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## A NEW DEAL?

Most of our Liberals who conceive Liberty as the offspring of Government—its natural persecutor—have hailed the "New Deal" as a benign form of innovation in economics and politics. And our national Socialists, who do not consider themselves Liberals, have contributed their little share to the spreading of the belief that the "New Deal" is a sort of radicalism, by the somewhat muddled statement that it marks the end of unbridled capitalism and opens a new era of state-controlled economy—a timid step, but a step, nevertheless, towards Social economics.

As a matter of fact there is nothing new, nothing radical, nothing subversive in the economic policies of the Roosevelt Government. A certain measure of Federal control over the economic life of the nation has long been established through the operations of the U. S. Supreme Court, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and a number of other agencies, temporary or permanent, which have from time to time been called into existence by the capitalists themselves. Whatever the Roosevelt Government may be doing in this line is strictly a development of orthodox ideas over a trodden path. To a considerable extent, the "New Deal" is in its economic aspect only a timid application of the suggestions which the Hoover Commission on "Recent Social Trends" wrote into its report a year ago.

Furthermore, the economic development of the "New Deal" marks nothing like the end of unbridled capitalism inasmuch as, far from placing any bridle to its doings and wrongdoings, it rids it of whatever bridles were meant by the anti-trust laws; and to all purpose it simply calls upon the leaders of the capitalist system to put their house in order according to their best interests, if they care to survive the dire consequences of their past mistakes and crimes. This is just what should be expected of a "Deal" which has been made possible by the votes of a conservative electorate and which presents no trace of any new fundamental principle of economic relations. Under its aegis, capital remains a private monopoly; profit remains the only goal of economic activity; the exploitation of labor is more than ever ratified by custom and law; unemployment, want, misery are, as ever, rampant.

Nothing new, nothing subversive in this. I rather believe—and in this belief heartily concur the gentlemen of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and the gentlemen of Wall Street who lately oversubscribed in one day, by two and one half times, a federal loan of nearly a billion—that what has been done so far under the "New Deal" is more than enough to expose it as a conservative or—which amounts to the same—a reactionary experiment.

When all is said, it will appear that the huge financial operations—involving tens of billions—authorized by Congress during its special session, have been an enormous conscription of public wealth to repair the abysmal cracks made into the private fortunes of the basic capitalistic institutions of the nation, by reckless piratical management. The homeowners' credits were not so much intended to save the small owner from losing his or her home, as to keep the big mortgage-holders from crushing under the weight of foreclosures. The same is true of the farm credits. They solve nothing but the current profits and dividends of the large investors and mortgage holders: they simply postpone the "redde rationem" of final liquidation.

All these measures, intended primarily to restore credit, are but an elaboration of the Hoover idea presiding over the creation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation which was maintained in existence that the wheels of business and production might be set in motion again, by showering floods of public money over the top of the economic system and letting it filter automatically down towards the bottom. The net result is easily seen: instead of leading to a better distribution of wealth, these measures consolidate, temporarily at least, some of the major constituted interests at the expense of the people at large—the producers of wealth in the end—through increased cost of government.

There is no need of insisting here upon the sad plight the whole country had reached at the end of its third winter of depression and famine. The Republican Government—a set of as self-satisfied plutocrats as had ever sat at the helm of a nation—had let things go their way. And the way of things brought no sign of relief. The natural incentive to encouraging industrial and business activity in a capitalistic system is the hope for profit. Profit itself is possible either through a decrease in costs of production or through increase in prices. Prices would not pick up; so, for three years, in their effort to reduce costs to a minimum, capitalists had been slashing labor costs, wages, to a shameful pittance. To no avail. Things kept going from bad to worse.

The Democratic Government, raised to power on its promises of constructive leadership, had no alternative but to try to raise prices for wages could not be further reduced without danger.

of the trouble. They leave nothing behind them but an increased burden to be paid in the future by the working people—to be paid through privations, sufferings, and a lower standard of living.

3. Minimum wages and maximum hours. An efficiently organized demagogic campaign has conspired to make of this clause the main feature of the "National Industrial Recovery Act." It should not be forgotten that the main feature of this Act is to secure—by the means of "codes" fair competition amongst industrialists and business people of the same category.

The establishment of the minimum wage has abolished some of the most scandalous instances of exploitation such as were revealed, some time ago, by the first lady of Cossack Pennsylvania. It has abolished child labor—an accomplishment of which Mr. Roosevelt seems to be particularly proud. Once a minimum wage has been agreed upon, any employer will by sheer interest employ an adult and strong person rather than a child, for the same price. Child labor is certainly a blot on the capitalistic system. But then children are not made to work only for the pleasure of it. They work because they need wages. The child who loses his job loses his salary. He is a new purchaser dropped from the market, unless he has been provided for. How has humanitarian Government provided for him?

The minimum wage the child's parents receive under the codes can hardly be said to provide for him. To begin with, the minimum wage is so low—the \$2 a day of the Pretorian Guard—that it has already been absorbed by the high cost of living. Then it is made to work in such a way that it is being transformed in practice into a maximum wage. Greedy employers pay the "minimum wage", but they will hedge a maximum output for their money. They hire away employees who fails to give such maximum output and hire more robust ones who can give it. This reduces the minimum wage clause to a shift in unemployment: the less efficient workers are dropped from the payroll along with children, while the husky, healthy and mighty—of whom there is an abundant reserve—take their place at a minimum wage which cannot legally be curtailed but neither is it increased—a wage which is admittedly inadequate to provide for a decent living. So this measure from which the greatest impulse to the purchasing power of the nation was expected, operates only as a transposer of unemployment and is otherwise a crying failure.

The maximum hours clause was intended as a means to better distribute available employment. It is another failure mainly because employers have flatly refused to accept the terms suggested by the Government and the conservative American Federation of Labor.

In one respect the Government policy towards labor has had even worse results than these. By the adoption of the "codes of fair competition" under its supervision, the Government has become a party to contracts between employers and employees. These contracts, sanctioned by the august authority of the Government, acquire the full force of law. The government is duly bound to enforce their execution, which means that, by this authority, the Government breaks the main spring of further salary raising and hour reduction. What is implied by the responsibility of the Government over the execution of industrial contracts between employers and employees, has been demonstrated by the recent strikes in the mining districts of Pennsylvania. All kinds of pressure, intimidation and promises have been used, to bring the striking miners back to work. Permanent agencies have been created to render strikes extremely rare, if not impossible. The right to strike has not been legally outlawed as yet; but since any future strike will mean, under the code system, rebellion against the government, law-abiding workmen will be loath to resort to it, and those who will strike anyway, will automatically be considered as not being law-abiding workmen, if not outright revolutionists, anarchists, etc. President Roosevelt meant what he said when he talked about coralling kicking horses; and General Johnson meant it, also, when he thundered dire calamities against unsubmitive workers.

Here is one of the most reactionary features of the "New Deal". It establishes a minimum wage which is far beneath a decent living standard; and then it gives the Government power to force workers to submit to it, as long as it may be convenient to the Government and to its pampered capitalists, under penalty of being outlawed as rebels to their own country. When it is considered that this feature of the "New Deal" is realized without any genuine representation of labor, it will appear that capitalistic feudalism is not any ugly menace of the future, but a living reality, already shaped by the humanitarian Government of F. D. Roosevelt.

(Continued on Page Two)



World's Financial Brain Trust:  
Lady You Produce Too Much!

From a drawing of Will Dyson By D. Chun

Now prices may be raised in three ways: increased demand, decreased supply, or devaluation of currency. The Roosevelt government adopted all three ways.

All foreign markets being practically unable to absorb any additional large part of the domestic production, all efforts were concentrated on the domestic market to increase the buying power of the American consumer. To effect this several measures were resorted to.

1. The Civilian Conservation Corps, an army of 250,000 young men, carefully chosen and encamped all over the country, to do reforestation, road, general preservation, and military work, at a nominal compensation of two dollars a day. The real character of this institution is rather mystifying: it is said to be a "Civilian Corps", yet it is under strict military selection and supervision; it is said to be meant as a relief emergency, yet it is not on the dole and is to be continued for a second year; the daily allowance of two dollars per head it receives is not supposed to be a wage, yet this daily allowance of two dollars has since become the basis of the minimum wage in the industrial codes. As a contribution to raising the buying power of the American public, the Civilian Conservation Corps is obviously a poor one because of its limited numbers and its limited allowance. Its cost runs into the hundred thousand millions which go to further increase the cost of government. It seems to have been a success only as a contribution to the further demoralization of the American people, for it has created a caste—semi-military in purpose—of privileged individuals whom the Government considers especially invested of the right to life in precarious times, and who are bound by a special tie of gratitude to the bounty of the Government. The "Civilian Conservation Corps" has all the appearance of a Pretorian Guard.

2. Public Works Program. For this purpose 3,300 millions have been set apart. Were this sum spent in wages, it would mean a bare \$220 for each of the 15,000,000 unemployed hardly enough to hold out for a few months. But that is not the case. A sizable lump of this sum has been devoted to military and naval expenditures. Of the remainder, a good percentage will go to enterprising contractors and sub-contractors, industrialists, and middlemen, in the end what remains for the wage earners will be utterly inadequate to alter the situation. While this sum contributes to the high cost of government, it is not sufficient to give any considerable impulse to the buying power of a population of 15 million unemployed and their dependents.

More sums have been devoted to direct relief. But all these emergency measures, do not reach the core of the situation. They help to relieve a comparatively few cases of extreme hardships but they do not even touch the causes



# A CAPITALISTIC GOVERNMENT AT WORK

Harold Preece

When Sister Perkins went into the Department of Labor, she swore on a stack of Bibles that terroristic tactics against the workers should cease. All of this persiflage was needed to incubate the egg of Fascism nestling under the wing of the Blue Eagle. How has this promise been kept?

Antonio Fierro, a young student, lies dead from the bullet of some hulking Khaki Shirt. In Louisiana, a new Tom Mooney case develops as the fur contractors plan to railroad Albert Gonzales, a militant trapper, to the gallows. Dominic Gaielo is murdered by the police for his activities in the strike of the California grapepickers. Earl Barlow, Communist leader of the Unemployed Council of Fort Worth, Texas, meets a similar fate. These are examples of how Miss Perkins keeps her promise—at a fat salary while the bravest members of the working class are butchered to make a Roman holiday for odious thieves.

I knew Earl Barlow, and only a month before his death we had eaten and slept together during a cigar-makers' strike in San Antonio. Long before that time, I had come to respect his courage and his undoubted sincerity. I can say for Comrade Barlow that he had no personal axe to grind, and expected to fill no office after the revolution. Upon one occasion, I almost had to force him to leave the Workers' Center in Houston and have breakfast with me.

"You are almost as hard up as I am, Comrade," he said. When he and twenty-eight others were arrested by the Fort Worth authorities for resisting an eviction last summer, I wrote of my friend:

"A man of fair education, generally wearing a shabby serge suit and turning slightly grey at the temples. Barlow is decidedly unlike the conventional picture of a radical. His inherent tenderness and utter freedom from sectarianism

betray a sensitive spirit angered by oppression and exploitation. One thinks of Shelley leading a group of less luminous associates and is critical toward a social system which finds no further use for this man's restless energy than to confine it within stone walls."

Six weeks before the first arrest, there had been no group of the unemployed to ruffle the complacency of official Fort Worth. The lean men who loafed about the courthouse lawn seemed interested in no problem more important than how to acquire the next pinch of Bull Durham. An organization secretly backed by the Chamber of Commerce had withered away after apparently serving its purpose of disgusting the workers with mass action. The sporadic outbreaks of the unemployed in other states were vague impressions gleaned from newspaper items. Hunger marches might parade to the state capitol and denounce the Governor to his face. What did it matter?—"Maybe they'll be taking on some extra help at the stockyards tomorrow."

Barlow, dropping into town from a freight car, made these apathetic, half-starved men realize their power. Under his dynamic influence, the unemployed forced the buccaneers of the relief officials to give them food and clothing. When the twenty-nine were arrested, Barlow, confined in the old death-cell of the Tarrant County jail, refused to accept release until all of his companions had been liberated.

When all relief work was discontinued in Texas, last fall, the unemployed of Fort Worth arranged a mass meeting of protest and requested that Barlow be the speaker. In the last speech which he was ever to make, Barlow recounted graphically the old story of the workers' wrong. "The whole idea of cutting off relief," he emphasized, "is to force you into the cotton fields for fifty cents a day." More than one man in overalls knew that the speaker was telling the truth. During the misnamed period of prosperity, unskilled laborers had been given the choice of going to the cotton patch or going to jail. Now the ultimatum had been slightly changed: go to the cotton patch or starve.

Those at the meeting elected Barlow, E. E. Hardy, and H. N. Nacomb as a committee to send a telegram to Governor Miriam A. Ferguson protesting the discontinuance of relief work. The men were followed from the park by plainclothes men. As they emerged from the telegraph office, they were arrested on charges of "unlawful assembly."

In less than forty-eight hours from the time of the arrest, Barlow was dead. The grand jury, headed by William Davis, ex-Mayor, reported that Barlow had died from a fight with Charley Morgan, an imprisoned boxer, who had invaded his cell. Dr. Burke Brewster, who conducted the autopsy after Barlow had been removed from his cell to the City-County Hospital, obligingly acquiesced in this lie, adding that Barlow's skull was of less than usual thickness. At the same

time, the grand jury refused to indict Morgan, contending that Barlow was the aggressor.

At the request of The Southern Worker, I went to Fort Worth to find out the truth regarding the death of this comrade. On the basis of these findings, I accuse the Fort Worth police of torturing Barlow to death and fixing the blame upon an ignorant man who has more brawn than brains. I accuse their dope-addicted stool-pigeons, who tried to implicate me in a crude forgery because I investigated the case, of having been direct accomplices. Finally, I accuse the Tarrant county grand jury, City Manager Olin Fairtrace, and Dr. Burke Brewster of covering up this bestial crime.

Listen to the testimony of workers who examined Barlow's body, and then believe, if you can, that his injuries were the result of a jail brawl in which not over half-a-dozen blows were passed. His entire face was black and blood-shot, as if he had been struck with a blunt instrument. A heavy wound covered the right temple down to the cheek bone. The left cheek was a gigantic bruise. A long gash covered the eyes and the bridge of the nose.

The left shoulder appeared to have been dislocated or broken, and there was a deep cut on the upper forearm. The back of the skull was completely crushed. A small hole in the center of the forehead indicated the police had used an ice pick or revolver in their ministrations.

The left ankle, apparently broken, was swollen and bruised. The insteps and soles of the feet were black from having been struck violently and repeatedly. The toes of both feet were congealed together with a solid mass of blisters from the application of fire, acid or electricity. Blood oozed from the twisted and tortured pores of the left leg.

Dr. O. R. Grogan, an honest physician, performed a second autopsy at the request of the Unemployed Council. When he opened the skull in Shannon's mortuary, he found it stuffed with medicated cotton, justifying the contention of the workers that portions of the skull had been removed in order to destroy incriminating evidence. Dr. Grogan also declared that Barlow had a normal skull, and that embalming fluids could not have caused the burns on the corpse, as asserted by the police. An electrician who inspected the burns said that they were electrical in nature.

Earl Barlow was murdered because he was a Communist, a most convenient excuse for the hired assassins of capitalism. But, he belongs to the entire working class as much as Sacco and Vanzetti and a rebel who, long ago, was killed on a cross. I think that if he could speak to us, he would tell us not to commemorate him by a decollete avenue bearing his name or a pile of frozen marble representing his features. I think rather that he would have us make common cause with the dispossessed and disinherited, and if need be, give our lives for the hope of a free humanity.

## A New Deal?

(Continued from Page One)

In order to decrease supply, the Government has resorted to the National Industrial Recovery and Agriculture Adjustment Acts. The underlying idea of these parallel measures is that by reducing production a rise in prices is inevitable and that prices can be further increased and maintained by mutual agreement of all producing parties, under governmental supervision.

To so regulate industry, the National Recovery Administration has been created. It has brought almost every branch of industry under the rule of "codes of fair competition", which are precisely intended to place every producing concern or business house under similar conditions as regards labor and raw material costs, and selling prices. The anti-trust laws have been suspended, which means that in each branch of industry all interested firms are drawn together to concert on what conditions they are henceforth to operate under and what prices they are to impose on the public. From a moral point of view, this system is nothing less than highway banditry fostered by the Government itself. Our industrialists agree among themselves, under the auspices of the Government, how much we—the consumers—are to pay for the goods they monopolize; once they have so agreed, we have no escape from their clutches, we must pay and like it. That the Government will protect our interests is scarcely to be expected. The Government is a capitalistic institution; it is absolutely dependent upon the good will of property owners for its existence; it must submit to their dictates or they will create a new government of their own to take its place, violently or otherwise (fascism has repeatedly demonstrated this to be feasible).

The Agriculture Adjustment Administration has been created to execute a similar plan in the field of agriculture. Here things have been done on even a more spectacular scale. The Government is paying the farmers to have a part of the products destroyed and to abstain from producing all they can. The utter immorality of this proceeding is decried by the revolting spectacle of crops being destroyed, at a time when millions of human beings are underfed and underclothed.

Economically, this whole system undermines its own purpose. High prices may be obtained, but what good will they do if the potential consumers are unable to pay them? This is just what is happening. The "New Deal" has not dug deeply into the army of unemployed. But whatever numbers of those formerly idle it has put back to work, are unable to bring about any adequate restoration of the domestic market because their wages are shamefully low and because the cost of living is shamefully high already and constantly rising.

To this effect the third measure, inflation, adopted by the Government contributes. Whatever effect inflation may ultimately have on the world market, its effect on the domestic market is desultory. A dollar at fifty cents will buy half as much as a dollar at par. An inflated dollar will profit the debtor class, indeed; with a dollar at fifty cents, a debtor will pay his creditor twice as easily as with a dollar at par. The honesty of this money-juggling is not my concern. What concerns me is that labor does not belong to the debtor class, so that this operation is meant only for the possessing class. And what concerns me further is that while commodity prices follow day by day the oscillations of the dollar, wages follow at a great distance in ordinary circumstances, and under the N. R. A. they are bound to follow such fluctuations even more slowly, since the workmen have been shorn of their right to fight for better wages. Labor is at the mercy of the Government and so are its wages.

Properly speaking, there is no such thing as a new deal in the Roosevelt policy. It isn't even an experiment because it is proceeding on purely orthodox lines. Profit—that is: dividends, interest returns—is its main concern. And to insure profits for the capitalists it is very seriously engaged in imposing on American labor a pauperized standard of living.

## A "Revolutionary" Government at Work

News from Soviet Russia again tells us of new outbursts of arrests perpetrated by the G. P. U. (the former Tcheka) against our Anarchist comrades and sympathizers in the cities of Odessa, Tomsk and many other localities.

As usual, no concrete accusations or indictments were made against them. They are adjudged under the administrative procedure, that is the G. P. U. (the former Tcheka), sentences and punishments are meted out, without any semblance or a formality of a judicial trial. In such arbitrary manner has the G. P. U. arrested our comrades in Odessa, Rachel Venger, F. Gekselman, I. Rabinowitch and others. What the accusations are against them they do not know, nevertheless they are jailed in prison for the last eight months and what will happen to them in the future it is hard to tell.

During January of 1933, the G. P. U. has arrested in the City of Tomsk nine political exiled comrades. For seven months they were jailed in the Novosibirsk prison and after that imprisoned three were sentenced to the polit. isolator, three were sentenced to continued exile and three of the arrested were released after having served seven months without any concrete accusation against them as to their crime. The reason for all this we do not know nor can we guess any better than you.

Comrades Kordoa, Machonin, Kumanov and many others have been arrested last year while they were in exile in "Archangel'sk" and now they are in polit. isolator in "Verchny Ural."

An outstanding tragic case is that of Comrade Batrak. When he finished his sentence of imprisonment in "Verchny Ural" polit. isolator, he was exiled to Turechanek, in Siberia,

No doubt but that this is the immediate result of N. R. A. and A. A. A. No high standard of living is possible for the workingman, unless industry and agriculture are on the upswing, unless they are increasing their output; because labor is at the bottom of the social hierarchy of classes, it is always last to feel the effects of abundance and first to feel those of penury. Instead of striving to increase the output of industry and agriculture, the Government strives to decrease it, and this means that a smaller ration of industrial and agricultural products is to be distributed among the working class. It means a lower standard of living. It means greater suffering, continued unemployment, starvation for a people that is willing to work and has all the natural resources and man-made implements necessary to produce more than required to live in plenty.

It means the last crime of capitalistic society. For it is inconceivable that a sober people will endure long under such hardships, when it has only to reach out its hands for all it needs. A simple but powerful act, which involves the passing from a world in which men produce for profit, to a world in which men produce to satisfy their needs.

Melchior Seele

and after that the G. P. U. had him exiled to Krasnyarsk. Comrade Batrak is on his last leg, so exhausted from his constant imprisonment and exile that his health has been impaired and is in danger of a complete collapse; his days are numbered.

Comrade John Kruglov spent six years in jail and as an afterthought was exiled to Pavlodar (Kosakstan). Comrade Yourtchenko was exiled for three years to Krasnyarsk. Comrade Turlovsky was sentenced to three years in Petropavelsk. Comrade Vasily Alexandrovsk was sentenced to spend three years in the Suzdal polit. isolator. After three years of imprisonment in Verchny Ural polit. isolator, Comrade Nicholas Lang was exiled to Krasnyarsk.

This list of enumerated persecuted anarchist comrades and sympathizers would be endless (and tragedy after tragedy repeated), but why burden the reader? Indeed, one can from all those enumerated cases of persecution and imprisonment gather a clear conception of what is in store for those who are suspected of anarchist ideas or sympathies; their fate is sealed. After several years of imprisonment in polit. isolator the victims are all exiled to Siberia, Archangel'sk or Hosakstan. "Mother Russia" is not lacking in isolator places of uninhabitable exile regions of the Far North. Before the exile term is finished, the victims are rearrested, to find accusations are a very easy matter; they are either the fact that he has not changed his views or that he has received a letter from abroad or that he could no longer stand the oppression and he dared to protest against such inhuman treatment. In short, the victim is arrested under any and all flimsy pretexts, imprisoned and tyrannized for a while and then exiled to some out-of-the-way place for several years. This process goes on until the victim is completely broken on the rack of this inhuman persecution and another comrade is among the many who have died thus: death through constant persecution, hounding and exile, calls very often in the Stalin "Places of Rest." That is the reward for human beings who have the courage to protest and think otherwise than the government orders them to.

Comrades, if you protest and if indignation is to have any force, back it up with your help. If you are against such brutalized treatment of our comrade Anarchists, Anarchist Communists, Individualists Anarchists and Revolutionary Trade Unionists, then send your contributions to help our imprisoned and exiled comrades who are wasting away their lives in the Soviet prisons and die from cold, hunger and sickness.

Send your contributions to: International Working Men's Association Russian Aid Fund, care of Dr. Holtz, 1529 Pleasant Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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It is unquestionably true that government is begotten of aggression and by aggression.—Herbert Spencer



# THE MINERS' STRUGGLE

Candido

The night was dark and gloomy and the miners were tramping the muddy road on their way home. The meeting had been somewhat troublesome, but highly peaceful, according to the chairman; several leaders made long speeches in which their knowledge of the coal industry and their erudition in economics sprang forth brilliantly. Nonetheless the miners were not satisfied; they were not in haste to go home and tarried in small groups along the road, their coarse boots firmly planted in the murky mire.

They spoke aloud and bitterly. They complained of their leaders, who with the well rounded speeches, the high sounding oratory and the long enumeration of statistics, in the end meant nothing at all. Angry voices burst out denouncing the leaders as men too well paid, who have more at heart their own salaries than the rights of the miners and therefore aided too often with the coal companies. Again and again strong objections flew about against the cursed leaders.

"To hell with them! we have to fight it out by ourselves!" somebody came forth, "and" said an old man with a quivering voice "we are going to win because we are ignorant."

Be sure that the old miner did realize the whole tragic truth of his astonishing statement and, likewise, did his comrades seize the tremendous live sarcasm attached to it because the fundamental cause of the miners struggle is all a fight of ignorance versus education.

This is no paradox. The whole history of organized labor for the last 30 years is not so much a fight between capital and labor, but a long, hard struggle of the educated leaders

to keep the ignorant workers "where they belong", that is to be obedient to their leaders and to content themselves with the fate of the underdog without questions.

The brilliant leaders have succeeded well in their game in every industry except with the coal industry. As I have pointed out in this paper before: the city workers are more educated, with a mentality more akin to their leaders and therefore more easily led by them.

Not so with the miners; these are a rough, primitive lot, whose dangerous life, honesty, sincerity, love for their family and other vigorous personal traits make them so different from the urban workers. Moreover the union is not a joke to the miners; it is, instead, a live thing close to their hearts in their daily life, a bigger family, a social outlet in which they spend all their intellectual forces and spiritual energies.

For they have to watch themselves closely from the coal operators and, at the same time, to keep a stiff guard against the very leaders of the union.

For the last 15 years most of the leaders brazenly sided with the coal interests. Mellifluous men they are, with a ready tongue; full of legal tricks, in association with high paid lawyers, they almost succeeded in putting the miners "where they belong."

With aching souls the miners fought bravely and desperately, but in vain; they saw plainly that the educated leaders were tools of the coal companies and so education became synonymous of treason and blackguardism.

No exaggeration in this; perhaps it is hard for the people at large to understand this, but being a miner myself I

know the situation well and I know how utterly disgusted we are of these leaders, how bitter our heart grows under the daily accumulation of treasons, frauds, corruptions, wrongs and injustice.

For over 15 years these very leaders with their bags full of statistics spoke and wrote about competitive fields in the coal industry, the over expanding of mining, the oil taking place of coal, the high transportation rates and so on, and so on, until we were reduced to starvation wages while they kept their high salaries, expenses paid and big automobiles and the operators went on reaping huge profits.

Yes, we know and we know about competitive fields, overproduction of coal, oil, transportation rates and what not, but we happen to know, also, that these are only excuses to put the miners where "they belong." But we are conscious of the fact that we belong to a higher place in the sun and we will get it. What do we care about statistics and competitive fields while our own families are starving? Who cares about oil and rates while our children are in rags and our women are despairing of mending our very last pair of overalls?

What do we care about coal at all? Let them close down the mines and get over for once with the whole damn business, but as long as there remains a mine open we will fight for our rights and we want the world to know it.

To the devil with the honey tongued blackguards and all the world twisters, of the globe; we feel that we are men, better men than many others, and our hearts stand high above the crowd, proud to fight for the rights of outraged humanity.

## A Letter from Germany

The chief thing in Germany is winter. The Government collects all money available to tide over the winter. If it tides over this, it will come out more bankrupt than now—exhausted. Germany with its industry has to depend absolutely on foreign trade—as Russia, even to pay its inner debt interest. All the talk about economical autonomy is bunk. Hence the government is trying its worst to force exports—when it is TOO LATE.

Meanwhile the peasants have been reduced to the level of serfs: They cannot sell for more than a fixed price nor cultivate more land than now. They can receive only a fixed price for their produce while the market is free for speculators with their produce. That is: The peasants are not free traders, have been told they are only wage earners. They are even asked to give up for winter help what the government considers their surplus. (Discussion of agrarian decrees is forbidden).

The government is trying to tide over winter by all these means—and hopes to succeed. At least it tells that it will. But it is reckoning without the host. How and why?

The very financial instability in other countries is likely to compel the German finance, even before spring comes, to go off gold. France, Holland and Switzerland cannot hold on to gold and rumors are thick that they are going off gold. If France goes off gold as it must a few weeks hence, none of the countries can hold on to the yellow dirt. Then

Germany also will have to give up gold, and the Mark will become ash. There will be no "standard" to measure any value. That will completely finish off all trade and Governments—even internal trade, in all countries. Where will the Nazis be then? The Nazis' lives will be in the greatest danger, especially that of their leaders, from the side of their own followers.

Meanwhile, they are all talking of armaments, disarmament and equal armaments. Will France or U. S. or England be able to hold out with armaments when their very trade, finances and governments will become ashes? Can Germany at all arm herself even with finance stability and impossibility to export? Vain dreams on which they all discuss with fervor so seriously! There are greater dangers on the threshold than armaments.

In all countries, the very standard of measuring things and getting out profits by exchanging them is disappearing. Even Bolsheviks are at their wits' end to get state expenses by buying cheap and selling dear. The only possibility left to mankind everywhere will be to manufacture things not for exchange value but for use value. But none thinks in these terms, which alone will solve all problems. But whether owing to habits they do not want to think in new terms or are not able to do so, events cannot be postponed when they are hastening thickly like clouds of storm. The social revolution which Marx and Lenin expected and

could not imagine is right now and here—all the world over. Yet they think that because Marxism broke down, till Marxists come, there will be no social revolution.

What Marxians never touched Hitler is touching in spite of danger to his own state. He is making revolution in phrases but revolution in phrases is a sign of coming revolution. His favorite phrase is "General benefit before individual benefit." Surely, in general benefit there is no possibility for thinking specially of individuals and their benefit. Still, General benefit means at the same time individual benefit. He is suffering like Marxians under the obsession that State and People are identical while they are incompatible as history shows. By trying to strengthen the State at the expense of the people, he is ruining the people and his own State. He is aiding individual proprietors to prop up capitalism. While Marxians talked of Socialism, and propped up individualism and capitalism, Hitlerian dictatorship is preparing the basis for blowing up itself and thus ushering in not only socialism, but Anarchy. His will be the last State in Germany—not for long.

—The name of our comrade, writing the above correspondence, is omitted for his self-protection.—Editor.

\* \* \* \*

*The free society of the future, which is to replace government, will know neither taxes, nor penalties, nor jails, nor gallows.—John Beverly Robinson*

## Spark Plugs

If Roosevelt thinks he can cure the ills of the nation without cutting the profits of the capitalists and handling their surplus over to the working class, he certainly graduated from the wrong school. Anyone that has graduated from a radical kindergarten knows better.

Hitler's war cry: "Germany awake!" will some day prove to be a blessing. For whenever Germany awakes, it will bury Hitler so deep that no excavation company will ever dig him out again.

"Every religion is good, but the silliest is the best."—Pope Alexander VI.

"Little drops of hooley  
Little grains of bunk  
Make the silly public  
Buy a lot of junk."

(Ballyhoo)

Modern business is legal robbery.

If people demanded justice, there would be no need for charity.

The status of a nation is determined by the status of its women.

4,000 attended a revival meeting,  
6,000 at a Christian Science lecture,  
15,000 at a Martin Luther Memorial Mass,  
25,000 at a "Buy more parade",  
40,000 at a baseball game,  
60,000 at a prize fight,  
93,500 at the Michigan-Ohio football game.

### In Aid of our Political Prisoners

There will be given a

Luncheon-Supper

Saturday Evening, January 20, 1934

At our Club rooms, 2787a Folsom Street, San Francisco

What we call progress today is often nothing less than race with the undertaker. Already we are a nation with shattered nerves and weak brains. Yet we aim to go still faster. The result is an overcrowding of prisons and insane asylums.

The most despicable lot of degenerates are the male and female prostitutes and dope fiends of Hollywood, whom the nation adores as movie stars. Why can't they rape each other without the permission of the government and the publicity in the papers?

What a fine subject this would be for a Max Nordau to write another book on Degeneration?

When we read or speak of prostitutes, it is always the female we have in mind. Few consider that there are probably as many male prostitutes as there are females. Professor Paolo Mantegazza in his latest book on "Sexual Relations of Mankind" remarks on this subject: "If those who sell enjoyments are prostitutes, girls who marry a rich, old man, to barter their kisses for his wealth must be enrolled in this universal legion, as well as those who otherwise for a price give their kisses and embraces. Similarly those youths who sell themselves in marriage to vicious old but rich women, must be denominated prostitutes."

The greatest objectors to birth control are the Irish washwomen with 13 children.

A radical is one who believes that the remedy for bad conditions is to abolish their causes.

This boasting about our grand and glorious civilization makes me feel lousy. Have you ever heard of uncivilized people destroying food with a hungry stomach and then cry to the Lord for a good harvest? What a civilization! Any Eskimo or Hottentot would be ashamed of it, while we delight in it.

C. N.

\* \* \* \*

*If one-fifth of the people were to resist taxation, it would cost more to collect their taxes, or try to collect them, than the other four-fifths would consent to pay into the treasury.—Benjamin R. Tucker*

## Did Governor Aid In Lynching?

The San Jose lynching which "set an example for all America," as Governor Rolph himself put it, was not staged because of indignation at kidnapping, but to prevent an exposure of the real cause of the kidnapping and murder of Brooke Hart—an exposure which would have involved the political machine of Santa Clara County which supports Governor Rolph and which is led by Louis Oneal, a neighbor and friend of the Governor, investigators say.

The fact is that Brooke Hart had been frequenting the gambling dens of the city and had lost heavily. When his father refused to pay his gambling debts, the gangsters decided to make an example of the young man. Thurmond was hired to do the job and involved Holmes, the other lynch victim.

When Brooke Hart's body was found in another county and Thurmond and Holmes were arrested it meant that the murder trial would be held where Oneal's political machine could not prevent an exposure of the whole gangster-politician tie-up.

There was comparatively little public excitement when the two were arrested, and no crowds gathered after Hart's body was found until "The News" announced that crowds were gathering in front of the jail. Then they did gather.

Leading citizens urged the mob on, the officials put up no defense, Governor Rolph stayed in the State to see that no one else sent troops to protect the prisoners and has promised to pardon anyone convicted.—Federated Press, in the "American Guardian."

### Four Unusual Pamphlets

Anarchism (41 pages), Windows (8 pages),  
Anarchism and Crime (22 pages).

By Joseph T. Labadie

and

The Attitude of Anarchism Toward Industrial Combinations (14 pages) By Benjamin R. Tucker.

The four pamphlets were hand-set and paper-covered by our late comrade Labadie. His son, Louverence Labadie, has donated a number of these pamphlets to be sold in aid of MAN! As long as the supply will last, all four pamphlets will be sent, postpaid, for the sum of Thirty cents.



# IN RETROSPECT

## "Clear As A Crystal"!

In one of The Netherlands countries a son of the toiling class was reared. His fate was that of the average child of a worker. At an early age he was already laboring for sustenance, and at the age of 16 he experienced an accident, while at work, that impaired his eyesight. Unlike many others of the children of the toilers, this youth began to show an interest in the social inequality that he had found himself encircled by. He joined the Communist Youth movement and soon became a most active propagandist in it. His natural honesty led him to resent many things done in the party. He soon found himself cast out and rejoining the party again and again. At the age of 21 he embarked with a fellow comrade upon what he termed "a worker's hitch-hiking tour," disposing of postal cards and other propaganda material in order to pay their way. In 1933 the now 23-year-old youth found himself in Germany, a country in which a bankrupted socialist government was being overpowered by a threatening fascist clique, while the communist movement displayed a most cowardly fear to act. He, the bold son of the toilers, a stranger in a strange country, was witnessing how the masses were being betrayed by the socialists and communists. Now they were facing a new betrayal—that of the Nazis.

Perhaps a revolutionary act would arouse the masses into averting the imminent catastrophe? For weren't there millions of workers who had just recorded their votes for communist political candidates? Thus, undoubtedly, must have reasoned the youthful revolutionary. And forthwith he made the Quixotic attempt to light the Sparks of Rebellion among the masses of Germany.

First the youth set fire to the Neukolle Welfare Office. Thence he proceeded to set fire to the Berlin Town Hall. This he followed by setting fire to the Palace in Lustgarten of Berlin. For his final Lightning Spark he had most wisely chosen the very citadel of corruption and deceit that was draining the last morsel from the mouths of the people—the chief parliamentary building of the country—the Reichstag.

The materials with which the youthful heroic revolutionary had hoped to fire the Reichstag had evidently proved insufficient. Off went the curtains that were draping the doors and windows of the House of Treachery. Off went the tablecloths—and still there wasn't enough. So off went also his coat and vest—even his shirt and upper underwear. At last the Chambers of Deceit were really on fire. The Spark from which the Revolution of the People could begin was lighted. What supreme joy of satisfaction that must have been to the youthful revolutionist! He had even forgotten about his own need of safety, for, half-naked, he was found and seized by the police. The only document found upon him, his passport, revealed that the Don Quixote of the attempted firing of a revolution in Germany was the 23-year-old mason of Holland—Marinus Van der Lubbe!

Since Marinus Van der Lubbe was unwilling to incriminate anyone or to talk about his deeds, the victorious Nazi regime chose to indict also some of the spokesmen of the communist movement. Among those it could still capture at that moment were Ernest Torgler and three Bulgarian communists, G. Dimitrov, B. Popoff and V. Tanef.

As the date set for the trial was approaching, the name of Van der Lubbe was being dragged into the mud and filth by the most hideous accusations that he was a Spy and a Tool of the Nazis. This campaign of malicious slander was becoming more and more audible in the press of the pretentious champions of "Justice"—the Liberals, Socialists and Communists.

Not even having the necessary decency to feel ashamed that in the Marxian stronghold of the world there was not even one lone revolutionary to equal in heroism the acts of Van der Lubbe, and too cowardly to be able to even conceive the possibility of such revolutionary acts—all that these vain trumpets of reform and striving-to-be rulers over the people could do was to crown themselves as the most contemptible vilifiers and traducers of a real revolutionist.

The idiocy or dishonesty of accusing Van der Lubbe of being a Spy and Tool of the Nazis was self-evident, to all sincere people. For if Van der Lubbe was all that, why would he persistently refuse to incriminate the very co-accused communists who were denouncing him as an "imbecile," "idiot," and "tool of the Nazis"?!

As the trial opened, Van der Lubbe, and not any of the other accused was the only one to go on a protest hunger strike. He was also kept chained for the entire eight months pending the trial. But more than that: he refused any kind of counsel, even one sent from Holland by his relatives. Despite all these glaring facts which proved the utter falsity of the accusations of slander, the Liberal, Socialist, and Communist press and circles kept up even more vehemently their campaign of traducing Marinus Van der Lubbe.

But truth cannot be suppressed forever. Slowly, but with

certainty, an International Defense Committee came to life in the native country of Van der Lubbe, to defend and clear the name of a great revolutionary whose sincerity was known to all who came in contact with him. Although Van der Lubbe was most of his life an active Communist, very few of that movement came forward to join in defending him. One most notable exception has been E. Sylvia Pankhurst, the well-known British communist. The movement that most readily and wholeheartedly rallied to his defense was the greater part of the Anarchist press throughout the world. For the Anarchist is not a partisan revolutionary at all, and is most willing at any time to greet, applaud, and aid any revolutionary deed—no matter by whom it is carried out.

Alarmed at the exposure of their perfidious act of deceit and slander—the communists attempted, via their American organ, the "Daily Worker," to whitewash themselves by printing a document that purported to be the advice of the American Nazis to the Nazi rulers of Germany as to how to dispose of Van der Lubbe after the trial. But this turned out to be nothing but a fabricated document inspired by the communists. Thus their perfidy against Van der Lubbe becomes even more dastardly and dishonest.

To one of his comrades in Holland, Van der Lubbe had written: "Everything will come out in the end as clear as a crystal." And it has.

As the trial was approaching its end, everyone understood that the indictment against the four communists was only an attempt by the Nazis to make political use of the trial for themselves. The latter never intended to find the four communists guilty. When the prosecuting attorney didn't even demand a conviction for the three Bulgarian communists it was no surprise at all. All four communists were found not guilty. On the other hand, the most vilified and the most heroic revolutionist of our times—Marinus Van der Lubbe—was found guilty and sentenced to death!

The co-accused, even before sentence was pronounced, had nothing but abuse for Van der Lubbe. George Dimitroff, one of the accused communists, even had the brazen audacity to denounce Van der Lubbe as a "Lumpen Proletariat"—but certainly not a "communist"! Van der Lubbe refused to say a single word either before being sentenced or after.

The most complete vindication of Marinus Van der Lubbe that could ever be penned came from a source that puts to shame and disgrace all the Liberal, Socialist and Communist vilifiers. It is contained in the cablegram sent out on December 23, 1933, by W. E. Brockmann, correspondent of the Associated Press at Leipzig, and reads in part, as follows:

"Van der Lubbe did not appear to take any notice of the verdict. Apathetic at the end as in the beginning of the trial—a grotesque figure in a hunched-over position, with a shock of tousled hair almost touching his knees—he seemed already dead.

If the others defended their lives heroically before the meticulous court, the young Hollander gave his up bravely.

Hated by communists and despised by Nazis, no one except his official counsel and his mother in faraway Leyden had a good word of him.

But if Van der Lubbe received no favors, he asked none.

Throughout the trial, Van der Lubbe insisted that he set the fire alone and unaided."

Thus the name of Marinus Van der Lubbe emerges fully vindicated and enrolled in the annals of the struggle for liberty as one of its most heroic and valiant champions—whilst those of his liberal and socialist traducers (and most of all, that of the communist vilifiers), are now besmirched by a contemptible blackmailing act that no one could be capable of except political charlatans devoid of any decency or honesty.

If there were still any workers left who for one moment had clung to the belief that any of the above named parties were sincere in their claims of aiming towards a just and free society—their acts of perfidy towards the revolutionist Van der Lubbe should have dispelled this belief completely and forever.

By the acts of this one individual, Marinus Van der Lubbe, it has once again been demonstrated that the road to human liberation is a manifold one. It cannot be confined to the dictates of particular programs. It remains at all times the instinctive and spontaneous acts of individuals that can inspire the masses to rise in Rebellions, that can and may in turn lead to the Social Revolution.

These are the two unforgettable lessons of the Reichstag Fire Trial: the politicians stand exposed as mere charlatans, and the acts of the revolutionist are triumphantly vindicated.

## The Socialists Are Proud...

News dispatches from Spain report that close to one hundred lost their lives and twice that many were wounded in the most recent uprising of December. The entire press referred to it as an Anarchist-inspired rebellion. On the other hand, the "New Leader" (organ of the Socialist Party in America) of December 16th, printed a statement in bold type and from which we quote the following:

"The Spanish revolt is dying down, with scores killed and many injured. But the results will continue; the hatreds unleashed and discontent with the Republican regime—even though now in the hands of the Right—will not die down so quickly.

Who was back of the Anarchist and syndicalist uprising?

The Anarchists have always been exceedingly active in parts of Spain indeed, it was Bakunin, high priest of Anarchism, who intervened in the Spanish Republic of sixty years ago and created the dissensions that resulted in the return of the Bourbons. The syndicalists are likewise strong, but the Socialist-led labor unions are the really powerful labor organizations, and they stood like a rock against the revolt and the threatened general

strike. And their stand caused it to collapse.

Why?

It is charged, and there is ample evidence to substantiate the charge, that the revolt and strike were encouraged and financed by big industrialists, monarchists and fascists, hoping to create disorder out of which they might do what was done in 1873; that is, divide the supporters of the Republic and establish a fascist regime."

The Socialist Party organ must have felt very uneasy at penning an open admission of the Betrayal by the Socialist movement in Spain. In order to save its face it invents the brazen falsehood that the "revolt and strike were encouraged and financed by big industrialists, monarchists and fascists. . . ." and blaming Bakunin for the return of Bourbonism! But not so fast, "gentlemen" of the Socialist movement! Surely you don't think for a moment that any one is ready to believe such slander without the least semblance of proof!

The act of openly admitted treachery of the socialists cannot cause any surprise to those who have watched the socialist movement ever since the day when it became a parliamentary one. Treachery and Deceit have followed almost every one of its "triumphs." From France to Germany, from Russia to England, from Italy to Cuba—one need only name a country where socialists were "victorious" in order to point at Betrayal and Deceit.

No, gentlemen of the "New Leader," with slanders you will not succeed in hiding the acts of treachery of your "comrades" in Spain. Neither will the holding-alooft action of your communist brethren of Spain serve as a good defense for thus

## Urgent Appeal

The insurrection of our Spanish comrades is for a time crushed. Treachery and the spinelessness of Marxian Socialists and Communists helped the bourgeoisie to crush the only sincere attempt to prevent a dictatorship in Spain.

But our comrades in Spain saved the honor of anarchism. The name of an anarchist is again respected. They proved to the world that all Anarchists are not buried in the mire of "philosophic" sloth. All honor to them.

Yet the price is heavy. Hundreds of our comrades killed and wounded; thousands in the clutches of the enemy. Hundreds of families in frightful need. Think of the children, our future generation of Anarchists!

Help is needed. We still have some breathing space in America, and we must support our heroic brothers and sisters in Spain. Let us hasten to their succor and let us do it quickly. No phrases are necessary. You in whom the spirit of freedom is still burning and to whom Anarchism is not a mere label, you will understand and act.

Hippolyte Havel

aiding in the crushing of the attempted rebellion. From every corner of the globe workers who can think will shout at the socialist and communist politicians: "Traitors!"

The Anarchists in Spain have remained true to every one of the people's attempted uprising, as the Anarchists did in Russia, Italy, Argentina—wherever a genuine struggle of the people began. They have given their lives—close to five hundred have already been murdered in Spain. The exact number of the maimed remains unknown. Nearly ten thousand have been jailed. No liberty-loving man or woman can fail to realize the urgent need of giving moral and material support to these valiant Anarchist fighters.

MAN! most willingly supports the appeal of Comrade Hippolyte Havel that appears on this page. It opens up a fund to aid the victims of the Spanish reaction made possible by the socialists and communists alike. It acknowledges the first contribution to this fund: \$25.00 contributed by the International Group of San Francisco.

The Anarchists of Spain have been defeated but not vanquished! As certain as is the dawn of a tomorrow—just as confident are we of the new oncoming Anarchist rebellions in Spain and everywhere else, until all such rebellions are turned into the world-wide Social Revolution that will bring about the emancipation of humanity from every existing form of oppression, exploitation and rulership.

## Anarchists and the Labor Movement

The organized labor movement throughout the world is by its very nature and purpose a protective barrier against any spontaneous revolutionary action that may arise from among the exploited toilers. This applies as much to the conservative pure and simple Trade Union movement of America as it does to the Syndicalist movement of France, or to the Anarcho-Syndicalist movement of present-day Spain. The "outlaw" railway strike of 1920 in this country; the patriotic fervor of the Syndicalists in France during the last war; and the condemnation of the January 8th, 1933, uprising in Spain by the leading C. N. T. (Anarcho-Syndicalist) organs—are all ample proofs that justify the uncompromising attitude of those Anarchists who refuse to support or aid in the formation of any organized labor movement.

That the organized labor movement of this country is serving as a bulwark against revolution is the proud claim of every labor official. The N. R. A. debacle has most fittingly proven this. It was conceived by the paid "advisers" of capitalism (the "brain trust") who openly admit that this new scheme to institute fascism in America is but a last attempt to save and perpetuate the present capitalist system. The first ones to be decoyed into aiding in the transformation of a Fascist order are none other than the spokesmen of organized labor! Strangely enough, the Liberals and Socialists fell in line to clamor for the full enforcement of the N. R. A.—not realizing its true fascist scope. Or are they, perhaps, by doing

(Continued on Page Five)

## MAN!

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Issued by the International Group of San Francisco  
Editor, Marcus Graham

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MAN! will be sent to any individual and library upon request. It intends to subsist solely upon what the readers find it worth. Whenever it begins to fail 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.

Correspondence Address

1000 Jefferson Street, Oakland, California, U. S. A.



# ANARCHISTS: John Most—The Stormy Petrel

Hippolyte Havel

John Most died March 17th, 1906 in Cincinnati, while on a lecture tour. The Anarchist movement in this country lost in him the foremost representative of revolutionary Anarchism.

When Most arrived in the autumn of 1882 in New York to continue the publication of his *Freiheit* he had a tremendous welcome in the Cooper Union. Thousands of workers filled the great hall and many others the immediate surroundings; he was greeted as the most persecuted herald of the social revolution; he was compared with Marat, the fiery representative of the French Revolution.

As the petrel of Social Revolution, Most had already gained considerable experience before he arrived in this country. The existence of the *Freiheit* had become impossible in England, through the persecution of the British authorities, behind whom was the Russian and German diplomatic influence to suppress Most. An article praising the execution of Alexander II by the Nihilists in March 1881, brought Most a sentence of sixteen months of hard labor.

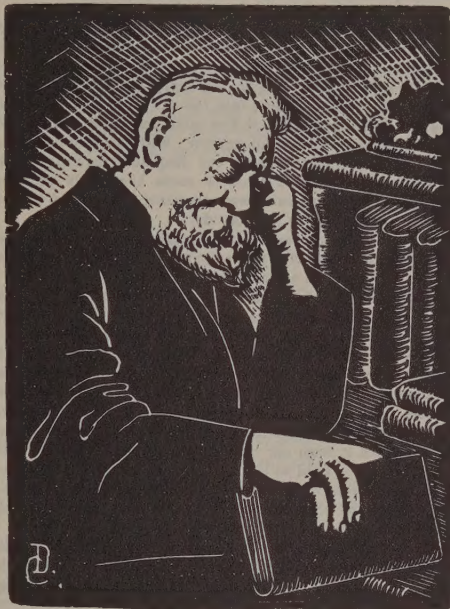
British freedom of the press proved as empty a boast as that of Germany and Austria in which countries Most was repeatedly sent to prison for articles published in Social-democratic papers he used to edit. But the English prison was more severe and brutal than the one in continental countries.

At the time when Most came to America this country was a mere wilderness for the propagation of our ideas. The comrades active in Chicago paid soon with their lives for their ideal. The Knights of Labor were the voice of the more radical element among the workers. The publicity and barrenness of the so-called political liberties as a means toward economic life was then not apparent in the degree that it is now. Social questions, Proletariat, and a militant labor movement were treated as empty phrases mouthed by the dissatisfied, restless and incompetent foreign elements. The legend that in this country every industrious and able man could secure a comfortable existence, was then firmly believed.

Most surely did not come to America expecting to find an Eldorado; yet with a certain affection for a land of republicanism. The traditions of the exiles of 48' were not yet dead, many of whom had found a refuge in America. But men and times had changed. Many of the ci-devant rebels succeeded in climbing the political ladder almost to its very top. But Most had brought with him a social ideal

that no government, and no political party realize.

Most had laboriously to hoe his path because his character, and his rebellious spirit was of the kind that cannot adapt



John Most  
(February 15, 1846 - March 17, 1906)

itself to the mechanical spirit of centralized party machinery.

He was an extremely popular and effective speaker—a born orator of the people. As a writer he possessed great originality and a rabalaisian humor that never failed to hit his mark. His *Freiheit* was a unique publication; during my talk with Kropotkin in London he told me that Elisee

Reclus picked out the *Freiheit* first of all the exchanges he received. Only Pouget's *Pere Pienard* could be compared with the *Freiheit*.

Most left Germany for England in consequences of the Bismarckian anti-socialist laws. He was of the opinion that the social-democratic party, which he represented in the German Reichstag, should refuse to submit to the law, holding that a more consequent and energetic propaganda could be carried on underground and from abroad. His position brought him in sharp conflict with the other leaders of the party, who considered it more practical to adapt themselves to the Bismarckian laws. Same position as the present leaders took in the Hitlerian episode.

He witnessed the machiavry of parliamentarism at work—his description of the parliamentary comedy is the richest literature of social protest. He soon realized the uselessness of the political farce as a means of emancipating the proletariat, and it required only his acquaintance with the ideas of Bakunin, Reclus and Kropotkin, to lead him towards Anarchism, towards which his revolutionary spirit naturally leaned.

Similarly to the opportunistic leaders of the German Social-democratic party who antagonized Most because of his attitude and his becoming a strong and original personality, the foremost circles of the German Socialists in this country hastened to ex-communicate him.

Most's path in this country was a thorny one, full of struggle and difficulties. He was regarded as the incarnation of Criminal Anarchy. He had constantly to fight against stupid public opinion that was incited against him by the prostituted press and corrupt police. The police made it a sort of speciality of arresting Most on every possible occasion. He had to serve several years in the dungeon of Blackwell Island, where he was worse treated than the so-called common criminals. He was vilified, persecuted and thrown into prison on general principles, so to speak, because he was the Anarchist Most. Yet notwithstanding all these miserable conditions, sharpened by poverty and need, Most bravely held aloft the banner of Anarchy, to the very end. He died in harness. The deep love and admiration of comrades followed him to the grave. The Anarchist movement keeps his memory alive. Rudolf Rocker set him a splendid monument in his biography "John Most, the life of a rebel". I would consider it a great honor to translate Rocker's book into English.

Carl Nold

## Fifty Years Ago

When John Most was released from prison in London, England, October 26, 1882, where he served 16 months for glorifying the execution of Alexander II, of Russia, in his weekly paper *Freiheit*, he realized that the paper could no longer be published in Europe. At the same time he received an invitation to come to America for a lecturing tour. This gave him the idea that to publish *Freiheit* in America would solve the question and without losing much time. Most landed in New York on December 18, 1882, where he was received with open arms.

The radical movement in America at that time was split in various sections with diverse ideas on Anarchism. It was Most's foremost aim, to get them together under the wings of the I. W. P. A. (International Working People's Association). During the summer of 1883, preparations were made for a convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., to take place in October of that year. It was this meeting that issued the now historical Pittsburgh Proclamation with the declaration of the following six principal points:

"By force our ancestors liberated themselves from political oppression, by force their children will have to liberate themselves from economic bondage. 'It is, therefore, your right, it is your duty,' says Jefferson, 'to arm!' 'What we would achieve is, therefore, plainly and simply—"

First:—Destruction of the existing class rule, by all

means, i. e. by energetic, relentless, revolutionary and international action.

Second:—Establishment of a free society based upon co-operative organization of production.

Third:—Free exchange of equivalent products by and between the productive organizations without commerce and profit-mongery.

Fourth:—Organization of education on a secular scientific and equal basis for both sexes.

Fifth:—Equal rights for all without distinction to sex or race.

Sixth:—Regulation of all public affairs by free contracts between the autonomous (independent) communes and associations, resting on a federalistic basis.

Signed: Pittsburgh, October 16, 1883,  
The International Congress of Socialists.

The Socialist Labor Party had also been invited to this convention, but refused to send official delegates; it was too radical for them as it still is today for these lame ducks. Nevertheless, whole sections of the S. L. P. tore away from the old party and joined the I. W. P. A., while the rest attacked Most and the new party in the dirtiest possible way privately, in meetings as well as in their official paper *The Bulletin*. But the membership dwindled gradually away to such a degree that some of their "prominent leaders", among them Alexander Jonas and H. Molkenbuhr wrote to August Spies, Chicago, who was then the head of the Information Bureau of the I. W. P. A., suggesting that as the S. L. P. had always believed in the proclamation of the Internationalists an amalgamation could now be considered.

It was a case of a drowning party trying to hang on to the coat-tails of a new party to save its life. A. Spies reflected: Why did they fight us if they had always believed in our principles?

Spies then advised them to dissolve their party and join as individuals or sections as others had done. This they could not do because it meant loss of leadership and jobs as leaders.

For a more detailed account of the Delegates present, their views and debates and the general spirit prevailing in the convention I quote from the report of John Most in the *Freiheit* of October 20, 1883.

"Already on Saturday, October 13, many delegates from all parts of the Union had made their appearance. In the evening, a social gathering was held in the Turner hall at Allegheny, in which the local Comrades and the delegates indulged in a very lively discussion of general subjects. Our old Father Frick delivered the address of welcome in which he expressed the hope that the congress would be a success. Com. Drury then spoke in English, Com. Most in German. Both of them explained the objects of the International Working People's Association, and advocated energetically its radical point of view amidst the full acclamation of those present.

On Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, Com. Spies opened proceedings of the Congress. Com. G. Meng was appointed chairman, and Com. Spies as provisional secretary. After examination of the mandates the following list of members of the Congress resulted:

Ran for Buffalo, Cincinnati and Chicago; Fehrenbach, Richter, Saam and Tamm for Allegheny City; H. Muecke for Union Hill; Ruhe for Omaha; Strumpen for Philadelphia, Roxbury and Wenayunk; Frick for Milwaukee; Sachse, Paterson, N. J.; Adam Kehm, Baltimore; Spies, Parsons, Meng

for Chicago; Mikolanda for Chicago, Goodly Town and Braidwood, Ill.; George Jacob for Guttenberg, N. J.; M. Schmitt for Sallinville, O.; Drury, Weiss, Haase and Most for New York, the last also for Meriden; Kubish for Astoria, N. Y.; Weppeler, for St. Louis; Frey for Jersey City Heights.

A debate ensued over the question whether mandates of such groups that could not send their own delegates should be transferred to present delegates or not. Coms. Spies and Ran opposed this. Most pointed out that a denial would mean a punishment of poverty; as it appeared that the failure of sending representatives was caused by lack of means, and besides, these groups had sent in definite instructions.

This view was seconded by Weiss, Strumpen, Frick, Saam, Kubisch and others; and the proposition carried.

Business of the congress was carried on in English and German. It was resolved to hold all discussion publicly, excepting the so-called executive sessions. Then was created the Bureau, which would handle all correspondence written in foreign languages.

As President for the day, Com. Meng, as substitute, Com. Ruhe were then chosen. Com. Spies, of Chicago, was appointed permanent secretary; Com. Saam, as his substitute. All instructions sent in, all memorials, etc., were heard in full, open sessions. Adjournment 12:30.

At the afternoon meeting, beginning at 3 o'clock, Spies, Parsons and Most, and later, Com. Drury, made addresses.

In the evening Coms. Christ of St. Joseph, Reifgraber of St. Louis, and Ritter of Cleveland arrived as delegates and were admitted.

Section San Francisco (S. A. P.), Socialist Labor Party, regrets failure to attend congress for want of finances, and forwards best wishes for success.

The memorial of the London groups were read and received with great acclaim. (I. W. P. A.) The main group of the International of Mexico offers means and ways tending not only to destroy the present system of society but also to establish a new one with the least delay. The "Jaegerverein" of Chicago recommends a speedy arming of the proletariat with adoption of all new results of science, especially those of chemistry.

A revolutionary socialistic group of Loine and Chere, France, sends greetings and ends its letter: "Brothers, forward to Anarchy and Communism! Long live the social revolution!"

A reading of a memorial of the comrades of California (I. W. P. A.) follows: The Milwaukee group urges arming of the comrades. The memorial of the Chicago comrades was read by Ran. They advocate an organization of the socialists based on autonomous groups and a declaration of principles. Also the necessity of arming the proletariat, and opposing the title, International Arbeiter Association; and urge work among the unions, which should become the workholds of the coming revolution. Finally, warning the workers from pursuing false methods of agitation (elections, compromises, etc.)

The memorial of the New York groups was read by Haase. Com. Tamm reports that the delegates from Pittsburgh had not received a program, but were instructed to declare themselves for the title, "International Arbeiter Association", and the arming and other progressive measures. Com.

(Continued on Page Eight)

## Anarchists and the Labor Movement

(Continued from Page Four)

so, unwittingly revealing that they also aspire to a fascist—socialist-fascist—order?

The Anarchist movement has, of course, taken an uncompromising stand toward the attempted N. R. A. fascist scheme. Unfortunately, a few individuals have succumbed to the delusion. Rose Pesotta has accepted a paid position to aid, through the N. R. A. scheme, in bringing back to power the same discredited officialdom of the International Garment Workers Union which she had at one time denounced and exposed as a band of careerists and crooks. Another most unfortunate victim of the N. R. A. fascist scheme was Anna Sonofsky, who likewise accepted a paid position in the very same union. In mentioning these two instances, MANI wishes to show that the Anarchist movement holds no brief for such desertions from Anarchist principles. On the contrary, it stands ready at all times to expose and denounce them.

Anarchists have always participated in the existing unions and syndicates in order to propagate our uncompromising anti-authoritarian ideas. Whenever and wherever individual anarchists deviate from this course and accept paid official jobs—they cease by such very acts to be a part of the Anarchist movement, which has at all times an uncompromising ideal to live for and to fight for.

## A Talk Between Two Workers

By Errico Malatesta

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# VIEWS on the ANARCHIST PRESS

## In Favor of All Existing Publications

Your reply to MAN! concerning the possibility of combining the present scattered Anarchist press called for an expression of opinion from the various papers. As one of the editors of "Mother Earth" here is my reply:

As I understand it, the purpose of an Anarchist press is two-fold: first, to express the many shades of libertarian thought; second, to gain new adherents to libertarianism. It may be that a single paper could effect this purpose as well as the several we now have, but I doubt it. Certainly, it might be more successful financially, for a while, but unless you let every member of the Anarchist movement take his turn at being editor, sooner or later you will have new papers springing up everywhere. It would be impossible to satisfy all ideas as to what an "Anarchist paper" should be. Personally I feel that "Freedom," MAN! "Mother Earth," "The Vanguard" and the others represent the libertarian movement much better separately than they could possibly do so under any attempt to combine them; and I do not believe it possible that such an attempted reconciliation of differing ideas could succeed.

As far as finances are concerned, the amount of money spent on "Mother Earth" in one year would barely pay for printing a single issue of a larger paper. So I don't believe that we form much of an obstacle to a project of that sort in so far as money is concerned.

It seems such a pity to me that there should be even a hint of discord between our publications. Speaking for myself I should say that I should be sorry to see any one of them disappear, even those whose policy is entirely opposed to my own. Let's try to promote a friendlier spirit between us, and let acrimonious personalities alone.

In all sincerity,  
JO ANN WHEELER.

## An Original Suggestion

Dear Comrades:

In answer to your suggestion I will say my idea is there is no Anarchist movement in America today. In order to build such a movement I'd like to see some two-score small monthly Anarchist papers digging their roots into new ground among our people. These would have to be supported primarily by people outside the regular Groups. When enough new ground is cleared we could easily draw support for a weekly, perhaps even a daily, Anarchist publication. However, the movement for the weekly should start at once. It must be from the ground up on a foundation of economy. I suggest the following for a start: 1) appoint a board of management; 2) select a site where overhead costs will be nothing, a free gift; 3) find provision for land for the printer-editor to work, for a part of his living; 4) find the printer-editor who will live on this site, work the soil, print and edit the paper, in connection with the board of management; 5) I suggest Sunrise Colony, near Detroit, as a possible site for future operations; 6) lacking any other way out, I propose starting a colony to build a paper as we once did to build a school.

Fraternally for freedom,  
JOHN G. SCOTT.

## "Sounds Communistic"

Editor of MAN!

Another fine issue of MAN! has come to me, and your editorial is good and timely.

I especially admire your uncompromising attitude in what I, too, see as the pure Anarchistic ideal.

I was not surprised at the Canadian stand with reference to MAN!'s "importation" into that country. I lived there for years and am acquainted with their dog-like devotion to flag, government, etc. (for no good reason that was ever clear to me; there is just as much misery among the multitude of workers there as anywhere—sometimes I have thought them even more "kept down.") Their administration and the whole pompous, pious tone of their civic and educational order always made me think of an ass, standing stern and dignified upon its hind legs, trying to hide its tail. Their public schools are nightmares of conservatism and "discipline" and various impostures in the name of scholarshipism. But if I were living over there now I'd have my copy of MAN!—via subrosa. There are always ways and means.

I noted with some amusement Nold's suggestion that MAN! combine with the other four libertarian papers to make "one big magazine." It sounds Communistic. I see no special object in such a move. They may think MAN! wants to be exclusive and "stand-offish," but I think he can accomplish more by "himself." Cannot four papers with a similar ideal remain fraternal and co-operative, without all living in one house?

Fraternally,  
TED SINGLETON.

## For MAN!

To the Subscribers of "Clarion," "Vanguard," "Freedom" and MAN!:

Comrades, I appeal to you, to your common sense, to realize that we cannot, under present conditions, keep up four papers which at the ultimate end aim at the same ideal, Anarchism, a society of people highly enough educated to live without government and to mind their own business. With not enough money among the comrades to keep these papers up, some with one, others with both feet in the grave, it is a criminal waste of money and energy; it is a crime against our ideal, to pull in four different directions under conditions which demand unity, at least until we get over the worst of this crisis. As the case stands today, we either have to put the strength we have left behind one paper or we will soon have none at all. What will you have? Now is the time to talk up and act.

I tell you frankly, I am in favor of MAN! for this reason: I consider it the best edited paper with the most subscribers, and it is therefore entitled to our united support.

Can't we be a little more tolerant and forget personalities

and that silly idea that different Groups have different patterns to form the future society? Don't fool yourselves; in ten or fifteen years from now nobody will give a damn for all your whimsical differences and shades in opinions.

And now I want to go a step further and suggest to stop all Anarchist papers that are published in America in foreign languages. It is another waste of money and energy. Immigration is at zero now, and for many years to come. The old comrades are departing fast, the new generation is speaking and reading English. A few more years and you will be compelled to give them up anyhow. Why not now and concentrate all strength behind one English Anarchist paper which in a short time could be made bi-monthly or even weekly? Then you would have something to be proud of and a new stimulation for propaganda.

If anyone has any reasonable objection to this plan, let me hear it through MAN!; if not, let's get together and act or admit that we are a complete failure.

This monkey-business of every Group publishing its own paper is getting ridiculous and disgusting. I would never have raised this question under normal conditions, but as conditions are today, and for many more months to come, it simply means suicide to the movement. Over \$1000 have been wasted in 1933 on papers that never had a chance to live, just for the fun of seeing them die again at the end of the year. Not satisfied with preaching and teaching Anarchy as we have learned it from our old masters, Most, Kropotkin, Malatesta, etc., we tried to improve on them and make fine distinctions between dwidledee and dwidledum; we wrote senseless poetry and philosophized on the rise and fall of ancient pumphandles.

We wanted to show the world how wise we are, to find out after twelve months that we did not have horse-sense enough to pull together to keep one paper alive; thus demonstrating our own foolishness.

Every time a few comrades had a brain-storm a new paper had to be published, fearing that future generations might miss something if their ideas are not preserved in print.

If "Clarion," "Vanguard" and "Freedom" are sincere and anxious to make propaganda, let them prove it by sending their subscriber lists to MAN!, who will send out sample copies to all of them so they can judge and subscribe or refuse.

And please remember, not every one who can hold a pencil is a born writer and editor; neither does the ability of a writer consist of the length of his article; to be short and to the point goes further than a long-winded belly-ache.

I have not included in this letter "Mother Earth." She is plowing her own ground admirably and able to hold her own and thus can be considered no burden to the comrades.

CARL NOLD.

Before we express our opinion on the above proposition which, as far as we are concerned, should be brought to a close, we like to make it clear that this issue was raised in MAN! out of respect for other comrades' opinion in matters of general interest, and in this particular case that of comrade Nold.

The material side here is of importance yes, but in disagreement with comrade Nold we must state that it is not the main issue. To our estimation the important side is the one of principles.

When the International Group of San Francisco, in conjunction with a few other groups, decided to launch MAN! they didn't mainly have in mind the financial possibilities of the attempt, they had in mind a moral objective, that is: they felt that the up to then existing publications were lacking the minimum sense of interpretation to properly present the principles and philosophy of Anarchism. Judging by the response received after a few issues of MAN! we were convinced that we weren't the only ones to feel this want. We hold now the same opinion of the existent publications and since MAN! has so far received moral and material support exceeding our own expectations we feel justified in continuing in the same spirit.

However, we even go farther than comrade Nold, placing the proposition on a fairer base: we are willing at any time to exchange mailing lists with any of the existing publications, thus giving the readers the fullest opportunity of deciding for themselves which journal they prefer to support. The readers of MAN! have already been given the opportunity to know of the existence of every anarchist publication now being published.

As to the question of the foreign press we think comrade Nold is right to a certain extent, but then this is a problem which will solve itself in the course of time. Consideration should be granted too to German, Italian and Russian publications which at present time have no possibility of existence in their respective countries.

## For A Quarterly

There is a little hill, through which a brook  
In rippling accents and responses flows  
In zigzag courses through a strip of woods  
Where wandering thoughts are often wont to greet  
Those who in silence haunt its solitudes.

May I greet the comrades of the Group that publishes MAN! with the feelings that the wandering thoughts of my solitudes inspire within me. It is a desire to communicate with like-minded fellow beings what seems to be impulsive with the urgency of truth and with the seriousness of the world situation that confronts us.

For the menace of the impending war or wars is constantly in my reveries. The last war came upon me like a thunder-clap out of a clear idealistic sky. I had no premonitions of its sudden descent upon society. I thought that the socialist movement, the general desire for peace, the stage of civilization that we had reached, the needs of commerce for peace, etc., were conditions and forces potent enough to assure us peace.

Now I am at least attentive to the premonitions that abound. There is a fear and dread of war instead of the false hopes of security that formerly prevailed. Among other articles I have read Nitti's brief sketch on War and Revolution. Whoever Nitti may be or what he may have done, at least his article set me thinking on the subject. War is as likely to accent the disruptive and subversive factors of society as to make a way for new social forms of living. I be-

lieve that the new social forms will not appear or reconstruct society unless they have already been formulated by the intense cultural efforts of enough groups to consolidate into a movement for their realization.

It is with this attitude that I wish to join in the discussion of Carl Nold's letter in the November issue of MAN! There is involved far more than a question of financial economy. Do the following comments bear out this proposition?

There are within the Anarchist Ideal and Movement some elements that I believe are essential to the development and structure of the ideal society that we yearn to realize. I do not know where else to find an appreciation and recognition and reverence of and for the dignity, nature and social significance of man as the individual unit of the social structure, as seems to pervade Anarchist literature and practice. But history and sociology and psychology warn us over and over again that no ideal or movement is immune to the disintegrating, degenerating, and distracting influences of time and change. If a movement is not growing it is declining, though if a movement or sect is sufficiently isolated it often vegetates generation after generation before becoming extinct. To me for the most part the religions of the world are atavistic vegetative superstitions. Yet they still encumber the whole world. Bury's History of the Freedom of Thought is in fact an account of how rarely and sporadically any thinking has taken place at all. Just listen to the gossip anywhere you happen to be and see whether it intimates any hopeful trace of thinking.

Some ten years ago I was reading "The Nation," which I had begun to read during the War. It had an editorial standpoint which included vigorous opposition to the War. But it did not seem to me to be satisfactory in its general interpretation of the whole situation. Consequently I ceased my subscription. But before doing so, I wrote to the editor and owner, asking why the two papers, "The Nation" and "The New Republic," did not combine to enable them to meet their costs and to give their readers a more effective interpretation of passing events. A personal letter from the editor said in effect that the two staffs were not congenial enough and not willing to work under one editor. In other words, personal temperaments and interests prevented a combined effort. These discordant temperaments appear in all organizations, parties, movements, churches, and nations. The results of their antagonisms are often disruptive and subversive. They are as bitter as the class struggle.

In 1903 I joined the Socialist Party and became the secretary of the branch local of the 19th Assembly District in New York City, of which Morris Hillquit and Algernon Lee were members. While I cannot remember the details, I do remember that the attempt to support several dailies and other papers drained the organization of its vitality by putting the emphasis of their activity upon the need of getting subscriptions for the press. I felt that a socialist party should be something more than a subscription agency to a paper.

One of the papers that I took was "The Socialist Review." Its pages were full of cheap advertisements of unreliable articles. Of one issue I went through every page and marked at least a score of the advertisements, "Commercialized Socialism," and returned the copy to the editor. In the next issue all the objectionable advertisements had been removed. The fact that MAN! is entirely free from such objections commends it to me. But the editor declares that "Freedom" and "The Vanguard" have a different point of view. Is it wise to impose the cost of keeping magazines before the public upon those who are indifferent to such differences?

But there is a more fundamental consideration. Comrade Nold favors a weekly. I favor a quarterly. I have become convinced that for purposes of education, and particularly for the culture of new sentiment and points of view and new philosophy, a quarterly can be made more effective. It took me at the age of 27 or 28 some five or six years to read merely fourteen chapters of the Gospel of John. But it was a good job; done with pen and paper and paraphrase of every single verse, about five verses to an afternoon. At the beginning I was a superstitious Christian anxious about my personal salvation. At the end I was free from any such concerns or fears. And as part of the job I was pretty thoroughly cleansed of all animistic concepts whatsoever. Even the current use of the word "spirit" that the editor supports an instance when he says that the four papers represent Anarchism in a different spirit, I avoid by using "attitude" or "point of view" or "feeling" or "interest," etc. Certainly I am not a scholar nor an expert on any subject. But I know that my intellectual freedom from fears and crude superstitions and gross nationalistic sentiments and belief in magic or romance has come to me by EFFORT, the effort of a lifetime, the effort of thinking by the processes of "recollection." And unless we can induce in others these processes of thinking, all our printed pages will circulate in vain. I believe that the greater part of all will circulate in vain, and that the greater printed matter part of all magazines and books fail to induce the process of thinking. How many millions of Bibles are printed in vain, even in the interest of Christianity?

As I have had no editorial or journalistic experience I can say nothing practical about editing a quarterly. But I will venture a comment or two on what seems to me the drift of events. I'm not prophesying like Dr. Robinson in "Soviet Russia as I Saw it." Yet every one likes to express a "hunch." Some of our predecessors of the last century defied or hypothesized or personified the "revolutionary proletariat" quite after the manner of the church fathers and other proponents and wielders of the allegorical method from time immemorial and since. In my reading of history I have caught sight of a proletariat often enough, either as the rabble in the streets or as the soldiers in the armies of conquest or of civil strife. But of the proletariat in rebellion there are not so many instances. There was a slave war in Italy. There have been several rebellions of the serfs in England, Germany and France. But so far as I know the Swiss moun-

(Continued on Page Eight)



# ART and LITERATURE

## Factory

Standing on the top of the hill  
Over-looking the city the factory  
Crouches like a monster waiting  
To break the bones on men and women  
Who are lured there in quest of wages  
To give them food and clothes.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

\* \* \* \*

## Self-Deceit

She found the world an uninviting place,  
Reality a glare too hard to face.  
And so she camouflaged with thick veneer  
The bulky edge of every slumping year,  
And smuggly poured a syrupy oil to grease  
The noisy wheels of life to give her peace.  
The flowers of kindness all wilted down  
Before her bland and self-assuring frown  
And buds of sympathy were doomed to meet  
The final shears of self-imposed deceit.

Now death dragoons her body through his door  
Who took her spirit many years before.

LUCIA TRENT

\* \* \* \*

## Pale Bonita

Spring honeymoons in my Italian land.  
The heavens are laughing blue, the clouds are white.  
The scent of olive blooms goes hand in hand

With winds that loiter down the lanes of night. . .  
But pale Bonita mourns. . . My hills are walls . . .  
My home—a cell . . . my path—this allway . . .  
My garden—reeking sweat shop. . . A radio squalls  
A delicate Sicilian air of May. . .  
A broken jar of perfume daggers me  
From a rubbish heap. I press the anemic smell  
Of rose against my nostrils. . . Land of the free,  
That offered paradise for peasant hell,  
I kiss my cross where clings one jagged bud,  
To stay Bonita's heart from dripping blood.

LYOYD FRANK MERRELL

\* \* \* \*

## The Sheep Herder's Monument

Consider the sheep herder.

He is a little known atom in the immense swirl of the world—  
life about us—

A piece of human flotsam, drifted far out upon the sage-plains  
of the West.

His main job in life is to be lonely.

Loneliness is not a thing that comes to him now and then like  
a headache or the nerves

It is part of his daily life to be lonely.

There is no one to whom he may talk;

All around him, like waves of a desolate, grey sea, roll the  
shadowy sage-plains—and infinite expanse.

Now and then, he goes mad from loneliness and disappears into  
the yawning void rather than bear the interminable repetend  
of self-communion and introspection.

But these are the weaklings—the men who do not understand  
that companionship does not necessarily mean the company  
of humans.

The sheep-herder that is, the real one has solved the problem  
of loneliness by making the whole world his intimate and  
companion.

The sky is his friend; for he can lie on his back and watch  
the sun and the clouds by day,  
And count the stars by night.

Every insect that crawls, or flies, or squirms, is an intimate  
acquaintance;

For many a day has been passed away just in watching an ant-  
hill and trying to figure out what all the activity is about.

Even the dangerous rattlesnake is almost out of the enemy class.  
Out there, when you ride the plains,

You see towering piles of rocks a-top the sandy hills reaching  
high into the sky.

Great boulders form their bases—boulders that required the  
struggling strength and labor of days to move into place.

Sometimes the rocks themselves have been carried for quite a  
distance across smooth sand and rutty washes,

Finally to be placed upon the stack with the rest.

Monuments, they are—

Great, towering monuments

That have cost the time and labor of days to build;

And yet, when you ask whose graves they cover—

What battles they commemorate—

You learn that they were built by sheep-herders

For no other purpose than to pass the time away—

To pass the time away—building great, high-reaching monu-  
ments

To the Gods of Loneliness!

JACK PARNACH

## The Fairy Ring

Once a mortal dwelt at the foot of the Elfan Mountains.  
Now there was a loneliness within him even when he was  
among people, and his heart ached with a nameless longing  
for something that he did not know. Finding no happiness in  
the village, he moved to himself with only his geese for com-  
pany.

The years passed by, but he felt only a deeper yearning for  
the thing that he could not name. Once far back in his youth,  
he seemed to have had moments of brightness that cleared  
away the real things and led him far into the flights of fancy.  
But now they were gone, leaving intangible thoughts that he  
could not fully grasp—dark shadows that stayed in his mind  
and refused to be driven out.

This mortal knew only fear of his half-consciousness. He  
was in awe of the mist that curled around the base of the  
mountain at sunrise, for in the mist he seemed to see bright  
images that flitted here and there, ever beckoning him to join  
them. At dusk he seemed to hear faint music playing; and he  
was frightened, because he knew that it could be played only  
by the fairies. He was even afraid to make music for himself,  
for well he knew that if the fairies were to hear it, they would  
carry him off to play for their dances. And when a person has  
been carried off by the fairies, he never returns the same. In  
his eyes there is a light that comes from seeing things beyond  
the narrow world of the mortals; and his actions are uncertain,  
as if he might be in a dream. So this mortal feared,  
knowing that he was on the brink of the two worlds.

One day he lost one of his geese. High and low he hunted  
for it during the hours between the rising of the mist and the  
settling of the dusk. But no place could he find it.

"I must go and beg help of Roon," he told himself. "I can-  
not leave my goose to the mercy of Tribogorie." Tribogorie is  
the Lord of Dusk, and whosoever travels into his domain turns  
into a shadow.

Early the next morning he stowed away a piece of bread  
and started out to ask the aid of Roon, the God of Going.  
Perhaps, he thought, Roon may have called the goose away  
and then left it somewhere among the hills. But Roon would  
surely help him find it; or, if he had it, he would return it.

He had gone only a few miles when a storm arose. A green-  
ish glow seemed to settle over the wood, and stillness lay a  
silent finger on the air. Vague shapes seemed to flit hurriedly  
past him. He hastily looked for shelter; and, seeing the en-  
trance to a cave nearby, he rushed into it.

As he found himself inside, he saw that the entrance was  
gone; and he found himself in a tiny chamber so low that he  
almost touched the roof with his height. Stalactites hung  
from ceiling to floor, and their dampness caused them to glisten  
frostily in many colors. And more wonder still, the cavern  
was filled with the tiny folk. Impudent little elves perched  
precariouly on the rocks jutting out from the walls—ugly  
and grinning little goblins sat and rubbed their bare feet to-  
gether—and fragile fairies drifted about like thistledown. He  
was afraid to touch them for fear they would shatter beneath  
his hand.

Then he was spied. "Your toll, your toll," a Leprechaun  
cried, rushing up to him. "Everyone who enters here must  
pay toll." Now the mortal had nothing but a yellow flower  
that he had picked in the wood. He thrust it out to the  
Leprechaun, who ran around joyously with it, calling "Gold,  
gold." By this time the others had come up, and were gleed-  
fully touching the garments of the mortal while they laughed  
among themselves.

The mortal was bewildered with the strangeness of it all.  
"I am hunting a goose, and I fear for his safety," he cried,  
drawing back from them.

"Your goose is safe. Now you must dance with us to the  
'music of glad memories,' and you will forget your worry,"  
they shouted. And before the mortal realized what was hap-  
pening, he was dancing in the fairy ring, his rough shoes mak-  
ing little tapping sounds upon the stone floor. As he danced,  
he felt the heaviness lift from his mind; and it was replaced

by a great gladness. Then he saw that the music was being  
played by a furry little half-human creature with horns and  
cloven hooves. "It must be Pan," he said. "I never thought to  
see him, although I have often heard his piping on the hill-  
side." "Anything can happen in Tir-na-Oge," he was told.

After a while the music changed, and he was dancing to  
"what is sure to come true."

"Wish! Wish!" they cried. Quickly they formed a wishing  
ring about this mortal who had stumbled into their midst.  
And he found himself wishing for the magic that would take  
him into the Silver-Cloud World of the mist, and into the  
Many-Coloured Land of the sunrise.

"Make way for the princess," they cried. "She is the Prin-  
cess of Golden Dreams, and your wish has brought her hither."  
They formed lines on each side of the cavern, and down the  
center walked the tiny princess. The mortal hid his face, for  
the old fear crowded in upon him. Then the princess came up  
to him.

## Book Review

### Death and Renaissance-- "Magic Mountain"

"Webster was much possessed by death . . .", writes T. S.  
Eliot in reference to the grandly morbid post-Elizabethan  
dramatist. But Eliot himself is far gone in the macabre, and  
not Eliot alone, but almost any poet or novelist of consequence  
in this decadent era. It is not surprising, then, granting that  
a pessimistic literature is the necessary consequence of a tot-  
tering social order, that "Magic Mountain," the masterpiece  
of Thomas Mann and one of the greatest works of this period,  
should be a compendium of gloom and annihilation.

How revolting, at first mention, is the idea of a thousand-  
page book given over to a sanatorium for tubercular patients,  
wherein at every moment we are reminded of death; not as a  
natural process of senescence and decay, but as a premature  
rotting, filling the graveyard with beauty and youth! We  
move in an atmosphere of disinfectants and anaesthetics; we  
hear from time to time the dry, rattling cough of the con-  
sumptive, and seem to take part in some tortuous nightmare  
of the Middle Ages—a dance of death.

However, the insidious dragon of wasting disease has its  
St. George in the book. We behold Science at grips with the  
monster, retreating sometimes, occasionally at a standstill,  
or compromising with death only by shortening the final  
agony.

A more formidable antagonist stands up against the mon-  
ster of disease; and this is the very Spirit of Life, incarnate  
in the author. Thomas Mann is much possessed by death—  
and by life. He witnesses inevitable destruction and the hor-  
ror of downfall, but the impulse of renaissance, of resurgence,  
is strong in him: And he conjures up, for the benefit of his  
hero, Hans Castorp, and like a magician integrating the  
knowledge of good and evil, the palpitating Spirit of Life . . .

"He beheld the image of life in flower, its structure, its  
flesh-borne loveliness. She had lifted her hands from behind  
her head, she opened her arms. On their inner side, particu-  
larly beneath the tender skin of the elbow-joints, he saw the  
blue branchings of the larger veins. These arms were of un-  
speakable sweetness. She leaned above him, she inclined unto  
him and bent down over him, he was conscious of her organic  
fragrance and the mild pulsation of her heart. Something  
warm and tender clasped him round the neck; melted with  
desire and awe, he laid his hands upon the flesh of her upper  
arms, where the fine-grained skin over the triceps came to  
his sense so heavenly cool; and upon his lips he felt the moist  
clinging of her kiss."

Life has its innings with the patients of the Davos-Platz  
hospital. They make of their sanatorium a veritable summer-  
and-winter resort; eat; play; laugh; love—all with the grim  
intoxication of soldiers on a brief holiday midst battle. They  
treasure each moment of their transient vitality, resisting the

Louise Preece

"Your wish, O mortal, will be granted," she said, stopping  
before him. "I am giving you a dream. Go back into your  
world and take it with you, and be not afraid when people  
will scoff at you and call you mad. Yours is the lonely way,  
but it will be one of such beauty as you have never before  
known except as a child, when your eyes were newly opened  
to the light and you saw the world only in its purity. As long  
as you keep your dream and hold it high above those who  
would crush it beneath their feet, you shall be able to use the  
magic. But if you lose the dream, then the world will become  
one of dreariness. Guard it well, for in it is life."

Then suddenly all the scene vanished; and he found himself  
outside, where there was no longer any trace of the cave. He  
searched no further for the goose, for of what worth is a  
chase for a wild goose? So returning to his hut, he found  
peace in the beauty of the mist and rest in the quiet of the  
dusk.

Jacob Hauser

"horizontal" of their doom: Horizontal; a world in the termin-  
ology of the macabre, referring to the frequent rest-periods  
which the patient must submit to, horizontal on their backs, in  
expectation of the rigor mortis.

And, in the semi-monastic isolation of the Alps, cosmo-  
politan vivacity tinkles with a dwindling lift, and fades out;  
while the philosophic meditation of Hans Castorp rises louder  
and louder, in a finally tremendous monologue. What is life?  
he asks; and in order to learn, he studies book after book on  
biology and physiology. He is obsessed by the slippery im-  
pact of time, which eludes him from month to month in meta-  
physical struggle. Whatever time may be, it elapses; and  
years pass in study, frivolity; and in the persistent drum-  
beat in the background of the dance of death.

In reading "Magic Mountain," we are face to face, as in the  
greatest works, with truth, and with mystery. It might be  
objected that the author was all but overwhelmed by the  
seduction of the occult, for he gives a long chapter to a de-  
scription of seance and spirit-materialization. Part in the  
known, and part in the unknown, we have the question of  
human personality itself, which is first propounded in Hans  
Castorp. He is throughout referred to as an unexceptional  
neophyte ship-builder, addicted to day-dreaming and sessions  
with long black cigars. But how he soars, when, removed  
from the bourgeois low-lands, he is taken to his eyrie upon  
the mountains! Here we have a parable of human perfect-  
ability; how the human organism is not necessarily, and in  
all cases, unevolved; but merely constrained by the strait-  
jacket of a caste-system. And in Mynheer Peepkorn, multi-  
millionaire and Dutch trader, we are shown personality at its  
highest development—genius. A power of tremendous vitality  
surges from him, mastering all who come in contact. He is  
represented as a dynamo, superhumanly grand, but inarticu-  
late and sputtering. This, of course, is mere fantasy. Such  
a titan as Mynheer Peepkorn is never so thoroughly tongue-  
tied. And that he can grow eloquent on occasion, discharging  
the collected energy of his spirit, we have the testimony of  
the author:

"May I," said he, "may I draw your attention upwards—  
high in the sky, to that black, circling point against the blue,  
intensely blue, shading into black—that is a bird of prey . . .  
it is a golden eagle. He circles directly overhead, he hovers,  
not a single beat of his wing—at a tremendous height in the  
blue, and with his keen far-sighted eyes . . . He has feathered  
gaiters and a beak of iron, with a sudden hook at the end;  
claws of enormous strength, their talons curving inwards . . .  
Look!" And he tried to put his long fingers in the position of  
an eagle's claw. "Gaffer, why are you circling and spying, up  
there . . . Strike! Strike downward, with your beak, into head

(Continued on Page Eight)



## PHILIP GROSSER

Many readers of the metropolitan press, when they were confronted with the headline, "Man Leaped in Front of Fast Running Elevated Train," and then read the small print in detail, shuddered when they saw the name Philip Grosser. Had his picture appeared alongside the news item, more readers, though they were not intimate with him, would have known him.

Grosser was a familiar figure in the city of Boston. He was a frequent visitor at the Boston Public Library, and often attended public lectures and meetings. Usually he sat by himself, taking a side seat, and seldom made himself heard. He could easily be recognized by his fast pace, by his demure expression, and also by his attire—baggy trousers and a coat of a different color and quality. A working man, it was his policy to remain in that social stratum.

To readers who followed the liberal movements of the country the name Philip Grosser brought to mind the man who was a conscientious objector. It was then when he showed his mettle. When the President of the United States, who was re-elected on the promises that he kept the people out of war, plunged the country into war soon after his election, Philip Grosser refused to join the army. He contended that war was of no benefit in general, and detrimental to the working man in particular. He was dragged from one prison camp to another, from one Federal penitentiary to another, spent weeks in solitary confinement and on bread and water; but his spirit was not daunted. He would not bear arms and he did not. The Christian Government lost to a solitary pagan, a radical of Jewish extraction. His stand on the Great World War was his main achievement by which he will be remembered.

Among his intimates he also was known as the indefatigable friend in need. It was not at all difficult for him to carry wood from one end of the city to make a needy family warm. And he was ready to donate and go out to collect donations to aid any one in need. Being in jail, he never forgot the befriended ones he left behind. He kept a correspondence with them, and on holidays never failed to send them a token of cheer.

But the strong Philip was human after all. With the bursting of the American prosperity bubble, with the millions of unemployed starving and living on scavenging refuse, and himself being unable to meet his immediate needs, he, in defiance to God and society, delivered his spirit to God and his mutilated body to the latter.

If Messiah, Kingdom Come, or the Socialist Millennium shall ever come, when, as the Prophet predicted, swords will be beaten into ploughs and modern bullets into gew-gaws, Philip Grosser will then be blazoned as one of the martyrs who hoped and worked for a better mankind.

HARRY BLOCK.

## HENRI CONFORTI

The inconsolable grief which the loss of my beloved comrade, Henri Conforti, has plunged me in makes writing this letter painfully difficult.

I think he had written you about having the pamphlet, "A Talk Between Two Workers," made. It was finished just after he had gone. It's an unusually beautifully made little book with a simple and charming foreword by Aurora Alleva. The inside of the last cover page is dedicated to MAN! and on the outside all the books listed that can be gotten through MAN! It is needless to say how much he appreciated the appearance of MAN!, enjoyed reading it, and was so happy working for it. While in the midst of the work he loved so well, his too sensitive mind always suffering at the ever-present and constant cruelties and injustices caused by this rotten and despicable social structure, he that could encourage and console others so, could no longer carry on, and so . . . abruptly ended his life!

Comradely yours,  
ERMES CONTI

## LOS ANGELES

Dear MAN!

The picnic held at Comrade N. Padovan's farm, on November 26, 1933, in behalf of MAN! and "L'Adunata," notwithstanding the financial difficulties of the friends and sympathizers that were present, was congenial and successful. The collection brought the net amount of \$57.20, of which I am herewith enclosing a money order of \$28.60, the one-half of the whole amount.

In this communication the committee wishes to renew its thanks to the contributors, and hopes to continue helping the publication of such periodicals of Anarchistic ideals.

Wishes of long life and good work.

For the committee,  
PIETRO CANE.

The First Anniversary of

**MAN!**

will be celebrated by a

## Creative Art Bazaar

Saturday and Sunday, afternoon and night,  
February 24 and 25, 1934

At Equality Hall, 143 Albion Street  
Near 16th and Valencia Sts., San Francisco, California

Saturday Night Dance and Orchestra  
Admission 25 cents

Sunday, Day and Night—Continuous Concert  
Admission Free

Chinese, Italian and Russian dishes will be served  
at all times

Every reader of MAN! is invited to participate in the anniversary by forwarding gifts, handicraft ones preferred, for the Bazaar. All gifts should be forwarded to: 1000 Jefferson Street, Oakland, California, U. S. A.

## BOOK REVIEW

Jacob Hauser

(Continued from Page Seven)

and eyes, tear out the belly of the creature God gave you—splendid!"

In the claron of this primitive speech we lose the macabre drum-beat entirely; we are concerned only with the golden-eagle, not an intellectual or a loving symbol, but a mighty one. Life speaks there, raw, brutal, but preferable to the equivocal, over-civilized intonation of decadence. Robinson Jeffers, too, has a penchant for birds of prey, but his are mad, scavenging birds, vultures, tearing the putrid flesh from the dead body of capitalism, and befouling themselves with virulent decay. And Eliot, in his eerie dejection, worships the fitter-mouse, or bat . . . It is a great thing for an author, and significant of his prophetic powers, to be competent of evading the enviroing pessimism of modern society even for a moment. From the intense blue altitude of the heavens, almost black, Mann surveys the rats, mean, gnawing, squabbling vermin of earth; and he craves to pounce upon them with vindictive power. . . . But the mood passes; and we are left to spiritualism, and hollow voices of phantoms; we are catapulted into the crater of the World War, wherein the hero, after seven years of purgation upon his enchanted mountain, plunges with inexplicable patriotism.

What a fiasco! After all his philosophy and the supposed liberation of his mind from the catch-words of oppression, he rallies to the defense of his fatherland! But extenuation for him stands in his long imprisonment to the inviolable life of a hospital. He chooses death rather than ennui. Even Empedocles flung himself to doom, in order to escape the dislocations and the confusions of a moribund era.

The moral of "Magic Mountain" is obvious. Life today is even such an "International Sanatorium Berghof." We are all suffering from the cankerous consumption of Capitalism, or Fascism, or Communism. And as we suffer, so we express ourselves, in language descriptive of disease, perversion, pessimism. Yet, even in the midst of death, life, unconquerably renescent, prepares for another thrust. Even midst our decay we are treated to a Vision of Life.

"The mood passes" indeed. If reports of Thomas Mann be truthful, we see him at last capitulated to destruction. For how, under the galley-slave regime of Hitler, which he approves of, or at least will not deny—how can he again lift himself with Castor to the altitude of proud isolation? That is his creative problem, and personal tragedy. The religious parables of temptation hold for us; it is so easy to acquiesce, to cease fighting against injustice and bigotry, especially in advanced age, when slippers are preferred to the liberty-cap, and the glow of hearth-logs to the blaze of revolt. Mann was never a revolutionary like Wordsworth in his youth, so that he cannot be scornfully dismissed as a "lost leader," as Wordsworth was dismissed by Browning and Shelley and Landor. He was ever exclusively the artist. But to be only an artist is to be somewhat less than a man. And this deficiency in manhood reacts at last; the springs of creativeness are dried up; the artist too is lost. Intransigent: uncompromising, is a true Gallic word with a defiant ring. Let us be intransigents and we need not fear decay; the dance of the skeletons cannot draw into its rattling frenzy the artist who includes the man.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

Carl Nold

(Continued from Page Five)

Kehm reads the wishes of the Baltimore groups, that in the main coincide with those of the last named group.

Com. Wepler speaks in the name of the Communistic Working Men's Educational Society of St. Louis, that desires the distribution of great numbers of easily understood pamphlets, etc; also to further the chemical knowledge among the comrades.

Com. Reifgraber submits the memorial of the Soc. Federation of St. Louis, which takes issue with political compromises.

Com. Strumpen declares that the groups of Philadelphia and suburbs are heart and soul with declarations of the New York groups.

Com. Christ, of St. Joseph, demands in the name of the home group the publication of a most radical proclamation of principles. The same spirited desires were expressed by Com. Schmitt, speaking for the Saline group. Com. Lachse wishes it to be understood that group Patterson fully accords with the sentiments enunciated by the New Yorkers.

Com. Kubisch, Astoria, is less interested in chemicals than in weapons, the procuring of which he recommends.

Com. Mikolanda reports group Braidwood as disdaining all voting at any election, but emphasizing the arming idea so much more. The Omaha group instructs his delegate Ruhe to stand for the most radical proposition at all times.

Coms. Spics, Drury, Most, Reifgraber and Parsons were elected a committee to write a Proclamation; the work to give us a plan of organization was put in the hands of Ran, Strumpen, Kehm, Frick and Christ; of resolutions, Coms. Saam, Wepler, Tamm and Ritter.

October 15, 2:00 p. m. the meetings were resumed, when the well known Pittsburgh Proclamation, etc., were adopted unanimously.

The congress ended its labors October 16th."

## FOR A QUARTERLY

Thos. J. Lloyd

(Continued from Page Six)

tainers were the only peasants to set up an independent state. Consequently I am not counting much in the next few decades upon seeing the rising of a revolutionary proletariat. All the more so as the communist press is futile to set it in motion.

There is a development that stands out prominently. Since the War the doctrines, theories and sentiments of nationalism have been given such a formulation and elaboration, not to say extravagant exaggeration, as even Louis XIV never equalled. He contended himself with saying "I am the State," and let it go at that. And Frederick the Great remarked that his people could think as they like so long as he could do as he liked. But in Russia, Italy, Germany, nationalism has been coded and institutionalized so as to regiment the whole na-

tion. In the ancient world religion, the interests of the State and public sentiment were identical. Whatever individualistic sentiment there was was confined to a few of the intellectual classes. But now the worship of the State has been made supreme over that of religion.

Now, if my description of these modern states hold good, it is my guess that the vogue of nationalism is identical with the prestige of the State. In the coming war I expect that some of these states will be thoroughly smashed, and their governments discredited. Will such a denouement mean that nationalism, too, will also be discredited? Well, we'll see.

In the social debacle many of our present institutions will go down or be weakened. If the idealistic movements of the present do not found themselves upon those social factors and real conditions which are constituent of society, they will disappear along with nationalism.

What is the alternative? I believe that we should set ourselves to understand those processes of diversification that have produced our industry, art, literature, science, philosophy, and ideals. This effort to understand is an essential element in the revolutionary process. By an episode in my life which I have come to describe as "A normal cultural effort" I achieved intellectual freedom. It is by such efforts particularly in Groups we can fabricate and utilize those concepts that are needed for a revolutionary program. I believe that my present mode of life is a part of the revolutionary process. But there is no romance about it."

I wish I could appear before you and have every fallacy brought out by a good, vigorous heckling and discussion.

Cordially,

THOMAS J. LLOYD.

## Notes

MAN! acknowledges, with deep appreciation, the receipt of manuscripts forwarded by many collaborators and of readers who have written opinions and rejoinders for the Discussion page. All these will appear in subsequent issues.

The affair, for which tickets have been sent to comrades throughout the country, was not concluded on the set date of December 31, 1933. It will be held, tho, on the last day of the Bazaar, on February 24, 1934.

Readers desiring to obtain any particular back number, or complete file, can do so by forwarding sufficient postage to cover cost of sending same.

## Corrections

MAN! November, 1933, page 5, column 3: The passage beginning with the sixth line of the fourth paragraph should be read as follows:

"And from this movement sprang Andrea Salsedo, whom Mr. Palmer's assassins threw from a fourteenth story window in New York City on May 3rd, 1919; from it, too, came Sacco and Vanzetti whose seventeen years' martyrdom remains as one . . . etc., etc."

The bold-face words had been omitted by the typist and the omission had been unnoticed by the proof reader.

In the same November issue the caption over the poem, "In Memoriam," page 3, column 2, should have read In Memoriam."

In the book review by Harold Preece which appeared in the December issue on page 7, the name of Swinburne was misspelled twice in the same line.

In the same issue the name of Comrade Fabijanovic appeared correctly only in a part of the edition.

## FOR YOUR LIBRARY

BAKUNIN, MICHAEL—God and the State .....	\$ .50
BARRETT, GEORGE—The Anarchist Revolution .....	.05
Objections to Anarchism .....	.05
BAILY, WILLIAM—Josiah Warren: The First American Anarchist .....	1.50
BURKE, EDMUND—A Vindication of Natural Society .....	.20
BURY, J. B.—A History of Freedom of Thought .....	.65
BERKMAN, ALEXANDER—What Is Communism? .....	.75
CARPENTER, EDWARD—Love's Coming of Age .....	.75
DE CLEYRE, VOLTAIRINE—Anarchism and American Tradition .....	.10
FOR LIBERTY: An Anthology of Revolt .....	.15
GODWIN, WILLIAM—Reflections on Political Justice .....	.10
An Inquiry Concerning Political Justice, in two volumes .....	2.50
On all books inclose 10c additional for postage	

## Financial Statement

(From Nov. 15, 1933 to Dec. 15, 1933)

### INCOME

San Francisco affair of Nov. 15, 1933, \$48.00; from Monongahela, Pa. affair, \$3.30; Sam Cohen, paper sale, \$2.50; J. D. Kneeland, 50c; A. Casani, \$1.00; Friends from Columbia Club, \$4.00; T. Singleton, 25c; C. Blandy, \$1.00; R. Andreotti, \$1.00; Share of picnic at Padovan's ranch, San Fernando, Cal. \$28.60; E. Conti, \$1.00; Herman Seditch, \$2.00; H. Carter, \$2.00; H. P. Strupp, \$1.00; Carl Brundin, paper sale, \$1.00; Sam Cohen, paper sale, \$1.05; Oakland paper sale, \$1.20; Fred Rapold, 75c; H. Block, \$1.00; L. Battaglia, \$1.00; S. Griffin, \$1.00; P. Tocci, \$1.00; A. Rosta, \$1.00; Agnes Inglis, \$1.00; A. Wilbers, \$1.00; N. Natangelo, \$5.00; M. Biscaglia, 25c; L. Carlin, 75c; P. Rider, \$2.00; V. Biciochi, \$1.00; M. Maroso, 50c; A. Muzzarelli, \$1.20; R. Kalina, 30c; P. Elia, \$1.00; P. Elia, paper sale, 35c. Total \$119.50.	
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Total Expenditures .....

Total Income .....

Deficit .....

Deficit from Nov. 15 .....

Total Deficit .....

For any errors, or omissions, please notify MAN! To save labor, the Int. Group will henceforth not send any more money-acknowledgment cards. The full detailed income of listed contributions should suffice.

## Dance and Entertainment

Saturday Evening, January 13th, 1934

At the Folk Shule, 420 N. Soto St., Los Angeles, Cal.

To Aid the

**Italian and Spanish Political Prisoners**

Rudolf Rocker will speak on the Spanish Revolution.

Spaghetti and Refreshments Everyone Welcome