepresentation and the Macmillan Company owe it to their own names as sincere responsible people to come forward and fully rectify their wronging the name of Ciancabilla.

Richard Williams

of the only attributes, which, through ages of slavery, might still testify to his humanity: pride and dignity.

And where the toiler, stubborn to the stuffed education, still prefers rebellion to charity, he becomes the target of all the furies of the guardians of this social disorder, of all the excommunications of the well-fed and respectable society. The struggles of the Kentucky and Illinois miners of yesterday and today prove this.

But the politicians, the priests of God and the law are not troubled. One more brake tightening, one more turn of the screw, and the worker, scorned, is soon forced to starve, to become exhausted and end in a collective suicide!

Yet, in the general apathy, life calls men to its joys, through the streets echoes the resounding claim of the undeniable right to existence and, once in a while, a responsible individual fires an admonishing shot on the symbol of arrogance and usurpation. Is this individual to be cursed? No. Let us not be so hasty. Let us study the deed, analyze the causes . . . and try to eliminate them.

Can this society of pirate-rule, who decide the good and bad weather, eliminate the causes? And, being able to, would it renounce its privileges, its orgies, nourished with human sorrow and blood?

No!—answers History. On the other hand, need and sentiment of life deny to the humble and slaves the will to . . . suicide.

And the Zangaras, untamed and daring, spring from amidst the mob to admonish, remind that the string is tense and the suffering brothers are complaining and getting ready to subvert a system of turpitude and abjection which makes man the enemy of man. Admonishment which will make men of mind and heart, and will leave the grief to the meek, the anathema to the churches, the tool-sharpening to the executioner.

The world progresses through bloody roads, and it is the blood of the best men. No power can arrest its march, which is the march of humanity toward a higher civilization.

THE AFTERMATH Editorial Comment

What followed Zangara's act is of far more interest than what had preceded it. As the let loose blood-hounds, the harlots of the press dipped their pens into the foulest of vitriolic venom and hatred towards a defenceless man. The vultures of the State were not even ashamed to allow the radiographing of a photo of the man—almost naked—in the midst of their brutal third-degreering that they were inflicting upon him!

Zangara refused counsel, but a "just" judge forced upon him three lawyers, who cowardly apologised for the duty imposed upon them! On Friday he was indicted. On Saturday a state commission issued a report that Zangara was "a social misfit"—not saying anything at all as to what brought him to it, if it be true. On Monday the mock-trial, lasting over an hour, was enacted. The (?) "defense" lawyers even refused to plead for their client, and the

"honorable" judge sentenced Zangara to eighty years imprisonment! With the fortitude of a giant the diminutive man hurled a hearty laugh into the faces of his traducers, exclaiming:

"Gee—you are stingy, judge! Why don't you make it an even number—one hundred years?!"

Talk about justice blind, bought and sold! Talk about railroading a man without even the least semblance of an opportunity to defend himself! Talk about a mocking travesty on the very word—justice! Talk about a mercenary money-mad gone country where even self-professed radical lawyers as a Clarence Darrow or Arthur Garfield Hays lacked the courage to come forward to defend a victim—if there ever was one of the present disorder of life! Talk of a professed American Civil Liberties Union that lacked the necessary courage to come forward and offer to "protect" the so-called "guaranteed constitutional rights" that the law prescribes!

One wonders indeed as to whether the future historian will be able to place the present generation in any other category but that of a race devoid and lacking the manhood of decency, fairness, righteousness, truth and justice.

The wounded men and women at Miami are now claiming the sympathy of all. Whether realizing it or not, they are now themselves, the victims of a system of society in which they abate and conjure in—thus victims by their own choice.

Giuseppe Zangara tho—is a victim of the present system not by his own choice. To him, therefore, although unknown to us, go out our sympathy and greetings.

FROM GERMANY

It is with the greatest of pleasure that we received the first issue of your well-fitted journal "MAN!" . . . Our best wishes are with you and your work . . . We think that it is far easier to sell a well-illustrated journal as yours is . . . if the pictures are so good as yours of Malatesta or Godwin in the first issue. Could you be so kind as to send us now and in the future, matrices or used copypapers by mail? After using them, we shall return them to you or send them to other comrades lacking in such things. With best greetings,

Freie Arbeiter, Germany.

ERIC MATISZIG,

MAN! will gladly furnish our Comrades in Germany with cuts appearing in its pages. All other Anarchist organs of Europe can arrange with the FREIE ARBEITER for their use of the same cuts. Every Anarchist publication is invited to exchange with MAN!

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FROM THE PARIS COMMUNE TO BOLSHEVISM

Marcus Graham

The year of 1871 has become an historical symbol in the annals of humanity's struggle for social emancipation. For, in the month of March of that year, the People of Paris arose in an unprecedented Rebellion. The government with its entire machinery of oppression was overthrown. The Commune was proclaimed wide and afar. Men, women, and children were joyfully erecting barricades to protect their erstwhile achievement.

The reactionary forces of France and throughout Europe were thrown into a frenzy of fear for a similar fate that was now facing them in the event of the Commune's permanent triumph. Led on by Louis Adolphe Thiers, all that was dishonest, mercenary and unjust, united in a life and death struggle to drown in blood the Commune of Freed men and women.

The pages of the history of the Paris Commune abound with heroic superhuman efforts through which the Communards resisted the bloody-slaughter attack of the military butchers mustered together for coinage and patronage.

For more than thirty days the heroic battle of the Paris Commune was kept up. Days that must have seemed like centuries. Tens of thousands of Communards lost their lives, unknown, yet never to be forgotten by every human heart that beats for liberty.

The Communards had refused to compromise at the expense of the Commune. They had hoped the proletariat of the world would rally to their defense by emulating their action. But, this was not to be. Nevertheless, gloriously defiant, and resisting the enemy valiantly to the last moment, the Communards were overpowered. Vanquished—yes—but not by justice or truth, but by most brutal violence and murder. This was later to be followed by tortures, summary executions, sentencing to imprisonment and exiles of thousands of Communards of which our comrade Louise Michel emerged as one of its most beautiful heroic martyrs.

Thus, the historian relates to be but the brief sketch of the Paris Commune of 1871.

Not a single soul that feels an attachment to liberty had ever impugned the Communards of Paris or berated them. They could not be defiled by any one. Therefore, none ever dared to belittle them. For, solidified as the Rock of Gibraltar, they had withstood the enemy, going down to defeat uncompromisingly. Their last resounding cry of: "Long Live the Commune!"—still echoes forth at every gathering of the oppressed.

The twentieth century was to witness another gigantic Rebellion. This time, it was far more numerous in magnitude, embracing over 150 million people of Russia.

Millions of dead and maimed; starved and despondent—all this had brought about a Rebellion that had no equal as yet in the scroll of Man's history. The seemingly everlasting regime of the Knout and Iron-Czardom—had been cast overboard. The Liberal regime of the Socialist-Kerensky was likewise cast aside. The people who made the Revolution of 1917 wanted more than paper promises of a new rulership.

The Peasantry of Russia, imbued for centuries with the spirit of Communism, (as a result of the village life) began seizing the land. Not to hoard it, but only to divide it amongst themselves, its real tillers. The workers of the cities began to seize the factories. Soviets (councils) of Peasants and Workers, Soldiers and Sailors had sprung up everywhere. The most glorious moment of the Revolution in Russia had arrived. Defiance to World-Capitalism was uttered in no mistaken terms when the Soviets refused to sign the shameful treaty at Brest-Litovsk.

Such was the achievement of the October Revolution of the masses in Russia.

The heart-throbs of humanity from one end of the globe to the other reverberated in a most amazing magnificent spirit of Solidarity. This time, the Proletariat of the world was not going to allow the repetition of another Commune Massacre. The governments of World-Capitalism found this too soon enough. At the mention of the word—Soviets—the exploiters of mankind were getting into fits of fear. Their thrones were beginning to shake and quiver. The Revolution in Russia was marching on at a tempo that seemed to begin surpassing the Paris Commune.

Amidst the victorious onward march of the Russian Revolution arose an inner enemy. An enemy not reckoned with at all. An enemy that was singing in chorus the slogan of the masses: Peace, Land and Liberty. And whilst professing to be a part of the masses, it secretly plotted how to establish itself in place of the destroyed Czardom and Kerensky regime that had followed it. It was a sinister enemy. The more dangerous because it had pretended "friendship" and "love" for the Revolution. It began distorting facts, spreading fearful rumors of attacks that were contemplated—and that could only be "safeguarded" by the establishment of a Dictatorship. Manipulating the gained confidence of the masses, the disciples of Karl Marx, led by the simon-pure, "red" Nicholas Lenin, were victorious. They had succeeded to re-establish a Government where there was NONE.

At first, the Bolshevik government proclaimed itself to be (as all capitalist governments do) the "servant of the people." But even this was soon forgotten. The supremacy of the "Communist" Party became a fact no longer to be denied by the very rulers themselves. The Soviets were "absorbed"—or rather extinguished. The "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" was only a smoke-screen to gain Power for the Marxian Leaders. Its most faithful protector became the G. P. U. (Department of Spying, Secret-Chamber-Persecutions and Executions). In this respect, the Bolshevik regime, can stand on an equal footing with the government of American capitalism, that has its Department of Justice—to protect itself with.

"Communism" as prescribed by Karl Marx was to be experimented upon, not by reason and persuasion, but by

brutal Force of every description. The professed approval of the seizure of the land by the Peasantry and of the factories by the workers was soon enough supplanted by the forceful seizure of the land from the peasants, and the factories from the workers. All this was "collectivized." The exploiter was no longer to be the private capitalist—but the State—the pure Marxian Socialist State. As Max Stirner had so well predicted: in order that all should have everything—no one is to have anything!

Ruthless and without the least semblance of Justice, Righteousness or Truthfulness, the Bolshevik State went about destroying every vestige of liberty gained by the October Revolution. It destroyed the freedom of the printed and spoken word to a degree that couldn't be compared with even in the worst days of Czarism. True enough, all the revolutionary elements were forced in those days to lead



an underground life. Nevertheless, the Socialist, Social Revolutionary and Anarchist movements had their groups and organs. But—under fifteen years of Bolshevik reign, can any one point to the existence of a single revolutionary opposition movement or organ that is allowed to function?

Education has been turned into as much of a system for the poisoning of the mind of the innocents, as has and is being done in every existing capitalist country. Furthermore, Art in all its branches: the Novel and Poem, the Drama and Story, the Painting and Drama, Music and Sculpture—all this has been subordinated to the designs, whims and schemes for perpetuating the prevalent rulership of the Bolshevik regime.

The Peasantry was at first industrialized, and later given full sway to deal in barter, thereby supplanting the grand spirit of genuine Communism that had been evinced in the October Revolution. The city worker was Taylorized and Fordized, the system of exploitation so well known from bitter experience by us in America. Different scales of wages and all sorts of premiums and "better" jobs were supplanting the Communal spirit of joint effort.

Punitive expeditions against the Peasantry and persecution of Workers in the factories has been the order of the day for years. No one is fully aware of the number of dead or imprisoned in this campaign to aid a people in thus (?) "liberating"—themselves.

Is there any wonder then to find today Capitalism throughout the world looking upon the Bolshevik regime—as one of its best "customers"? And, Stalin, the head of the Bolshevik government, not only proudly admitting this, but offering it as a bait also for recognition by the government of American capitalism!

The campaign of oppression carried on by the stranglers of the Russian Revolution has reached even its own ranks. The drowning in blood of the rebellious Communists of

Kronstadt by Leon Trotzky; and later his own exile by another clique of the Party; the suicide of Adolph Jaffa; the countless persecutions of lesser known Bolsheviks—not to speak of the utter suppression of the Anarchist movement—all this stands out so blunt and clear—that only the totally blind and deaf could refuse to Stop, Look and Listen.

At one time Engels and Lenin had promulgated the phrase; the State will wither away. This seductive vain hope has been not only forgotten—but is now being renounced by the present rulers. Of course, for any one to have ever even imagined sincerely such a possibility is almost inconceivable. For, authority has in its very essence the seed of self-perpetuation.

Viewed from a critical angle, not from the Liberal or Socialist one—which parties seek to be entrusted with the task of "leading" mankind into similar regimes as in Russia—the Anarchist can assert in no uncertain terms: that the Revolution in Russia has been strangled to death by the Marxian Bolshevik State; that what is labelled as Communism in Russia—today—is but a mockery upon the true meaning of the word; that the People of Russia are now facing a far more formidable form of slavery—because of its pretended "social ideals"—than under the worst period of Czarism; and that when compared to the Paris Commune, the Bolshevik regime stands revealed as the rapers of the Revolution—its most vicious counter-revolutionists!*

The lesson to be derived from what has and is transpiring in Russia is an unforgettable one. From now on—whenever and wherever any part of humanity rises in Rebellion against Social Injustice it will have to be more diligently on guard against its professed "friends" from within, than of the avowed enemies from without. To forget this lesson will mean to witness only the repetition of betrayals and disillusion.

The road to Liberation from every fettering chain can only be achieved through the free initiative and responsibility of the people themselves. Not through the people's enslavement by any Party—even the most "revolutionary" professing one.

To use the Bolshevik regime in the same breath as the Paris Commune—would be to profane it. Thiers and the reactionary forces of the world have gone down in history as the stranglers of the Paris Commune of 1871. The Marxian Bolshevik State of Russia will likewise go down in history as the stranglers of the October Revolution of 1917.

* The reader will find Proudhon's study of the very identical subject (on another page of this issue), most profoundly interesting.

REALITY

Joe Porcelli

Speaking of it one begins to feel uneasy. But the mind can't be kept away from it. Every one giving explanations according to their own thoughts. Not all are able to get to the insight of the things that manifest themselves all around. Something transpires in such a proportion that no one can think himself apart from the whole of humanity. Such is the case now.

Humanity is living in a condition of perplexity, threatening to disappear. It doesn't realize it is made of men. In most instances imposed on us. Trusting ourselves more we could find means to change it. We must realize clearly the situation, before we can cope with it successfully.

We have seen, not so long ago, the artificial atmosphere of prosperity, the multitude failing to consider the nature of great and rapid development going on throughout the world. They took their momentary gains as a golden age that would go on indefinitely. This has happened before in history: man's fate changing like a pendulum, from one extreme to the other. The great majority finds a ready excuse: we are a product of circumstances. Thus they justify their fatalism, and apply it to everything. They are as in a one way drive, having no chance to turn around, nor the courage to keep on. They are waiting for something to happen that will get them out of the embarrassment.

So many hopes have filled generous hearts and sublimated minds. Heralds of thoughts and deeds. Epic songs of the poets throughout the ages. All centered around the aspirations of freedom.

Today many hold the concept that freedom is no longer suited to the purpose. These never think of the energies that spring from human nature seeking the wonderful harmony of the mind and body. They wish us to be practical, as it were not those who were pretending to be so that have distorted the human race.

One of the keenest interests that keeps constantly alive our intellect, is the examining of human factors. In doing so, we find that the main cause that tends to create enmity among man is the hoarding of property.

Those who have succeeded to impose their supremacy find life very easy, living upon the toll of others. Thus we find the creation of Government and its devised laws for to regulate the relations of classes. Always serving the interests of the employers, as against those of the workers. Past and present history shows this very bluntly.

Too many abuse the word "freedom." All pretend to speak for it, while in reality so many do their very best to kill it. One needs only to view all the constitutions. How many wonderful things are found in them! What zeal to preserve liberties! Then try to find out what it accords to you as rights. You will find out how ridiculously insignificant it all is. Don't try to shake the statue quo! If you yield to the temptation—you will make the wonderful discovery of an abject reactionary soul within the body of the Government.

It is characteristic today to find conservatives admitting that life is growth, and yet do their very best to curb it.

THE COMMUNE

Blood of the Communards crying to me!
Thirty thousand massacred
In the streets of Paris,
And the blood flowed in the gutters,
And the blood flowed in the Seine.
Nor was there pity
For the children, the women, and the old men
Because these also fought on the barricades
To defend the Commune.
Oh there are wounds that would not heal!
You the bourgeois—
Your motto "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"
Was seen to be a pretension and a mockery.
You the enraged ruling class—
You hunted the Communards
And you shot them where you found them.
I have seen the wall of the Federates
Where you slaughtered the prisoners with mitrailleuse,
And you buried them where they fell.
Betrayal and fratricide—
This was your vengeance
Upon the defenders of the Commune.
Blood of the Communards crying to me!
Oh there are wounds that would not heal!
Awakening of the masses,
Battillery of the lower depths,
A sounding of the tocsin,
A building of barricades,
A lifting of the standard,
Vanguard of the proletariat in revolt—
This was the Commune.
Federates,
Men of the sections,
People and foubourgs
Em battled proletariat of Paris
Your stand on the barricades
Was a challenge
Forever to be remembered,
The lifting of the standard—
A heritage,
A shining memory!

Simon Felshin

(Continued on Page Five)

IDEAS of ANARCHISM: GENERAL IDEA of the Nineteenth Century REVOLUTION Pierre Joseph Proudhon

Cause of Revolutions

It is an opinion held nowadays, among men of advanced views as well as among conservatives, that a revolution, boldly attacked at its incipency, can be stopped, repressed, diverted or perverted; that only two things are needed for this, sagacity and power . . . Thus the Reaction, the germ of despotism, is in the heart of everybody; it shows itself at the two extremes of the political horizon. . .

Stop a revolution! Does not that seem a threat against providence, a challenge hurled at unbending Destiny, in a word, the greatest absurdity imaginable? Stop matter from falling, flame from burning, the sun from shining!

A revolution is a force against which no power, divine or human, can prevail: whose nature it is to be strengthened and to grow by the very resistance which it encounters . . . The revolution never lets go, for the simple reason that it is never in the wrong.

Every revolution first decrees itself as a complaint of the people, an accusation against a vicious state of affairs, which the poorest always feel the first. It is against the nature of the masses to revolt, except against what hurts them, physically or morally.

The Right to Labor

After much debate, the Government, which spent 300 million dollars annually* to preserve order, was forced to admit that it had not a cent left wherewith to assist the workers; that in order to employ them, and consequently to pay them, it would be necessary to impose additional taxes, making a vicious circle, because these taxes would have to be paid by those whom they were intended to assist . . . the Government made it understood that nothing could be done, that it was necessary to be resigned, to keep order, to have patience and confidence!

The mechanics, together with a good many trades people, continued to demand work. Business was not good; the peasants complained of high rents and the low price of farm produce; they who had combated the insurrection and pronounced against Socialism, demanded as a recompense subsidies for the immediate present, and guarantees for the future. The Government could see in all this nothing but a passing epidemic . . . which must be treated with bleeding and sedatives.

The Ruling Principle

What is the principle which rules existing society? Each by himself, each for himself. God and LUCK for all. Privilege, resulting from luck, from a commercial turn, from any of the gambling methods which the chaotic condition of industry furnishes, is then a providential thing, which everybody must respect.

On the other hand, what is the function of Government? To protect and defend each one in his person, his industry, his property. But if by the necessity of things, property, riches, comfort, all go on one side, poverty on the other, it is clear that Government is made for the defence of the rich against the poor. For the preperfecting of this state of affairs, it is necessary that what exists should be consecrated by law that is precisely what Power wants . . . Corruption allies itself well with the general tendencies of Power; it forms a part of its methods; it is one of its elements.

Charity is the strongest chain by which privilege and the Government, bound to protect them, holds down the lower classes.

Origin of Government

Experience, in fact, shows that everywhere and always the Government has placed itself on the side of the richest and most educated classes . . . and, instead of maintaining liberty and equality among all, it works persistently to destroy them, by virtue of its natural inclination towards privilege.

Direct legislation, direct government, simplified government, are ancient lies, which they try in vain to rejuvenate. Direct or indirect, simple or complex, governing the people will always be swindling the people. It is always man giving

* Proudhon speaks here of the Revolution of 1848.

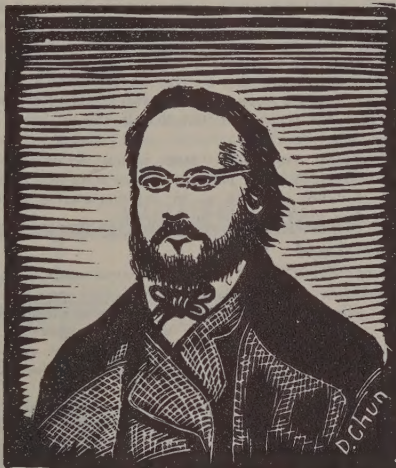
He wrote this in 1851. Yet—it might have been written today.—Editor.

ing orders to man, the fiction which makes an end to liberty; brute force which cuts questions short, in the place of justice, which alone can answer them; obstinate ambition, which makes a stepping stone of devotion and credulity.

Laws and the Proletarian

Laws for one who thinks for himself, and who ought to answer only for his own actions; laws for one who wants to be free, and feels himself worthy of liberty? I am ready to bargain, but I want no laws. I recognize none of them: I protest against every order which it may please some power, from pretended necessity to impose upon my free will. Laws! We know what they are, and what they are worth! Spider webs for the rich and powerful, steel chains for the weak and poor, fishing nets in the hand of the Government.

However that may be, listen, men of power, to the words of the Producer, the proletarian, the slave, of him whom you expect to force to work for you: I demand neither the goods nor the money of anybody; and I am not disposed to allow the fruit of my labor to become the prey of another. I, also, want order, as much as they who are con-



PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON
(1809-1865)

tinually upsetting it by their alleged government; but I want it as the result of my free choice, a condition for my labor, a law of my reason. I will not submit to it coming from the will of another, and imposing sacrifice and servitude upon me as preliminary conditions.

Liberty and Politics

Liberty, equality, progress, with all their oratorical consequences are written in the text of the constitutions and the laws; there is no vestige of them in the institutions. The ancient hierarchy of classes has been replaced by an ignoble feudalism, based on mercantile and industrial usury; by a chaos of interests, all antagonism of principles, a degradation of law; the abuses have changed the face which they bore before the '89, to assume a different form of organization; they have diminished neither in number nor gravity. On account of being engrossed with politics, we have lost sight of social economy. It was in this way that the democratic party itself, the heir of the first Revolution, came to attempting to reform Society by establishing the initiative of the State, to create institutions by the prolific virtue of Power, in a word, to correct an abuse by an abuse.

All minds being bewitched with politics, Society turns in a circle of mistakes, driving capital to a still more crushing agglomeration, the State to an extension of its prerogatives that is more and more tyrannical, the laboring class to an irreparable decline, physically, morally and intellectually.

Looking seriously at life one is impelled to despair at the future, and a desire takes hold of you to run away to the farthest desert. How the mind adopts itself to so many infamies common today!

I do not damn you, the people. As a true son, I suffer, hope and try to understand the cause of it all. Too many have deceived us. They promised you so much, and you were only used as a path-board for the money-colners. They have hypocritically tried to give you the impression to being your true friends, only to leave you after they have gotten what they wanted.

Open up your soul and listen only to those whose hearts really beat in sincerity in striving to bring about a new world. Close forever your eyes to flatterers, to politicians of all shapes. Always keep in mind that there is ever going on a fierce struggle between authoritarians and libertarians. The first are ambushed, patiently awaiting their prey.

There is only one way to free yourself, and this is—to have confidence in yourself. Do not trust in their pretensions to solve your problems. Your only problem is the Social Revolution that will abolish the private stealth of property, and place it at the disposal of the real producers. The land should be divided among the tillers of the soil, and the factories among the workers. To each according to his needs. From each according to his ability. This is the true sense of social justice. With this aspiration a new world will dawn, and the way will open for real friendship and love among all human beings.

If the People become the legislators, what need for representatives? If the People themselves govern, what need for ministers? If we give them the control, what becomes of our authority?

Systems

Systems abound; schemes fall like rain. One would organize workshops, another the Government, in which he has more confidence. . . Thus the Saint Simonian school, going beyond the idea of its founder, produced a system: Fourier produced a system; Owen, a system; Cabet, a system; Pierre Leroux, a system; Louis Blanc, a system; as Baboeuf, Morelly, Thomas Moore, Campanella, Plato, and others before them, who, each starting from a single principle, produced systems. And all these systems, antagonistic among themselves, are equally opposed to progress. Let humanity perish sooner than the principle! that is the motto of the Utopians, as of the fanatics of all ages.

Socialism, under such interpreters, became a religion which might have passed, five or six hundred years ago, as an advance upon Catholicism, but in which in the nineteenth century is as little revolutionary as possible.

Nevertheless the champions, despite everything, of association, feeling how sterile is their principle, how opposed to liberty, how little therefore it can be accepted as the sovereign formula of the Revolution, are making the most incredible efforts to sustain this will-of-the-wisp of fraternity. Louis Blanc has gone so far as to reverse the republican motto, as if he wanted to revolutionize the revolution. He no longer says, as everybody else says, and according to tradition, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; he says Equality, Fraternity, Liberty! We begin with Equality nowadays; we must take equality for our first term; upon it we must build the new structure of the Revolution. As for Liberty, that is deduced from Fraternity. Louis Blanc promises liberty after association, as the priests promise paradise after death.

I leave you to guess what kind of socialism it will be which plays thus with transpositions of words.

Dictatorship

Let those who, with more honesty than prudence, following the footsteps of Danton, revive today the proposition for direct government; who, again like Danton, remind the people of their inalienable rights and cry: No more dictators! No more doctrinaires! let them not forget that the Dictatorship is at the end of their theory, and this Doctrine, of which they are so much afraid, is of the justly punished traitor of Thermidor. Direct Government is nothing but the long known transition, through which the People, tired of political schemes, bring themselves to rest in absolute government, where the ambitions of the reactionaries await them. Has not the thought of dictatorship already, as I write these lines, been cast among the people, and accepted by the impatient and the timid?

Anarchy

The idea of Anarchy had this fortune. The denial of government having been renewed since the revolution of February with new ardor and some success, certain men of note in the democratic and socialist party, whom the idea of Anarchy filled with disquietude, thought that they might appropriate the arguments directed against government, and upon these arguments, which were essentially negative, might restore the very principle which was at stake, under a new name, and with a few modifications. Without intending it, without suspecting it, these honorable citizens took the position of counter-revolutionaries, since a counterfeit, for after all this word expresses my idea better than any other, a counterfeit, in political and social affairs, is really counter-revolution . . . That is what these restorations of authority really are, that have been undertaken recently in competition with Anarchy, and which have occupied public attention under the names of Direct Legislation, Direct Government. . .

Direct Government and Direct Legislation seem to me the two biggest blunders in the annals of politics and philosophy . . . the very arguments which they use against indirect government, have no force that does not apply equally against direct government; that their criticism is admissible only when made absolute; and that, in stopping half-way, they have fallen into the most pitiful inconsequence. Above all, how is it that they have not seen that their pretended direct government is nothing but the reduction to absurdity of the government idea; to the extent that, if through the progress of ideas and the complexity of interests, society is forced to oblige every kind of government, it will be just because direct government, the only form of government that seems to be rational, liberal, equal, is nevertheless impossible? . . . Authority is to Government what thought is to the word, the idea to the fact, the soul to the body. Authority is government in principle, as government is authority in practice. To abolish either, if it is a real abolition, is to abolish both. By the same token, to preserve one or the other, if the preservation is effective, is to keep both . . . If you can refute this dilemma, reactionaries, you will have struck at the heart of the Revolution.

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Obtainable Through MAN!

REALITY

(Continued from Page Four)

Do they not know that the wealth that permits them to spend at will is only possible because of their exploitation of the workers?

The rich class, so small in number, holds all the wealth accumulated from the toil of the workers. The latter have only the heritage of misery and slavery as a result. This terrible yoke of generations will only be thrown off our shoulders when we arise.

So many shams in the very twentieth century when science has triumphed over superstition, giving man all possible knowledge, showing him that he alone can work out his own destiny.

MAN!

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement
ISSUED BY THE INTERNATIONAL GROUP
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Editor, MARCUS GRAHAM

Free Subscription Voluntary Contributions

MAN! will be sent to any individual and library upon request. It intends to submit solely upon what the readers find it worth. Whenever it begins to fall in receiving the voluntary support that now makes possible its appearance, it will be discontinued.

MAN! invites the collaboration of all workers and artists who are in sympathy with our ideas to send us essays, prose, poems, and drawings. No payment can be made. Where return of manuscripts is desired sufficient postage should be included.

Corresponding Address:

1000 JEFFERSON STREET, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

DISCUSSION:

If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought—Let It Crack!—WENDELL PHILLIPS

Does Social Order Imply Government?

I have inspected thoroughly your first issue of MAN! I am interested. (Curious where you obtained my name; have I been blacklisted by the "respectables"?). Your paper is the sort of project I should myself like to have sponsored. In common with other nihilist creeds, however, you do not define the method of Anarchism; the Marxians have you there. A social order implies government. One man may live unto himself—if he can. But two people cannot exist, in this interdependent industrial world, without a common understanding, implied and expressed. What is that but GOVERNMENT? I will agree *prima facie*, and so do all left-wingers, as to the evil inevitabilities of "government" when it becomes a tertium quid, institutional rather than functional. Derivative of "Plans" though the cynic may be, who is to formulate and execute the program of an anarchistic society? Surely you do not advocate laissez-faire. What, then, are your dynamics; what is to make things GO? It is your business to answer such questions, or people will continue to regard anarchists as bristly Bolsheviks with bombs.

Cordially,

JEROME CUTTING.

Planeless Anarchy?

If social order implies natural life and equality of opportunities, plus a voluntary basis of cooperation, then by no stretch of the imagination could this be construed as Government.

A system implies a set-up plan devised by a few. Government comes under this category. In its very essence, as a system, it excludes and makes social order an impossibility.

Is there any Government functioning in the creation of any branch of art, or in the life of nature? Does any one need the direction of Government to enjoy the rays of the Sun and splash of the Rain, the thrill of the Snow and shock of the Thunder, the beauty of the Stars in the Moonlight or setting of the Sun?

What would happen to mankind when the exploiters would have devised methods whereby to control and capitalize all the great beauties of nature? Or, obtain a hold upon all the creative artists? To the extent that they have succeeded—Forests have been cut down, Mountains have been demolished, glorious Lakes dried up, Art has been commercialized by the rich, or institutionalized by Governments, as at the hands of Fascism in Italy and of Bolshevism in Russia.

Comrade Cutting doesn't as yet seem to be aware of the close relationship existing between the terms Decentralization and Federalism and the idea of Anarchy. They are the main basis upon which it rises or falls. And therefore, the very anti-thesis of the "interdependent industrial world." Anarchy thus becomes anathema to the attempt to mechanize or industrialize life. This is the dividing point between the school of Socialism and that of Anarchism.

Comrade Cutting is correct when he refers to the "interdependent industrial world" as a Government. And for that very reason the Anarchist is utterly opposed to it.

No System or Government is conceivable, or needed in the blooming forth and growth of any friendship between human beings, and the latter is always limited to a small circle in every walk of life.

The counter part of industrialized life is the decentralized one that leads towards a re-grouping of people—as friends, not only in name, but in actual life.

With all the vain hymns of praise heaped upon the industrialized life, the city dweller looks forward with keen expectations and delight for the approach of the holiday or Sunday whence he might sojourn into the bosom of the open spaces—where inhaling a breath of fresh air, viewing the sun and stars is not overshadowed by the dim of dust and smoke, or the foul putrid air that is so much abundant within the confines of the (?) "gloriously" erected City Jails that man worships and clings to so much today.

The Anarchist takes pride in the fact that he offers no plan or program for the Anarchist society of tomorrow.

Why? For the very well founded reason that no two human beings are born alike. Neither have they the same conceptions, understanding, reasoning, hopes or dreams. To work out a plan or program is to decree and institutionalize life for others. Can true freedom, equality and justice be conceived where programs, plans and systems abound? The Anarchist gives a most categorical reply of—NO!

As long as man prefers the interdependent industrialized life, the price of loss in human life, happiness and freedom will be the toll.

Wherever a system or rulership came into being, its counter-part of deception and dishonesty always followed. No pretended rulership "of, by and for the people" meant what it boasted of. As, Pierre J. Proudhon so well remarked: "If the people were really to rule—who would there be left to rule over?"

What is to "make things go?" comrade Cutting wishes to know. Life goes on without making it go—unless one cuts it short by suicide. One needs only to realize the greatness in being one's self—natural.

No rules or rulers of within or from without. Nor any form of human exploitation or compulsion of man by man. Equality of opportunities to choose one's pursuits and friends. Each one becoming the pilot of his own life. That is all that there is to the dream of the uncompromising Anarchist.

Towards Liberty—Through Slavery?

I personally believe that capitalist aggression must first concede to state socialism, in which man will learn, through its unitary devices, the eventual logic of communism.

W. D. TROWBRIDGE.

Comrade Trowbridge is bringing forth the life-long argument of the Socialist, and now also of the authoritarian Communists. And this is: first "we" must have the State to ordain our life in every domain, and out of this shall evolve the "stateless" society.

What a splendour of logic-on-crutches!

Suppose I should desire to give my house a thorough cleansing? How ought one to go about it? To use the logic of the Socialist and Communist in the realm of the social idea—all that would be needed is to fill the house with dirt of every description! And out of it—presto—the house will emerge (?) cleansed . . .

Let comrade Trowbridge make a critical survey of the governments now ruling the world in the interest of human exploitation and suppression of every vestige of liberty. What will he find? In one place it's done for the "fatherland," by the Socialists of Germany. In Great Britain it is done to save the "country" by the erstwhile Laborite-Socialists. And over in Russia it is being done for the sake of experimenting with the lives of 160 million people upon a dead-worn-out bible of Karl Marx, as well as for the perpetuation of the ruling cliques enthroned as a Government. (I am of course leaving out the Governments still functioning openly in behalf of capitalism—since comrade Trowbridge doesn't expect anything of them).

If it weren't for the Socialist and Communist politicians who consider themselves more fit to rule, oppress and exploit the people than Capitalism—the present black reaction now reigning throughout the world in its ugliest and most devastating inhuman form might never have come about. Nay, more than that. It might even have been made already a thing of the past. For the opportunity to bring this about came with the starting of the Revolution of Russia. No one has done more to prevent this from happening than the Bolsheviks. But this is another story, to be dealt with elsewhere.

No, comrade Trowbridge, Man cannot attain liberty through slavery. Only by battling against it in every form and manifestation, as well as by experimentation of the new and free ideas can this be achieved.

Demands Proof

Naturally, there is a great deal in MAN! with which I do not find myself in agreement; that is but natural, since there is room for great difference of opinion among workers and working class movements. As long as workers and working class movements do not take their differences so seriously as to beat each other up and oppress each other, the differences may do no harm and some good.

I would be pleased, to have you add this paper to your exchange list, and have added MAN! to our exchange list.

One statement, appearing in column one, page one, under the heading "Labor's Enemies," intrigued my curiosity. It reads:

"Labor leaders who are supposed to act as their spokesmen have openly betrayed them. They arrayed themselves on the side of exploiters and government to drown in blood the rebellion of the miners. They are furnishing scabs to the employers. They are spying upon the sincere union men. They are even using guns against them."

This is a very serious accusation. I would be greatly interested to read the detailed factual evidence and the happenings on which this accusation is based.

With best wishes,

Fraternally yours,

SAMUEL S. WHITE,

Editor "The Kern County Union Labor Journal"

The Challenge Is Accepted

The spirit expressed in the first paragraph is a fine one. As to the editorial "Labor's Enemies"—that appeared in the first issue of MAN!—it spoke for itself, as did also the one in the second issue on "Dangerous Friends."

In dealing with the paid officialdom of the American Federation of Labor, the true historian will have to record it as one of the most shameful chapters of rankst betrayal against labor that has seldom been equalled anywhere. Every student of the labor movement knows this already. One is therefore most puzzled to find an editor of a labor organ of a Labor Council disclaim any knowledge of such a situation.

Since Comrade White demands "detailed factual evidence"—he shall have these:

What have the "representatives" of Labor done to save the lives of those men who were the first to raise the battle for an eight-hour day—the martyred Anarchists of Chicago—in 1887?

What have these paid "Labor" spokesmen done to avenge the open massacre of the miners, their wives and children—ordained and perpetrated by the Government of the pious hypocrite shark—Mr. Rockefeller?

What have these "leaders" of Labor done in the last war except to work hand in hand with the exploiters and rulers who were the sole benefitters of the human carnage sacrificed by the working class?

What have the over-fed leeches that speak in the name of Labor done to bring about the liberation of the Mac-Namara brothers, Mathew Schmidt, Dave Caplan, Warren K. Billings, Tom Mooney—or other class-war prisoners that have done more for the benefit and interest of the toilers of America than all the paid labor sharks of the country put together?

What have these labor vultures done to prevent the legal assassination of Sacco and Vanzetti—in 1927?

And last, but not least, what have these hypocritical pretenders of Labor done to put a stop to the misery, degradation and suffering that has and is being inflicted upon the workers of the country?

All that comrade White might be able to show is, that they have protested on paper and given perhaps lip-protest on this or that occasion. But, that they ever fought clean and straightward alongside the rank and file of labor in a single battle—remains yet to be proven. That they were willing at all times to allot themselves the highest salaries is a known fact. And that's about all that they ever were or are interested in.

Comrade White is welcome to take up the defence, if there be any, of the traitors of labor—its leaders—in the pages of MAN!

Readers and Editor Exchange Thoughts

Divine (?) Government

Dear Comrade: There is one thing I appreciate very much in you and your followers, and that is that you are opposed to the terrestrial hell and want heaven on earth. Your heart is right and you love God, but when it comes to the clothes you wear; to them I make objection. And here I differ from many of your followers, all with whom I have come in contact. I am tolerant while your followers are bigoted. They objecting far more strenuously as to the clothes I wear, than I do on what they have on.

Now as to your garment which you insist on wearing—Anarchy. You think that's the proper thing to wear. I think otherwise, I believe divine government is something much better. Use divine government as an investment instead. Here is a good investment which will help sustain us while traveling the cold road of indifference and prejudice through which we must pass before we reach any where near our goal.

Why berate Russia, the one world power today nearer the goal which you all cherish than any other world power. Why? While they are marching on towards the goal we so much desire, why hinder their march? In less than fifty years divine government is possible in Russia. I mean an industrial government, one which needs no judiciary, because all will understand and then no force any longer will be required. In MAN! you mention twelve shot in Russia while outside of the Soviet Union you mention 19 killed—92 injured and 26,728 arrested. And these places outside of the U. S. S. R. are not suffering so severely a shortage of goods.

HERMAN LOWENSTEIN.

The Invitation Is Refused

The theory of "divine government" is a splendid one for those who prefer to live in heaven instead of upon the earth . . .

Comrade Lowenstein assures the Anarchists: that their heart is in the right place, and that they too love God . . . Well, to say the least—it's taking the Anarchists for a sure ride. I for one, decline with thanks. No doubt most of my associates agree with me on this score.

The Anarchist admires and loves Nature. For, he was born out of its womb. He thrives by its breath and the subsistence offered by Mother Earth.

But, to love the unseen, worship the unknown, pray before the invented, kneel before an illusionary creator—all this—the Anarchist not only refuses to partake in. On the contrary, he resents it as one of the most deceitful inventions devised by the exploiters and rulers of the world to perpetuate their dominance over mankind.

If comrade Lowenstein would take the trouble to investigate the archives of every structure wherein prayers are professed for an invented spook-called god—he will find the assertions of the preceding paragraph substantiated in full.

That comrade Lowenstein should be a defender of Bolshevism in Russia, where he claims, his "divine government" theory comes closest to perfection, cannot cause any surprise at all. For, the Jesuitism and Catholicism of Rome is not only equalled, but even surpassed by the Bolshevik regime. His attempt to lessen the effect by proving—without bringing proportionate population figures—that less people are persecuted in Russia than in Italy—can stand as they were given in the first issue of MAN!

Comrade Lowenstein fails to show how his "divine government" will not be in need to employ a "judiciary." Will it enforce its decrees by aid of "divine spirits?" . . .

Perhaps, Comrade Lowenstein could do as Dr. William J. Robinson has done. For fifteen years he sang the praise and defense of Bolshevism. But when he finally came face to face with it—the monster dispelled his illusion most unmercifully.

Is Anarchism Possible?

I have come to believe in Anarchism because I realise the contradictions inherent in state socialism and the impossibility of freedom as long as the state exists. I still question however man's ability to abolish all oppression. As long as men hold different opinions as to social activity in any specific case, it seems to me that inevitably the strongest will enforce their will upon the weaker. I also question the ability of an Anarchist society to maintain itself without some kind of authority to protect its members from the ravages of the insane and the exploitation of the anti-social individuals. I believe that Society will travel along a path always more nearly approximating Anarchy but never accomplishing it. As I see it this would be entirely due to an Anarchist movement within the masses which would battle to the utmost any thought of compromise with the foes of its ideal—Freedom. In as much as I hold this same ideal and am heartily in sympathy with such a movement, even though I think the ideal will never be completely accomplished, I call myself an Anarchist. If you can help me with my two questions or direct me to a source which would help me, I would be very grateful.

WILLIAM BACON.

How Anarchism Can Be Made Possible

Comrade Bacon puts forth quite a few serious questions. He doubts if all oppression can be abolished. Taking himself as an example, he will find that his arisen social sympathies were at first expressed towards Socialism. He already realized that through its materialization freedom can never come about. Now in mathematics an axiom proves the possibility of it becoming general. So, if comrade Bacon can become fit to understand and desire genuine liberty and be willing to strive for its attainment, why couldn't others (when the opportunity offers itself) do likewise?

As long as opinions are based on the support of violence, imprisonment, murder and every sort of cohesion and persecution as exemplified by the deeds of Capitalist, Labor, Socialist and Communist Governments throughout the world, the "strongest will enforce their will upon the weaker." But, suppose the weak also come to realize their strength and natural rights to the pursuits of liberty and happiness—as you and I have?

The fear of comrade Bacon that an Anarchist society (Continued on Page Seven)

ART and LITERATURE

THE POET'S PRIVILEGE

"...To sublimate sorrow into plaintive song,
To transmute melancholy into melody,
To depict drabness colorfully, ardently,
This is the martyrdom of minstrelsy,
The poet's privilege, his Gethsemane..."

These words, by our good friend Harry Seguin, present a different ideal of poetic license from that which is usually construed. The poet is privileged indeed, and is granted a freer sweep over the earthly congeries of collected things, but that censorious passport which he holds introduces him into no Promised Land. He has a wider range of observation, and he travels far, but it is no pleasant journey that he takes. He sees further than the sedentary and unlicensed person, and, contrary to all report, he sees without rose-colored glasses. The gist of the paradox is, that the poet is privileged to suffer, and to make the best of suffering; he is free to encounter drabness, and to overcome it if he can; he is licensed to be a connoisseur of discomfort, and an alchemist of ennui. The fanatic visionary and the stupid boor who sees no further than a penguin are equally unlicensed to be poets, since the first surveys too much of unreality, and the second too little of reality. Ariel and Caliban, the two extremes of sensitivity, are not intended for the honor-roll of poetdom. A poet must be, first of all, cognizant of clay and mud, of poverty-stricken hovels and dreary miles of asphalt; he must be as wretched as Job and as oppressed as Prometheus. This is the poet's privilege—his Gethsemane.

However, he must never be abject in his misery, nor must he imagine himself a tiny insect squirming in a corner of the world. He may suffer as much as he likes and his fate imposes, but he may not humiliate himself, or shrink in his own estimation, if he is to retain his status. Unless he view the sordid and the futile with an inclusive eye that admits beauty along with ugliness, unless he be agile enough to glance from sputum on the pavement to spectra in the sky, he is worthy of no license. Minutiae indeed must come within his vision, triviality and pettiness, but he must also have an aptitude for reaches of the air and the sea, clean sand-dunes and the astringent cold of empty space. In short, he must be both microscopic and telescopic in vision, and a titanic sufferer. Just as self-abasement is excluded from his franchise, so is self-pity, and privy instigation of guilt. Prometheus, fire-bringer and transmuter, never laments his fate without including mankind in his elegy; thereby does his self-pity assume altruistic proportions. And he never accuses himself for his shortcomings without arraigning God for his stinginess and gracelessness; thereby is he plaintiff as well as defendant. A poet must be cast in a heroic mold—no Olympian sitting in

the clouds, nor Greek hero oblivious of monotony, but a Christ-Prometheus who has seen the least of things and endured privation with the slaves; defiant of Jehovah or Jove to the last; disclaiming kinship with so fabulous a lord; rejecting his supposed Father with Eli, eli, lama sabachthani!

This is a proud and resonant strain, foreign to contemporary expression. Man has resigned his centrality in a world of Dante-gradations and scrupulous destiny; he has given up the grandeur of a heavenward pilgrimage. And he imagines himself insignificant because he lacks a supernatural background. It must be realized that man has not surrendered greatness and an epic destiny but only altered its conditions. Whereas, previously, mankind had to look to a hereafter for the envisionment of greatness, now he can look to the present. Whereas he externalized his intimations of grandeur in idols, substantial or consubstantial or altogether without substance, now he can keep his divinity for himself. This would not be conceited or selfish of him, but, the ultimate justice, which has been deferred so long. We must banish the pious mannikin, kneaded out of clay by a celestial patron, and give scope to the man in iron, woven out of responsive flesh. So long as we imagine God to be great, we must suppose Man to be insignificant; so long as we take our future to be infinite, we must surrender the present.

This is a high and resonant strain, we repeat, unfamiliar in a day which has given over pretentious humility and is therefore despondent. This is rhetoric, no longer sanctioned among literary expedients. We no longer rhapsodize, stride with the seven-league boots of voluminous language, but mince in a staccato and Chinese manner on

paths of trim disillusion, or, sedentary in the water-closet, write epics of nasty reminiscence. The pathologists have invented some words which hold us in leash. We are afraid of being written down for neurotics and megalomaniacs. According to the sciolist of capitalism, normality means satisfaction with a mediocre environment. We must be good Babbitts, uncomplaining serfs to the feudal lords of our day, 100% Americans, or Scandinavians, or Armenians. If our nerves twitch away from such a niggard civilization to aspirations of a better one, we are labelled escapist, invalids of the mind.

We must assert ourselves; the time for it has come. We have had enough of religious and scientific depreciation. Having thought so far in terms of superstition or pathology, we must reconsider our world in terms of reality and health. We must not be indifferent to the sewers and subways among which we find ourselves—we are indeed escapist if we will not, or cannot consider the obnoxious. But, having vision for so much, we must be clairvoyant of so much more: aware of weeds, and of roses, and of utopian blooms still in the germ. It is false to suppose that a good dreamer cannot be a good realist. Let us remember that reality includes dreams, and that the experienced aesthete must be expert of ugliness. Fearing neither the microscope nor the telescope, giving science no precedence over aesthetics and valuation, let us renounce humility. Let us reach far into space and drink deep of the air, rise cubits taller in spiritual stature, and assume as much as we can hold.

Freedom, let us assume—freedom to feel pleasure and pain, long ennui and momentary transcendence in delight. Let us take over the earth, cultivating it and ourselves; for in self-culture and culture of the earth is the epitome of our satisfactions. Among those who assume, there must needs be many who presume; but these will never be poets. Though we must claim confidently what is ours we must be precise appraisers and arrogate nothing we do not deserve. Where are those who can learn to know themselves and can be their own equitable surrogates, assigning their own inheritance and large expectations? Socrates was not a poet; he was a sceptic and a sociable dissembler, claiming to know and to be nothing, while in his heart of hearts he was conscious of hypocrisy. This is the most exacting of our principles, the most difficult of the poet's privileges, requiring the highest bravery—the necessity of egotism. Walt Whitman proclaimed himself, and so must we all. The savage is naive in nakedness and self-assertion; we feel ourselves corrupt in both. We pervert our nudity to sin and shamefulness, and we alter normal self-esteem to delusions of grandeur. These are the consequences of evasion and assumed piety. We must not be afraid of egotism; it is the highest of poet's privileges, and the severest discrimination of who is and who is not a poet.

CIVILIZATION—1933



DRAWN BY D. P. CHUN

DISCUSSION

(Continued from Page Six)

might be invaded by the insane or anti-social individuals is a far-fetched invented spook to scare one's self with in vain. For, if at any time the insane or anti-social individuals can show themselves able enough to destroy an Anarchist society, the individuals composing it must be conceived to be worth nothing more than just such a fate . . . And in that event—wherein lies the loss?

Humanity can never be contented or happy until every human being will have the equal opportunity that genuine freedom will open up for each and all to create, live and enjoy life in the manner that appeals most to one's emotional and mental disposition. Before this comes about—the rulership and exploitation of man against man will have to be discarded.

There can be concerted action. There can bloom forth the most ideal never-dreamed-of, as yet, experiment of co-operative undertakings. (This can only be done voluntarily, minus any form of force, threats or coercive measures.) Therein lies the strength, the greatness and beauty of the Anarchist ideal. It makes possible for man to come to fulfillment in all his inherent abilities and power. Not a semi-man. Not a barbarian. Not an exploiter, nor ruler. But to be—himself—a man.

Social Plays

The Jack London Guild, a non-partisan group, which functions for the purpose of presenting plays of Social and Literary merit, is making an appeal for plays hitherto unproduced. It invites playwrights to forward their manuscripts to this address: The Jack London Guild, 1057 Steiner Street, Room 9, San Francisco, Cal. All manuscripts should be accompanied with sufficient postage to insure their return to the sender.

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SYMPHONY

Within me there rings a music . . .
It is a music of wind whispering among pines,
Of shadows playing on walls . . .
Long fingers of sunlight flicker on shining silverware
And give with equal grace light to the noise and gloom
Of cluttered tenements, where the barriers of the rich
Do not shut out all the sky.

It is a music of towering mountains . . .
Of flowers reveling in a riot of color . . .
Of birds and animals . . . of all growing things . . .
The purity and sweetness of dew on newly blown roses,
The first breath of the new-born as it enters this world,
The faint, clear call of far-off echoes . . .
Resound from mountainside to mountainside;
The deep, vibrant music enclosed within cathedral walls,
Of these I sing!

It is a music of hate . . . of lust . . . of human passion,
The throb and heart-beat of all humanity;
It is friendship—that love surpassing all things
And of the glamour of life stripped away, leaving the world
Writhing and naked under a pitiless gaze . . .
Causing the suffering of those who have lost their illusions
And thought life not worth the living because
These make up the living.

It contains the longing of those
Who know not for what they long . . .
Of happiness and unhappiness . . . of laughter and tears
Over this thing that we call life.
The gnawing heart-hunger and failure of realization . . .
These things I sing!

This music of mine is the music of all creation . . .
Of the crash and roar of thunder . . . the jagged lightning
And the beat of rain against my face
As I plunge through the vast tumult;
It is the music of the school child pouring over its books,
Feeling within it the new stirrings
Without yet understanding
The laborer toiling at his task . . . the housewife . . . tramp
All feel it!

The music of the lawyer as he pleads in earth's court . . .
Of the prostitute . . . the thief . . . the murderer
Is mine, for it is the song of life
The shouts of sailors as cursing and jesting
They load the boats . . . of great white ships pushing
Out to sea . . . all is within me . . . the great symphony . . .
And I—I am like a violin that has no strings.

Louise Preece

Books and Pamphlets Received

The Fight Against War. Expressions of Albert Einstein.
Edited by Alfred Lief. The John Day Co. Price 25 cents.

An Inquiry Concerning Political Justice by William
Godwin. Edited and Abridged by Raymond A. Preston.
E. P. Dutton & Co. In two volumes—\$2.50.

The Behaviour of Health. By Dr. N. A. Ferri. Advance
Publishing Co., Chicago. Price \$1.00.

WE EXCHANGE BOX—

L'Adunata dei Refrattari. Box 1, Station 18, Newark, N. J.
All's Well, Fayetteville, Ark.
L'aube. No. 64 Lyon Terreaux, France.
The Arbitrator. 114 E. 31st St., New York.
Birth Control Review. 104 Fifth Ave., New York City.
The Brookwood Review. Katonah, N. Y.
The Common Herd, 502 North Texas Bldg., Dallas, Texas.
Commonwealth College Fortnightly. Mena, Ark.
The Community Hour. 506 Richmond St., Houston, Tex.
Correspondence Internationale. 10 Rue Emile-Jamais,
Nimes, France.
Better Verse. 2169 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Bulletin-Russian Aid Fund. 1529 Pleasant Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
The Cumberland Empire. Big Laurel, Va.
The Dawn of Equity. 1320 W. 67th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
L'en Dehors. 22 cite St. Joseph, Orleans, France.
The Equitist. Del Rosa, Cal.
Erkenntnis und Befreiung. Kierling bei Wien, Schubertgasse 42, Oestreich.
Fantasy. 950 Heberton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
The Fiji Samahar. Box 151, Suva, Fiji.
Factology. 218 E. Farham St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Freedom. 163 Park Lane, Tottenham, London, England.
Freedom. 219 Second Ave., New York.
Der Freie Arbeiter. Berlin 54, Sophienstrasse No. 23, Germany.
Der Funk. 80 Fifth Ave., New York.
Ideas y Accion. Apartada 1563, Mexico, D.F.
Industrial Worker. 555 W Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
La Lanterna. rue Nicolas Laugier, 14, Toulon, France.
Labor and Socialist Press Service. 549 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.
Reading Labor Advocate. 27 Reed St., Reading, Pa.
Locomotive Engineers' Journal. Mount Morris, Ill.
One Big Union Monthly. Winnipeg, Canada.
The Open Road. Mountain View, N. J.
Pax International. 12 rue des Vieux-College, Geneva, Switzerland.
The Progress Builder. Roswell, N. M.
The Progressive Independent. 52 Post Office Place, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Le Reveil Syndicaliste. 41 Jupille-Liege, Belgium.
Il Risveglio Anarchico. Rue des Savoises, 6, Ginevra, Switzerland.
Trubadour. Harbison Canyon, Cal.
Umanita Nova. 82 rue Sadi-Carnot, Puteau (Seine), France.
Union Labor Journal. Bakersfield, Cal.
Unity. 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
The Vaitarani. P O Chowdar, Via Jagapur, Cuttack, Orisa.
Vanguard. 45 W 17th St., New York.
Westward. Box 2409, San Francisco, Cal.
World Federation. P. O. Box 20, Peiping, China.
Workers Age. 220 Second Ave., New York City.

Man! invites to exchange with publications of any language that have social and literary aspirations of Liberty and Justice.

* * * *

The greatest Crime of today is Poverty!

ANARCHISM'S TRIUMPH

Alfred Warren

If there ever was a movement adversed by all interested in maintaining a criminally-chaotic social "order" or in preparing any other authoritarian system—that is Anarchism.

The governments have naturally a "will to power" of their own, besides the right—and duty—to defend their favorite classes and castes, which they accomplish by crushing the rebellious and dangerous elements and squeezing to the last drop the great bulk of the population, the losers in the gold rush.

As for the politicians, once acquired the taste for the tender hay prepared in the trough of the State, they cannot possibly forget it—once a politician, always a politician. And those unable to reach the trough in the much-contested race, usually join an opposition party aiming at a different form of government with relative sinecures to enjoy and slaves to fleece and trample upon.

What they don't want is Anarchism, for its philosophy is a society of free men. No dupes to cheat in Anarchy, no illicit gains, no blood suckers, no charlatans willing to guess your future or save your soul. Good reasons, these, for opposing and discrediting a movement with a lofty ideal?

Yet, the struggle goes on. It did, though less consciously, under various forms and names, ever since an insane paranoiac said to his fellow man, "This land is mine, and you have to do what I say, think the way I want." And it will go on as long as the world is troubled by tyranny and ignorance. All over the earth Anarchists and idealists in general are persecuted, exiled, jailed, tortured, burned alive, assassinated, only because they exhort the genuflected slaves to arise and look boldly into the eyes of the trine god—Church, State and Capitalism.

Nevertheless Anarchism strengthens, spreads, invades new regions every day. Its wings bring fresh air, life-giving oxygen into minds swamped in routine thinking. It even reaches sincere believers, open-minded scientists, professors . . . It opens the road to liberation to intelligent working men and women. What Anarchists weren't allowed to say only 25 or 30 years ago you find today in pamphlets and books written by people never dreaming—perhaps—to demolish the present inferno. Most literature is sprinkled with Anarchism. Read the bourgeois press. You'll find everywhere paragraphs, nay, editorials, that could be reprinted in revolutionary papers.

Where the encounter of people from different little towns meant once fight and homicide, they confess they owe the joy of being good friends today to socialist and anarchist propaganda. In corners still enveloped in vestiges of the medieval night, with the little church reigning supreme and the inhabitants being taught that the universe was "created" six thousand years ago by "the Eternal" in six days, at the end of which, tired out as a mere mortal, he took a day off—in those corners nowadays the number of readers of our papers and reviews is ever growing.

Despite the adversity of events, set-backs caused by blind, brutal reactions, Anarchism marches victoriously to its goal, Anarchy. No power in the world could annihilate it, unless the human race be wiped out. Anarchism is a consequence of tyranny, hence it will live as long as the latter will torment mankind.

Once in a while you hear ignorant, ill-advised, ill-intentioned beings sentence, "Anarchism is played out, Anarchism is dead" . . . only because they themselves are nothing but moving corpses. They just try to "kid" themselves, you see, little realizing the insanity of bringing aloft the silly revisionism stuff at every epilepsy spell. If logics and common sense could play any part in their one-sided minds, they would see that one simply cannot "revision" a dead movement, an ideal no more in existence.

As a matter of fact, these social maniacs never had any conviction whatever—even when, not yet soured by age, they professed to be revolutionists and Anarchists—and now any healthy movement of course frightens them. They lack the stuff to join openly the various Mussolini-Stalin-Uriburu crowds, nor do they trust their fellow man or their selves to advocate a radical change of the whole rotten system. They keep half-way between the top and the bottom, burning incense to the goddess Authority and promising at the same time new (?) panaceas to her victims.

Anarchism knows no half-ways. It's the negation of all dogma, of any compulsory authority, 'be this represented by the ministers of a celestial "Word" or of a terrestrial law. It doesn't stop at the sham flowers gleaming with artificial colors and yielding sickening fragrance. It goes straight to the root of the age-old social tree to point out the worm of tyranny. It's the truth seeker denuding millenarian frauds, the iconoclast laughing at long-revered idols, the true Aristocrat superior to the attractiveness of any veneer covering the moth-eaten colossus.

The perpetual struggle against all imposture and oppression—that's Anarchism. Consequently the forces trying to kill it are the same forces which kindle and fortify it. Only with the disappearance of the cause will the effect disappear.

Speaking of the present incurable economic depression, the open-minded bourgeois press observes, "Dictatorships grip one country after another, nations go off the gold standard, banks fail by the thousands and people lose jobs by the ten millions. Yet we Americans delude ourselves with dreams."

Yes, and dreamers are financiers, capitalists, politicians and servile flatterers, who hope to efface the effect, conserving the cause. They may now and then order a war, use up the super-production, have a few million able-bodied young men killed, tame the populace with a couple of years' "prosperity" . . . But the worm in the root remains and, the palliative fumes vanished, the giant tree will bear the same old poisonous fruits—and worse.

Dreamers, also, are those technologists aspiring to a new "CRACY" and those hoping-against-hope chaps, who imagine social strife and international wars can be averted by merely abolishing money, as it is today. They are so badly soaked in optimistic narcotic, that it's difficult for them to realize the impossibility of blotting out hypocrisy, fraud, fratricidal war, unhappiness, as long as the governing machine, with consequent privilege, is left standing. The mere abolition of money won't work. The real evil root is the antagonism of interests. . .

However, any effort toward less injustice and slavery is,

RE-MALATESTA ARTICLE

A comrade kindly points at three errors of fact in my article on Malatesta, which appeared in the issue of MANI for January.

I. Malatesta didn't leave England in the spring of 1920, but in December 1920.

II. He didn't embark on a Greek steamer, but on a coal carrier of the Italian State R. R's.

III. He landed in Taranto, but did not rush incognito to Genoa. In Taranto, where he was expected, he made a forced call on the police station, then he rushed to Genoa only because the Giuletis, who had helped him to repatriate, wanted to celebrate there, among the sea workers of that coal carrier, the event publicly.

Another kind comrade, objecting to my expression, in the same article, "as the hour had sounded, he (Malatesta) thought, for a revolution without blood-spilling," etc., opines that "at such turn point of history such thing is even impossible to imagine, as Malatesta was far from thinking so."

This is rather a matter of opinion. At any rate I thank both comrades for taking the trouble to correct me.

V. Aretta.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(Income—January 15-February 15)

H. J. Stuart \$1.00; W. Bacon .25; A. R. Kratz .30; M. Blacaglia \$1.00; H. W. Youmans .50; S. Allegretti \$1.00; T. Tedesco \$1.00; S. Tata \$1.00; H. Norantonio \$2.00; from the affair arranged at Riverside, Pa., December 31, 1932 (share) \$5.00; sale of papers \$30; J. Petrovitch \$1.00; E. Jones \$10.00; L. L. Kramer \$1.00; T. Angelo, T. Benedetto, O. Lancia, A. Mata, T. Di Giorgio, R. D'Alessio, S. Lancia (.50 each) \$3.50; M. Fagin \$1.00; P. Tucci \$2.00; Charles Severance \$1.00; A. I. Halliwell \$1.00; Calvin Green \$5.00; L. W. Longmire .10; W. H. Burton .50; L. Raymond .25; A. Sosnofsky .50; A. Winacour .50; Pasquale Buono .50; Marshall .25; H. Comfort \$1.00; R. Gordon .25; J. E. Johnson \$1.00; H. J. Stuart \$1.00; D. Giovannelli \$1.00; F. Biagini \$1.00; A. Lubrani \$1.00; P. Kopec \$2.00; G. Wickel \$1.00; A. Mazzarelli \$1.00; share from an affair in Chicago, January 15, \$7.50; L. Botta \$2.00; Charles \$1.00; V. Tognozzi \$1.00; Rev. Elliot White .50; A. Martignano \$2.00; Kate Crane Kratz \$2.00; H. E. Sawdon .10; J. J. Nathan \$1.00; Ermiti Conti \$1.00; G. Lauzarello (France) \$1.00; J. Buchie \$1.00; Brett Smith (Walla Walla, Prison) \$1.00; Elms Giannini .50; F. Caruso \$1.00; at club rooms .71; W. and O. Walker \$1.00; P. Boggiatto \$1.00; Rev. Elliot White .25; E. Zugadi \$1.00; F. Pelettieri \$1.00; from the affair at San Francisco on February 11, \$41.48; A. Botti \$1.00; P. Sassone \$2.00; E. Casadei \$1.00; F. Delfini \$1.50. Total \$126.73.

Expenditures
Return Postage \$ 3.58
Correspondence, Postage, Express, Twine and Stationery 13.51
Issue No. 3: Printing \$86.00, Postage \$24.00 110.00
TOTAL \$127.09
Total Income \$126.73
Cash on Hand January 15th 82.99
Total Expenditures \$209.72
Cash on Hand February 15, 1933 \$ 82.63

In the absence of law all men are Free!

OUR MONTHLY COMRADE

SATURDAY EVE., MARCH 25th

Spaghetti-Luncheon

Impromptu Concert. Dancing

To aid in covering the expenditures of Comrade C. Zonchello's tour in California.

Sympathizers Invited Voluntary Contributions

At our CLUB ROOMS, 2787A Folsom Street
San Francisco

NOTES ON THE MOVEMENT

FORUMS

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. 111th 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.

For An International Freethought Library

The International Group is appealing to all our comrades, friends, and sympathizers, who have any important Journals, Pamphlets and Books that they wish to contribute towards aiding us in building up an International Freethought Library. Likewise, comrades publishing newspapers, pamphlets and books are asked to forward us copies of same. All these will be acknowledged in MANI and also catalogued. Everything should be addressed to: The International Freethought Library, 2787A Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.

The International Group keeps now open its Club rooms every night except Fridays. Newspapers, periodicals and other reading matter in various languages are available. Sympathizers desiring to get acquainted and spend an interesting hour are welcome.

* * * *

The Turkeys and Champagne upon the Tables of our Capitalists are very cheap,—we paid for them.

where sincere, commendable. And my desire is that my skepticism will prove unfounded.

Meanwhile, Anarchism will continue its fight for integral justice and liberty for all. It's a colossal task, you will remark, yet the glory is precisely in fighting for great achievements; which the ordinary mind, tainted, brutalized by our mercantile society, cannot easily comprehend. They wonder how anybody may be willing to give their best energies, even their lives, for an ideal which returns no material personal reward. Whereas, it's no wonder at all, when one considers that the Anarchists are part of mankind, therefore they find joy in showing the tolling brother, bent under the yoke of greed and superstition, the way to liberation and self-respect.

The time will certainly come when ignorance and narrow-mindedness will be things of the dark past, and justice and freedom for every human being will finally triumph, establishing Anarchy, the open-door to real progress and civilization.

REPLIES

TO SENDERS OF MANUSCRIPTS: Please, bear in mind, to have sufficient postage accompany your manuscripts when the return of same is desired.

CIN. Pa.:—Kindly forward new address.

GEORGE E. HANDELMAN: Your desire that MANI should offer "a technique for a set up to make liberty and justice transactional" is addressed to the wrong place.

From Mussolini to Stalin, and from MacDonald to Hoover—the whole outfit of Capitalist, Socialist and Communist rulers have done their best to illustrate to such as you how vain your hopes are. Evidently, color-blindness, or the blindness of the mind makes it impossible for you to distinguish between right and wrong.

When Benjamin F. Tucker will read this gem from you: "The greatest amount of liberty compatible with equal liberty" doesn't mean a damn thing, he will only have pity for you, and regret, that you could have ever taken up space in "LIBERTY."

VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW: The Equity-Unit-Measurement idea, in its ultimate realization, becomes as much of a system run and manipulated by the FEW against the MANY as the Capitalist has been, and the Socialist and Communist ones are equaling. The space of MANI can only be taken up with ideas that can undermine ALL DEVISED SYSTEMS that will leave the few at the mercy of the many, and that can show new paths of simplifying and decentralizing life.

E. E. ROWNER: Your feeling "sure" that the S. L. P. circular didn't imply the Anarchists when the very words are being used in it—doesn't justify your lengthy objection to the article of M. S.: SOCIALIST POLITICIANS—in the January issue. If you can prove that the attributed assertions are untrue, your objection will be welcome.

OLIVE M. JOHNSON, Editor, "THE WEEKLY PEOPLE": The sincere elements within your circle upon reading your reply to the article "Socialist Politicians" by M. S. which you have forwarded to MANI ought to be able in realizing that the words honesty, decency and self-respect have no meaning to you at all. If your readers can scan your malicious blackmail and slander against the idea of Anarchy and Anarchists without blushing in utter shame of your being their organ's editor, then you are evidently in good company.

The names of some of your readers were obtained from your files. On this score your suspicions hinted at, are, to say the least—idiotic as well as unfounded. We didn't know though that your paper SELLS the readers' names to commercial houses for advertising purposes. . .

If your blackmail epistle merits any reply at all, it will be given by M. S. in a forthcoming issue.

* * * *

The European address of the Russian Aid Fund for political prisoners, is: Albert de Jung, Haarlem, Holland.

In the February issue, page two, column one, under the sub-heading Farmers, the computed interest on farm mortgages should have read \$55,448,340, and not as given in part of the edition.

MAN! LIBRARY

BAKUNIN, MICHAEL—God and the State	.50
BARRETT, GEORGE—The Anarchist Revolution	.05
Objections to Anarchism	.05
BERKMAN, ALEXANDER—Anarchist Communism	.75
(The ABC of Anarchism)	
DE CLEYRE, VOLTAIRINE—Anarchism and American Tradition	.10
GODWIN, WILLIAM—An Enquiry on Justice	.10
An Inquiry Concerning Political Justice, in two volumes	2.50
GRAHAM, MARCUS—An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry	2.00
HAVEL, HIPPOLYTE—What's Anarchism?	.10
KROPOTKIN, Peter—Anarchist Communism	.10
Anarchism and Socialistic Evolution	.10
Conquest of Bread	.75
Fields, Factories and Workshops	.75
Great French Revolution (2 vols)	1.50
Law and Authority	.10
Mutual Aid	.75
Revolutionary Government	.05
Revolutionary Pamphlets (Bound)	.75
The State	.10
Memoirs of a Revolutionist	.85
Modern Science and Anarchism	.50
LETTERS of Sacco and Vanzetti	1.50
MALATESTA, ERICCO—Anarchy	.10
OWEN, WILLIAM C.—Anarchism versus Socialism	.10
RECLUS, ELISEE—Evolution and Revolution	.10
THOREAU, HENRY D.—Walden	.85
TUCKER, BENJ.—Individual Liberty	.75
WAKEMAN, JOHN—Anarchism and Democracy	.05

NOTE: all books and pamphlets are postpaid. Books and pamphlets reviewed or acknowledged on page seven are obtainable through MANI!

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To Aid in the Publishing of

MAN!

Saturday Evening March 11, 1933

EQUALITY HALL, 143 Albion St.

Between 16th and 17th Sts., Near Valencia

Program: I—Looking For The State, a one-act play by V. Aretta. Produced by our own players. II—Solo Dances by Mathilda Mason; III—Italian and Russian Folk Songs and Recitations; IV—The Balalaika Orchestra will play for the Dance that follows Concert.

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