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RULERSHIP'S HARVEST: THE BOLSHEVIK MASSACRE!

Capitalistic country after country have established official relationship with the Bolshevik government of Russia, conceding that Russia was the best payer at the present moment. The Bolshevik Rulers were triumphantly assuring everyone that a united people that has rid itself of all former exploiters, white guardists and dissenters, was happily supporting them. Gentlemen press liars were repeating these lies, as Louis Fischer in the impartial "Nation." Then, as out of a clear sky came the news of the assassination of Sergei Kirov, a leading government official of Petrograd, by a 30-year-old Communist party member and former official. Joseph Stalin immediately rushed to the scene and began giving orders that resulted in the killing of 117 people.

In the first few weeks of this event the Bolshevik rulers were issuing the usual bravado defense, "a plot of white guardists." But this front could not be kept up for long. First, Leonid Nicolaev, the assassin of Kirov, was a well known member of the Communist party. Second, every one doubted the claim that the executed ones were of foreign origin who stole into Russia. Had they been foreigners, the government would never have executed them in haste, in fear of diplomatic complications. Third, Nicolaev and most of the executed ones were youthful people who grew up under the present iron-clad regime. Only upon the third week of the affair did the Bolshevik rulers admit for the first time that the executed victims were not at all white guardist plotters. Spoke the "proletarian rulers" on December 21:

"All the persons were at various times expelled from the party because of their membership in the Zinoviev opposition. The majority were reinstated as party members after they had made formal statements of their loyalty to the party policy and the Soviet Government." Karl Radek was even more outspoken on the same day:

"Among the class enemies are the scum of the group that had established a bloc with the Trotskyist when a difference of opinion arose over basic problems of party guidance. The party smashed this group, but its ruffraff continued in existence and finally organized this terrorist act against the Soviet Government. . . . Every Communist knows the party will now wipe out with an iron hand the remnants of this old group. . . . They will be crushed and destroyed by the party and wiped from the face of the earth."

So, at last it was openly admitted by the Bolshevik rulers that in the name of "the proletarian dictatorship" they summarily killed 117 of their fellow-party members who happened to be in disagreement with them! But to blame the proletariat of Russia for this shameless wholesale massacre is unjust and untrue. Or, when the liberal "Nation" bemoans that there is no "proletarian justice" as yet, it is stating an utter falsehood without even admitting that it itself contributed aplenty to the conditions that now prevail in Russia. For years the Anarchists implored the "Nation" to print the truth about the reign of terror carried on by the Bolshevik rulers against all dissenting elements. The "Nation" even had the temerity to fire one of its own corresponding editor-counter-revolutionists of the Social Revolution in Russia.

No sincere individual worker or workers' groups in any part of the world, or of any party affiliation, could be found who would be willing to sanction or to perpetuate such a shameless wholesale butchery as has been just enacted by the Bolshevik rulers of Russia. The pages of the history of man abound with monstrous misdeeds committed by rulers under innumerable flags, cloaks, pretences, and alibis. These though are all, one and the same, when subjected to a scrutinous examination. It is the fear of losing his reign over the people that leads every ruler to resort to legal as well as to illegal murder whenever his dynasty is endangered. It was thus in the days of the Spanish inquisition and before it. It was thus in the days of Czardom and before it. It is thus in the days of Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler.

Rulership has always bred dishonesty, treachery, and wanton murder. Whether rulership is carried on in the name of capitalism or the proletariat makes no difference at all. The results are always identical. What is even worse is, when the rulership is carried on in the name of the proletariat and in the name of social justice.

A glance backward at recent events in Russia will bear out in full the correctness of the statements just made.

During the worst period of the menacing counter revolutionary attempts in Ukraina (1918-1920) it was the Anarchist inspired Makhnovtzes who defeated every such attempt. (For a more detailed account see Oct.-Nov. issue of 1934 of MAN!) How did the Bolshevik government keep its agreement with the Anarchist fighters? It betrayed the faith given to them in the most shameless manner. Many of the Anarchist fighters were summarily murdered, and Makhno himself was likewise sentenced to death, and with bullets in his legs he escaped from Russia, his life coming to an end in exile. It was there and then that the Anarchists declared that the Bolshe-

vik rulers had proved themselves the hangmen and real counter-revolutionists of the Social Revolution in Russia.

The treachery toward the Makhno movement repeated itself even more bloodily in the Kronstadt rebellion of 1921. Alexander Berkman related how he pleaded with Zinoviev (who has now been exiled to certain death, being a consumptive) not to give the order that drowned in blood thousands of Communist sailors. But in vain. The Bolshevik rulers shouted that counter-revolutionists and foreign capitalists were in back of the Kronstadt sailors. No more vicious slander could have been uttered against these courageous sailors who refused to shed any blood against these rulers. And in their daily organ "Izvestia," issued by the "Provisional Revolutionary Committee," it was said:

"The patience of the workers is at an end. Already throughout the country, can be recognized, here and there, the first signs of revolt against a system of violence and suppression. The workers went out on strike, but the Bolshevik gendarmes were on watch and used all methods by which to strangle the third revolution at the very start. But in spite of this, it has broke out, and it is the workers themselves who called it forth. . . . The workers and peasants are marching forward. They leave behind the National Assembly with the bourgeois regime, as well as the dictatorship of the Communist party with her 'extraordinary commission,' and her State Capitalism, which strangles the people like the rope of the hangman."

If the 117 Communist victims of the Communist Marxian ideology-rulership could speak, they also would undoubtedly have said in their defense what the Kronstadt sailors wrote on March 13th, 1921:

"We know that you are being fooled, that you are not told the truth as to what is happening with us. You are not told that we are ready to lay down our lives for the holy cause of freeing the workers and peasants. It is aimed at making you believe that white guardists are the leaders of the 'provisional revolutionary committee' . . . Our revolution will show the workers East and West that this which has been done until now bears no relation to Socialism."

But the 117 victims of Communist rulership did not even have the chance to reveal as much as the Kronstadt rebels. Such has been the "progress" of justice after 17 years of Bolshevik reign!

In September, 1921, the Bolshevik rulers arrested a group of eleven Anarchists, among whom was also the able theoretician of Anarchism, Lev Tchorny. Not until two years after their arrest was it found out that they were summarily murdered on the charge of having established a printing shop, and issuing also money. The charge had nothing to say about the fact that political opponents of the Bolshevik government have no opportunity to subsist physically or express themselves spiritually. It was undoubtedly from this sort of secret political assassination that Mussolini learned the lesson of how to do away with the Socialist Matteotti. As a matter of fact, Hitler, Dollfuss, and Mussolini have merely been copying the Bolshevik method of dealing with and exterminating political opponents.

A few years later followed the exiling of Anarchists like Wollin, Berkman, Steimer, and Communists like Trotsky. The prisons and exile regions of Russia abound with political dissenters. Sincere revolutionists like Alfonso Petrini, who went to learn the truth about Russia, finds himself imprisoned and the victim of one of the foulest frame-ups, surpassing even the Sacco-Vanzetti one of American injustice. Afraid to leave him out of Russia, the Bolsheviks have now concocted a story that Petrini is a spy! (See details on page three.)

For seventeen long years the Marxian State in Russia has been coercing, regimenting, and depriving over 160 million people of the food and other necessities they have produced. Whilst the foreign exports of food and fuel commodities increased from year to year, the deprivation of the people in obtaining these very commodities has equally decreased. That has been the result of attempting to equal and even surpass the mad-gone machine speed of capitalist countries. And the increased suffering of the people in Russia is the real factor in the Bolshevik government's reputation as the best "cash payer"! The uprising of Kronstadt was directed against this sort of a condition, and it came from within the midst of the Bolshevik party itself. The bullet directed by Leonid Nicolaev against Sergei Kirov was similarly inspired, as the murdering of the 117 Communists by their fellow-Communist rulers, and the terror instituted afterwards against those teachers of schools and colleges who are charged with hinting at the need of a world revolution, and in questioning as to whether Socialism will ever emerge out of the Leninist state-capitalism theory, shows. Added to this state of affairs are countless numbers of "legally" murdered men who were charged with "sabotage" upon the maddening

machine-race, or with refusing to yield to the immense state-collection of grain taxation.

At this moment the thinking world stands aghast at the latest shameless wholesale murdering of 117 Communists by the Bolshevik Marxian rulers, with scores of more victims facing the same fate.

We ask every sincere Communist: Is it not time yet to realize that every criticism and accusation made by the Anarchist movement against the Bolshevik Marxian State has now fully been demonstrated as justifiable? Is not the present moment most opportune for every sincere Communist to come forward and to denounce this latest assault upon the true revolutionary elements of Russia? Can any reasoning man or woman still believe that the capture of the reins of government by a Socialist or Communist movement can aid in nearing the dawn of social justice and of real freedom?

The Anarchist school of thought has repeatedly pointed out that the road to power must lead to every sort of abuse. Wherever the Socialists and Communists have gained political control, their rulership has invariably ended in utter treachery to the true interests of freedom and justice.

All the claims made by Bebel and Lenin that by the complete capturing of the reins of the State the day will come when the State will simply "wither away" has long, long ago been proved by the Bolshevik rulers as a snare and illusion.

This latest counter-revolutionary act of the Bolshevik rulers against the more sincere elements within their party came just at a time when the Bolshevik followers everywhere were shouting the loudest for the need of a united front among the radicals of all shades. It thus received the knifing in the back from its own most worshipped faction of Russia.

But for the real sincere elements of all political shades that are striving for a free society there is nothing to despair over, but plenty to learn, to comprehend and to act upon. The "safest" of all rulerships, according to the capitalist yardstick, Bolshevik ruled Russia, is not so safe and so immune from the danger of a real revolution as they wanted the world to believe. The wholesale assassination resorted to by the Bolshevik rulers means, in reality, that there is hope yet that the spirit of the October revolution in Russia is still kindling, and will assert itself sooner or later. It is to be hoped, that when this new revolution comes to life, it will have as its basis that great spirit of tolerance and respect to various social ideals of freedom and justice to be experimented upon, which shall and can become a world-wide united front movement throughout the world that would be able to deliver that final knockout blow for capitalism and all its props, and that can only be achieved by a real sincere united front movement of the revolutionists of all shades. For such a united front movement the Anarchist would gladly work and co-operate.

Marcus Graham

Utopia

Whenever we depict the injustice and the evils of the present social order, raising our banner as we call for the overthrow of the established order, and its replacement by an Anarchist-Communist society, the objection is raised again and again: "You are Utopians!"

Those who hold forth any new belief, and endeavour to put into materialization, are always treated as Utopians.

Utopias! Ever since the history of mankind, there have been countless Utopias. Pointing out a direction to a better human society and leading man from the most savage stage to the present—all this was the result from efforts of Utopians.

When Columbus said that he believed there was a new world outside the old continent, did not others consider that he was a Utopian? But eventually it proved that he was one of the greatest discoverers of the world.

Also, a century ago, when any one talked about airplanes, others would regard that such a person was ridiculous. But today any individual who has not seen an airplane would be looked upon as queer.

Abolish the government and substitute voluntary co-operation. Abolish the law and substitute mutual agreement. Abolish the boundaries of nationalities and substitute Internationalism.

Society can be conducted on the basis of "To each according to his needs and from each according to his abilities."

Every individual has an equal right and equal opportunity in the new society. No one will need to do harm to any one else, each one contributing to the welfare of the community.

This ideal of freedom—our ideal—is a most beautiful and practical one as well. It is but the natural path of human progress, and if the masses become aroused to unite with us in its materialization—this Utopia can become a Reality.

R. Tong

THE MACHINE IN A FREE SOCIETY

I have one question to ask you, comrade Graham, it is about machinery in the anarchist society: I don't fully agree with you on that matter, of course in a simple society as the anarchists advocates many machines will be automatically eliminated, but I do not believe that we shall be better off if we discard them all. It will be impossible to do so, I believe. And, I come to the question: In the April issue of this year you said to Comrade F. Wertgen, first column, correspondence page: "... I am of course inclined to think that if an Anarchist society will wish to retain 'modern machinery' of every sort, it will have to resort to the retention of a monetary system."

I don't see why if an Anarchist society wishes to retain those machines that it considers necessary to the welfare of humanity it shall have to resort to the retention of a monetary system.

D. LORENTZ

I saw your remark that with modern machinery, a credit system is inevitable. I think modern machines are better suited to go without any credit system than ever before. Provided ownership is Social, less work and more comforts can be assured for all with modern machines and science—which can be further developed.

We have only to calculate goods required and produced (as well as demanded) instead of saying how much money has been spent and how to get the amount by supplying the goods. The National Cash Register will go out of business but only adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing will remain, with the statistical office as the barometer of real riches at disposal. The radio will serve the rest. All this unnecessary transport which is a wasteful necessity and therefore breaks down will be reduced to the narrowest necessary, useful limits. The only hindrance is divided property, even Bolshevik and Syndicalist ownership is divided as between State and Society. They must try logically exchange and money and land in chaos—leaving consumption to chance.

M. ACHARYA

With great interest I read the different views of different writers in MANI, and must say that some people are actually trying to fathom the source of our economic trouble, but same as I have found everywhere, the minds of man will not unite on any one subject.

In particular did the above mentioned article interest me since the opposition comes from the editor of MANI, himself.

The picture Comrade Graham draws is perfectly correct, the human race has not advanced one particle morally or intellectually, during the time the machine has developed, true, it actually seems as though the proverbial devil is turned loose on earth, and is certainly successful in deceiving and dividing the people (ignorance is its name).

The ignorance of the masses is the POWER of the few, the masses voluntarily give the BEAST its power and then bow before it and worship it. The only remedy for this self-deceiving superstition is hunger and deprivation, they were the schoolmasters of old and still are, sad to say, the masses long for them like the children of Israel did for the flesh pots of Egypt. But what did the same people of that day say to that? The same as they say today, always forward, never backward. Now, worthy Comrades, can you honestly believe that it would create more happiness if all machines were discarded, plow with a wooden stick, ride in a sail boat, do our transporting on jackasses, do our grinding by hand with a few stones, eliminate paper and press, cease to dig for coal and minerals, do the horse-work ourselves, because we couldn't raise feed for horses in the colder climates, I suppose we could make the women do the horse-work as it has been done before.

The men would be busy killing other men off. You may say that is what is being done today. Let me remind you that in the last hundred years the population on earth has increased as much as it took all the time since creation, probably millions of years.

The greatest aversion in all living flesh is being dominated by circumstances or the stronger of their own kind, the latter applies mostly to the human race. In spite of everybody knowing that might is not right, too many ignore this fact, as long as the advantages come their way. It is certainly deplorable that the human creature would rather turn to, what is called RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM, meaning personal competition, survival of the fittest. It is an evident fact that we could not all be the FITTEST, the mentally and physically weak would all go under. Are you, worthy reader, assured that you belong to the FITTEST or would it please you just as much to be used as a sacrifice to the great God STRENGTH? The salvation of the human race lies in co-operation, the destruction of competition.

In regard to the hazards to man in industry I may say, these hazards could be greatly reduced if the safety of life were the first consideration of the ones responsible, as things are today, that phrase (unforeseen circumstances) shield most industrial and medical mistakes.

If the people will not unite and work for the installation of a sensible government, meaning men with the welfare of the people at heart, instead of personal gain, that will establish a social credit system, and socialize all means of production, the hazards of industry will never be removed.

All hazards can never be removed, the danger of lightning, cold, heat, wind, falling, fire, meteors, drowning, the danger animals constitute, reproduction to the female is a great hazard which most take willing. The greatest hazard, however that confronts man, is man himself. Man has destroyed more human life than all other causes put together, except natural death. The great hazard which the automobile represents is entirely uncalled for, still so many come to grief by their own carelessness. The only one who deserve sym-

pathy are the ones that come to grief through no fault of their own.

But would that justify the abolishing of the car, I say no. If man is intelligent enough to devise ways and means to make the laws of nature serve him, he should be able to make laws to regulate the use of his inventions. No, Comrades, don't look back and go back because you are prevented from enjoying the good things on earth, rather join hands with those that try to create a system that will give everybody the just reward for their labor.

This can never be done haphazard, we must have an organized society. I however agree with everybody who says we cannot gain anything under our present economic system, except to devise another that will serve for a time. Laugh if you like, but John the Baptist visioned the new earth without sun, moon, and stars, meaning no politicians. But before we can get to the Anarchist heaven we must go through the portals of Socialism.

R. G. DENTMAN

When we consider the great advance made in the development of machinery and to what extent it affects our "mode of living, morals and political structure," it is easy to understand why the "crisis of 1929" came about. Consumption fell far below the level of production, which made it necessary for private industry to greatly curtail their output. This condition was brought about through the use of automatic machinery and improved factory methods, and the result was a vast army of unemployed.

For years serious-minded men have known that consumption must be maintained on a level with production in order to overcome the evils of unemployment. Today new conceptions of life have broken through the hard shell of tradition. The urgent necessity of a more equitable distribution of wealth is being understood by the poor and admitted by those in power.

The future, however, is so fraught with the changes of this "machine age" that no one can foretell accurately what the future has in store for man. Will this rapid acceleration get beyond control and destroy our present civilization?

It is evident that if capitalism is to endure or a change made to the Marxian theory, it will be necessary to establish some kind of a dictatorship, which means a subordination of the individual to a complete national control. In other words men must cease to think, and become like the machines they operate—mere robots in the scheme of things. Such a plan is enforced by the dictatorships now in power and advocated by various political groups.

A national speaker for one of these groups recently emphasized "the necessity of a machine, locally as well as nationally, which would function as a unit at all times, leaving nothing to chance in a revolutionary period, the necessity of individual subordination to the group, and the group to the national body."

Such is the program of dictatorships—a complete submergence of individual thought and action—a cruel system to mechanize the brain of man. Such is the aim of many to destroy the last vestige of self-reliance and individual effort, with all its joys of creation.

HUGH BRADFORD REED

Dear Comrade Graham:

Your explanation of the "Anarchist Attitude Toward the Machine," in the March issue of MANI is very refreshing among many of the articles to me, as a Christian Anarchist, have seemed somewhat too bombastic. Especially your statement that "Anarchy, to me, means an ethical conception of life." As you know, Kropotkin in his "Fields, Factories and Workshops," and Edward Carpenter in his "Civilization, its Cause and Cure," held that the human race was not to be saved by the machine or any mechanized society, but by a society in which the individual was inspired to create, not simply to copy a pattern by the hundred of millions. Our own Voltairine De Cleyre also stated that "A sinner is not made into a saint by simply filling his stomach."

In a review of Ralph Borsodi's "This Ugly Civilization," in the June, 1933, issue of "Freedom," I quote: "It is the factory, not the machine, which is responsible for the extension of the soul-deadening repetitive labor that is the greatest curse of this civilization," and also "in the feudal-civilization of the past we had to work for the nobility, and had therefore to be servants to the nobles and the kings . . . in our present factory-dominated civilization we have to work for the factory, and so we are servants to the capitalists who own the factories . . . In a Socialistic civilization we would have to work for the state, and we would become servants to the men who govern the state." In the February number of "Freedom," I have also a book review on Borsodi's more recent book, "Flight from the City." Here it is shown the contrast of the farmer of 100 years ago who produced nearly everything on his own homestead with the utter helplessness of the inhabitants of an industrial center today; and also the demoralization of Russia, where the handmade Russian blouse is being replaced by factory made western garments. Also the illustration of our industrial system taking the loom out of our homes into the factory; producing a nation of neurotics and "problem" children by the hectic life of modern so-called civilization, and then placing the looms in institutions to make the victims of this deprivation well again, to turn them back again into their loomless homes, to break down again.

If the dream of the Technocrats of 2 hours work a day and \$20,000 a year came true through the machine, of what value would it be to the real progress of the world? During the war time and the Coolidge prosperity following when wages were high, the workers did not study and think—they bought a new car and a new radio and more bootleg whiskey.

We need the spirit of the pioneer, the simplicity, courage and the spirit of the search for truth of Jesus, St. Francis, Thor-eau, Tolstoi, Debs and Ghandi, rather than the heaven of mediocrity which the machine seeks to bring.

The machine in the home is of value to lighten the task of the housewife, and such machines as the sewing machine, an improved loom, pressure cookers, etc., teach our youngsters to be useful and to seek to look upon work as a joy and not as a drudgery which must be escaped.

Radicals and Anarchists who stress the change of the forms of political, economic and religious life, hoping that the individual will react to an improved environment, forget that these forms may come and go and we humans still lie, cheat, steal and kill. No one can say that a certain form of economic, political or religious society is better for everyone. These forms can only be changed wholesale by force and power, which Tolstoi says, depraves the tyrant and the slave. The worthwhile change will only come voluntarily from within each individual, and not through groups; when this change is made the form that is fitting will be the natural result. This is the essence of Jesus' teachings when he spoke of a kingdom "in the hearts of men." A mechanized society is the very antithesis of this thought.

AMMON A. HENNACY

The Nazi Beasts

A report comes from Munich that the murderer of Erich Muehsam, Eicke, former commander of the concentration camp Dachau, has been elevated to the rank of Nazi inspector of all concentration camps, and right-hand man of the S. S. storm troop police chief, Himmler.

Together with the recognition of Eicke's services in doing away with the bitterly hated Muehsam, the following details show the manner in which the murder of the well-known anarchist writer was committed. Muehsam was taken to the administration building. He was tortured and beaten until he lost consciousness. Then an injection was administered, which killed him. The body was taken to a closet in the rear of the building and hung on a rafter so as to create the impression that Muehsam had committed suicide. The men who aided the murdered Eicke are the storm troop leaders Ehrath and Konstantin Werner.

Nomad Vilifies Again

Our attention has been called to an article of Max Nomad that had appeared in the June, 1934 Scribner's, wherein it is said:

"There have been socialist schools, such as anarchism and syndicalism, which professed to go beyond the mere establishment of State capitalism. In practice, however, they do not differ essentially from either the moderate socialists of the western democratic persuasion, or from the revolutionary Russian style."

The wording of Nomad's statement is a false one. He speaks of these "have been" schools such as anarchism, implying, that they no longer exist. His conclusions are just as untrue, and any sincere student of the radical movement could point this out to Max Nomad. The liberal capitalist magazines may be very happy to pay Nomad good cash for such garbled trash, but the intelligent readers knows much better than that.

Debasing Poetry

John D. Rockefeller, was evidently not content with founding in his name a "Rockefeller Center" where Business and "Art" goes hand in hand. He, the leading pirate thief of America, has now established in that prostituted temple a (?) "national poetry centre"! And as to spit into the face of the very word Poetry, the shameless pirate placed this scribbling under his photo:

"I was early taught to work as well as play;
My life has been one long, happy holiday,—
I dropped the worry on the way—
And God was good to me in every way."
No self-respecting poet should allow his creations or photo to be disgraced in the company and "temple" of such an impudent scoundrell!

Proposed Lecture Tour

Several comrades complain to me in private letters about the stagnation in our movement, and are urging me to undertake a lecture tour through the country. Although not quite well physically, I would be willing to make a circuit through the Eastern States if comrades were eager to arrange lectures in their respective communities. And I do not mean only in the large cities, but also in the smaller places. Big cities are overfed on lectures and the smaller places neglected. Some lecturers and propagandists seem to think that people in small places are not interested in our ideas; they are greatly mistaken. Especially would I like to hear from comrades in the mining districts in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri where I spoke many years ago and left such eager and enthusiastic friends. Comrades willing to arrange lectures ought to communicate with me as soon as possible. The topics will be:

In the vice of State Socialism.

From Marxism to Stalinism.

Anarchism versus Bolshevism.

Anarchism and the American Traditions.

The Anarchist's Position in the Labor Movement.

Can Industrialism Create a Free Society?

The Artist's Role in the Social Movement.

With fraternal greetings,

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL,

Stelton, New Jersey.

For further information write to Anna L. Sasnovsky, at the same address.

BEFORE THERE CAN BE A UNITED FRONT!

Provocative Agents of the Kremlin

In the letter that was published last week*, Comrade Alfonso Petrini categorically belied the calumnies and falsehoods by which the General Secretary of the Third International had answered to the members of the French delegations who had gone to Russia on May Day.

It is false, Petrini had said, that I had been arrested in a forest: instead I was arrested in the branch-office of the Syndicate's International, in the heart of Moscow. It is false that I had been found together with a functionary of the Fascist Embassy: at the moment of my arrest, there was no one with me. It is untrue that there has been found on my person compromising documents. I did not even have a piece of paper with me. And it is also untrue that I had consigned those documents to a fascist functionary: documents and fascist functionary are but inventions.

To Petrini, during seven years of persecution, none of these circumstances have ever been contested, therefore they were invented wholly for the use and consumption of the French delegates.

The denial is categorical. Let us now listen to what the functionaries of the Russian bolshevik party and their parrots of the International Communist Party will have to say. Since they will have something to say, were it only to justify themselves in front of the delegates of the French Commission, those who believed or feigned to believe the falsehoods by which the Secretary Manonilski had answered to their questions concerning the Petrini case.

Certainly: The ex-anarchist of Marsiglia and the delegate of the Italian "chauffeurs" of Paris, have been satisfied with very superficial explanations: perhaps they believed in good faith, perhaps not; but in either case, in front of the categories denied by Petrini it is presumable that in defense of their good faith, they feel the necessity of asking for explanations upon the falsehoods of Manonilski. And the Bolsheviks will have to give them because, as there are more perhaps than two delegates in question, there are hundreds and millions of anxious workers who want to know if, and for what hidden reasons, the Secretary of the Third International had really lowered himself by relating infamous falsehoods to the delegates/whom the French workers had sent to Russia in order to see and be able to understand the truth of the so-called "proletarian republic." Here, as everyone sees it, it is a terrible knavery. Manonilski accuses Petrini: Petrini categorically belies Manonilski. The truth is one, who says it?

In the expectation that the truth will emerge in all its fulness, we received a second letter from Comrade Petrini which confirms the preceding one and adds other particulars. Petrini, therefore writes:

"Citizen Manonilski is a liar who lies with full consciousness of lying, in the interest of his party and in hatred toward anarchism. But he isn't the only evil-doer.

I accuse the ex-deputy Gennari—representative of the Italian Section to the International Syndicate, at the time of my arrest;—I accuse citizen Germanetto—then a representative of the Italian Section to the International Syndicate, and I accuse citizen Grandi—then a representative of the Italian Red Aid, of having tempted to ensnare into the web of a provocative agent, four other anarchists together with myself: one Italian and three Russians.

This is what it's about: In 1927 an individual came to Russia who was said to be a communist and a fugitive after the movement of June 1927 in Vienna. When it was discovered that this person wasn't a communist and was questioned as to his being, he said he was an anarchist and that he had come to Russia to meet with the group of Italian Anarchists living in Moscow and then to go to Italy to attempt taking the life of Mussolini.

Gennari feigned to believe in the anarchism of this scoundrel, and still knowing that he was a provocative agent he sent him to me, so that I would put him in contact with the comrades of Moscow. Of the way I received him, when sent by Gennari, when he came to my room, the communist Sormenti can testify. The provocative agent marched off more quickly than he had come; after a few days he ran away from Moscow and he was afterwards arrested at the Finland frontier.

The attempt made by the communist provokers to compromise me and the other comrades through this scoundrel, failed.

It failed to such a point that I wasn't even questioned upon this incident (see my interrogatory of Dec. 24, 1927) and the accusation of spying that was laid upon me, rested exclusively upon the fact of my going to the consulate, the fact of which, as I have said, I had previously informed the representative of the Italian Communist Party.

This accusation is absolutely disbelieved even by those who make it. During the 35 days of my seclusion without a warrant of arrest, for at least five times the attempt was renewed of convincing me to enter into the service of the G. P. U., which service I should naturally have begun by compromising my comrades.

From these attempts my persecutors never desisted: in this year the officers of the G. P. U. have repeated it twice, not because they consider me as an important person but because they want to purchase my silence upon the sufferings they inflicted on me, and they know that only by selling myself to them, can I discredit myself.

*The letter spoken of herein appeared in our Italian contemporary weekly, "L'Adunata dei Refrattari," wherefrom the foregoing is being reprinted. The material presented on this page gains more in importance by the significant events now taking place in Russia, and being dealt with on the first page of this issue.—Editor.

Now, I have remained what I always have been, and I won't yield.

For me there are only the following solutions: either the public trial in the tribunals of the regime; or the judgement of an International Commission consisting of honest men; without distinction of parts; or otherwise a mixed commission of anarchists and communists.

Let the comrades and workers that take my case to heart, ask and insists that the trial against me take place.

PETRINI*.

The Communist Congress Against War and Fascism at Chicago

It might be interesting for you to know that the letter from the South Side Libertarian Group which you published under the heading of "Demand an Investigation" was also submitted to the Nation, the New Republic and various other liberal and radical journals. As far as I know, no other journal but MANI has seen fit to print it. No further comment is necessary. We know and can recognize the genuine cry for Freedom.

I am enclosing a copy of a leaflet which two of the Chicago groups distributed at the doors of the Bolshevik-controlled U. S. Congress against War and Fascism. The communists considerably interfered with our doing it, tearing the leaflets from our hands and throwing them into the gutter, but, nevertheless, we succeeded in distributing several thousand leaflets. Many of the people into whose hands we put this leaflet were people absolutely sincere and could hardly be called communist sympathizers, they were people who came to the congress thinking that it was to be a united display against War and Fascism instead of the usual communist rally. Let us hope that our exposure of the true nature of the Bolsheviks may have some effect.

Comradely,

WILLIAM BACON

The Leaflet

The Anarchist view of war is unique among radical schools of thought. Our anti-war policy is consistent and without reservations. We refuse to support any government in war. This follows logically from our opposition to capitalism and the state. We could not fight for institutions we wish to abolish.

We know that in the next war, governments will attempt as they have in the past to stampede radicals into support of the war, presenting it as an idealistic crusade. They will make a bid for radical support, against Nazi Germany, or for or against Bolshevik Russia. In the case of Germany or any Fascist country, it goes without saying that we are against Fascism as we are against dictatorship of any kind. This is no new thing in Anarchist thought. We are for active resistance to Fascism but we will not be used as pawns in the game of one government against another. Nothing ever has or ever can be gained from such tactics. Our appeal is to the people, over their government.

In like manner, we deny the claim that radicals should give support to a war in defense of Bolshevik Russia. The government of Bolshevik Russia has systematically repressed and persecuted all save official opinion. To justify such a policy in one country and condemn it in others seems to us the height of inconsistency. On the other hand, we could not, for this or any other reason, be induced to support other governments in projects against Russia. We believe that social and economic changes must come from the people themselves and are not to be forced upon them by governmental agencies or foreign intervention. We refuse to support any government in any war.

Our anti-war policy is concrete and without concealment. We believe that in time of peace, the foundations must be laid for successful opposition to war. We believe that the masses of the people must be made to realize that it is against their real interests, not only to join armies but to build battleships, work in munitions factories, or give any aid to industries which directly contribute to war.

In the event of war, we are for refusal of military service save where it has revolutionary uses. We are for propaganda at the front and behind the lines. We are for partial and general strikes, for establishment of fraternal relations between soldiers and citizens of opposing countries. We will favor and attempt every measure which can obstruct a government in the successful operation of a war. We will endeavor to turn the forces mobilized for war to the uses of the social revolution.

We invite all those whose anti-war policy is as genuine as our own and as free from disguise or ulterior motive to work with us.

THE SOUTH SIDE LIBERTARIAN GROUP
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO,
LIBERTARIAN GROUP.

The Stand of the Russian Anarchists

The Russian Anarchist-Communist Groups of U. S. and Canada held their yearly conference at Chicago last September. They adopted the following resolution on the United Front against Fascism and Capitalism:

"Taking in consideration, that the so-called regime of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" in Soviet Russia has robbed completely the country of every political freedom and builded up governmental slavery,—

"Taking in consideration, that the communists of all countries justify and defend that regime and are striving to establish such a regime in their respective countries,—

"Taking further into consideration, that the Socialists of the Second Socialist International also strive towards dictatorship and they carry through, united with the bourgeoisie, a political course of gruesome battle against the free anti-dictatorial labor movement. For example, in Spain, where

they have suppressed the revolutionary labor movement with fascist methods,—

"And taking all this into consideration, we Russian anarchist-communists, living in the United States and Canada, maintain that a united front with the parties of dictatorial socialism, which is the father of modern fascism, is absolutely impossible.

"There can be possible talk about a united front only then, when the socialist and communist parties will disown themselves from dictatorship, only when, in Soviet Russia all political freedom will again be re-established, only then, when the Russian bolsheviks will liberate all political imprisoned and exiled prisoners and will build up a united front in Russia.

"As long as the preliminary demands are not fulfilled, the united front, that communists and socialists are proposing against fascism is but a LIE, that covers the communist fascism in the Soviet Union; as long, as these demands are not being fulfilled, the united front against exploitation and capitalism in a LIE, with which is being attempted to hide the horrible exploitation of the Russian people and by which is being attempted to defend the worst sort of capitalism—State Capitalism; as long, as these demands are not being fulfilled, the united front to free the political prisoners in capitalistic countries is a LIE, because the communists of all countries are defending the Russian despotism and, in such a manner, they take upon themselves the responsibility for the shooting, arresting, and exiling of non-partisan revolutionary workers and peasants, anarchists and socialists.

"So long, as the above numbered demands are not acceded to, the united front is a LIE, because the members of the Second Socialist International, have justified, and are still justifying, thereby taking upon themselves the responsibility for the fascist methods, that the Spanish socialists have employed, when they have declared as outlawed the revolutionary labor movement, when they have throttled the labor press and when they have put in the prisons thousands of revolutionary workers and peasants."

Superstition and Progress

Every well informed person knows, today, that man has evolved from lower forms of animal life. With this evolution in mind we may imagine the progress he has made in ideas and social valuations. Primitive man worshipped the sun, which was natural because from it came both heat and light, which are necessary to all forms of life. With the discovery of fire part of his worship was transferred to it. And if we skip many ages we may assume that by the time he was able to intelligently use the forces of nature, to make tools and weapons, his ideas as to the primary source of human well-being changed greatly. But he was still incapable to efficiently master nature for his own advantage. Probably about this time his perception and thought led him to believe that, as he was himself instrumental in controlling his well-being and observing many things both benevolent and malevolent occurred without his intervention, all these phenomena was caused by an anthropomorphic god. The Bible gives evidence that this god had all the attributes of man, that he was half demon and half benevolent and merciful. Naturally men did all in their power to propitiate this powerful being, and, in their fear but under the pretext of loving him, catered to and gifted those who claimed to have special ability to win his favors. These original medicine men worked hand in hand with the powerful, who managed by their physical prowess and cunning to gain control, subjugate, and exploit those not so aggressively constituted. So, at this time, what we now understand as the church and state were so closely allied as to be almost indistinguishable. Now it may be well to reflect that these occurrences, in a time when the struggle for existence was desperate and often unsuccessful—when the modern phenomenon of "over-production" was unknown, are easily understood and predatory instincts somewhat justified by conditions. However, even up to modern times has the belief persisted that the king was divinely appointed and his coronation a religious ritual. Democracy succeeding Monarchy, it is natural to expect that this change carried with it many of the superstitions and customs of the preceding era.

Now all through this evolution man has labored under a superstitions which is in essence the same—the belief that something external to himself, whether it be a force, a personality, or mundane individuals—was or is going to do something for him. This is the essence of both the god idea and, what is evolution of the same thing, the political myth. It is the belief in Santa Claus. As long as this disreputable superstitions exists in the minds of men, they will have no liberty, no self respect, no independence. It is a belief that makes of a man a craven, slavish, and hypocritical being. It is this belief that destroys human dignity and self-reliance and makes of man a supine prayer to non-existent gods and a credulous believer in the wiles and promises of politicians. It is this belief that makes him a mumbler, a fool, and a dupe. And not until he realizes the great importance of the platitudes "God helps those who help themselves" (never did god get such a tactful kick in the pants) or "if you want anything done, do it yourself," will he ever emerge from the disgraceful conditions which infest the world today.

LAURENCE LABADIE

Technically we at least have the means of creating the material foundations of a good life, not for a minority but for the mass of mankind. But socially we are surrounded by obsolete institutions and practices that are hostile to the new order. Blindly holding on to their privileges, the ruling castes prefer to face chaos rather than a fundamental change in the social order.

—LEWIS MUMFORD.

IN RETROSPECT

A Fascist Dictatorship For America?

The sensational revelations made by Major Gen. Smedley D. Butler before a congressional investigation committee, that Wall Street interests have raised millions of dollars and offered him to lead a private army of 500,000 and to overthrow Roosevelt by establishing a fascist dictatorship has caused consternation among all those concerned.

That Wall Street should be at work preparing a fascist dictatorship for this country can only surprise the naive. We would like any one to name a single fascist dictatorship that has been established in North America or Europe that has not been financed and made possible only by, and with, the direct aid of Wall Street.

Whenever the money changers begin to sense that Roosevelt can no longer continue to mislead and to hold in check the suffering masses of the country, they will institute a fascist dictatorship before the "citizenship of the greatest democracy" will have realized it. One need only glance at the Hearst Daily Liars to realize that we have already in this country a brazen fascist press reaching millions of people daily.

Whenever the coup will take place, our liberals, socialists, communists, technocrats, utopians, and social creditors will, in most instances, surrender. The uncompromising rebels of all shades will be killed or jailed. Such are the prospects for the future as a result of civilization's leading guide in its existence: COMPROMISE.

In the struggle for Liberty there can be no compromise with Slavery. The victorious King of today is Compromise, and as long as this king is worshipped, humanity will remain in chains.

Thunder Over the Colleges

The depression has hit the colleges too. In normal times these temples of misinformation were immune from radical ideas. But no longer does the diploma mean a safety berth at the expense of others. In fact, this easy-going class has been hit the hardest by the breakdown of the present order. Radical thoughts therefore find a fertile field on the college campus. But the watch-dogs of Mammon, the professional lackeys, are on guard, so students are expelled in colleges of New York as well as in California. Pay-tribes shamelessly admit acting as spies upon students at the University of California. Huey Long fires students daring to criticize his Fascist reign in Louisiana. If this were not enough, along came the U. S. Supreme Court of the present system, and gave an O. K. to compulsory military training in the colleges. To top the whole proceedings, the Federal Trade Commission revealed that the Utilities Interests of Mr. Insull and Company have spent no less than \$1,312,264.77 in bribing professors and universities to "teach" the students how "beneficient" it is for the "citizens" to be robbed by the utilities. These respectable thieves had even text books written to their order. (All this was long ago exposed in a book, but very little attention was paid to it then.)

All these happenings on the educational fields are thunderings that should leave some effect upon thinking students. The entire educational system is but a fraudulent hoax upon the credulous. It is carried on in the interests of the present order, therefore, the Supreme Court is not wrong in supporting militarism in the colleges just as the utility thieves are not wrong—bribing the educators.

The sympathy strikes by the students for the ousted ones, and in the interests of free expression, are a sign of awakening. The students can now realize that their true interests as students seeking the truth must lead them to align themselves openly with those ideas and movements that really aim at the battle for a new society wherein the words Freedom in Education should assume more than a mere cloak phrase under which hypocrites of our colleges are attempting to hide the present system of coercion and cheating, robbing and lying, that are its basic proofs of existence.

Justice and the Mooney Case

For seventeen long years the bandit rulers of California have been keeping Warren K. Billings and Thomas J. Mooney imprisoned for the crime of having been true fighters of the workers' struggle for justice. Had these two men been willing to betray the workers, they would have now been occupying "soft" well paying jobs under the state and federal administration as so many scores of labor traitors have done and are now doing.

The guilt of these two is no longer an issue in the case ever since Judge Griffith, who sentenced them, has been fighting to obtain a retrial. The attorney general is "willing" to aid them in obtaining a new trial, but cannot find any legal grounds for doing so!

If ever there was a glaring illustration of class justice and justice blind, a comparison of this case with the trial of

Samuel and Martin Insull and Charles E. Mitchell prove this. These three named were accused of robbing hundreds of thousands of people of their last savings. Many of their victims committed suicide in despair. Samuel Insull felt himself so guilty that he fled the country and was in hiding for two years. Despite all this, juries found all three not guilty! The so-called "department of justice" is busy murdering victims of a chaotic unjust society like Dillinger and Nelson, but will not bring to justice an Insull or a Mitchell.

By a legal "trick," the defenders of Mooney succeeded last year in placing him on trial anew, only to be freed by the Judge without a trial—on the very same charge that he is still being kept imprisoned. It is upon this technicality that the Supreme Court of U. S. has ordered the State of California to show cause why Mooney should not be given a new trial.

It was the action of the Supreme Court which prompted the self-styled liberal, Mr. Raymond Moley, chief spokesman of the Roosevelt administration, to come forward with an open letter to the tool of California's thieves, Mr. Merriam, asking him to pardon Mooney "so that we can forget him!"

It is hard to conceive anything more despicable, shameful, and imbecilic than the worded appeal of Moley to Merriam. It exposes in all its utter ugliness the rotten-to-the-core soul of this liberal—a hater of everything that concerns real justice for the workers.

To the workers it should matter very little as to what the Supreme Court will decide. These chief guardians of the present order have never as yet granted anything that the people have made known beyond any doubt that they must and will have. If the workers can show by direct acts of solidarity that Mooney and Billings must be freed—the Supreme Court will sanction the demand. Not before.

Communists and the American Legion

In Portland, Oregon, Dirk De Jonge and Kyle Pugh, members of the Communist party, have been sentenced to seven and five years imprisonment under the criminal syndicalist law. The American Legion of that city raised a special fund with which they hired an attorney to help in obtaining convictions of the Communists. At the convention of the American Legion held in San Francisco, one of its chiefs claimed proudly the credit for all the raids carried out upon the Communists in the recent general strike. At the national convention of the same Legion, held at Miami, a concerted fight upon every radical in the country was decided upon.

Now all these acts by the American Legion are of no surprise to those who have been following the activities of this organization ever since its coming to life. It was born out of pillage and murder in the recent World War. It was reared by the capitalist exploiters of the country, as is being thoroughly proved in the current issue of the American Mercury. It has repeatedly aided in breaking every strike of workers when the police and soldiers were not able to do so themselves. In short, it is an organization that is an avowed enemy of the workers' struggle for a just society. Despite these established facts, the central office of the Communist party in New York City has nominated a 15-year-old member, Paul P. Crosbie, of the American Legion, as its candidate for Congress!

When the Ku Klux Klan was at its height, one of the leading members of the Communist party (Dunn) joined as a "duty" to make propaganda. No doubt the same excuse will be offered by the leaders for their present act. Still, it is to be hoped that there may yet be left some elements within the

They Say So--Themselves

Our movement is in urgent need of being born again. We may gain the world of office and lose our souls.—George Lansbury, former Labor minister of the English Labor Government.

The "New Leader" (Socialist) of New York reports the issuing of a pamphlet by active German social democratic exiles wherein they state that from 1918, during 13 years of the Weimar Republic, the German Social Democracy remained a "party which accepted the bourgeois state and the capitalist state." Furthermore, the pamphlet goes on:

"To protect this bourgeois republic against the rebelling working class, to defend it against a more advanced revolution, it disarmed the proletariat, but on the other hand placed the power of the state in the hands of the officers of the old Imperial state, the reactionary citizens' guard and the Free Corps, in short, all those counter-revolutionary organizations out of which grew the National Socialist movement, which was ultimately to drive that same party leadership out of the country. In every critical situation, in the inflation, in crisis after crisis, and during the reactionary attack by the bourgeoisie against the interests of labor it placed the interests of the bourgeois state above the interests of the proletarian class struggle, and boasted, withal, of its 'sense of responsibility'."

If patriotism and love of country are taboo in our Socialist movement, what a perfect set-up we offer, we and our red flag, for the first real fascist attack! We stand self-branded as opposed to the Stars and Stripes.—Joseph W. Shorts in the New York "New Leader."

This experience (of Austria) teaches us that no genuine strong democracy is possible as long as the economic power remains in the hands of the capitalists, aristocrats and the clergy, who will use it to crush the democracy.—Otto Bauer, for scores of years a leading Socialist government official in Austria.

This is the last issue that will be received by readers who have not rendered any material aid toward the upkeep of the paper. Those not in a position to pay their subscription will be extended the courtesy of credit, upon request.

By the Editor

Communist party that can think for themselves and realize the insanity of such misdeeds. Or, shall it be accepted that the Communist party and the American Legion aim at the same goals and therefore can work hand in hand?

The People Are Always Ready

How often one hears the people derided, ridiculed, and traduced by would-be saviours: the people are dumb, they neither think nor act, they are submissive slaves, and so on. But it has seldom been attempted to throw back all these slanders. The erstwhile drowned-in-blood revolution of Spain furnishes most striking proofs to this effect.

More than five thousand people lost their lives in the last October uprising. Probably more than twice that many were crippled, and twelve times that many imprisoned. Thus the derided people answered the call for a united front against the rising power of Fascism in Spain. The people were even willing to forget that the callers for the united front were erstwhile liberals and socialists who helped to drown in blood the uprisings of January and December of two years ago. And while the people fought as bravely as the Paris Communards, the Louis Companys and Azanas betrayed the uprising a few days after it had begun!

Whatever encouragement and direct aid by participation was given to the heroic fighting people came from the Anarcho-Syndicalists and Anarchists, although neither of the two last named wanted to participate in a united front with the socialist hangman Cabalero, Azana, and Company of the December and January uprisings. This last uprising proved the most costly of all, and the people will not forget that it was the so-called liberal leaders of it who were the first to betray it.

In January, 1933, the workers of Spain rose in one of the most inspiring spontaneous rebellions of the country. It was that rebellion that had perhaps every chance of ending in the triumph of real Freedom and Justice. The Socialists and Communists held aloof from the very beginning, since the impending uprising was an "anarchist inspired" one. Unfortunately for that momentous uprising, the Anarcho-Syndicalist spokesmen withdrew their support from it when it was most needed, thereby causing it to end in utter failure.

In December, 1933, the Anarcho-Syndicalists inspired the people to a new rebellion. The people again responded. Cabalero and the Liberal-Socialist coalition regime did their very best to defeat this new attempt, as did the Communists by boycotting it.

The betrayals of the Liberals and Socialists finally led to their own undoing. The very acts that they framed against the rebelling movements were now being applied by the rising fascist rulers against them. Then, and not before, did the Caballeros and Azanas with their Socialist and Liberal followers, alongside of the Communist leaders, began to shout for a "united front." The Anarcho-Syndicalists and Anarchists didn't want to have anything to do with such a united front of misleaders and traitors, and the subsequent events related at the outset fully vindicated their stand.

But more vindicated than any one else stand the People, ever ready to lay down their lives for any struggle that holds out a hope for Justice and Freedom.

The erstwhile defeat and sacrifice of the people in Spain was not in vain. It was a costly bloody lesson: never again to entrust any kind of leaders with the fate of a revolution for Freedom and Justice, but to rely on their own initiative and will to overthrow the present order and to begin the rebuilding of a free society where Governments, Exploiters, and Misleaders shall no longer have any place in.

In A Civilized Society

Recent findings of the Labor Research Association reveal the destruction of food that is taking place in the interest of profits. Here are their findings:

Barley—Canada, burned for fuel.
Carrots—Florida, one-third to one-half turned back to the farmers when brought to wholesalers.

Celery—Florida, 30,000 crates destroyed in February, 1933.
Coffee—Brazil, 7,750,000 bags destroyed during last six months of 1933.

Corn—United States, planting reduced 20,000,000 acres in 1934.

Cotton—Egypt, planting to be reduced for three years . . . United States, some 10,500,000 acres plowed under last year, planting to be reduced from 40,000,000 acres to 25,000,000 acres in 1934.

Grapes—New York, entire crop allowed to rot (year unspecified).

Hogs—United States, killed off 6,200,000 pigs and 220,000 sows in 1933; program for 1934 in corn reduction calls also for 25 per cent cut in hog farrowing—a removal from the market of 2,000,000 sows.

Milk—New York, marked cut in production ordered . . . Los Angeles, 200,000 quarts dumped in sewers monthly . . . Hartford, 20,000 quarts daily dumped . . . Under AAA a 15 per cent reduction in milk and butterfat proposed, involving cut of 600,000 in number of milk cows.

Oranges—Spain, 1,500,000 destroyed in August, 1933 . . . California, destroyed everywhere; in one place mile-long pile left out to rot.

Peaches—United States—large growers destroyed 80,000 trees . . . California, pack cut from 18,000,000 cases in 1930 to 13,000,000 in 1931.

Pears—Oregon, one-half of crop on Rogue river fed to hogs. Salmon—Alaska, 40,000 destroyed in one place, Katcekan bay.

Sheep—Chile, 225,000 destroyed in June, 1933 . . . United States, hundreds of thousands killed and left for coyotes . . . Australia, unknown number destroyed.

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ANARCHIST IDEAS: "The God Pestilence" . . .

(February 15, 1846 - March 17, 1906) JOHN MOST

Among all mental diseases which man has systematically inoculated into his cranium, the religious pest is the most abominable.

Like all things else, this disease has a history; it is only regrettable that in this case nothing will be found of the development from nonsense to reason, which is generally assumed to be the course of history.

Old Zeus and his double, Jupiter, were still quite decent, jolly, and we might even say, somewhat enlightened fellows if compared with the last triplet on the pedigree of gods who, on examination, can safely rival with Vitzliputzli as to brutality and cruelty.

We won't argue at all with the pensioned or dethroned gods, for they no longer do any harm. But the more modern, still officiating cloud-lollers and terrorists of hell we shall criticize, expose and vanquish the more disrespectfully.

The Christians have a three-fold God, their ancestors, the Jews, were content with a single simpleton. Otherwise both species are quite a humorous crowd. "Old and New Testament" are to them the sources of all knowledge; therefore, willing or not, one must read the "holy writ" if one wants to fathom their shallowness and learn to deride them.

How "God" Created Heaven and Earth

If we only take the "history" of these deities, we find an ample sufficiency for the characterization of the whole. In a short sketch the case stands thus:

In the beginning God "created" heaven and earth—consequently he found himself next of all in a complete void, where it surely may have been dreary enough to bore even a deity, and it being but a trifle for a god to conjure worlds out of nothing by magic, like a juggler shaking eggs or silver dollars out of his coat-sleeves, so he (God) "created" heaven and earth. Somewhat later he moulded the sun, moon and stars to suit himself.

It is true, certain heretics, called astronomers, have established long since that the earth neither is, nor could have been the center of the universe, nor could its existence have antedated that of the sun, around which it revolves. These people have proved it to be sheer lunacy to speak of sun, moon and stars, and with the same breath of the earth as being, compared with the former, something special and of great preponderance. It has been taught to every schoolboy that the sun is only a star, the earth one of its satellites, and the moon an undersatellite of the earth; and, furthermore, that the earth, compared with the universe, far from acting a conspicuous part, is only an atom, looking like a grain of dust.

But why should a god concern himself about astronomy? He does what he pleases, and poohs science and logic. For this reason, he made, after manufacturing the earth, first the light, and afterwards the sun. Today even a Hottentot can understand there can be no light on earth without the sun, but God—well, he is no Hottentot.

But let us continue to investigate. Thus far the "creation" was quite a success, but there was still something lacking—things were not lively enough. The creator wanted some pastime, therefore he finally made man. Curiously enough, he now deviated entirely from the method previously applied. Instead of accomplishing this creation by a simple and imperative "let it be!" he made it exceedingly troublesome. He took a prosaic lump of common clay in his hand, modelled it into the figure of a man "after his own image," and "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." God being of infinite wisdom, benign, just, in short—amability itself—it occurred to him that this Adam, as he had named his last article, being alone, would find life exceedingly tedious (perhaps he remembered his own former lonely existence in "Nothing"), and so he made him quite a nice, enticing little Eve. But in the meantime experience had evidently taught him, that the handling of a lump of clay was a rather unclean business, especially for a god, therefore he applied another new method of manufacture. He tore (dexterity is no witchcraft, least of all for a god) a rib out of Adam's body, and changed it into a charming female. Whether this rib, extracted from Adam, was restored at a later period, or whether after the performed operation Adam had to rub about in the world as a "one-sided" individual, is a matter upon which the polite historian says nothing.

Modern natural science has established that animals and plants have, through the most manifold ramifications, developed during the course of millions of years from simple molluscous matter to their present forms. Man is nothing but the most perfect form of his development, and, that he not only had, some thousands of years ago, a very brutish appearance, without language, but also, that he—every other supposition excludes itself—must have developed from inferior animal species.

Consequently, natural science stamps God with his self-proclaimed creation of man as a preposterous braggart. But of what avail is all this?—God won't have any tomfoolery. Whether his tales have a scientific ring, or whether they sound like foolish babble, he commands belief in them, otherwise he will let it come to pass that his competitor, the "devil," will get you into his clutches, which is supposed to be quite uncomfortable. For in hell there is not only moaning and the gnashing of teeth, but an eternal fire burns, an indefatigable worm is gnawing your soul, and a dreadful stench of burning pitch and sulphur fills the air. To all these discomforts the bodiless man is supposed to be exposed. His flesh, of which he is void, is stewed; his decayed and fallen-out teeth clatter; he howls without a throat or lungs; he smells without a nose—and all this eternally. A devil of a go! Taking all in all, God is, as he candidly informs us in his autobiographical chronicle—the Bible—extremely whimsical and revengeful; actually an ideal model of a despot.

Hardly were Adam and Eve in existence, before God took it as a matter of course that this rabble must be governed. He decreed a penal code, which said categorically, "Thou shalt not eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge!" Since that time no tyrant has existed anywhere, who did not lay down the same decree for the people.

Adam and Eve did not respect this prohibition, therefore they were exiled and sentenced to hard labor for life—they and their descendants for all time to come. Beyond this "civil rights" were taken away from Eve, she being declared to be a bond-servant to Adam, whom she was to obey. Besides, both of them were to be under eternal divine police surveillance. Verily, not even William (the German Emperor), has got ahead of him as a haberdasher of human affairs.

But in spite of God's useless severity to mankind they angered him more and more in proportion as they multiplied. How rapidly this multiplication took place is demonstrated by the history of Cain and Abel. After the former had slain his brother, he went into "a strange land, and took unto himself a wife." Where the location of this strange land, and whence the women that were to be found there, God has forgotten to mention, a matter of no surprise, considering the burden of overwork he had to perform at that time.

At last the cup was overflowing. God resolved to destroy all mankind by means of water. Only a few specimens of the race were excepted, with which to make another trial. Unfortunately, notwithstanding all his wisdom he had made a misgrab, for Noah, the chief of the saved, soon unmasked as a grand old toper, with whom his daughters raised "Hail Columbia." What good could ever come of so degraded a family?

Again mankind spread; again they developed to such simpletons and rascals in sin—about whom the renowned Mecklenburger song-book states so much viciousness—that God felt like bursting with heavenly wrath, the more so, as all his exemplary local punishments, such as the destruction of whole cities with fire and brimstone, were entirely disregarded and "thrown to the dogs." He resolved to destroy the whole mob, root and branch, when a really remarkable event occurred, which toned him down considerably. Otherwise mankind would have been done for long ago.

The "Holy Ghost" and Mary

One fine day a certain "holy ghost" suddenly appeared upon the stage. He came hither like a wart over night, nobody knew whence. The Bible-scribe (God) merely says he himself was the holy ghost. All at once we have to deal with a dual deity. Said holy ghost took a notion to descend in the shape of a dove, or rather of a cock-pigeon, and to enter into an intimacy with an obscure woman named Mary. In a sweet hour he "overshadowed" the selected of his heart, and lo! she gave birth to a baby boy, which occurrence, as God positively avers in the Bible, never encroached the least bit upon her virginity. Now, this boy was not only human, he was also God, being the son of God (of the holy ghost). The first mentioned God now called himself God the father, at the same time assuring us of his identity not only with the holy ghost, but also with God the son. The father to be his own son, the son his own father, and either or both the holy ghost. Thus the "holy trinity" was shaped.—Neat!

And now, poor human brain, stand firm, for what now follows is enough to stagger a horse. We know that God the father had resolved to fricassee the whole human rabble. This intention filled the son with unbearable sorrow. He (being his own father), shouldered all the guilt of man, and allowed himself to appease the fury of the father (being his own son), to be cruelly put to death by the "to be redeemed" rabble—of course, not without subsequently ascending hale and hearty to heaven. This sacrifice of the son (who is one with the father), tickled the father (who is one with the son), to such an extent, that he immediately proclaimed a general amnesty—under conditions—which partly remain in force today.

That is the "historical" part in the "Holy Scriptures." Here we see that absurdity and nonsense are put on so thick that those who are already idiotic enough to digest such stuff are susceptible to the most crazy hallucinations. Among these must be classed first and foremost the doctrine of reward and punishment of mankind in the "great hereafter." It has long ago been scientifically proved that there is no existence of a soul independent of the body. That which the religious humbuggers call soul, is nothing more or less than the seat of thought, the brain, which receives impressions by means of the living senses, and by such impressions becomes active; and consequently, at the moment of physical dissolution this action necessarily must cease. But what care the deadly enemies to human reason for the results of scientific research? Just as much as is necessary to prevent their promulgation among the people.

And so they preach the immortality of the soul. Woe to it in the "hereafter," if the body which here held it, has not punctiliously respected God's penal code during life. As these folks assure us, their "all bountiful," "all righteous," "all benevolent," "all merciful" God is a super-highly developed poknose, sniffing into the minutest affairs and trifles of each and every individual, and making entries of all their shortcomings in his blacklist. He is quite a queer coon anyway. Under danger of giving new born babies a bad cold, he desires that, to his glory, they be drenched with water (otherwise baptized).

He takes a heatenish delight in hearing an innumerable herd of his faithful sheep bleat their litanies to him from their church-stalls, consecrated to such practices, or when the most devoted of his adherents send aloft without cessation their pious "caterwaulings," and pray, or rather beg for all things possible and impossible, while he participates in

bloody wars and receives the thanksgivings and frankincense of the victors as the "God of battles."

He gets ripporing mad if anybody doubts his existence, or when a Catholic eats meat on Friday, or does not by repeated application to the confessional chair scrub off his sins; or when a Protestant does not hold in contempt the bones of saints and the paraphernalia and images prescribed for Catholics, or when he does not, as a rule, toddle through the world with a face long enough to stop a clock, turned up eyes, bent back and folded hands.

If such a person dies impenitent, then his "all merciful" God decrees a punishment to him, in comparison to which all the scourges of the knout or cat-o'-nine tails, all pangs and sufferings of prison life, all privations of deportation and exile, all emotions of those sentenced to the scaffold, all pains of the rack and other instruments of torture that human tyrants ever invented, are only pleasant, agreeable, tickling sensations. This God exceeds in bestial cruelty everything malignant that we know of on earth. His prison is hell, his hangman the devil, and his punishments last forever. He employs worms that never cease gnawing, fires which are never quenched, and other deviltries a thousand-fold as chastisements; and only shows mercy for minor transgressions after long periods of time, provided the transgressor died a Catholic; for these he has under certain circumstances provided a "purgatory," which differs from hell about as much as a jail from a prison. It is fitted up only for comparatively transient inmates, with somewhat more lenient regulations—but, at any rate, even in purgatory you will be singed mercilessly.

By "Divine Providence"

The so-called "cardinal sins" are never punished with purgatory, always with hell. These include among others "blasphemy," perpetrated by word, by writing, or by thought. Consequently, in this direction God permits neither freedom of the press, nor speech, not even of the unspoken thought. This in itself is enough to stamp him from the outset as a successful competitor in churlishness with the basest despots and tyrants of any country or time, but the means and the duration of his punishments augment the baseness of his nature to the utmost. Consequently this God is the most atrocious monster conceivable.

His attitude is the more infamous in that he allows it to be said of him, that the entire world, and especially mankind in their behavior, are regulated by his omnipotent divine providence. He maltreats man for actions of which he himself is the originator or prime cause. How amiable, compared with this monster, are the tyrants of this earth of past and present time. Should it please God, however, to permit a person to live and die happy in accordance with his (God's) conceptions, he maltreats him still worse, because the promised "heaven," examined by gaslight, is a good deal worse institution than hell itself; for there you have no desires, you are always satisfied, without ever having a longing for anything. (But as without desire and attainment thereof no gratification is possible, so existence in heaven is without enjoyment.) Eternally employed in "beholding the Lord," eternally listening to the same strains from the same harps, eternally singing the same new and entrancing song in the same melody—if not the one of "Gabriel blowing the trumpet in the morning," surely not anything more exhilarating.

This is the highest degree of getting-tired-after-a-whilishness. The occupancy of an isolated prison cell would be decidedly preferable. It is not surprising then, that those who are rich and mighty enough to enjoy paradise on earth, should laughingly proclaim with Heine,

"The angels and the birds may own
The heavens for themselves alone!"

And yet the rich and mighty foster and nourish divine idiocy and religious stupidity. It is, in fact, part of their business; it is really a question of life or death to the domineering and exploiting classes, whether the people at large are dumbfounded religiously or not. With religious lunacy stands and falls their power. The more man clings to religion, the more he believes—the more he believes the less he knows—the less he knows, the more stupid he is—the more stupid, the easier he is governed—the easier to govern, the better he may be exploited, the more exploited, the poorer he gets—the poorer he, the richer and mightier the domineering classes get—the more riches and power they amass, the heavier their yoke upon the neck of the people.

The tyrants of all time and of all countries were always well acquainted with this train of thought, and for that reason always were on good terms with the priesthood of all creeds. Casual quarrels between these two kinds of enemies to mankind were at all times only of a domestic character, merely a struggle for supremacy. The priests or preachers know that they are done for, unless they have the "upper tandom" for a prop. It is no secret to the rich and powerful that mankind can only be enslaved and exploited when the necromancers of the churches ingraft sufficient servility into the hearts of the masses of the people to make them look upon the earth as a vale of tears, to imbue their minds with the justness of the godly decree: "Serve ye your masters" (those in authority), and to buy them off with an alleged "spare rib" of which the people will get the soup in that home beyond the skies, the "Nobodysnows."

Mr. Windthorst, Member of the German Parliament, Arch-Jesuit and Champion of the Clerical Faction, once in the heat of debate gave us plainly to understand what the frauds and charlatans of society think in regard to this matter. "When the people lose their faith"—said he—"they will no longer bear their intolerable misery, but rebel!"—That was to the point, and should have aroused the minds of all work people to earnest reflection, if—yes, if the great majority

of them had not become religious imbeciles to such an extent, that it were an utter impossibility to comprehend the simplest ideas, though heard with normal ears.

It is not in vain that the priesthood of all sorts—i. e., the 'black despotism'—have always so strenuously exerted themselves to prevent the retrogression of religious sentiment, although, as is well known, when among themselves they could burst with laughter over the nonsense they preach for ready cash.

During thousands of years these brain-defilers have instituted a reign of terror, without which the religious craze would long since have been abolished. Scaffold and sword, dungeon and chains, poison and poignards, assassination and judicial murder, these were the means by which the religious insanity was upheld, forever a blot of shame in the history of the human race. Hundreds of thousands have been slowly roasted to death at the stake "in the name of God" because they dared to find a stink in the biblical mire. Millions have in tedious wars been compelled to break each other's heads, to burn and sack entire countries, and, after wholesale murder and incendiarism, to spread disease and pestilence, all to maintain religion. The most excruciating tortures were invented by the priests and their accomplices to scare those into religion by the application of mundane devilishness, who had ceased to fear God.

When a man maims the hands or feet of another, we say he is a criminal—what shall we call those who maim the intellect of man, and, failing in that attempt, with refined cruelty destroy the body inch by inch?

It is certainly true that today they cannot carry on their nefarious "Godly" brigandage in the manner formerly in vogue, but in lieu thereof have taken to worming into domestic affairs of families, influencing women, kidnaping children, and misusing the schools for the furtherance of their ends. Their hypocrisy has rather increased than diminished. After their attempts to abolish the newly discovered art of printing had signally failed, they with their usual cunning and craftiness utilized it, and have gradually to a great extent made the press of today servile to their cause.

An old adage says, "Where a priest has trod, no grass will grow!" That means in other words, if a person is once in the clutches of the priests, his intellect becomes barren—his intellectual functions cease to operate in a normal way, and instead religious maggots and divine worms wriggle through his brain. He resembles a sheep that has the staggers.

These misguided, unhappy wretches have been defrauded of the real object of life; and, what is worse, they form the great crowd in the train of the opponents to science and the march of reason, to revolution and liberty. Whenever new chains are to be forged for mankind, they are willing to work at the anvil as if possessed by demons. Whenever the road of progressive development is to be blocked by obstacles, these Kaffirs oppose in their broadest front to the spirit of the times. The attempt to cure such imbeciles is not only a piece of good work to them, it is really an attempt to cauterize a cancer which brings suffering to the whole people, and which must ultimately be unconditionally extirpated, if this earth is to become a fit habitation for mankind instead of being a playground for Gods and devils to torment us.

Out then with religion from the heads of the people, and down with priesthood! The latter are in the habit of saying, "The aim sanctifies the means." Very well, let us apply this precept against them. Our aim is to make mankind independent of every condition of slavery, of the yoke of social servitude as well as of the shackles of political tyranny, and, not least because last, of all bane of religious darkness. All means to attain this object, and made use of at all opportunities offering, will be acknowledged just and right by every true philanthropist.

Every person, possessing common sense in place of religious insanity, neglecting to do the utmost in his power, daily, hourly, to overthrow religion, shirks a duty. Every person, released from deistic superstition, forbearing to oppose priesthood where, when and however an opportunity presents itself, is a traitor of his cause. Therefore, war to the black hounds! Implacable war to the knife! Incite against the seducers of man, enlighten the seduced! Let us make every means of strife subservient: The scourge of derision and scorn, the torch of science and knowledge, and where these are insufficient—weightier arguments—those that will be felt.

Unanswerable Questions About God

For the ignorant, or rather those, craftily made and kept so, if they appear to have a little sense left, the following questions will be proper:

"If God desires that we know, love and fear him, why does he not show himself?—If he is as good as the clergy tell us, what reason is there to fear him? If he is omniscient, why bother him with private affairs and prayers?—If he is omnipresent, why build him churches?—If he is just, why the supposition that man, whom he created full of faults, shall be punished?—If man does good only by the grace of God, why should he be rewarded?—If he is omnipotent, how can he permit that we blaspheme?—If he is inconceivable, why shall we occupy ourselves with him?—If the knowledge of God is necessary, why does he remain obscure?" Such questions are puzzles to them.

Every thinking person must admit, that not one single proof of the existence of a God has ever been found; and besides this, there is not the least necessity for the existence of God. As we know the inherent properties and laws of nature, the presence of God, either within or beyond this nature, is really to no purpose, quite superfluous and evidently untenable. Morally the necessity for his existence is still more insignificant.

There is a large empire, ruled by a potentate, whose demeanor creates differences of opinion in the minds of his subjects. He wants to be known, loved and honored, and that

all shall obey him, but he never shows himself. Everyone endeavors to confound the conception of him by individual nations. The people, subjected to his power, have only such ideas about the character and laws of their invisible sovereign as his ministers see fit to make known, although the latter admit, at the same time, that they are unable themselves to form a conception of their master, that his will is inscrutable, his views of things and his properties unfathomable, and that even his servants disagree about the decrees sent forth by him, for in every province of his empire the laws differ, and they accuse each other of having altered and forged them. These edicts and commandments, which they claim to have authority to promulgate, are obscure; they are conundrums, which the subjects for whose special benefit and enlightenment they are issued, can neither understand nor solve. The laws of this hidden monarch require explanation, but those who explain are ever at variance themselves. Everything that they relate about their concealed sovereign is a chaotic mass of contradictions. They do not say one word that could not at once be proved as a lie. They speak of him as exceedingly good, but still there is no individual existing who does not complain of his mandates. They speak of him as infinitely wise, but yet in his administration everything opposes common sense and reason. They praise his justice, and still the best of his subjects are, as a rule, the least favored. They assure us that he sees everything, still his omnipresence alleviates no distress. He is, they say, a friend of order, yet in his domain everything is confusion and disorder. All his actions are self-determined, yet occurrences seldom if ever bear out his plans. He can penetrate the future, but does not know the things that will come to pass. He permits no insult to himself to go unpunished, but still submits to them from everyone. They are amazed at his knowledge and the perfection of his works, yet his works are imperfect and of short duration, for he creates, destroys, and constantly improves upon that which he has made, without even being satisfied with his productions. All his enterprises are for the sake of glory, yet his purpose, to be universally glorified, is never attained. He labors incessantly for the welfare of his subjects, but the most of them are in dire distress for the necessities of life. Those whom he apparently seems to favor most are the least satisfied with their lot. We see them nearly all refractory to a master, whose grandeur they admire, whose wisdom they praise, whose benevolence they honor, whose justice they fear, and whose commandments they revere, but never keep. The empire is the earth; this sovereign is God; his vassals are the priests; his subjects are mankind—a fine conglomeration.

A Fabricated Myth

The God of the Christians, as we have seen, is the God who makes promises only to break them; who sends them pestilence and disease, in order to heal them; a God who demoralizes mankind in order to improve them. A God who created man "after his own image" and still the origin of evil in man is not accredited to him. A God who saw that all his works were good, and soon after discovered that they were bad; who knew that man would eat of the forbidden fruit, and still eternally damned him therefor. A God who is so dull as to allow himself to be outwitted by the devil; so cruel that no tyrant on earth can be compared with him—that is the God of the Jewish-Christian theology. He is an all-wise bungler who created mankind perfectly, but could not keep them in that state; who created the devil, yet could

Health: Appendicitis

If you believe you are threatened with appendicitis, while awaiting the arrival of the doctor whom you trust the most, do this:

Lie on the bath room floor on your left side, draw up your right knee, and take a two-quart enema of luke warm water containing the juice of one lemon.

Remember that the rectum has many, many nerve centers, and what you are thinking plays an important part. So, in your mind, imagine that cleansing, bad-germ destroying, good-germ-encouraging vitamin-and-alkaline mineral-salt-rich lemon water enema as washing all of the waste matter off of all of those shelves which actually do encircle the large bowel about every inch of the way.

While taking the tepid, lemon juice-water enema, imagine the large bowel relaxing so that any hardened waste matter adherent to the walls would become soaked free. The colon—large bowel—will relax until it is several inches across, and since it is five feet long it will hold six or seven quarts, so the two quarts is only enough to give a good, cleansing purification.

After all of the two quarts has run in, lie on the back, bring the knees up, and with the hands help swish the cleansing lemon juice water enema over to the appendix by lifting up on the left side to the left short ribs, then across at the level of the navel or umbilicus, and then up to the right short ribs.

Do not be in too big a hurry to expel the enema as you have plenty of time, because you are never more than five seconds distance from the toilet.

If after expelling the two quarts of tepid lemon juice water, you feel as if there still were gas or waste in the bowels, rest a few minutes and then take another enema. Take as many as are needed to thoroughly wash out the lower five to seven feet of the large bowel.

Now you next want to get the stomach and upper twenty feet of small bowel clean. If there is food in the stomach, drink two to four glasses of tepid salt water: one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt to the cup full of tepid water. After you have drunk the four glasses of tepid salt water, lie on your stomach over the edge of the bed and stick your fingers down your throat and vomit in a large flat basin. Put plenty of newspapers on the floor first. Put several pillows under your stomach to help push the water out and with your head two or three feet lower than your stomach, you are

not keep him under control; a God who is omnipresent, yet descended from Heaven to see what mankind was doing; who is merciful, and yet has, at times, permitted the slaughter of millions. An Almighty, who damned millions of innocent for the faults of a few—who caused the deluge to destroy mankind excepting a very few with whom to start a new generation, no better than the preceding—who created a Heaven for the fools who believe in the "gospel," and a hell for the enlightened who repudiate it. A divine charlatan who created himself through the Holy Ghost, and then sent himself as mediator between himself and others, and who, held in contempt and derided by his enemies, was nailed to a cross, like a bat on a barn-door; who was buried—arose from the dead—descended to hell—ascended to Heaven, and since then for eighteen hundred years has been sitting at his own right hand to judge the living—and the dead when the living cease to exist. A terrible despot! whose history should be written in letters of blood, because it is a religion of terror.

Away then with the Christian theology! Away with a God invented by preachers of the bloody faith, who, without their important nothing, by means of which they explain everything, could no longer revel in superfluity; no longer glorify poverty, and live in luxury themselves; no longer preach submission and practice arrogance; but who would, through the march of reason, be hurled into the deepest depths of oblivion.

Away then with the malignant trinity—the murderous father—the unnatural son—the lascivious ghost! Away with all the debasing phantasies in whose name man is degraded to miserable slavery, and through the almighty power of falsehood has been deluded into hoping for the joys of Heaven as an indemnification for the miseries of earth. Away then with those, who with their sanctified hallucinations are the curses of liberty and happiness—the priesthood of all sorts!

God is merely a spectre, fabricated by designing scoundrels, through which mankind is tyrannized and kept in constant dread. But the phantom instantly dissolves, when examined under the glass of sober reflection. The defrauded masses become impatient and no longer fear the bugbear, but will rather hold out to the priesthood the word of the poet:

"A curse to the idols to whom we pray'd,
That in winter our hunger and cold be stay'd,
In vain did we hope, in vain did we wait,
To be humbugg'd and fool'd was ever our fate."

It is to be hoped that they will not stand humbugging and fooling much longer, but will, one of these fine days throw their crucifixes and saints in the fire, transform their crucifixes and chalices into useful utensils, and make of their churches, theatres, concert and assembly halls; or, should they not be serviceable for that purpose, use them as corn-bins or stables—find useful work for the priests and nuns, and then be surprised at themselves for not having done it long before.

This short and terse method will, of course, only be consummated in the storm of the coming social revolution; in fact, at the moment, when the conspirators of priesthood, the princes, the nobility, the bureaucrats, the capitalists, and the exploiters of all kinds, are swept away as by a whirlwind, thereby cleaning state and church with an iron broom of the accumulated mire of centuries.

LEO CHARLES DONNELLY, M. D.

vomiting down hill. Never stand up to vomit if you can help it. Work with the law of gravity and get your stomach two or three feet higher in the air than your mouth.

You will feel a little tired after the enema and the vomiting, so rest a few minutes. If cold, wrap in a warm blanket, hug a hot water bottle, or an electric heater.

If not feeling entirely fit, clean out the small intestine by taking half a bottle of Pluto water, or two tablespoonsful of Epsom salts in a glass of fairly hot water, or two tablespoonsful of castor oil with the juice of one orange, or three Seidlitz powders. After this works, you will be cleaned out.

With your entire intestinal tract thoroughly cleansed, you are in position to conquer appendicitis or any other disease.

If there is still any pain in the abdomen, wring a bath towel out of cold water, wrap it around the abdomen, put over the cold towel oil cloth or rubber sheeting, wrap that in a blanket, and remain quiet in bed. The cold, wet towel will draw the fever away from the appendix, and that fever will soon heat up the towel.

Remain in the cold wet pack until you become restless, then remove the pack, rest awhile, then repeat.

The purging of the enema will make you thirsty. Read and re-read what I write now. Water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen plus charges of electricity. These charges of electricity will give up their energy to the body if you slowly sip the water or liquid.

Slowly sip as many tablespoonsful of equal parts of water and lemon, orange, grape fruit, grape juice, raw pineapple juice, tomato, or sauer kraut juice as your thirst demands. Use no sweetening, not even honey, because you want no heating foods. All you want is purifying drinks, and raw, ripe fruit juices and raw vegetable juices are the most purifying of all foods. They are the best medicine for sick people to get well on, and the best tonic to keep well people well.

Now, one thing else. What are you doing with your mind? Are you using it to help yourself get well, or are you using your mind to make yourself sick?

You control your own mind. You dial it into broadcasting stations Faith and Hope.

You imagine so strongly that you can feel broadcasting station Faith and Hope filling every cell of your body full of healing, purifying electrical energy. The stronger you can imagine this, believe this, or feel this, the quicker you will become well. (The Vegetarian and Fruitarian)

ART and LITERATURE

In a Cafeteria

It is the center section of a large City, where brightly-illuminated store windows shimmer with a most fashionable display of gowns, jewelry, millinery trimmings, confectionaries and other such luxuries trinkets a civilized community has need of. In this glitter of luxury and style, a huge sign hanging over the facade of an elaborate and richly-looking restaurant, invites the throngs of elegantly-clad passersbys by means of electrified letters which light up and extinguish with automatic suddenness, to enter into the

FAMOUS UP-TO-DATE CAFETERIA

To portray the general appearance of its interior would be preposterous. Folks of our civilization are quite familiar with the characteristics of a restaurant. The resounding clatter of dishes and silverware is no novelty to them. Even the trained smiles of the almost-blushing waitresses are acknowledged as a matter of course; at most they sometimes elicit a wisecrack from a too self-conceited and over-confident yokel. It remains only to describe one of those rare scenes which oftentimes prey on the mind of an isolated observer but rests oblivious to the mass of individuals.

A mass of humanity seated four or five at round white-marbled tables; every one absorbed in his or her self, that is to say, in the favorite dish over which they labour, utensils in hand, and complacently swallow each morsel of food. And, while each one eats from a separate plate, using a separate napkin for protection of spillings, yet, glancing over the heads of the army of eaters, it would appear the whole mass is taking its food in unison. The same sitting position, the same mechanic-like working of utensils, even the gums gymnasticate identically, almost with clock-like precision. On the whole it impresses one as some machination of a modern wizard who electrified out an army of Robots, to demonstrate the consumption of a new canned product.

While this peaceful and serene atmosphere prevails, the revolving door turns in a human form who quietly and timidly remained standing on the threshold. He is tall of stature but deeply bent at the shoulders, apparently from age and exhaustion; the round puffed-up face is wrinkled, yet there is a set pair of grey eyes, though haggard-looking, countenance a peculiar spark which glitters, evidently more with contempt than waning life. Needless to mention the shabby clothes that hang on the dilapidated body and the turned-up shoes from which one can easily observe a few bare toes struggling to rest on the inside of their domain . . .

Slowly, step by step, the ghostly stranger begins moving into the interior, until he reaches about the middle line. There he halts, and, as if under hypnotic illusion, the head begins moving round, almost in a complete circle . . . his bulging grey eyes wandering over the whole field, in the hope, most likely, of landing at some sympathetic spot . . . After some minutes of vain search the head rests a while in abandoned meditation, at the same time letting its nostrils inhale the appetizing smell of food, to which he evinces a satisfied taste by a licking of the lips with his dried-out tongue. Finally deciding in all probability that the application of psychology in such matters is of no avail, he lets his eyes wander aimlessly, and these in turn, as though wishing to prove a willingness to serve the unfortunate master, landed at the first table that came to their optical vision.

Two semi-prosperous gentlemen were seated. One wholeheartedly devoted to a veal cutlet, the other, although encountering a little trouble with his sirloin steak was the more talkative, leading to this part of overheard conversation:

"It just goes to show you mustn't lose your head if you want to succeed. After all this trouble, I talked her into a cheaper radio and charged her fourteen dollars more. And mind you, the funniest thing about it, she thought she had the biggest bargain."

At this point he instinctively raised his eyes which met those of our stranger. The latter did not beg for anything, for they knew right well their master would suffer the humiliation of being ordered out; but mutely they conveyed that "their master is very hungry, and won't they be kind enough to help him secure a bite to eat?" et cetera et cetera.

"Get-the-hell-out-of-here, you dirty bum," he gruffed out in mad rage, and turning to his partner: "You can't get rid of 'em; they won't go to work but expect you to feed them."

The Master realized at the first retort that he did not fare so well here and at once withdrew his two obedient eyes, as though effecting a timely escape from an enemy's territory. For just about a fraction of a minute he contemplated on what to do next, but apparently having been reminded by a cruel tickling in the stomach, decided to again stake his pride in the hope for a probable morsel of food, and without further meditation started in the direction of the next table.

Two young chaps carried on a complacent after-meal conversation. Judging from the frequent outbursts of hilarious giggling during the intermittent sentences one must own they were in a happy frame of mind. At all events, they surely must have met with some unexpected fortune, as indicated by the following dialogue:

"Boy," said one, "I never was so lucky in my life. Them bones rolled just where I wanted 'em. Come seven, come eleven, and be damned if they didn't."

"Well," said the other, "I can't boast much of luck with the darn' dice, but I've got no kick coming, for last night, anyway," he stressed the words significantly . . .

"Say, I meant to ask you," spoke up the first, "how did you make out with that—oh, you know who I mean?"

"Dimpled Sally?"

"That's the Dame."

"Well, you ain't supposin' I go round a preaching, do you?"

"You mean . . .?"

"Sure!"

"Did yuh, really?"

"And how!"

"You handsome brute!"

"Ha ha ha, hee hee hee!"—one of them almost falling off the chair. Suddenly he met a pitiable stare . . . which he immediately grasped the meaning of. "G'wan before I spit'n yer hat," he snapped at him. "Ha ha ha, hee, hee hee!" both chuckled at the smart crack.

Again he withdrew; this time in utter dismay as well as vanquished hope. Again he stood motionless, feeling at the same time the scornful glances of the assembled eaters who are always wont to wonder whenever there is a tragic or mischievous occurrence. As he stood humiliated and perplexed, a man rushed past him, carrying on a plate a piece of huckleberry pie which our hero's eyes followed more through instinct than envy. At the incident one could divine from his thoughts that he wondered what satisfaction the man could derive from the delicacy when his stomach is filled with roast beef and clam chowder; and, continued his trend of reasoning, wouldn't the price be sufficient to still his own hunger? . . . So he thought, but the other evidently had his own thoughts about the matter.

Anyhow, at this turn of events it would be the most sensible course to assume that after the two Jobian rebukes he will not cherish any further hope for success; but it proved all wrong. Life, it seems, too enigmatic for one to trifle with. There he stands again at a hair's breadth from another table, begging for a crumb of life as though nothing previously happened as far as he was concerned.

This time it is a happy couple, not very long married, it seems. What amiable smiles they showered at one another. "Look dear, doesn't the fried liver tempt you?"

"Indeed it does, darling; sorry I didn't take this instead of that old lamb stew."

"You know dear, we ought to take home a piece for our Fido, the dear thing is tired of that raw meat all the time."

"Anything to please you, darling, even if I have to go out and kill a cow." Both suddenly looked up and both exchanged additional smiles . . .

"Isn't it disgusting, dear?"

"Right you are, darling."

"It's a wonder they don't pass a law against them."

"Isn't it though?"

Defeat was imminent, that's a cinch; but after the previous conclusions on the Stranger's course failed in their consistency it would be by far better to let the thoughts drift with his next move.

Sure enough, he is still persistent . . . With grim determination, like a derelict mariner who was thrown overboard, he clings to the tail end of life's ship. Who is to be his next victim? Here it is . . . He is already moving toward it . . .

But here something unexpected happened . . . Just as he was about to launch the next attack, a strong hand from a giant-built human grabbed him by the back of his torn collar and started on a humiliating parade to the exit door.

Folks may refuse to listen to learned discourses on social injustice, even turn away with disdain from the written lamentations about human misery. But one cannot fail to draw a mental picture of the pathetic scene where a strong human arm falls upon a tattered old wretch, and snorting with boastfulness which authority had vested in his manly figure, marches away the hungry bundle of flesh in full view of the mocking eyes from a belled and satiated crowd of respectable gluttons. If ever there was a pitiable sight in which a suffering human being has felt the ignominy of contempt and ridicule, this creature in man's image lived through the viles of all the brutal scourges a degenerate humanity has invented for the lowly and the underprivileged.

And now the scene has drawn to a close. With the meekness of one who has abandoned all efforts of resistance, the dejected old beggar, with head drooped and shoulders crouched, let himself being dragged by the powerful hand of society's care-taker who with all the pomp and ceremony of authoritative responsibility opened the door and turned him loose.

Whither has he gone?

Who knows? . . . And who cares? . . .

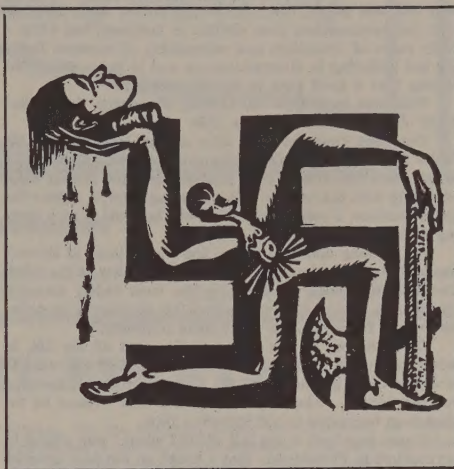
Samuel Polinow

Farmer's Theme Song

A somber melody is coming from the land.
No longer farmers greet the wings of dawn.
The meadow larks are silenced,
Vultures circle low
To gorge on carrion.
The country pleads for bread,
Deep menace lies in stretching ropes of soil.
Burdened lands are quiet.
Harvest moons are dim.
Shadows creep above the fields of toil.
No longer time of blossoming
Is pregnant sign of wealth.
The hoe is rusting in the field.
The slender key of happiness
Is twisted in the lock.
Temenacles of greed have choked the yield.
A scientific tragedy
Has rocked the earth.
Changing values taint the mints of gold.
A crucible is blazing for the people
Whose confidence the money lenders sold.
Their hearts are broken,
Their larks are still,
And sobbing voices chant a song of loss.
Must plows be turned to silver
And hoes be cast in gold
Before they lift the burden of the cross?

INA DRAPER DeFOE.

ONE YEAR AGO



Lincoln Out by D. Chua

MARINUS VAN DER LUBBE

Here's to the yellow horde
That trembling hide
Behind your bloody head,
But the hair shall drop
And the white flesh rot.
The bone shall turn to dust,
Disclosing their yellow nakedness.
The heated breath of hell shall blow,
And the world shall know,
And the ghosts of the flames
That licked the Reichstag walls
Shall greet them all in hell.
So here's a toast
To the neckless throat
That refused to sell his fellowman.

FRANK ANKENBRAND JR.

Definitions

(Dedicated to the Opening of Congress and of the Supreme Court)

Congress is a stable
Where Senator Jackass and
Representative Donkey Bray
Loudly.

The Courts are
Vultures that live on
The decaying flesh of
Precedents.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD.

Centenary

What is this sham, this class hypocrisy?
What is all this make-believe I see—
This flapping of flags, gay decorations?
Why do I hear these brave orations
Of a city's progress in a hundred years?

Where is the progress here where misery
And hunger stalk abroad? What irony!
Misery and hunger, yet we banquet peer and prince!
I'll swear 'tis the greatest satire since
Decadent Rome was drowned in its own tears.

For shame, for shame! My soul revolts to see
This stupid pride, this hollow mockery
Of tinsel, paint and colored bits of rag.
While people starve, what right have we to brag
Of Melbourne's progress in a hundred years?

A hundred years of progress—what a lie!
From malnutrition children pine and die,
While pompous fools ignore the people's need
And celebrate a hundred years of greed.

This state of things deserves a curse, not cheers.

A. F. HOWELLS.

(“Labor Call Melbourne, Australia”)

Heroic

Others have levelled the wilderness and scaled the mountains,
Others have perforated mines and roturated the soil,
Others have forged metals and conquered nations,
Others have conquered monsters and explored the oceans.
We have levelled myths and scaled traditions.
We mined deep prejudices, roturated privileges.
We forged revolutions and conquered enigmas . . .
We conquered monstrosities, and explored new worlds.
Others have armed themselves for bloody battles,
Others have blown bugles with delirious breath and played war
tunes and flown their flags, amid the thundering fire
of steel . . .
We shall arm ourselves with burning perseverance for more
noble causes and nobler works,
For more purer labors, for victories of longer duration, for
nobler heroisms, for more beautiful ideals:
We shall fill our lives with lightning actions, creators! not
believers, always free, always new!

A. A. VASSEUR.

(Translated by L. RAYMOND)

ANARCHISTS: CARL NOLD OTTO HERMANN.

When the news reached me that my friend and Comrade—Carl Nold was dead I had a feeling as tho a part of my own self was gone. Not that we agreed on everything, or that our opinions had been always in harmony, but after a forty years of friendship and comradeship of common fighting and suffering in disappointments and in hopes, I had the feeling that a good part of myself was gone.

Nold was born Sept. 26, 1889 in Weinsberg, South Germany. He came to America in 1883.

One must know the good sides of Carl Nold with all his faults to realize the golden nature of himself. Carl was a joyous Comrade, always good natured, he made friends easy, especially with the women. He was an agitator, a fighter for his convictions, a reciter, and whenever he could start a singing contest he was in it soul and body.

As a young man he realized the truthfulness of Byron's words: "The worst form of slavery is the slavery of the mind. The man who does not think is the most object slave of nature, and he who does not express his sentiments in declamation and freedom is the vilest slave of society."

Carl lived up to this interpretation, and all his life, in prison or outside of prison, he read and studied all valuable books he could get hold of. He had a remarkable memory and recollection. The longest of poems ever written he recited from beginning to end without a flaw.

It was way back in the fall of 1887 when I was sitting in my cockpit in Philadelphia that a knock on the door brought before me two young men who introduced themselves as readers of John Most's "Freiheit" (Liberty) and said that Most told them: "just go to Otto Hermann, he will help and advise you about Philadelphia." They were Carl Nold and Herman Kohle. It did not take long and we were friends. I got them a job in the factory I used to work. Carl was at that time 18 years of age, he studied all anarchistic literature he could lay hand on, he was active in arranging public agitation meetings, distributing leaflets and selling anarchist literature.

After a few years he started the "Grand March" to Pittsburgh, where he became befriended with Henry Bauer, who was an active agitator and seller of anarchist literature of that vicinity. When the Carnegie steel workers went on strike in 1892 Carl became active and distributed with Henry Bauer leaflets calling for mass meetings, mass action and organization. He and Bauer were arrested and put behind bars.

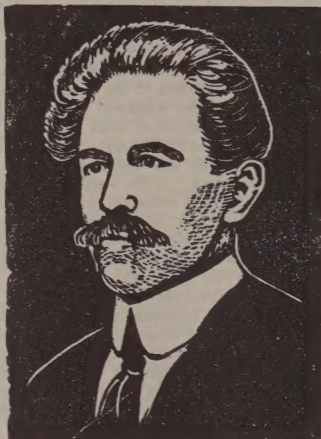
When Carl was freed I tried to have him come to Philadelphia—instead Carl urged me to come to Arkansas to start up a Cooperative Farm. I wasn't very much enthused over the proposition, because I realized already that the main thing in life is not alone Liberty and Freedom, but the means of life. Still, the coaxing of Carl led me to pack up with a friend and Comrade in order to find out what this Communistic commonwealth would look like. There were perhaps 200 acres of woods and 40 acres of farm land. But no one of us four men, one woman and three children had money enough to buy tools, to cut down the majestic oak trees and transport the wood to Little Rock for sale. But after six weeks of hardships we all agreed this was the most wonderful time in our life. No one regretted to have been there and we left the solitary abode with a storm of revolutionary songs. One thing is surely true: the Oak trees of Pulaski County, Arkansas, had never listened to so many revolutionary songs as in those six weeks that we were there. Our Carl was always the leader, after four years and three months of confinement he had the open spaces before him, and he took advantage of that.

Carl stopped at St. Louis. I and my friend went to Chicago—(Galgenhousen we called it then.) Carl was active in St. Louis, he started an anarchist debating club, he was also active in the machinist Union and had the greater part of the membership on the anarchist side. At that time he became befriended with the late Comrade Kate Austin, and for some years he was every summer a guest at Sam Austin's farm near Caplinger Mills, Mo. He was an enthusiastic reader of Robert Reitzel's "Arme Teufel," (The Poor Devil) and at beginning of this century he settled at Detroit, and worked over 25 years for a Scale Company who cheated him out of his pension.

Carl never claimed to be a great orator, but we sent for him in 1889 to make the principle speech at our 11th of November memorial meeting and he came and conquered the whole meeting of over 2000 persons. For some time he was the leading spirit in the anarchistic Group of Detroit and the Modern Sunday School. He was also a member of the Soziale Turn Verein, where he fought many noble battles with the reactionary elements. He came frequently to Chicago, and the first question he asked was always: "Do you have enough wine in your cellar?" He made many friends here, among these were Lucy Parsons, Anna Livshis and others. He was also active for Comrades Isaak's Free Society, The Freedom,

Discontent and other Anarchistic publications.

Carl was very much interested in the Joe Labadie collection at the University of Michigan, (in Ann Arbor) and was befriended with Miss Agnes Inglis, the Librarian of the collection.



Linoleum Cut by D. Chua

CARL NOLD

Sept. 26, 1889-Oct. 14, 1934

Comrade Carl Nold did not claim to be a hero, but he was a sincere fighter against capitalism and the State with its cruel political machinery.

No truer words can be said for him than the Freeman's motto by James Russell Lowell:

We speak the truth and what care we
For hisses and for scorn
While some faint glimmerings we can see
Of Freedom's coming morn?
Let Liars fear, let Cowards shrink,
Let Traitors turn away;
Whatever we have dared to think
That dare we also say.

I lost a good friend, we lost a good Comrade.

Carl Nold and the Homestead Strike

During the time of the great Homestead Steel strike, Nold and Henry Bauer were living together in Pittsburgh, Pa. The strikers were being brutally beaten and mistreated, some were killed. It aroused great sympathy of the workers. The night of July 22, 1892 Carl Nold and Henry Bauer were busy printing a leaflet for the workers. A young Russian came from New York. He came to them because they were Comrades in the labor movement. He and they were poor and he came to them to share their lodging for the night. They did not know his plans. He did not tell them. They went on with their work, printing the leaflet. This young Russian Comrade was Alexander Berkman. The next day, July 23, Alexander Berkman attempted to kill H. C. Frick. The first that Carl Nold and Henry Bauer knew of it was when they saw it in the paper. They realized it would go hard with them for the police would learn that he had stayed with them. This was true. They were both arrested and served four years in prison.

To read the account of the attack on the life of H. C. Frick one must read the "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist," written by Alexander Berkman. This book is a literary classic, remarkable for its style, its human story, its fine reserve, and its beauty of expression; remarkable for its high courage and spirit.

In this book Berkman describes his feelings in regard to the barbed wire fence holding back the crushed by revolting workers of the Andrew Carnegie works at the Homestead and the silence of the press, and of his dream of liberating the workers by exposing the situation, exposing the brutal murder of the workers, under Frick, by Carnegie and Frick's paid Pinkerton men—Barbed wire and Pinkertons—both new in those days. (The inventor of the barbed wire sold his invention for one hundred dollars.)

This act was Berkman's only solution of how to startle the people of the world into an indignant protest against the inhumane, brutal treatment of the workers of Homestead. Workers were being murdered by Frick's Pinkerton hirelings so he would murder Frick. He attempted it but failed. The book, the "Prison Memoirs," tells of his trial and of his fourteen years in the penitentiary. The police ascertained that Berkman had spent the previous night in the lodgings of Carl Nold and Henry Bauer. They also found the leaflet they had printed that night. And so Carl Nold and Henry Bauer served five years in the same penitentiary.

Speaking of those five years to a friend, Carl said: "It is not so much worse to be in a penitentiary than in a factory in Pittsburgh, and I had had no education. The penitentiary had a fine library and I got my education there . . ." What an indictment against Society is such a fact as this statement makes! Carl Nold and Henry Bauer were released May 27, 1897, from the Penitentiary at Pittsburg, Pa.

The indictment against Carl was "Accessory to Felony," and Henry "of Conspiracy." The papers issued by the Court that sentenced them said they were "evil-disposed, pernicious and seditious persons of wicked and turbulent dispositions," and said that Carl "hired and commanded" and "aided" Berkman and "furnished the means to shoot and stab," and said that these two men—Carl and Henry—published a certain printed paper "advising citizens to obstruct laws and to

take and appropriate property of diver's citizens." The leaflet, of course, we can easily see, must have been one to encourage the workers to stand up for their own rights as one against the crushing power of Andrew Carnegie and H. C. Frick, his young aspiring tool.

As to this description of these two quiet young men, issuing a leaflet of protest against inhuman cruelty—the ways of Law are past believing. It makes Law and Courts and blind Justice look like a hawk in the sky or like almost any evil symbol of cruel despotism one can cite.

In those days the Free Society was being published by A. Isaak and the Demonstrator was being published at Home, Washington. Carl was never a prolific writer, but two things he always did: he wrote short but good articles when he was minded to, and he always gave his bit out of his wages to sustain the struggling anarchist papers and periodicals. He was a skilled machinist and supported himself by his trade, lived quietly and frugally and always had his bit to give.

For the last six years he lived with Albert and Mrs. Gluck in their simple, kindly, congenial home, their Comrade and warm friend. To get to their home one passed by the home that once belonged to Robert Reitzel—of "Der Arme Teufel." It was on the same street in Detroit—McDougall Avenue.

One of Carl Nold's especial contributions to the anarchist movement was his enrichment of the collection of labor literature, known as the "Labadie Collection" (after Joe Labadie, the original donor) at the University of Michigan. His efforts were to gather from his German Comrades as much as he could along the German lines. He corresponded with many people and built up, probably, the finest collection there is to be found on German anarchist literature consisting of papers, periodicals, books and booklets and leaflets—a remarkable assembly of historic German anarchist material.—A-S I-S

Henry Bauer

On November 27, 1934—six weeks following the death of Carl Nold—Comrade Henry Bauer died in Cleveland at the age of 73.

Comrade Bauer, the son of a Burgomaster in Kassel, Germany, rebelled against his surroundings and finally landed in this country. He was a great admirer of John Most and one of the most diligent circulators of the "Freiheit" (Freedom) that Most edited until his death. As related in the story of Carl Nold's life, Bauer served the prison sentence together with Nold in the Homestead affair. To his very end he remained the uncompromising rebel—an enemy to every form of authority.

Joe Milazzo

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Joe Milazzo, our Italian Comrade, Nov. 10th, 43 years of age. More than once we have alluded to his kind nature, the friendly help he gave the anarchist movement and his long illness borne with much patience and courage but which by degrees sapped him away.

To his companion, Maria Milazzo, we send our truest sympathy in her sorrow. JULES SCARCERIAUX.

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