

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

Vol. 1—No. 11

Oakland and San Francisco, November, 1933

On news stands FIVE CENTS

The Bloody Challenge of the Present System

To the once peaceful inhabitants of the earth capitalism has brought "Law and Order." What these three words have come to mean in reality!

Wherever human beings have been living happily and contented the harbinger of exploitation—Commerce—brought about only the destruction of every vestige of happiness. Never did Commerce come with bible in hand or truth at its helm. Always it carried the sword and the gun behind the fluttering of the vari-colored rag, dubbed a flag.

It has been, and still is, Commerce, through exploitation and spoliation, that has been, and is, dividing brother against brother, friend against friend, race against race, man against man. To its god of devastation—Mammon—millions upon millions of human beings are continually sacrificed by artificially created wars under the lying shields of patriotism. Even in times of peace, Commerce has brought about the wanton destruction of life and happiness.

All the ignorance that encircles the greater part of the human race, the millions of children that never had a chance to live as Mother Earth meant them to, the rush and useless speed which results in a yearly toll of millions of dead and maimed by the use of the machine, the thousands of deaths caused yearly by preventable diseases, the continually mounting number of suicides brought on mostly by the prevalent injustice that surrounds us, the sheer hypocrisy that follows the child from the cradle to the grave, the pretentious lies in which millions find themselves entrapped by the institution called Marriage, and which in reality is but legalized prostitution, the monuments of ignorance and superstition that adorn every "sacred temple" of religious humbug, the suppression of truth in schools and universities, all the spiritual trash that sails under the name of the play, the cinema, the novel, the poem, the magazine and daily newspaper,—to what good purpose, as far as the human race is concerned, have all these been fostered?

Profits, profits, and more profits. The profit that makes the few live at ease and in safety over the bodies of the suffering multitudes. The profit that turns every button wearer of a governmental job into a thug, crook, politician and statesman. The profit that creates plentitude and joy for the plunderers and rulers, and misery for the ruled and exploited.

Under the greatest of all attempted acts of deceit and humbuggery to salvage and perpetuate its reign of exploitation capitalism has instituted through its government the N. R. A. From coast to coast, from the mine fields of Ohio, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, to the fruit and cotton fields of the Pacific Coast—the blood of the workers has been, and is being, spilled under its shield.

The mine exploiter and large farm owner has pitted the Russian, Italian, Philippine and Mexican against the native worker in order to pile up more profits. But the brow beaten immigrant element of this country couldn't continue to let itself be exploited any longer and rebellion raised its head. The simple brief news items appearing under the drawing on this page—news for barely one month—tell a story of oppression and exploitation, wanton murder and starvation, that the workers are undergoing, and which cannot be equalled in cruelty even by the Negro slavery days of America.

Wherever the workers attempt to put the N. R. A. bluff to a test the exploiter and ruler step in to drown the challenge in blood. Striking workers, their wives and children, are murdered in cold blood by the official thugs of the government, and the liberal's hailed Messiah—Franklin D. Roosevelt, keeps mute. Workers are jailed and beaten, but Mr. Roosevelt hasn't a word of protest. Over 12,000 employers in New York City alone have broken the N. R. A. bluff code, but it is the workers who are beaten and jailed for striking. The Infamous Frick Company that caused in 1892 the Homestead riots, laughs at the N. R. A. code and repeats its bloody attacks upon workers once more. The fruit and cotton ranchers of California murder striking men, women and children, by the gun and by starvation, and it is the workers who get jailed.

And to all these acts of injustice against the workers Mr. Roosevelt has remained dumb and deaf, as if they had happened on Mars instead of in the country over which he is supposedly "supreme commander."

Nor has the dummy president of capitalism raised a word of protest against George Creel, the Pacific Coast N. R. A. administrator, who has openly announced his readiness to supply 5000 scabs for the cotton fields and already has recruited one thousand scabs through the Los Angeles Government Employment Bureau. Neither has Mr. Roosevelt protested against turning 12,000 school children into scabs and likewise "illegally" closing the schools.

The culmination of the N. R. A. bluff was reached on November 2nd when Gerald Swope announced that as

spokesman for the United States Chambers of Commerce (Exploitation and Rulership) he has a brand new Fascist plan to replace the N. R. A., or to supersede it. Their chief errand boy in the White House, Mr. Roosevelt,



Linoleum Cut by D. Chun

Constitutional Rights Be Damned!

Lodi, Calif., Oct. 3—The fire department turned its water hoses upon a meeting of striking grape pickers. One child was knocked out of the arms of its mother, hitting the head upon the pavement, and died afterwards. Sixty-three "citizens" were sworn in as deputies. Close to 30 strikers were already in jail. On October 6 the police gave our comrade Dominic Galeo two hours to reveal the whereabouts of our comrade G. Secco, who it is asserted, shot to death a foreman, Beronio, who came to Secco's house as a deputy and started a fight with him for refusing to scab. Comrade Galeo refused to betray his comrades, and was murdered by the police who afterwards issued a news release that Galeo mysteriously shot himself to death.

Ambridge, Pa., Oct. 5—A barrage of bullets by 200 deputy sheriffs upon strikers at the Chalfant Seamless Tube Co., resulted in the death of one striker, Adam Petesuki, and seriously wounding 15 strikers.

At Steubenville, Ohio, police and deputy sheriffs attack strikers with clubs and tear gas bombs, and arrested a score of men and women.

At Clairton, Pa., badged thugs of the law attacked strikers of the Carnegie Steel Company.

Troops attacked striking miners at the Peabody Mine No. 43, at Harrisburg, Ill., resulting in the death of one striker and the wounding of many others.

Kern County, Calif., Oct. 8—Two hundred strikers and their families were ousted from their cottages by cotton ranchers. Their belongings were dumped on the road.

Government authorities of Tulare County order strikers to return to work or leave town.

Pixley, Calif., Oct. 10—Three striking cotton workers were murdered and 15 seriously wounded when ranch exploiters and deputized gunmen fired upon a peaceful assembly of unarmed strikers. Another worker was murdered by sheriffs at Arden, Calif., and two at the strikers' open-camp city in Corcoran, Calif. In addition one child died in the camp from malnutrition. Many strikers were jailed including the wounded ones.

Visalia, Calif., Oct. 11—Tulare County Supervisors, Planters, District Attorney, the Sheriff and Chief of Police met to map out plans for starving the cotton strikers into submission.

Corcoran Calif., Oct. 19—Five babies have already died at the strikers' camp from malnutrition. 4300 women and children are facing starvation. Scores of strikers are languishing in jail. Sheriffs, government officials and gunmen prevent picketing in many sections of the state.

Visalia, Calif., Oct. 22—Twelve thousand school children were taken out of the schools and ordered by their teachers to the cotton fields as scabs. They worked Friday, Satur-

day, Sunday and are expecting to continue the "holiday" to scab. October 26—Striking Mexican workers wired to the Mexican government demanding aid to return home, as they had enough in the country of the "brave and the free." They constitute 95 per cent of the cotton pickers.

Madison, Wis., Oct. 27—Gunder Felland, a farm strike picket, was murdered by a government guard picket. National Guard Troops attacked textile strikers at Horse Creek Valley, S. C.

San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 27—George Creel, NRA administrator, promises to obtain 5000 scabs for the cotton fields when strikers refuse to accept 30 cents a day increase.

Visalia, Calif., Oct. 28—Acting under the orders of Sheriff Buckner, deputized inhuman thugs drove out the striking cotton workers off their erected 50 acre tent city, and had it burned to ashes. The Federal Government Employment Bureau of Los Angeles has already shipped the first batch of one thousand scabs, as promised by the representative of the federal government, Mr. Creel.

Whilst MAN! approves of any method employed by the exploited workers and farmers—it sees fit to sound a warning: more than just strikes and holidaying is needed in order to emerge out of the present chaos. The N. R. A. was but a prelude to the real plan of capitalism to introduce Fascism in this country. The prelude has already been enacted over the dead and maimed bodies of the workers. It is this prelude and the Fascist Swope Plan that challenges now the very existence of the exploited and ruled workers and farmers. To meet this challenge something more effective than the methods used till now must be employed. Strikes and holidaying will in the end effect more the worker and farmer who toils than the ruling vultures who have never done a day's work in their lives. In the vicinity, of every village, township, and city, the workers and farmers should gather for the purpose of reaching an understanding as to how to begin producing the necessities of life without the exploiter, middleman, or government. First and foremost that needs be done, is to cease participating in the upkeep of the government by refusing to pay any taxes or to vote, as well as to refuse the paying of bank debts.

Such acts of rebellion can lead to a Social Revolution against the self-constituted brigand thieving exploiters and rulers who have and are carrying on an unceasing murderous attack against every attempt that we the enslaved make to throw them off our backs.

The issue at stake is Liberty. This is the challenge that capitalism has hurled at us—the exploited, and this challenge can be met, if all of us but will. The answer must be prompt and definite.

Now is the time for real action!

It's going to be either back to Feudal Slavery or Liberation through arising in a Social Revolution.

* * * * *

That government is best which does not govern at all.—Henry David Thoreau.

Canadian Government Bans Man!

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL REVENUE
CUSTOMS DIVISION

Ottawa, Canada, 12th October, 1933

The International Group of San Francisco,
Gentlemen: Attention Marcus Graham, Editor.

I am enclosing copy of Memorandum No. 689, issued by this Department to its Collectors, prohibiting the importation into Canada of a publication entitled "MAN!" (Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement), published by you.

Yours truly,

T. ROE,
for Commissioner of Customs.

The Bolsheviks and Czarism, Mussolini and Hitler are now united with a British Dominion in their combat of freedom. Their efforts will nevertheless prove in vain. Freedom—the ideal of Anarchy will break through every form of prohibition and oppression.—Editor.

day, Sunday and are expecting to continue the "holiday" to scab. October 26—Striking Mexican workers wired to the Mexican government demanding aid to return home, as they had enough in the country of the "brave and the free." They constitute 95 per cent of the cotton pickers.

Madison, Wis., Oct. 27—Gunder Felland, a farm strike picket, was murdered by a government guard picket.

National Guard Troops attacked textile strikers at Horse Creek Valley, S. C.

San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 27—George Creel, NRA administrator, promises to obtain 5000 scabs for the cotton fields when strikers refuse to accept 30 cents a day increase.

Visalia, Calif., Oct. 28—Acting under the orders of Sheriff Buckner, deputized inhuman thugs drove out the striking cotton workers off their erected 50 acre tent city, and had it burned to ashes. The Federal Government Employment Bureau of Los Angeles has already shipped the first batch of one thousand scabs, as promised by the representative of the federal government, Mr. Creel.

MARINUS VAN DER LUBBE

On the evening of February 27, 1933, a fire which caused considerable damage developed in the Reichstag building, in Berlin.

A political campaign for the election of a new Parliament was in full swing. Since January 30th, coalition Government was in power, composed of members of the Nazi and Nationalist Parties, under the leadership of Chancellor Hitler, the Nazi chief.

The Nazi Party, aspiring to the absolute and exclusive control of the government, seized the Reichstag fire as a campaign weapon to defeat its opponents who had already been cowed to a large extent by the furious violence of its storm troops. Holding all the keys of power, the police and the press, under control of the Nazi chiefs had only to conceive the idea and give adequate orders to crush their enemies. So they did. They elaborately dramatized the Reichstag fire in such a way that they not only won by a slight majority at the polls a few days later—which was a foregone conclusion, since the ballot is for the German Fascists only an empty ceremonial—but they soon succeeded in driving the Social-Democratic and Communist Parties from Parliament and from the country—the sixteen or seventeen million votes cast in their favor by the electorate notwithstanding—and in imposing themselves on the German people, with a semblance of formal lawfulness, as the saviours of the Fatherland from the Marxist-Semite scourge.

As soon as the fire alarm had been given, a young man scantily dressed was arrested on the premises of the Reichstag building. He gave his name as Marinus Van der Lubbe, brick mason from Leyde, Holland. He promptly admitted having caused the fire by the means of "Kohlenanzuender," some curtains found on the premises, and part of his own clothes. He stated that he had no accomplices and that all by himself had he conceived and executed his act. He added that he was a dissident Communist, expelled from the Party since 1931 and that by destroying the Reichstag he meant to protest against a political institution which was being used as an instrument to submit the workers to the yoke of a fascist dictatorship.

This was enough for the Nazis to attempt to involve the Communist and Social-Democratic Parties in a huge conspiracy to spread revolution over the Reich.

The conspiracy theme was played up to fantastic proportions since the first moment. During the night of Feb. 27th, thousands of Communists, Socialists and other revolutionists were arrested—without warrant, of course. The news was given out that Van der Lubbe was a member of the Communist Party, a party-card—this was said—having been found on him when arrested, that the Reichstag fire had been ordered by the Communists as a signal to start a Bolshevik revolution, that the Social-Democrats had participated in the plot, that Van der Lubbe was but one of the incendiaries, the others having succeeded in escaping immediate arrest, that the damage caused by the fire was so great it was impossible to conceive it as the job of a single person. The discovery of huge quantities of incendiary materials—hundreds of pounds—in the neighborhood of the destroyed building was announced. The dramatic zeal for speculation was pushed to such an extreme that by the beginning of March a pilgrimage had been organized through the "ruins" of the Reichstag to give the god-fearing and law-abiding Germans of "Aryan" blood an opportunity to witness the extent of the disaster and contemplate the unused quantities of incendiary materials which had been "discovered."

All this was utterly false. The sensational make-up was perfected in an atmosphere of terror. Thousands upon thousands of subversive suspects or Hebrew citizens were being arrested all over the country. Assassinations were taking place by the scores—abetted and fostered by the Government itself. Torture was resorted to. Censorship made control of news, acts and deeds by the Government and its partisans dangerous and impossible. The fantastic accusations piled by the dominating faction against their enemies went unchallenged and were made to appear truthful by means of suppressing all attempts at discussion.

Hitler and his acolytes succeeded in getting a bare majority at the polls—which was a foregone conclusion. Any party in power can fabricate a majority—or make it appear—for itself. But they did not succeed in their attempt to involve the Social-Democrats in the so-called Reichstag fire plot. German Social-Democrats are too well known as "respectable" politicians of a safe nature to be suspected of complicity in such an "outrage." Hitler could impose anything on the gullibility and cowardice of the Germans, except this impossible suspicion. Besides, German capitalists and junkers owed the Social-Democrats who had saved them from the Revolution, in 1918-1919, a debt of gratitude. Hindenburg saved the widow of his Socialist predecessor from the molestations of fanatic Hitlerites. Grateful German capitalism and junkerdom saved Social-Democracy from the Reichstag fire conspiracy frame-up.

German Communism had not so powerful protection. Herr Toergler, horrified by the accusations hurled against his party, went to the police, accompanied by his lawyer, and covered the parliamentary prestige, to defend it against so intolerable a suspicion. He was arrested and later implicated in the conspiracy case. As all the other defendants—Van der Lubbe, a Dutchman; Popoff, Dimitroff and Taneff, three Bulgarian exiles—are all aliens and as such not members of the German Communist Party, Toergler was made into the vital link of the whole frame-up which is now being tried by the Reich's Supreme Court, in Leipzig and Berlin.

That neither the German Communist Party nor the regular Communists—Toergler, Popoff, Dimitroff and Taneff—had any part whatever in the Reichstag fire, was amply proved: by the fact that Marinus Van der Lubbe consistently affirms he acted alone, that his co-defendants were completely unknown to him and that he has had no relation whatever with the Third International Communist Parties since 1931. It

is further proved by the alibis that each of these four has produced, and finally, by the character of the deed which was meant to be as much a protest against Nazism as against Parliamentary Communism.



From a Photo by D. Chum
MARINUS VAN DER LUBBE

The Communist Party—all its revolutionary verbiage notwithstanding—is at heart a party of law and order. Discipline is its byword; the State its fetish. Communists aim at the conquest of the State through discipline. They abhor individual initiative and action as vehemently as any bourgeois bureaucrat—if not more. They want to conquer power through ordered mass action—which means trade-union pressure, parliamentary politics, peaceful penetration and so forth. They are orthodox Democrats who claim their right to rule in the name of the majority of the people—who belong to the working class. Parliament is one of their means of propaganda and political action. Elections are their most coveted opportunities to reach the people and gather votes. Parliamentary emoluments are one of their sources for financing party leadership. Parliament is as sacred to them as to any other political party in a Parliamentary system. Don't let yourselves be deluded by the dissolution of the Russian Duma in 1917. When they dissolved the Duma, the Russian Communists—who, by the way, were forced to take that step by the revolution they could not have otherwise controlled—were already in power. No party in power likes to be controlled by Parliament, even though they may be forced to tolerate it.

But the main reason that makes the Communists defendants in the Reichstag fire trial innocent of the deed they are accused of is also the main reason that made their whole party incapable of counteracting the Nazi colossal speculation of that event.

Had Communists been a true revolutionary Party, they would have hailed the Reichstag fire as a signal for the German working class to rise against the bloody dictatorship of the Nazis—what it obviously was meant to be. Had they placed human common sense above political strategy, they would at least have opposed to the monstrous speculation of the Nazis the easy demonstration of the fact that the destruction of an empty building was after all a very secondary happening at a time and in a country where the paid agents of the government and of the ruling party were torturing and murdering inoffensive citizens by the hundreds, outlawing more by the thousands.

Since Communists are not revolutionists but mere politicians, since they are more interested in political strategy than human common sense, they were—or pretended to be—horribly by the profanation of that sacred temple of politics. They joined the Social-Democrats—who have used it for decades to deviate the tolling masses from the path of revolution—in deprecating the crime and vied with the Nazis themselves in showing their indignation against the outrage. This means that they played in the hands of Hitler's gang.

Communists and Social-Democrats resorting to a belated united front, validated all the lies the Hitler government was feeding out to the German public. So it became an undisputed fact that the firing of the Reichstag had been the "greatest crime of our times," that Marinus Van der Lubbe was an irresponsible person incapable of sound thinking, a tool in the hands of political intriguers. From this point of view it may be safely said that the "united front" went beyond the pale of Socialist and Communist politics—it clearly involved the Nazi Government itself in the pursuit of a common purpose: to present Marinus Van der Lubbe as an anti-social individual, a criminal of the basest sort and equally inimical to the German "Aryan" race and to the working classes, by repudiating his claims to revolutionary ideals as insincere and by divesting his deed of any revolutionary implication.

Social-Democrats, Communists and anti-Fascists of all descriptions took for granted anything the Nazi press would say. So it was taken for granted that Van der Lubbe had qualified himself as a member of the Communist Party; that he had denounced prominent leaders of the same as his accomplices, that the Reichstag fire could not possibly be the work of a single man; that huge quantities of un-

used incendiary materials had been found on or near the premises . . . and so on. All of which has been demonstrated to be utterly false by the evidence produced at the trial opened on Sept. 21st in Leipzig. Van der Lubbe has consistently declared from the beginning to the end that he has been expelled from the Dutch Communist Party in 1931, that he has never admitted having had any accomplice; he has never accused anybody but himself; he has always stated that each and every one of his co-defendants were absolutely unknown to him; no incendiary material has ever been found on the premises or nearby; finally it has been proved that the extent of the damage has been exaggerated and that the job could be the work of a single person.

Thus, while the Nazis, in their effort to build a case against the Communists, were creating these now totally exposed lies—an easy task under a system of censorship, domesticated press and intimidated public—the Communists and their allies far from casting any doubt upon the fabricated news which the Nazis were giving out—used them as if they were proved facts in their own effort to build a case against Nazism.

The Nazi frame-up is now crumbling at their own trial in Leipzig and Berlin. The Social-Communist frame-up is crumbling also before the larger audience of the world, to whose final judgment their lies and perversions are being exposed by friends of Van der Lubbe's and of the truth.

The Social-Communist frame-up stands exclusively on the assumption that Marinus Van der Lubbe is a provocative agent. To prove this assumption the Social-Communists have sponsored a book edited by an English lord—a member of the most obtuse aristocracy the world has ever known—and a mock-trial conducted in London by a body of bourgeois lawyers and politicians prior to the opening of the Leipzig trial. The conclusions arrived by at this body were announced on Sept. 20th and are to the effect that the four regular Communist defendants are wholly innocent of the deed they are accused of, and that Marinus Van der Lubbe is most probably a provocative agent, a tool of the Nazis.

The main reasons adduced by Communists and their allies to prove that Van der Lubbe is a provocative agent are the following:

1. Van der Lubbe was expelled from the Dutch Communist Party in 1931 as a suspect of being a police informer.—That this affirmation is not true is proved by the young Dutch mason's comrades and friends who were the first ones to protest—since last April—against the malicious insinuation spread by regular Communists. They sent then a letter to the Paris Anarchist paper "Le Libertaire" stating that Van der Lubbe had left the Communist Party for theoretical dissent, that all honest persons who knew him were bound to believe that his deed was the consequence of honest conviction on his part, that he had been consistently persecuted by the police of his native country, that he would never say anything apt to damage anybody. Van der Lubbe's behaviour before and during the trial absolutely confirms his comrades' and friends' opinion of him. He has said nothing that might in any way damage his co-defendants. He has not even tried an elaborate exposition of his political and social views at the trial, most probably for fear they might be interpreted as akin to those of the four Communists the German government is trying to link to the Reichstag fire,—whom he wishes in all justice to exonerate. Now, everybody knows that a provocative agent's task is to involve others in his deeds. Van der Lubbe not only involves nobody by direct admissions, but shows himself extremely cautious in not damaging his co-defendants by indirect inference—and this to the extent of renouncing to an attitude which might best respond to the interests of his moral and legal defense. "Let facts speak by themselves—he wrote to one of his friends back in Leyde, who was acquainting him with the Social-Communist calumny—everything is as clear as crystal." Everything is so clear in fact that Ernest Toergler—his German Communist co-defendant—has not dared to accuse Van der Lubbe of being a provocative agent in open court, but has simply qualified him as an Anarcho-Syndicalist.

2. Van der Lubbe is an homosexual pervert and as such has been a paid guest of some Nazi chiefs in the Saxony town of Brockwitz between the months of June and August, 1932. This accusation has been repeated at the London mock-trial, but E. Sylvia Pankhurst, after listening to all the evidence there produced, says that she does not believe the witnesses brought from Holland to testify on this account said the truth. As a matter of fact, the former socialist mayor of Brockwitz, who is supposed to have been the originator of this story, has denied at the Leipzig trial that any record exists of Van der Lubbe's having ever been in that town. Dr. Bonhofer, an expert who visited the prisoner soon after his arrest, said before that tribunal that he had not found in him any symptom authorizing the presumption that he might be an homosexual. Van der Lubbe's friends and relatives back in Holland deny it absolutely. What is more, Van der Lubbe was not in Germany at the time he is accused of having been a guest of the Brockwitz Nazi chiefs. From June 12th, to October 2nd, 1932, he was in jail in his native land where he had been sentenced to three months for political activity of a seditious nature, as appears from an official document—it being a release from the Utrecht House of Correction—which was published by the French paper "Le Semeur" in its Sept. 15th issue.

3. The Reichstag fire could not possibly serve any purpose but the Nazis'; therefore the Nazis must be the incendiaries and Van der Lubbe their conscious or unconscious tool.—That the Reichstag fire actually served mostly as a political speculative matter for the furtherance of the German Fascists' political interests, need not be demonstrated at this late date. But if it served no better purpose—as it was undoubtedly meant to—is not Van der Lubbe's

(Continued on Page Three)

The Spectre of Fascism in America

Ro.

Philadelphia, the city of so-called puritanism, the city of pure American ideals, has recently served as a rostrum for the staging of a short yet significant episode—an episode which, though farcical in nature, leads us to make conclusions which have a tragic bearing on us.

A few months ago, under the tutelage of Art J. Smith, there sprang up, in this city, the organization of Khaki Shirts, boasting a large membership and preparing for the great March to Washington, where the "Hon. Smith" was to hand over the dictatorship of the United States to the "democratic" Roosevelt. Indeed, it was to be a replica of Mussolini's March upon Rome in Italy—which has brought damnation and moral debasement to its people, which has brought stillness and oppression in the land formerly known as the seat of revolutionary activity. What it turned out to be was a parody of the Fascist March to Rome.

In the meantime, while Smith was preparing his climactic performance, he was collecting sums for uniforms from people who either sincerely, or otherwise, became members of the organization. Like a true American, Smith was killing two birds with one stone—he was acquiring a neat sum for himself and at the same time was cowardly promising his followers a reward for their money, namely the Grand March.

On the eve of the March to Washington, October 12, the headquarters of the Khaki Shirts underwent a raid—with the police giving Smith enough time to politely escape with the \$25,000 he had collected in the course of a few months. It is believed, and rightly so, according to the development of facts, that Smith himself called the police who intervened with the understanding that the "Philadelphia Duce" have enough time to escape. The raid resulted in the arrest of several Khaki men and the collection of an assortment of pistols and other weapons. At the hearing the arrested were dismissed!

During the course of the next few days a "wild search" was made for Smith, who heroically "surrendered" after a day or so, and a hearing was held for him behind closed doors.

As far as the local newspapers will have it, the Fascist maneuver in Philadelphia has come to an end. The surrender of Smith served, for the press and probably for a number of patriotic Americans, as the finale of this drama. However, looking at the matter critically and knowing too well the meaning of these episodes, one may justifiably draw definite and accurate conclusions regarding the whole matter.

In the first place, one must consider the stand taken by the authorities regarding this maneuver. We know too well that the law showed no opposition to the whole matter. They knew all these months that a Khaki Shirt organization was in progress and that preparations were being made for the "Grand March." They knew this because Smith had on various occasions announced the fact. Yet, on the eve of the march, when several members were arrested, the law made no comment or convictions regarding the weapons found at headquarters! And yet, it is easy enough to imagine what would have been the outcome had a radical been found with a weapon on his person. We know too well the fate of workers who have been condemned for the

MARINUS VAN DER LUBBE

(Continued from Page Two)

fault. Neither is it the fault of the German workers who are said to have received the news of the Reichstag fire with gratification. It is the fault only of the Social-Democratic and Communist politicians who refused to take advantage of it, who did even worse: Instead of interpreting it as a rallying call for all friends of the republic, of liberty and of the revolutionary cause of the proletariat to make a concerted effort to resist the violent reaction of the fascist hordes, they condemned it as vehemently as the fascists themselves as an anti-social act, and thereby played the latter's game. It was a pitiful case of devotion to legality at a time when the so-called revolutionary parties—Social-Democracy and Communism—proved themselves to be the only lawful parties. There was no law in Germany on the 27th of February 1933. The Weimer Constitution had long since been destroyed by President Hindenburg and the reactionary parties he had called to power of his own choice, against the will of the people and Parliament. The Hitler government was then given free hands to its private troops which were conquering the country by force of arms. The police at the service of a minority government were aiding and abetting the fascists in violation of all constitutional guarantees. Honest Republicans, honest Social-Democrats and sincere Communists had at that moment no means of defense from the Nazi reaction under the protection of the law, because no such protection or law existed. Social-Democrats and Communists seem to have remained so utterly blind to the real nature of the events which were taking place, that they conceived their political problem could be solved through an electoral campaign. And the electoral campaign absorbed them so completely that they failed to perceive that nothing short of a revolution could possibly save them.

Van der Lubbe—whom they are at pains to describe as an idiot because his acts and words differ so profoundly from their opportunistic policies—understood what they proved themselves unable to understand—that the electoral campaign about which they were raving was nothing but an ineffectual exercise destined to give an appearance of popular approval to the Fascist terror, that Parliament is always impotent against the brutal force of the dominating classes; that the workers should have resorted to action to save themselves; that an example was urgently called for, even at the price of life.

This does not mean that Marinus Van der Lubbe is a genius. It means only that he is a real revolutionist at heart, while the Social-Democratic and Communist leaders may well be geniuses—at lying and calumniating—but are at heart merely opportunistic politicians.

sole reason of protesting against the infamy of the present system, yet Smith and his "gang" were allowed to go on undisturbed and unmolested for several months, and, knowing now that the whole affair has been exposed as a trick, the mandates of law, justice and order calmly sit back and laugh with indulgence. The fact that Smith's hearing was held behind closed doors and the assertion of the magistrate that the accusations made against the "leader" were "silly indeed" induce us to conclude that Smith operated under the full protection of established law and authority. To further strengthen this conclusion we may cite the affair at Astoria, New York, during the month of July last, which resulted in the killing of Fierro, a young anti-Fascist, who protested against the words uttered by Smith.

As far as Smith himself is concerned, we may say that his gesture is a typical American one—he is a racketeer of the usual brand. That he was dishonest cannot be denied, and his dishonesty served him to advantage. But this does not surprise us. Fascists are made of this stuff; they are impostors and cowards. Certainly the march of the Khaki Shirts was a "bluff," and as much as the government of Roosevelt had no desire to see it carried out, so great a desire had "Duce Smith" to carry it out. Smith's desire, as is that of all racketeers, was to collect a neat sum for himself, and this he did, leaving his goat followers disappointed and disillusioned.

Something, too, may be said of the "gang," the followers of Art J. Smith. First, that there are people in America furnished with money and disposed to spend it to start a Fascist movement and whose enthusiasm is such that they do not stop to think of their leader. Moreover, it means that there are enough people, touched by social or mental conditions, who are ready to fill in the skeleton of Fascism here, thinking it will bring them betterment. These followers, who drank deeply of the intoxicating wines of their "leader," yes, they have met with disillusionment. But their idiocy and their privations always will triumph over the

disillusionment. The Khakis are all in all worthy of their leader.

* * * *

There are those who sincerely believe that Fascism will be the sole solution of the problems for existence; their ingeniousness surpasses all limits of common sense. They need only realize that 11 years of Fascism in Italy has degenerated the population, has reduced it to the limits of poverty and has demoralized them to the nth degree. They need only think of the more recent Fascism of Germany—the very essence of brutality—as most recently exemplified in the Van Der Lubbe trial.

Right here in America we witness the rising spectre of Fascism via Mr. Roosevelt, who in a dignified manner, is assuming privileges and rights of a dictator. It is at this moment more than ever—at this moment when we are pushed on all sides and to all extremities, at this moment when acts similar to those of Smith assume front-page importance—that we must realize that the problems of the workers can be realized, but by the workers themselves and not by professional gangsters at the service of capitalism and under the exalted protection of the law. By the workers, resolved to tear themselves definitely and forever from the chains of slavery and oppression, chains bound tightly about us and making an indelible mark on our bodies. Through our own efforts, not by the trickery or bribery of capitalists and racketeers, will we be able to breathe as free men should. It is we, the victims, who should and must resolve, in the face of existing tyranny, to make life better for ourselves and not for the political bosses.

Finally, we must remember that as Anarchists and lovers of the great ideal, which means liberty and happiness, life, in fact, we must dedicate ourselves as being always on the battle line, ready to burn the forks of infamy, tyranny and oppression with the flames of our torch of freedom, the torch of life.

OUR CHICAGO MARTYRS

Against the system of injustice the Anarchist always calls to rebellion. It was for this very reason that our five martyred comrades of Chicago, George Engel, Adolf Fisher, Louis Lingg, Albert R. Parsons, and August Spies, gave their lives on November 11, 1887. Bloody strikes at the McCormick Harvester Company started way back in 1885. It was of course, as always, the blood of the workers that was spilled. The Anarchists were the most active participants in the struggle for justice. They called a protest meeting at the Haymarket Square. Just before the meeting ended someone threw a bomb into the midst of a group of police, killing half a dozen of them. Undoubtedly it was a bomb thrown to avenge the continuous brutal attacks by the police upon the strikers. But no one knew who threw it. A reign of terror was instituted against the Anarchist movement. Its most active spokesmen were seized and placed on trial. Although unable to prove a single one of the accused Anarchists as the thrower of the bomb—they were nevertheless found guilty (as having incited the deed). Four of our comrades were hanged. One—Louis Lingg—was murdered in jail a day prior to the hanging. When a new Governor came to power, Gov. Altgeld, not only did he exonerate the legally murdered comrades, but likewise liberated Samuel Field, Oscar Neebe and Michael Schwab, who were serving life imprisonment sentences.

Today—forty-six years following the Haymarket tragedy—one finds the workers of this country undergoing the very same bloody onslaughts at the hands of their exploiters and rulers. Nevertheless the day of reckoning is as sure to dawn as is the rising of the sun following the clearance of the sky. Through the blood of the martyred Anarchists—freedom shall emerge triumphant,—and Anarchy fully vindicated.

M. G.

IN MEMORIAM

Murdered! That greed may gather gold unchecked,
And labor's lot be naught but hungry strife!

With every gaud of infamy bedecked,

Then slain—to show the sanctity of life!

O Law, at whose approach true justice fled,

Must calumny increase thy victim's pain?

Say, is it not enough to leave them dead,

That thou wouldst brand them with the mark of Cain?

Murdered! The whispering leaves take up the cry,

Trembling to think what oak and hemp have done:

The fitful breezes as they venture nigh

The galleys, start, then shuddering hasten on

To bear the ghastly tale of outrage forth,

In tones—that terrorism cannot still,

Till all the earth, east, west and south, and north,

Learns the full tidings of the deed of ill!

Murdered! Resentful thoughts our minds engage,

The murmur swells into an angry roar;

And strong man's tears of mingled grief and rage,

Blend with re-echoing groans from shore to shore.

Weep on! Yet know that sorrows scolding, rain,

Though it should mount and whelm th' accursed land,

Will not avail to purge the crimson stains

From fierce authority's bespattered hand!

Martyred! The light of Truth begins to break,

Gray sadness takes the tinge of roseate hope;

Fair Freedom bids her every friend awake,

'Twas for her sake our comrades braved the rope!

Shall we then spurn a sacrifice so great,

Or shrink when Tyranny uprears its head?

No! Snap the chains we all have learned to hate!

And thus avenge our unforgotten dead!

Anonymous.

SPARK PLUGS

That NRA might work out all right if every violator would get life-time, but then we would not have enough prisons.

"These are times that try men's souls." Yes, the soles on the feet of the unemployed looking for work.

"The Progress of a Century!"

"The oldest of Christian churches will extend its blessing to one of the newest forms of transportation in Detroit Sunday. In the liturgy of the Catholic church, a prayer is now provided in the book of blessings for the motor car. The prayer asks protection from dangers of every kind for those riding in the car. The service Sunday will be the first occasion that the blessing has been given in Detroit. The Rev. Martin J. Foley, O. P., pastor of St. Dominic's, will be assisted by three priests in conducting the blessing, which will be held in a passageway at the rear of the church. Cars will be blessed in groups of four, and all Catholic motorists of the community are invited to come in their cars and participate."—Detroit Newspaper.

Hitlerism: Persecuting the Jews and worshipping the Jew Jesus. "Nerts," is the only word for it.

We have always been told by our critics that Anarchism is chaos. What would they call the condition of today under the "best governments"? They are silent, only a few of the most courageous hint that insanity is the only name for it.

The Chicago Automobile Trade Association reports that during the 3 months ending with September, 9,068 new cars were registered in the city, and 10,199 cars were stolen. That ought to help the auto business more than the blue eagle.

A friend visiting Italy tells me:

"If Italians had the means and the liberty to leave Italy, within 6 months the Pope and Mussolini would be the only inhabitants left."

Governor Ross Sterling of Texas is of the opinion:

"What good will Greek and Latin ever do our children? If the English language was good enough for Jesus Christ, it's good enough for Texas."

Hard times struck Pineville, Ky. In an election suit witnesses testified they received only 50 cents to a dollar for their votes last election day, compared to \$5 rates in previous contests.

Prof. Einstein knows his onions (the Germans) when he says of them:

"The Germans love to march and parade, so it is natural, when one has it in the feet, he can't have it in the head."

Many people still believe the machines are to be blamed for present conditions. Dr. Compton, Pres. Mass. Institute of Technology gives them this answer:

"I do not know whether or not civilization will be destroyed, but if it is destroyed the blame will rest on man's 'stupidity and cussedness' and not upon the machines which he has created."

How tiresome it is to listen to this eternal bragging about our civilization by politicians and preachers. There is no such thing as civilization as long as we prepare for war and train men to kill each other in the name of that gigantic prejudice—"Patriotism."

To be sure, we need scouts, path-finders, advance-guards that point the way through the dense forest of ignorance, but do not let them become infallible popes that can't be wrong; many a one has led his followers to an impenetrable mine to death and destruction.

Sacrifices seem to be out of date in our age. August Spies prophesied from the gallows in Chicago on Nov. 11, 1887 "Our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today"; his words were not realized. The living word could have done more than the dead body in the cemetery of Waldheim.

Carl Nold

HUMAN NATURE IN SOCIAL CONDUCT

Eli Boche

In current discussions of social problems it is interesting to note the degree of pessimism which saturates the popular mind. I do not refer to disbelief in the immanence of better times "just around the corner," for many of those whom I call pessimists are thoughtlessly optimistic in their acceptance of newspaper and radio propaganda of an "upward trend." What I mean is a deeper seated feeling which comes as the result of many years of propaganda and indoctrination. It is a pessimism which is based upon a lack of confidence in human nature. It maintains, implicitly or explicitly, that man is incorrigibly bad and beyond hope of any considerable improvement.

This pessimism is frequently expressed by the statement that "You can't change human nature." Occasionally a conservative pessimist is found who admits that human nature is modifiable and constantly changing but that the rate of change is so exceedingly slow as to preclude the possibility of any radical change in the social system for hundreds of years. The attitude of the former group implies complete stagnation because, according to its members, the inherent and immutable greed and thirst for power in human nature preclude the possibility of a change in the environment. The latter group would likewise attempt no change in the social system until, by a slow process of moral evolution, human nature shall have sloughed off its evil constituents. They both argue that Greed and the Yearning for Power are inherent in man—that they are instincts which cannot be modified or controlled. What a gloomy picture for the future of mankind!

On the other hand the radical insists that these desires or drives are not "Instincts" at all but that they are learned reactions to a distorted and unjust social order. He argues that Greed and the Will to Power, while they do, in the person of the minority holding wealth and power, hinder a social change, do not preclude such change because the existing order itself inculcates and nurtures these anti-social reactions. Under a different and far better system they would either disappear entirely or diminish in intensity to a point where they could be controlled or inhibited by society. The radical believes that the evil factors in human nature are largely caused by an evil environment established and defended by a small minority for their own benefit, and that these evil factors can be quickly modified by a change in environment. He is an optimist. The reactionary and conservative (probably influenced by the theological doctrine of the degradation of man) believe that human nature is intrinsically bad and hence that no external change, which postulates the absence of his badness, is worth considering. He is a pessimist. Which is nearer the truth, the optimistic radical or the pessimistic conservative?

The answer to this question must be sought in the realm of psychology. Let us proceed by emulating Socrates or his more modern successor, Voltaire, and "define our terms." If we say that Greed and the Yearning for Power are "instincts" we certainly should know what an "instinct" is. Probably the best definition is that an instinct is a dependable and universal motive which leads to a mode of behavior which is unlearned. For example, a mother's love for her baby, the crying of the child, the escape from pain or discomfort, these are evidently unlearned reactions which may, therefore, be classified as instinctive. But what about a mother's love for her child in later years and what about speech? Are these instinctive?

Now we must be careful; we do not know how much of the mother's love for her grown son or daughter is unlearned and how much is learned. Investigations indicate that the release of certain hormones into the blood stream of the new mother is probably responsible for the wave of tenderness for her infant which sweeps over her. In later years this hormone may be absent and then the affection of the mother is due to learning by association or may be lacking altogether. In the case of speech there is little doubt that vocalization is unlearned, i. e. "instinctive," but that articulate speech is learned. The child "instinctively" withdraws his hand from a hot stove but he does not fear it until he has learned by experience that it is hurtful. Even the escape motive is inactive until the individual learns by experience or hearsay, what to fear. Since learning enters so greatly into our reactions it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible to find a purely instinctive mode of behavior. Obviously, those complex forms of behavior, which are commonly mislabeled "instincts," are really compounds of learned reactions built up on a foundation of unlearned or instinctive motivation.

By this time those reactionary pessimists who dogmatically assert that "You can't change human nature" should have gracefully subsided. Human nature is nothing more than the synthesis of all human motives, drives, desires, hopes, and fears, and certainly these are all modified forms of instinctive behavior. They are complex behavior patterns resulting from the interaction of environment and instinct. If human nature consists of modified instincts then clearly human nature is modifiable. The modifying forces are those of formal and informal education provided by every phase of the environment.

Now the pessimists contend that a new social order, which

would nullify the profit motive, is impossible because of individual greed. The latter, we may say, is the acquisitive desire pushed to a degree beyond the needs of the individual. According to our foregoing analysis it must be a complex of learned reactions built up on a core of instinctive behavior. What is this core of instinctive behavior?

If any animal fails to acquire for himself food, drink, and other necessities he must surely perish. Hence the acquisitive desire has its roots in the instinct of self-preservation. At first this instinct expresses itself in the desire for food, drink, shelter, etc., only as they are needed but, with the dawn of perception and reasoning power, the animal perceives that the necessities of life are not always at hand when most needed. He learns to store away food in the season of plenty against the season of dearth. Few creatures other than man, have developed to this point; with my limited knowledge of zoology and entomology, the only ones I can think of are the various species of the squirrel family, bees and termites. Perhaps this hoarding activity did not develop as I have suggested but may have come about in some other way (we hate to attribute reason to any animal but man) but at any rate it seems to be based on the instinct of self-preservation expressed as a fear for the future availability of the necessities of life.

Here already the acquisitive desire is no longer a pure instinct but is the product of instinct modified by experience and learning. But so long as the hoarding remains within the bounds of use with perhaps an additional amount as a factor of safety it can hardly be called greed. In the case of man the social environment has modified the instinct of self-preservation into the acquisitive desire and has carried it on into the excessive form of that desire which we call Greed and which we see all around us in the world today. What are the environmental influences which have brought this about?

From the very instant of birth every child is subjected to all the educative influences of the society into which he is born. A tremendously powerful mould of established customs, conventions, laws and ideas are waiting to crush him and to form him according to the conventional pattern. Psychologists and educators are agreed that these forces are effective from the beginning of intra-uterine life. That is why it is so difficult to determine the relative effects of heredity and environment (the physical environment is effective even on the embryo). As a proof of the recognition of the importance of early training witness the increasing emphasis upon "pre-school education" and the establishment of kindergarten and pre-kindergarten schools. Since the doctrine of private ownership infiltrates every phase of modern "civilized" society, even affecting the relations of parents to each other and to their children (the man, in particular, usually regards the woman as his property), it is unavoidable that the child should soon become inoculated with its concepts. He casually observes the struggle for economic goods and takes it for granted. By the time he has reached the age of self-support he fully realizes the necessity for acquisition and accumulation in a "dog-eat-dog" society. He sees men and women turned away from their jobs and thrown out to starve because they are "too old" and sooner or later he becomes obsessed with a similar fear for himself. Add to this the constant and ever present fear of loss of the means of support, even during youth, for one reason or another, and you have established one of the most powerful drives in human nature, expressing itself as a desire for the accumulation of wealth.

This fear of economic insecurity acts as the immediate stimulus to acquisition but it is aided by convention and law and through constant education becomes "second nature" or habit. That is one reason for the continued accumulation of wealth in many cases long after a reasonably safe economic status has been reached and for its persistence to a degree far beyond the possible use of the owner or his descendants for generations. But a much stronger factor at these extreme stages is the desire for power and recognition which will be considered later.

The acquisitive habit, forced upon us by the social system, becomes so strong and so universal that it is no wonder that the casual observer mistakes it for instinct. But its strength and universality arise from the necessity for acquisition imposed by a certain state of society and from the educative forces of that society. It does not follow that the given social organization is immutable because of "the evil factors in human nature," as the pessimists indicate, because these evil factors are themselves caused by the social order. On the contrary it does follow, logically, that if the social setup were so arranged that it would be impossible and unnecessary to accumulate wealth, "human nature" would no longer exhibit the anti-social characteristic of Greed. This can be simply done by abolishing private property beyond the sphere of personal use and by assuring to each individual, in sickness or in health, the necessities and comforts of life.

"Well," says the pessimist, "it might work out that way if it were not for the instinctive desire for Power of which you have taken little account." It is true that thus far I have not mentioned the desire for power while I have considered at some length the desire for things. This is not because I consider the former inferior in importance but because I think the same remedy will take care of both although in somewhat different ways.

To begin with, a slight, but important, correction is necessary in our terms. That which we call "the desire for power" is really the desire to achieve significance, power is but one means to that end. Certainly no rational person will go on gathering ("plucking" would be a better word) million after million merely in order to acquire the means for making still more millions. While various motives such as the desire for mastery and the need for continued activity on the part of such an energetic person, are factors determining his actions, probably the most important motive is the desire to achieve significance—the significance which the power of his millions will give him. The great mass of people will look up to and will respect and fear him in

proportion to the extent of his wealth and the power with which it provides him. He achieves still further recognition by donating millions to universities, hospitals, research foundations, etc. He is respectfully consulted for his opinion on problems of national and international importance and about which he probably knows next to nothing. He is talked about, written about, sought for, respected, feared, admired—in short he has achieved significance and he has achieved it through Power over his fellow men. Economic power was used as an example but it might have been political power or military power—the basic idea is the same.

It was stated above that power is but one way to significance. On the other hand, significance may also be attained by achievement in the fields of science, art, philosophy, religion, etc. Unfortunately, because of our false standards of values, the workers in such lines of endeavor are usually accorded less recognition than the spectacular plutocrat or the supreme Babbitts of the land. The great scientist, philosopher, or inventor, of course, he who stands at the head of his field, may not also receive recognition equal to or greater than that accorded the financier but also more lasting fame. However, the inventor of even the simplest gadget, which adds to human comfort and happiness, is entitled to more acclaim than the man who seizes that invention or takes advantage of every situation to enrich himself at the expense of others. The former strives for significance along socially useful lines (and usually doesn't achieve it), while the latter actually achieves significance by his socially harmful methods in proportion to the extent of those methods.

Hence, it may be seen that the desire to achieve significance may be gratified in more ways than one; if one road is blocked the disgruntled ego seeks another. Isn't it up to society to see that all those roads, which lead to individual expression and development and are paved with the common good, are kept open while those which are paved with the suffering and misery of others are blocked? For example, if the private ownership of land and the private ownership of tools and technique of production were eliminated * and if money were dethroned as the standard of value it would be impossible for a man or woman to even attempt to achieve significance by economic control over his fellows.

The conclusions to be drawn from the above discussion, expressed briefly, are as follows: (1) The desire for acquisition of goods may be modified to the bounds of personal use by providing economic security; (2) The desire for power as a means to gratify the desire for significance, may be eliminated by making it impossible to acquire and the ego may achieve equal or greater gratification along lines which are constructive and beneficial to society as a whole, and (3) The blocking of the road to economic power will eliminate greed as a means to such power thus combining with (1) above in controlling the acquisitive desire.

If these conclusions are justified then it is proven that the pessimist is wrong when he says that the social order cannot be changed because human nature cannot be changed (or until human nature is slowly changed for the better by a process of "moral" education). Human nature, as we have tried to show, is but the result of the interaction between learning and instinct. The pessimist's chief error is in assuming that the resulting complex form of behavior is a pure unadulterated "instinct." We cannot eliminate the truly basic instincts such as "the will to live," the procreative urge, etc., but we can greatly modify the manner in which they may express themselves in a social group. In one setup they move the individual in a direction incompatible with the welfare of the group while in another form of society they may move him in a direction equally or more gratifying to the individual himself as well as beneficial to the group as a whole. The truth of this statement is more fully realized when it is realized as W. Hendrick Van Loon so aptly expressed it, that "the weal and woe of one is the weal and woe of all."

*The anarchist does not object to the private ownership of land and tools. On the contrary, he strives for that day when this shall become the prevalent opportunity to each and all alike. It is only in the exploitation of others' toil that the anarchist sees the greatest barrier to man's social liberation.—Editor.

Did the mass of men know the actual selfishness and injustice of their rulers, not a government would stand a year; the world would foment with Revolution.—Theodore Parker.

Wealthiness and war are the results of an artificial society based upon capital.—Oscar Wilde.

SCHEMES [No. 4]

If any one was inclined to grant sincerity to Mr. Mahendra Pratap (Raja)—"Servant of Mankind"—publisher and editor of the "World Federation," the singular issue of August, 1933, would have checked the impulse. The following quotations speak for themselves:

"It was an honour and pleasure to receive the invitation to lunch at the Persian Legation . . . Indian Prince. We made an appointment and went to see him . . . We wish him a life of service to humanity . . . From Hsinking, Manchukuo, The Hon. Mr. Chang Ko, secretary . . . writes: 'As to your kindness regarding His Majesty our chief Executive and State, I offer my heartfelt thanks to you . . . I hope you will favor us further with help and instructions to our State' . . . At the command of H. M. King Nadir Khan, the present ruler, I went to the United States in 1930 to invite capital to Afghanistan. Now I hear that my humble services are again needed in this direction. We are ready to do our job . . . We have decided we shall no longer insist in our connections with the so-called radical element."

Thus another "servant of mankind" ends his career by becoming a boot-licking servant and the tool of every oppressor and ruler who is ready to make use of him for cold cash.

MAN !

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

Editor, Marcus Graham

Free Subscription Voluntary Contributions

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

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

Corresponding Address:

1000 JEFFERSON STREET, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

A Fragment of Luigi Galleani's Life

Melchior Seele

If an Anarchist movement exists today among the Italian immigrants and if such a movement has suffered practically no desertions as a consequence of the Bolshevik incarnation of Socialism, it is due to a large extent to the teachings and example of Luigi Galleani.

Others and foremost Italian apostles of Anarchism have been in this country: F. S. Merlino, the pioneer; Pietro Gori, the poet; Errico Malatesta, Giuseppe Ciancabilla, impressing characters all of them, clear minds and pure consciences. But their activity here, however intense, was more or less of a short duration. Galleani's, on the contrary, spread over most of 20 years and was marked by the continuous progress of his mind and of the revolutionary movement as well.

When he landed on these shores, in the fall of 1901, shortly after Czolgosz' execution of president McKinley, Luigi Galleani was in the prime of his life. Ten of his 40 years of age he had continuously spent either in jail, in relegation, or exile. His mind had matured through a very thorough education, hard thinking and personal experience. His conscience was clean of opportunistic entanglements. His convictions were deep-rooted. Persecutions had steeled him beyond fear and temptation. He had chosen his place in life, and nothing was to lure him away from his purpose. In 1898 he was confined to the Island of Pantelleria, when the socialist politicians, who had been intriguing with all sorts of reactionary tools, conceived the idea of subduing the Anarchists to their parliamentary policy. All Italian Anarchists were then either confined to the islands or exiled. Had they consented to give their names to a political campaign and had they been elected, which was all but impossible then, in many cases, they would have been automatically set free. Galleani answered to the socialist manoeuvre for all his comrades in seclusion, saying that prisons, chains and persecutions had not daunted their faith and that, no matter how painful they found it to be severed from the living world, they would rather stay and die, if need be, on the Mediterranean rocks, than lend their names to an electoral circus, which they despised, bow to a flag for which was not theirs. "Manet Immota Fides"—he wrote then on his flag, and his faith remained unchanged to his death.

Of course, although they were absolutely truthful when they said nothing in the world could persuade them to repudiate or soften their Anarchist convictions, neither Galleani nor his comrades expected to die on the Mediterranean rocks. Errico Malatesta had escaped from the Island of Ustica a few months before, Galleani escaped from the Island of Pantelleria a few months later, and all were set free after Bresci's execution of King Humbert, in 1900.

Following his escape from Pantelleria, Galleani spent some time in Egypt and then, by way of London, came to America.

A deep knowledge of Anarchist philosophy, 20 years of experience at the front of the social war, the firm conviction that the social revolution is at one and the same time what the people want and what they must have if human progress is to continue and civilization to survive, a powerful mind, a noble character that feared nothing and disdained all compromise, a masterly pen with a touch of classicism, a native and carefully cultivated talent of oratory, which made him an unsurpassed tribune of the people—these were his arms as he plunged himself in the vortex of American life, in the wake of the plutocratic imperialism that was being fostered by the elder Rooseveltian windbag.

Galleani was not assimilated by the American environment. His age was too advanced to permit him to master the English language to his own satisfaction. And you cannot reach a people whose language you don't know perfectly. Besides, he was too much of an artist, too much of a scrupulous thinker to suffer himself to express his thoughts in less than a masterly way. For this reason, his passage through the American scene remains practically unknown to all but the Italo-American community and to the native police records.

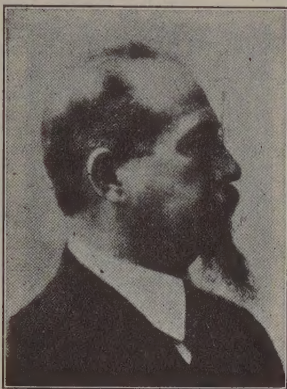
But even though he was not absorbed by the American environment, he certainly had a good grasp of its workings. Holding himself consistently aloof from the ruling cliques and from those who aspire to rule as well he could see the American panorama—its past, its present, its tendencies, from the viewpoint of the underdog—and accordingly elaborate his policies, his doctrine and attitude in a state of absolute independence.

His first stop was in Paterson, N. J., then at its peak as the "hotbed" of Anarchism. Here he became the editor of a weekly paper called "La Questione Sociale." When the famous textile strike of 1902 broke out, Galleani had the first opportunity to give the measure of himself as an agitator and a fighter. Nothing half-baked in him. If his written word might well sound fiery to the mill cabs, his spoken word rang as the hymn of resurrection to the hungry strikers. And his actions made good both. He was not an organizer. He called the workers to action for their bread, for their freedom—not for his own good. When the fight was on, he would ask the workers to keep it on, to rely only on themselves, on their united effort to force the enemy into submission. He would not ask them to confide their troubles to his ability as a fixer or a mediator. For himself he would ask neither position, nor money, nor even the acceptance of his social philosophy—only to let him fight by their side for the triumph of their cause.

This kind of leadership is not familiar with the professional organizers of labor who are wont to approach the strikers with condescension with the more or less tact understanding that they shall organize under their banners and make a position for them as their paid leader. When, if ever, these organizers take to picketing, they do it for advertising purpose and only provided they are accompanied by the elaborate paraphernalia of loud drums, reel-photographers, news reporters, defense counsel and other similar accompaniments. Galleani's was the kind of leadership that marks the crusader and scares the job-seekers.

On June 18th, while leading picketing strikers, they came in contact with the gunmen of the police force. They

fought valiantly. Galleani barely escaped with his life after having received a slash on the forehead and a gun shot on his upper lip. The Paterson police was in an uproar to capture him. But he succeeded in escaping and took refuge



LUIGI GALLEANI
(JUNE 21, 1860-NOV. 6, 1931)

in Canada from where he came to Barre, Vt., the following year, under an assumed name. There he founded a weekly paper of Anarchist propaganda called "Cronaca Sovversiva," which was later transferred to Lynn, Mass. His identity having been publicly revealed by a socialist politician, G. M. Serrati, who lived to succeed Mussolini as editor of the official organ of the Italian Socialist Party and betray the Italian revolution of 1919—Luigi Galleani was arrested in Barre, Vt., on December 30, 1906, extradited to New Jersey, and tried in Paterson a few months later for his part in the strike of 1902. His case was afterward dropped following a disagreement of the jury.

From 1903 to 1918 Galleani edited "Cronaca Sovversiva," a paper which was a constant source of information, enthusiasm, courage, discussion. Into it Galleani transfused his wide knowledge and rare ability. He made it the mirror of his soul, which was itself the mirror of the anguish, torture and hopes of the underdog. For 15 years this paper had an undisputed influence, not only over the Anarchist movement, but also over the whole revolutionary movement of the Italian community in America. It inspired a movement which was not probably very large in number but was highly select. Its members had a precise notion of what Anarchism should be, what it should do, and endeavored to act accordingly. They did not waste their time pursuing elusive chimeras of actual realizations in any field. They conceived Anarchism as a militant struggle for the elimination of present-day oppression and exploitations—beyond their personal immediate need of acquiring knowledge. They were not to be found wasting time to conquer or build labor organizations only to be annihilated by them. They aimed, instead, at always being in the first places of the everyday struggle for the defense of liberty and social justice. The new world could not possibly emerge but from the utter destruction of the old institutions based on privilege and compulsion.

Galleani himself gave the example in words and deeds. His ultimate aim was Anarchist Communism, more or less according to the Kropotkin philosophy. He knew, however, that before the ultimate aim could be realized much was to be done in order to pave the way. So he used to insist more on the struggle of today than on the details of a social order he very passionately wished for, but could hardly hope he would have a hand in shaping. "Our children will see to that," he used to say. "Our task is to bequeath to them an environment as free as possible from the hindrances of private property and political power. No free construction is possible unless preceded by thorough destruction."

He toured the country from ocean to ocean several times, generously spreading the good seed of revolt and Anarchism, and ever leaving behind a deep wake of sympathy, solidarity and enthusiasm for the cause. Again, no formal organization. From all sides people were doing their utmost to create new regimentations and new burdens for the oppressed multitudes in addition to the old ones. Not he. His purpose was to awaken independent minds, to form solid characters, to give consciousness to stern wills. He had no use for formal adherence to his person, or paper or even ideas. He felt that what the movement needed, above all, were men and women of strong convictions, deeply persuaded that the Anarchist ideal is right, that his paper was giving a genuine interpretation of this ideal. He tried to build such characters and consciences, confiding that, had he succeeded, with or without him the Anarchist movement would have recruited new real forces, a firmer hold upon society than any formal organization could ever give. Once Anarchists had been made, cooperation among them was but a natural inevitable consequence. The doings of such cooperation would almost mechanically spring from the common urge of each and all to action.

Here is briefly sketched Galleani's conception of Anarchism as an operating force. A movement of highly conscious individuals who knew exactly what they wanted and how to go after it, each always independent in his or her judgment, bound to common action by the singleness of their purpose, cooperating out of a spontaneous impulse and deep conviction that they were acting for the good of the common cause, not for passive and therefore tepid submission, not for the sake of any discipline—were it even called class discipline. That such a conception was coherent with the Anarchist philosophy is obvious. That it was bound to give good results in practice was proved when the changing circumstances of the American scene brought it to the great test of the struggle against war.

Whatever one may think of the Anarchist movement in the United States, this much is true: that, as a movement, it suffered less casualties than any other revolutionary movement on account of the war dementia. The socialists fled "en masse" to the patriotic standards of belligerent democracy. Debs remained at the head of but a handful of his former followers. The A. F. of L. prostituted itself to the federal government. The I. W. W.'s tried to attenuate their position, claiming a political agnosticism which was tantamount to overt opposition to the war, lacking only the audacity to affirm itself as such. All the Anarchists, instead, assumed from the beginning a courageous and open stand against the ghastly butchery.

Galleani, as usual, minced no words. Persecution soon fell upon him and his paper which was denied the freedom of the mail. "Cronaca Sovversiva" continued to appear, being distributed by other means. Never had a paper been the object of such a wave of solidarity. Galleani was arrested. The paper found the means to appear just the same. "Nulla dies sine linea" was then our motto: "Not a day without a word"—against the war. Galleani was sentenced by a domesticated federal court in Boston: he would not fold his flag. He was then arrested again together with 50 or 60 comrades who were supposed to receive the paper all over the U. S. and distribute it to the readers. They were all held by the immigration authority for deportation. It was then springtime, 1918. He was left almost alone in the printing shop, in Lynn. All the younger comrades were either in jail or in hiding. One day Mr. Palmer's hounds ran into the printing shop for the last time, stole the forms of the paper, which had just been issued, and Galleani, a sick old man, whose words the mighty government of the U. S. feared, was silenced at last.

The following year, two more issues of "Cronaca Sovversiva" were published in New York. Galleani toured the country as far west as Kansas. May and June of that year had terrible bomb scares—as it is always bound to happen when the freedom of speech and press is suppressed, and on the 24th day of June Galleani was torn from his wife and children, and embarked for Italy together with eight of his comrades—all undesirable, from the great republic of Wall Street.

But the American government was to remember Galleani's passage through the American scene for quite a long time. The seeds he had planted on this soil had not fallen on barren ground. The movement he had so prodigally nurtured for so many years remained, however, mutilated. And from this movement sprang Andrea Salsedo, whom Mr. Palmer's assassins threw from a 14th story window in New York City, on May 3rd, 1919; from it, too, came Vanzetti whose seven years' martyrdom remains as one of the most inspiring facts in modern times, and as a blot of eternal infamy upon the history of this bloody plutocracy.

Galleani's life in Italy was eventful. In 1920 he revived his paper "Cronaca Sovversiva" only to see it die again after 18 issues, because the government was after him on account of some objectionable articles, and he had to hide himself to escape preventive arrest. Three days before he was to be tried for this crime, he presented himself to the police, in Turin, and on October 28th, 1922—the very same day in which the king called Mussolini to preside over the government—Galleani appeared before a jury of 12 good citizens, who condemned him to 14 months in prison, for the crime of having called the Italian soldiers to the cause of revolution.

In prison, his disease aggravated; so, when he was released, over a year later, he had to go to a hospital. Meanwhile the fascist dictatorship was affirming itself. Freedom of speech and press was confiscated. Being unable to resume active work in Italy, he prepared, in 1925, for publication, a little book on Anarchism, which was published by his comrades in America, under the title of "La fine dell'Anarchismo?" The title: "Is Anarchism at An End?" suggests the polemical form of the book which is a vigorous defense of Anarchist thought against Socialist attacks. Besides this very important work of his, he has left a big volume resuming the chronicles of heroic Anarchism up to 1898: "Faccia a Faccia col nemico" ("Face to Face with the Enemy"), a translation of Clemente Duval's Memoirs; a book of pen sketches: "Figure figuri" ("Men and Mugs"), a small volume containing his criticism of the war-like attitude of Kropotkin and other revolutionists, and, finally, pamphlets of various character. Much else of standing value remains to be gathered from the collection of the papers he edited.

In 1927 he was arrested and fined because he had received an Anarchist newspaper enclosed in an envelope from America. Later for the same crime, he was again arrested, then sentenced to ten days in prison and, finally, sent to the Island of Lipari, for three years. A few days after he had landed in his new abode, he was arrested, accused of having said evil things of "Il Duce" (Mussolini), and sentenced to six months in the Island's jail.

In 1930 he was allowed to leave the Island. He took residence in a small village in an Appennine valley and there remained under the continuous surveillance of the police, who never left his housedown and followed him in his solitary walks by the countryside, to the end of his life, which came the evening of November 4th, 1931.

While returning from his usual walk that day, he dropped, a few blocks from his home. Taken to his bed by solicitous neighbors—who, although never allowed to approach him, must have sympathized with him—he died half an hour later. As a last outrage, the policeman, who had been followed him on his walk that day, and who was the first person to approach him after his fall, robbed him of his pocket book, which he was known to have in his pocket and which was never found afterwards; and which in the absence of money—as Galleani had always been poor—must have contained tokens of his dear ones living far away and completely unaware of his plight.

To the last moment he had remained faithful to the ideals

(Continued on Page Eight)

ANARCHISTS:

"Far from the crazy city's strife,
Away from its wretchedness and woe,
I cogitate for a saner life
And hopefully dream in the ingle's glow."

Joseph A. Labadie.

In the "Michigan History Magazine," Lawrence H. Conrad introduces Jo Labadie thus:

"Everybody knows Jo Labadie. All the poor know him; he has been their voice in every council. But the rich know him, too, and many of the most influential men in this state during the past 50 years have been glad to call him friend. People know how Jo and Mama, pals through the years, worked together for high ideals. People know about the Labadie Shop, a printing establishment for dispensing goodwill where Jo writes and prints his own books and where until her death recently Mama used to bind them in covers made from sample books of wallpaper."

Born 1850 in Michigan of French-Indian descent, he received but little schooling in the small town of Paw Paw. At the age of 16, he had a job in a printing office in South Bend, Ind. This is where his interest in the Labor movement became rooted. In 1876 he was already a good and active member in the Greenback Party. However, this party proved to be not progressive enough for Jo. At its convention in 1880 in Chicago, he was one of 40 who left the convention because of a dispute over woman suffrage, of which he was an advocate. In the meantime he had joined the Socialist Labor Party (in 1877) and in 1878 he was a member of the Knights of Labor, as also its first master-workman and organizer in Michigan. As far back as 1871, Jo was in New York a member of the Typographical Union, the "Big Six."

A letter from Jo, published in 1883 in Benjamin R. Tuckers "Liberty" indicates that Jo had become an Anarchist. He writes to Tucker:

"We don't any longer believe in political action, but we are extremely desirous to have all classes of radicals unite to fight the common foe."

In 1887 he was editor of the "Labor Leaf," defending the Chicago Anarchists in speeches and print. A month before the Chicago hanging of our comrades (Nov. 11, 1887) Jo went as a delegate to the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor which met in Minneapolis, Minn., where he fought Powderly, the Grand Master (Grand Scoundrel) of the K. of L. who was in favor of the hanging. On his return trip he visited Spies, Parsons and comrades in the Chicago jail.

In 1886 Jo and Mama, his wife, built their first house of which the "Detroit Journal" reports:

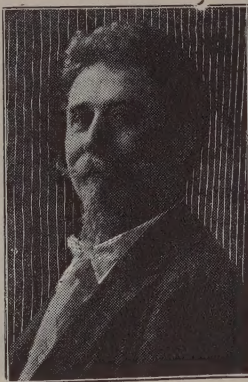
"Jo Labadie of Detroit is building a new house upon which he has the eight hour system in full operation. Every man employed about the place draws a full day's current wages for eight hours work."

As to the downfall of the K. of L. it was Jo's opinion that:

"... it was destroyed largely by the influence of those religious bodies which are opposed to secret organizations. In my estimation that which finally put the quietus to the organization was the action of re-

Joseph A. Labadie

fusing, principally through the influence of Powderly and his followers, to reaffirm the resolution passed the year previous asking for clemency for the so-called Chicago Anarchists, charged with the murder of certain policemen who broke up a peaceful labor meeting on the Haymarket."



JOSEPH A. LABADIE

(1850-1933)

When I am dead

Waste not yourself in either grief or joy because of so,
As I'll not know,
And recompense, the spur to all we do,
Will never come to you,
Except as one in sounding glen bewails or sings
And echo brings on airy wings
The messages himself sent out.

JO LABADIE.

Having worked in the office of the Detroit Water Board for about 15 years, a new head of the board, James H. Pound, got in 1908 the idea that the Anarchist Labadie should be discharged to make room for some political wire puller. He actually succeeded in convincing the board that Jo, known as the "gentle Anarchist," was dangerous and he finally was discharged. To Mr. Pound's surprise, this caused in the Detroit newspapers and organizations such a storm of protest that to quiet the city, the board was compelled to re-hire Jo. One paper even stated that:

"Mr. Pound is the biggest ass that ever came down the pike."

Thus we find Jo Labadie during his long life going through a whole scale of activities, a laborer, printer, editorial and feature writer, publisher, speaker, organizer, labor leader, office clerk and poet, always a champion in the cause of his fellow workers, never dodging, always pro-

ANARCHISM

Anarchism, in the language of Benjamin R. Tucker, may be described as the doctrine that "all the affairs of men should be managed by individuals or voluntary associations, and that the state should be abolished."

The state, according to Herbert Spencer and others, originated in war, aggressive war, violence, and has always been maintained by violence. The function of the state has always been to govern—to make the non-ruling classes do what the ruling classes want done. The state is the king in a monarchy, the king and parliament in a limited monarchy, elected representatives in such a republic as exists in the United States, and the majority of the voters in a democracy as in Switzerland. History shows that the masses are always improved in mental, moral and material conditions as the powers of the state over the individual are reduced. As man becomes more enlightened regarding his interests, individual and collective, he insists that forcible authority over him and his conduct shall be abolished. He points to the fact that the church has improved in its material affairs, to say nothing of the spiritual, since the individual is not compelled to support it and accept its doctrines or be declared a heretic and burned at the stake or otherwise maltreated; to the fact that people are better dressed since the state has annulled the laws regulating dress; to the fact that people are happier married since each person can choose his own mate; to the fact that people are better in every way since the laws were abolished regulating the individual's hair-cut, his traveling, his trade, the number of window-panes in his house, chewing tobacco or kissing on Sundays, and so on without number. In Russia and some other countries even now you would not be allowed to go into the country or come out of it without legal permission, to print or read books or papers except those permitted by law, to keep anyone in your house over night without notifying the police, and in a thousand ways the individual is hampered in his movements. Even in the freest countries the individual is robbed by the tax-collector, is beaten by the police, is fined and jailed by the courts—is browbeaten by authority in many ways when his conduct is not aggressive or in violation of equal freedom.

What Anarchism aims to do . . . is to make equal freedom applicable to every human creature. The majority under this rule has no more rights than the minority, the millions no greater rights than one. It assumes that every human being should have equal rights to all the products of nature without money and without price; that what one produces would belong to himself, and that no individual or collection of persons, be they outlaw or state, should take any portion of it without his knowledge or consent; that every person should be allowed to exchange his own products wherever he wills; that he should be allowed to co-operate

with his fellows if he chooses, or to compete against them in whatever field he elects; that no restrictions whatsoever should be put upon him in what he prints or reads or drinks or eats or does, so long as he does not invade the equal rights of his fellows.

It is often remarked that Anarchism is an impractical theory imported into the United States by a lot of ignorant foreigners. Of course, those who make this statement are as much mistaken as though they made it while conscious of its falsity. The doctrine of personal freedom is an American doctrine, in so far as the attempt to put it into practice is concerned, as Paine, Franklin, Jefferson and others understood it quite well. Even the Puritans had a faint idea of it, as they came here to exercise the right of private judgment in religious matters. The right to exercise private judgment in religion is Anarchy in religion. The first to formulate the doctrine of individual sovereignty was a blue-bellied Yankee, as Josiah Warren was a descendant of the Revolutionary General Warren.

Anarchy is a synonym for liberty, freedom, independence, free play, self-government, non-interference, mind your own business and let your neighbor's alone, laissez faire, un-governed, autonomy, and so on.

Joseph A. Labadie

Anarchists and the United Front

London, England

8th September 1933

Dear Comrade:

Will you be so good as give space in your MAN! for the enclosed appeal? As you see is not sectarian and is an invitation to all Italians abroad AND ALL FRIENDS OF LIBERTY to join in a world-wide protest against Fascism. Fascism was born in Italy and it must be killed there. If we were able to open a way for any form of revolution in Italy, even if that revolution had an authoritarian character, something would be done, for when the people begin to move we stand a better chance to get a freer form of society. It is stagnation which kills.

If your paper were to take the initiative in asking all the anarchists of Italian language to follow this lead, a great thing would be done. In this occasion I would urge, as the manifesto indicates, that all political opinions should be put aside, for one day. There remains all the other days of the years to discuss our different views on the probable, possible revolution. I am one of those who believe that in action truth comes out. Therefore, I personally and in name of the Committee, I ask your valuable support for the Demonstrations on 29 October.

If the anarchists take the lead in this occasion the demonstrations are likely to take a more advanced form, and personally this is what I desire.

With anticipated thanks

Fraternally

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST

The above letter and the appeal came too late to be dealt with in the October issue. Comrade Pankhurst, who reads

claiming his ideal of Anarchism, even as a poet to which L. H. Conrad makes the noteworthy remark:

"I think there is always some poetry in the best of Anarchy and some Anarchy is the best of poetry."

Although more inclined to Ben Tuckers individualistic Anarchism, than to John Most's Communistic Anarchism, Jo made little distinction between these two isms, the difference did not look important enough to fight about it. His main point was:

"Make the people realize that they live in a wrong system of society and show them that Anarchy is a guarantee for real freedom. Where real liberty prevails, you can have your choice to live in Communism or Individualism. I'll be your comrade either way as long as you keep off my toes and mind your own business. There is today no use of fighting among ourselves about the exact shape of a future society, let Liberty be our battle cry! The enemy must be attacked from every side in various ways. Thus the Trade Unionists, Single-taxers, Socialists, I. W. W., Communists, etc. etc., all help along in their own way to do away with the old and create the new. Some use better weapons than others, just as some have better brains than others, but as we all cannot be alike, and never will be alike, the fact remains nevertheless, that every little helps."

Jo was a man who could see something good in every movement that was opposed to the present system. For this reason we should not condemn those who are less radical than we are. He stood between those who are too radical and those who are not radical enough, which earned him the name of "the gentle Anarchist." To be tolerant is a nice trait in a man, but to take a blow on one cheek and then present the other for another blow and excuse the perpetrator, as Jo often did, is too much for me. He was too good hearted in many cases where he should have spit fire. However, if such was his nature, it may be wrong for me to make remarks about it. The disadvantage of such a standpoint was that he was considered by many friends not serious in his fight for Anarchism, and the very title under which he wrote for different papers his "Cranky Notions" left the impression on some readers that he must be a crank. Yet, his intimate friends knew better. His fight against Powderly and the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists will stand as an everlasting credit to Jo, the true Anarchist.

Since about 1870 when Jo entered the labor movement, a young man of about 20, he collected and preserved every scrap of paper he could buy or get hold of some how, pertaining to the movement. This great and valuable collection he presented in 1911 to the Michigan State University in Ann Arbor, Mich., for safe-keeping. It has since been assorted and catalogued by our devoted comrade Agnes Inglis, with motherly love and care and is still in her charge. It contains to this date the largest collection of Anarchist publications in different languages in America. It is still increasing and will be some day a rich mine of information for future historians when they write the history of this "Age of Insanity."

Jo's mental strength was gradually declining during the last 3 years. He passed away peacefully and painlessly on October 7, 1933.

MAN!, has undoubtedly by now become acquainted with the stand taken in the Aug.-Sept. issue towards the United Front against Fascism proposed by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of Geneva, Switzerland. Nothing can therefore be gained by printing a new appeal, as it would only call for a repetition of the answer given them as well.

The Anarchist cannot foretell when a way will be opened for a revolution in Italy or any other country. Revolution is a force that goes beyond the possibility of calculation.

Comrade Pankhurst thinks that Anarchists shouldn't mind even if the revolution-to-come should have an authoritarian character. The Anarchist wonders at this assertion. Has not the Socialist regime in England soiled itself with the blood of the Indian people and has it not filled the jails of India? Has Largo Caballero, the Socialist minister of Spain, refused to act as the chief butcher of attempted Anarchist Communes there—he who has been filling the jails with Anarchists? Has not the Bolshevik Government secretly assassinated Anarchists and filled the prisons of Russia, outlawing the Anarchists even to the extent of depriving them of the right to earn a livelihood? Shall all this be forgotten by the Anarchists just for one day?

The Socialist, Communist and Syndicalist groupings, who might be willing to join with the Anarchist for a united front demonstration against Fascism, are nevertheless opposed to the fundamental principles of Anarchy—Liberty. Wherein will then lie the consistency of the Anarchist to unite even for one moment with such anti-libertarian grouping? No, the real issue at stake is one of principles.

The Anarchist continues every day in the year to give battle to every sort of oppression and rulership and whether it is to the Black Fascist Italy or the Red Fascist Russia, the Yellow Fascist England or the White Fascist Germany, makes no difference.

Neither are the Anarchists interested in "leading" any one under any circumstances. The Anarchist works and hopes to inspire and arouse the masses to the need of arising to destroy every form of exploitation and rulership that keeps the human race in bondage.

Picnic in Los Angeles County

To Aid in the Publication of

MAN! and L'ADUNATA

Sunday, November 26, 1933

At Comrade Podovan's Ranch,
San Fernando, Cal.

Directions how to get there: Follow Highway 99. Turn off at Cobalt street to your right when coming from Los Angeles. Cross track. Turn right at first house on the left. Go to the last house on the left of this street.

ART and LITERATURE

Phillip Grosser

(1890-1933)

Friend of the lonely
 Friend of the needy
 Lover of truth
 Hater of hypocrisy
 Irreconcilable enemy of the State
 Champion of peace
 Enemy of war
 Enemy of money-changers
 Consistent disbeliever in private property
 Uncompromising indefatigable fighter for righteousness
 —An Anarchist—

HARRY BLOCK.

October 21, 1933

To the Idolaters

Before idols of gilt
 You have lain prostrate;
 Now they have forsaken you.

With what delirium you fall
 To your inescapable doom
 On inexorable rocks!

You have not heeded us
 But greed-blinded
 Disciples of Mammon!

MORRIS REDGOLD.

Industrial Slave Chant

O how shall we wake to the morning?
 Why must we face the sun?
 O could this night be unending,
 And the dreaming never be done!

So few these, our hours of leisure,
 Dim hours between twilight and dawn
 That we snatch from our rest—sadly needed—
 Playing "Life" to a sob and a yawn.

Will we never, while day's light is warmest,
 Be released from that blood-sweating team,
 That gong—that will strike through our resting,
 Those wheels—that grind on through our dream!

What do we care for the daylight
 When slavery never is done?
 The sun? Why, alas, we've forgotten
 The days that we laughed—in the sun!

But Night, of the wine-warming glamor!
 We have come to love you so well
 That we hope, cursing daylight's pale heaven,
 That it's evening forever in hell!

Ours is the dance of the dying.
 We cruise ever close to the shoals,
 And night—only night—hears the crying
 Of all that is left of our souls.

Give us no more of the morning.
 Spare us the sight of the sun.
 Sleep we off in the shadow
 Where the Silence never is done.

TED SINGLETON.

Miners at Their Work

They go by with thumping feet before the dawn
 And one follows so close upon the other
 They sound like ghosts that only tread
 And never move along.

Both down the hill
 And up the railroad track they come,
 And from my window I only see them black
 And play they are bogey ghosts, racing for a prize.

Then mother cries, "Your dinner bucket's ready."
 And there are dying footsteps on our cinder path;
 I play I've turned my own ghost loose
 And bet he surely wins.

Then I think and raise the window
 And yell, "Dad, bring me some carbide from the mine."
 "All right," he says, and hurries on;
 I want to holler "fuse, too," but he's too far gone.

And my little bud, sitting here in the bed
 And looking out the window
 Gets scared when the ghosts make funny noises and says, "What's that?"

I says, "Your crazy, it's miners goin' to their work."

Then in a little while down at the mine
 A long line of lamps stretch along the path
 From the wash-house to the slope;
 And then the whistle sends them scurrying in, like rats into a hole.

I play in the yard at my mine
 And every time a trip comes roaring up below I pull one too,
 Until I get tired and sit on the porch
 And let Bud run the mine.

Sitting there I see a big cloud of smoke
 Coming up from the mine and top-men arunning about.
 "Look, Bud," I yell, "something's wrong."
 He looks and says, "You're crazy, it's miners at their work."

Then mother locks me in a room so I can't follow
 And runs to the mine with the other women and kids,
 And forgets to come back and get dinner.
 Bud plays and builds a fire in our mine so it will smoke, too.

Big cars with glass windows and curtains in them
 Come rushing by to the mine;
 The phone rings and rings and people talk all at once.
 A lady says, "The wash-house will be the morgue."

Great crowds come; I didn't know there were so many cars.
 They stretch along the road and railroad track as far as I can see.
 Soldiers come marching along with guns
 And form a ring around the mine.

Then trip after trip comes out of the mine with bundles of gunny sack,

And four men carry each bundle to the wash-house;
 And I ask, "Bud, do you know what them bundles are?"
 "Ain't nothing," he answers. "You're crazy, it's miners quittin' work."

HORACE BRYAN.

"The Brothers Karamazov"

Of all the great Russian writers of the last century, none made so deep an impression upon his contemporaries as Fyodor Michailovich Dostoevsky. His popularity was immense. When he died, forty thousand people followed his body to the grave. Turgenev and Tolstol had a great influence upon the artistic life of western Europe, but the most intellectual men of the time were fascinated by the brilliant genius of Dostoevsky. He is the father of the modern psychological novel. His influence one may detect in the works of all modern writers. Nietzsche calls him "my great master." And while the popularity of many of his contemporaries is today on the wane, Dostoevsky's fame is spreading from year to year, and his works find ever greater appreciation and understanding. The author who in his lifetime was labeled a Russian nationalist, even the apostle of Slavophilism, is now recognized as a cosmopolitan genius, the greatest analyst of the human soul.

To the English-reading public Dostoevsky has for a long time remained a sealed book. To be sure, many are acquainted with "Crime and Punishment" and the "Memoirs from a Dead House"; but only in abridged and mutilated translations. Few people in this country were familiar with Vizedel's series of Russian authors in which appeared "Injury and Insult," "The Friend of the Family," "The Idiot," "Poor Folks," "Uncle's Dream," and "The Permanent Husband." Like so many foreign writers, Dostoevsky suffers much at the hands of translators. Some of his works have been so distorted that they read more like dime novels than like psychological masterpieces.

It was praiseworthy, therefore, on the part of the Macmillan Company when they started the publication of Dostoevsky's novels in their entirety, and it was a wise selection of the literary editor to choose "The Brothers Karamazov" as the first of the series. The novel, translated by Constance Garnett, has now been republished by the Modern Library at the popular price of 95 cents, in a complete, unabridged form.

If we consider that a translation of "The Brothers Karamazov" appeared in French as early as 1887 (the German translation even earlier), we see how long it takes the English-speaking public to get acquainted with the masterpieces of the world's literature. A synopsis of the novel was made for Pavel Orloff several years ago by Miss Isabel Haggood, and a French dramatization, made by J. Croue appeared in 1911 in L'illustration Theatreale, while the play was being produced at a Paris Theater.

Dostoevsky planned "The Brothers Karamazov" when he lived in exile in Dresden, in the utmost misery, poverty, and sickness. The work was never finished, Dostoevsky intended to write a novel of five volumes, but only two were completed. In the latter half of 1880, when he worked on the novel he was, as his friend Strakhov informs us, entirely exhausted. "He lived, it was plain, solely on his nerves. His body had become so frail that the first slight blow might destroy it." Yet his mental power was untiring.

Is "The Brothers Karamazov" a great novel, a novel which can be compared with "War and Peace" or "Fathers and Sons"? Opinions of the work vary considerably. The best critics of Russian literature disagree in their estimation. K. Waliszewski in his Russian Literature characterizes the novel as a "most invaluable treasury of information concerning the contemporary life of Russia, moral, intellectual, and social." Dmitri Mereshkovski, in his essays on Tolstol and Dostoevsky as Artists, says that "there is no doubt that 'The Brothers Karamazov' is one of the greatest creations of Dostoevsky, unlike anything else in the world's literature, a creation that has its roots in the inmost recesses of his consciousness and of his unconsciousness."

On the other hand, Peter Kropotkin in his Russian Literature finds the novel "so unnatural, so much fabricated, there some abominable character taken from a psychopathic

hospital, or again in order to analyze the feelings of some purely imaginary criminal, that a few good pages scattered here and there do not compensate the reader for the hard task of reading these two volumes." Melchior de Vogue agrees with Kropotkin. In his Russian Novelist he finds many parts of the work "intolerably tedious. The plot amounts to nothing but a framework upon which to hang all the author's favorite theories, and display every type of his eccentric fancy."

How can we reconcile such diverse opinions, such diametrically opposed views? Is it overvaluation or underestimation; prejudice in favor of or against the author?

To me, the criterion is simply this: does the book give one new values, a new view of life, does it disturb one's soul to the utmost depth? If it succeeds in accomplishing this, it is a great book. I am convinced that "The Brothers Karamazov" are a part of every one of us: we all are more or less either an Alyosha or Dmitri, an Ivan or a Smerdyakov. "The Brothers Karamazov" live not only in Russia, but everywhere; we find them in every country, in every station of society. Their portrayal by Dostoevsky is true and lifelike.

In making comparison between the art of Tolstol and that of the author of "The Brothers Karamazov," Mereshkovski expressed the opinion that Dostoevsky has no rival in the art of gradual tension, accumulation, increase, and alarming concentration of dramatic power. No doubt this characterization of Dostoevsky's art is correct. The boundless picture which is enfolded in "The Brothers Karamazov" is condensed, if we do not count the intervals between the acts, into a few days. But even in one day, in one hour, and that almost on one and the same spot, the characters of the novel pass through experiences which ordinary mortals do not taste in a lifetime. Dostoevsky has no need to describe the appearance of his characters, for by their peculiar form of language and tone of voice they themselves depict, not only their thoughts and feelings, but their faces and bodies.

When the elder Karamazov, suddenly getting quite animated and addresses his sons thus:

"Ah,—you boys! You children, little sucking pigs, to my thinking . . . I never thought a woman ugly in my life—that's been my rule! Can you understand that? How could you understand it? You've milk in your veins, not blood. You're not out of your shells yet. My rule has been that you can always find something devilishly interesting in every woman that you wouldn't find in any other. Only, one must know how to find it, that's the point! That's a talent! To my mind there are no ugly women. The very fact that she is a woman is half the battle . . . but how could you understand that. Even in vielsa filles, even in them you may discover something that makes you simply wonder that men have been such fools as to let them grow old without noticing them. Barefooted girls or unattractive ones, you must take them by surprise. Didn't you know that? You must astound them till they're fascinated, upset, ashamed that such a gentleman should fall in love with such a little slut. It's a jolly good thing that there always are and will be masters and slaves in the world, so there always will be a little maid-of-all and her master, and you know that's all that's needed for happiness."

We see the heart of the old man, and also his fat, shaking Adam's apple, and his moist, thin lips; the tiny, shamelessly piercing eyes, and his whole savage figure—the figure of an old Roman of the times of the decadence. When we learn that on a packet of money, sealed and tied with ribbon, there was also written in his own hand, "To my angel Grushenka, if she will come to me," and that three days later he added "for my little chicken" he suddenly stands before us alive. We could not explain how, or why, but we feel that in this belated "for my little chicken" we have caught some subtle, sensual wrinkle on his face. It is just that last little touch which makes the portrait so lifelike, as if the painter, going beyond the bounds of his

Hippolyte Havel

art, had created a portrait which is ever on the point of stirring and coming out of the frame like a spectre or a ghost.

The wonderful portrait of the Grand Inquisitor will ever live in the world's literature. What a portrait!—Jesus appears again on earth at the time when heretics are daily being burned at the stake; he is recognized by the people—a deep offense to the Grand Inquisitor, who has Jesus arrested and brought before him. The admonition the Grand Inquisitor gives to Jesus is penetrating. Why has he come back to disturb the peace and the rule of the Church? "It is Thou? Thou? Don't answer, be silent. What canst Thou say, indeed? I know too well what Thou wouldst say, and Thou hast no right to add anything to what Thou hadst said of old. Why, then, art Thou come to hinder us? For Thou has come to hinder us, and Thou knowest that. But dost Thou know what will be tomorrow? I know not who Thou art and care not to know whether it is Thou or only a semblance of Him, but tomorrow I shall condemn Thee and burn Thee at the stake as the worst of heretics. And the very people who have today kissed Thy feet, tomorrow at the faintest sign from me will rush to heap up the embers of Thy fire. Knowest Thou that?" The whole monologue of the Grand Inquisitor should be reprinted for the edification of the Church.

After all, the question whether "The Brothers Karamazov" is a masterpiece or whether it belongs to morbid literature, stands and falls with the attitude one takes toward Dostoevsky himself, his life and his philosophy. Estimates of "The Brothers Karamazov" differ as fundamentally as opinion concerning Dostoevsky. Neither the judgment of the Englishman A. T. Lloyd, or of the German Julius Bierbaum, of the Frenchman Andre Gide, or the valuation of that universal connoisseur of literature, George Brandes—not to speak of the Russian critics—will help one to form a true estimate of Dostoevsky. The problem is the same as with Schopenhauer. Those who understand and accept Schopenhauer will also understand and accept Dostoevsky. To be sure, as it would be as inappropriate to compare the political views of Schopenhauer with those of Metternich, as to draw a parallel between the philosophy of Dostoevsky with the opinion of the Slavophiles Shterbatov, Kirevsky, Tchomyskov, or the brothers Aksakov.

Dostoevsky was considered a nationalist in the narrowest and most anti-European sense; in reality he was a cosmopolitan in the broadest conception. Throughout his life he preserved his feeling for universal culture ("omni-human" culture, he called it), the capacity to feel at home everywhere, to live the vital ideas of all ages and peoples. True, he believed the Russian genius to be more universal in its assimilative capacity, and therefore superior to the genius of other nations, but in this respect Mereshkovski says, "He, being next to Pushkin, the most Russian of Russian authors, was at the same time the greatest of our cosmopolitans."

Primarily he was, as no other writer before or since, the poet of the humiliated and the oppressed. He knew the people, felt and suffered with them. In his essay on the bourgeoisie wherein he flays the superficial rationalism and the false sentiments of the middle class, he writes:

"The theorists, burying themselves in their doctrinaire wisdom, not only fail to understand the people, but even despise them; not, be it understood, with evil intention but almost instinctively. We are convinced that even the most intelligent among them believes that when occasion offered he would only have to talk ten minutes with the people in order to understand them thoroughly, while the people might probably not even be listening to what he was talking about."

Born in poverty, he died in poverty. The spirit of ownership, of detachment from the great mass of one's fellows seemed to Dostoevsky the supreme sin. In his material and mental suffering he reminds one of another great analyst of the human soul, the Dutch writer Douvers Deckker-Multatuli.

THE ANARCHIST MOVEMENT

What the Communists Did in Cuba

The Anarchist Federation of Cuba, conscious of its responsibility in these times of confusion is forced to declare itself. Due to the influence of the Communists (National Confederation of Labor and the Communist Party) in the labor movement of Cuba, we are obliged to expose before public opinion—before the workers—the base actions of the Communist Party and the C. N. O. during the last days of the great movement of the Cuban people that spread throughout all the Republic and hastened the downfall of the tyrant.

The pie-cards of the Communist Party of Cuba and the C. N. O. C., Cesar Villar, Vicente Alvarez Rubino, Joaquin Fau, Francisco Gonzalez, Jesus Vasquez, Pedro Berges Ordoqui (el Bizco) were the ones who personally promised the Butcher of Las Villas (Machado) that the striking proletariat would return to work at that time. It was they who so eagerly and unsuccessfully tried to make the workers restore transportation to normality.

We believe that truth is the most powerful weapon, and that is the weapon we use. We want everybody to know the truth. Here it is: On Aug. 7th, when the general strike against Machado and his regime had the whole island in its grip, Machado got frightened and foresaw his early fall. His desperation had no limits. The strike became more intensified as the days passed and the tyrant saw that normality was impossible if the strike continued. At this juncture the so-called Central Committee of the Confederation, in order to curry favors from the tyrant, with full authority from the bolshevik commissioner, offered and arranged for a pact with the government (Machado) which was characteristic of them. When the communist delegates left the presidential palace they said that they were satisfied and happy with their "triumph."

On the 8th, the day following the massacre of unarmed people by machine gun fire at the orders of Zubiarrreta and Ainsart, the self-styled "Central Strike Committee" was banqueting in the luxurious Restaurant "El Carmelo," located in the fashionable Vedado, where they were taken in luxurious cars with passes issued by the military officials, Rogelio Caballero, and General Alberto Herrera, the Secretary of War of Machado.

There were twenty plates and as many guests, the bill being taken care of by "Miami," as the representative of the Communist Party Cell in the Union of Motormen and Conductors is called. That banquet was arranged after a new interview held by the above mentioned "Central Committee" with Machado. Everything that the Committee requested was granted by Machado. Everything that this hyena had ever despised and rejected during eight years of tyranny and oppression and cruelty, was granted on friendly terms to the communists, representing the National Labor Confederation of Cuba. And he agreed to recognize the Communist Party, the International Labor Defense, and to grant them the administration and direction of the "General Machado" Temporary Camp for Destitutes, and the immediate withdrawal of its military supervision, as well as other requests.

The "Central Committee" haranged nervously and with commanding gestures the masses to compel them to return to work . . . inasmuch as the demands made to the masters had been granted, especially those of the transportation industries. This hateful authoritarian action on the part of Villar, Ordoqui and the rest of traitors of organized labor was given the answer it deserved. To their command that the workers return to work the answer was a most emphatical refusal from the transport workers as well as the rest of the strikers who decided that they would obey only their own conscience and continue their passive resistance until the hyena should resign. No labor organization was allowed to meet. The Havana Labor Federation where the largest number of non-political labor unions are affiliated could not meet because it did not have signed authorization from the government. Only the communists, thanks to their betrayal, had that authorization, and armed with revolvers while the constitutional guarantees were suspended, they could hold meetings and ride on automobiles burning gasoline supplied to them from the barracks of the Army in San Ambrosio, nobody else being able to get gasoline because the filling stations were closed by the strike.

Cesar Villar, the man without a shadow of scruple or shame, conceived the idea that he could become a tropical Nero in the next elections, although he should have known better from his previous attempt when he ran for the Governorship and the workers gave him the cold shoulder, preferring to stick by the various organizations belonging to the Havana Labor Federation, the organization founded by the unforgettable martyr, Alfredo Lopez.

On the 9th, the strike continued as firmly as on the first day; nobody could tell the workers to return to their jobs, although the communists did all they could to restore normal conditions as the part of their bargain for being "recognized" by Machado.

The cowardly attack made by an armed fanatical mob instigated by the Communist leaders who very conveniently remained hidden behind when the Construction Workers of the Havana Labor Federation were holding a meeting at Zulzeta 37, which resulted in one being killed and many wounded; their action in calling the police and the soldiers to their help, and slandering their opponents and calling "porristas" those who like the Havana Federation of Labor acted fearlessly from the very beginning and issued several manifestos asking the workers to persist in their passive resistance until the tyrant should resign while at this very same time these communists were meeting Machado and making a "peace pact" with him, shows the danger that the bolshevik movement involves for Cuba.

The leaders of the Communist Party and bosses of the Confederation, bribed by the Syndical Latin-American Confederation of Montevideo, Uruguay and the Machado government, are provoking the American intervention in Cuba in order that their treachery and fraud may not be bared

and the proletariat turn to direct, non-political and anti-parliamentary action, from which the communists have been trying to separate them.

In conclusion, we want that the workers and the people of Cuba in general should know that the local at Prado 123 where the Confederation has its offices, was rented with money from the Machado rulers and the furniture in those offices was forcibly taken away from the Havana Labor Federation with the help and permission of Alberto Herrera (the Machado War Secretary) thanks to the treason of the Communists who rule over the National Confederation of Cuba.

(English version by O. Dallas)

How the Bolshevik Government Treats Anarchists

Alfonso Petrinì sends from Astrakhan three letters, which definitely brand as most infamous a regime having absolutely nothing to learn from the most barbarous Fascisms. So, the last delusions have fallen. Fascism and Bolshevism are two faces of the same medal, two accursed scourges, two monsters to be destroyed. Theorizing, courteous discussions have proven futile, harmful. Fascism must be unmasked and attacked on the same ground; as Bolshevism of every country must be paid with its own money.

Petrinì is not merely an individual "case"; he represents the victims of a whole system. He has become a banner for the thousands doomed to the Bolshevik inferno. The hocus-pocus Moscow, Rome and Berlin "plans" may intoxicate the simpletons; but the intelligent man knows too well that his body belongs to the dictator and his brains to the hangman.

Once declared dead, then found in a Bolshevik dungeon, then again thrown into a forgotten corner of a desolate land, Alfonso Petrinì, an Anarchist, who escaped from a 30 year sentence of an Italian jail, even though a "foreigner," hasn't as yet been allowed to leave the country, because he wasn't an English subject or a saboteur or a spy; because naturally no diplomatic action intervenes in his favor; because he's just a poor man and his defenders only working men as he. He's a revolutionist still believing in liberty, therefore, his life is worthless and dangerous for the Russian tyrants.

A heavy hemorrhage crises wastes his body; he is unable to obtain any nourishment. When working, he was likely to get 160 rubles a month, out of which he had to pay 10 rubles for a kilogram of bread, 50 for butter, 5 for potatoes, 4 for milk, 18 for macaroni, 35 for oil, 20 for rice. He's no longer working, now. He drags his miserable existence around, helping, sometimes, the peasants to unload their trucks on the market, getting some legumes for it. And do you know why this unfortunate human being can not get work any more in a country where work is compulsory? He will tell you himself:

" . . . I was put out of a job for telling a woman that she could refuse to work more than eight hours per day if she did not like it. She did refuse, but she was immediately discharged, and I with her . . . I see I was mistaken in thinking this could only happen in Fascistic countries. The certificate given me bears the explanation, 'disorganizer of production,' which makes it impossible for me to find work anywhere. Such a condition is aggravated by the fact that one may be arrested at any moment for vagrancy" . . .

In another letter he writes:

"They wanted this woman to work 11 hours a day . . . Now I know something else. I was discharged for refusing to pledge for a loan to the government, amounting to one month's pay. That wouldn't have surprised me in Italy or in Germany. I still thought I was in the Russia of the workers. My despair is reaching the limit. I am compelled to appeal for help!"

Comrades, friends, workers! Petrinì is hungry and about to remain without shelter in a frozen country. Once strong and full of life, he's now undermined by the most treacherous of diseases. We have to do all in our power to save him from a dog-like death. This Committee has sent him all the cash on hand, but it was a derisive amount. Our comrades must help us cope with such a crucial situation.

Let us organize campaigns everywhere. Calling the attention of the public to this Bolshevik crime may open the doors of Russia to this good and valuable comrade of ours. Let us reclaim Alfonso Petrinì's expulsion, induce the Kremlin dictators to treat him at least as generously as an English spy.

The International Committee will do its part. Correspondence: Hem Day, Boite postale 4, Bruxelles 9, Belgium.

The Committee

MAN! has received a request from The Free Society Group of Chicago to print an appeal for circulating 50,000 postal cards, which they have printed, demanding the release of the political prisoners in Russia. The cards are addressed to the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets in Kremlin, at Moscow. MAN! refuses to acknowledge that there are any real Soviets in Russia. It is the Communist Party that reigns over the government and the Soviets. There is no more reason to expect or ask any justice for Anarchists from Communist rulers than there is of any republican, monarchical or socialist rulership. Those who think otherwise can obtain the cards by writing to the secretary: B. Yelensky, 3332 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Galleani

(Continued from Page Five)

to which he had devoted his life. All those who have met him in the various prisons of the kingdom and on the Island bear witness to the unwavering nature of his convictions, the nobility of his character, the generosity of his heart, his undying hopes for the future.

His last message to his children, which was also meant for his comrades with whom for years he had been unable to correspond directly, contained these words which may be considered as his political testament: "I live all alone, serene, hopeful, certain rather that the era of restaurations which are condemned by reason, by the teachings of history, and by the destiny of progress and liberty."

Death and Suicide

The ranks of the old guard in the Anarchist movement of this country has received a great loss in the death of Joseph T. Labadie. Those of us who were fortunate in having known him will not forget him so easily. The sympathy of our comrades out here go out to the comrades and family who were close to him during the last days of his life.

From Lynn, Mass., comes the terrible news of comrade Henri Confort's suicide in the third week of October. He was a staunch supporter of MAN!

From Boston, Mass., comrade Harry Block writes that comrade Phillip Grosser committed suicide on October 18th.

The suicide of our two comrades can and should be attributed to the present chaotic disorder of life under which all of us are forced to struggle on. Their suicide ought to arouse us to more intensified work in the battle for a new society wherein such deaths as theirs shall be blotted off the pages of history.

Why Four Publications?

"Proletarians of all countries unite!" How these words are abused by all of us. Why can't we Anarchists set an example and do it? Why publish four Anarchist papers in America when we know that we can't keep them up? Why all this waste of financial ammunition? I would like to hear from MAN!, Freedom, Vanguard and Mother Earth why we can't get together and just publish one paper on a solid financial foundation. With the money we waste on four monthly papers we can publish one sound weekly. Now talk up and give your reason why it can not be done, and don't beat around the bush, shoot straight!

CARL NOLD.

The above letter was read before the International Group that issues MAN! It is the opinion of the Group that three of the four papers represent Anarchism in a different spirit, as the contents themselves show. Spiritually, "Mother Earth" is the closest to MAN!, but then, it is intended chiefly for the farmer. As all can see, the best of relations prevail between the two.

"Vanguard" and "Freedom" are not representing Anarchism in accord with the spirit in which we of MAN! think appropriate and creditable. Naturally, no cooperation can exist between us. We leave it to the comrades to decide which of the existing journals deserves their whole hearted support.—Editor.

... FORUMS ...

(Questions, Discussion and Free Admission prevails at all listed forums.)

San Francisco, Cal., Friday Night Forum. (Auspices Jack London Guild), 1057 Steiner St., near Golden Gate Ave.

On Friday evening, November 24th, Marcus Graham will speak on "An Anarchist Looks at the World."

Clubrooms International Group, 2787a Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.

Chicago, Ill., Free Society Forum. Fourth year lecture season. Every Sunday evening at 1241 No. California Ave.

Cleveland, Ohio, Libertarian Forum. Every Sunday evening. Garment Workers Hall.

SPAIN—A Communication from the C. N. T. (Confederacion Nacional Del Trabajo) came too late for this issue.

A Friendly Gathering in Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunday Evening, December 10th, 1933

To Aid in the Publication of

MAN!

At Comrade M. Weiss's House,
5101 Baltimore Avenue

Financial Statement

(September 15th to October 15th, 1933)

INCOME

B. Lara 30c, J. Schuler \$1, S. Coccé \$1, P. B. Gasth \$1, Mohegan Colony Group \$2.50, H. Carter \$2, collected at gathering in Avella, Pa., \$6, C. Brundin \$1, Pleasanton picnic of Sept. 24th (share) \$50.88, Angelo \$1, Bruncardi \$1, G. Sanguigni \$1.50, G. Guidotti \$2, L. Battaglia \$1, C. Parodi \$1, Vim Bonac 20c, paper sale through S. Cohen \$2.15, collected at a gathering in Detroit \$7.50, Detroit paper sale \$1.50, L. Noll \$1, M. Dunewitz \$1, Don Burrowell 50c, Oakland paper sale 50c, A. Fusco 50c, C. Richman \$1, W. J. Bethune \$1, A. Pistillo 25c, J. Bohlen 30c, J. Buchie \$1, Z. Chiarabaglio \$1, J. Fazio \$1, J. Bertani 30c, A. G. Friedman 10c, T. J. Lloyd \$3.50, Pittston, Pa., share from picnic at Keystone \$8, D. Rinaldi \$1, an opponent 10c, Belle Roman 48c, M. Weiss \$2, Centro de Estudios Sociales \$2, Carlos Simpson \$1, John Graham \$2, Total \$114.69.

EXPENDITURES

Stamps, post cards, rubber seal, \$5.13; to printer for tickets and stationery, \$3.50; additional postage last issue, \$2. Total \$15.63.

Expenditure	\$ 15.63
Issue No. 11, Printer	82.21
Issue No. 11, Postage	27.00
Issue No. 11, Express	5.00
TOTAL	\$129.84
Total Income	\$114.69
Cash on hand Sept. 15, 1933	64.73
GRAND TOTAL	\$179.42
Total Expenditures	\$129.84
Cash on hand Oct. 15, 1933	\$ 49.58

For any errors or omissions please notify MAN!

First Indoor Affair This Season

To Aid in the Publication of

MAN!

Saturday Evening, November 18, 1933

Equality Hall, 143 Albion St.,
16th Near Valencia

The well known social play "Viva Rambolet!" by G. Damiani will be produced in the Italian language by a Group of capable well known players. Mathilda Mason in an interpretive dance of "Stenka Razin" and in "A Persian Market." After the concert there will be Singing, Dancing, accompanied by a good orchestra and eats apl. nty.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS