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WE MUST NOT FAIL!

The bold self-confidence of the "Master-minds" must be somehow shaken, if they need to re-assure themselves that all is—almost well, and that they still possess enough strength not to fail.

"In this crisis we must not fail."

This slogan—typical of these uncertain times, has been adopted by the Community Chest in the cities of the Bay area, California, during their last (in chronological order) campaign for funds. The slogan is attached to every pole in sight and no doubt it is posted throughout other parts of the country.

"We must not fail."

Yes, indeed. You will not fail. You demi-Gods of this worldly paradise, cowardly sheltering yourselves in back of the breast-plate of the present established order. You will not fail because people are passively enduring your ancient and most shameless means of patching up discrepancies between an ever exploding coterie of parasites and a mass of mercilessly exploited toilers.

Charity! degrading both to him who takes and to him who gives as well.

"We must not fail."

Misery, hunger, disease, consumption . . . and a county burial.

Want, diversion, intoxication, prostitution . . . and the clinking of a prison door.

Sorrow, despair, rage, crime . . . and the rapid flash of a policeman's pistol.

Why, of course you will not fail. You are helping yourselves. God bless you, you are not waiting for the Lord's help.

Wall Street, speculation, shares, dumping, collapse . . . and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Government help, government of the people; help to the banks and to the Railroad magnates.

And the smoke-screens for the credulous helots: politics, elections, graft, victory . . . and then the coveted spoils. Look at them; the victorious ones are sharing the spoils with their upper-masters and with their henchmen as well. From Los Angeles to San Francisco, from Chicago to New York, from Albany to Washington, there is a wild race of office-seekers. And they will not fail, no indeed.

"We must not fail."

And how can you? If by stirring age-old prejudices, blind hatred and the basest instincts of human nature you will succeed in bringing about another war through which to dispose of your surplus stocks, then you will not fail, for a while yet. The yellowest and most despicable of human beings, the mercenary journalist will, as always, give you a helping hand.

Besides, you are playing safe. You are campaigning for

more charity funds to keep the spoiled ones in passivity it is true, but you are also campaigning for funds to hire more armed guardians of the law and to keep up the "Kahki Shirts" and the "New Vigilants" outside the law



DRAWN BY MINORE LINOLEUM CUT BY D. CHUN
IN THE RICHEST COUNTRY OF THE WORLD

because the dissatisfied and rebellious spirits of the non-conformist, must be dealt with accordingly.

No, you must not fail.

Out of the Dark Ages even the Church has been "evolving" and adapting itself to every social reform, to every new era, to progress, to science and even to God—routing discoveries. In fact, the continuous compromising of its God has been the life-long secret of the Church's millenary

existence. It has, from time to time, been in favor of Might, Theocracy, Feudalism, Bourgeoisie, Capitalism and Democracy but always against the wronged and exploited people. The most staunch defender of "order" and exploitation and the most subtle enemy of the people, the Church—this conglomeration of lies and liars from whose hands drips the blood spilled in every war—Carnage, that they have blessed and helped bring about, today is rallying to your support and salvage, O demi-Gods of this terrestrial paradise. And, behold, in the face of want and hunger on one side and plenty and dissipation on the other, the Church (every denomination of it) is urging the people to . . . live on crumbs and charity.

So that you, might not fail.

You will not fail.

Your whole social system is based on the principle of "private property" which you and your high priests of the law have proclaimed "sacred and inviolable." But alas as soon as a state of emergency arose to threaten your ill-acquired privilege, you did not hesitate to even dare to impugn its very principle. You together with the natural complacency, nay, complicity I had better say, of politician Governors (who are always ready to betray their mandate for the traditional thirty pieces of silver) through the proclamation of a "Banking Holiday" edict, have gone as far as to "kidnap" to steal the people's money which had been foolishly entrusted in your banks.

So, how can you fail? I say.

No, you will not fail.

As long as the fallen off crumbs from your well set table, the doles and the charities will keep the people in passive vegetation; as long as the fear of God will keep them in submission; cunning politicians fraudulently fool them; Socialists preach to them the substitution of the Master-minds and Communists babble about "revolutionary" cash "relief," you will not fail. O no, you cannot fail while the Bad Shepherds persist in herding defenseless flocks of labor union sheep right in front of the machine gun muzzles of Mr. Ford's and the Peabody Coal Co's, hired thugs.

But if the pugnacious resistance of the Illinois miners will be followed, if the spontaneous and effective revolt of the American farmers will extend to the miserable toilers of the machine-propped factories and the white collar slaves alike; if the people will once and for all regain confidence in themselves, doing away with the petty grafter, crooked politicians and lying saviours; if man will regain the consciousness of his valuable and indispensable individuality and become a MAN among men, then you will surely fail giving way to a free humanity worthy of its name.

You'll not only fail! You will crumble too.

THE END OF THE MONEY SYSTEM

M. Acharya

The grandiose programme of Prof. Rexford Tugwell which is fathered upon President Roosevelt speaks of, and is spoken of as, drastic measures. But it is not even for Capitalism which is based fundamentally on export trade facilities and surplus. It is the export trade alone which can pay the tributes of interest, rent, taxes, profits and commissions. Prof. Tugwell like so many other Marxian and capitalist theoreticians supposes that money with or without gold has life innate by right of issue. Money is any dirt which people have been accustomed by habit to use, no doubt, but has no such life to impart. For it is not money that is contained in objects but labor and materials (including means of production) that sustains life and keeps it going. Money comes in only as taker of interest, rent, taxes, profits and commission—to those who are privileged to charge these. Most of every single dollar contains only these charges. Whether one or the other components are increased makes no difference. For example, whether as Prof. Rexford Tugwell and Roosevelt want the turnover tax screw is not applied but only income and inheritance taxes are increased makes no difference to the final consumer or if interest is reduced and unnecessary expenses are made (including doles to needy workers) or other measures as increased police and military or simple administrative expenses. Whether one or more of the items contained in money are increased for these additional charges, it comes to the same thing. After all the men in possession of all things will put all these charges over every article sold and lent. In spite of some losing by reduced prices or charges, others will gain, but not that final mass of consumers. For money is there to be earned and collected by every operation, be it by as few persons as possible. Interest, rent, taxes, profits and commission are different names and forms of tribute, i. e. —the right to fleece consumers in return for the privilege allowed to consume or use. The robbed labor (from exchange of labor with the money paid as wages) is sold to

others inland and abroad in order to extract or exact more money. Money alone is the final object of business, not consumption—under Bolshevism and Capitalism. Every mill is finally turning out more money even when producing goods, otherwise it has no use for producing same. Consumption is only an opportunity to get more money—if possible.

What is the balance between wholesale and retail prices? The retail prices will always be, will have to be higher than wholesale prices. But if turnover is less as now, the wholesale prices have to go up and the retail prices too, under Capitalist or Bolshevik business. There can be no balance, for there is no law or norm to be enforced upon all doing business. Even under State capitalism in Russia, the prices wholesale and retail will vary according to not only the margin of profit and expenses desired by those in management and possession but also according to the different natural and distance conditions, and according to the total quantity of products available and resulting. There can be no thumb measure for determining the difference between wholesale and retail prices in every case, for the margin of profits must insure recovery of expenses according to circumstances. Capitalism whether state or private is not anarchy but chaos. If rent or taxes or interest is increased even by a single individual, because something has become less and dearer, then all will gradually increase the prices to be sure of their profit. Otherwise they are likely to fail in business.

Money can no longer earn and pay its interest except so far as it can be taken away from those who still have it. Without interest, money—the keystone of business and present civilization, will destroy itself and the system. That is exactly what both Bolsheviks and Capitalists do not want to see. But there can be no interest—less system of money. Keeping money alive will mean interest first, its initial force or momentum. Production and consumption

come last, for without interest money has no value, profits out of which interest is paid are unlimited interest.

All the useless expenses, interest, taxes, rent, profits, and commission themselves eat up the value of money, out of necessity to earn these. It is by the dwindling or stealing of the value of money that more money is earned. But that is necessary for the money system, even if it ruins those who have earned it or necessitates their holding in their hands the dying money. The exchange transactions serve only—served till now—only to get hold of all the money that there is in the world. Hence it does not go any more, even if money is killed thereby. To the banks, states, owners and traders, it is immaterial whether all pay the tributes or only some—provided they pay enough. Here is the key to the economic crisis—it is not an economic crisis but the failure of the money and exchange for money system. To increase money or extend its range among more people without incurring losses is a dream even if those who have already all the money will be compelled to part with their money. That cannot prevent the depreciation of money, for the present money has still to earn, even in other hands, if it has to be kept alive and stable. Hence changing hands will not make money more alive and will not produce more purchasing capacity.

Healthy or sane currency simply cannot exist. Currency has always been insane, eating its own tail and being based upon it, all people and business are eating themselves up—for currency. We are in the tertiary stage of this insanity, of currency sickness and mental insanity together. Prof. Tugwell like all private and Marxian Capitalists conveniently forgets, like his colleagues in professorial and university wisdom, that money exists for business and business for money, not for supplying things for consumption and use. As peoples cannot consume, both money and business are at the end of wisdom.

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TOWARD ANARCHISM

Errico Malatesta

It is a general opinion that we, because we call ourselves revolutionists, expect Anarchism to come with one stroke—as the immediate result of an insurrection which violently attacks all that which exists and which replaces institutions that are really new. And to say the truth, this idea is not lacking among some comrades who also conceive the revolution in such a manner.

This prejudice explains why so many honest opponents believe Anarchism a thing impossible; and it also explains why some comrades, disgusted with the present moral condition of the people and seeing that Anarchism cannot come about soon, waver between an extreme dogmatism which blinds them to the realities of life and an opportunism which practically makes them forget that they are Anarchists and that for Anarchism they should struggle.

Of course the triumph of Anarchism cannot be the consequence of a miracle; it cannot come about in contradiction to the laws of development (an axiom of evolution that nothing occurs without sufficient cause), and nothing can be accomplished without the adequate means.

If we should want to substitute one government for another, that is impose our desires upon others, it would only be necessary to combine the material forces needed to resist the actual oppressors and put ourselves in their place.

But we do not want this; we want Anarchism which is a society based on free and voluntary accord—a society in which no one can force his wishes on another and in which everyone can do as he pleases and together all will voluntarily contribute to the well-being of the community. But because of this Anarchism will not have definitively and universally triumphed until all men will not only not want to be commanded but will not want to command; nor will Anarchism have succeeded unless they will have understood the advantages of solidarity and know how to organize a plan of social life wherein there will no longer be traces of violence and imposition.

And as the conscience, determination and capacity of men continuously develop and find means of expression in the gradual modification of the new environment and in the realization of the desires in proportion to their being formed and becoming imperious, so it is with Anarchism; Anarchism cannot come but little by little—slowly, but surely, growing in intensity and extension.

Therefore, the subject is not whether we accomplish Anarchism today, tomorrow or within ten centuries, but that we walk toward Anarchism today, tomorrow and always.

Anarchism is the abolition of exploitation and oppression of man by man, that is the abolition of private property and government; Anarchism is the destruction of misery, of superstitions, of hatred. Therefore, every blow given to the institutions of private property and to the government, every exhalation of the conscience of man, every disruption of the present conditions, every lie unmasked, every part of human activity taken away from the control of the authority, every augmentation of the spirit of solidarity and initiative is a step towards Anarchism.

The problem lies in knowing how to choose the road that really approaches the realization of the ideal and in not confusing the real progress with hypocritical reforms. For with the pretext of obtaining immediate ameliorations these false reforms tend to distract the masses from the struggle against authority and capitalism; they serve to paralyze their actions and make them hope that something can be attained through the kindness of the exploiters and governments. The problem lies in knowing how to use the little power we have—that we go on achieving, in the most economical way, more prestige for our goal.

There is in every country a government which, with brutal force, imposes its laws on all; it compels all to be subjected to exploitation and to maintain, whether they like it or not, the existing institutions. It forbids the minority groups to actuate their ideas, and prevents the social organizations in general from modifying themselves according to, and with, the modifications of public opinion. The normal peaceful course of evolution is arrested by violence, and thus with violence it is necessary to reopen that course. It is for this reason that we want a violent revolution today; and we shall want it always—so long as man is subject to the imposition of things contrary to his natural desires. Take away the governmental violence, ours would have no reason to exist.

We cannot as yet overthrow the prevailing government; perhaps tomorrow from the ruins of the present government we cannot prevent the arising of another similar one. But this does not hinder us, nor will it tomorrow, from resisting whatever form of authority—refusing always to submit

to its laws whenever possible, and constantly using force to oppose force.

Every weakening of whatever kind of authority, each accession of liberty will be a progress toward Anarchism; always it should be conquered—never asked for; always it should serve to give us greater strength in the struggle; always it should make us consider the state as an enemy with whom we should never make peace; always it should make us remember well that the decrease of the ills produced by the government consists in the decrease of its attributions and powers, and the resulting terms should be determined not by those who governed but by those who were governed. By government we mean any person or group of persons in the state, country, community, or association who has the right to make laws and inflict them upon those who do not want them.

We cannot as yet abolish private property; we cannot regulate the means of production which is necessary to work freely; perhaps we shall not be able to do so in the next resurrectional movement. But this does not prevent us now, or will it in the future, from continually opposing capitalism or any other form of despotism. And each victory, however small, gained by the workers against their exploiters, each decrease of profit, every bit of wealth taken from the individual owners and put to the disposal of all, shall be a progress—a forward step toward Anarchism. Always it should serve to enlarge the claims of the workers and to intensify the struggle; always it should be accepted as a victory over an enemy and not as a concession for which we should be thankful; always we should remain firm in our resolution to take with force, as soon as it will be possible, those means which the private owners, protected by the government, have stolen from the workers.

The right of force having disappeared, the means of production being placed under the management of whomever wants to produce, the result must be the fruit of a peaceful evolution.

Anarchism could not be, nor would it ever be if not for these few who want it and want it only in those things they can accomplish without the cooperation of the non-

Anarchists. This does not necessarily mean that the ideal of Anarchism will make little or no progress, for little by little its ideas will extend to more men and more things until it will have embraced all mankind and all life's manifestations.

Having overthrown the government and all the existing dangerous institutions which with force it defends, having conquered complete freedom for all and with it the means of regulating labor without which liberty would be a lie, and while we are struggling to arrive to this point, we do not intend to destroy those things which we little by little will reconstruct.

For example, there functions in the present society the service of supplying food. This is being done badly, chaotically, with great waste of energy and material and in view of capitalistic interests; but after all, one way or another we must eat. It would be absurd to want to disorganize the system of producing and distributing food unless we could substitute it with something better and more just.

There exists a postal service. We have thousands of criticisms to make, but in the meantime we use it to send our letters, and shall continue to use it, suffering all its faults, until we shall be able to correct or replace it.

There are schools, but how badly they function. But because of this we do not allow our children to remain in ignorance—refusing their learning to read and write. Meanwhile we wait and struggle for a time when we shall be able to organize a system of model schools to accommodate all.

From this we can see that, to arrive at Anarchism, material force is not the only thing to make a revolution; it is essential that the workers, grouped according to the various branches of production, place themselves in a position that will insure the proper functioning of their social life—without the aid or need of capitalists or governments.

And we see also that the Anarchist ideals are far from being in contradiction, as the "scientific socialists" claim, to the laws of evolution as proved by science; they are a conception which fits these laws perfectly; they are the experimental system brought from the field of research to that of social realization.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT!

John G. Scott

"Then shall ye come the trumpet of the jubilee to sound . . . and proclaim Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof . . . and ye shall return every man into his own possession." (Lev. 25:9-10).

Workers and farmers in America need a simple, practical plan of direct action against the money power, a plan that will give back to the workers the product of their toil and to the farmers the possession of their farms.

The militant farmers are ready to meet the workers; we are organized in most of the agricultural states and have been taking matters into our own hands, acquiring the practice and education necessary for wider conquests, putting the fear of revolt and anarchy into the hearts of the money changers in the temple of our civilization; we are determined to drive and scourge and harass these money changers out of the land. We need you workers. Are you ready to unite with us in one great drive for freedom?

Our simple, practical plan is to declare a year of jubilee, to begin perforce July 4, 1933, when the workers will enter the places of work, take possession, produce and exchange with the farmers for food and raw materials.

The act of entry in each factory, shop, mine, mill or other place of work should be preceded by the erection of a Liberty Pole at the factory gate on which is to be placed a Liberty Bell which may be rung by a Goddess of Liberty after the proper solemn ceremonies and the reading of the new Declaration of Independence. As the Bell rings the trumpets of the jubilee shall sound and the workers shall take possession of their factories and then come into their own.

On the same day the militant farmers, and those that have been dispossessed, should seize hold of their farms in the same manner as the workers seize the factories in the cities.

Workers and farmers may exchange on the just basis of full production costs (including a wage equal to that of the worker) for the farmer, and "all that his labor produces" (without rent, interest, profits or dividends) to the worker. All debts (stocks, mortgages, etc.) that tend to interfere

with the movement of the workers and farmers to possess their jobs and land are to pass out with the jubilee.

We have three months before July 4th to try to spread the idea of the jubilee among the people of America. If enough have not agreed by that date we can postpone the entry until more are ready. But this plan is so simple, practical and direct, that it will be accepted and acted upon if the militant workers are aroused and united. Print (or mimeograph) and circulate a simple statement of the plan among the millions of unemployed and the employed as well, everywhere. The official class will not dare to assert their power against the united people in times like these. The plan will work and now is the time to act.

Edit. Note: John G. Scott is state chairman of the New York State Farmers Holiday Association. He is likewise one of the editors of "Mother Earth," the new Anarchist Farm Journal that is to make its initial appearance this month at Craryville, N. Y. Both facts are striking in significance.

The spirit evinced by the farmers in their direct action attitude towards legalized theft (foreclosures), as well as the spirit which prevades comrade Scott's stirring Call to Action can be greeted most heartily and exception can only be made to the indirect implication that makes possible the retention of the monetary system and wages as a measurement of labor. These two are the very worst evils upon which the capitalist, socialist, and bolshevik systems are now based. (Our comrade M. Acharya deals in this issue of MAN! most strikingly and consistently with the monetary and wage system, and likewise offers an anarchist solution.) The sincere elements among the farmers and workers should take the utmost cognizance of this undeniable truth: never was the time more ripe than now for a genuine Social Revolution and only to the extent of the uncompromising consistency that the attempted insurrections and rebellions will embrace and assume, will they amount to anything. Any move that tends to compromise with the present order must and will end in bitter disillusionment and utter failure.

In Another "Republic of Workers"—Spain

Solano Palacio

Manuel Azana, head of the Spanish government, when recently asked in Parliament with regard to the ill-treatment of the prisoners in the Barcelona police headquarters, was bold enough to deny it, stating that only a few guards had given a few "vergaño" blows to Garcia Oliver, but that they had been punished for this.

In view of that bold denial, the report of the jail physicians was made public, the prisoners having been transferred to the Barcelona jail after being held in the police headquarters for eight days.

The Spanish Constitution states that no citizen may remain in prison over seventy-two hours without being brought before the judge and indicted. However, law means nothing to those who make up the police department—low characters recruited from the riff-raff of society, the same as it means nothing to the other high class rabble who took advantage of the sudden change on April 14 to climb to the highest positions and became the hangmen of the people to whom they promised everything before the elections. As it may be surmised, I am referring to the Socialists, who from false leaders, have turned into ruthless tyrants. In the face of the horrible crime of Casas Viejas

and in many other towns, or the inquisitorial atrocities committed against the political prisoners in the Barcelona police headquarters—both this time and, on many other occasions, they, the Socialists, have not raised their voice in protest.

"SOLIDARIDAD OBRERA" and "LA TIERRA" publish the report of the doctors Javier Serrano and Amadeo Gonzales, given out after having examined the prisoners in their character as prison physicians. The list of the comrades so brutally beaten is too long to enumerate, and many of them will remain cripples for life. Many of them in a serious condition on account of the savage beatings administered them.

Let us hear the report of the facts from one of the victims, as they took place in the police headquarters of Barcelona on January 8, as shown in an article appearing in "CNT" of Madrid and "Solidaridad Obrera" of Barcelona.

"Handcuffed in pairs, we, the prisoners, went into the guard room. A sergeant of the Security Corps enters the names of those arrested. Then an assault guard, together with two secret service men, rebuke the guards, demanding that we be taken to the Social Brigade. We instinctively

feel what they want to do with us. An assault guard, dark and with a bull-like neck, unbuttons his coat, rolls up his sleeves and says, 'Let's go!', pushing us at the same time.

"We left the guard room. Just across, there is a narrow stairway leading to the rooms of the 'brigades' and to the sleeping quarters of the assault guards. In the front all comrades Feliz Arpal, Gregorio Jover, and Juan Piera; Pedro Gil, Jose Fernandez, Alfonso Guiralt and Marcelino Jimeno, are in the middle, and Antonio Ortiz and Garcia Oliver go behind. We are all on the little stairway; the first batch has not arrived as yet to the landing and the last is beginning to ascend the stairs.

At an order, beast-like, the guards jump on us and shower us with blows, kicks and insults. The blows fall on us like a torrent; it is not ten or twenty people who are beating us; it is the whole company of assault guards and all the secret service men, including officers wearing stripes. It seems that all their fire and hatred have centered on Garcia Oliver.

"Let me alone, and I'll kill him," it would be heard from many, and they fight among themselves for the honor of beating us.

"Jimeno has fallen down from a blow with the butt of a gun, but that does not stop them from beating him. Piera

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ANARCHISTS:

Who are they who make up the inspiring Anarchist movement throughout the world? From where do they originate? What leads them into embracing an ideal and movement that brings one the least of earthly remunerations and the most of persecutions and misrepresentations?

If one is to be guided by the traducers of the Anarchist movement, then its active participants are nothing but a conglomeration of the worst types of criminals that traverse the earth. The sincere enquirer who doesn't stop to go deeply enough into his investigation is baffled from the very start. Nearly everyone of the mind poisoners wielding the pen, sees to it that the student shall be furnished with all the misinformation needed to becloud and to prejudice the mind. The names of "professors," such as a Lombroso, are placed before him to sustain the erected picture of the Anarchist as a criminal. Little does the student realize or suspect that at the bottom of the whole conspiracy lie the real criminals of society: its pillars, its rulers, its exploiters and its misleaders.

How surprised must the seeker of truth then be upon realizing that the father of Anarchist thought, William Godwin, was for years a parson before he turned Anarchist, that the teacher of modern Anarchist-Communism, Peter Kropotkin, was a prince before he came into the Anarchist fold, that the greatest terror to the misrulers of the world, Michael Bakunin, likewise came from princely stock before he chose the Anarchist ideal! The same could be said of Errico Malatesta, Luigi Galleani, Voltairine De Cleyre, and hosts of other teachers and propagandists of the Anarchist ideal. Most of these men and women could have had comfort and ease—at the expense of their fellowmen—had they so desired. Their only true "crime" has been in having always fought the real CRIMINALS of life, the exploiters and rulers of the world.

The Anarchist to be described here, although somewhat unknown to the International Anarchist movement, is nevertheless very well known to the Anarchist movement of America. Most fortunately, he, Chaim Weinberg, is among us, the living. And very much so. In fact, he refuses to acknowledge aging. To many who know him very closely, he maintains for almost a score of years, that he isn't "much over 72."

To converse with Weinberg is to live through the history of the Anarchist movement in America. As with Voltairine De Cleyre, he also was brought closer to the Anarchist movement by the judicial murder of our Haymarket martyrs.

Weinberg is no great lover of the written word, therefore he has never penned down anything, not even notes of his most interesting life. Whatever one gets to know about him, is from his own memory, and that memory is his most beautiful asset, aiding him in the inexhaustible story-telling, a field in which he truly has no equal peer.

Weinberg was born in a small town of Russia, named Techeanofsky. His father, as was then customary, had already chosen a life-vocation for the boy. He sent him to Bialostock to study to become a rabbi. The ordeal lasted six months. These months must have been very long to Weinberg. The destined profession wasn't to his liking and he returned home. Soon afterwards he made his very first journey outside of Russia. He went to England.

On one of the streets he once saw a crowd and went over to see what it was all about. The greatest living atheist orator of the day, John Bradley, was expounding anti-god theories. It was the first time that Weinberg had listened to a denial of the god-existence. Unluckily, he slipped. It was a bad slip that laid him up for months in the hospital, almost costing him one foot, and which left him with a limp. Disgusted with life and the hardships of an immigrant in a new country, he returned to Russia. This time, his father "chose" for him a wife. After a struggle of two years, he separated from her, and left for the United States.

In this country Weinberg found as many hardships as in England. He learned the cigar-making trade and soon he and many others were shipped through an agency to Durham, N. C., where Weinberg became a worker in one of Mr. Duke's cigar factories. It was in this factory that he met Golgart, of whom he still speaks with great admiration. Seerately, he and the others, were invited to a mass meeting. There he heard Golgart talk, the first speech of a worker to workers. With gleeful joy that is so characteristic of Weinberg, he relates the essence of the speech:

"Mr. Duke is getting richer and richer every day. From whom does he accumulate his wealth—if not of our toil? What must we do then to better our conditions and enjoy more of life? There is only one road—to organize in a powerful union—one for all, and all for one!"

Inspired by the talk, Weinberg ascended the platform, put a question to the speaker, and suddenly found himself showered with applause and patted on the back by Golgart as a new speaker. The result of the meeting was felt quickly enough. Mr. Duke called in all the "imported" immigrant workers and paid them off. In addition he gave each married man \$20 each, single men \$5 and a railroad ticket back to New York.

It was already in Durham, N. C., that Golgart had given Weinberg Johan Most's "The Property Beast" and "The God-Pest" to read. Now he was more anxious to hear and see Most than he was about the loss of the job. As luck would have it, Most was about to debate with Alexander Jonas, a then renown Socialist speaker. The impression that Most made on Weinberg is indescribable. It was, he contends, as the powerful waves of an electric stream. It enthralled and aroused one's emotions to a degree that one seldom experiences. After the McKinley shooting by Czolgosz, Most was sentenced to a year imprisonment. From the prison he was still editing the weekly "Freiheit" that appeared under his editorship during the entire lifetime he had spent in America. "The police were always wanting to harass and embitter the life of our unforgettable comrade," says Weinberg, "they always accused him of inciting to riots. The truth is tho, that had Most wanted to, he could have, with his tempo and inspiring spirit, aroused the blood-

Chaim Weinberg

iest of riots against the police." The critics of the New York stage went into ecstasies upon witnessing the manner in which Johan Most produced and played one of the main parts in Gerhart Hauptman's "The Weavers." He died in the midst of his labors for the Anarchist ideal while on a lecture tour in 1906.

The Debating Club of New York was a center of divergent ideas. Here Weinberg became acquainted with the history of the cooperative movement, which inspired him in his later years to initiate some of the most interesting cooperative ventures in the city of Philadelphia. The most outstanding of these was the Cooperative Shoe Store, Bakery, and House-Living apartment. With what unbounded enthusiasm he threw himself into all these undertakings! And how bitter was the disappointment as each of these attempts ended in failure . . .

Soon as Weinberg's abilities as a speaker became known, the Bakers asked him to aid them in organizing a union,



CHAIM WEINBERG

LINOLEUM CUT BY D. CHUN

Then followed trade after trade, and union after union, both in Philadelphia as well as New York. Incidentally the ones who made possible the organizing of a labor movement among the Jewish immigrants in America were the Anarchists. The Socialists, at that time, had very few speakers and very little influence among the workers.

The "Knights of Freedom" was the first Anarchist group among the Jews in America. It was founded in Philadelphia, and was known for many years as the citadel of the Jewish Anarchist movement. Every Sunday lectures were given, attended by hundreds of workers. The speakers from New York and Philadelphia were: M. Leontiv, Dr. J. Marryson, M. Katz, David Edlestadt (one of the outstanding revolutionary poets of that time), Dr. Weichsel, Dr. M. Salatarov, Willentchick, Gratch, Prenner, Barbour, Sarah Edelstadt, R. Lewis, Stahl, Michael Cohn, Strumpe, Zelig, Johan Most, and Weinberg.

The Day of Atonement (on which day all pious Jews must refrain from eating or drinking) became a day when Anarchists and Socialists held forth frolics and mockeries on religion. Phillip Krantz, one of the best known Socialist writers (now deceased), always headed a parade on this day, carrying an extraordinarily large cake. The religious Jews were, of course, most incensed. One day a man appeared at Weinberg's house giving his name as Berger. The Jews of Philadelphia, the man contended, had chosen him (Berger) as their spokesman. They requested that he should be allowed to appear before the "Knights of Freedom" and rescue them for Judaism. Weinberg went one

better on this proposal. Why, said he, the "Knights of Freedom" would gladly hire a hall and even print circulars to announce his appearance. Mr. Berger accepted. The hall was jammed. Mr. Berger spoke in Jewish, Russian and German, thus trying to reveal his diversified talent. When he was through, Gratch began to answer him, Weinberg, acting as chairman. Said Gratch:

"Out of 100,000 Jews in Philadelphia there couldn't be found any one else to come forward in saving the Jewish race, than one who doesn't know Jewish, German, nor Russian, and yet who attempts to speak all three languages . . ."

Hammered upon by the eloquent tongues of many Anarchist speakers, Mr. Berger, after many attempts, finally succeeded in making his way out of the hall, bereft of a sweetheart who had come to witness her hero emerge victorious, and an audience that was eternally "lost" to Judaism . . .

Defeated by their spiritual attempt, the pious Jews decided upon another course of "persuasion"—a frame-up against the most active spokesmen of the Anarchist movement. The police spies made their appearance after a lecture and arrested four men. One of them they were certain was Weinberg, for he was limping. As fate would have it, it wasn't Weinberg at all. It was M. Gillis, the hall-keeper, and a Socialist at that. Upon realizing their blunder, the police preferred charges against Gillis, for renting the hall. He in turn, demanded to be tried separate from all others—"who are avowed Anarchists." The district attorney contended he was just as "bad" and the court agreed. All the accused were tried on a conspiracy of (?) assassination! Prenner, one of the accused, was to have urged the wholesale butchery of all the capitalists and afterwards bathe in their blood . . . Jacobs, another one of the accused, was to have advised workers not to freeze and go clothesless but to take a good glimpse at the department store windows of Strawbridge and Clothier, and to help themselves to warm up their bodies . . . The district attorney was very vehement and vicious in his attempt to gain a conviction. Witnesses for the defense were ridiculed by him. Natasha Notkin's hair-bob was evidence of a conspiracy to "Russianize" the "grand institutions established by our fore-fathers" . . . Prenner went to the university to study only for one purpose: to be able to become the Robespierre and Marat of the revolution in America. In fact, all the accused were aiming to duplicate the French Revolution. He pictured the poor "bourgeoisie," but didn't mention a word about the blood-bath of the Communards by the same bourgeoisie . . . All the accused were found guilty and sentenced to one year imprisonment. A general protest throughout the country shortened their sentence by four months.

In the crisis of 1907, Weinberg, De Cleyre, and many Italian comrades were placed on trial as a result of a mass meeting held in the New Auditorium Hall of Philadelphia. This meeting was followed by a parade that the police turned into a bloody attack upon the hungry men and women. Weinberg was freed, as was also De Cleyre. But four Italian comrades served many years of imprisonment.

Weinberg made numerous speaking tours throughout the country. He hardly can recollect how many. There is scarcely a city of any importance here, or in Canada, that he hasn't spoken in more than once. His most recent tour was in 1931, from coast to coast. After each tour, he returns to his modest two-acre farm at Willow Grove, near Philadelphia. Here he has been spending his last two score years with his faithful companion, Yetta London. On Sundays and holidays, the farm takes on the appearance of a miniature future Anarchist Commune. Comrades gather there, a holidaying. Song and laughter reign supreme, and no one aids more in creating this joyful spirit than Chaim Weinberg, himself.

In the labor movement up to this very day, it is known that whenever and wherever strikers lose their spirits, there is only one speaker capable of instilling and arousing new enthusiasm and courage, Chaim Weinberg. He, as no one else, can make an audience cry or laugh at will. He is and will always be remembered as one of the most outstanding speakers that arose from the people, always having been with the people, and never aspiring to be over the people, for Chaim Weinberg has to this very day remained true to the ideal of Freedom, Justice, and non-rulership—Anarchy.

MY SOCIAL BELIEF

Chaim Weinberg

Notwithstanding all the disappointments that I have gone through, I am nevertheless not pessimistic of the future prospects for the Anarchist ideal and its materialization. I say this not because Anarchism is a fixed idea with me, but because of the direct result of my observations of men's behavior.

First, there is within each individual an instinctive desire for freedom and it is upon this point that the actual theory of the Anarchist ideal is based.

The second and most important basis of my social belief is the fact that the greatest part of humanity lives in need and misery. A very small part of humanity has captured everything in its hands, resulting in economic inequality through the exploitation of the world's producers, the working class. It is out of this economic inequality that government, the direct upkeeper of the present disorder, grew up.

Third, since science teaches us that everything that exists has in itself the essence of change, we Anarchists conclude that just as chattel slavery has come to an end, economic slavery will also have to disappear.

In spite of the fact that there are many other existing ideas that aim to bring about liberation from the present capitalist order, I am nevertheless certain that the true emancipation can only come about through the materialization of the Anarchist-Communist ideal.

To demand justice of, or to expect the capitalist society to surrender its position in a peaceful manner through compromises, palliatives, or any other kinds of reform

methods is useless. A bloody battle will come about, begun by the protector of capitalism attempting to maintain the reign of exploitation.

Neither do I believe that the capitalist class can bring about peace throughout the world. For in reality, every ruling empire or republic is seeking a market for its products, and is thus driven to competition with each other. This will undoubtedly end in such a world-war that the one of 1914 will seem like child's play by comparison.

We anarchists should arouse the proletariat with anti-militaristic propaganda. The starting of a new world-war by capitalism should be turned into a social revolution.

The statement that a small number of workers possess houses, farms and automobiles, true as it may appear, is nevertheless fictitious. For, everything is mortgaged away. Today, as ever, the worker has nothing to lose except his chains.

Our Anarchist idea is an international one—it isn't for this or that race alone. It does not know of artificial, unnaturally created barriers. Before the Anarchist idea all are equal. There exists only one issue—the slavery of the toilers and the need of destroying this slavery.

The world-proletariat, driven by unemployment and wars, will finally begin to listen to our voice in the wilderness. When he will be ready to heed our call, we shall together begin the social world-revolution which will bring us to the Anarchist-Communist society based upon the foundation of freedom, equality and brotherhood for all the children of mankind.

IN RETROSPECT

DOOMED!

Following the death of Mayor Cermack who, on Feb. 15, 1933, had been wounded in the attempt to kill the then president-elect F. D. Roosevelt, Giuseppe Zangara has been sentenced to death with the same summary procedure with which at the previous trial he had been sentenced to eighty years of seclusion.

To Judge Thompson, who on March 10th had solemnly pronounced death sentence upon him, Zangara simply said: "You are sentencing me to the electric chair. I am not afraid. I think I am right in wishing the death of all presidents. The electric chair doesn't scare me. You too, like all capitalists, are crooked and you should also die."

Other statements given by the condemned man show the same sign of contempt for everything that the constituted and established order considers with sacredness, and for riches and arbitrariness as well. He is facing death unregretfully. Nay, but invitingly as if it would be a liberation.

They will kill him. It will be a new crime, an implacable revenge. But then? A revenge so preperated will not have the power to cancel from the annals of history the new and irrevocable fact that a man who had lived the thirty years of his life away from the accursed subversive doctrines of his contemporary world, for the only reason of considering himself the victim of the evil social system in which he had been forced to live revolts against this very system and tries to hit at it through its most representative symbol. A very serious new fact indeed, not only for the lives it claims and those that it endangers, but primarily for the moral teaching it affords. In fact, where will thus go the hopes for a future of the regime that considers itself eternal and invulnerable if from the bottom of a suffering and disinherited humanity the auto-combustion of tormented spirits begins to generate the spontaneous phenomenon of the individual's consciousness of his inborn right to that material and moral welfare rendered possible solely by the hard toil of past generations?

If G. Zangara—as it appears from the report of the Florida judicial and, more convincingly yet from the statements of the doomed man, is sane, the cause of his act is confined to this: society has no right to grant to a small group of favored ones the privilege of sitting unconcerned at the banquet of life while dooming the remaining multitude to exploitation, misery and derision. And if society arrogates such a right and imposes it with the savage violence of its mercenary defenders, G. Zangara, on whose body and spirit bleed the wounds of imposed humiliation, arises against it and unable to re-establish justice by himself, seeks, through a flashing reprisal, a reparation for the tranquillity of his disturbed soul.

Society can retort the reprisal by writing down in the book that registers its infinite number of crimes a new one, but it cannot defend itself. Society kills because it knows that no justification can be offered for the crimes G. Zangara so tragically denounced.

A century ago the phenomenon Zangara would have been unconceivable. At any event it would have appeared incomprehensible. But today we, who think too consciously bear on our shoulder the destiny of humanity, succeed in overcoming the first moment of uncertainty and surprise and therefore to understand.

What has happened? It has happened that the general progress of human thought has continued to advance quietly in spite of the Jeremiahs of the impatient ones and the anathemas of the fearful. Through unknown channels, the idea that social wealth is the inalienable and indivisible patrimony of all the members of society has advanced, entered into life and deepened its roots in the most remote angles of the human soul.

The idea of social revolution is no more a jealous monopoly of a few, unknown and isolated individuals; it has permeated every status of society and has become one of the most important factors in history. Consciously or unconsciously, this idea enlightens the minds, guides the sentiments and inspires the deeds of a human multitude which soars far above the figures of the black lists compiled by the obtuse police departments of the world.

What else could the sacrifice of G. Zangara—this victim of society who perhaps, unknowingly has inserted himself in the history of the emancipation struggle of the disinherited, mean?

M. S.

IS SOCIETY SAFE NOW?

The preceding article "Doomed!" of our collaborator M. S. was written before the swift execution of Zangara had taken place. The present editorial comment will therefore deal with the manner in which the State ended the life of Zangara, as also with the other intrinsic phases of the tragedy.

A few days after being sentenced to death, Zangara was secretly moved under a heavy guard to the death house. Not until a day before the execution he was informed of his imminent end. When the prison chaplain entered his cell to "help" him "pray for his soul," he protested, shouting at him:

"No, I want no minister. There is no god. It's all below."

The day of March 20th dawned. At 9 a. m. Zangara was brought into the death chamber. Outside a downpour of rain made it appear as if nature injected her protest of what was about to take place. . . . Soldiers and machine-guns surrounded the prison. . . . A gloomy fearful atmosphere within, and a no less one—without.

The only one who showed the least fear of the forty state and privileged witnesses—was the condemned man himself. Jerking loose from his guards, Zangara exclaimed:

"Don't touch me. I go myself!"

He thereupon went over to superintendent Chapman and thrust into his hands three sheafs of note books, saying:

"Here is my book. Take it."

For the first time, the reporters revealed that Zangara

had stated soon after his arrest that he is beginning to write a message that would light the fire of destruction upon capitalism. (The superintendent later refused to allow any reporter to examine the note books, stating that they were unintelligible, and admitted that he would forward them to the federal "authorities"—thus mockingly betraying the last wish of a legally lynched man.)

The death preparations moved slowly. Zangara walked over calmly towards the electric chair.

"See—I am not scared of the electric chair. I show you."

The executioners and witnesses who came to see a diminutive man cringe and whine were finding themselves in the very position they expected to see the doomed man. A death-scene went through their bodies. The man that was about to be executed—"legally"—had quite evidently not lost his courage at all. But they were losing theirs. Sitting complacently in the death chair, Zangara exclaimed:

"Lousy capitalist s. b.—Goodbye World!"

And still the executioners hadn't moved. Again the voice of Zangara was heard:

"Push the button!"

The switch was pulled and a human life was extinguished.

It all happened within thirty-three days! Franklin D. Roosevelt was about to become president of the State, promising to "give a new deal" to "the people." He was visiting Miami, Florida. In the midst of the jubilating crowd Giuseppe Zangara made his unsuccessful attempt upon the life of Roosevelt. Soon after the arrest, he is reported to have stated in part:

"When I was a little boy in school I began to hate very violently my richer schoolmates, who had money to spend and who had more privileges than I. . . . I am poor. I have always been poor. My people have been oppressed. As a child I had to work hard in the fields, and when I was 16 I had to go to war. . . . I determined that some day I would do my share in wiping out every official and every rich man I could find. . . . I do not know whether or not I shot Mr. Roosevelt, but I want to make it clear I do not hate Mr. Roosevelt, I hate all presidents, no matter from what country they come, and I hate all officers and everybody who is rich."

Still more remarkable is part of Zangara's declaration in court on March 10th, before being sentenced to be legally murdered:

"Capitalists are all crooked. Take all the money, put it in a pile and burn it. People don't need money—they need bread. That's why I say burn all the money." On top of these statements should be recorded the sanity commission report of the State. It said in part:

"The examination of this individual reveals a perverse character, wilfully wrong, remorseless and expressing contempt for the opinions of others. While his intelligence is not necessarily inferior, his distorted judgment and temperament is incapable of adjustment to the average social standards. He is inherently suspicious and anti-social."

Added to this stands out the report of the medical body of the State who made the autopsy upon Zangara. It stated that he was perfectly sane.

A sane man then, according to the medical profession, was ready to kill the very head—representative of the present order. . . .

All that the press, supporting present society could shriek forth, was:

"Assassin! . . . Murderer! . . . Wanton Killer! . . ."

The compromisers of idealism, the Liberals, Socialists and Communists were singing forth a different refrain:

"Crazy . . . Unbalanced . . . Sick . . . An individual senseless deed . . ."

What is one to make out of all these denunciations heaped upon the deed of Zangara? Something of much more greater importance is attached to the deed of Zangara than the State, through its medical profession and press, or the Liberal-Socialist-Communist organs are willing to admit.

The swift manner in which Zangara was made to pay with his life for the attempted act, by so-called "organized society," doesn't at all bespeak so well of the later's certainty as to what it tried to hush-up, hide, cover and forget. According to the New York Times, within the last year, no less than sixteen attempts were made upon the lives of society's rulers throughout the world. The acts then of these sixteen men assume a significance of the utmost importance. They signify that: an unjust society as we live under today is the fermentative germ that gives birth, root and growth to the very acts that they want to make the naive believe they have exterminated by the legal burning to death of a Zangara!

So long as the sustenance of life and health, justice and liberty is a privilege only of the few, and not the natural right of every human being, the re-occurrence of such acts as attempted by Zangara and the other sixteen men in every part of the world, cannot be prevented or exterminated.

Every epithet, every insult, every slander, every lie heaped upon the deed of Zangara rebounds most justifiably to the very system and disorder of society that is the sole cause of bringing about such a tragedy as was enacted in Florida. And if any one stands now damned, and damned in no mistaken terms, it is the entire capitalist system as well as all the compromising barterers of idealism.

Giuseppe Zangara, unconscious as he appeared to be of it himself, assumes thus the symbol of a victim of an unjust system of life. His attempted act was an indirect outcry in behalf of the enslaved and oppressed, that, they also want to live! This fact cannot be drowned or beclouded despite all the abuse and lies heaped upon one of the victimized children of humanity—one of our brothers—even if we did allow him to be burned to death, to our own shame.

The greatest enemy to creative art is science. And mechanism has done incalculable harm to life. It has enslaved thought, killed or throttled imagination and instead of enriching mankind is killing it by inches.—Luigi Pirandello.

THE NEW DEAL

Hardly has the ink dried off the paper upon which the purveyors of "public opinion," from the conservative to the most liberal, have splashed forth their eulogies on the new Messiah—Franklin D. Roosevelt—and already he is revealing his true colors.

After having made "safe" the monetary system for the bankers, at least for the time being, Mr. Roosevelt is ready to place the farmer under a rigid subsidiary control, stipulating the latter should curtail production. As to the fifteen million unemployed workers, his solution is: to place 250,000 men in the service of public and privately owned forests at one dollar per day, allowing two dollars per day to "feed" and "supervise" the "lucky" men. These men will be given uniforms and made to live in camp barracks under the supervision of the war department. A similar scheme is also being planned for 80,000 youthful homeless boys now roaming around the country.

What this dastardly scheme really implies isn't hard to guess. It will be used for a two-fold purpose: first, to further lower the workers' wage scale; second, to have a standing army ready to drown in blood any uprising that appears now so imminent as things keep on getting worse, despite all the lying consolations of the deceitful press-servant of Capitalism, to the contrary. If it were not for the pen-harlots, the closing of the banks might already have been the starting spark of a revolution.

Who is to blame for the new hoax that has been played upon the people in the ascendancy of the latest "saviour"—Mr. Roosevelt?

Lacking the fundamental understanding of the origin and function of Government, the people everywhere, and more so in democratic countries, have been made to believe by the many subversive agencies of Capitalism, that they, the people, are the rulers and the government officials are only their servants. In reality it is of course just the reverse. The people only play the part of tiny insignificant puppets in a most fraudulently designed gigantic hoax that has no equal in the annals of man's history.

Let one take the trouble of examining the records of the rulers of this "demo-cra-tic" republic. From Washington to Grant, from Cleveland to Wilson, or from Coolidge to Hoover. What else has any of the "presidents" been, but chosen and approved office boys of a system instituted to protect the rich robbers from being harassed in their continuous plunder of the robbed ones? Has a single one of the former presidents ever refused to send forward soldiers in a war to murder, or to shoot down workers in a strike? Garbled and falsified as the so-called "history" books are, they will nevertheless show most convincingly that not a single former president has ever proven himself anything other than a tool of the very class that allowed him to be placed at the helm of their legalized-violence protector, the Government.

By participating in "elections" of any kind the people are only acting as their own executioners. As long as they continue to look up to others, instead of to themselves, to achieve Liberty, Justice and Happiness, by employing the very institution of Government that was founded for the purpose of preventing man from ever being able to attain the essential ingredients that could make up a healthy and joyful natural life, the people will continue to find themselves repeatedly fooled and betrayed.

The "new deal" of Franklin D. Roosevelt, as those of every preceding president, ought to be well nigh sufficient to show the people that along the road of governmental process lies but deceit and treachery.

"Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well. What satire on Government can equal the severity of censure in the word 'politic,' which now for ages has signified CUNNING, intimating that the State is a trick."—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE MOONEY CONGRESS

In the Sacco and Vanzetti case the Communist party held itself aloof for years. When it did make an issue of the case, it was to capitalize the martyrdom of two Anarchists whose ideas they were and are always misrepresenting and combating. From the appearances of the preparations for the congress scheduled for the coming May at Chicago in behalf of Mooney, the only ones who will benefit from it will be the Communist party—not Mooney.

This was most formidably demonstrated at the local conference at San Francisco on March 5th. Delegates from the Proletarian party withdrew, and had to fight in order to be given the "opportunity" to state their reasons. The Socialist party withdrew. The delegates of the Amalgamated Union withdrew at the previous session. But all this didn't disturb the Communists who assembled scores of fictitious organizations in order to control the activities of the conference.

The Anarchist cannot see how the interests of Mooney and Billings, or that of any class war prisoner, can be aided by conferences of any sort, except in serving the sole interests of the callers and leaders of such gatherings. Only the spontaneous action of the toilers can prove of any aid in freeing the Mooneys, Billings, Schmidts, Centralla Boys and all other incarcerated victims of capitalist injustice. To arouse and inspire the workers to such action, every sincere revolutionist can be of great aid.

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MINERS

(English version from "L'adunata dei Refrattari" by S. M.)

Candido

Who are these accursed ones who from the abyss of somber valleys, continually shout forth a violent cry of revolt? In region after region this conglomeration of the Dark, with dirty faces and coarse language burst forth in audacious rebellions, filling the whole continent with the clamorous resounding of their arms clashing with those of the guardians of established order. How do they dare revolt against the intangibility of our social order, against the sanctity of the fatherland? To bring them back into an orderly herd, give them lead, give them grape-shots!

Thus, in an atmosphere saturated with cowardice and submission flutters the anathema—while at the thought of it the fetiches of Gold and Fatherland exult. The miner is well aware of the bloody curse and the dark threat of collective lynching circling about in the air. He appreciates help and sympathy from the well-meaning ones but he also knows that he has to fight alone, clinching his teeth, there on the spot, against everything and everybody, proud of his rights, armed with his courage in the hard struggle for his existence.

The miner is more of an outcast than any other member of the proletarian class. The most simple minded and ignorant of the miners is aware of this tremendous reality hence this dull, restless hostility toward the well to do, the investigation committees, the practicing professionals, the so-called journalists and literati, whose obtuse curiosity invariably ends in a foolish hymn to the "miner's spirit of sacrifice and sense of responsibility toward the community and the country." Or, when the lyric inspiration takes the upper hand, a dithyramb to the "irresistible fascination of the mine."

The miner's mentality differs enormously from that of the worker of the large industrial centers. The city worker is taken into the whirlpool of the metropolis and though, weakened by the twining of material and moral codes, is a cosmopolitan. Yet, the seduction comes too subtly to cause him to meditate; newspapers, magazines, books, theaters and radio mould him into a well trained and ideal slave—in fact the pride of Capitalism. With no personal originality, soft and malleable, he is very susceptible to the manipulations of the great masters of the pen. Staunch admirer of order and discipline, he is very docile to the commands of the labor union mandarins and prone to the master's wishes. He is satisfied with the social progress and is convinced that from it he is getting all benefit possible. For him, when misery increases and the structure of social order begins to crack it is all due to superior forces uncontrollable by the tutelar gods presiding over the welfare of the race.

The miner, on the contrary, finds himself in a more clean-cut, definite and tragic position: the "Company," the "Company's" guards, the "Company's" cossaks, the "Company's" properties—all around him belongs to the "Company" and his whole life depends solely on the omnipotence of the

same. There, very near, claws thrust in his flesh and brain, stands his enemy, imposing, provoking, exasperating and suffocating.

Far from the clamorous modern life, in the calm of the mining village, the miner is less subjected to the stuffing of the mind to which the city worker is a victim and therefore preserves his individuality: a frank, robust, rude individuality. He is the raw material belched from that continuously erupting volcano that is the miner's life and he is resistant to the social chisel of the great sculptors of the system who try to smooth his sharper angles and to mould him into a form more fit to the suppleness and interests of society. Rustic and primitive he loves and hates freely and with warmth. He possesses a purity of heart and mind that manifests itself in the characteristic of his proverbial hospitality, known and remembered by his friends and the radical propagandists who happened to enter his home.

No matter for how many years the miner has crawled through the bowels of the earth, no matter how many slides and explosions have mutilated his body, no matter how much of a rudder he might have been made by the unequal struggle with the implacable elements of nature, he has, nevertheless, kept his spine always straight whenever confronted with a moral issue, just as he has always been ready to attack injustice.

Somebody has accused the miners of cultivating a certain spirit of superiority in relation to the rest of the workers and of exaggerating the importance, the dangers and the risk of their trade. The miners' strength lies precisely there. It must not be forgotten that theirs, is a dangerous life: they go down the shaft strong and healthy and might return to the light of the day crippled and deformed. More than that: a terrible explosion of "grison" might blow their bodies to pieces, or a tremendous slide might crush them to atoms between two covering mountains. Thus, the

bodies of thousands of miners, overtaken in the full vigor of their lives and in the midst of their ferret work, become the prey of the process of assimilation taking place in the depths of the earth.

The weighing sense of the danger over-shadowing his life never leaves the miner below in the cavernous labyrinth of notched rocks with its threatening projections and its anfractuosités resembling hungry mouths of wild beasts lurking in wait of prey. While all around, in the darkness, lies in ambush the terrible gas, the clammy, horrible octopus, the terror of the mine!

On the surface the organized violence of man substitutes for the blind fury of the elements. The policemen, with their hated uniforms, are the mastiffs of privilege always ready to snap at the passerby. Together with the army, the law and the judges they are tools in the hands of the "Company" to impose on the disinherited ones social injustice. That is another rock pending over the miners' head: a mine gallery even more dreadful than the subterranean ones.

Anyone believing that the guerrilla the miner is forced to endure makes a brute out of him is mistaken. The miner regards danger with contempt only out of necessity; being simple and good-hearted he is instead very sensitive to sorrow from which spring his revolts. In the presence of the mutilated body of a kin, of a friend, a comrade or an acquaintance he suffers intensely, and, being an anti-fatalist he rebels against those premature deaths that the professional reasoners on the payroll of the mine-syndicate try to pass off as unavoidable.

The miner knows that the "Company," out of its greed for money, violates every rule of human decency; he knows that the lack of blocking material, the decrepit wagons, the crooked rails, the insufficiency of ventilation and the general carelessness in measures of precaution against the deadly gas account for the majority of these deaths, and his chest expands with hatred. A hatred dull, tenacious and implacable which, under the stimulus of suppressed emotions, will later explode in a fury of revolt.

The women of the miners take an active part in the fight which is also theirs; if the men face the dangers of the mine, if they brave the guns of the cossaks and fall, the women are the most pitiful victims of this civil war. The dead will suffer no more; but the surviving women will have to carry the heavy burden of the family through long dark years of privations and misery. Today it is her brother or her betrothed, tomorrow it will be her husband or her father that falls; her life is a violent succession of anxiety, of sorrow, of tragedy, of mourning. That is why the women of the miners urge the men to be courageous and tenacious in the struggles, severe and ruthless with meddlers, spies and traitors; that is why, today, in the coal fields of Illinois the women of the miners fight in the first rows, side by side with their men, in the bloody war against the triple alliance: the yellow Union, the coal company and the State.

ON THE MINERS' BATTLEFIELD



LINOLEUM CUT BY D. CHURN

THE MINERS' STRUGGLE KENTUCKY (1930-1931)

APRIL 29, 1931—This date marks the beginning of the bloody reign of terror at Harlan, Kentucky. Hired gunmen, sheriffs and "national" guard thugs arrive and begin to carry out the orders of the mine owners. Workers are beaten and attacked wherever found, culminating in an open battle on May 5th. Led by Deputy Sheriff Jim Daniel, machine gun fire was opened upon the striking miners who had refused to submit to the sell out of their "leaders." As a result, three deputized mine thugs were killed, and 42 workers indicted for murder. W. B. Jones and W. M. Hightower, officials of the local union were among those indicated. A. Johnson and Mrs. J. Wakefield arrested in May and charged with "criminal Syndicalism"—for showing their sympathy towards the workers. Boris Israel, correspondent of the Federated Press wounded by a bullet fired at him by the employers' thugs, on August 18th. August 23—Ten more miners indicted for murder. August 31—Deputy sheriff murders one mine worker and wounds two. September 29-30—Investigators discover that the cause of the strike is the pay-cut, deprivation of workers' rights and medical fees deducted from the wages. October 10—Employers openly boast of being able to starve workers into submission. November 22—Wm. M. Burnett, striking miner, acquitted. Nov. 25—Trial of W. B. Jones begins. Defense council claims sheriff Daniels fired the first shot. Jury "finds" Jones guilty, and he is sentenced to life on December 11th. Dec. 17—Six more miners indicted at Harlan. Dec. 27—Sizemore, a deputy sheriff killed, and two miners arrested as the accused. December 28—Final plans completed for a General Strike in Harlan and Bell county to begin on January first. January 15, 1932—W. Hightower sentenced to life imprisonment upon the charge of counseling the death of a sheriff. February 11—Eleven writers from New York were driven across the border-line. Their "crime" consisted of having brought food to the starving miners. Two of the eleven—Waldo Frank and Allan Taube were taken to Cumberland Gap and badly slugged—by "vigilantes." An editor of a daily, government officials, and company thugs made up the vigilantes. February 13—A union organizer was murdered by mine-guards. February 17—H. Hickerson, friend of the miners, freed on promise to leave strike area. March 4—300 strikers prevent non-union men from working at Thompson Coal Company. March 24—Students of various eastern universities ejected from the strike area.

ILLINOIS

July 13, 1932—Thousands of miners gather at Springfield to protest against the \$5.00-a-day agreement sell-out of their leaders. Reject pact by 4-1 vote. August 12—Workers declare strike throughout entire coal area in protest of the betrayal, and against the acceptance of the new scale. August 22—Machine guns were used against striking miners in the Franklin County coal fields. At the attack upon strikers at Zeigler, one miner was killed and six wounded. A child was also shot by a bullet of a guard. August 27—J. L. Lewis, arch-traitor to the miners' interests, revokes charter of real miners' union. September 2—164 pupils at Kincaid, go on strike in protest of the use of scab coal. September 17—Police, sheriffs and militia force 78 auto loads of striking

miners to leave Southern Illinois. September 20—"National" guards prevent meeting of striking miners. September 26—One worker was killed and over twenty wounded in a fight staged by the Lewis machine thugs upon striking miners. October 11—Gas bombs and bayonets were used against striking miners by the national guards. October 13—1200 miners were jailed for one day. October 14—A. Ganis, active picket miner murdered. Twelve mile motorcade conveys body to cemetery. January 5, 1933—"National" guards murder two miners and wound 14, and jail 18. January 27—Seven thousand women, led by widows of 54 striking miners, march in parade at Springfield, demanding aid for the destitute.

PENNSYLVANIA

March 25, 1931—3000 workers go on strike at the Glen Coal Co. of Wilkes-Barre. J. L. Lewis, traitor leader denounces strike on April 2nd. Shamokin miners join strike on April 16th. State troopers attack workers at Lincoln Hill mine on June 7th. Two workers shot by state troopers in Pittsburgh mine area. Court grants injunction against picketing—to its bosses—the coal operators. June 22—One miner was murdered and thirteen wounded when company and government thugs opened fire upon striking miners at the Wildwood mine, Butler County. June 24—The Pittsburgh area witnessed the murder of another striking miner and the wounding of four fellow strikers at the hands of the coal barons' protectors. Aroused by the brutality inflicted upon striking miners, 1500 striking miners of the Ohio coal fields begin a march into the Pittsburgh area to aid their brothers in offering armed resistance to the enemy. Miners evicted from the company shacks. Suffering and hunger amidst the miners grows very acute.

THE BLOODY PRICE OF COAL

Statistics of the coal industry show that the number of miners employed in U. S. ranged from 725,030 in 1910 to 644,000 in 1930. The number of killed from explosions and other accidents ranged yearly from 2,821 in 1910 to 2,003 in 1930. The total number of killed from 1910 to 1931 inclusive is: 51,183, or an average of one miner out of every fourteen. The exact number of crippled is not given in the statistics. Their number is of course enormous. Coal is evidently quite a costly bloody commodity of "civilized" life . . .

They that can give up liberty to obtain a temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.—Benjamin Franklin.

WHEN THE LEAVES COME OUT

The hills are very bare and cold and lonely;

I wonder what the future months will bring.

The strike is on—our strength would win, if only—

O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

They've got us down—their martial lines enfold us;

They've thrown us out to feel the winter's sting,

And yet, by God, those curs can never hold us,

Nor could the dogs of hell do such a thing!

It isn't just to see the hills beside me

Grow fresh and green with every growing thing;

I only want the leaves to come and hide me,

To cover up my vengeful wandering.

I will not watch the floating clouds that hover

Above the birds that warble on the wing;

I want to use this GUN from under cover—

O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

You see them there, below, the damned scab-herders!

Those puppets on the greedy Owner's string;

We'll make them pay for all their dirty murders—

We'll show them how a starveling's hate can sting!

They riddled us with volley after volley;

We heard their speeding bullets zip and ring,

But soon we'll make them suffer for their folly—

O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

Ralph Chaplin.

IN DEFENSE OF TRUTH

In the March issue of MAN! there appears an article signed by Giuseppe Guelfi, commenting on the last anarchist uprising in Spain, eulogizing the deeds and heroism of the rebels, in which eulogy I join whole-heartedly.

The article in question, however, contains some statements which are misrepresentations of facts, as I will show below.

He states that the anarcho-syndicalist journals "CNT" and "Solidaridad Obrera," organs of the National Confederation of Labor, write on January 10:

"This is not our revolution," and that the Confederation, (which is the economic expression of the Spanish anarchists and is under their control) "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 intensifications of the violent action initiated by the Anarchist groups."

There are many ways of misrepresenting facts, and one of them is to quote isolated statements, not even textually, and add a few words by way of comment to complete the thought that the writer wants to convey to the reader by his literary maneuver. This I call unethical for an anarchist to indulge in. In the first place, the journals in question did not say "this is not our revolution." What they did say in a Manifesto of the National Committee appearing in the above organs, is that they had not made that revolution as the capitalist and socialist press as well as the government were all trying to blame on the CNT in order to outlaw it (they have been looking for an excuse for a long time) and arrest its leaders. The Manifesto, which was couched in a virile and highly revolutionary fashion, of which no true revolutionist need be ashamed, stated that they had not controlled or organized the uprising, and added that they made that statement not through cowardness, because, as anarchists, they felt fully solidary with their fighting comrades, and that the CNT did not deny its revolutionary aims and purpose, for it would, in the day that they will choose themselves, put its forces on the field and make the revolution.

Again, in "Solidaridad Obrera" of January 12, the local Federation of Catalonia, published the following, in reply to the socialist and capitalist press that demanded proletarian blood:

"Our revolution will be made; it will be made and it will be successful—let the canaille make dole of this. IT WILL SUCCEED! Any attempt to oppose our revolution will be useless, because there is no power strong enough to thwart the designs and the will of the people. The capitalist rabble who demands blood, shall have blood. Perhaps our blood, but of course their rotten blood also.

"We shall go to the revolution, but our revolution will be of life and death; of life for us, for the new society; of death for all that is decrepit and rotten and no longer has a right to subsist. It will be fatal for the canaille."

I think that the quoted paragraphs need no further comments. Guelfi wanted the CNT to declare a general strike. I don't know whether a general strike would have been of any help under the circumstances (there are many points to consider in this connection, but lack of space would not permit it). At any rate, in all wars, including social wars, there are such things as "tactics," "timely moves" and "false steps," and I am quite sure that if the CNT, which nobody can accuse of cowardness, did not call a general strike at the time it was because it sincerely felt that no good would come out of it.

Regardless of what Guelfi and other anarchists may do to create the impression that organized revolutionary labor and anarchism in Spain are divorced, or that they are two different things in the struggle to overthrow capitalism, they will not succeed, because the Spanish workers have drunk of the fountain of anarchism, and ever since the ousting of Pestana and the reformist group, the CNT has been under the leadership of the "left" anarchists and the Iberian Anarchist Federation, to the chagrin of the bourgeois press and the "respectable" elements, and also to the apparent disappointment of the Guelfis of this and other lands.

It takes narrow partisanship to state or imply that the CNT has betrayed the anarcho-syndicalist rebels, in the face of all the facts, when "Solidaridad Obrera" was practically wrecked for its valiant stand, having been fined 20,000 Pesetas and seized and denounced for seven consecutive days in addition to the usual seizures averaging better than twice a week, who refused to pay the heavy fine and preferred to let the police attach the printing plant rather than

ABOUT A FIFTH INTERNATIONAL

I desire to say: In MAN! I see meetings of comrades in Frisco, Chicago, Detroit, etc. If such meetings are all right in cities, why object to a meeting on a larger scale? There will be hundreds of comrades visiting the Chicago Fair. Why not try to have them come all at the same time for one or two meetings to have a talk and renew old friendships? I would certainly be pleased to meet friends that I have not seen for 25 or 40 years and they would like to see me. Also get acquainted with new and younger comrades. What is wrong about this? Call it a conference, if you please, it will surely not be a Fifth International.

Carl Nold.

REPLY

In writing the short note which appeared in the February issue of MAN! I was far from thinking to object to familiar and friendly meetings like the one comrade Nold is referring to and which he expects to be held in Chicago.

It seems to me though, that my thought is being misinterpreted. My contention is that attempts to create a bureaucratic machine with an anarchist trade-mark are detrimental to the movement. An "established, official and responsible" organization—be it a national federation or a "Fifth International," "like the rest of them," most necessarily play politics and employ parliamentary tactics, therefore between it and the principles of Anarchism will inevitably rise a barrier of incompatibility. Unless somebody will reconcile influence and spontaneity, bureaucracy and Anarchy.

S. Menico.

Onofre Dallas

submit; when "CNT" the Madrid organ, in the last three months has been seized and denounced more than fifty times, representing a loss of over 170,000 Pesetas. And to show that the Spanish anarcho-syndicalists are not of Guelfi's opinions, it pleases me very much to state that in spite of this government persecution, "CNT" is enlarging its printing facilities, increasing its number of pages, and its circulation of 100,000 daily beginning in March.

It is also very gratifying to note the eagerness and enthusiasm with which the CNT is taking up the defense of the victims of the abortive uprising. The pages of both "CNT" and "Solidaridad Obrera" are an inspiration to any revolutionary anarchist and although I may find therein articles with which I disagree, I also find such articles in all other anarchist papers in this and other countries.

An Insurrectional Attempt

The Spanish revolutionary attempt has been disavowed by all, except by the Anarchists, Socialists, Republicans, Communists of three gradations, Syndicalists, all vie in declaring they did not want it and that they have nothing whatever to do with it; which is, of course, within their rights and, anyway, must be true, at least inasmuch as it concerns the leaders, if not all their followers. Unfortunately, they don't stop at washing their hands of it; they atrociously slander the fallen, the imprisoned, and the fugitives. According to the Republicans, they are but instruments of the Monarchists. For the Socialists, they are victims of the Anarchist folly. In the expressions of the Syndicalists, it was nothing less than a coup warped up by the government. As for the Bolsheviks, the whole affair is altogether a plot by Monarchists, Republicans, Socialists, and Anarchists.

We are not going to answer such idiocies and shall make ours this comment of the *Correspondance Internationale Ouvriere*:

"It was a spontaneous insurrection of revolutionary proletarians and peasants distrustful of the organization chiefs, who are ever ready to adulate the victors, forswearing the vanquished."

As a proof of the veracity of this statement, we will quote from the December Bulletin of the C. N. T. (National Confederation of the Workers) the following facts, preceding the events of January the 8th and succeeding days:

"La Peza is a village of five thousand inhabitants, distant from Granada, forty kilometers. Its area is 9829 hectares, owned by eight proprietors. While the people starve; these petty lords keep vast extensions of fertile land for hunting purposes. On the first days of November, all the town workers, gathering on the square with their women, took the following decision: **Anyone not coming to till the land now, will be considered a coward.** They all went—about a hundred families—forming groups of ten, twelve and fourteen persons, took patches of land to cultivate. A few days later, the civil guards not daring to interfere, over three thousand hectares of land had been plowed and sown. Meanwhile, the mayor and the judge were forced to leave the place, and the governor of that province hasn't yet found anyone to refill their offices. Thus La Peza, without any authority, goes on in a sort of patriarchal communism. To the C. N. T. members who went to see them, the La Peza workers answered: **we intend to work and eat every day without orders from anybody. That is the way we understand justice.** Fearing the government would wrest from them their conquest, two hundred armed men, scattered throughout the place, are on guard nightly. The CNT never had a single member from La Peza people, who know of that organization merely by name.

"At Llerena, 500 peasants have taken the crop of acorns in several properties. The civil guards, attempting to stop their march, have been attacked furiously by the peasants, at the slogan, **Long live communism!** There were several wounded. The guards decided to retire and the crop remained with the peasants. Deeds like in Llerena occur frequently throughout the province. These are partial expropriations, opening the pathway to the general one. The C. N. T. has had no access as yet to towns like Llerena; but its spirit is already there.

"A large group of armed peasants has succeeded in entering the Tojadillo estate, owned by the deputy Velayor. They were encountered by a patrol of civil guards that ordered them to lay down their arms and to go home. The first line obeyed, but, while the guards were busy picking up the weapons, they were fired upon by men hidden behind a rock. One guard was dangerously wounded. After the fusillade, the peasants disappeared, shouting, **Murrah for the Social Revolution!** Following this clash, the people of that locality and surroundings have all decided to keep armed.

"The unemployed of Villero have attacked several factories with the cry, **We have a right to live and we'll take what's necessary for it!** The factories were thoroughly sacked. Signs of the times. Villero, like many other villages of the Jaen province, is a feudal estate of the Socialists, who naturally, never remembered to teach the peasants that everybody has a right to a living, thanks to which the expropriation by the collectivity becomes legitimate.

The peasants of El Rubio (Cadiz) have declared a strike against the working conditions imposed by a mixed jury. The owners, fearing a long struggle, decided to deal with the Syndicate directly, outside the law. The strikers won an increase of salary, a six-hour day, and the release of thirteen comrades, arrested during the strike."

The Bulletin of the C. N. T., dated December 21, but reaching us only on the end of January, relates a good many other cases of strikes, clashes, sabotages, etc. We read, in fact, (in a conclusive way) the following finishing paragraph:

"Will these contemporary strives furnish the chance to inaugurate an action surpassing the size of a mere strike? We ardently hope so."

Why, then, become frightened about our comrades' insur-

Edit. Note: Onofre Dallas's attempt to discredit comrade Giuseppe Guelfi's article "Restless Spain" that appeared in the March issue proves itself a vain effort. Instead of disproving the charge against the Syndicalists of Spain, his article only succeeds in substantiating it. The editorial written by comrade L. Bertoni, the editor of "Il Risveglio Anarchico" of Geneva (wherein it appeared) was forwarded to O. Dallas, informing him that it will be printed as an answer to his article. The reply was: "I haven't read the article from Bertoni, but I am sure that it will be of a different kind, that it will discuss tactics, and policies, etc." Well and good. Here it follows, and it now remains to be seen as to whether O. Dallas will have the courage to come forward, in face of what comrade Bertoni exposes, and to admit the charges against the Syndicalists of Spain, as also to retract his slanderous remarks directed against comrade Giuseppe Guelfi.

L. Bertoni

rectional attempt? And why publish stuff like this:

"That is not our revolution. That is simply a trap set for the workers. The whole affair has been put up by the government itself in order to justify its campaign of alarm and repression measures. In the police ranks there is a quantity of monarchic elements interested in provoking trouble. On the other hand, the Socialists represented in the Azana government seek all pretences to butcher us and to destroy our controlling influence on the people. There is nothing in common between the recent events and our revolutionary tactics, which are always based on the Syndicalistic mass-action."

Frankly, that is very silly talk, especially when set against that of the preceding quotations. To inaugurate a reactionary campaign, a government doesn't need this or that pretext; it simply needs the material strength for it and above all, it needs to be sure it wasn't that pretext; it simply needs the material strength for it and, above all, it needs to be sure it won't meet a determined resistance.

Now, if instead of explaining the facts in the light of the tragic situation, to demonstrate that all rebellion is legitimate, to prepare the defence for the newly persecuted, to take, in short, a stand in behalf of the oppressed against the oppressors they disavow, blame, and condemn—doesn't that mean to encourage reaction to the point where it will be too late to stop it?

To say, "We only want mass-action"—as if this were conceivable without previous individual and group deeds—is to repeat one of the poorest arguments absolutely opposed to us. And such arguments are repeated when Bolsheviks, Socialists, and Syndicalists have for years contented themselves with partial movements, awfully partial indeed, bragging bombastically about them! And, mind you, we are not referring here to certain mass-actions brought about . . . to vote a resolution . . .

Let us keep well in mind that the revolution will not blaze according to anybody's will, that it is never certain whether the spark will develop into a great conflagration or will be suffocated at the start. To advocate a revolution to suit exclusively one's model is to believe oneself in possession of an infallible method, of the precise solution of a problem, of which we don't yet know all the data.

It has been once more talked of—our insufficient preparedness but we are not in a position to judge. Nevertheless, it is well perhaps to express our opinion on this point also.

No doubt, we must be as well prepared, materially, as possible. But let us have it well understood—our preparedness will ever be a very poor thing against the hundreds of millions opposed by the governments.

It is a matter, then, of perceiving the action necessary for ready and rapid execution apt to increase our forces and means, and to diminish correspondingly the forces and means of our enemy. What has to be done in this sense has to be worked out in every single locality, in a way that, with the assent of the people, we can immediately practice it proficiently.

We fear that the Spanish Syndicalists have been too much absorbed by reorganizing and ticketing work, and then compelled to rush to the rescue of the most pressing issue, that is, to reformist vindications, with relative strikes which made us lose sight, practically if not verbally, of the main revolutionary attempts and aims. Not always is it true that the least prepares the most. If even in a revolutionary phase we stick to the least instead of aiming straight at the most, the latter is doomed to be an object of everlasting declamation rather than realization.

After twenty-one months of revolutionary movement, the unpreparedness excuse becomes, in a certain way, a self-accusation; for, what else should, first of all, be prepared, if not equipping of ourselves to turn the events to our advantage?

Our main strength is the people's enthusiasm and consent, which is counter-balanced, for a short period, by the wavering and paralysis of the enemy. In such case, we either profit by it at once or, the temporary reactionary bewilderment vanished, the enemy will regain its power. A revolution only lasts, as Arturo Labriola has so well demonstrated, treating of the 1879 revolution, for the time the masses impose themselves on the government. As soon as a new government take the upheaval, the revolution is doomed, to the benefit of the new masters.

Some tell us that the aim of a revolution is government dictatorship (?), but, like the good Rose Luxemburg, they are astonished to see it transformed into a universal slavery regime, with all the evils inherent to slavery. According to the mentality of such people, we should look aghast at liberty, making absolute authority, after thousands of years' tragic struggle for emancipation, our ideal.

We are unable to conceive worse aberration. (Il Risveglio Anarchico) English Version by V. A.

"The only protection which honest people need is protection against that vast Society for the Creation of Theft which is euphemistically designated as the State."—Benjamin R. Tucker.

ART and LITERATURE

CABBAGES AND KINGS

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things."

There seems always to have been two diametrically opposed conceptions of society, first as an organic unit and second as a collection of individuals. Modern science has tended to strengthen the former until today, the individualist is like one crying in the wilderness. One readily thinks of Communist Russia as the chief exponent of the first idea, but it is only necessary to read between the lines of the daily news dispatches to see that the rest of the world lags not far behind.

In his recent book, "The Scientific Outlook," Bertrand Russell says, that:

"The new ethics which is rapidly growing in connection with scientific technique will have its eyes upon society rather than upon the individual. It will have little use for the superstition of guilt and punishment, but will be prepared to make individuals suffer for the public good without inventing reasons to properly show that they deserve to suffer . . . the change will have to come about naturally through the habit of viewing society as a whole rather than as a collection of individuals. The man who thinks of society as a whole will sacrifice a member of society for the good of the whole without much consideration of that individual's welfare."

So lightly do we toss to the breeze the fruits of hard won victories! Since time began how many lives have been sacrificed, how many hearts eaten out in prison or exile that Man might gain the right to call his body or soul his own? Why are we now so complacently willing to surrender our few dearly bought liberties?

Unless the common run of people become metaphysically minded, which I very much doubt, I do not see how the habit of viewing society as a whole can be "naturally" acquired. A single individual is tangible enough and several individuals must be several tangibilities, and not one, "Society as a whole" is a myth which the powers that we have seized upon as a justification for their acts. And modern technology has further strengthened their position.

Would Bolshevik Russia have succeeded so well, I wonder, without the tinsel allure of a Five Year Plan to dangle before gullible eyes? And what was the Five Year Plan but a promise of candy for good behavior . . . the enticing production of things and things and more things to make every one happy in the sweet bye and bye? Meanwhile, of course, they must be good and no matter what the cost, do as they are told "for the good of the whole." For the good of the whole! Bah! . . . a catchword as dishonest as the one coined sixteen years ago when the world went insane to save itself for democracy . . . and incidentally line the pockets of the money-crats with gold.

I think of Man today as a second Marley's ghost except that instead of cash boxes the links of his chain are made of automobiles with free wheeling and Fisher bodies, electric card shufflers and phonographs, plumbing supplies and electric egg beaters, movies and radios and television and telephones and electric refrigerators. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage but we have bartered ours for a bath tub. I have friends who shudder with horror because here in the country I must carry water a painful at a time from a spring, yet without a qualm they would welcome encroachments upon their personal liberty which make my soul writhe merely to contemplate. Liberty? they say, a pipe dream; Individualism and the rights of Man? . . . addled egotism; Anarchy? an impractical ideal; which merely means that they lack the moral energy required to live in a free society. So off they go merrily chasing some new gadget and one more link is forged in the chains that hold us in bondage.

What thing can Man make which will give as much happiness as the making of it? We no longer use our hands to fashion a simple useful serene livelihood from the materials that lie about us. We have forsaken self reliance and lost the deep satisfaction that hand craft gives, to worship at the shrine of a cold impersonal science. We have sacrificed the joys of creativeness for bodily comfort. The atrophied appendages we call hands will soon be fit for nothing but to press a button. Scant use to bemoan the fate of wage slaves while thing slaves remain.

Nine times out of ten invention is the mother of Necessity. How much time and labor is spent in the acquisition of time and labor saving devices, and how much time and labor might be saved by doing without them? Leisure, we need leisure for creation! wails the artist. Perhaps. Yet I have found that the mind is often clearer and the creative impulse stronger when the body is most fatigued; and I have also found that one with most leisure is usually too sluggish to avail himself of the opportunity. There is something about hard physical labor which appears to free the mind and stimulate it to clearer effort. This I say has been my experience and I do not think I am very different from others in this respect. Certainly it is time artists stopped thinking of themselves as a race apart. I may be uttering blasphemy, but to me art is determined, not by its form, but by its content: by the amount of satisfaction derived from its creation. Measured by this standard a piece of homespun, a loaf of bread or a carrot may contain more of the essence of poetry and music than the stanzas of Keats or the symphonies of Beethoven. The finest art of all is one we have almost lost . . . the art of living.

Jo Anne Wheeler

SOCIALIST POLITICIANS

I have seen in the Socialist Labor Party organ "The Weekly People" of Feb. 18th, what purports to be an answer to my article on the "Socialist Politicians," and I must confess that it leaves me dumbfounded.

Here is a socialist who claims that Anarchists are spies—two out of three at least, and you and I make two—and who nevertheless does not consider it beneath herself to stop and argue with us. What opinion has this socialist of herself, I wonder.

I don't care at all what she is, but what she writes

JUST A MAN

Sower, who lodges grain in mellow loam,
Forgive my envious thought of favored wheat;
I'm just a man without a job or home—
My family sown for rent upon the street.

Lloyd Frank Merrill.

GHOSTS

Can you not hear the whip's repeated thud
On tender flesh that could not bear the pain?
Out there, across the marsh and willow bud,
Can you not hear the clank of biting chain?
Tonight you say the dark winds moan and sigh,
But you, O Florida, are now the host
To vagrant spirits far too young to die . . .
You do not hear the wind . . . but voice of ghost.

A convict camp, and ignorance the guard!
You son, my son! We tell we love them so!
And yet, allow some mother's son to hard
Inhuman hands dumb beasts should never know.
Oh troubled rains pour down upon the years!
Ghosts of the convict camp, fling wide your tears!

Ruby Pearl Patterson.

THE FLOWERS ALSO WANT TO LIVE

Emma Goldman, do you remember
That September evening of 1909, in Worcester—
City briding itself on being among the first to support the
Colonial Revolution and the War against Slavery—
When you had been refused freedom to speak at all,
And every hall was closed to you by a Police Chief submissive to
Big Business that pulled the marionette strings from the
cowardly shadow,
How you outmaneuvered them all, and delivered your lecture
under the open sky and stars that seemed twinkling with
merriment at the debacle of capitalist "authority"?
And because, as you had so often declared, the "rights" of
Private Property now take precedence in these States of
claims of human welfare and the people's blood-bought
sanctions,
And because also a Worcester woman invited you to speak on
her "privately-owned" lawn,
Therefore a Lieutenant and eighteen patrolmen of the identical
Police Department whose Chief had decreed that you should
not utter a sentence in public in the city,
Were sent to "protect" the property so loaned for your use,
obsequiously obeying every request of the owner whom those
baffled guardians would have preferred to arrest out-of-hand.
Yet you refrained from laughing at the impasse in which they
found themselves,
Helpless to interfere, and compelled to listen with the rest of
your audience to your hour's exposition of Anarchism.
Although you relished to the full the irony of a whole exploiting
System's humiliation in such predicament of its brass-buttoned
sentinels!

Yes, I am sure you recall the episode among your thousand en-
counters with a social "order" afraid to allow free speech
to a critic unarmed save with too sharp truth.
But perhaps you have forgotten one detail that still after more
than twenty-three years abides significant as the star-shine
of that autumn night, for some who heard you plead then
in behalf of beauty which has no tongue.
As the throng who came to hear you surged over the grass, not
seeing a bed of blossomed plants in their way, you checked
those nearest from trampling them down, exclaiming with
vehement authority:
"Be careful of the flowers!—they want to live just as well as you
do!"

Here then were you, terrifier of a nation's forces of suppression,
not only opposing to armed and arbitrary material power the
greater strength of thought and conviction,
But also casting the mantle of your sympathy over tender voiceless
things in danger.
And instead of implements of destruction that your foes alleged
you ready to hurl, flinging a compassionate behest to spare
bright blossoms of gladioli!
No, that warning, to some appearing so trivial, cannot be for-
gotten, for in reality it was surpassingly important—
The flowers also want to live!

You were a good messenger that amazing night, Emma Goldman,
of the nobler truth and its coming vindication the world
around—
That police bludgeons hired by alarmed plunderers and war-makers
against every brave challenger of their tyranny,
Shall hang helpless before the unweaponed resistance of one fear-
less truth-bringer;
And the feet of heedless trampers still in the dark
Shall no longer crush life's gentlest and most exquisite gifts.
Your alert action and command in the Massachusetts city, shall
not fail of their influence,
For you thrillingly reminded us that the radiant flowers of fellow-
ship, beauty, freedom, and the love that laughs and sings
for sheer joy of being,
Also want to live!

Eliot White.

(Our opinion on the person referred to in the foregoing
poem in prose is well known. This though does not prevent
us from printing it for its outstanding literary merit.—
Editor.)

seems enough to me to prove that she herself does not
believe it.

Let her bray to her heart's content about Anarchist violence.
We have seen Socialists of all shades in power, and we know—as everybody else knows—that they have made
generous use of that violence which is the essence of the
State, the only means by which governments rule.

We may also wink at her strange logic by which Communists, although not Anarchists, are Anarchists—to please
the scribblers of the Socialist Labor Party.

But may I ask you how a pamphlet, more or less truth-
ful, written years ago by the socialist, Lafargue, or an
epigram by the elder Liebknecht, can prove that Anarchists
are everywhere and for ever police spies? That is certainly
a mystery of Socialist Politics, and no normal reasoning
person is apt to unveil it.

As far as I am concerned Socialist Politicians are just
ordinary politicians of the bourgeois class, who, in the
promotion of their personal or party political interests,
hesitate before no means, no matter how base and vile.
This Socialist is so insensible to her own personal dignity
that she joins eagerly the chorus of patriotic red-baiters
to denounce Communists as Anarchists, only because it
may serve her interests; and because it may serve her
interests she likewise joins the same stupid chorus to de-
nounce Anarchists as apostles of violence, deserving to be
banished by "civilized" society. Seen from a higher notion
of moral behaviour she would appear as an accomplished
scoundrel.

MODERN ART AND RADICALS

An artist expressing freely his own emotional thoughts,
stimulating others to do likewise, should be an important
influence to all Radicals.

The highest work of man is to enlarge individual expres-
sion and without a great criticism freely expressed art and
literature degenerate into a tradition. There should be an
effort to have the finest free thoughts accessible to every-
body for only after freedom of thought will there be free-
dom of action. The artist who thinks merely of appealing
to the people without a vision of his own becomes mediocre
and commonplace, satisfying the people in a mediocre and
commonplace way.

To stimulate education not evading the real issues of
life, emotional as well as material, that should be our effort
as Radicals. There are few artists capable of awakening to
this idea of freedom. For years they have been pathetically
painting either for money or for cheap fame what the tradi-
tion of the ages has told them is beauty. This has been a
superficial and false interpretation of the vital truths and
no effort towards the big truths of life which are beyond
mankind as it stands today. This artificial appreciation
of beauty and of life can only produce in the people, arti-
ficiality with no thought of a big and true emotional
freedom.

Now there is a spreading effort in the modern artist to
express himself freely, taking form in cubism, futurism, etc.
The artist is seeking in himself for the elemental truth of
his own being and struggling to forget artificial standards.

The modern artist, himself, realizes that the result of this
movement as it stands today is not the ultimate end of art,
but he values it as a necessary revolution against artificial
beauty and against false standards of expression.

Trying to understand their effort, we may be helped in
return so that the result may be a larger, and truer con-
ception of living.

Jessie Dorr

TROTSKY WRITES HISTORY

Anarchism the ideal and movement that every socialist
and communist has buried so many times appears to be
quite a queer kind of a corpse. It is repeatedly brought back
to life by the very same traducers who again perform a
burial ceremony over it. The latest attempt is being made
by no less a personage than Leon Trotsky.

In reviewing "The History of the Russian Revolution" by
Leon Trotsky, Mr. Reinhold Niebuhr, one of the editors of
the "christian" socialist weekly "The World Tomorrow,"
makes it his main object to aid Mr. Trotsky in the broad-
casting of an attack upon Anarchism. So, he quotes from
Trotsky's History:

"Like every sect which founds its teachings not upon
the actual development of human society but upon re-
duction to absurdity of one of its features, anarchism
explodes like a soap bubble when social contradictions
arrive at the point of war or revolutions."

To prove this, doesn't seem to have been the intention of
Trotsky. Perhaps Mr. Trotsky would have been much nearer
the truth if he had penned the above paragraph and he
had substituted the words Marxian-socialism for the word
anarchism . . . For all the brands of Marxian socialism,
from Pilsudsky to MacDonald, or from Mussolini to Lenin,
have so far proven themselves illusions and sheer mock-
eries of the very promises and hopes held out before the
world proletariat. Mr. Trotsky least of all, should be at-
tempting to slander anarchism, in view of the fate, that
as a result of the triumph of Marxian socialism his daughter
met, and he himself is meeting, a fate that he so generously
meted out to sincere opponents when he wielded the power
—most notably when he directed the drowning in blood of
the Kronstadt rebellion.

Another even more serious slander is brought forward
by Mr. Niebuhr. According to his quotation from Trotsky's
history, Peter Kropotkin had sided with General Kornilov!
Only in the brainstorm of Leon Trotsky could such an in-
sulting malicious slander have been born. And only in a
"christian" organ could one of its editors repeat the slander.

Not having read the three volumes of Mr. Trotsky's his-
tory, I am unable to speak of the other parts of the work.
If the other material is being brought forward in the same
spirit of malicious misrepresentation and invented lying as
exemplified in the two instances just dealt with, then
one can only express sympathy for the innocent readers
who might give any credence to the history of Leon
Trotsky, or the praise bestowed upon it by such christian
gentlemen as Mr. Niebuhr.

M. G.

Let it be said to her credit: Socialist politicians have
made it a normal pastime for themselves to accuse and
berate Anarchists. Sometimes they have even delivered
them to the Capitalist governments to be dealt with. On
other occasions they have summarily assassinated them.
So, our social-laborite is after all continuing a tradition
that is quite old.

Karl Marx, the mighty master of them all, set the
example by accusing Michael Bakunin of being in the
service of the Czar. But when the moment came to verify
the foundations of such an accusation, nothing was found
to sustain it. Fifteen years have passed since the followers
of Karl Marx came in possession of all the Czar's secret
archives—not a single proof has emerged to justify Marx's
terrible charge against Bakunin.

No one denies that governments are interested in sending
police snoopers in the Anarchist movement; neither can
any one deny that such vile vermine have been unmasked
and denounced—sometimes suppressed, also—by the Anar-
chists themselves, whenever detected. But all this as you
well know, far from being a proof against Anarchist sin-
cerity, is a proof in favor of their revolutionary integrity.

The Socialist Politicians—who eagerly forget their own
contributions to Capitalist imperialism and reaction and
wars—have adopted the Jesuit maxim: "Calomniez, calom-
niez, il en restera toujours quelque chose!"

M. S.

OPINIONS AND THOUGHTS

By The Readers

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

Libertarian communism proclaims the common and equal rights as well as responsibilities of all. Therefore, any member of the human family must not be qualified with any other title than that of—MAN!—ARTHUR GOVONA.

I have received the second issue of MAN! I found in it some very interesting articles, in the true sense of the word. I couldn't be called an Anarchist. But I never allow myself to be so narrow and read on all phases of the Labor question. . . . The coming April 5th of this year will be 13 years in prison for us Centralia Boys. There are four of us left . . . I am enclosing a money order for \$1.00 for the publication MAN!—BRITT SMITH.

Yours for the Solidarity of Labor,
Prison No. 9408 Walla Walla, Wash.

This is to let you know that I enjoy very much reading your paper and deplore the fact that I am, so to speak, in forced retirement, and have no money to send you, but my great object is to be able, some day, to help set Man free. I am one of those conundrums that Society does not know what to do with. It does not pay for them to put me in jail so they keep me on the County Poor Farm. Success and good luck to you.—P. H. BANKOL.

There has never been any progress in human affairs by means of the political partisan route. It comes only by revolutionary movements. This is the history of the past. The supposition is that governments are instituted for the one prime purpose to protect the weak from encroachments of the strong. But they protect only the powerful, and the crimes they commit are frightful. We have too many gods, and they are manufactured.—J. WILLIAMS.

It is hard to believe that the lofty standard you set in the first issue can be maintained. But each succeeding issue not only equals but surpasses the last! I know of nothing finer than the unswerving and uncompromising devotion with which you serve The Cause. The literary merit of MAN! is as high as any periodical in the country, according to my belief, and finest of all it is not a "class" organ like the New Masses. Evidently you prefer a limited but highly intellectual audience instead of a larger but baser proletarian one. Only the course you have chosen will serve our ideal the best; only this course can produce lasting and permanent impressions that cannot help but bear fruit. I would be a traitor, and a most despicable one, to the ideal I profess to believe in if I did not contribute to its furtherance at no matter what sacrifice. Those of us who give less than Di Giovanni and Paulino Scarfo should feel a bit guilty.—MORRIE REINGOLD.

If anarchy means for each individual, to give honesty and self government to the mass, to end poverty, sickness, crime, war, mismatched marriage, no doubt I am an Anarchist. (Anarchy does not proscribe anything for any one. It proclaims the natural born right of each and all to live as it is most suitable to one's taste and desire. Instead of any one "to give"—Anarchy puts forth: all should TAKE.—Editor).

Probably you have read in Rome's Bible (Acts 14:22) where "We are to enter the Kingdom of God, by much tribulation—and even that—which is true so far as Hoover promises are concerned, is a long ways ahead of a crucifixion mob, a mess of soldiers who can be bribed and who would lie, as well as the cannibal supper—but I have never been able to reconcile "Love your Enemies" with "Bring My Enemies BEFORE ME and slay them. Matthew 5:44 and Luke 19:27. In this latter verse Jesus is as bad a ruff-neck as ever played General Pershing or Nero.—EZRA R. AVERILL.

NOTES ON THE MOVEMENT

AUSTRALIA

Our contemporary "L'Avanguardia Libertaria," the monthly Anarchist Journal, published by our Italian comrades of Melbourne, has been suppressed by the Government.

CUBA

The Federation of Anarchist groups and other workers' organizations, have sent us a communication dated March 7, 1933, in which they relate the formation of a committee for Libertarian Political Prisoners. Until now they had participated in the International Workers' Defense, but, having become fully convinced that the funds raised were and are being utilized for communist propaganda, they have finally decided to withdraw from it. They likewise appeal for funds to enable them to carry on their work.

Communications should be addressed to: Fausto Ballagas, S. Lazaro 83, Havana, Cuba.

FRANCE

"Umanita Nova" of January 15th, the new weekly published by our Italian comrades of Paris, was suppressed by the Government. It is now superseded by a new weekly, "La Protesta."

ITALY

From the Italian committee for Political Prisoners of France we received a desperate appeal to the Anarchist of the world to support their campaign to secure the right of asylum for political refugees in every country. Lately, the authorities have so intensified their beastly work of expulsion as to create an almost impossible situation of misery and despair, especially among our Italian comrades who have sought asylum on the widely hospitable (for reactionaries of every shade and country) grounds of the "democratic" republic, which boasts of the "Rights of Man" proclaimed in the now forgotten revolution of 1789.

Comrades wishing to aid financially or otherwise can communicate with: C. A. P. V. P. I., J. Ribeyron, Boite Postale 21, Bureau X14, Paris, 14, France.

Your paper was received and found it surpassing all expectations. It is a pleasure to read such truths explained with sincerity and honesty with only one purpose in view—to emancipate man. Away from all the noise and trickery of the so-called "Communist Party" literature which uses the same tactics of all oppressors, i. e., that is to fool the masses.

Only one article I find in my opinion should be explained more clearly, that is "Maintaining Health" by R. L. Alsaker, M. D.—to me at least it appears the editor should have added an explanation to it in so far as the impossibilities of keeping in perfect health in a system such as we live in, and also to correct the doctor's article which seemed to convey the teaching that the reason we are sick is only because doctors are not honest. With thousands going hungry before our very eyes, with half a million youths homelessly roaming the country many of them feeding from garbage cans as I have seen them, how cruel and what irony to speak of how to be healthy while a slave to masters who starve you to the point of being scavengers. These details must or should be more closely corrected so as not to mislead workers that they can find happiness by following certain rules within the frame-work of a cancerous structure.—HENRY COMFORT.

Edit. Note: The criticism of Comrade Comfort is correct in so far as the social question was not touched or commented upon editorially. This though does not detract from the essential contents of the article—wherein the lack of knowledge by most people is one of the chief causes of disease. Likewise the faith in the medical profession was very well exposed. To aid in undermining this fatal belief is of as much a part of Anarchist work as to undermine religion, and all other spooks that keep man in ignorance.

AN UNUSUAL GIFT

Comrade Joe Boring has conceived the idea of showing his admiration and devotion to MAN! in a way that will no doubt thrill comrades and friends everywhere, as it did all of us in the International Group of San Francisco. Comrade Boring forwarded his Elgin watch, 16 size, 14 karat solid gold, valued at \$80.00.

Since I began to understand the economic determinism my heart has always been with every liberal movement. Socialism has always been my ideal, but have respected all other economic movements. I have also suffered from my beliefs. This city seems to be the most reactionary I have ever seen, and radicals have no protection. For this reason it may be best to discontinue mailing me your publication.—I. W. A. (Los Angeles).

(The full name is omitted. Comments are useless.—Editor.)

After reading MAN! I will frankly state that I wouldn't be interested to belong, no doubt your movement would interest some, but I wouldn't be, so please remove my name from your mailing list, I am enclosing two one cent stamps to cover the postage that you spent on same. I am also destroying (burning up) magazine so that it might not fall into the hands of any one, who shouldn't have it.—MAURICE QUIN.

P. S.—Every man has a right to his own opinion, isn't that right?
2337 Detroit Avenue. Toledo, Ohio.

I am going to submit to the Libertarian Group of New York (of which I am a member) at its earliest session for an endorsement of . . . MAN! Kindly send us twenty-five copies of same for distribution. If there is any service I can render I will gladly do so.—THOMAS WRIGHT.

P. S. The Libertarian Group has already confirmed it.—T. W.

The End of the Money System

(Continued from Page One)

Surely none wants inflation but wishing to keep the gold standard is no more guarantee in U. S. for keeping it than it was in England, Japan or Scandinavia. *None of these countries wanted to "go off gold" but as they were compelled for want of favorable trade balance, so it will be with U. S. We may hear one day, soon after the failure of the debt settlement if not earlier—that U. S. also reluctantly gave up gold as backing of her currency. Then there will be a pandemonium in the world, because INFLATION MONEY CANNOT EXCHANGE AGAINST INFLATION MONEY.

When that time comes as it is inevitable, the Anarchist production for distribution and use, not exchange for money, will be the only possible solution of the crisis, the only inevitable way left open. Those who are not prepared right now for that situation will be drowned in blood. The choice is whether people want to reach Anarchist social economics—without trade, finance and state—safely and deliberately and systematically, i. e. by prearranged transition and volition, or to waste after blood is shed vainly. There is no third choice even for U. S. The bridge of safety to the future consists in volition and conscious transition. Otherwise, there is a complete break with the past—whose history cannot work any more.

*Comrade Acharya wrote this before the bank crisis had taken place here.—Editor.

"The Last Visit . . ." by America Scarfo and "Restless Spain" by Giuseppe Gueffi, both, of which appeared in the last issue, were rendered into English by S. M. from "L'adunata dei Refrattari."

Give me liberty to know—to utter—and to argue freely, according to my conscience, above all liberties.—John Milton.

About two weeks ago we wrote you to send us 25 copies of your paper, for it seems that everybody likes it, but unfortunately the letter was misaddressed and came back.—THE FREE SOCIETY GROUP (Chicago).

An English publication which draws around itself the support and sympathies of Anarchists of every race and language was sorely needed in this dialect ridden corner of the world. MAN! has a strong start in this respect.—M. CANDIDO.

MAN! is indeed a fine record of the Anarchist movement. I do not feel entirely convinced as to Anarchism, that is why I should like to continue receiving your journal. As a student of political philosophy, I tremble on a thin wall between Socialism and Anarchism. They are very far apart—but I am candid.—JAMES RIETMULDER Jr.

I hope it will continue long. We must have a variety of papers in the Anarchist line. All other papers belong to capitalist business or parties and repeat the same old stuff day in and day out—true to the capitalist monotony. Even Anarchist organization papers have to be advertisement sheets to keep the members.—M. ACHARYA (Germany).

In Another "Republic of Workers"—Spain

(Continued from Page Two)

receives a blow with a 'vergajo' which fractures his nose; one of the prisoners begs to be killed. Garcia Oliver and Ortiz are lying on the floor; a heavy bodied guard jumps on the head of Oliver and another hits Ortiz with all his might with the barrel of the rifle.

"Blood oozes from the wounds of all us. Girart lies in the corner unconscious; a large number of guards are beating him; an assault guard wants to pass through the legs of his fellow guards to pull the testicles of the victim, but after two or three attempts he gives up because, blinded with fury, the other guards beat him, too.

"All this is taking place upstairs. Then a voice of command: 'Come down, boys!' Now the position of all of us has changed. Garcia Oliver and Ortiz, who were in the rear, at the end of the aisle, have passed ahead of us while being beaten. Some have had their ligatures broken. Piera tries to get up; Jimeno crawls on the floor, covered with blood. The assault guards pick up Garcia Oliver from the ground; one holds his head and gives it a violent push backwards, while a secret service man gives him several blows on the face with a 'vergajo.' We are again on the little stairway. An incredible large number of men writhing with pain and covered with blood has been made. The blows continue. Garcia Oliver is thrown over all those lying on the floor from a violent blow with the rifle and remains hanging from the upper section of the railing, held to the arm of Ortiz to whom he is handcuffed."

Why copy more of this horrible document that reminds us of the torments of the inquisition? Such atrocities are proper for degenerated beings, and therein we find the explanation for the action of Seisdedos whose generosity and kindness, even his enemies must recognize, preferring to burn to death rather than fall into the hands of those beasts at the service of the "Republic of Workers."

We could hardly find anything more ferocious and cruel in any country, but it is particularly significant—a mockery that this should happen in a "Republic of Workers" at the hands of a government elected by the people and where the Socialists hold considerable power.

The workers who still believe that the revolution will be made from above, or through the ballot box, should make note of this. Also the sincere Socialists and Communists should note it and remember that even bourgeois congressmen have raised their voice of protest against these excesses and the Casa Vieja massacre, while on the other hand the Socialists unanimously upheld the dictatorial government of Azana.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(From Feb. 15th to March 15th, 1933)

INCOME	
G. Accornero \$2.00; G. Ferrero \$1.00; G. D. Gallo \$1.00; Del Cerro \$2.00; G. Masel \$1.00; G. Capra \$2.00; F. Ruskay \$2.00; G. Teltsch \$1.00; G. Gauzi \$1.00; A. Delmoro \$1.00; A. Rocabuto \$50c; S. Sherman \$1.00; H. Comfort \$1.00; A. De Santis \$2.50; J. Piacentino \$1.50; G. Rainero \$1.00; E. Galligaro \$1.00; Italian-American Civil Liberties Club \$1.00; San Francisco affair Feb. 11th (additional) \$2.75; M. Beresin \$2.00; Chas Meyers \$50c; J. Bohlen \$25c; C. Noid \$1.00; M. Maracchini \$1.00; Paper sale 10c; O. Weik \$2.00; R. T. Kerlin \$1.00; M. Crowder \$1.00; G. E. Portanova \$1.00; E. Bonini \$1.00; F. Conterna \$1.00; O. Fortunati \$1.00 A. Saraco \$1.00; Centro Estudio Social \$2.00; J. E. Peterson \$50c; J. Piroddi \$1.00; B. Iario \$1.00; J. Milazzo \$1.00; L. Quercia \$1.00; S. Marra \$1.00; J. Aducci \$1.00; H. Solditch \$2.50; M. Reingold \$5c; J. Smith \$1.00; F. Golia \$50c; Lee Nalley \$1.00; J. L. Smith \$50c; E. C. Baskette \$1.00; Paper sale 15c; C. Simpson \$50c; S. Gurian and J. Reiss \$1.75; J. Buchie \$1.00.	\$ 55.64
Total Income	55.64
Cash on Hand, Feb. 15, 1933	82.63
Total	\$138.27
EXPENDITURES	
Return postage; paper and pamphlet express fee; stamps for correspondence and stationery, \$17.65; Issue No. 4, postage \$24.00; printing, \$26.00; Total \$127.65.	
Total Cash on Hand	\$138.27
Total Expenditures	127.65
Cash on Hand, March 15, 1933	\$ 10.62

PLAY, CONCERT AND DANCE

To Aid in the Publishing of

MAN!

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 22, 1933

EQUALITY HALL, 143 Albion Street

Program: I.—A three-act play in the Russian language, starting at 7:30 p. m. prompt.
II.—Piano Solo by Macario Jr.
III.—Recitation by S. Menico.
IV.—Songs in German and English by Eleanor Eyre, accompanied by Louise Gerboth.
V. Popular Balalaika Orchestra will play for the dance.

ADMISSION 25c. International Group of S. F.