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THE ROLE OF THE SOCIALISTS and COMMUNISTS in the ASSASSINATION OF A REVOLUTIONIST

The Associated Press correspondent John A. Bouman forwarded a lengthy dispatch about the beheading of Marinus Van der Lubbe, from which the following excerpts are taken:

"LEIPZIG, Germany, Jan. 10, 1934.—Marinus Van der Lubbe, 24-year-old Dutch stonemason, was beheaded today for firing the German Reichstag building in Berlin last February.

He had repeatedly confessed setting the fire, but steadfastly refused to divulge any information as to whether he had any accomplices.

Late last night Van der Lubbe was informed by the Leipzig prison governor that justice must take its course, but the announcement failed to rouse him from the stupor in which he remained virtually throughout the long trial.

Van der Lubbe did not reply to the question of whether he wanted a clergyman to attend him on the last walk to the guillotine—nor did he express any special wish.

The guillotine was erected during the night by the official executioner and his attendants in the prison yard of the Leipzig district court.

At 7:25 o'clock this morning, a few strokes of the prison bell announced to the outer world that a man was paying the extreme penalty.

There had been no intimation until the last moment that President Paul von Hindenburg would decline to pardon the Dutchman.

At 6 o'clock, the warden entered Van der Lubbe's cell and told him his last hour had come. Without saying a word, Van der Lubbe arose and, after being shaved, was led by the prison governor into the courtyard.

There State's Attorney Werner, several physicians and twelve citizens "of good repute"—in accordance with the law—were assembled.

Without showing the least emotion, Van der Lubbe, with bowed head, listened as the death sentence again was read by William Buenger, presiding judge during the trial.

He silently shook his head when asked if he wanted to make a statement.

As Goebler pressed a button, Van der Lubbe's head rolled into a basket of sawdust.

In 30 seconds, it was all over.

Before a clergyman had finished a prayer, the executioner called out:

"Justice has been done!"

Throughout the long trial Van der Lubbe stolidly insisted that he set the fire which damaged the Reichstag building last February, alone and unaided. He scoffed at efforts to implicate his four co-defendants, all acquitted by the supreme court on December 23."

* * * *

From the Socialist "New Leader" of January 13, we quote the following excerpt:

"Marinus Van der Lubbe, half-wit tool of the German Nazis, was beheaded on Wednesday in Leipzig. Hitler and his gangsters should now raise him to sainthood in Nazi mythology as without Van der Lubbe they would have had difficulty in finding another accomplice."

And from the Communist "Daily Worker" of January 12 this excerpt:

"As long as Van der Lubbe, the Dutch derelict who worked as an agent of the Nazis, was alive, he was a living accusation of their own guilt in the world-notorious Reichstag fire frame-up.

That is why they executed him with such desperate haste. That is why they suddenly, and without warning, killed him, after taking great pains to keep him in a continual state of stupefaction by drugging him.

The deadly fear of the Nazis that Van der Lubbe might at any moment spill the story of his connections with the Hitler-Goering murderers and provocateurs did not let them rest until they finally silenced him for good.

Let no one forget that day in the trial when, under the hammer blows of Dimitroff's cross-examination, Van der Lubbe, slowly coming out of his usual torpor, began to splutter about his meetings "with the Nazis!"

That is why, from the very first, as the secret Nazi documents which were exposed by the Daily Worker proves, the Fascists were planning to get rid of him as quickly as possible!"

* * * *

That the report of the beheading of a revolutionist by a capitalist news agency should excel in decency, honesty, and fairness that of the "saviours-to-be" Socialist and Communist press, becomes a most glaring commentary upon the caliber of sincerity and honesty revealed by the spokesmen of the last two named parties. Furthermore, it ought to serve as a most effectual lesson to the many sincere followers of these two Social Political parties as to how much they may rely upon, or trust in, whatever appears in the very organs of their own parties.

The readers of the Anarchist press in particular are, of course, by now, fully aware of the shameful manner in which Marinus Van der Lubbe, himself a life-long active Communist, has been treated by the Socialists, and principally by his former brethren, the Communists. But, the readers of the Socialist and Communist press are being kept just as much in the dark as ever about the real significance attached to the Deed of, and the Stand taken, by one of the most outstanding and heroic figures in the Revolutionary struggle for Emancipation.

And not only are the Socialist and Communist readers being kept in the dark, but what is even worse, every attempt is being made to prevent their finding out the truth.

It is chiefly for the benefit of all such sincere sympathizers and believers in the Socialist or Communist ideas and tactics that this is being written.

The charge, repeated by the "New Leader" and the "Daily Worker", that Van der Lubbe was a Nazi agent, has neither rhyme nor reason. Why? Because—had Van der Lubbe been a Nazi agent—all he had to do was to incriminate every one or some of, the four co-accused Communists (who have so wilfully abused him day after day during the trial, reaching the climax of ignominy when Dimitroff asked the court: "... that Van der Lubbe be sentenced for having acted against the interests of the proletariat.") Had he done so his life would certainly have been spared, as is that of all spies in such instances.

But Van der Lubbe repeatedly refused to incriminate any one, least of all any of the co-accused. Can any Socialist or Communist vilifier of Van der Lubbe cite one instance in the annals of the revolutionary struggle throughout the world in which a police agent refused to incriminate revolutionists and forfeited his own life by assuming sole and full responsibility for his terroristic acts?

Furthermore, in an attempt to save their own faces before its credulous followers, the "Daily Worker" intentionally distorts an occurrence that took place during the trial, and speaks of a document which has been exposed as a fabrication. First, Van der Lubbe had admitted during the trial that on a certain day he found himself face to face with the Nazis because, wherever he turned, he encountered meetings and parades of the Nazis. Second, the "secret" document published by the "Daily Worker" has long ago been proved a pure forgery!

This question must of course force itself upon the mind of all those interested: Why have the Socialist and Communist press gone to such lengths to vilify and disown Marinus Van der Lubbe—whilst the Anarchist press has from the very start rallied to his defense?

The new unofficial Communist weekly, "The New Masses", has in its second issue of January furnished the indirect answer. It attempts to prove that the Communists, (it could have, of course, also included the Socialists) never have justified individual deeds, that is, revolutionary acts of terror. Instead, they have always approved only organized "mass action".

Now, Marinus Van der Lubbe was all his life a Communist, a propagandist for that ideal. He ignored the Socialist movement because of its docility and its failure to act whenever occasions offered themselves for such action. In the Communist movement he had hoped to find the very kind of activity and attitude which the Socialist movement had lacked. For years and years he had met disappointment within the Com-

munist party. He found himself in and out of it again and again. At last he began to realize that the Communist leaders were no better, when it came to acting toward the life needs of the people, than the Socialists he had ignored and mistrusted. In despondency, he embarked upon his hitch-hiking tour of the world, and found himself in Germany just at the moment when the Communist leaders were proudly counting the millions of votes, and imagining themselves as good as at the wheels of the Government over the people. Van der Lubbe, however, realized that it was already a vain hope. Communist leaders were talking alright, but feared to act. The ones in his own country were doing the same. He knew what that meant: Betrayal of the People's Hopes and Aspirations. Thus our Don Quixote of the Revolution set out to set fire to the Charity Building, the City Hall, the Royal Palace, and the Reichstag. By this he had of course hoped to kindle the flame of Revolution in the hearts of the millions of sincere Socialist and Communist followers. He reckoned wrongly. For the Marxian Socialist ideas of centralized authority had eaten itself too deeply into the minds of the German people. He had forgotten that Max Holz, his fore-runner, as well as Karl Liebknecht, Rose Luxemburg, and Gustav Landauer, had met death because of the very docile spirit with which Marxism has imbued the people of Germany.

That the Socialists and Communists have never supported or encouraged any manifestation of spontaneous action by any individuals or groups is a long well known and established fact. They have too at all times renounced unsuccessful individual deeds, and capitalized all successive ones for their own political bids. (See article "On Revolutionary deeds" in this issue.)

But instead of stating their position in a straightforward manner, both political parties have chosen to besmirch and vilify the revolutionist who, by his very deeds, renounced their tactics, leadership and aims. Now it is one thing to honestly oppose another Man's ideas. It is an entirely different thing to besmirch and vilify the man in order to hide your own theoretical shortcomings and failures. And this is exactly what has been done by the spokesmen of the Socialist and Communist press in their attitude towards Marinus Van der Lubbe. That such action stamps both parties as insincere, untrustworthy, and irresponsible, is a foregone conclusion.

The Anarchist press has come forward to defend and vindicate the deeds and name of Marinus Van der Lubbe—although he was a Communist—because, as Anarchists, we are not out to exploit or rule over any one, and are therefore ready at all times to extend a fraternal hand to every revolutionist whose deeds and courage tend to arouse and to aid in bringing nearer, the Dawn of Liberation by Revolutionary Deeds.

Marcus Graham

TO YOU—

As long as the working people fold hands and pray the Gods in Washington to give them work, so long they will not get it. So long as they tramp the streets, whose stores they lay, whose filth they clean, whose sewers they dig, yet upon which they must not stand too long lest the policeman bid them "move on"; so long as they go from factory to factory, begging for the opportunity to be a slave, receiving the insults of bosses and foremen, and forever getting the old "No," the old shake of the head, in these factories which they build, whose machines they wrought; so long as they consent to herd like cattle, in the cities, driven year after year, more and more, off the mortgaged land, the land they cleared, fertilized, cultivated, rendered of value; so long as they stand shivering, gazing through plate glass windows at overcoats which they made but cannot buy; starving in the midst of food they produced but cannot have; so long as they continue to do these things, vaguely relying upon some power outside themselves, be it god, or priest, or politician, or employer, or charitable society, to remedy matters, so long deliverance will be delayed.

* * *

First, if I were giving advice at all, I would say: "Why, friends, that bread belongs to you. It is you who toiled and sweat in the sun to sow and reap the wheat; it is you who stood by the threshing, and breathed the chaff-filled atmosphere in the mills while it was ground to flour; it is you who went into the eternal night of the mine and risked drowning, fire damp, explosion and cave-in to get the fuel for the fire that baked it; it is you who stood in the hell-like heat and struck the blows that forged the iron for the ovens where it is baked; it is you who stood all night in the terrible cellar shops and tended the machines that knead the flour into dough; it is you, you, you, farmer, miner, mechanic who make the bread; but you haven't the power to take it.

At every transformation wrought by toil some one who didn't toil has taken part from you; and now he has it all and you haven't the power to take it back!"

I, as an Anarchist, have no right to advise another to do anything involving a risk to himself; nor would I give a filip for an action done by the advice of some one else, unless it is accompanied by a well argued, well settled conviction on the part of the person acting that it really is the best thing to do. Anarchism to me means not only the denial of authority, not only a new economy, but a revision of principles of morality. It means the development of the individual. It means self-responsibility, and not leader-worship. I say it is your business to decide whether you will starve and freeze in sight of food and clothing, outside of jail or commit some overt act against the institution of property.

Voltaireine de Cleyre.

Almost on the Right Road!

DENVER, Jan. 17.—More than 400 unemployed men, carefully organized into districts and already equipped with trucks, are prepared for raids on Denver grocery stores and wholesale food warehouses unless legislative action for their relief is taken at once.

This flat statement was made to the United Press today by Fred Walker, unemployed father, who is the leader of the entire group.

Walker said the deadline for action to provide food and shelter for the homeless and hungry had been set definitely now for noon tomorrow. Earlier the men had planned to begin the raids tonight.

All Federal relief funds were withdrawn January 1, due to failure of the Assembly to act.—United Press dispatch.

PROPERTY IN ANARCHIST SOCIETY

Editor MAN!

MAN! Nov. page 4. "The anarchist does not object to the private ownership of land tools." And supposing I do object? Will the editor tell me I am no anarchist? Would the "exploitation of others' toil" not continue where there is private property of land and tools?

The clothes I wear, the tools I need, the house I build, the land I require to make a living, may be called private property while I make use of it. But when a fellow gobbles up 10 thousand acres of land and puts a fence around it for his own private hunting ground and an other dozen will follow his example, would that not lead us back into present conditions?

CARL NOLD

The brief footnote to the interesting essay on "Human Nature in Social Conduct" by Comrade Eli Boche, in the November issue, has seemingly evoked some misunderstanding. I shall therefore attempt to state more explicitly what I meant to convey by that footnote.

Comrade Nold asks, if, according to my remark that "The Anarchist does not object to the private ownership of land and tools,"—the "exploitation of others' toil" would not continue as at present? My answer, of course, is no. Furthermore, I fail to see the possibility of such a danger arising at all.

In the second paragraph Comrade Nold tends to inject into the footnote a meaning which I have in no wise meant to convey. I certainly never meant to imply any one's right to "gobble up ten thousand acres of land," etc. It is this conclusion that betrays Comrade Nold's partiality (assuming that the letter was meant to be put in the form of a question) for it reveals a most affirmative attitude.

The chief issues involved in his question are: Will man in a Free Society have any use for more food, clothes, and shelter than one needs to render life a joy and contentment—when the leading motive of production for profits, as is the case today, shall have disappeared? Will Man in a Free Society have the right to call his own the things which, with the aid of nature, he himself has produced?

These are the only questions involved in the footnote, and with these I shall now deal in greater detail.

The only property that Man is born with is his own life. Yet, from the date of his birth, property, in one form or another, accompanies Man's growth as an individual. As a child, his parents choose the food he eats, the clothes he wears, the toys he plays with; all these are property. Not, of course, the property of the child, but of the parents.

When the child grows into manhood the acquirement of property in the form of food, clothing and shelter becomes the choice of each, according to his own taste.

Now, the evil which arises from the moment of the child's birth, and which continues during its growth into manhood and until death lies, today, in the exploitation of the labor of others under the protection of a legally devised form of government by means of the Club and the Gun, the Jail, and every other form of conceivable Violence. And it is in this two-fold monster Thief, the Exploiting System and the State, that the Anarchist sees the chief barrier to mankind's Liberation.

Let us now suppose that the people have at last realized the truth of the Anarchist contentions. They have already destroyed Exploitation and Rulership. What do we, as Anarchists, imagine would happen?

Equality of opportunities would naturally be the basic foundation upon which to begin re-creating the new forms of social life.

Every human being will at last have the chance to choose his vocation in life.

The rush and haste of today shall become a thing of the past. There will be time for everything one dreams of and wishes to try to materialize.

Most likely, the huge fortresses we now call cities will be either scrapped or left as monuments to Man's Follies. Likewise, the greater part of all the endangering machinery, which the exploiting class has been making most use of, will be discarded. For once again shall Life become the most sacred blessing of Man.

Since Man inherently loves more the country than the city, most people will naturally return to the bosom of Mother Earth. The land available and suitable for cultivation will be shared according to individual and family needs. The already existing dwelling places will likewise be utilized. Whenever any dispute will arise as to choice of land or dwelling structure the inhabitants of the particular vicinity shall act as advisers, suggesting the best solution.

After all, only to the extent that Man will know and trust his Fellowman, shall the New Society become a Free one. And, most of all, its basic foundation shall have to be the most conceivably decentralized one possible. On these bases only, rests its ultimate success.

Living, then, in the new Free Society, Man will be able to choose what most appeals to him. Self-initiative and handicraft work will once again come into their own, thereby bringing back that era of joy wherein all who so desire shall be enabled to create the beautiful and durable things for their pleasure and use. Each one, if so wishing, shall have a beautiful garden of flowers and vegetables, surrounded by an orchard. Since exploitation and rulership would no longer prevail, Man will of course not need to produce more than what can be consumed by him. Individuals may join with each other and share in the work and product resulting thereof.

Thus only can I conceive a Free Society evolving Voluntary Communism.

Since I have my one or two acre paradise, which it has taken me years to build, have I not the right to enjoy it or to dispose of it as I see fit? It has no commercial value in a free society. Should I take a notion to sojourn around for an indefinite period, I may leave it in the care of a friend. When I return it is mine again. Something similar might happen before departing from this world. I may choose a friend to

whom I shall leave whatever is most dear to me, including the one or two acre place. But—again, since commercialism is death in a free society, the house I left, the garden, the orchard—all these are things which my friend also possesses. He will therefore find himself unable to make use of what I left him. Since I was not wise enough to leave it to the Commune wherein I dwelled—my friend now bequeath the very same property to it. And the Commune, in turn, shall give it to one who has been prevented, by certain deficiencies, from having created such a place.

Thus, from whatever angle one tackles property in a Free

Society, its non-commercial value renders it as much within the reach of each and all alike as the air we breathe and the rays of the sun that warms us.

This is the way I understand Property in a Free Society—in an Anarchist Society.

If I am wrong in my understanding of the entire issue involved herein, I am most willing to be shown and to learn. But, let it not be in the form of affirmative questions which by being affirmative cease to be questions. Let it be by argumentation, examples, imaginary illustrations and reasoning.

M. G.

What Do We Understand by Freedom?

Fred Rapold

It is queer indeed that the word Freedom is uttered by all mouths. It is represented by all the various visionary shades, beginning with despots, democrats, fascists, and up to socialists, represented only in so far as elbow-freedom is necessary for themselves and for robbing the others of it. Here freedom for one is the negation of freedom for the other. A struggle is raging within the human, that in reality, is the greatest freedom that can be enjoyed, as opposed to all other forms.

Freedom there undoubtedly must be; without it nothing can develop itself, and when I take it away in any manner, then it but vegetates the more. I can even bring it to its death. For example, a plant has need of air, light, sunshine, and so much space and good soil to subsist in, in order to be able to develop itself. If I set the plant in an unfavorable location, with poor soil and little room, it remains in vegetation but tends backwards and thereby vegetates that much more. So it is with every living thing that is restricted in any way; it develops only so long as it is allowed nourishment and freedom of movement. The fruit of this deprived creature will gradually decrease. The same holds true for Humanity.

Man is subordinated to the same principles of nature as is every other living organism. Space, light, air, nourishment, and proper foundation are necessary requisites for development; today we merely vegetate for the sole reason that these requisites are taken away from us. Not at all because these things are no longer available; to the contrary, we need no longer carry on a struggle, today more so than ever before. But our freedom to consume has been taken from us. One cannot refrain from worrying, if for tomorrow one has not sufficient bread for one's needs.

This I do not call Life, this I call Vegetation. We live in

On Revolutionary Deeds

"The New Masses" of January the 9th, 1934 informs its readers—and they are apt to believe it—that "to accuse a Communist of an act of terrorization is either to deliberately misrepresent or to display consummate ignorance of 'Communist principles.'" Indeed! Talking about misrepresentation, Stalin's puppets should be very, very cautious, for misrepresentation seems to be their only occupation and a remunerative one at that.

Haven't Stalin's puppets resorted to the most despicable lies in their infamous campaign of vilification against Van der Lubbe, who, by the way, was an opposition communist?

Individual deeds of revolt are not compatible with communist principles? Truly so, when the communist dupes are not able to use them to their own advantage or speculation. Should Van der Lubbe's deed have accomplished what its perpetrator hoped it would—namely the bringing about of a popular insurrection against bloody Nazism—you would have seen the jugglers of the Third International claiming all the credit and shouting, "All power to . . . the dictators to be." The truth of the matter is that the communist puppets are mere opportunists and to attain their indefensible aims of rulership will even resort to distorting or ignoring their own patron-saints. Seems tho' that individual deeds of revolt are not incompatible with communist principles when the communists can employ them to serve their purposes. We gladly refer the Stalinists to the very words of Lenin where they will find this:

"On the morning of November 24, 1905, a company of soldiers, in full war kit, was posted at the gate of naval barracks. Rear-Admiral Pisarevsky, in a loud voice, gave the order, 'Permit no one to leave the barracks! In case of disobedience, shoot!' A sailor, named Petrov, stepped forth from the ranks of the company that received the order, loaded his rifle in everybody's view and with one shot killed Lieutenant-Colonel Stein of the Brest-Litovsk Regiment, and with another wounded Rear-Admiral Pisarevsky." (1)

The editors of the New Masses will also find that it was perfectly consistent to urge the workers,

"to make bombs in large quantities and help our fighting detachments to obtain supplies of explosives, fuses and automatic rifles."

Lenin, who at the time was wisely making capital of the individual deed of revolt, also testifies that the terrorists, "displayed the greatest spirit of self-sacrifice and they aroused the astonishment of the whole world by their heroic, terroristic methods of struggle."

Of course, now that the Communists have an established tyranny of their own, Stalin's puppets must babble about "mass action" and excommunicate individual deeds. They go to the extreme of even repudiating "armed" mass action as any intelligent reader can conclude by reading a "correction", appeared in the December 1, 1933 issue (editorial page) of the "Daily Worker", which has all the characteristics of a retraction.

The assertion that the capitalist press attributes to the Communists every individual deed of revolt is a groundless

a period of capitalism's centralized system, wherein there are those who give orders and those who obey. The submissive part represents the greater number and yet the wealth that is created is intentionally and utterly taken away from the creators. This self-imposed wealth-sentence is as good as destroyed in times of threatening danger, when the majority waits only for orders. On the one hand, centralism has educated us to the great gold-god, and on the other, capitalism has taught us that we have no kind of title to it . . . When you want something, then first of all work for me. I will give you as a wage, one-half or one-quarter of the worth of your own product . . . Since we have been reared within this sort of relationship and do not know any better, we give thanks, very politely, for still having the honor of spending our lives in the factory and mine, in order to produce what we cannot buy. This I call Vegetation.

Up to now, we have been allowed but the freedom of inhaling the air; for practically everything else we are forced to pay. It would be in order to inquire, for once, from what originated this Right since we, as contemporaries on this planet, had no say concerning the natural wealth, and, most of all: what our fore-fathers created. If it is a question of finely woven judicial rights, you will owe us more on the natural rights. Or if we are not wanted, why is a physician sentenced who prevents a woman from having an undesirable one? Since we have come hither innocently, why are we allowed to vegetate? Why is our freedom robbed from us? Why aren't we guaranteed a life that is worth living? Why destroy over-production?

Emancipation creeps slowly onward, slowly but assuredly onward. We live and evolve. This the lords of the old system should write under their ears before they are crushed by the Wheel of the World.

one: for that matter it is one of the most clumsy hobbies of the press—the so-called radical press included—to deliberately picture an Anarchist as a ruthless bomb-thrower.

In reality a true Anarchist is against any form of violence whether it be that of society against the individual or vice versa; the only violence he justifies is that of self-defence either as a preventive or as a reaction against brutal oppression.

The Communists, in respect to the individual act of revolt, must necessarily play the part of the opportunist because—like the rest of the politicians, they aim to conquer political power and rulership. Rulership is per se tyrannical and wherever the "comrades" will find themselves at the helm of the state they will have to be the tyrants: ergo, the individual act of revolt might be applied against them. So prudence suggests they be very cautious.

The Anarchist on the other hand has neither political ambitions nor Napoleonic aspirations of dictatorship to satisfy and every insurrectional attempt finds him unflinchingly sympathetic and sometime in an apologetic attitude.

To further illustrate this attitude and the revolutionary value of the individual deed we refer the readers to an excerpt from the masterly pen of our late comrade Galleani, appearing elsewhere in this issue.

From the Italian press comes the news that on November 30, 1933 a division of the Russian navy docked in the port of Naples for a three day stay. On nearing shore the Russian flag-ship Krasny-Kovkaz greeted the fascist authorities of the city with the customary military salute which calls for the firing of 19 guns. This tribute of respect for the assassins of the Italian people might very well be covered by the worshippers of the "proletarian dictatorship" with the cloak of diplomatic courtesy. But where, I am sure, the obtuse mentality of the "comrades" will be at a loss in finding a half decent excuse will be in the second part of this shameful occurrence.

After the customary salute had been given, the commander of the Russian flag-ship was, somehow, informed of the presence in Naples of the duchess d'Aosta—the most reactionary, the blackest bigot of the Italian Royal House, whose husband was the principle character instrumental in the advent of the fascist dictatorship in Italy. And what do you suppose the "comrade" admiral did? He simply ordered another extra greeting of 21 guns for the old duchess. Simply marvelous! The glorious feat was concluded with a grand reception to the officialdom of the visiting warships at which the comrade-officers joyously mingled with the scum of the Italian aristocracy and the bloodiest of the black shirts.

Thus another "revolutionary" deed was accomplished at the expense of the "fatherland of the workers" and to the shameless derision of thousands of Italian revolutionists exiled on the Mediterranean islands and dying in the fascist bastilles.

Robert Little

(1) I. V. Lenin—The Revolution of 1905.

TRUTH AND SOCIAL JUSTICE TABOO IN THE MOVIES

[Instead of a Book Review]

"What Shocked the Censors"

(Published by The National Council on Freedom from Censorship 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

The following scenes and dialogues were ordered out by the censorship boards of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, Maryland and Virginia, from the pictures listed herein:

"Afraid to Talk."—"Jig, I want you to know that we appreciate this little party you're throwing for us tonight. (Mayor thanking criminal.)

In the episode of the third degree inflicted upon an innocent victim all sounds of blows and groans of scene that he is being beaten by the detectives as well as the following dialogue were ordered out:

"You did . . . You know you did! . . . Come on, open up! . . . Come on! Talk you fool! Open up! Talk you fool! . . . You did, I know you did! Talk, you fool! . . . You did, you know you did! Talk, you fool! Open up! . . . Talk, do you hear? Talk! Why don't you talk?"

After the innocent victim was thus made to "confess"—the following remarks of the chief of police, were ordered deleted:

"Well, I see you got it. Nice work, boys . . . It had to be done and that's all there is to it."

Fearing an exposure is about to be made, the police chief suggests: "Well, there's one way. If he was found hanged" (ordered out.) The censors also ordered out the entire scene showing how the suggested hanging is actually carried out.

"Behind Jury Doors."—"Never would have found that Dutchman's joint if we hadn't had an official guide . . . You recall that Halliday incident in the Landfield trial? Well, that little class in vocational juryship was held in a beer joint operated by Gus Manger . . . Well, grease him . . . Yes, Halliday attended to that . . . What we got to do is to handle the jurors differently . . . Don't worry. They're all right . . . You both deliberately framed Landfield. You both had Halliday frame the jurors and Mr. Fisher over here framed the court . . . Anything Fisher comes through with he'll get back for protection for running that beer joint."

Big Drive.—Views of hand-to-hand conflict between soldiers when they are fighting for their lives, actually killing one another.

Bitter Tea of General Yen.—In scene of execution—views of victims falling to the ground . . . and leader deliberately firing at man who is running from the firing squad.

Blondie Johnson.—"Six different guys at the tune of forty bucks; that's twenty a piece . . . All we want is to get a line on the judge . . . Juries are simpler . . . The cruel mockery that we're perpetrating here makes me cast aside respect for statutes, to shout condemnation at man-made laws . . . As long as you and the boys get your cut, I don't see why you worry about what I do."

Close Ranks.—"Again to sit on our necks, the capitalists and the land owners. That is what they need—our land, our bread, the factories, the plants, the forests, the oil—that's what they need. Will we, Red partisans, be afraid? No . . . This English, American, Italian—all scenes of Imperialism . . . Needed a red, red republic—and there shall be one republic."

Contrabando.—Scene of (Revolutionist) Hernandez deliberately firing at and killing soldier . . . Scenes of Hernandez picking up bodies of dead comrades and placing them in doorway as breastwork.

Devil is Driving.—Close view of telautograph, reading: "Shut up! Give \$500 to Police Fund."

Forgotten Commandments.—"For years we have been carrying the crushing burden of religion. Let's cast it off, comrades . . . Better take a course in birth control first, little comrade . . . To us they're a joke. Any and I are together. We work together. We love each other. Our relationship is perfect. But the idea of marriage . . . Next it will be the duty I owe to my priest . . . Well if it isn't old Comrade God himself . . . From the bible, the book of cruelty and jealousy and wrath. The book in which the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. The book from which the all merciless tyrannies of the world have taken their laws . . . The bible, we have done with it. We do not need it . . . Yes, look at them. The heritage of squalor and misery that you and your God have left us. We shall reclaim them . . . Young comrades, forget the commandments of death, and bear in your hearts the words of life—of the Communist revolution . . . I, the State, am the Lord thy God . . . Thou shalt not kill, save at the bidding of the State."

I Am a Fugitive From A Chain Gang.—(Entire Foreword): "My brother, Robert E. Burns, is now a fugitive from a chain gang . . . He has been branded a convict . . . and that makes him a hunted thing on earth . . . The scenes in 'I Am a Fugitive From A Chain Gang', which depict life in a chain gang, are authentic, being based upon my brother's experience.—Rev. Vincent G. Burns, Palisades, N. J." . . . View of Pete pulling telephone off the wall. (To prevent call for police.) . . . Screen sub-title: 8:20 P. M. (After allowing previous title "4:20 A. M." showing length of working day for prisoners.) . . . View of guard throwing ring connected with chain in prisoner's face . . . View of guard actually knocking Allan down . . . "You get to work or I'll kick that belly-ache up around your ears. Come on, move on there!" . . . Reduce episode of flogging prisoners . . . Reduce sounds of strap being

applied from 17 and 19 to 6 and 8 strokes . . . Close view of lacerated back of prisoner after flogging . . . View of prisoner bound to post in courtyard . . . Views of Allan actually lighting a fuse of dynamite.

If I Had A Million.—Scene where street walker stops Gilden on street.

Igloo.—All views of women with babies nursing at breasts . . .

Justice Take A Holiday.—"Why don't you yaps quit raising families if you can't feed 'em?"

Ladies They Talk About.—"Dan wants you to make a map of the Woman's section showing your cell. They got a plan to tunnel through and come into your coop. You can cover for them while they're digging . . . If you could get me a map and a design of the matron's key to the main corridor . . ."

Kreutzer Emden.—"Oh, let me go. We shall go to Madame Dolores . . ."

Last Mile.—"O'Connors! I am the law now . . . Then we're gonna kill your guards—one after another. Your brother in-law is a guard, get me? We're gonna keep on killing 'em until we get that car . . . You got just eight minutes. I am gonna give you a taste of what we get in here. When that hand reaches seven twenty-five, I'm gonna put a thirty-eight size piece of lead in your head, see?" . . . All right, this is my duty—to show the world that I don't like it—to show the world that I object to it. Do you think I wanna die? You think I am not a human being? You think I don't wanna live? You think it's very nice to wait in that rotten cell—etc."

Laughter In Hell.—All views of guards striking prisoners in cage with whip . . . All views of guards prodding prisoners and flipping their whips at them as they march out of cage to be hung . . . Scenes of preparations for the execution of Negro prisoners and all views of feet and bodies hanging after execution . . . In scene where noose breaks, eliminate scene of prisoner falling to the ground . . . "Get another rope . . . We ain't got none . . . Well, cut one of them down, use this . . . We can't, Mr. Perkins. The man's too heavy. The ropes are stretched tight and they break . . . Well, then, shoot him, we can't wait here all night . . . All right". Eliminate accompanying sound of shots . . . Views of legs of three men hanging from tree tops . . . All views of feet of hanging men and of bodies of men hanging, and views of feet with ball and chain attached . . . Views of guard whipping prisoners as they leave the execution . . . Views of guard tying Barney to post and starting to beat him . . . All views of flogging of prisoners, all close views of guard wielding whip, all views of Jackson tied to pole and all views of whip actually striking him . . . "Count, Slaney. Count, or I'll kill you alive." . . . Give me that whip. I'll make him count. You'll count or I'll kill you."

Maedchen In Uniform.—"What you call sins, principal, I call the great spirit of love which has thousands of forms. Just at this age a girl needs a mother's care . . . etc."

Man Against Woman.—"See that gun? Took it from a cop tonight, and I am goin' to give it to a cop, and you're the cop."

Man From Arizona.—Views of man actually tying together ends of rope, fastened around bars in window in jail . . .

Views of bars in jail window being loosened and pulled out by use of rope . . . Scenes of prisoners actually escaping through jail window.

Me and My Gal.—Views of convict secreting himself underneath body of car and escaping from prison . . . All distinct views of men ripping up, sawing, and drilling holes in floor of apartment. (To gain access to bank vaults.)

The Mouthpiece.—In march to execution, eliminate all views where boy is shown faltering on way to execution . . . View of man actually turning on current to electrocute boy, and views of man turning indicator to increase current in electrocution.

Obeys The Law.—"Cut down on the Lieutenant's split. A grand a month's enough for him."

Reserve Hat Ruth.—All views of girls coming from hay stacks arranging clothing as alarm calls soldiers from where they have been secreted in hay stacks with girls.

Scandal For Sale.—View of juror actually taking folded bank note from match safe belonging to defense attorney.

Sherlock Holmes.—"Aw, you don't get me at all. Now listen, for one pound a week—twenty shillings—think of it—we'll look after your place . . . For instance, a careless guy might come along and blow this joint over on the other street."

Thirteen Steps.—All views of guards carrying man up steps to gallows . . . Views of executioners' hands cutting ropes with spring hangman's noose. Views of feet of hanged men suspended through trap of gallows . . . View of girl on gallows with noose around her neck.

Topaze.—"My dear, that's the chemist from our bottling works. Dr. Bomb lends his name to this concoction of ours. He makes it possible for the public to believe in it . . . I ask you to reconsider this swindle against the schools of the nation."

20,000 Years In Sing Sing.—All views of prisoner taking wheel from machine and grinding in two making knuckles . . . Views of prisoner in cell assembling parts of gun which he has taken out of mattress . . . Views of prisoner attacking guard with knuckles. (Made for this purpose by prisoner in workshop) . . . Views of prisoners dragging guard by the feet down corridor and into cell . . .

Unashamed.—View of registration of unmarried boy and girl, registering at hotel as Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swift.

Virgins Of Bali.—All views of naked girls in bathing in stream . . . View of baby nursing at mother's breast.

A Woman Commands.—View of bed in King's apartment and view of King leading Maria toward bed . . . "Too bad, also, that he has the habit of changing his mistresses every night . . . How do you expect me to talk to the procession of women I escort out of there under like circumstances?"

A Woman's World.—All full length views of pregnant women in meeting . . . All views of pregnant woman . . . Views of woman writhing in agony.

Young Blood.—Views of Nick actually dividing money (stolen in hold up) among members of his gang, including sheriff, and accompanying dialogue: "There you are, Blackie. There's your split, Ed—Hank. And sheriff, here's yours."

Spark Plugs

Erecting a monument to Sam Gompers! Why not one to the unknown inventor of the wheelbarrow whose invention was a greater blessing to labor than a million Gomperses?

Judge.—Aren't you ashamed to be seen here in court so often?

Culpit.—Why, no sir; I always thought it was a very respectable place.

The annoying thing about a reformer is his desire to make better people as good as he is.

"Whatever two humans of age do in private in order to make themselves happy is no one's concern; not the husband's, nor the neighbor's, not the comrade's, neither the church's, nor the state's." (Erich Mühsam, now locked up in a German concentration camp.)

"A banker is as useful as a medicine man from Congo." **Eloït Harris**

"The main factor overlooked by most reformers and martyrs of progress is human stupidity." **A. Gluck**

"The strength of the strong consists of the ignorance of the weak."

"It is praxis of christian life to throw flowers into the graves of the death and stones at the heads of the living." **F. Heigl**

"If I would need a religion, I would worship the sun, it is the source of all life and the true god of this earth." **Napoleon I.**

"A criminal is a person with predatory instinct who has not sufficient capital to form a corporation." **Howard Scott.**

"My uniform experience has convinced me that there is no other god than Truth." **Mahatma Gandhi.**

"The great trouble is that preachers get the children from six to seven years of age and then it is almost impossible for others to do anything with them." **Thomas A. Edison.**

"Digging down to bed-rock, the social question is a money question, a question of Interest. Cut out the interest and the question will solve itself." **John Henry MacKay.**

"May be in time to come the church—never over looking to make an honest dollar will sell consecrated tablets for the prevention of immaculate contraception." **A. Gluck.**

"I sincerely believe with you, that banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies, and that the principle of spending money to be paid by posterity, under the name of funding, is but swindling futurity on a large scale." **Thomas Jefferson**

"All religions are equally sublime to the ignorant, useful to the politician and ridiculous to the philosopher." **Lucretius.**

"The greatest misfortune for the state as well as for the mind is to handle people like criminals for their deviating ideas." **Spinoza.**

"Two things," said Kant, "fill me with breathless awe: The starry heavens and the moral law." But I know a thing more awful and obscure—The long, long patience of the plundered poor." **Edwin Markham.**

In the make up of page 3, column one, of the last issue, the following three lines, commenting on the "national" sports, was left out:

Let us hope that by the time we reach the age of Me-thusalem we shall be able to notice a little progress in our favor.

Carl Nold

COMRADE, FAREWELL!

Guy A. Aldred

"Justice has been done"! Yes, the justice of the night, the night of woe and fear and pain, the night of cries and wild hestial agony. "Justice has been done"—So spoke Authority and Exploitation when the vultures feasted forty years ago, and the Anarchists, Ravachol, Vaillant, Henry, and Caserio went to their executions. Then a voice cried through the prison, a voice that no man owned, "Long live Anarchy! Long live Liberty!" Through watch and ward the cry escaped and the cry is still resounding through the world: "Long live Liberty!" It has become the chant of the night, and ere long will prove the song of storm and struggle, the chant of victory and freedom, Justice has not been done! But have patience, ye men of power, of slander and assassination, justice will be done!

It is said that the powers that be in Germany did not fear Van der Lubbe nor his act. Then why did they murder him? It is said by the Communist Party posers, now exposed in their futilities, and by armchair Anarchists like . . . Rocker, that the act was the act of a Nazi spy and tool. Then why the execution? And why was he executed under an Act that came into operation only after his arrest? Fancy, alleged leaders of the working-class, alleged exponents of Anarchist and Communist thought, alleged biographers of John Most and such heroes of the proletarian struggle, standing by the prison grave of Van Der Lubbe, and exclaiming:

"Futile! Fool! Enemy of Our Success!"

What success? The success of posing, of comfort, of careerism under the Capitalist System, the success of distinction during the bourgeois night of thraldom. "Vanity of vanities", saith the man of understanding, "All is vanity"! But the greatest vanity of all is the vanity of the pretender, who seeks a harvest where there has been no sowing, and desires to reap before the harvest time has arrived. All genuine Socialists, all earnest working class strugglers, whatever the angle of their approach to the struggle, are but the sowers of the seed until the seed time has passed. And of the sowers who went forth, not the least is Van der Lubbe. Today he is debased, but tomorrow he shall be exalted. In its present ignorance, the Socialist movement ranks him as the last

among the fighters for freedom. But the history of the struggle will rank him among the first. He sowed as never proletarian sowed before. He sowed not idly with words, not spectacularly with pretended deeds, but he sowed silently,



Marinus Van der Lubbe

grimly, with one deed, that profaned a false temple, yet hurt no human being. He sowed resolutely, but kindly, and expected to reap action, perhaps, too quickly. His faith in humanity was perhaps too real, too immediate. He did not allow for the slowness of working of the human intellect.

He sowed with his life and bowed his neck beneath the knife of the guillotine that he might lift the masses to action. The pretenders say that he gave his life in vain. But this is false. He sowed—not in vain. For the day will dawn: and Van der Lubbe's protest of the night is a promise of the dawning.

Comrade, your life has been spent, ere you have had time to live it. The fairy godmothers willed you tragedy but as compensation destined you being for no futility. You lived and died with purpose whilst those around you dissipated their being in mere existence. We thank you for your silence, for your contempt for your persecutors, for your fidelity. We are grateful for your stalwart manhood. The sleep that is yours can never be disturbed. It cannot be invaded even by our loving regard. Nor can it be interrupted by the reproach of your enemies or the denunciations of the traitors. It is final. But we feel a communion with you in your silence as in life, you felt with those who had passed into the grave before you. We recall the words of Jesus when he was questioned as to the futility of the revolt of Judas the Gaulonite, and declined to agree that the revolt was in vain. We recall the words of Jesus again when he prophesied the destruction of the very stones of the temples. You have witnessed by your death to the passing of the temple. The years will vindicate you. Time will deal kindly with your memory at first. It will then proceed to deal bravely with the last act of your life and finally it will pay tribute to you audaciously. You shall live in song and story and generations hence your story will be told and retold, when your slanderers and your murderers shall live in reflected glory of your present shame—and future immortal memory.

Comrade, farewell! To your memory, the eternal toast that ere long all mankind learns to pay to the memory of the martyr, the victim, and the isolated one. Once vital dust, now returned to dust, you are the symbol of our emancipation—the promise that lawless power will be challenged, that justice will be done on earth.

Marinus Van der Lubbe, farewell!

Melchoir Seele

The "Planless" Revolution

That mankind is undergoing a great revolution is readily admitted by most thoughtful persons.

Most of Europe and Asia are presently torn by great upheavals, which are visibly changing their modes of life, their political structure, their economical relations, their moral codes. The two Americas are following suite: underneath the chronic strifes of latin adventurers for power are deep motives of social import. These very United States, the bulwark of triumphant capitalism, are scarcely recognizable to the pre-war generation. Great things have happened here, altho outward appearances remain unchanged. Scan the press, read current literature and you will see that unmeasurable progress has been made by the social sciences. Peoples think: Thinkers speculate as to the past, present and future of society. New conceptions of life have broken thru the hard shell of tradition. A new passion for truth is abroad. No field remains unexplored by the inquiring mind. And the inquiring minds are daily increasing in numbers. This once very religious nation has produced countless hot-beds of restless doubters. The churches are still powerful, but they have lost control of the mind, and faith is crumbling to nothingness. This home of puritanism is now striving to free itself from the stigma of hypocrisy. The national symbol of blatant fundamentalism, W. J. Bryan, has been killed intellectually—and almost physically—by an intellectual rebel, C. Darrow, before the eyes of an applauding nation. The emancipation of thought, morals and love from the chains of dogma is in full swing. This glorious abode of capitalistic adventure and monopolies is facing, for the first time on a large scale, the great problems of these times. The urgent necessity of a more equitable distribution of wealth is finally understood by the poor and admitted even by the powerful.

That such problems are placed, does not mean they are solved and rightly so. On the contrary. This country still lags far behind many others. But it was a great step, made possible by a great world revolution, which awakened laborers and thinkers alike from their secular slumber and brought home to them the necessity of solving such problems. The "great crisis of 1929" has certainly given a great impulse to the social studies. But a far greater one came from the general feeling abroad in the world since the war, that something very fundamental is wrong with the old order of things. The "great crisis" has simply furnished a further proof that such feeling was right.

It is this feeling—which has been very articulated for about a century—that gave the masses their restlessness. It gave

the Russian, German and Spanish people the stimulus to rise against it. And to many more the courage to fight to overthrow it.

Indeed, a great social revolution is taking place all over the world: from Spain to China, from New Zealand to Cuba, without regard for national barriers or state controlled repressions.

But it is hardly exact to say that it is planless, because it is not. Never before were so many plans proposed, and even adopted, for the salvation of mankind. In fact, this extraordinary crop of social plans is one of the most tangible proofs of the existence and profundity of the revolution.

To begin with, we have the fascist plan, which calls itself revolutionary, altho it is very plainly an adaptation to the physical conditions of the twentieth century, of such principles—or lack of principles—as guided the rule of the Venetian aristocracy or the Spanish monarchy in the fifteenth century. The fascist plan is a generalization: there are as many fascist plans as there are national fascisms.

The Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. has also its nice little plan, which is about as revolutionary as the Roosevelt plan, in so far as it proposes to settle the major difficulties of the time by re-enforcing the absolute rule of profit-making capitalism over the American people.

The Socialist and Communist Parties have, of course, their respective plans contemplating a thorough rebuilding of society; and so have the I. W. W.'s. Very attractive plans, all of them. Each one is more revolutionary than the others, altho all of them contemplate the conquest of political power, for their respective leaders, as the first step to planned "reconstruction."

And then there are the minor political Parties of reform: each and all armed with more or less high-sounding plans. Furthermore, who will try to enumerate all the individual saviours of mankind, every one of them working as hard as befits saviours in troubled times, to elaborate, perfect and explain to distracted audiences their personal plans?

"Technocracy" has probably the most convincing plan of them all, which is distrusted by calculating politicians of every hue, but has this merit, which alone gives it eminence: that it gives a scientific demonstration of some of the benefits mankind may expect from social revolution.

No, there is no lack of plans, indeed. There are hundreds, probably thousands of them. So the contrary is probably true: that there are too many, and, what is worse, most, if not all of them, are meant to hinder rather than foster revolution.

In fact, all these plans are particularly insistent upon the necessity of giving their respective authors or supporters power to capture the revolution in order to control and direct it, for the benefit of the country—of course—according to their particular interests, passions, social, political and moral ideals. All of them, either proclaim or betray this aim. And this is exactly what makes them dangerous and undesirable. This is what places them against the revolution.

Too many saviours—individuals or parties—yearn to be given power over the revolution, and the people who make it, so that they be given the opportunity to work out the salvation of the country and insure for its inhabitants the blessings of prosperity, happiness and joy. Too many, who are anxious to raise their planned barriers to the free and unbridled actions of their neighbors.

Now, it is only fair that we, each and all of us who live in this section of the earth, should be interested in the future of society. Man is a social being. No social problem

should be alien to his interests. From the future of society depends to a very large extent his personal future and that of his kin. No intelligent man or woman fails to set for him or herself a social aim, as well as an individual purpose in life. It is but natural that we shall encourage this social planning of the individual, especially with regard to the progress of the revolution.

As a matter of fact revolutions are brought about exactly by this social consciousness of the individual. Social consciousness is the source of social action. And social revolution is possible only when great numbers of human beings, who were previously socially inert, take a direct part into the forging of new forms of society.

What is objectionable about the current planning is not that there is too much of it, nor that it is done by parties and groups. It is that it is not revolutionary planning at all, because it aims almost exclusively at creating beforehand a political power which is to "make" the revolution, instead of letting the people make it unhindered. In so doing, it betrays fear of the revolution and distrust of the people, whom it wants first and last, to rule.

Revolutions are not made like that. Revolutions are never made by governments against the people. Governments can only impose their reactionary authority upon the people. Revolutions are always made by the peoples against their unwanted governments. The American Revolution, for instance, was not made by the Continental Congress, or by the political machine it gave birth to. The American Revolution was made by the people of the Thirteen Colonies and the political machine it gave birth to, was not even the scope of the revolution. The scope was consecrated in the so-called Bill of Rights, which is obviously a declaration of distrust for that political machinery.

Furthermore, the revolution now taking place throughout the world, is not only political but social in purpose. This means that it is not only a popular rising against the existing forms of government, but a popular rising against the existing forms of political government and the existing forms of economical exploitation. Which implies a very extensive upheaval against private monopolies of riches, as well as against the political and moral powers that give them sanction.

The more extensive the upheaval, the quicker will be the revolutionary process. To make it extensive, contributes primarily the physical conditions brought about by the failure, of the old political and economical order, to satisfy the needs of the masses. But man is not only a toy at the mercy of a mechanical world. He has brain and will power at his disposal. His malice would be curtailed if he did not make proper use of them. So he can make the revolutionary process more extensive and rapid by bringing, thru persuasion and encouragement, large numbers of human beings to take part in it. Hence the paramount necessity to abstain from hindering the people's freedom of thought and action, from submitting them to the control of preventive or, so-called, revolutionary government.

No such a thing exists as a revolutionary government. All governments are counter-revolutionary. Because all governments are first and last concerned about hindering the people from freely acting according to their own vision and interest, while no government, no matter how advanced and dotted with wisdom, can ever be a substitute for the prevented action of its people. Here again we have an object lesson in our own government. Altho it has been manned with wisdom,

(Continued on Page Five)

MAN!

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IDEAS of ANARCHISM: "The Conquest of Bread"*

Peter Kropotkin

Private Property

In virtue of this monstrous system, the son of the worker, on entering life, finds no field which he may till, no machine which he may tend, no mine in which he may dig, without accepting to leave a great part of what he will produce to a master. He must sell his labor for a scant and uncertain wage. His and his grandfather have toiled to drain this field, to build this mill, to perfect this machine. They gave to the work the full measure of their strength, and what more could they give? But their heir comes into the world poorer than the lowest savage. If he obtains leave to till the fields, it is on condition of surrendering a quarter of the produce to his master. He must sell his labor for a scant and uncertain middleman. And this tax, levied upon him by the State, the capitalist, the lord of the manor, and the middleman, is always increasing; it rarely leaves him the power to improve his system of culture. If he turns to industry, he is allowed to work—though not always even that—only on condition that he yield a half or two-thirds of the product to him whom the land recognizes as the owner of the machine.

We cry shame on the feudal baron who forbade the peasant to turn a clod of earth unless he surrendered to his lord a fourth of his crop. We called those the barbarous times. But if the forms have changed, the relations have remained the same, and the worker is forced, under the name of free contract, to accept feudal obligations. For, turn where he will, he can find no better conditions. Everything has become private property, and he must accept, or die of hunger.

The working people cannot purchase with their wages the wealth which they have produced, and industry seeks foreign markets among the monied classes of other nations. In the East, in Africa, everywhere, in Egypt, Tonkin or the Congo, the European is thus bound to promote the growth of serfdom. And so he does. But soon he finds that everywhere there are similar competitors. All the nations evolve on the same lines, and wars, perpetual wars, break out for the right of precedence in the market. Wars for the possession of the East, wars for the empire of the sea, wars to impose duties on imports and to dictate conditions to neighboring states; wars against those "blacks" who revolt! The roar of the cannon never ceases in the world, whole races are massacred, the states of Europe spend a third of their budgets in armaments; and we know how heavily these taxes fall on the workers.

The Right to Well-Being and Expropriation

Individual appropriation is neither just nor serviceable. All belongs to all. All things are for all men, since all men have need of them, since all men have worked in the measure of their strength to produce them, and since it is not possible to evaluate every one's part in the production of the world's wealth.

All things for all. Here is an immense stock of tools and implements; here are all those iron slaves which we call machines, which saw and plain, spin and weave for us, unmaking and remaking, working up raw matter to produce the marvels of our time. But nobody has the right to seize a single one of these machines and say: "This is mine; if you want to use it you must pay me a tax on each of your products," any more than the feudal lord of medieval times had the right to say to the peasant: "This hill, this meadow belongs to me, and you must pay me a tax on every sheaf of corn you reap, on every brick you build."

All is for all! If the man and the woman bear their fair share of work, they have a right to their fair share of all that is produced by all, and that share is enough to secure them well-being. No more of such vague formulas as "The right to work," or "To each the whole result of his labour." What we proclaim is THE RIGHT TO WELL-BEING: WELL-BEING FOR ALL!

* The reader of this series is asked to consult also the other interesting work of Peter Kropotkin: Mutual Aid.—Editor.

The "Planless" Revolution

(Continued from Page Four)

at times, in over a century and one-half of its existence, it has never added anything to the liberties of the people. It is true instead that many of the liberties which were inscribed by the fighting fathers in the Constitution have been confiscated by our government.

No government can ever give the people anything but that which the people have gotten independently from their government. Prosperity, liberty, peace, are the blessings of such peoples as are able to procure them for themselves, and maintain them, in spite of all that their governments are at all times willing to do to mar them. And no such blessings are attainable, unless the people are determined to work and fight to conquer and preserve them.

What more is wanted, to prove this, than the present dismal spectacle offered by the American government which orders destruction and non-production of goods, in the face of universal poverty, malnutrition and hunger?

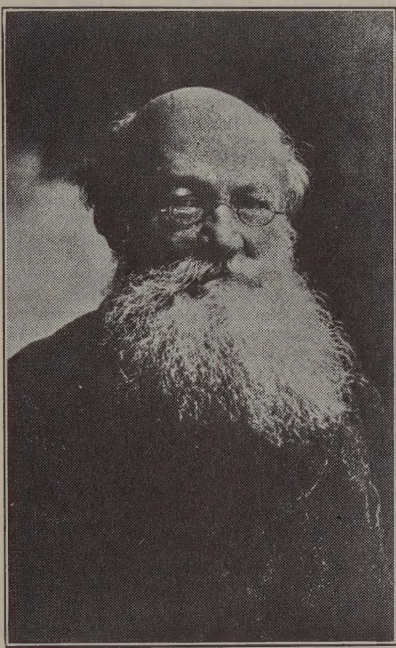
Let us have plans for the surging revolution. As many as there are peoples, because the mere enunciation of a social plan is at least an effort towards social consciousness and implies a willingness to carry it thru. But let us call for revolutionary plans, and discard governmental plans.

We are frankly fed up with saviours asking, as a first step to salvation, the price of our freedom of thought and action. All these are false saviours. All they want is to take the place of the privileged few in the existing order of things. They are fake revolutionists.

We welcome revolution. We want to give it the best of ourselves. But we do not want to make it the ladder by which to climb to power. Neither do we believe it is meant as such a ladder for anybody else.

We consider it as the instrument of emancipation from the economic exploitation and political tyranny.

But, if plenty for all is to become a reality, this immense capital—cities, houses, pastures, arable lands, factories, highways, education—must cease to be regarded as 'private property, for the monopolist to dispose of at his pleasure.



Peter Kropotkin
(Dec. 9, 1842—Feb. 8, 1921)

The rich endowment, painfully won, builded, fashioned, or invented by our ancestors, must become common property, so that the collective interests of men may gain from it the greatest food for all.

There must be Expropriation. The well-being for all—the end; expropriation—the means.

Expropriation, such then is the problem which History has put before the men of the twentieth century: the return to Communism in all that ministers to the well-being of man. But this problem cannot be solved by means of legislation. No one imagines that.

Revolution

Whence will the revolution come? How will it announce its coming? No one can answer these questions. The future is hidden. But those who watch and think do not misinterpret the signs: workers and exploiters, Revolutionists and Conservatives, thinkers and men of action, all feel that a revolution is at our doors.

Before a popular revolution the masters of "the old order" disappear with a surprising rapidity. Its upholders fly the country, to plot in the safety elsewhere and to devise measures for their return.

The former Government having disappeared, the army hesitating before the tide of popular opinion, no longer obeys its commanders, who have all prudently decamped. The troops stand by without interfering, or join the rebels. The police, standing at ease, are uncertain whether to labour the crowd, or to cry: "Long live the Commune!" while some retire to their quarters to "await the pleasure of the new Government." Wealthy citizens pack their trunks and betake themselves to places of safety. The people remain. This is how a revolution is ushered in.

Whether we like it or not, this is what the people mean by a revolution. As soon as they have made a clean sweep of the Government, they will seek first of all to ensure to themselves decent dwellings and sufficient food and clothes—free of capitalist rent.

And the people will be right. The methods of the people will be much more in accordance with science than those of the economists who draw so many distinctions between instruments of production and articles of consumption. The people understand that this is just the point where the revolution ought to begin; and they will lay the foundations of the only economic science worthy of the name—a science which might be called: "The Study of the Needs of Humanity, and of the Economic Means to satisfy them."

Socialist Politicians

Socialist politicians, radicals, neglected geniuses of journalism, stump orators—both middle-class people and workmen—will hurry to the Town Hall, to the Government offices, to take possession of the vacant seats. Some will decorate themselves with gold and silver lace to their hearts' content, admire themselves in ministerial mirrors, and study to give orders with an air of importance appropriate to their new position. . . . To give themselves an authority which they have not. They will seek the sanction of old forms of Government. . . .

The people will suffer and say: "How is a way out of these difficulties to be found?"

It seems to us that there is only one answer to this question: We must recognize, and loudly proclaim, that every one, whatever his grade in the old society, whether strong or weak, capable or incapable, has, before everything, THE RIGHT TO LIVE, and that society is bound to share amongst all, without exception, the means of existence it has at its disposal. We must acknowledge this, and proclaim it aloud,

and act up to it.

Affairs must be managed in such a way that from the first day of the revolution the worker shall know that a new era is opening before him; that henceforward none need crouch under the bridges, while palaces are hard by, none need perish with cold near shops full of furs; that all is for all, in practice as well as in theory, and at last, for the first time in history, a revolution has been accomplished which considers the NEEDS of the people before schooling them in their DUTIES.

This cannot be brought about by Acts of Parliaments, but only by taking immediate and effective possession of all that is necessary to ensure the well-being of all; that is the only real scientific way of going to work, the only way which can be understood and desired by the mass of the people. We must take possession, in the name of the people, of the granaries, the shops full of clothing and the dwelling houses. Nothing must be wasted. We must organize without delay a way to feed the hungry, to satisfy all wants, to meet all needs, to produce not for the special benefit of this one or that one, but to ensure to society as a whole its life and further development.

Art and the Sciences

Literature, science, and art must be cultivated by free men. Only on this condition will they succeed in emancipating themselves from the yoke of the State, of Capital, and of the bourgeois mediocrity which stifles them.

What means has the scientist of today to make researches that interest him? Should he ask help of the State, which can only be given to one candidate in a hundred, and which only he may obtain who promises ostensibly to keep to the beaten track? Let us remember how the Academy of Sciences of France repudiated Darwin, how the Academy of St. Petersburg treated Mendeleef with contempt, and how the Royal Society of London refused to publish Joule's paper, in which he determined the mechanical equivalent of heat, finding it "unscientific."

Art, in order to develop, must be bound up with industry by a thousand intermediate degrees, blended, so to say, as Ruskin and the great Socialist poet Morris have proved so often and so well. . . . But this can only be realized in a society in which all enjoy comfort and leisure. . . . In working to put an end to the division between master and slave, we work for the happiness of both, for the happiness of humanity.

Anarchist-Communism

The history of the last fifty years furnishes a living proof that Representative Government is impotent to discharge all the functions we have sought to assign to it. In days to come the nineteenth century will be quoted as having witnessed the failure of parliamentarism.

Mankind is seeking and already finding new issues. The International Postal Union, the railway unions, and the learned societies give us examples of solutions based on free agreements in place and stead of law.

The combination of agriculture and industry, the husbandman and the mechanic in the same individual—this is what anarchist-communism will inevitably lead us to, if it starts fair with expropriation.

If the people of the Revolution expropriate the houses and proclaim free lodgings—the communalizing of houses and the right of each family to a decent dwelling—then the Revolution will have assumed a communistic character from the first, and started on a course from which it will be by no means easy to turn it. It will have struck a fatal blow to individual property.

For the expropriation of dwelling contains in germ the whole social revolution. On the manner of its accomplishment depends the character of all that follows.

But ours is neither the Communism of Fourier and the Phalansterians, nor of the German State Socialists. It is Anarchist-Communism without government—the Communism of the Free. It is the synthesis of the two ideal pursued by humanity throughout the ages—Economic and Political Liberty.

Of all the great days of the French Revolution, the most beautiful, the greatest, was the one on which delegates who had come from all parts of France to Paris, worked all with the spade to plane the ground of the Champ de Mars, preparing it for the fete of the Federation.

That day France was united; animated by the new spirit, she had a vision of the working in common of the soil.

And it will again be by the working in common of the soil that the enfranchised societies will find their unity and will obliterate the hatred and oppression which has hitherto divided them.

A society thus inspired will fear neither dissensions within nor enemies without. To the coalitions of the past it will oppose a new harmony, the initiative of each and all, the darning which springs from the awakening of a people's genius.

The individual deed of revolt cannot be separated from the process of revolution of which, more than a mere episode, it is the unavoidable initial stage, while the successive periods (thru' which the ideal—lone aspiration of poets and thinkers, christened with the martyrdom of the early heralds, picked at the foot of bloody gibbets; sacred flag waving at the fore of the first unhappy and heroic insurrections—triumphs in the all glorious epics of revolution)—are but its growth and consequence

An excursion thru' any of the historical cycles will show that the individual deed of revolt is a phenomenon necessarily intermediate, between the bare, ideal or theoretical affirmation and the insurrectional movement following the deed itself, at which the torch of the victorious revolution will be lit. Like the unavoidable cross-road, it is what circumstances consent or command to be, above any of our predilections. You can execrate and repudiate it, but it will be like execrating lightning and earthquake: you will have to bear them!

Luigi Galleani

CORRESPONDENCE

Anarchism—As I See It

Anarchism was not handed to me on a silver platter, although I was fortunate to have a wonderful opportunity for its study. The idea of non-government society was as novel to me, brought up amid the popular prejudices and beliefs, as it appears to most people. The fact that my father was nearly 50 years my senior precluded much intellectual communion between us until he was well past 70. The fact that my father was an exceptionally noble man prompted a study of his views, which study was enhanced by having a wealth of material at my disposal. Before this I had a struggle to free myself from the effects of religion, being educated in a Roman Catholic school. My mother being a Catholic and also one of those noble souls of a past generation whose characteristics seem to be slowly leaving us. If religion was not the solution of the meaning of life, what was? This led to a dabbling into philosophy. But here one can find the most divergent views, each of which has a semblance of verity but none successfully propounding the perpetual questions, Why? What for? I conclude that we are here, and that's about all anyone knows about it. We want to live the way that will be most satisfactory to us. This, I believe, can be done only under conditions that permit the greatest amount of variation; that is, in a state of anarchy or freedom. I prefer to look at Anarchism, however, more as a tendency than as a definite condition, though I believe anarchistic conditions can be logically deduced by postulating the law of equal freedom. My criticism of the communist position is not entirely that it is un-anarchistic but that it is highly improbable that, under libertarian conditions, men will live that way. After all, Anarchism permits a man to stand on his head six hours a day and to drink denatured alcohol if he so desires. But, on the other hand, a condition of anarchy supposes and necessitates a preponderance of intelligent people and I question whether intelligent people WILL act that way? This is just my opinion. The communistic doctrine that every man has "right to life and that it is the 'duty' of others to support him is based on a gratuitous supposition. I do not believe in rights and duties except those each assumes for himself. Life is primarily a moral. All socialisms are merely matters of expediency. We do not do a thing because it is "right"; we do it because it affords us satisfaction. The idea of right and wrong are after effects. You help your brothers because you love them and the helping of those you love gives you satisfaction. That perverted and false charity of aiding someone because it is expected of you or because it is your duty is just another fake religion propounded by those who will thereby benefit, namely, the weak and unfit. No man has a "right" to life unless he can get a living either by himself or by co-operation with his fellows.

Laurance Labadie.

Disappointed

I had a fantasy that you are going to bring out a magazine which illuminates Anarchism to intellectuals from a Natural and Philosophical viewpoint, and point out that Anarchism cannot be materialized unless we return to the soil. I did not expect a "Free Society" with a Communist language.

In your editorial, captioned "Self Help," you missed to print another paragraph that is: That the expropriators should expect that the authorities will send them as a gift a few airplanes with some dozens of tear-bombs and perhaps also a few machine guns operated and regulated by other wage workers, called the police and the army, to kill them off as dogs. And that the action of the expropriators can also bring to an American Hitler or Mussolini.

I personally do not believe that the masses are such noble creatures. Russia, Germany, Italy and many other countries justify my opinions. After all, the Fascists' ideal is sustained by millions of workers.

I do not blame the German Socialists for Hitler's appearance. I blame the brutality and the cruelty of the workers themselves. I cannot measure "man." Hitler or Stalin and their followers also belong to the species called Man. How will you measure them?

I believe that John Scott's publication may be more in harmony with my understanding and feeling for freedom among by "Men."

M. Joseph.

The Logical Path—Ahead

Anarchism is very congenial to me, though I find fault with much of the philosophic phraseology one finds in most anarchist literature. One premise that I feel does more harm to Anarchism than good is the romantic one of "Natural Rights." I do not know how anyone can still accept the Rousseauist myth that man is born with certain "natural" rights. This world was not made for us, and all so-called "natural" rights are nothing but human creations to be maintained by force or resistance. Only by continually fighting can workers obtain the "right" to have "rights."

I feel that the beneficial results to be obtained from the existence of a large measure of equality are so obvious that they make Anarchism the only logical path for those who see ahead. Equality is necessary to any really efficient working of an economy. Again, it works for real human distinction as opposed to the present monetary distinctions (if they can be called distinctions). When the workers (all producers) have the privileged removed from their shoulders they will have an opportunity to stand up straight and, let us hope, enough intelligence to go forward to the goal of maturity and tolerance that reveals all that is best in man.

Robert Driegert.

A Little Too Resigned

MAN!, which I read attentively, proves to be about what I had looked for of it. It reminds me of "Mother Earth," and I readily agree with its general principles, the data rehearsed and the ideal it suggests that would crowd out much of contemporary hell on earth.

Anarchism, as I see it, is the political phase of egoism, and this doctrine of individualism may be the nucleus of saner human relationships. Or, I might say, that any change in the life and action arises from within the individuals of which society is composed; a calculating collective "movement" can arrive at no more happy flowering than is the outlook, attitude and spirit of its individual constitutions.

Also it seems to me that existing modes of regulating economic and social affairs are exactly as good as they can and must be as seen in the light of its benighted creators. And, I for one, do not care to break lances against the windmills erected and kept in action by majorities, the voters. For if by "direct action" I would demolish the grinding set-up, such would affect only the symptom, you know. No cure. Firemen put out fires by direct action, but we cannot extirpate ignorance in the heads of a multitude. And I know of no method with which I could alter the wheels in the heads of the many.

Nor do I notice that rueful seriousness of reformers and scholarly uplifters, does as much to make apparent the absurdities of popular humbuggeries as do the mirthful presentations of a Will Rogers. "Hail be to humor, the universal solvent of all humbug!"

As I have indicated to you before, I'm in sympathy with your ideals and am glad to do what little I may for you—I cannot join any group nor partake in any planned movement.

I wish you success for your publication and continue,

Yours cordially,

A. G. Wagner.

All Anarchists at Heart—But . . .

I fully realize that anarchy is the ideal condition and that we are all Anarchists at heart, for every living thing as well as humans resent government. I realize that no human can attain the full development of life under restraint. While I am a Socialist, I realize that it can never be established without a dictatorship, for all governments are a better or worse dictatorship. But I can't conceive of an entirely planless society, for a people so densely ignorant that they fight and shed their blood in defense of their oppressors, for the sole purpose of further enslaving themselves, and don't know how to rid themselves of the most heinous despot, certainly haven't intelligence enough to function under a planless society, and a planned society means government.

I appreciate the educational ideal of the Anarchists, but as the powers that be can put out misinformation so much faster than we can educate, it seems a hopeless task unless we can get control of the government.

As Jefferson said, "Government at best is a necessary evil, at worst an intolerable one." So I figure that Socialism would be changing an intolerable evil for a necessary one under which we would have a much better chance to educate.

So I believe all revolutionary bodies, such as Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, I. W. W.'s, etc., should unite in de-throning the octopus that governs under any form of government—the money trusts—and I believe it can only be done on both the political and economic or industrial field.

W. H. Burton.

Anarchy—Inherent in Humanity

MAN! is very gladly received in these quarters. I need not tell you that it is outstanding among radical publications. Your paper, like your anthology, shows historical derivation, unlike the economic "isms," because the movement toward Anarchy is inherent in humanity: It is permanent and sub-serves all the aspirations of mankind; whereas communism and socialism are only temporarily valid, and are invalid to satisfy man's economic needs. I join with you in a hatred of mechanism; whereas Capitalism is a worship of Mammon, Communism is a worship of Baal, the open maw wherein steel is smelted, with an addition of human flesh.

Jacob Hauser.

A Correction to a Misunderstanding

In the October, 1933, issue of MAN! comrade Marcus Graham has kindly published my "Open Letter to a Young Socialist Friend in America," wherein I say:

"Long before the present break-down and doom of Social-democracy in Europe and Bolshevism in Russia, it was proved by Anarchism . . . that it is not the mission of the working class to conquer government, but to dissolve it. This can never be achieved by gaining power, but by wresting power from the bourgeoisie and the governmental classes by means of a economical and industrial action on the part of the workers organized in industrial units . . . at the same time reorganizing industrial and agricultural life on a basis of absolute liberty and thereby annihilating all conceptions of encroachment and all authority whatsoever."

To my great surprise these, to me, very clear words seem to have been misunderstood by comrade Graham. In an otherwise excellent footnote (with really no bearing to me . . .) he states, reflecting to the above passage, that the ideas of wresting power from the bourgeoisie and governmental classes are most erroneous if by these ideas is meant "The rendering over of such power to the organized industrial units."

This is perfectly correct. But where, in what unfortunate expression in the above quotation out of my "Letter" did he extract that I believe in rendering any power whatsoever to the workers? I am, as an Anarchist, totally opposed to it and have always taken the standpoint that the worker is only

entitled to the fullest amount of liberty, but as a ruler he would surely be no better, most likely even worse—the example of Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, all workers once-upon-a-time . . . seems to prove this contention—than the bourgeoisie as a class of power. So much is this my standpoint that I have always combated those would-be Anarchists or would-be Syndicalists who have propagated in Germany the slogan: "All power to the workers—councils—no power above them" as cater-cousins of Bolshevism. I absolutely believe that the working masses have to wrest the power from the ruling classes in order to dissolve, i. e., destroy it, and I deny any power the right to demand for itself as so-called transition-period, the latter being nothing else than the erection of a new power which is invariably more dangerous and suppressing than the former one has been.

I hope that this is now clear, that my above words, if they have been, are no more ambiguous and can only assure that I am surprised that a comrade so well versed in the literature of our international movement as Marcus Graham should have so totally overlooked what I have always propagated even longer than in my fourteen years lasting editorship of "Erkenntnis und Befreiung" in Vienna (Austria) and in my book on "The Fallacies of Marxism within Socialism and amongst the Proletariat." It stands only to reason that I therefore fully agree with the further contents of his footnote, and only must most emphatically declare: it does not apply itself to me.

Being a refugee* from Austria after the introduction of "protective imprisonment" and "concentration prisons" since September, 1933, I did only at the end of December read the October number of MAN! This explains the lateness of the above correction.

Pierre Ramus.

The quotation cited by Comrade Ramus as to what he said, as given above, did leave itself open to misunderstanding. I am, of course, glad to learn that Comrade Ramus hadn't meant it in that spirit.—Editor.

*Comrade Ramus rather than face incarceration in a concentration camp of Austria where he has been publishing for many years "Erkenntnis und Befreiung" has migrated to London, England, where he hopes to continue its publication.

A Question and a Protest

Does the editor of MAN! intend to follow the Bolshevik rulers in "cleansing" the Anarchist movement from active comrades who happen to differ with him on deviations from his conception of tactics and principles?

His dictum of purging the movement from Rose Pesotta and Anna Sasnovsky because they took an official position in the I. L. G. W. U. is an outrageous example of dictatorial fatulence.

Are the editors of Anarchist publications the censors over comrades?

The question whether Anarchists ought to enter into the existing labor organizations, and if they enter, whether they should accept responsible positions has been debated in the Anarchist movement for decades. Most of the Anarchists disagree on the question.

Personally, I consider all labor organizations as a part of the capitalist system, but that does not give me the right to ostracize comrades who differ with me.

If you enter any organization, you will be forced, by the logic of events, to accept responsible, paid positions. If you do not accept them, the reactionary elements in the organizations will.

Rose Pesotta and Anna Sasnovsky did not cease to be a part of the Anarchist movement by the dictum of Marcus Graham.

Hippolyte Havel.

Capitalism throughout the world has been, and is now going through a crisis that threatens its very existence. All the labor unions have been affected by this crisis, since they are in reality mere props of capitalism.

The capitalist crisis in this country is being nursed by the N. R. A. scheme. The ballyhoo which accompanies it has naturally given a new lease of life to the labor officialdom of the unions, who in turn, willingly serve as the police for the enforcement of the N. R. A.

If, in such a critical moment, people calling themselves Anarchists willingly join to aid in the rehabilitation of the very discredited officialdom which they have themselves at one time denounced, and also aid to the extent of paid officials in the fraudulent N. R. A. scheme of capitalism to befuddle the workers, then what else could an Anarchist organ do but disown such individuals or, should we have suppressed the names of the individuals in question?

MAN! does not intend to follow the Bolshevik rulers in cleansing the Anarchist movement from active comrades, nor does it wish to issue any dictums. The question and protest of Comrade Havel becomes a most amazing contradiction in the light of his own significant statement that:

"Personally, I consider all labor organizations as a part of the capitalist system . . ."

And this is just the principle issue that MAN! took a stand on; and what's more—in full conformity with the just cited quotation of Comrade Havel.—Editor.

Let a man first give his supreme attention to making himself and all men free, and he will then begin to know the virtues of higher nature.—Peter Kropotkin.

A Talk Between Two Workers By Errico Malatesta

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ART and LITERATURE

Requiem

THE candle-stars are dripping their wax upon
the bier of this dead city,—
Upon this civilization which expected
to live forever because it had forgotten
Nineveh and Troy.
The Custom House Tower is a lank undertaker,
suavely inviting the curious sociologists
to 'view the remains'.—
The clayey corpse of this unholy city,
gangrened by greed and as full of red lust
as a pale whore's heart.

HARRY ELMORE HURD

* * * *

To B

From parts unknown, a tiny little spark
Of bliss and gnawing sorrow, of love and bitter hate,
Quaint fireworks, we splutter in the dark,
Are cruelly torn asunder by an unfeeling fate.
And each and everyone of us, alone,
Must bear life's heavy burden, for which we never asked,
For unknown guilt of some dim past atone
In dust.—There is no hiding—We all shall be unmasked:
And, though we crave companionship, a friend,
To cheer the thorny passage up to the final gate,
The soul of each hangs alone;—the end
Renteth illusion's garment;—to live 't is then too late.

SLOVAK

Through My Window

Man.
Sunrise . . sunset.
Autumn . . spring.
The beautiful and ugly,
Pauper and . . king.
And man at
Wedding procession,
Priestly confession,
Bitter oppression,
Hypocrite profession;
Knaves . . and fool
The tool of power.

* * * *

Song For Beggars

This shall be a song for beggars
Who shall swear my words are true—
That one cannot be a Midas
And a Jesus too . . .

That it's better to be humble,
And be sagely wise,
Than be rich and fat and stupid, a fool
In disguise.

Not a penny in his pockets,
Nor a narrow word to say,
But the beggar shall be happy
To his last, last day.

JACKSON BARBER

Absolution

What is it?
This damned business
Of living
In a world gone mad
For wealth and power.

Their souls scorched
By the supreme arrogance
Of our petty kings,
Their nerves nagging
For relief,
Mentally unbalanced,
Winning millions
Sink into hellish misery.

When fickle gods
Turn away
From our fevered devotion,
Leaving us to atrophy,
Then our boasted knowledge
Is but bitter solace
To our morbid intellect.

We talk of peace,
As though by some strange alchemy
We could force its bloom
From the bloody hell
Of Battlefields.

Fools and idiots!
Our drooling babble
Convinces no one.
With our distorted vision
We do not recognize
That peace and love
Must first shine in our own,
To be reflected
In our brother's eyes.

ANNIE B. GRIEBENOW

* * * *

Parallels

Not every Christ
Was crucified
Upon a cross.
Not every sorrow
Has found surcease
In telling.
Not every dream
Has died in vain,
Defeated.

JAMES NEILL NORTHE

I Am Free—In Spite of . . .

Jacob Hauser

We who cannot endure institutions, conventions, and all constraining forms are strange people in a customary world. Liberty, which is a star-spangled abstraction to those in conformance with tribal rituals, is to us a breathing and pulsing reality. We are egoists and individualists, to whom freedom is no shibboleth, no inflated word, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing", but the very blood and sinew of us, without which we cannot live. We who are rebels born do not mouth meaningless oratory; what we proclaim in syllables exists within us prior to any declamation. We, however bodily shackled, are already spiritually liberated, and it is the spirit shining through impediment which bespeaks liberty with its radiance. Some may perorate freedom, but we are free. Therefore are we in conflict with our environment, and we oppose characteristically, without reflection, all impositions of society. Even where we are not directly touched by oppression, the mere report of oppression angers us, and with true prophetic furor we denounce the wrong, which concerns us indirectly because it concerns mankind. We, the prophets and representatives of the world which Shelley dreamed of, are liberty incarnate. As we are, we were born.

So far I have spoken of all true revolutionists, and now I shall speak of myself, presenting for comparison my biographical scheme of organic independence. What I say particularly about my own instinctive protest I do not claim to be representative of all protesters. I merely adduce, anecdotally, my personal experience, showing the clash of external impediment with the free growth of the individual. If an excessive zeal for sunlight and sweet air stir in me, it is to my environment that I refer the superfluous strength of my assertiveness: if I have been temperamentally modified in growing up toward the sun, with an over-development here and an under-development there, these minor deviations I ascribe also to environment. But the developmental force was in me; my inheritance was dynamic life. Like an oak tree planted on a rocky place, far from the river of waters, I have not withered, but have split rock whenever necessary, have plunged downward and reached upward for nutriment. My case may not be your own, nor may it seem exceptional; it is human, however, and in that lies its interest.

I have a great love for nature and the outdoors of unconfined sky, but I was born in New York City, and for the first five years of my life, lived on the top floor of a dirty tenement. I had few playmates and was rarely taken down into the street, because my mother was always busy with washing, cleaning, and cooking. I was afraid to go down myself. I would cautiously descend a flight or two, and scurry back again, like a frightened mouse when it hears footsteps. Seeing very few people, I naturally grew very shy, introverted; but I was happy in my own way. I loved the breakfast crullers, which I broke open for the jelly they contained; and my father would come home every night with a bag of candy for myself and my brothers. When I was very small, before my memory of things, I was operated upon for an infected mastoid. My first memory is of being presented by my brothers with a box of candy, which had been saved for me from the daily accretion of chocolates during the time I had been at the hospital. I remember my first contact with literature, how I would study the pictures in a Mother Goose book. I chose as my favorite the picture of a farmer sowing wheat broadcast on a vast ploughed field, walking into the rising or the setting sun. I remember tearing newspapers into shreds, and sprinkling the shreds from the fire-escape window, and, as the white fragments fluttered down, comparing them, aloud, with butterflies. I was a poet even then, though I never lisped in numbers. I revelled in the sunlight—whatever I saw of the sunlight—and would stare entranced at the beautiful red brick of the airshaft, illuminated with the red-gold of early morning . . .

My isolation continued till my fifth year, when we moved to a flat upon the ground floor. Here I made friends, glori-

ously, because the idea of companionship was new to me. And we had a back-yard. The janitor's boy kept pigeons in the yard, which he used to feed with parched Indian corn, or maize. One of the seeds, planted accidentally, developed. I took charge of the plant and watched with great interest how the tassels came, and how, little by little, a solitary ear of red corn began swelling out. I took the suggestion of this accident, and the next year I asked for some parched pigeon-feed and planted it, together with a handful of beans, at my mother's suggestion. Thus, from year to year I tended my garden (whose soil, by the way, was very sterile, full of broken glass, and unproductive), and I participated with nature in unchecked growth.

But society, which had forced upon me my introversion, required my attendance at school, and tried unsuccessfully to make an extrovert mechanism out of me, with the routine of anthem-singing, flag-saluting, and drilling. The war was blazing over-seas; teachers knitted woolen socks in the class-rooms; and we youngsters, eight or nine years of age, were exercised in the school-yard with left-face, right-face: We were drilled in squads, and taught the marching rudiments of war. I complied with all commands; outwardly I was a quiet, obedient child; but the patriotic ballyhoo seemed somewhat silly to my naive perceptions. Once I was sent out of the auditorium and threatened with a spanking: I had dared to imitate the arm-movements of the singing teacher as she conducted the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. But I escaped with a reprimand. It was decided that I was just simple-minded, and not really a traitor.

I escaped primary school with a diploma, but was incarcerated again in High School; and after having served my term of secondary education, was free again. Twelve years I had served in the praiseworthy educational institu-

tions, and when I got out, I felt the happiness of a prisoner when he is released from the galleys. Mathematics had been crammed into my unwilling head; I had been coerced in many studies which I was intellectually unready for; I had undergone a disciplining which left its marks upon me. Even to this day, I have bad dreams of being back in school, and when I wake up to find that it does not matter whether I know my lesson or not, I feel much relieved.

But school-days have been past for several years now, and in the interim I have learned to know the streets of New York very well, in labor and in idleness. Summer and winter prolong the metropolitan imprisonment; in company with millions of others, I am kept in an urban penitentiary. I could sing the Prisoner's Song with utter convictions, were the Prisoner's Song less pathetic. I earn a few dollars at part-time work, most of the time I forget myself in Utopian dreams, until awakening foists bitter reality upon me, and I tug at my chains, without avail.

And yet, am I not freest of the free? No prayerful superstitions impose upon me; because I lack bodily fulfillment I do not therefore aspire to an anemic paradise. I abhor the mass-palliatives, the galvanized activity of Saturday night when an ossified social world performs an electrical jig, shouting Whoopie! every minute or so. I hold to my intellectual eyrie; I have a good view, though a deficiency of standing-room. And, like a chained Prometheus, I enjoy the songs of the Oceansides, the intoxicating lyricism which is carried to me upon the winds. I express liberty, characteristically and spontaneously, because I am free, in spite of material impediment. And I call across the gulfs of space to other free men, who incarnate liberty, who are rebels born who prognosticate in this being a world utterly rebellious, and therefore utterly at peace.

Music

Music is not in my realm. I am not versed in music as I am not versed in the glittering stars, or as in the numerous varieties of the restless fishes in the large, rectangular, glass vessels in an aquarium. I would easily mistake the pages of the Braille system for pages of a musical score if the embossed letters were black. But there is a relationship between me and music, as there is a relationship between me and other wonders. The sensuous qualities in me are the connecting link.

Music charms me more, I presume, than it does the snake, as I am more cultivated than the snake. I can perform more deeds, good and bad, than the snake can. I am upright, not in the sense of perfection, I mean I am on my lower limbs, and my perspective is of a further range than that of the crawling creature. Then I am told that I belong to the class of animals who have insight; this is something on the snake who was instrumental in Satan's hands to deceive Eve. This incident, by the way, between the snake and Eve creates a doubt if man has insight, or is it man that has it?

Although I can not fully see through the pattern of a musical composition, yet my entire attention is caught when I hear a musical tone. I don't feel mirthful when 'Siegfried's Funeral March' is played. Although my feet won't respond to a gavotte, yet I found it impossible to restrain them from prancing when 'Oh My Baby' or someone else's 'Baby' was struck up by a band. And I also respond differently to a serious composition from a melodious one. It is on account of these various sensuous reactions to music that I take the license to write about music, the science of which I know nothing about.

If people were honest with themselves—I don't mean that people should not be dishonest. Dishonesty is essential, it is imperative. Business and riches would never succeed, would never exist if dishonesty were not a part of business transactions; dishonesty is all right for profit, but to be dishonest with one's self—this is beyond my understanding.

Harry Block

Dishonesty with one's self is self deception, is self deception an excuse? I could understand a musical audience at a symphony, for instance, if the hall were not always full to capacity from the first appearance of the conductor to his final leave taking. When I see a person rising and not returning to his seat in the middle of a musical program, I consider him a music lover, an appreciator of music, and one who is honest with himself. He came to the concert because he loves music, he heard what he wanted to hear, and he did not remain for the entire program either because not everything on the program interested him, or he knew that an half an hour of music was all his mind could digest. But how many individuals do we note leaving in the middle of a concert? And who knows, may be these few too would sit through an entire program if they would not have to catch the last train. People don't pick up a book soon after finishing one. How can people hear another composition after listening to a symphony of four parts?

I am beginning to think that music is instrumental in some invisible hands as the snake was instrumental in the hands of the Devil, and as the apple in the persuasive tone of the snake. Music is used now as it was used in Rome before its decline; noise of the drum and the cymbal to stifle the cries of the tortured. Music is heard from the kitchens, from shoe-repair shops, gasoline stations, and from 'Chamber of Commerce' offices. Apollo is harnessed to stupify, so that people won't reason about the causes of starvation in a land of abundance; or the causes of breadlines when there are garners full wheat; and why people should have no shelter when there are plenty of empty dwellings whose sad windows beg to be occupied. And there is no let up in music. No sooner are the winter concerts over, when plans, like an undertow, are on hand for spring concerts, soon followed by outdoor ones, and so to no end. Listen to music, dance to its tunes, intoxicate yourself with its melodies—it saves one from grim meditation. Music is supplied in abundance—I suspect a nefarious design.

UNDER THE REIGN OF THE IRON HEEL—GOVERNMENT

Japan

We learn from the report sent to us by The Free Federation Council of Trade Unions in Japan of the manner in which the Rulers and Exploiters of that country are hoping to perpetrate their reign upon the people. It reads:

"There is in Japan a Public-peace Maintenance Law which punishes any person who organizes, or affiliates with, any association aiming at the abolition of the systems of private property and imperial heredity, with penalty from two years' imprisonment to execution. This law, however, was found to be insufficient to maintain the public-peace in Japan, as it is ineffectual for the 'individual' preachers of the abolition of the systems of private property and imperial heredity, so that the Government decides to go a step further and revise the Law, in order to arrest every person who preaches the abolition of the private property and voices impious words against the imperial heredity. The revised Law will, moreover, contain a clause which provides a prison life for an indefinite period for socialist pioneers until they will shake off all the dangerous thoughts they had ever entertained. The idea to revise the Law in this way was publicly announced as imported from Germany of the Nazis. A Bastille-like system of penitentiary for social rebels is going to be constructed now in Japan."

Uruguay

When it comes to the persecution of sincere revolutionists every government proves to be the same: ruthless, shameless, beastly. They might at certain times put on a mask of liberalism but when confronted with the opportunity of performing the very task for which they are foisted on the people's back—namely the repression of social progress and every attempt made for the liberation of mankind, they quickly get to work.

The Uruguay government which, with the excuse of an act of banditry with which the radical element had as much to do as you and I have to do with rain and sunshine, started a crusade against Anarchists, deporting them right and left. A large number of Argentinian comrades were first deported to their country from where they had previously escaped to avoid unbearable persecution. Then the long hand of old madam justice reached for the Italian comrades who were facing a more serious danger in being handed over to the black shirted authorities of Italy, extremely infamous in their punishment and persecution of political opponents.

But neither the evident danger nor the campaign of protest launched by the comrades of Uruguay could prevent the perpetration of this crime, and on December the 9th, 1933 the five Italian comrades—Ugo Fedeli, Antonio Destro, Santiago Barca, Giulio Stefani, the other's name still unknown, were put on board the Oceania and delivered to the fascist inquisitors.

There is a so called Nansen passport which, under the auspices of the League of Nations, should be granted to political exiles in order to permit their going to countries other than their own, but even this privilege, available to every pink and white high-browed refugee, was denied to our comrades and the "Socialist" government of Spain, to which a request had been addressed, refused to let them enter the "new" Republic. Thus, "finis" was written to this tragedy which ended with the delivery of five comrades of incensurable conduct into the fascist dungeons.

The republic of Uruguay, thought to be the most liberal in South America, stands now indicted in the eyes of liberty-loving people, since it has proved to be just as black and reactionary as all the rest of the rulerships established throughout the world under the be-clauding name of government.

United States

After many months of incarceration and hardships that the fighting I. W. W. strikers had to undergo in the "bull pens" of Yakimo, Washington, they were finally freed by a jury. The authorities of Yakimo, and the Lying Daily press have both served the interests of the exploiters very well, as did also the "liberal" federal government, through the "ultra" liberal Miss Perkins who has sanctioned the deportation of the active I. W. W. striker Alex Simpson to his native land—Scotland.

The state prison board of California has refused to grant the request for a parole which Warren K. Billings has made, after serving 18 year-incarceration. The pretext for the refusal is based on his having served a prison sentence before the one for which he is now being held.

The same prison board has been granting "paroles" right and left to any one who has had sufficient political "contact", backed by the usual thirty pieces of silver.

Warren K. Billings wouldn't stoop to resorting to such means by which to obtain his freedom, even if he could.

Billings has been serving the present sentence due to his having been a valiant fighter in the struggle for a more just life for the exploited and oppressed. And this is a "crime" which the exploiters cannot forgive, nor dare their watchdogs—the Government—forget.

For over 18 years Billings has been waiting for the workers, in whose battles he fought, to force his liberation. But it proved a vain hope. He finally consented to compromise on asking for a parole, and even this, the enemy, relentless and merciless as ever, refused.

The only real hope that there always is, and remains, for Billings, Mooney and all classes of war prisoners, rests solely with the exploited and oppressed to rise to that height of understanding and readiness to act which can force bar windows to fall and jail doors to open!

Thomas J. Mooney has sent out a new appeal to the workers. Disappointment in the promises and actions of the "Communists"—after having surrendered his Defense Committee to them, is quite evident in the appeal.

All along we regretted his action. The "Communists" have "used" his case for all that it was worth . . . Mooney should have known better. His case, as that of Billings, ought to be at all times, the fight of all those sincere elements in the struggle for the Dawn of a New Day—when prisons shall no longer blot the eyesight of mankind.

In the year of 1921, hundreds of anarchists were arbitrarily deported from this country. Among those was also Emma Goldman. The Labor Department of Washington has recently granted to her a "ninety days" permit to this country. This visit-permit was issued upon certain conditions. That is: she is not to speak on any social question during her contemplated lecture tour in this country.

That a government should be willing and ready to grant a licensed limitation upon the freedom of expression of an individual can cause no surprise to the anarchist. For, this has always been the object of Government. But, that a group of self-styled "liberals" should admit, as the News Letter of the American Civil Liberties Union of January 12th does, that it was they themselves who have suggested this licensed limitation of the individual in question is an act which reveals the liberals as having no more belief or respect for the principle of Freedom of Expression than has the Government that so readily granted the licensed permit.

Under such circumstances, Emma Goldman has chosen to re-enter this country.

As to the "liberals" and the Government, that was clever enough to grant a ninety-days stay with a muzzle on the mouth of the exile, we throw back into their faces this kind of treatment accorded to a human being, as a most infamous act of degradation and insult to the very basic conception of Freedom of Thought and Expression. Once again, it is being demonstrated by this event, that only in the Dawn of Anarchy shall all barriers that now divide mankind by "boundaries" disappear, as will also every curtailment of Freedom of Expression and the exploitation and rulership of man over fellow-man.

Brief Notes

An urgent appeal for the aid of our victimized comrades in Italy has just been made public by The Committee for the Political Victims of Italy. All those wishing to aid should forward contributions to: Jean Ribeyron Boite Postale 21—Bureau 14—Paris (14), France.

Due to an unfortunate accident, a description of the despicable treatment which Comrade Erich Mûsham is being forced to undergo at the hands of the Nazi madmen, cannot appear in this issue. We hope to bring it out in the coming one.

Comrade Prudhommeaux, who is a member of the Van der Lubbe Committee of France, writes to us directly, on January 16:

"In conjunction to your beautiful work for Van der Lubbe, I hand you this first copy out of our press, of the 'New Spur.' We are sure that comrade Aldred would

agree to a partly or total reproduction of his article in MANI—as he told us to propose it to our own English-speaking comrades."

Part of the article in question appears on page four of this issue. Comrade Aldred sent a copy of the manuscript for publication in MANI!

MANI has received through E. Sylvia Pankhurst a translation of an article by Comrade A. Prudhommeaux, of the Van der Lubbe Committee in France. It is crowded out by other material already set in print. We hope to use it on another occasion. Unlike all other Communists, Sylvia Pankhurst has stood out towers above them, in her defense of Van der Lubbe. She writes of having had articles defending Van der Lubbe, published in the 'Sunday Referee' and 'The Manchester Guardian.'

The affair held by the International Group of San Francisco on January 20th netted \$42.33. Contributions by Los Angeles comrades and comrades from other parts, through Ferrero, for political prisoners, \$33.75. Total, \$77.08.

This sum equally divided was sent to the following countries: Italy, Spain and Russia.

Due to the fact that \$25.00 of the above sum was originally contributed to the fund for the Spanish political prisoners, the statement appearing in L'Adunata, showing \$25.52 more, and same being forwarded to Cuba, is erroneous.

For Our Prisoners In Russia

International Workmen's Association—Russian Aid Fund
For Anarchists and Anarchist Syndicalists Imprisoned
and exiled in the U. S. S. R.
M. Marichy, Sec'y, 1529 Pleasant Avenue
Care Dr. Holtz, Los Angeles, Cal.

(1933 Financial Report)
INCOME
A. Zubrin, Detroit, \$2.00; M. Shutz, New York City, \$2.00; C. Nold, Detroit, \$1.00; M. Semakoff, Petaluma, \$1.00; J. Newman, \$1.00; J. Zippin, \$1.00; R. Klebanoff, \$1.00; H. Zippin, \$2.00; O. Maravilla, as per L'Adunata, \$3.75; F. Kovalenko, for Dielo Truda, Det., \$3.00; F. Kovalenko, \$15.00; F. Kovalenko, \$13.00; F. Kovalenko, \$6.00; F. Kovalenko, \$5.00; F. Kovalenko, \$4.00; F. Kovalenko, \$7.50; Anonymous, Detroit, \$2.00; Anarchist Group, \$3.00; Progressive Society, per Peter Logan, Phila., \$2.00; I. Isgur, Los Angeles, \$2.00; Workmen's Circle, Branch 284, per M. Sugarmen, Lon., \$5.00; Spring Festival, Allied Groups, Los Angeles, \$40.00; Mohagan Anarchist Group, Peekskill, N. Y. (J. Dubois), \$6.00; Sara Dan, Cleveland, for Libertarian Group, \$3.00; Group 'Swaboda', Rochester, N. Y., \$2.00; Ladies' Group, Freie Gesellschaft, Detroit, Mich. (R. Warr), \$14.00; Progressive Friendship Group, Phila., Pa., \$15.00; M. Semakoff, Petaluma, California, \$1.00; Mr. Ratner, per M. Semakoff, \$1.00; Fred Hornstein, London, Ont., \$5.00; Group gathering at Mr. Yaffe, Los Angeles, \$35.25; Workmen's Circle, Br. 339 (J. Deaser), Toronto, Ont., \$13.00; Mr. Ritt, Los Angeles, \$1.00; Mr. Silverstein, L. A., \$1.00. Total, \$229.50.

DISBURSEMENTS
750 Copies English bulletins printed, \$24.00
Wrappers, Postage, etc., 6.98
To imprisoned comrades in Russia, 130.00
To comrades through Paris Aid Fund, 50.00
Bank Express Charges, 10.23

Cash on hand, \$8.29
Income, \$229.50
Disbursements, 221.21
Cash on hand, \$8.29

Audited and found correct, January 12th, 1934.
RUDOLF ROCKER.
J. HOLTZ.

In Reply

J. Milazzo:—Unon receiving the communication from T. H. Bell, the editor of MANI wrote to him the following reply:

"MANI is at all times ready to print any statement that can refute assertions made in any of the articles that appear in its pages. Such statements must be written in a language not filled with abusive venom, hatred and irrelevant matter.

Therefore, if you are really interested and can refute any statements that have appeared in MANI about your "necrolog" on Moore, you will have to confine yourself to that issue alone."

From your note one gathers that Bell is circulating a mimographed copy of his letter with the capitalized emphasis: PUBLICATION REFUSED. Seemingly, he is very little interested or able to refute anything that appeared in MANI—but most anxious to indulge in his effort to hurt MANI, by slandering it. We are not worried in the least by such vain and unworthy efforts.—International Group of San Francisco.

"The State is the curse of the individual. How has the national strength of Prussia been purchased? By the sinking of the individual in a political and geographical formula. The State must go. That will be a revolution, which will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the State, set up in its place spontaneous action and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity, and you will start the elements of a liberty which will be something worth possessing."—Henrick Ibsen.

Can The Impending War Be Stopped?

As we go to press, the supporters of Roosevelt, and his leading cabinet officials were pleading in Congress for more and more preparedness. As a result, close to 500 million dollars have been appropriated for immediate war preparations. Thus, the spectre of Death, via the "New Deal" dispenser, is fast approaching for the people of this country, and for that matter, throughout the world, since every Government is preparing for a New World Slaughter.

All the appeals of the churches won't stop the impending massacre. Neither will petitions, appeals, or promises by and of political parties prove of any avail.

The entire appropriation bill for the Preparations of Death, here and everywhere else, can become meaningless—if the workers in the armament industries would but will it. And all the orders of Generals, Kings and Presidents to "fight" for "our country" could prove a boomerang—if every able-bodied man would answer: No! we are not interested in, or willing to Murder and be Murdered. Let all of you—Statesmen, Armament Dealers and Press Liars create Wars, and Likewise Fight in Them!

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 MANI 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.

Financial Statement

(From December 15, 1933, to January 15, 1934)

INCOME
Juan Cintas, 25c; R. B. Garcia, \$1.00; Celia Marx, \$1.00; Frank Vettore, 75c; Cosmo Leo, \$1.00; Jim Tassio, \$1.00; Mohegan Colony Group, \$1.00; McDonald, paper sale, 45c; Monroe Bartlett, \$1.00; E. Cassel, 75c; from Philadelphia affair of Dec. 10, through M. A. Weiss, \$1.00, of which \$1.00 was contributed by Ethel Finkler and \$1.00 by Wm. Shulman; Jeanette Seletz, \$1.00; F. DeLina, \$1.00; Charles T. Spradling, \$1.00; Fr. Catalano, \$1.75; Scarceriaux, \$1.00; M. Lopez, 75c; J. Buchio, paper sale, \$1.00; C. Mollar, \$1.00; Sam Cohen, paper sale, \$1.50; Rosetta Vasconi, 75c; A. Silverstein, 75c; Nold, 75c; Tanaka, 25c; D. Rinaldi, 25c; F. Elia, paper sale, 50c; Nona Bucci, 50c; L. Battaglia, \$1.00; A. Fulvi, 50c; J. Placentino, \$2.00; L. Navara, \$2.00; Helen Rudome, 50c; P. Ziano, paper sale, \$2.50; V. Di Leo, \$1.10; J. Myers, \$1.00; A. Casini, 50c; S. Valentine, 50c; I. Casini, 50c; P. Catalano, 25c; P. Stalteri, 25c; F. Martino, 25c; M. D'Elia, 25c; M. Di Girolamo, 50c; F. Di Girolamo, 50c; Vanuani, 50c; S. Augusto, 25c; A. Brocci, 25c; S. M. G. G., 25c; E. Lare, 25c; E. Martina, 75c; J. M. Surrowiak, \$2.00; Ferrero, 75c; Gerard, \$2.00; Lino, \$1.00; F. Giustilumi, 75c; A. Sorace, \$1.00; San Francisco affair of Dec. 31, 1933, \$91.64; J. Italy, \$1.00; G. Accornero, \$3.00; G. Wickel, \$2.00; D. Loi, \$1.00; Old Forge, Pa., affair of Nov. 13, 1933, \$10.00; L. Delprato, 75c; T. Delprato, 75c; L. Osti, 50c; E. Fiore, 50c; A. Dionesi, 50c; P. Pisante, 50c; J. Peterson, \$1.00; J. E. Austi, \$1.00; Slovak, 25c; B. Ostarelli, \$1.00; G. Gilmore, 10c; Slovak, \$1.00; S. Levin, \$1.00; "Nobody", 75c; J. Petrovich, \$1.00; A. Bigazzi, \$1.00.

STATEMENT
Total Income, \$178.59
Total Expenditures, 139.50
Balance, \$39.09
Deficit issue No. 12, 21.38
Balance on Hand, \$17.71

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