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## WHAT COULD BE DONE!

A social and morally bankrupt world is tottering amidst an abyss it is not able to escape. Therefore, it turns to every clinging straw on its fast sinking ship. How else could one explain the manner in which the liberal as well as conservative (and for a brief moment, even the Socialists) greeted the vague and vain palliatives uttered by a belated saviour of the present system of injustice,—Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt?

Three months had hardly elapsed since Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration, and the misled and naive people are already beginning to realize that the "NEW DEAL" is nothing less but a new lease of life to safely continue an unjust system of life. Unemployment amidst a world of plenty has constantly increased as it does in every other part of the globe. The exploiters are given CARTE BLANCHE to disregard laws against trusts, and do as they please. The sweat shop has come back with a vengeance! Men of age have been displaced by children who toil for as low as one dollar a week plus being forced to place their bodies at the disposal of the exploiters! Production of foodstuffs are to be curtailed, thus hoping to artificially bring back "prosperity"—for the profiteers. All that Mr. Roosevelt is being allowed by his masters to do is institute the same sort of fascism in every walk of life—as far as the ruled and exploited are concerned—as prevails now in Italy, Germany, Russia and many other countries. This is the meaning of his militarized labor camps for men and women, as also of all the legislation he obtained to empower himself as a fascist dictator.

Ever since the word Anarchy came to be known, its exponents have held forth that the State (Government) was instituted to uphold and protect the exploitation of the man by man, as also to make possible its perpetuation. Furthermore, the Anarchist contended that universal suffrage is but a well devised scheme to mislead the people into believing that they have any say in the choice as to who should be at the helm of the dispenser of violence, injustice and degradation. True enough that the Anarchists' voice against the Humbuggery of the State was not heeded by the people despite the numerous scandals of corruption that have repeatedly come to the surface wherever the institution of Government prevails. (The Socialist politicians played no mean part in whatever faith the people were lead to expect of the State.) The latest scandal, partly revealed by the so-called Banking Investigation Committee (so-called—for it held both secret and public meetings) vindicates fully every contention ever put forth by the Anarchist against the institution of the State.

The real ruling power that maintains an earthly misery for mankind is The House of Mammon. (In this country better known as The House of Morgan.) The man who is sent as the emissary in aiding to bring about (?) "world-peace"—Mr. Norman Davis, is proven as a recipient of favors from The House of Morgan! The person who is to "straighten" out a basically crooked system of finance and banking—Mr. William H. Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury—is revealed as a dyed in the wool participant in the same House of Morgan. To complete the "democratic" revealed list of favorites are added John Davis, former candidate for president and present chief legal advisor to the House of Morgan; John J. Raskob, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Mr. William G. McAdoo, present Senator and former Secretary of the Treasury. Heading the Republican list are the late Calvin Coolidge, former president, Charles G. Dawes, former vice-president, head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Charles Francis Adams, former secretary of the Navy, Charles D. Hiles Republican National Committeeman of New York. In addition to these names one finds the names of Judges, the name of the Chief General of Human Butchery of America, —Mr. John J. Pershing, as also the name of the over-publicized aerial stunt flyer,—Mr. Lindbergh. As one can readily see, the House of Morgan was taking good care of everyone of its servants. It paid the FEW henchmen so well in order to be enabled to rob the MANY of everything under the protection of Law and Order!

Even during the beginning of the crisis of 1929 the House of Mammon (Morgan) reaped a harvest. Thousands of deluded people "played" on Wall Street and were rendered destitute by the crash. Hundreds committed suicide. But the House of Morgan sat unmoved and unconcerned,—except for the scheming and plotting of how to not only save their own stacked-up stolen wealth, but add more to it!

When it came to Taxation—the basic foundation upon which the watch dog of capitalism—the State subsists on, even in this respect the House of Morgan CHEATED AND LIED. Stock transactions were designed and executed, losses were written down, titles to property were ex-

changed,—all to the extent of ENABLING THE HOUSE OF MAMMON (MORGAN) NOT TO PAY ANY REAL TAXES FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS! But, during the very same years MILLIONS OF WORKERS IN THE CITIES AND FARMERS ON THE LAND WERE RENDERED PROPERTYLESS AND DESTITUTE BY EVERY SORT OF "LEGAL" LITIGATION AND TAXATION!

The brief investigation has revealed Mammon as devoid of any decency, or shame, honesty or self-respect. It stands exposed as a cheat under the disguise of business, a liar



Humanity's Task

Linoleum Cut by D. Chun.

under the shield of statesmanship; a hypocrite under the cloak of honor; a petty thief under the flag of citizenship; and a brazen merciless robber of the living and death behind the fluttering flag of patriotism.

The International Economic Conference being held in London is but another attempt of the rulers and exploiters of the world to perpetuate the STATUS QUO! For the twentieth time since the last world war these hucksters in human slavery have gathered with the same avowed purpose: how to make possible the continuation of the present Mammon order of mechanized and de-humanized mankind! The blackest Fascist stranglers of Liberty sitting at a confab with professed liberals. Reactionary representatives, hob-nobbing with Socialist "saviours" of

the working class. To top the entire devilish performance: a representative of the most "revolutionary" State (Russia) attempting to prove how willing it is to live at peace and in cooperation with the capitalistic order! (For, the Bolshevik rulers know very well that their huge attempt to industrialize and thereby mechanize the life of 180 million people, can only succeed with the aid of capitalism's already accomplished feat along this line.) None know it better than the assembled gentry at the conference that the present order of human slavery and authority is doomed. All that they can possibly succeed in doing is to prolong its existence for another score of years by the institution of a new bloody world war. And even from such a world war the spectre of the greatest Social Revolution in the History of Mankind looms more and more as the most certain consequence. It is this uppermost fear that keeps the traffickers in human slavery in a bewildered consternation of not knowing how to safely emerge from the Frankenstein they have themselves created. The volcano is about to burst forth, and they who brought about the approach of the eruption do not know how to stop it. Neither will they be able to, try as they may and will.

What Can Be Done—amidst the present world in turmoil? The Anarchist puts forth the most radical course, Not palliatives. Not illusions. Not promises. No "new deals" or "transitory" dictatorships. Every existing Capitalist, Socialist and Communist rulership functions, or attempts to, upon the basic foundation of Mammon (The Money God.) And it is in this Mammon that the Anarchist sees a canker that must be eradicated root and branch! It can only sustain its reign as long as Governments prevail. The Governments can only exist so long as the masses submit and pay tribute to them in the form of taxation. The rich are allowed to institute all sorts of fraudulent schemes, to cheat and rob, to lie and covet, to grab and hold the wealth coined out of the sweat of the brow, flesh and blood of the toilers in factories, mines and on the soil, as well as from the death and wounded in wars. For the robbed and wronged masses it is even unlawful for them to partake of the products that they have themselves produced with the aid of nature!

The wronged and exploited can only end their misery when they begin to realize that no power on earth except they themselves are capable of bringing this about. To achieve this the State must die! IT CAN DIE AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN THE MASSES BEGIN TO STOP HEEDING ITS LAWS OR SUBMITTING TO ITS IMPOSED TAXATIONS!

The disappearance of the State will not mark the era of chaos and disorder that the liars of the present system hold forth as a scare-weapon against Anarchy. Mankind existed for centuries without any Governments. The origin of Government is theft and robbery. Its entire existence is but a record of increasing crime, jails, victim-crime, —with the real criminals always immune from any sort of prosecution.

The enslaved human race is now put to the test. A continued indifference will mean that the reign of Mammon and all its supporting leeches is still secure. MAN'S RISING IN A GIGANTIC SOCIAL REVOLUTION CAN AND WILL BRING ABOUT THE END OF MAMMON'S REIGN, 'THE STATES' AND ALL ITS OTHER PROPS,—THUS USHERING IN THE DAY OF SOCIAL LIBERATION FOR EACH AND ALL ALIKE

## Lemontay's Prophecy

In "NOTABILITIES" P. Chasles mentions: "Lemontay, . . . a prophet in many things, . . . and reaped the reward of the prophets. He had more ideas than words. Here is a sample of his ideas: (between 1810 and 1820). "The tendency to consider men as machines, to augment capital, is a formidable sign of our age. From it proceeds the grasping merchantile spirit, which invades the rights of fellow-being, and destroys faith in man. A man is valued according to his possessions. In such barbarous codes, virtues will be tarified; civil war will ensue. Literature could scarcely stand in face of this livery. The fine arts would be pursued through vanity, not from taste. Sciences would be accredited not for the grandeur of discoveries, or the sublimity of their results, but for their immediate application to some trade. Commerce would be the arbiter of honours. Politics, instead of rendering commerce honourable, would transmute all glory into commercialism. At length you will see a nation where all science is concentrated in twenty heads, all capital in twenty merchantile houses, and in the masses you will see only misery, vice, and servitude,

a leaven from which arises conflagration and carnage. Since finance has become a science, public and private economy will think much more of gain than the lives of men. Machines to save labour will be sought, but not to save the lives of the workmen. Have a care of introducing such hard and arid theories, which substitute the spirit of self-interest for that of fraternity, and consecrate selfish materialism, which is worse than necessity, the spring of action in the savage."

He adds: "You degrade man, in transforming him to the working-machine, and he will make you feel it. You reduce him to the state of the polypos, where no head is to be seen, and it lives only by arms. Force, independence, capacity, you destroy—all which ennoble life—life itself. Wages will be accounted as aims, to keep the machine at work. Do you believe, then, that things can continue thus? Not so. Human nature will avenge itself. The population, brutalized by you, will be more exposed than any other to riots and commotions: for to him who has no ideas, every

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# NATIONALISM IN INDIA

Nationalism as initiated by Gandhi is pacifist. It is national only in the territorial sense—territorial independence. True that Gandhi also dreams of a national state and a constitutional state. But that is due to the reaction even upon Gandhi's mind forced on the part of an imperial, foreign and unconstitutional government at present. This statement is true notwithstanding the force of fact that there are many groups within the Gandhian camp who wholly stand for a dictatorial militarist and imperial India—some day.

It is well known that when a constitution was drafted by India leaders some years ago and Gandhi was invited to assist it, Gandhi refused to take part in the drafting saying it was after all not so important as passive resistance to present authority. And he started the famous Salt-tax violation march (direct action) with only 64 adherents saying he would do so and persist in it even if the constitutional leaders considered him quixotic and the national congress refused to support and follow him. Gandhi was more courageous, audacious and foolhardy than the Indian Congress and leaders and soon his movement became the fashion, custom and religion. It has come to stay. Today violation of laws has become the hall-mark of respectability even for former legislators eg. V. J. Patel, the former speaker of the Indian Legislative Assembly who recently toured U. S. A.

Gandhi is a lawyer and religious man. But for him law and religion are only means for social well-being. In this respect the irreligion and anti-legalism of many a revolutionary is backward and only the means to another legalism and religious mind. Gandhi felt the pulse and heart beat of India when he started his march to Dandhi salt deposits of the government. The atmosphere was surcharged with violent thought swaging and the government wanted it to grow looking for an opportunity long sought to crush violence with super-violence of tanks and gas bombs—in the name of law and order. But Gandhi by sanctioning and initiating passive polite and unarmed violation of salt monopoly law intervened successfully between governmental and popular violence and led the violent energies of the people into channels of inconquerable solidarity against the government and its laws. He overtook and unnerved the government and its readiness to use and justify its own violence over all. As such he acted like an Anarchist tactician of first magnitude, caring for no laws when he gave his personal ultimatum to the Viceroy—through an English follower Mr. R. Reynolds, a former labour party man, and when Gandhi refused to yield an inch of his ultimatum it was thought that on the day fixed for the Salt march he would be arrested at his door-step. But the government lost its nerves at the lightning rapidity with which he manoeuvred—according to his ultimatum. Since that day pacifism has come to stay and grow in India, going from success to success—not halting in spite of his repeated incarcerations Gandhi made the movement go without and against leadership—it is a great autonomous education to the people. In one stroke he killed off both Marxism and its opposite authoritarianism. That day we must reckon as the birth of popular Anarchy in the world—not only in India. He planted the seed of Anarchism—even if he did not want or know it, because he wanted nothing shall intervene and cross pacific education. Gandhi had openly proclaimed that schools as they are, are slave manufactories and the people go to prison as to places of pilgrimage, calling it Gandhi's College. They have thus liberated the prisons by flooding them in. Is it not in Anarchism with a vengeance?

Asked if he would take position as Minister in India, Gandhi replied he may not, probably will not. Nay certainly, he cannot, for he cannot accustom himself to the cribbed routine and cramped spirit of ministerial formalism (bureaucratism) which keep ministers buried in the grave as it were of formalities. He wants to be a free man, moving freely among people.

Gandhist volunteers not only resist government passively and without arms but also prevent violence against Englishmen themselves or of Indian provocators of England against Indians themselves. When driving a great demonstration in Bombay the son of an English general got mixed up among the crowd and these wanted to manhandle him, Gandhists at once jumped to his rescue and relieved him of dangers. They teach chivalry and sportsmanship to Englishmen without boxing or shooting them as they want to do. That tells effectually upon soldiers, civilians and policemen. It is sport and feast which Indians want to call fight against bayonets. An arrested civil resister is not an object of pity but worthy of congratulation at public meetings—a lucky and honoured person. Can anything be nobler in fight without arms to defend oneself? When the most cowardly and craven feels a spirit of emulation at Gandhist action. Naturally, the brave in bayonet charging feel like cowards unless they are the froth of humanity.

The Gandhi volunteers prevent provocation by the police. At a great Store house when crowds were looking at boycott posters in a most orderly manner, the police could not find excuse to charge upon their admirers. A civil clothes policeman slyly took a stone to throw into the shop window. Alert as the crowd was they held his hand and pulled him to the Congress office. To their surprise, they found him in possession of a civil clothes police badge and the Commissioner of police had to ask for the release of the man.

Again the Congress volunteers take away from the police the duty to keep order and traffic regulation. When a great demonstration of millionaires and workmen, numbering half a million or more of Bombay's population was moving against police prohibition, it was very rough in the eyes of onlookers to shoot into them. The police made a condon and the procession sat on the streets a whole day and a whole night refusing to disperse. At last there was nothing but to parley and agree with the leaders of the demonstration who were pressed from behind to march on and who could not push the crowd back. The compromise

was arrived at thus: the police agreed to withdraw and the leaders agreed to care for order. The triumph was great for the crowd. The police were robbed of their office and authority at least for one day without a blow.

Nowadays such skirmishes are not done en masse at one place. Such battles are given at twos and threes—at hundreds of places at the same time to separate and weaken the forces of the authorities. The people have become wiser and surer since the arrest of thousands of leaders. The leaders are the first to set the example and go to prison—instead of directing and sending others to prisons as in the West. Burgles they are in India. More honour to them than to the proletarian leaders of the West.

The Indian national movement has all the essence of war without hurting the millions of authority. It split the brains of the opponent without breaking the skull. (Read: R. B. Gregg's "Strategy of Gandhian Non-Violence," 2 vols.) Have you ever heard of this type of nationalism, without leadership except among the leaders themselves?

Nationalism in India is self-determination of one and all at all times and places. The only programme of nationalism in India is to choose a point among the prohibitions of ordinances as target. Each one may choose and act against it as one wills. Surely it is not Bolshevism to break laws and decrees. Is it nationalism as we know it? It is anarchistic direct action by individuals and groups which goes territorially as nationalism in India because it has not become general throughout the world. Will such a discipline and self-determination, and self-education leave traces of any government? Impossible. If it is not nationalism, it is nationalism without fixed purpose and programme, a kind of Makhnovism. Like Makhnovism—Gandhist nationalism fights without arms between two fires and fronts: inner and outer violence. The men participating in this fight cannot be expected to submit to or tolerate a native violence, be these Bolshevik or constitutional dictatorial. Gandhi has given an education and foretold—may prepared them to meet successfully every violence with non violent unarmed resistance, simply by mass refusal to obey and submit.

## MAX NOMAD REPLIES

New York, March 26, 1933.

Editor of "MAN!"

I just received the March issue of MAN! which contains an article defending C. Ciancabilla against the charge that he attempted to shoot Enrico Malatesta. A few months ago I received a similar protest from Dr. Max Nettlau against the presentation of the incident in the Malatesta chapter of my *Rebels and Renegades*. I am very sorry to have made the mistake. I heard the story from several Italian friends in Zurich as far back as 1904, and a few years later a person who was meeting Malatesta in London between 1907 and 1910, gave me a similar version of the incident. In both instances apparently those who related the story to me erroneously substituted the name of Ciancabilla for that of an unnamed or unknown follower of his. I am sure that none of them had the slightest intention of deliberately blackening the memory of Ciancabilla. As far as I am concerned, I shall rectify the mistake by making the necessary changes in the future editions of my book.

Max Nomad.

Following receipt of the preceding letter, it was pointed out to Mr. Max Nomad that it was not exactly in accordance with facts to call the man who shot at Malatesta on that occasion "a follower of Ciancabilla." According to eye-witnesses who are still living and who knew the man—Dominick Pazzaglia was his name,—he was rather a man of temper than ideas. He had scarcely a notion of what Anarchism is, and when he found that Ciancabilla as well as his followers firmly repudiated his act, he was so disappointed that he disappeared from the movement and lived up to a few years ago absolutely ignoring, and absolutely ignored by Anarchists.

But to Mr. Max Nomad this fact seems to mean nothing, as he insists to call him "a follower of Ciancabilla's." In so doing Mr. Max Nomad displays a complete ignorance of the circumstances in which the shooting happened; and betrays an animus rather incompatible with historical objectiveness. The shooting took place in the heat of an argument which had left ideas and principles quite behind; and Mr. Max Nomad's insistence to asperse on Ciancabilla's ideas through one of his supposed followers' act—the first version falling—far from changing the real facts simply reveals the dogmatic nature of his hatred.

M. S.

## The I. W. W. Too

In a recent issue of the "Industrial Worker," a writer uses the name of Michael Bakunin in the same breath as the one of Ramsay MacDonald, Nicholas Lenin, Benito Mussolini, etc. Just to point out such discrediting attempts of scribblers is not enough. MAN! would like to know if Ralph Chaplin, the editor of the paper, assumes responsibility for such obvious slanders?

The identical question applies to the editors of the Journal of Christian Socialism—"Unity"—printed at Chicago, wherein Zona Gale recently performed an even more nefariously distorted attack upon Anarchy and Anarchists.

When the depraved, kept scribblers of the capitalist press indulge in the pleasure of throwing mud at and misrepresenting our ideas and its active participants, Anarchists no longer take the trouble to refute such attacks. But, when liberal and radical journals allow their collaborators to emulate the capitalist pen slaves, the Anarchist must resent and condemn such slanders in no uncertain terms, and likewise hold responsible the editors in whose journals such attacks appear.

M. G.

It may be nationalism against imperialism but still it is international in spirit and purpose, because it is pacifist and simple. All nationalities are welcome in this struggle. In India or outside. It believes each nation and individual knows its or his affairs better than anyone can tell. Leave us in peace and live in peace. That is Indian nationalism.

It is more international than Bolshevik state bureaucracy in Russian territory. It depends least upon business and money and arms—because it depends upon and is born of the people instead of being superimposed. It is educating people not to depend upon leaders and armed forces and state paraphernalia. It is a self-moving tye, organically naturally, spontaneous. Uniting all its parts and including and engulfing all into one mutually interested whole. It is a rock in formation against which all armies of the world will fall—for armies are automatons having only wheels within wheels—unthinking and tireless. The party and state movement depend upon the principle of exclusion, while the Indian movement is all-embracing. Hindus, Mussulmans, Jews, Christians of all classes and races. Men, women and boys and girls taking an equal part as independent beings in the movement. If it is nationalism, it is greater than Socialism, which try to include only a class, no, only actual workmen organized in unions or party politicians in the name of the workers "as a class." It is abolition of classes and class war which is going on in India peacefully in the name of nationalism.

The movement gives anarchist training, which is exactly what the Bolshevik and anti-Marxian world is afraid of, and even anarchists are mistakenly skeptical about. But India is teaching in practice the anarchist principles—to the whole world. Be it national because territorial at present. None the less it is anarchic, anti-bourgeois and anti-Marxian. It is stealing a march over coming anarchy in the West and—in the world. Hall Gandhism because it is anarchic—it is new to a fossil world of ideas.

I rather think that the anarchic claims for Gandhism by comrade M. Acharya are more of an inspired wish than a triumphant reality as yet.—Editor.

## Famous Author Defends Anarchists

To suggest a complicity between the anarchists and the reactionary elements is a stupid maneuver of journalists who are playing the policemen to the government. Another one is to accuse the anarchists of having kept quiet during the dictatorship but of being, on the other hand, working now against the republic . . . The ones who fought in their way against the dictators were the anarchists. During the dictatorship several anarchists died on the gallows.

The charge made by the socialists—who are today the most perfect representatives of the bourgeoisie—that the anarchists were accomplices of, or looked with kindness to, the dictatorship is a falsehood. The answer of the anarchists should be easy. They may say that none of them was a State Counselor, or was employed at the Ministry of Labor, or in the University, or getting pensions in the Expositions of Barcelona or Seville during the government of Primo de Rivera.

Pio Baroja

## Books and Pamphlets Received

- At Grips With War, by Guy A. Aldred.
- John Maclean, by Guy A. Aldred, 13 Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow, N. W. Scotland.
- Life and Love, by Paul Nami, The Stratford Company, Boston. Price \$1.00.
- Radicalia, by S. Tideman, Fisk, Mo.
- A Vision of The New New Living Life, by One Who Had It, Nicolai Shelemar, Hovsta Station, Sweden.
- Fascism by Scott Nearing, Ridgefield, N. J.
- Marie Curteazane Shi Vestitz Libertini. Expunere Sexualista A Historiei Omneshti. Spre O noua Morale Sexuala. De E. Armand. Prelucrare, Cu O Introducere de Eugene Reigis, Strada C. A. Rosetti, 5, Bucuresti, Roumania.
- The Nedglyphs, by Dr. Alexandria Somner, Batek Praha-Liboc 162, Czechoslovakia. A new International sign script.
- Harmonisation ou Chaos. The programme of L'aube, 7 rue Sainte-Catherine, Lyon, France.
- Rhapsodies in Red, by S. A. DeWitt, Rand School Press, 7 E. 15th St., New York.
- Sweet Land of Liberty (1931-1932) American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- World Federation (A peace plan) by Bella Zilberman, Palo Alta, Cal.

Distribution (The Key to Permanent Prosperity) by Goldie Ladden, Box 703, Springfield, Ill.

Almanacco Libertario. A most important record of outstanding events in Man's Struggle for Liberation. Contains also articles, cartoons and poems by M. Aldeghi, C. Berneri, L. Bertoni, Carlo Cafiero, Carriere, G. Damiani, G. Duhamel, L. Fabbri, Luce Fabri, William Godwin, T. Gobbi, Luigi Galleani, E. W. Longfellow, Errico Malatesta, Jules Valles and The Testament of Michele Schirru. It appears in the Italian language, 80 pages, book form. It sells at 25 cents, and the proceeds go for political victims in Italy. Address: C. Frigerio, Case postale 128, Ginevra, Svizzera.

"There are rights which it is useless to surrender to government and which governments have always been found to invade—these are the rights of THINKING and PUBLISHING our THOUGHTS by SPEAKING or WRITING . . . The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God."—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

National capitalisms use the machinery of the state to fight for the markets upon which their standards of life depend; hence the development of an imperialist exploitation of the backward peoples—HAROLD J. LASKI.

# A PIONEER IN SOCIAL HEALTH

C. Berneri

In 1700, in the town of Modena, Italy, in the province of Emilia, a book, entitled "DE MORBIS ARTIFICUM DIATRIBA" appeared. The author was an old doctor called Bernardino Ramazzini. He has since been called, by other authors, the Latin Hippocrates or Hippocrates the Third.

Two years later, the most learned among the Reviews of Leipzig hailed the author with the result that a German edition was speedily published. In 1713, a new Italian edition appeared in Padua. The following years, numerous editions made their appearance in London and Geneva.

The work rapidly became a reference book for those who wrote during that and the following century. In Hecquet's MEDICINE, SURGERY AND PHARMACY FOR THE POOR (edition of 1740) one finds one hundred and forty pages devoted to workers' diseases. This work was full of extracts taken piece-meal from Ramazzini. THE DICTIONARY OF HEALTH, published in Paris 1760, contained many citations by Ramazzini. At a conference at Upsal, Doctor N. S. Skragge presented a thesis on Workers' Diseases which he himself announced as being almost entirely taken from a treatise by Ramazzini.

The few original observations which have come to light in the medical world prove how little progress has been made along this line of work. One can say the same thing in regard to the maladies among professionals in the book, DOMESTIC MEDICINE, by Dr. Buchan. The publication of the French edition of Ramazzini's work in 1777, marks another step in the development of the study of the pathology of Labor, but the progress has been so gradual that the work of the Italian doctor remained, even into the 19th century, the basis of all treatises on this branch of medical research in regard to workers' illnesses.

Notable among those works that appeared after Ramazzini's was a treatise by Ph. Patissier, published in Paris in 1822. And, here I might say, the fame of the doctor of Modena has been so great that it is almost impossible today to pick up a book on this subject without stumbling on eulogies of praise or citations from his work.

Was his work original? No doubt there were many authors, before Ramazzini, who had written on this branch, but their observations were meagre and only concerned a few and isolated cases. Very little research was done. Therefore, it is all the more astonishing that a doctor of the 18th century could write so profound and rich a work when the soil from which he had to gather his data and research was almost entirely virgin. One realizes that such work could only have been inspired and nourished by an intelligent and deeply humanitarian intellect.

In his observations at Modena, he took particular notice of the toilers whose duty it was to attend to the latrines and privies. He began to plan how the dangers of this travail could be avoided. And he continued to observe the work of other workers, visiting workshops of every description so that he might see exactly the conditions in the various trades. His treatises abound in warm sympathy. He remarked once, while studying the bakers on their "swelled and miserable hands" and in speaking of the diseases of the mirror-makers of the island of Murano, "They can see their own sorrows in the mirrors they themselves make." He studied the starch-makers who complained of headaches, difficult respiration and bad coughs. To find out for himself, he stayed among them. He said "I tried to breathe this terrible atmosphere which struck my nose like a penetrating acid." He also turned his attention to animals. He remarked how the horses who worked in tobacco mills help turn the stone wheel that grinds the leaves, shook their heads as the powder entered their nostrils. And he even observed how the porters of Venice and Ferrara had found a way to carry their loads which seemed to make the latter lighter and certainly appeared more logical than the way used by those of Modena . . .

It was as a doctor that he knew misery and hard work and he felt it his duty to write about it. In the preface to his treatise, he said, with a simple sympathy "Are we not forced to admit that the unhappy worker falls sick doing the very work which serves to keep him and his family alive and that he dies cursing bitterly that very work. Having realized this I have attempted to draw attention to the ills to which the workers are condemned." He ventured to hope that his work would point a way to other medical men. He regarded his work as a duty to mankind. When he was very old, even then he was not daunted by the magnitude of work that was still before him. How many books to be consulted,—historians', economists', doctors'—to be read and how many visits to workshops, to the fields, to the mines, to the factories. And what correspondence with other medical men and how many talks with sick workers to have their reactions and to procure information. Only a loving heart could have persisted in such a formidable undertaking which called for the highest intelligence and labor.

Ramazzini not only dreamed and strove to find a cure for the ills of the workers but he also searched for prevention. His advice to doctors visiting the poor was "Not to feel the pulse as soon as you enter and give the verdict on a man's life as though it were something en passant." He advised them to sit down on a chair or simple bench,

"as though it were a golden armchair" and with interest ask the patient what he enjoyed most, what his work was, what it did to him and how it affected him, how his conscience worked. A very necessary question, "What is your trade?" is often forgotten. Yet if the doctor would take the



BERNARDINO RAMAZZINI

(1633-1714)

Linoleum Cut by D. Chun.

trouble to find out what work his patient does it might result in a quicker cure. Of the rapport between doctor and patient, Ramazzini insisted that "when a doctor has a sick sinner to cure, he should remember to point out the ills and difficulties of his trade, the winds and storms to which he might be subjected, the cold of winters, the heat of summer, his clothing, his irregular kind of life, the night work eventually forced to do, and to point out that the doctors cannot cure a man who does not understand the effect of his own work on his health." Thus, writing on the work of bricklayers, he emphasized the fact that they were

exposed to the change of seasons, the winds and hot air of the brick furnace. He added that they were badly nourished and also weakened by their hard work. When they go to the hospitals to be cured, like other sick souls with different maladies, they all receive the same treatment—purgatives and bloodlettings—"It is all the same to the doctors." Every year, after the harvest, the hospitals were filled with sick harvesters and it is not easy to decide who kills most—the knife of the surgeon or the work they have just completed. We quote Ramazzini: "One asks oneself which death do they prefer—to die in harness or to get killed by purgatives and blood lettings." I am often astonished at the manner in which they escape the maladies by which they are attacked (I don't say without remedies because then I wouldn't be astonished). In the hospital they eat a lot and much more than ordinarily. As a matter of fact, as soon as a peasant is sick and in spite of the poverty of his family, the relatives and friends come to the hospital with eggs, chickens and delicacies to tempt him. They say, in our country, that peasants go happier to the other world full of good food, while the townspeople die of hunger and fasting in the midst of torments imposed upon them by the doctors."

Ramazzini gave great importance to the sufferings of those who worked in salt-mines, the soapmakers, the mattress makers. Other authors have soaped the emanations, the dust, the intense heat, the unhealthy air. He knew the miseries of the country side and town and he realized that the counsels of science became ironic before the necessities of life. To change the kind of work, he observed, would be difficult advice for a doctor to give. "Poor people have to be cured quickly so they can go on with their work. Yet if a worker goes back to work while still convalescent his health suffers." He cites now and again the classics but he never loses a sense of reality. And he does not share any Arcadian views. He mentions a verse of Virgil where the poet talks of the happy laborer, but Ramazzini says that while a laborer of ancient Greece may have been happy tending his own field with his own animals, the laborer of our time, tilling ground which is not his own, leading a plow which does not belong to him, and kept in submission by his poverty, is far from being contented.

Ramazzini loved life, health and the force of labor. He consecrated his existence, his thoughts, and his culture to the workers and this stand his own goodness and humanity, made him not only a friend and real doctor of the poor, but one of the foremost pathologists of Labor.

## IN RETROSPECT

Marcus Graham

### When Art Falters

The Mural ordered of Diego Rivera by the Rockefeller owners of Radio City, and the subsequent refusal to show it upon being completed has its serious as well as comical aspects. The Communist party of Mexico has excommunicated Rivera for the "treacherous" act of having an opinion of his own. Capitalism, via Radio City, made a martyr out of him for his very fidelity towards the Communist God—Lenin . . . The split-up Communist movement here arranged a "united front" protest meeting, but the spokesman of the official Communist party refused to address Rivera as a comrade, but as Mr. Rivera,—thus the meeting turned into a fiasco in the very presence of Rivera . . . As to the Mural itself, Rivera was willing to compromise by substituting the head of Lincoln for that of Lenin. But the Rockefellerers budged.

Had Diego Rivera never affiliated himself with any Marxian Political party, but adhered to the basic ideal of all true Art—Freedom to Create What One Thinks—the Rockefeller act of impudence would have aroused a storm of condemnation in every part of the world where Art is appreciated as the freest expression of the soul and mind of man. But, most unfortunately, Rivera reduced his Art to a limited party-class view.

### Judges and Honesty

The Colorado State Supreme Court has re'used in a 5-to-2 decision to reinstate Ben B. Lindsey, former Denver juvenile judge. In his dissenting opinion Justice Benjamin C. Hilliard, said in part:

"We have refused to disbar and have reinstated men who betrayed their clients. We have refused to disbar and have reinstated men who stole their clients' funds. We have refused to disbar and have reinstated men who bore the felon's brand. We have shown mercy to men whose acts were dishonorable and reprehensible. SHOULD WE REFUSE TO REINSTATE A MAN WHO NEVER BETRAYED ANYONE, WHO NEVER STOLE A PENNY? I SUBMIT NOT?"

The "majority" opinion shows clearly that crooks and cheats can have a place on any bench of the court, but not an honest man. For, courts, as a part of the machinery of Government, cannot have any other function than the perpetuation of wrongs and injustices.

### Labor Colleges

The official radical faction of the labor movement has been priding itself for a long time on the "success" of Brookwood and Commonwealth College. The general public was therefore somewhat surprised to witness the recent strikes by students in both colleges, and the faculty resignations at Brookwood.

In the April issue of their "Fortnightly," David Engelsen, one of the Commonwealth College staff, writes:

"It (non-factional labor education) analyzes our environment—its economic, social, political and cultural phases, and demonstrates scientifically with the Marxian method the bankruptcy of our present civilization."

Non-factional education to a Commonwealth leading instructor means Marxian education. And how the College heads enforce this! By sheer accident, a non-Marxian teacher, Frantz Wertgen, got on the staff in 1932. His pro-Anarchist leanings were then, soon enough found out, and he was asked to leave. . . . Harold Preece, one of the finest

budding young poets, was forced out last year for being too critical towards the little oligarchy that reigns supreme in Commonwealth. The Communists, as everywhere else, decided to capture the college which is now in the hands of "milky" Marxians. The strike was brought about by the Communists and ended in failure.

At Brookwood, Mr. Muste, the Christian preacher, reigned supreme for many years. He even began dreaming of heading a Labor Party in America, to emulate the great (?) achievement of the workers in Great Britain. . . . The Socialist supporters of the school became worried. Result: a strike of some students, resignation of Mr. Muste and a few other members of the faculty. The school remains purified for the Socialist party. To the credit of Mr. Muste it should be recorded that he did his very best never to allow any Anarchists to address the student body at Brookwood, even when the latter requested to do so.

Schools that should approach each social and literary question from every critical angle possible would be a welcome achievement. Regrettably, this is just what Brookwood and Commonwealth College never were, nor can ever be, as long as any partisan faction of Socialism shall hold sway over them.

### Victims of Murder

The deliberate murdering of the sailors of the battleship, *De Zeven Provinciën*, by the order of the Dutch government, on February 6th, 1933, carries a significance that should not be overlooked. These sailors were being trained to murder other equally trained murderers—all victims of an unjust society. So lost are these trained-to-be murderers in their ignorance that they never even stop to ask themselves: why train to murder human beings we have never met? It was only when their wages were slashed 17% that they showed some resentment. They seized the battleship. Authority, the monster they had learned to obey without questioning, stretched forth its iron-fisted hands. It ordered other slavishly trained murderers to kill the insurgents without mercy, and these slaves obeyed. Result: 22 sailors murdered and 50 wounded. This is government in action—government unashamed—government in all its ugliness! "Honorable" citizens will no doubt keep on shuddering at the attempted act of a Zangara, but will fail to utter a word of protest against the just spoken of wanton murder by government!

### Is This Anarchism-Communism?

In the April issue of the "Vanguard" (An Anarchist-Communist Journal) there appears an article by G. Maximoff, "The Economics of the Transition Period." Its general outline reads like a re-written copy of the Bolshevik constitution of Russia. The only difference lies in the use of the shield: "National Confederation of Labor," instead of the one used by the Bolsheviks: "Soviets." The first, if put into practice, would prove itself as much of a Dictatorship over and against the Proletariat, as the latter already has proved to be.

It would be enlightening tho,—if Maximoff, or the "Vanguard," could point out what this "program" has in common with any of the ideas of the Anarchist-Communism of Bakunin or Kropotkin?

### Schemes (1)

In issuing forth their manifesto for a "new religion," the Humanists declare:

"Religions the world over are under the necessity of coming to terms with new conditions created by vastly increased knowledge and experience."

Thus, the cat is let out of the bag! Our parlor-liberals have simply joined hands with the religious hucksters of the country in staging a comeback of the latter! When a real Social Revolution will come to life, "necessity" will sweep into oblivion every designed scheme for the continuation of physical and spiritual slavery, and the "new religion" of the Humanists will no doubt be swept alongside with all other prevalent schemes.

# IS ANARCHY A UTOPIA?

Maximilian Olay.

Among the objections offered against Anarchism there is one coming from the better educated and otherwise well informed people, who limit their criticism to the view that Anarchism is too utopian. They will agree, when pressed, that Anarchism is a wonderful ideal, but only suitable for angels. It might work, they grant, among men of very superior intelligence and education, but the great masses, the people will never be able to understand the deep and broad significance of such a beautiful and humane philosophy.

I shall endeavor, in this article, to show that Anarchism is neither utopian nor unscientific. and that, furthermore, it is a philosophy that may be partly realized under any system of society. Anarchism is a way of life; it is a living reality. Hence, its ethical values, standards of individual behavior, conceptions of justice, good and evil, and the like, are matters that need not wait for a fundamental change of society at large in order that the individual may act upon them. Of course, a thorough, fundamental change in the political and economic organization of society will be required for the full, untrammelled realization of any anarchistic idea.

All political, social, economical and religious ideals were considered as utopian when first outlined by their pioneering advocates. Progressive movements have always been started by individuals or very small minorities who defied the established conventions and the accepted moral, political, religious or economic codes or standards of their day and age. At the cost of ridicule, imprisonment and even death, these minorities gradually succeeded in gaining ground, their new ideas and practices permeating the old society, breaking down rotting barriers, until they were accepted first by a limited section of the public and eventually by all classes. As time went on, these very same ideas for whose early advocacy men were persecuted, exiled or killed, became incorporated into the law of the land, and he who dared to impugn them was thenceforth a criminal and a social outcast.

Few pause to realize how much blood and tears and what prodigies of sacrifice and human suffering have been expended to attain most of the common rights that we are all enjoying today as a matter of course. The pages of history are brimful of such examples in every field of human endeavor.

Turning the pages of familiar English, French or American history, who has not wondered at the narrow ideas, customs and interpretations of but a few generations past. We read half incredulously of the epic struggle of those heroic minorities who fought tirelessly and courageously for what now seems but the most trivial innovation, the pettiest of progressive changes. In those same pages of history it will be noted that the State, always a block in the path of human progress, has consistently opposed every progressive move, has refused to yield an inch until forced to act by overwhelming popular demand or the threat of rebellion. And then, when the State finally incorporated those ideas into laws, what was the immorality of yesterday became the moral of today. Thus, ethics, civics, politics and all our present conceptions of right and wrong have all passed through the utopian stage and turned out to be quite sane and practicable in the end.

The generality of mankind have always opposed social change as a matter of principle; they are conservative by nature; they fear the unknown and the untried; they prefer to live and die miserable and unhappy rather than to try the new, no matter how promising and rational it may seem. They hold to the old traditions, to the ideas they sucked in with their mothers' milk. They remain firm supporters of the doctrines they have learned in the nursery, the school, and the conventional world of later years. They will accept new ideas, new modes, new habits, only after the social pioneer has succeeded in his self-imposed and thankless task. And who is this pioneer but the anarchist of every age—he who batters down the bars of the present in order that men may escape into a freer future, whose aim is to perfect human life and bring more happiness into the world which after all should be the principal aim of life?

Anarchism, being the most socially advanced ideal of human relationships embracing a whole philosophy including ethics, economics, politics, religion, sex, education, morality, etc., and differing most decidedly from most of our accepted standards, is regarded, and rightly so, as demanding a way of life more difficult of realization than other advanced movements. However, the anarchists take courage from the fact that it requires practically the same pains to half-educate or mis-educate people as to educate them in a manner that would place them on the road to true enlightenment and emancipation.

The Anarchists assert that it is unnecessary, nay, that it is debasing and dangerous to teach half truths when whole truths or what they believe to be whole truths are available; that, accordingly, it is not necessary to go through the bridge of socialism or so-called communism to attain emancipation. The simple and obvious truth is that such bridges have most eloquently proclaimed their untrustworthiness, as testified by the history of socialism in England, France, Germany and Spain, and by the Russian experiment in "communism." Those bridges break down at the first attempt of the masses to cross over from State control to the side of individual freedom and voluntary cooperation and even when those bridges succeed in bearing the load of the advancing proletariat (as in Russia) the great masses of struggling workers have found that the "other side" was not any approach to freedom and emancipation but another form of slavery perhaps more cruel than that imposed by the old systems.

The Anarchists, moreover, are provided with a "minimum program" if we may use that term for lack of a more fitting one. We are not very much in love with programs, especially in the sense that programs are generally taken, because programs are not very trustworthy. By minimum

program we mean that while the Anarchists prepare themselves and the masses for the final struggle that will emancipate them from capitalism and exploitation, they endeavor to put their ideas into practice in this very society of today. They give their principles tangible reality by striving to improve the material and spiritual condition of the poor and the oppressed, for they realize as well as anybody that the anarchist ideal can not be attained overnight, that it is, and must be, a social concept of gradual realization since it implies the evolution of the people themselves who must mould future life by their free wills and not by ukases from a group of high officials. With this aim in view, the Anarchists, through theoretical and practical education are approaching their ideal much as mountain climbers scale the lofty peaks by slow but sure footholds. They educate the individual of today so that the society of the future may be a world primarily of individuals and not of soulless masses, a world of independent thinking men who will resist the siren songs of tyrants and demagogues of a new type that are apt to spring up in any form of society unless that society has been brought about by the work of free thinking, analytical-minded individuals who question everything before accepting it, even the words of "wisdom" of their own teachers. The true Anarchist takes nothing for granted, not even Anarchism and its main tenets. He believes in Anarchism only because Anarchism remains to date the one social ideal that sets no bounds to the poetic flights of the imagination in conceiving new worlds, new ideas, new inspirations. In the words of the Anarchist Ricardo Mella, "Beyond the Ideal there is still more Ideal."

A good many of the Anarchist ideas in education, labor unionism, literature, child rearing, sex, love, marriage, personal relations, war, patriotism, personal liberty, etc., have already been adopted by millions, either wholly or partially, although the Anarchists have seldom been given credit for them. Nor has the proved value of their contribution to human progress been limited to theoretic originations. Even when they have not been the initiators of new ideas or conceptions they have often been the pioneers who first took up the idea of some scientist or sociologist and went out to spread the new gospel. Or, using as a basis the somewhat vague ideas of timid intellectuals, the Anarchists have elaborated upon their original ideas, giving them a universal and humane character, and so popularizing them as to make them accessible to the great masses, thus turning them into a dynamic ideal. These services in every field of human endeavor have been the work of the Anarchists for many a decade.

Thus, in education we have Francisco Ferrer, who used his inherited fortune to establish a publishing house for adult education, and who opened modern schools throughout Spain for the education of the children. He paid with his life for his daring. His ideas had spread too wide and fast to suit the church and the government. In literature, men like Romain Rolland, Tolstoi, Octave Mirbeau, Pio Baroja, Ed. Carpenter, Panai Strati, Henrik Ibsen and a host of others well known to all, have opened the minds of multitudes of the various classes and introduced them to new vistas and conceptions of freedom. In the scientific field, men like Kropotkin and the Reclus brothers and many others have not only contributed to human knowledge but helped to give science a humane touch, using it to further the cause of the brotherhood of man.

Who has been more enthusiastic and persevering than the Anarchists in the task of eliminating artificial frontiers and combating the aggressive patriotism and nationalism which eventually culminate in wars? It was not long ago that only Anarchists and a few other men of advanced ideas entertained the "crazy" idea of universal brotherhood. Today the converts to the cause of peace are counted by the millions throughout the world. Anarchists were the very first to advance the idea of peace, and have suffered persecutions and death for their ideal. In Spain, in Italy, in France, in the U. S., or wherever the government has tried to lead its people into carnages for the defense of the rich and the powerful under the guise of "defense of the fatherland" and such catch-phrases, the Anarchists have been the first to protest and resist.

In the treatment of sex relations, the concept of marriage and birth control, no school has done more or has had more influence than the Anarchist. The Anarchist preachings in these fields have not only born fruit among the masses, but have moved great minds of the "better" classes to take up the various questions at issue although their own views are still expressed in a guarded manner lest they offend the sensibilities of the conventional in whose midst they live. Observing the family life and marriage relations, sex behavior, etc., among all classes at the present time, and comparing them with what they were thirty or forty years ago, it will be readily seen that great strides have been taken in the right direction. The Anarchists have suffered persecutions, both in America and in Europe, for daring to defy the old conventional morals.

In short, it would be difficult to find any advanced movement in which the Anarchist has not participated actively, helping to create a sentiment for its adoption until it has become a living reality. What was utopian yesterday is commonplace today. The "utopian" conception of today will be the accepted standard of tomorrow.

Anarchism is the only social school that will entirely disregard the State. The Anarchists claim that the State is not a "necessary evil" but an unnecessary one. Instead of reinforcing it as the socialists and the communists do in order to destroy it, the Anarchists aim their attacks at the very foundations of the State as the greatest enemy of liberty and progress, realizing that the more the State is reinforced the harder it will be to overthrow later on. The best way to undermine and destroy an institution is by attacking its foundations.

People are so accustomed to look to the State to "do things" for them that they apparently cannot conceive

a society without having the State standing over them and ordering them about. However, they would not come to such a conclusion if they regarded the State in a logical light. To illustrate. If we were kidnapped by a band of criminals and held prisoners at their mercy, we would very naturally, and regardless of our ideas and inclinations, ask them for water to drink and food to eat and a place to sleep, because we would have no other recourse under the law of self-preservation. Now, the State is in reality the master criminal, the master cut-throat, always armed to the teeth and head of a great band of mercenaries. The State has not merely kidnapped one individual or a thousand individuals. It has kidnapped the whole nation, the entire human race. It has been levying tribute on every man, woman and child, and exacting blind obedience from them at the point of gun and bayonet. The fact that it is a national or even an international institution does not alter the stark realities of the situation, nor add a jot of moral right to the political exploitation of the people.

The Anarchists aim to abolish the State as an institution inherently inimical to freedom, and substitute a system wherein everyone will be equal in opportunities from the time of his or her birth, where there will be no superiors and inferiors; where there will be no class enjoying more privileges than the rest and where everyone will be free to cooperate in the best manner for which he is fitted for the welfare of the community and his own self. Thus, voluntary mutual help becomes the guardian of freedom and justice. The Anarchists realize, as previously stated, that this millenium will not be realized overnight, but by educative steps, by gradual stages of development; and they are building the foundations of the new society of free cooperation between local, group and individual units along lines consistent with organized life in a modern industrial world. They propose to substitute autonomous, federated, freely organized communes, etc., for the inefficient, soul-crushing, top-heavy, retarding, bureaucratic State.

It will no doubt require much time before the Anarchist ideal can be realized in full. But our ideal is so deeply based in the universal instinct of freedom; it is so comprehensive and all-embracing in its possibilities of unfettered collaboration that it is not necessary to wait for a fundamental politico-social change to put many of our ideas into practice. They can be practised and are being practised in this very capitalist society. But the Anarchists are not satisfied with meager, partial fulfillment, and since nothing perfect may be achieved under this very corrupt and imperfect regime, their supreme aspiration is to overthrow the capitalist system so that the road will be open and unobstructed for an easier and swifter approach to the goal.

## DOG COLLARS

A dog hates a new collar. He goes to all sorts of trouble and discomfort to get it off, but after a few days he becomes accustomed to it and even proud of it, and is unhappy when it is removed.

And we have all seen stray curs half-choked by collars put upon them in their puppy-hood, and now cruelly outgrown.

Like dogs, we hate new collars and cherish the old until they strangle us. We build up institutions as matters of convenience or decoration, then hold them sacred. Political platforms become constitutional ideals, and men fight wars and die for them. The details of church ritual grow into articles of faith, and their defenders tilt quixotically against the windmills of science, while manners are, within a generation, confused with morals. Institutions can no more be dissolved than concrete, when once set. They can only be broken up by terrific force. And when broken, they are quickly replaced by others which are quite as rigid. We chafe at first, but soon we love them, even as they are killing us.

Human needs, which are spiritual things, necessarily develop faster than their material symbols. We outgrow our collars as fast as puppies. And we, who could change collars at will, go out of the way to retain the old ones, however shabby and uncomfortable they may be.

Science is the god to whom we profess devotion. Yet we will not grant him jurisdiction of our whole world. We have set up a dozen minor deities or demons, terming them Faith, and Patriotism, and Convention; and these are in endless conflict with our Jove, like the Titans relics of an old regime, imprisoned now in the earth, but still able to spout fire and shake the mountains of complacency.

Let us cease offering sacrifice to the old gods and worship the new: Scientific Reason. Institutions are not imposed upon us from without, (and here they differ from dog-collars); they are of our own making, to change and improve as we see fit. And it is not only our right, but our inescapable duty, to keep institutions flexible, never to wear them until they choke the life from our lungs.

Progress must always be a denial of the past.

Janet Newton

## MAN !

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# ANARCHISTS:

"Whenever you see a wrong, strike it down." With these few words, Reitzel once described his anarchist philosophy; not only described it, he also lived up to it. He was born in a little town in the Black Forest in Germany in 1849; the mother, a tanner's daughter, the father, a school teacher. At that time it was custom that the son of a school teacher should become a preacher and so, after finishing public school, Robert was sent to that old and famous city of learning, Heidelberg, to learn the holy trade of a preacher. However, Robert was a poor student in that line, for he found it rather difficult to concentrate his mind on the Bible. To enjoy himself with other students, to write poetry, drink, sing and love, and read what suited him best, was his aim. Student life in Heidelberg made such a deep impression on him that he delighted in referring to it during all the rest of his years.

The father, realizing that his son was more inclined to become a good-for-nothing, gave him in the summer of 1870 a purse of money and suggested that he go to America, the place where the Germans sent all those that were considered a disgrace to the family.

Robert accepted with delight. After a few pleasant days in Paris, he boarded the boat for the "Land of Liberty." When he landed in New York he learned that while he was rocking on the Atlantic Ocean, Bismarck had declared war to France and Robert had luckily escaped to become cannon fodder for the fatherland.

With no work to be found in New York, Robert tramped with a few newly found friends through the eastern states, landing on a cold autumn day, hungry and in rags, at the door of a preacher in Baltimore, begging for food. He took him in, found work for him and induced him to finish his studies for the holy calling. Realizing his unfitness for hard manual labor and the sad experiences in America, Robert consented in despair, it at least was better than hunger and want.

It does not take long in America to turn out a full fledged "Warrior for the Lord" and soon, Robert was in fighting trim. For two years he served the Lord, but not to the satisfaction of his flock. During these two years, Robert had married, but he had also read Karl Heinzen "Six Letters to a Pious Man," and other expurgated books. His sermons became more worldly than heavenly, until one day he mounted the pulpit without his priestly garments and told the congregation:

"From this day on I am no longer a Christian in your sense of the word, but I am a better one than you are, that's why we can not understand each other any more, so I bid you goodbye."

From now on Robert Reitzel was a free lance, lecturing on free thought subjects in Turn-Vereins (the German gymnastic unions), in free thought societies, etc., until he came to Detroit, where well to do liberals recognized and admired the intellectual powers in the man and helped him to start the weekly paper "Der Arme Teufel," (The Poor Devil), through which he made himself famous throughout the world wherever German language was read. The first number of the "Der Armer Teufel" appeared on December 6, 1884.

Max Baginski, who compiled the 14 volumes of "Der Armer Teufel" in 1912 into three heavy books, wrote of him in the preface:

"With the 'Armer Teufel' in Detroit was created a journal that in its indolence, peculiarity and uniqueness, in its daring of opinion and beauty of style was not known to the Germans in America, and the like will probably not be appearing again, because strong, profound individuals such as Reitzel are very rarely found among us."

Humor, sarcasm and deep thought filled the pages of the "A. T." A fervent lover of wine, women and song, he could be compared to Omar Khayyam, Heinrich Heine. Wherever

## Robert Reitzel

wrong was done to man, woman or child, Reitzel was their defender.

When the patriotic Germans in America had the silly idea to celebrate the "German Day," he ridiculed them and



ROBERT REITZEL

(1849-1898)

Linoleum Cut by D. Chun.

the idea so thoroughly that they desisted in the following year.

## "And the Happiness of Giving Happiness Fills Your Life!"

One day they met, Aspasia, the exalted, golden-haired spouse of Pericles and the beautiful bosomed Thryne. That lady of high rank did not disdain from opening a conversation with the priestess of sensuality, as she herself sprang from the colonies, where freer customs prevailed than was the case in the motherland, and many an occurrence had she encountered before Pericles found in the beautiful body the beautiful mind, fully equal to it. However, Aspasia could not refrain, as is the case with lofty persons and also with all immortals who have past the age of youthful folly, to play—just a little—the role of the moralist.

"Have you never had the desire," asked Aspasia, "to be everything and all to a man who is all to you?" "To every man," replied Thryne with a smirking smile, "who is all to me, I am all to him!" Aspasia's olympic brows knitted a trifle. "You do not fully get my meaning, I ask: do you not feel the dishonor, which, in spite of the roses which life showers upon you, lies in just living to please and oblige everybody? Consider, Pericles has made me a beacon light of the people and my breath inspires him with courage for great deeds. Whatever room is left in our souls, after the cares for the Gods and humans, is filled by our love, and I should deem it a degradation of myself, to reveal the beauties of my body to others."

"And yet," replied Thryne, "you disclose to many the beauties of your soul! I do not want to make myself your equal, but you have spoken derogatorily of me, therefore I shall tell you also my opinion, I, the courtesan to you, the wife of Pericles. Have not you condemned to the desolate state of widowhood Pericle's wife, wedded to him by the Gods, the mother of his children? I have already made happy a thousand men, yet I have not deprived one of them of his hearth and wronged his Lares. I have no wisdom to give away, but the youthful fiery Alcibiades has loved me, and Locrates, grown gray in wisdom. They all love me: the free, the audacious, the wholesome; they love me as they do the wave that woos them, the air that gently fans them, the light that beams around them. The divine. Here

Reitzel was no "Party-man," he had no use for programs and party platforms.

While a friend of Benjamin Tucker, the individualist anarchist, and John Most, the communist anarchist, he would not line up with either side, he saw no reason why he should distinguish between the two. He was an anarchist without frills, drappings and party-buttons.

He liked the Socialists in as far as they were sincerely trying to enlighten and revolutionize the masses, but he had no use for their "scientific socialism."

So enticing and appealing was Reitzel's style of writing to factory workers as well as to learned men that within three years the "A. T." had readers in every part of the globe. The elite of the German progressive literature were readers of the "A. T."

Our Chicago martyrs of November 11, 1887, had none more valiant defender than Robert Reitzel. He knew Parsons and Spies personally. Willing and ready to risk his own life in their defence, Reitzel went a week before the hanging to Chicago to save the condemned comrades by using force if such a chance was left. Disappointed he returned to Detroit after delivering the funeral speech; a speech as it has seldom poured out of the heart of a man. From that time on, Reitzel was a sick man. 1894 he had to take to bed, never to leave it again until his death four years later. Yet, amid disappointment, family trouble and almost everlasting pain, he wrote the "A. T." in bed until death relieved him, March 31, 1898, at the age of 49 years.

The disease was diagnosed as tuberculosis of the spine. Robert Reitzel, the poet, lecturer and writer in the German language, is today still unsurpassed by all who aspired to imitate him. Nobody (to my knowledge) has yet attempted to translate his forceful poetic language into English.

'Ho! Stand to your glasses steady;

'Tis all we have left to prize.

A cup for the dead already.

Hurrah for the next that dies!"

remained barren, but with such as I the Olympian begot heroes. I live in eternal delight, I know no repentance, I live in everlasting intoxication, for, to keep new wine, one quickly empties the old vessel. I know but one happiness, that of giving happiness. And you reproach me because I make happy many, while you, aviciously and vainly, mirror yourself only in one? A blasphemer I'd be were I to give my body a gift from the Gods, not to everyone who awakens love in this my easily agitated bosom. It is only love that I can, and want to, give as long as the fates of youth spin the threads, and I am proud in the consciousness that my love does not turn into a black sorrow, no, that it fills each whom I embrace with bliss, and if it be only for an hour. Your political plans may be ponderous, your name may be extolled by the poets who sing of Hellas' glory. But much has mis-carried for you, and much yet will fail, and thousands will lead a languishing existence within the wreath of glory that encompasses you and your Pericles. But I—I am a part of the song of every bird; in each flower's bloom I live that regales the human eye, and yet I, the courtesan, am nearer the Gods than you. For only one who causes happiness for many is comparable to the immortals.

Silently, meditating Aspasia turned away. But Thryne, her countenance and bosom in crimson glow, precipitating tears in her eyes, threw herself in the arms of a stranger that chanced to come this way.

• • • • •

The plague winged its black pinions over Athens. Pericles, alone, lay dying in the pillared hall. Slowly, with dragging feet, a woman came in. It was Thryne, roses still in her hair, but her body already quaking from the deadly fever, and offered him the last refreshing cup.

Aspasia had escaped to her country seat. Later she married a vociferous townsman, the tanner Kleon.

English version by Carl Nold Robert Reitzel.

## REPLIES

PROGRESSIVE MINERS OF AMERICA: Your forwarding to MAN! a petition list addressed to the Secretary of Labor responsible appointment of John J. Lewis or John H. Walker to act on the commission to regulate the coal industry, cannot receive any support. Not that MAN! has any use for the just named traitors of labor. MAN! doesn't believe in petitioning anything to the enemy, and the Government is one of the chief enemies of labor. Never has anything been achieved via this road. Slaves beg and petition. Men demand and fight for their rights.

PHIL GLANZER: You are willing to "disclaim all the great things which we have given to civilization, but let the non-Jewish world disclaim all the sinister allegations which they hurl at us." Even if it were possible to disclaim or to erase facts from the history of mankind, it would be foolish to do so. It is likewise most foolish to suggest such a deal. "Sinister allegations" deserve to be exposed and fought everywhere and at all times. Why you should choose MAN! as the Journal where to expound such a compromising and chauvenistic defence of Judaism is beyond one's understanding!

DANTE LORENZI: Your protest addressed to us, against the New York publication, should be sent there. Your protest is against their not acknowledging receiving of money, against their failure to give a detailed financial statement of income and expenditures, and against their condemnatory words of insult heaped upon Zangera. You evidently fail to realize that your reasons for protesting should be most sufficient for comrades not to have anything to do with such a publication.

M. PRATAP: I have never made any promise of reward to you or any other Journal for mentioning the appearance of MAN! All I have done is to list those journals that exchange with MAN! This will be done from time to time with the new additional publications. The first list in which your WORLD FEDERATION was also given, appeared in the March issue. I reviewed your book as it appeared to impress me. I praised what I liked, and disapproved what I didn't. Your cries appear most childish. An author should be able to stand favorable as well as unfavorable criticism.

As to Socialists in Parliament; there are two words about that. If they go there to take part in carrying on constitutionalism by palliating the evils of the present system, and so helping our rulers to bear their burden of Government, I, for one, so far as their action therein goes, cannot call them Socialists at all. But if they go there with the intention of doing what they can towards the disruption of Parliament, that is a matter of tactics for the time being; but even here I cannot help seeing the danger of their being seduced from their true errand, and I fear they might become simply supporters of the very thing they set out to undo.—WILLIAM MORRIS.

## SPARKS

The farmers of Iowa who came close to tightening the rope on Judge Brady, have at least given one dispenser of "justice" a taste of going through the very same ordeals that Judges dispense so gratuitously to the victims of a system based upon avarice and robbery.

• • • • •

Printers working on the daily newspapers of Vienna, Austria, have recently declared a strike in protest against the censorship. One wonders what would happen if the printers would go on strike against the printing of lies? . . .

• • • • •

Since American soldiers and sailors are still occupying their posts on foreign soil, as protectors of the exploiting interests of this country—might not then one be led to impugn the sincerity of F. D. Roosevelt's appeal for an international pact of non-aggression? . . .

• • • • •

In order to wipe off any need of paying taxes upon their swindling incomes the House of Mammon (Morgan) simply wrote down the sum of \$21,000,000 (on Jan. 2, 1931) in addition to other deductions which already had wiped out taxable incomes. Thus one gets an inkling of the manner in which the Ruling Thieves of the Country have had so many millions of dollars refunded them by their Government at Washington!

• • • • •

One wonders as to whether the unpaid teachers who were clubbed by the police of Chicago on April 26th, will have learned enough to include their own experience as part of the knowledge they will impart to future generations?

Socialist and Communist members of the Reichstag joined the German Fascist Nazis in the approval of Hitler's recent speech. Thus did the union into an holy trinity become an established fact. . . . The Bolshevik Government has likewise signed a treaty with the very Government that burned publicly the books of the theoreticians of Socialism, as well as of any other Libertarian idea, in addition to the murdering, torturing and persecution that it inflicted upon those who refused to barter away their conscience. The very same "idealistic" Bolshevik Government has also most unscrupulously signed a treaty with the blackest of all Fascist regimes—that of Mussolini.

• • • • •

"To hell with the trouble makers!" shouted former Vice-President Charles G. Dawes at the unpaid teachers that came to demand the cashing of their checks from his bank that had just received a "loan" of \$90,000,000 from the Finance Reconstruction Corporation.

Since Mr. Dawes, and every one of his associates conspiring thieves, constitute the exploiting and ruling class that has turned the world into one huge hell for humanity—might it not be more proper to designate these human leeches as the Real Trouble Makers of the World—and send them to the very place which Mr. Dawes has suggested for the teachers—to hell?

M. G.

Government has committed more crimes than it has prevented.—ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Unsigned communications are not considered for publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

# DISCUSSION:

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

## A Bolshevik Speaks His Mind

Upon receipt of the first issue of "MAN!" I had, with certain qualifications, conceived of you as a man of vision and poetic insight, courageously battling the forces of reaction.

However, upon purchasing the March issue, it has been necessary for me to revise that impression. Your article, disguised as in praise of the Paris Communards, but in reality a savage attack against the Soviet Union, (1) forces one to make a definite stand. Either you are insincere, a demagogue posing as a revolutionary, but at heart a black reactionary; either that, or you are sincere but unfortunately hampered by an extreme lack of discernment. It seems to me you haven't a child's comprehension of the immense drama being enacted in the first land of the Soviet at the present time.

Your false accusations are so crude and have so often been answered, that I refrain from repeating them. (2) Your anti-soviet attack reads like the inspiration of a former investor in Russian stocks. It is middle-class, narrow, and entirely one-sided. Your evident opinion that Russia's governing institution should have been decentralized instead of being brought under the proletarian dictatorship, unintelligently overlooks (3) the fact that such a step would have left a Russia completely helpless before the onslaught of the imperialist powers who would have divided the nation and capitalized upon it. (3) Perhaps this is what you desired? Because it is significant that you omit facts and figures from your malicious article. These would certainly give the lie to your hysterical utterances. What the capitalists themselves have laid aside as useless propaganda, you, posing as a true lover of liberty and revolution, have grubbed from their trash basket.

Also, I might mention the article you have chosen from Proudhon. There it reads: "A revolution is a force against which no power, divine or human, can prevail." Such an opinion, which places revolution into the sphere of supernatural "destiny" instead of upon a purely materialistic foundation, has been disproved in our own times. (4) Did no force "prevail" against the revolution of the Italian workers after the war? Or shall we say the revolution was successful? A force assuredly did prevail. The force of organized reaction, fascism,—and the reason it prevailed was because of such misleaders as yourself who prevented a consolidated organization of the Italian workers upon economic and political bases. When the next round comes for the Italian workers, it will not be your ilk, but the Communist Party of Italy which will lead to victory. (5).

It is a deep disappointment for me to be forced to write such a letter. But an article such as yours one does not expect to find in a publication ostensibly devoted to the cause of the oppressed. It would be much more in place in Hitler's "Angrif." And who knows, "Man!" may yet be the American equivalent of the "Angrif." (6).

Your one time reader,  
Leonard Spier.

If you were to have any bit of self-respect left within your conscience, you might blush in shame at reading in print your venomous utterances. I print these in order to prove that the Anarchist is not afraid of adverse opinions, not even such obvious malicious slanders as yours. On all your abusive invectives I have too much self-respect to answer on. Now, as to your distorted assertions:

(1) I have not attacked the Soviets. These no longer exist, except as a rubber stamp in the hands of the Bolshevik Government. As the cowardly patriot behind the flag, you and all Bolsheviks are utilizing the word Soviet for the very identical purpose.

(2) It might certainly have been more of a credit—had you attempted to disprove my assertions—than to thus evade them.

(3) You speak of decentralization without having the least understanding what it is all about. It was a decentralized Revolutionary Russia that had defeated the Allied intervention of the capitalist world. The centralized Bol-

shevik Government was at that time a most insignificant infantile dream of Lenin and his associates.

(4) Your attempt to make Proudhon appear as having "supernatural" leanings, only goes to prove how despicable the methods are that such as you are ready to resort to. For, this is what Proudhon expresses most emphatically in the very next paragraph from which you quoted:

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

I might add here the significant fact that the materialistic philosophy of your God—Karl Marx, exploded with the advent of the revolution in Russia in 1917. For, Russia was the last country, where, according to Marx, a Revolution was to take place, and Germany was to be the first . . .

(5) No blacker page of treachery has been written down by the Communists, than in Italy! When the Anarchist movement had inspired the masses to seize the land for factories,—Nicholas Lenin decreed to the Communists of Italy not to do a thing in the Revolution,—under the subterfuge of its being "premature!" It was premature indeed, for the Communists had no control over it. The Revolution in Italy was crushed, openly by the Yellow Socialists and passively by the Red ones. Yes, fascism in Italy, as everywhere else, has raised its head as a direct consequence of Marxian teachings and practices.

(6) You fail to realize that Anarchists are as much persecuted by the Bolshevik Government in Russia, as by the Fascist ones in Italy or Germany. Let me also remind you on the other end that the Bolshevik Government is dealing and consorting by open relationship with the very same Fascist regimes. If any one belongs to the Fascist camp—it is such as you. For, after all, the fascist as well as the yellow socialists and the bolsheviks have one common parentage: the ideas and tactics of Marxian-socialism.

## Three Interesting Questions

I'm sorry Miss Keene has taken issue with you over the credo and practicality of Anarchy, for her argument cannot be but purely suppositional, while I know the circumstances and experiences back of your reasoning is substantial and first-hand. I do fully agree with her in one instance—give a socially-tendency individual a dollar and he becomes a capitalist by virtue of his newly acquired responsibility—a dollar to care for and to increase in worth. That dollar will return revenue if properly handled, but one must first learn to hang onto it. I earnestly believe such a man is perfectly normal—and a good citizen. But I don't approve of the other outrages he may commit later in his zealous struggle for financial dominancy. (1).

There is the urge for power—possessions and superior rank—in every heart to a varying degree. (2). The inverts in sexual life are exemplary of the rabid Anarchist (Socialist, Communist, too) in social life. "The Anarchist sees the need for complete destruction of everything that is unjust"—to him. And how will he achieve this eradication of all evil unless he employ measures just as unjust to ranks numbering as many or more humans than his own order. (3).

I find myself more tolerant of MAN! as a spokesman of the nation's dissenters, than of the other papers, such as the seldom seen "New Masses." I shouldn't expect you to be insipidly conservative in your contents, and yet you do retain sufficient tact to keep well within the realm of decent "left" literature.

JACKSON BARBER.

(Poetry Editor, The Bulletin, San Quentin, Cal.)

Your plea for more sympathy and understanding of Zangara was so human and encouraging amidst all this ignorance and indifference. Long live MAN!

GERTRUDE WICKEL.

I hope you have a backer with plenty of money to get out a big edition every month, or better still, I hope enough poor devils like myself will send in enough to keep it going. I have to live on ten dollars a month. I was a subscriber to Parson's Alarm, Tucker's Liberty, The Eagle and Serpent. I am 79 years old and have been an Anarchist for fifty years.—H. W. YOUNG.

I have received a copy of MAN! and like it very much—find its makeup pleasing and contents to my notion of right. Will be glad to have further copies, but don't see how you can send them free. (We can only do so as long as sufficient voluntary contributions keep coming in from the readers.—Editor). We are certainly in the whirl of change, and in my 76 years on earth I have seen nothing like it. Nor do I expect to live long enough to see present problems solved. Wishing you much success.—MARY P. WHEELER.

I wish to thank you for the copies of "MAN!" The paper wins my approval as no other of, what is called, "the radical press," has. You understand what I mean; the facts may be right but the tone and manner offensive. And the results produced have the sole effects of antagonizing everybody including people of good sense who would like to live under more wholesome social conditions. There is no froth on your jaws.

With all my heart I wish you well! We may not be sure of bringing perfect happiness to the country, but certainly if we make no move against man-made oppressions they will not lift themselves.

Here and there, over the country are people like me who want truth and who therefore have turned from newspapers and smug political trickery. If we can be united the cause is in a fair way of being won. We are well aware of what the capitalist world has come to be. We are not fooled by the schools, nor by the churches nor by our congressmen!—CHARLES H. MOORE.

## Readers and Editor Exchange Thoughts

(1) Comrade Barber is quite right in assuming that a dollar placed in the hands of any kind of an ist, will turn such into a capitalist. This is most "normal" in the present abnormal disorder of life. No doubt such an ist will in time become a "good citizen" too. But to expect him to avoid committing "other outrages" as a capitalist is illogical. It is part and parcel of the inherent make-up of the capitalist as such.

(2) The urges for "power and possession" are only prevalent when both bring in return, privileges and access to needful as well as needless requirements for the making of one's life a joyous one.

(3) The entire disorder of the chaotic life of injustice and misrule to which we are subjected is based upon and continued by deceit and violence. History shows the most recent one being of the revolution in Russia that once the people begin to feel cause enough to rebel, they do turn against the very ones who have fooled and ruled them. No Anarchist is in love with violence, for, the very ideal of Anarchism is the negation of every conceivable form of violence. The Anarchist condones and justifies at all times the use of every means of resistance, including that of violence, against all such institutions and individuals that keep themselves enthroned as exploiters and rulers over and against the people, not by virtue of any logic or reason, but by the most brutal methods of coercion, and the very institution of the State represents, and perpetuates. If comrade Barber, or anyone else, can suggest a more proficient way of eradicating capitalism and its protector, the State, than through a violent revolution, such a suggestion is surely to be greeted with approval and joy by the Anarchist. Those sincere people who abhor violence and bloodshed would do much more good by directing their attacks on the aggressors and instigators of the aforementioned two evils, than by bemoaning or attempting to upbraid the Anarchist for approving the use of these two evil methods, as defensive weapons only.

## The Test of Sincerity

I have received the first three numbers of your paper. I have read them. I find myself totally out of sympathy with a movement which advocates or condones violence and bloodshed as the means of overturning the government of the United States or of attaining an ideal. I do not wish to contribute to such a movement.

I shall ask you, therefore, to discontinue sending MAN! to me.

Yours very truly,  
T. I. CENTERVALL.

Mr. Centervall might read, with some benefit, the preceding answer to Comrade Barber's letter, on the question of violence and bloodshed. If he will also re-examine the first four issues of MAN!, in particular the articles "Two Months Government," in the January issue, "The Farmer Rebellion," in the March issue, and "Miners" in the April one, he will have to admit that if any one is to be charged with the condoning and practice of violence and murder it is that very institution of which Mr. Centervall is undoubtedly a faithful supporter. This holds true for every existing government no matter under what label or party it carries on its reign.

It might also do some good to Mr. Centervall, if he would take the trouble to read the works of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson or even the Declaration of Independence. To his great surprise he will find these sources FULLY APPROVING REVOLUTION AGAINST TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION.

## OPINIONS

MAN! came a few days ago and I like it very much. On the 13th of January I am 75 years young and my income has dropped almost to zero.

Here I live alone in the woods of Alabama (Montrose) but four miles north of the famous Fairhope. The many who come to visit there, hear of "Ye old Weaver" and his round house and come to see me. 1932 brought me 1067 visitors. To these many pieces of Anarchist and radical literature have been handed out. Through these I hope numerous points of infection shall be established as friend Robinson wrote in his "Rebuilding the World". All told, I have a long list of correspondents and it is sometimes months before I get round to them all. Upon these distant friends is based a large source of my happiness. Sun will soon be up and I want to be out after wood for the coming year . . . The work to me is no less delightful than ball games are to husky boys—and it helps to keep me fit.—H. J. STUART.

We need an English paper and pamphlets to make propaganda among many English people, so I am asking you all for a fraternal help as we (of the Anarchist Group here) are of the same idea.—CARLO SIMPSON (Cuba).

In the Anarchist movement of America there was an empty space and MAN! has worthily filled it.—A. L. MARTGUAGO (Canada).

I sincerely congratulate you for your very interesting MAN! I will do my best to make it known in England.—E. SYLVIA PANKHURST (England).

MAN! is welcome to me. Bravo, comrades! It's indeed a very well done publication and surely it shall be a strong contribution in the propaganda of our ideal and for to know ourselves better.—GIUSEPPE DUCATELLA (France).

We (The Jiffy-Cult Club) were delighted to get your paper. It is just splendid. On the expression of ART, and so well printed, too.—HAROLD SHAW (England).

## Lemontay's Prophecy

(Continued from page 1)

one presented is a novelty, and quickly works; as to one who is not in the habit of using strong liquors, a little is prompt to act on the system . . .

In the APPENDIX: "He (Charles) despairs not of the human race and the future; and whilst kings turn bankers, literature is in its delirium or dotage, a thousand new acids are discovered, the telegraph dispatching its message by lightning, and a machine devised for killing sixty thousand men a second, still the European world is dead or dying."

"Though he considers the decadence of old countries as imminent, expects Russia and America to flourish . . . or advance for ages, if need be, in civilization."

Without further quotation, it is needless to say: The machine worship of pious capitalists and material concept of the pink socialists was first observed in the original ideas of Lemontay, Godwin, and Thompson, before Marx was born. Lemontay explained the material-concept, Godwin mentioned the engine-of-power, while Thompson wrote the Distribution of Wealth, and can be called the founder of scientific socialism. Will Karl Marx's ghost-writers give them due credit for what they obviously copied?

J. Blaque

## Chicago-San Francisco

The Gruppo Refrattario of Chicago will hold a picnic on July 16th and another one on August 20th, at 87000 So. Western avenue.

A luncheon-comraderie will be given on Saturday evening, July 15th, at the Club Rooms of the International Group, 2787a Folsom street, San Francisco. Comrades and sympathizers are invited. The next picnic of the Group, to be held on August fifth, is announced elsewhere in this issue.

At last a real paper with fire and spirit.—John G. Scott. MAN! delights me more and more. I glory in its sphere and hope you will keep on hitting as hard as you have been doing. I believe MAN! is the only radical paper which lives up to the grand old words of Garrison's with which he began the "Liberator."—JO ANNE WHEELER.

# ART and LITERATURE

## Poisoners of the Wells

With draft they feed the hungry mob and lies  
And all that lives grows bloated and obscene  
When these ghouls mumble it, and all that dies  
Dies doubly in their obsequies unclean.  
War is not such an evil as the curse  
Of paltry minds in power that distil  
Venom into the people and asperse  
Courage and truth and chivalry. They spill  
Their ink on that poor spark that still retains  
Its dim, precarious fire amidst the blast—  
The ray that struggles in a myriad brains  
With sulphur and with pitch they overcast.

You crowds that writhe and gabble in the gloom,  
Drugged and bespotted with a toxin dire,  
You that are smitten by a darker doom  
Than wars' red mace or havoc's flail of fire—  
O sorry helots to the basest breed  
Of wretches that defile the printed page,  
Whose slimy tentacles twice daily bleed  
Your brains and souls—how mocks the huskster age  
Your puerile talk of "Liberty" who wallow  
In the black marshes of a noisome press—  
You jerfs of dead democracy who swallow  
The Monsters' spasm, yet starve in emptiness—  
Long have you heard their shrieks of "Liberty!"  
When law against their dens of evil trends—  
"Their liberty of speech!" what leprosy  
Is on you that your heels should spare their heads?

Once more the stark black ages seize the earth:  
Its soil was ripe for madness and the dance  
Of giant superstitions that had birth  
From that great womb of lies and ignorance—  
The felon press. The boon becomes a bane:  
The liberator hounds his million slaves:

The source of knowledge is old night again,  
Of ink-stained jackals and of carrion birds,  
And know it for a more abhorrent sight  
Than mangled armies shrieking to the night.

Upon those starless plains where nations teem,  
I saw the welter of the eyeless herds  
And slaughtered minds, and heard the ceaseless scream  
And truth sits weeping by her countless graves.

ATTILA.

## Unshorn Samson

The ground lay fallow  
Beneath the sun  
And the people hungered.

I saw them starving  
Thinning to skeletons,  
Dying, and not being buried.

Then I took pity:  
I will give them hope  
I will grow them food.

Inch by inch I turned the sod,  
Seed by seed I planted.  
With eager joy I saw each sprout.

Day by day I watched my plants,  
Cared for them with love and tenderness,  
Hoped that sun and rain would come . . .

Now my corn stands ripe and tall:  
The amber tassels curve and toss with grace;  
The heavy ears bend down the stalks.

Still the people wait expectantly,  
Their bony arms outstretched.

Still they cry for food to give them life.

But while I sowed the corn  
I cannot reap . . . It stands.  
The people starve and die!

MORRIS REINGOLD.

## How?

How shall I prevail upon you to confess your body?  
Your naked human body, to yourself, and to the earth,  
And to the golden arrows of light from the sun?  
You moving about in the armaments of your clothes  
Little suspecting the burden of my thoughts.  
Who think your body a shameful, forbidden thing,  
How shall I tell you of its glory, of its beauty  
So that you will gladly toss your dry goods from you,  
And disclose your truer self  
No longer ashamed?

WILLIAM SHEPPARD SPARKS.

## Moses En Masse

Is there no shrub with torch of flaming red  
To wake prophetic zeal from out the dead?

Better the Cry, "Make bricks and find your straw."  
Make both and find your bread: is now the law.

The burning bush flames out across the earth  
And waits to challenge men of noble birth.

The truth that flares from bloom and brier can  
Not free unless it kindles every man.

Moses must rise en masse and sound the knell  
Through all the world for each Egyptian hell.

LLOYD FRANK MERRELL.

## SUMMER DECADENCE

Jacob Hauser

How strangely has my experience run counter to the Shakespearean adulation of summer and hatred of winter! "The winter of our discontent," does not verify itself as a truthful phrase to me. I have found least contentment in the warm season. And I cannot declare that "Summer's lease has all too short a date." In fact, where the duration of June, July and August is concerned, the shorter the better, say I. These months, steeped in perspiration and fretted with dust, prolong themselves too tediously, too uncomfortably for a malcontent. I grumble when they arrive; I endure while they pass, and I am greatly relieved when the first chillier days announce the termination of the holiday-season.

Why should this be so, you ask? Is not summer the high carnival of the year, with trees and roses revelling, garnished with pastoral interlude, adorned with butterflies and the variegated wings of the flowers? It may be so, elsewhere, to more fortunate people. To me it presents no succession of holidays, but a dragging sequence of dog-days. Asphalt is not improved by exposure to the sun: It melts, produces a tarry odor, sticks to the feet as one crosses the gutter. Also, paving-stones retain the solar heat most miraculously through the night, and prognosticates unwelcomely an unclouded and blazing sky. One is well-sheltered, mid the high protecting houses, from any soothing breeze. It may blow on the river or sea-shore, several miles away, but is effectively blocked by walls and cannot penetrate to the urban sufferers.

There is sufficient reason, perhaps, for my prejudice against what is conventionally a lovely, a most flowerful season. Parks ally one's spitefulness somewhat; the sea-shore may be reached by an hour's travel. But the parks are jammed, the beaches lack privacy, to say the least. In fact, when the enormous population of New York City becomes aware of a heat-wave, the beaches become as crowded with recumbent forms as a populous cemetery, allowing space for one to stretch himself, but no more.

But it is not physical discomfort alone to which I refer my dislikes for the long, hot days. Mind inhabits body, and when the one is depressed, so is the other. I am an actively creative person, and write constantly. Summer, with its lowered vitality, makes imaginative work difficult. And, as one toils day after day at books which shall be rejected when they are presented to the publishers, laboring under atmospheric disadvantage, profound discouragement is bound to ensue. I am most greatly discouraged in the summer; it is the season of my discontent.

Therefore, though the crops grow and the orioles twitter, somewhere, among magnolia and lemon trees; though tadpoles dart among somnolent reeds, somewhere, this time of growth and climbing vegetation is to me a period of decadence. My hope falls, my faith flags, my spirits are down. Though the snipes and the flycatchers are at liberty, I am enchained. The world's playtime, the gratulation and the felicity of some individuals, brings less to me than it takes away. And I would readily trade the sight of prolific boughs, seen with a jaundiced eye, for the sight of wintry branches, bare, depopulated, and yet beautiful mid an exhilarating, inspiring air.

Through August I am encouraged because there are only a few weeks before September. In September I grow more excited as the days progress. When I hear "crooners" proclaiming their poetic sorrow at the sear and the fall of the leaf, I wonder at such a regret. The mounting colors of the leaves, the heightened yellows and browns, are not paradoxical to me; they seem symbolically natural. The autumnal coloring is glorious because it signifies a renaissance, a renewal; the leaves shall drop, but my spirits shall rise. No birds, no flowers, shall depart from the streets of Metropolis because there are none to go away. And the bountiful brisk winds shall pour along torrid avenues; the icy rains, delightfully wild, shall drive the heat from the atones, killing the gentians elsewhere, perhaps, but reviving me with a sense of combat.

Let the summer die; let the lilies perish and the long green grass turn into straw clotted with ice! I, the sufferer, filled with hatred against the season of my greatest suffering, behold the decapitation of the flowers with as perverse

a joy as ever a French revolutionary beheld the beheading of the aristocrats. The sky turns from blue, to grey, to black, inversely proportioned to my mood, which is lightest and brightest when the heavens are most threatening. Let the rain fall, with sleet! May the winds whistle, hurl down cornices and crucifixes, fill the vacationers and summer-lovers with desolation! Their desolation is my perverse happiness; the bleakness of the weather is the occasion of my prolific creativity. Autumn, to the conventional mind personified as an assassin, a murderer of the flowers, is to me an avenger, ridding the world of the tyranny of heat. Revenge cannot be considerate; it must make a clear sweep of the former regime. Lilies and beautiful aristocrats may not be in themselves hateful, but since they are bound up with oppression, are retainers of a burdensome dynasty, let them go! Let the summer die, with it external beauty, with it internal ravagement. Once atmospheric oppressiveness is lifted, my imagination may burgeon, bud and blossom gloriously. What though the external world be dark and stormy? My spirit is just as violently expansive as the storm, and without assistance from the sun or the earth can create gardens and forests, the whole gamut of floral loveliness which existed in the summer, but not for me.

Phoebus, light-bringer and driver of the chariot of day, was even in ancient times recognized in a two-fold aspect: the one beneficent and the other deadly. Were it not for the sun, there should be no harvest; were it not for the sun, there should be no plague, and noxious insects to feed upon the shoots and prevent the harvest. Young bones grow sound in the sunlight; but heat impairs the digestive functioning, reduces muscular tone, induces discouragement. Good and bad were ever in this manner intimately connected, and even outside of the city, summer is no unmodified blessing.

But, in the open country one is not helplessly exposed to heat; one can bathe in streams and in lakes; the fresh winds curve down from the heavens with the purpledust twilight, flow with the flickering fire-files, and immerse the vast country-side in the native coolness and vastness of the sky. The temperature is capable of alteration when the sun sets; the green turf does not retain heat the way the pavement does. And one may walk where the ground is soft beneath one's feet, not with the hellish softness of melting tar but with the luxuriant yielding of the moss.

How do I know these things? By report, through story-books, by experience with parks expanded by a powerful imagination. Some day, perhaps, I shall drop my hatred of the summer, having altered my experience of it. Leaving Metropolis behind me I shall perhaps acquire a good opinion of this season, and thus concur with the vacationers, with Shakespeare, with conventional opinion. But, however my personal knowledge be improved and my temper mollified, I shall always welcome autumnal colorings, the briskness and the storminess of approaching winter, knowing what more unfortunate folk suffer from the adverse season, the summer of their discontent.

Suffering, to the poor and unfortunate, prevails in all seasons. Either that is responsible for it, or cold, lack of recreation, encouragement, food. So, however I be established and sheltered from discomfort, the equinoctial blasts shall never rage without my whole-hearted acquiescence and glee. In lightning-crash and thunder-cannonade I shall hear the violence of protest against oppression. And the destructive forces of nature, driving the selfishly-indulgent from their vacation-haunts shall ever signify to me renaissance, a spiritual renewal after a material destruction.

## BOOK REVIEW

Harold Preece

(A Philosophy of Solitude, by John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster, New York.)

Whoever prefers the association of two or three to the company of himself should not read this book. By implication, it is not for those who have yielded socially to crowd-consciousness or intellectually to class-consciousness. In a day when privacy for the individual is scorned by both conservative and revolutionist, when the chief activity of mankind seems to be an incendiary struggle for power between competing groups, when mountains are being levelled and streams being dammed to enrich corporate (or corrupt interest), "A Philosophy of Solitude" may be only the plaintive valedictory of a Cause hopelessly lost. Who can tell in what political or economic limbo rests the ultimate destiny of the individual or the race?

For the present, we are confronted with a galling fact: the constant impingement of persons and things upon our nervous systems. Because of a peculiar sensitivity, an inherent revulsion to this crass system of living known as capitalism, we are revolutionists. But, revolutionists against vulgarity as much as against capitalism! Neopaganism, florid Bohemianism, intellectual cliques affront us as much as radios, super-sizes, and advertising billboards.

What then is our refuge in this Twentieth Century with all its overrated accomplishments? Airplanes have ferreted out all the secret places of the woods, and every little hamlet has its Rotary club. Is living at all endurable under such unfavorable circumstances?

Mr. John Cowper Powys, one of the few present day writers without a machine mind, answers yea. For, he asserts, life itself is a dominant force which eventually triumphs over all the ephemerae of institutions. But, life is meaningless if it does not realize its affinity with the eternal inorganic. The sky, the stars, the tides are not only the setting for the this tragic drama of ours, but are active participants. For the serenity of our minds, we must view all human existence, even those factors which hurt us, from this perspective of Elementalism.

Mr. Powys comments succinctly and profoundly upon the "science" of psycho-analysis with all its grandiose rationalizing.

"Psycho-analysis has proved an infernal weapon of crowd-consciousness, a veritable engine for the breaking up of a person's dignity and privacy. These intolerable catchwords in the mouth of casual impertinence, how they encourage, by a sort of scientific license to Bad Manners, every little mob-group to burst in upon their neighbor's quietness, like tourists invading a cloister, 'throwing up their sweaty night-caps' with indecent glee at the sight of the most sacred and secret shrines."

Quite obviously, if we revolt against the exercise of an inquisitive and officious authority over us, we must renounce all aspirations to order the lives of others. The happiness of no man should consist in the conformity of others to his actions and opinions. Profit is a source of exploitation, but so is Authority. Thus:

"To struggle for power over the crowd is not a noble or a dignified thing or a thing worthy of real greatness. You have to make too many sacrifices. No man can keep his interior respect and deal with the crowd. All rulers who really rule—except the lucky ones who can hide themselves—become the slaves of their own tricks and the victims of their own despotism. They take the souls from their people, so that their people cannot 'call their souls their own,' but before they die they find that the people have taken the soul out of them and left no comfortable automatons behind."

The Will to Power, expressed so majestically and dramatically by Nietzsche and Spengler, thus becomes exclusively a figure of poetry. Powys inverts the principle and it becomes a psychic struggle for independence waged by the solitary against his gregarious fellows. That the struggle has a promise of victory is implied at the outset, although many intellectual stratagems must be used to assure ourselves of that "peace which passeth all understanding."

I would not be so naive as to claim originality for Mr. Powys' message, neither does the author. The sources of his "Philosophy of Solitude" are many; there is much borrowing from Laotse in particular. Although a master of style, Mr. Powys occasionally becomes flowery; and his work is perhaps too liberally seasoned with animism.

At least, Mr. Powys has removed the drab vestments from loneliness. Viewed from his cosmic standpoint, the lonely one is reconciled to this solitude—nay, more, it becomes a sacrament symbolizing his kinship to the Infinite.

# THE ANARCHIST MOVEMENT

## Argentina

On the night of September 6th, 1930, a new massacre of Saint Bartholomew upon anarchists took place in Argentina. Raids, tortures and killings were plenty: Uriburo was reigning supreme. Then came the deportation to Ushuaia, the infernal penal colony of Terra del Fuego.

July 16, 1931, a meeting of comrades took place in Bragado in order to discuss ways and means of aiding political prisoners and also the problem of fighting the Uriburo dictatorship. This meeting was used as an excuse by the police for a vast frame-up against the anarchists who were brought to trial under the false accusation of having caused the explosion of a bomb in the house of one of Uriburo's politicians: a certain Bianchi.

Utilizing the circumstance that a woman and a little girl were killed in the explosion the police began a real man-hunting against anarchists.

About the middle of August of that year the following comrades were arrested: Pasquale Vuotto, Julian Ramos, Reclus de Diago, Santiago Mainini, Fernand Lopez, Juan Rossini, Ramon Bodelon, Jan Grollo, Gonzalo Cameron, Angel Santamarina, Jose Damonte, Humberto Correale, Antonio Sanz, Monceni and Pieretti. All these comrades were tortured for the long period of 28 days, the tortures being administered intermittently every other hour. But in spite of this none of them broke down and the prosecution only succeeded in incriminating comrades Vuotto, de Diago, Rossini, Mainini, Bodelon, Lopez and Ramos. These comrades are now under the dangerous threat of heavy sentences: twenty years for some of them and life imprisonment for the others; these being the requests of the prosecuting attorneys.

The situation in Argentina is now very bad. The F. O. R. A. (Federation of Labor) has been outlawed; the daily "La Protesta" and the periodical "La Antorcha" suppressed; a great number of comrades jailed and deported while others have been coldly murdered by the police and the Legion Civica, like Patricio, Lopez, Pichio, Romero, Medina and Severino Evia.

It is essential that all the anarchists take an interest in the victims of the present dictatorship which is no less ferocious than that of Uriburo: only strong, international agitation can now save these victims.

## Australia

Dear Comrade:

I have received two copies of MAN! which are excellent. The different writers explain Anarchism clearly and boldly, uncompromising in the uphill struggle against authority.

Australia is broke, almost a million unemployed and no sign of improvement. I am doing Anarchist propaganda without assistance. On a Sunday holding meetings at the Yarra Bank, which are well attended. Also I go to the University Labour Club to do propaganda amongst the students. I visit the Teachers' Radical Club as well. I was invited to speak at an anti-War meeting, held in the Bijou Theater, last Saturday afternoon. The theater holds two thousand people, and was full. There were speakers representing Communists, Socialists, Labourites and Churches. When I spoke I said that I advocated Anarchism, which would destroy the cause of war, and that it was government which was organized violence, protecting property and privilege. War was the Statesmen's game, the priests' delight. Power like a desolating pestilence pollutes whatever it touches. Wars are inevitable while authority prevails. No man was good enough to rule, and the government of man by man is slavery. Free unting and free separating, accepting no compulsion, fighting for a Free Society would abolish war. When I finished my speech the audience cheered and applauded which points favorably towards Anarchism.

In Australia there is a Crimes Act, the police can arrest anyone and the Government deports them without a trial. The police can enter any house without a warrant, and street meetings are prohibited. The workers in Australia are doped-voting cattle. Compulsory arbitration is destroying them. The Labour Political Prostitutes led by Scullen, reduced the workers wages ten per cent, and the Old Age Pensions 2/6 per week. Scullen then took a trip to Europe, called on the Pope, and kissed his toe. Australia is as rotten as America for graft. The Labour members soon become wealthy, and turn the workers down.

J. W. FLEMING.

## Germany

We thank you sincerely for your kind letter, but to our greatest regret it is quite impossible to make use of your matrices. Exchange them please with papers of other, more fortunate countries than Germany now is.

Living under the regiment of pure fascist terror, we can't print; impossible even to speak aloud. Germany is now nothing but a goal for revolutionaries, as well as for Jews. You will know something from the press, but you can by no means imagine the whole tragical truth. Till now, about 15,000 men are arrested; most of them have been cruelly beaten, even so well known men as the communist leader Kasper, the Communist attorney Litten, the Anarchist poet Erich Mihsam, the pacifist writer Ossietzky, others, unknown by the great world, have even been tortured to death. It is impossible to utter a free idea.

The publishing firm of Asy Ltd., the company which prints and sells books depicting a free view of life, was cleared by the fascist police without any legal reason, the books to the value of several tens of thousands of marks were simply stolen by the chiefs of these people. Among them are the works of Dr. Max Nettlau, which as is well known, are of purely historical character, also biographies such as those of Rocker's "Johann Most," Berkman's "Prison Reminiscences," also novels and short stories, nay even poems as the little book "Storm" by Mackay.

## Japan

The Chino-Japanese conflict lasting since September, 1931 and the capture of Manchuria, and the encroachment in Jehol by the Japanese army have greatly brought on the reactionary militaristic trends of thought and fever throughout the country. With these military operations against China, which are still continuing, the military caste has become more and more rampant in Japan, and nowadays they are playing a leading part in the whole internal and external affairs of the State. The present Government is nothing but their puppet. Externally they are assuming such policies as to cause the danger of the outbreak of a new world war by making Japan secede from the League of Nations. And internally they are busying themselves with preparations for a possible, rather desired by them, war, making a well-organized propaganda of militarism, arousing the chauvinistic feelings, and planning to enlarge and fulfill the armament, and what is more, to put the whole industry under their control. There are not a few officers among the army and navy who conspire to execute a coup d'etat and to establish their fascist dictatorship. The extraordinarily great power of the military caste of Japan is mainly originated from the exceptional monarchic character of her State organization.

This imperialistic policy of the rulers has brought to the Japanese people, in being now reduced to the point of an actually penurious existence by the economic depression and unemployment. That is only a tremendous increase of the national expenditure, namely a heavier burden of taxes upon them. The budget for 1933-34 amounted to 2,300 millions yen, and about 40% of which is really military expenses, the greatest percentage of all the countries in the world! The total expenses needed for the military operations in China have already reached to the huge amount of 500 millions yen.

The Labour movement has been strongly influenced by these currents of time. A number of workers organizations have passed one after another to nationalist, fascist or state-socialist wings. The communist movement has lost most of its influence owing to the severest suppressions of the authorities. Fascism is getting more and more influence.

Under such a political and social situation our anarchist movement is, needless to say, confronted with ever more difficulties. But at this time we are more firmly convinced of the importance of our movement, and notwithstanding the cruel suppressions and persecutions we are carrying out with assiduity our campaign for the propaganda of anarchist-communism, for the emancipation of workers, for the Anarchist revolution. At present we are striving especially toward the anti-militarist movement. We are deeply convinced of the final triumph of our ideal Anarchy, for Anarchism is the most direct road to freedom and welfare for all, and the very expression of the ideas and the life itself of the labouring people oppressed and exploited in the present capitalist and authoritarian society.

Beside our organ there are many Anarchist journals and papers published in Japan. Among them the "Kaiho Bunka" (Emancipation of Culture) is an organ of the Anarchist artists' and intellectuals' group; the "Kokushoku Shinbun" (Black Journal) is that in Korean by the Korean Anarchist workers in Tokyo and the neighbourhoods. In Korea the Anarchist movement is very vigorous and subjected to the most brutal oppressions, and many comrades are put in prison.

A great number of writings of the great European Anarchists like Bakunin, Proudhon, Kropotkin and others, was translated into Japanese. The complete works of Kropotkin are already published. Those of Bakunin are also to appear. Recently the translation of Malatesta's writings is appearing one after another. And all of these translations have had the greatest significance in advancing the Japanese Anarchist movement on its right way, and yet the Anarchism of Japan has its own origin in the thinkers some centuries ago.

The renewal of the organ "Jiyu Rengo Shinbun" has hitherto been an organ of the "Zenkoku Rodo Kumiai Jiyu Rengo Kai" (National Free Federation of Anarchistic Labour Unions), and at the same time, performed its part as an integral militant paper of the Anarchist movement in Japan. In view of the obstacles, however, arising often from this fact, we decided to make it independent from the above Federation of labour unions since January of this year, and created its publishing office: Jiyu Rengo Shinbun-sha. The Federation, on its part, came thus to have its own organ.

The third general meeting of the "Zenkoku Rodo Kumiai Jiyu Rengo Kai" (a free Federation of the Anarchist-Communist movement in Japan) was held in Tokyo on April 2. But the meeting was suppressed and dispersed by the police soon after the opening, the subjects being left entirely undiscussed.

## Appeal for a Library

There are many people, especially youth, who might become interested in Anarchism if they were able to read or borrow our literature; that no such place or equipment, is available excepting for the neglected collections at the public libraries, is well known to all our comrades and sympathizers, in and out of the movement. We, of the Vanguard Group, as well as our younger comrades, the "Rebel Youth," have realized this handicap and are doing everything possible to overcome it. However, due to our lack of finances and the poverty of our own personal libraries, we are very limited in our success. We want, therefore, to appeal to all comrades, and sympathizers to help us in this very important task—building an Anarchist library—by contributing books on Anarchism, other isms and the social sciences. We are hoping that all comrades and sympathizers, will realize the necessity of an Anarchist library and answer our appeal with books and pamphlets and magazines. The library will be situated at the International Center, 227 E. 12th street. Send all books to Vanguard, 45 West 17th street, New York City.

## From Behind Prison Bars

Dear Comrade: I wish to extend to you and all the other comrades my many thanks for the \$6.00 money order sent through the General Defense Committee of Chicago. I assure you that this money was badly needed, for, us men in these mine murder cases are suffering the tortures of Hell at the hands of the political ruling class. We are all about in the nude for we have been held so long in the different jails of this state that what few clothes that we had are worn out. But we have never lost our fighting spirit and we never will. The General Defense Committee is doing all that they can for us but they have been hampered so bad for funds that they could not do more. Our families are in a deplorable condition, but we are doing the best that we can to keep life in our bodies and every chance that we have strike back at the kings of greed and gain. We feel sure that we can win if we can just hold out. And please say to all the comrades for me that we will never submit to the rules of the kings of industry. Again I want to thank you for this kind favor and I assure you that every cent will be used to buy food for our hungry wives and babies.

I am fraternally yours,

Lexington, Ky., 3-16-33.

W. B. JONES.

Dear Friend: Your splendid letter of recent date received and found everything as usual here at the college, and all the I. W. W. boys are in good health. And we all extend our appreciation to you for the \$6.00. I remitted \$1.50 each to the other three Centralia boys.

I also received the three pamphlets you sent, and many thanks to you. I enjoyed reading them.

Best of good wishes to you all.

Yours for the solidarity of labor,

Walla Walla, Wash., 3-16-33.

BRITT SMITH.

## Financial Statement

(May 15th to June 15th, 1933)

INCOME	
J. Myers \$1.00; Chaim Weinberg \$1.00; R. Jones \$2.00; P. Paoletti \$1.00; T. Marzocchi \$1.00; C. Parodi \$1.00; E. Conti \$1.00; H. Comfort 50c; Free Society Group of Chicago, for paper sale \$3.00; Piro 50c; M. Olaj 50c; Among Italian comrades of Tampa, Fla. \$2.50; A. Fulvi \$1.00; E. A. Summers \$1.00; W. Bull \$1.00; H. E. Sawdon 10c; Glen Lyon, Penna. Affair of May 13th, 1933, \$7.10; S. Castellino \$1.00; D. Favia \$1.00; J. F. Campbell 10c; J. Porcelli \$1.00; Paper sale, Oakland 20c; F. Kingsley 50c; J. P. Vind 50c; Among Russian comrades of Montreal, Canada, (three Canadian Dollars) \$2.52; San Francisco, affair of June 7th, 1933, \$23.70; Paper sale Oakland 10c; A. Arsetti \$2.00; W. H. Burton 50c; J. Collins \$1.00; L. W. Bartuse 50c; Circ. Cult. Sociale. New York City \$1.00; Bernard Hoobin 86c.	

Total \$61.73

Cash on hand May 15th, 1933 103.95

GRAND TOTAL \$165.73

## EXPENDITURES

Stamps, stationery, rubber stamps and postage \$7.87; additional express last issue \$6.00. Total \$13.87

Issue No. 7, printing 80.00

Issue No. 7, postage 28.00

Issue No. 7, express 8.00

TOTAL \$129.67

Total Income \$165.73

Total Expenditures 129.67

Cash on hand June 15th, 1933 \$26.06

For any errors or omissions, please notify MAN!

## FOR YOUR LIBRARY

BAKUNIN, MICHAEL—God and the State	\$ .50
BARRETT, GEORGE—The Anarchist Revolution	.05
Objections to Anarchism	.05
BAILY, WILLIAM—Josiah Warren: The First American Anarchist	1.50
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BURY, J. B.—A History of Freedom of Thought	.65
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To aid in the publication of

MAN!

Sunday, August 5th, 1933

at

Little Oak Grove Park in San Mateo

Directions to get there:

Automobiles: Take Peninsula Highway and turn right at Mills Memorial Hospital; proceed about five miles keeping always to the left. With the San Mateo trolley car: Go in front of Mills Memorial Hospital from where a car will be available until 2 p. m.

DANCING, SINGING, SPAGHETTI