

MAN

"Man is the measure-
ment of everything."

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

Vol. 3—No. 5

1 (185)

P.O. Box 115, San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A. May, 1935

Single Copies FIVE CENTS

TOWARD A FUTURE FREE SOCIETY

Every person, who meditates over the events and happenings in our out-of-the-ordinary epoch, must necessarily stop at two basic-facts (I wish to underline, that I haven't in mind here theoretical delineations, but it has to do with emphasizing facts, facts that every one can see):

Fact 1.—We are living through a critical transition-period. The present Society is by no means suited for the economic, social, technical, moral and other realities, that the evolution of mankind has achieved. That is why the whole structure loses its balance, it is shaking, and is at the point of tumbling in.

Fact 2.—The present stormy epoch will yet pass through a series of upheavals, convalescences and catastrophes. This too will pass by. A new type of social arrangement, build upon the ruins of the past epoch, will come about.

Every person, who is witness and participant in the transition period, has a right—nay a duty!—to put the question: what kind of a new society—plan will it be, that will take the place of the present order?

Personally, I answer the question most convinced: the new society, that the present one, born in convalescences, will be the anarchist society. And, if I am asked: with what will "all this end" (with "all this" is meant, the so-called crisis), I answer: First, this is not a crisis, rather a violent world revolution. Second, it will culminate with the upbuilding of the Anarchist Society.

I would like, that I should be clearly understood. I know very well, that society will yet have to try out all sorts of prescriptions, decisions, plans and social experiments, before, it, the society, will reach its highest peak. Each experiment will take time, until it will be realized, that it does not serve the purpose. I know very well, that all these trials will be far from similar to the plans of the Anarchist Society. On the contrary: all these trials will more than ever before support themselves upon the principle of might, of a powerful might. But not one of all these trials will end the critical epoch, will not liquidate the "crises", will not still the storm, will not make an end to the process of rotting away and crumbling . . . no experiment will be in a position to bring back the destroyed equanimity, will not be powerful enough to create something solid and "normal". By this I wish to say, that the anarchist system is the only one, that can make an end to the critical epoch, the only one that is able to create the equanimity, something solid, that can develop further normally and healthy.

With what will all this end?

I will stop on the main stipulation put forward. I hold, that not one singular type of the authoritarian society is capable to solve the immense, inherent—economical, social and other problems—, that are new according to their contents, and that are now placed before present mankind. In order to solve these problems, a new form of society is needed, that is completely and thoroughly renewed. This new form of society will gradually show itself in the coming years, when the saddening results of other trials will become clear.

Let us mention one such trial, that is being talked about much, but no logical deductions are being made from it.

From the ancient times to our own period limitation of necessities for existence has been the most important basis of sustenance and for the continuation of human society. The limitations in material wealth, was the result of not having conquered enough the powers of nature. So, this limitation brought on this result: 1. The producing-problem had dominated over all other economical problems. 2. Hardious, persistent labor was required to create the wealth. 3. One part seized the wealth. This had harmed others. This called forth: competition, rivalries, violence, embittered struggle, wars, exploitation, rulership of one person over the other. In our times man has so far conquered the forces of nature, that we already find ourselves in a new epoch, in the epoch of wealth-surplus, in an epoch, in which we can increase this wealth. Thus the entire material basis of human society is changing. The results are: 1.) The first place is no longer taken now by the production-problem, but how to distribute the wealth, 2.) human effort loses its former quantitative, as well as qualitative character, 3) the justified existing appearances, resulting from the former conditions, disappear: the plundering of wealth, competition, wars, violence, rulership of one man over another, etc. The new phase places before us new aims. These new aims will only be possible to solve in a new society, a society

without competition, without violence, without exploitation, without that one human being should rule over another, that signifies, a non-capitalist, a non-authoritarian society, an Anarchist Society.

One will then ask the question: Why does not society evolve into the new direction? Why does it go in the opposite direction, that means, to unheard of excesses of plundering, violence applications, exploitation, and most of all, power—as Fascism and Bolshevism with all its accompanying-events?

I will attempt to explain in brief this so-called contradiction.

In order to build the new society, all remnants that belong to the foundation of the past, all prejudices, that emanate from the past epochs must be eradicated. Among these prejudices a prominent place is occupied by the prejudice, that a government is necessary, a dynasty, that

has a reigning "elite." How will the large masses, who will have to build the new society, free themselves from this prejudice and other imaginations? Possibly, our propaganda will be capable to accomplish this? It is understood, that it will not. Propaganda alone is not able to awaken, arouse and re-educate millions of people. The greater masses learn only by undivided historical experience. They learn from actual and lasting experience, experience that lasts in the time and is great according to its immensity. Such an experience develops itself over the world. The masses have an opportunity to acquaint themselves with this experience, to live through it, to judge about it.

The events develop themselves historically thus: on this side—the citizenship-democracy, that keeps to her principles, the right and law of competition and profit, and with every passing day, that much the less able to solve the problems of the epoch. It is this inability that pushes the masses to dictatorial solutions, as to the last hope. One faction among the masses is being more and more taken in by the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Another faction is running after the fascist dictatorship.

On their side we see, how the privileged classes, who desire—in contradiction to sense and fair play—to keep fast to their conquests, do not become afraid of any method. They seize at fascism, as to the last means of saving themselves. The privileged classes are utilizing for their aims, the general chaos, the deplorable tactics of the left political parties and the dictatorial illusions of the masses. Do they succeed, then we get fascism.

It is but natural, that no kind of dictatorship will be able to liquidate the "crisis", because they are not enabled to solve the immense problems of the epoch. The more the masses will convince themselves of the impotence of all these dictatorships and of the authoritarian democracy, will they, the masses, lose the believe in every power, not mattering wherefrom it should emanate. Then will be put aside in the archives the very principle itself of power. Only then will have been eradicated from the road, the greatest obstacle.

Fascism, bolshevism and all other kingly and authoritarian experiments are but only convalescences: historical-momentary upheavals of a very sickly organism, that seems to seek to get well. But in order to achieve this, it is needed, first of all, to solve the economical and social problems. Convalescences are not a way out from the sickness. It will be needed, finally, to employ a surgical operation. Such an operation will be the revolution. The achievement will be a new non-rulership society.

(Freie Arbeiter Stimme)

W. VOLIN

May Day Thoughts

If there ever was a need for turning the First of May into a rebellion against the present system of inequality, injustice, misery and starvation that the greater part of mankind is subject to—it is this of all past May Days.

Furthermore, if the suffering multitudes would at least live up to the preparations made by the subjugators and rulers, through all their minions of "law and order", —to meet any attempted uprisings of the first, the globe would reverberate with strikes and general strikes, if not also with an actual world-wide social rebellion.

Alas, but all these expectations are presently tantamount to an utter impossibility. For, the present social and labor movement is disunited, disrupted and in an utter state of chaos. Compromise, the easy road of politics, has been eating into the people just as a deadly cancer would. Karl Marx and his disciples of all shades may well claim the credit for this.

And as long as such a spirit of compromise continues to pervade the social and labor movements of the working classes, no change for the better is in prospect.

One wishes therefore to hope, that the brutal and murderous manner in which all the governments of the world will be meeting, as in the past, any sign of social protest, will at least serve as an inciting eye-opener to the people, for a genuine awakening to the fact that the road of compromise is the road to ruin and but aids in the perpetuation of all the economic and political evils from which mankind is suffering.

Only when such an awakening will set in will May Day spell the doom of the rotting away life and come to mean what it signifies to Nature—Rebirth of a New Life.



May Day Song

New life and a generous giver,
I come from a land that is new,
Behind my red cloak like a banner,
Shimmering high in the blue!

Laughing and shouting my message,
I come to you, Comrades, at dawn,
Calling to you in your darkness;
Come out and worship the sun!

Here, take the gifts that I bring you.
Courage and freedom and peace . . .
Who of you brothers would sell these
For a traitorous platinum kiss!

Tear clean from the fangs of the vampire,
Too long now sated on lust—
Music the ring of your shackles
Fallen at last in the dust!

You that are broken and weary
Shall rest here and nourish my seed,
But others there are that must follow,
To carry the banner and bleed!

Embracing the cause, march defiant,
Invincible phalanx of right!
Against brutish strength self-reliant,
To vanquish the forces of night!

JEANETTE SELETZ.

IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

The Youth Of The Country Speak

Despite all the ridicule, slander, vilification; and attempts to minimize the anti-war demonstrations on April 12 by students of colleges and universities, the demonstrations were a most eloquent outspoken stand.

Colleges in the reactionary South of the country, in fact, from Maine to California, over one hundred thousand students as well as professors gave voice in no mistaken terms that they are against any contemplated wars for exploitation and legalized plunder.

The brutal attacks by the "law and order" brigade upon some of the militants in various parts of the country, is but another added proof as to how fearful the misrulers of our lives are of such demonstrations, and to what means they will resort to, in order to suppress these.

The students and professors who participated in these anti-war demonstrations must not allow themselves to be deluded in thinking that this action alone will prevent our oppressors from bringing upon us new wars.

Lying charlatans, such as Brisbane, are already attempting to mislead some of the students about the supposed benefits of past wars.

Our governmental rulers are proceeding in building more and more machines of destruction, as well as carrying on secret plannings and making secret alliances with other powers.

The time may therefore come—*unexpectedly*—when an attempt will be made to foister upon us another war. It is against such maneuvers that the students, professors, and the workers must be prepared to answer by an absolute refusal to don the uniforms of a would-be murderer, or to become a victim of other murderers.

Not a mere one-hour general strike of students can stop any future war, but a *continuous general strike of every oppressed and ruled man and woman can and would accomplish such an aim.*

The answer to a call for war by and in the interest of perpetuating the present order, should be by a General Strike, and followed by a Social Revolution, that would end every form of oppression and rulership.

The Miners Refuse To Be Fooled

The 16,000 miners of the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania are demonstrating their reactions towards many folded evils from which they suffer both physically and morally. Their strike is, first of all, directed at their right to have the kind of union that is of their own choosing, and not the one of the mine owners and the treacherous labour leaders. Second, the miners are disgusted with the deceitful promises of the NRA; unemployment is on the constant increase, forcing most of the miners to subsist on charity.

The mine owners refuse to recognize the real union of the workers. The arch-traitor of long standing, John L. Lewis is again, as was the case in Illinois, giving all the aid that he and his rubber-stamp, and bosses' approved United Mine Workers Union, can give in attempting to defeat the struggle of the workers. The government tools, such as police, sheriffs and soldiers are, as in the past, rendering their utmost collaboration and aid to the mine owners, by protecting the scabs and shooting down the strikers, the latter already having had three of their number killed, and scores of wounded.

Despite all these obstacles the workers could not be defeated. So the mine owners ordered their Judge-lackey—Valentine—to issue an injunction which forbids any sort of manifestation by the strikers. The spokesmen of the strike promptly met the challenge, by refusing to obey it. As a result, scores of these spokesmen have been cast into jail. And if the judge and his hirelings, thought for one moment that this last resort will defeat the strikers, they must feel keenly disappointed. Seventy explosions in various mine sections are being charged to the strikers. On March 28 a bomb explosion on one of the streets of Wilkes-Barre, was followed by an explosion that demolished Judge Valentine's car, and the Judge and his daughter narrowly escaped with their lives. A public school of Wilkes-Barre burned down in the wake of explosions in other parts of the city. The kept press is of course shrieking with denunciations, claiming that "anarchy" reigns in the mine district. Yet, despite these mind-poisoners, public opinion is on the side of the strikers, as some of the public school strikes of Wilkes-Barre and Plymouth have already shown.

Liberal scholarly distorters of history as Edward Dean Martin may write all the books they want about their "Farewell to Revolution", but the revolutionary spirit of the oppressed is by far from being extinct. Social Creditors, as Mr. Boddy of Los Angeles, may claim that the class-struggle is likewise death, and even shut his eyes at the glaring class-struggle now raging in the mine districts of Pennsylvania. Let them. And the newspaper liars and government officials may do well to do a little bit of history reading. They may learn that the sort of mistreatment and outrages that they have and are perpetrating, are about the most effective inciters and breeders of the kind of retaliation acts that they so vociferously are now busy in condemning.

As for anarchy reigning in the mine war area, we doubt this quite a good bit. Only when all forms of rulership, governmental as well as economical, will disappear, will the dawn of genuine anarchy settle in the coal mine area, and everywhere else. When this will happen—no one will ever hear again of the sort of "anarchy" that the present vulture-rulers of mankind are lyingly terming as a state of "anarchy". We shall then have self-rule and cooperation between each and all alike, *true Anarchy.*

The Issue Of War Profits

Our legislators, press and liberal world is creating much noise at investigation hearings where the huge profits of our dollar-a-year p-a-y-t-r-i-o-t-s is being revealed in part. Sinister, shameless, deceitful, bordering on treachery is the actual picture revealed so far. Accusations and counter-accusations are flying back and forth. And out of all the smoke-screen pulled across the investigation scene is being brought forward the so-called solution to the unspeakable evil of war-profiteering: *Take The Profit Out Of War.*

The past war profiteers are bickering and dicker-ing. At least, pleads this gentry: let us have a ten or twenty per cent profit. What a calamity would befall the present coiners and profiteers of wars if the soldiers to be would stipulate, let us say, a five per cent profit in wealth, and guarantee of life, before they'd agree to go out in becoming a murderer, and likewise take a chance of being murdered....Our liberals are all clamoring for a complete Take The Profit Out Of War Policy, thinking that this is the actual solution for stopping all future wars. How little do these liberals reveal a genuine understanding of the entire social structure of injustice under which we now carry on! For, what difference will it make who profits from a war, the private capitalist, or his government controlled servants?

What is really needed is to *Take War Out Of Use by any part of humanity against one another, despite all orders by this or that government to the contrary.*

If the employing class and their governments need wars to perpetuate their reigns, and they do so, why in hell should they not go and fight it out between themselves since they and they alone are the sole ones who reap whatever harvest in plunder ensues out of any war!

This is our momentary solution for the war profit issue. The more definite one lies in the wake of the ultimate struggle which shall terminate every form of class rule and profit motive between man and man—the Social Revolution followed by the Dawn of a Free Society!

When Law and Order Weakens

If the arrest of John Stratchey had accomplished nothing else but its accompanying illustration of class justice, it has served a well enough purpose.

Figuratively speaking, Mr. Stratchey was arrested upon a deportation warrant, charging him with preaching the overthrow of the U. S. government by force and violence. In all similar cases, the victim is cast into jail, and days, weeks, and even months pass by before bail can be secured. But in the case of Mr. Stratchey he was placed into custody for a few hours, in the office of the Rabbi, in whose congregation he had just delivered an address. Within a few hours he was at liberty on a \$500 bond. The hearings in all such cases are arbitrarily held behind closed doors. Never in any case have the immigration authorities allowed the public or press to be present. But in Mr. Stratchey's instance, even this arbitrary rule was rescinded.

Some liberals will no doubt wish to contend themselves with the claim of a moral victory in the authorities' treatment of Mr. Stratchey because of the protest his arrest on such a charge as was made against him, had aroused.

But we refuse to kid ourselves. Paper protests to government officials have never meant much, as the huge world's protest against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti has proven. The true reason then for the treatment and consideration given to Mr. Stratchey and for which he has to be thankful, is to his heritage.

Mr. John Stratchey is in reality no other than his lordship, Sir John St. Loe Stratchey. And this explains everything. Radicals have always contended that the application of any kind of a law is in itself an act of class justice, or rather *class injustice.* The "Law and Order" brigade *weakens* considerably when one of its own class, even when turned into and dubbed as a "black-sheep", is concerned.

Another noteworthy incident in the Stratchey case has been the tricky, last minute notice of the immigration department's notification—24 hours before his original scheduled departure, that it has dropped the case. This sort of back-down has been used out by the bastard-prostitutes of Hearst's journalistic Daily Brothels as a means of printing a distorted news story telling of Mr. Stratchey running away, and of the immigration department afterwards dropping the case.

The strong-worded editorial of condemnation against the immigration authorities by the New York Times of April 1 is far from being a sincere one. In reality it was but a gesture of censure against the government for seizing upon such a personality in order to appease the American Legion and its fascist vulture organs of Hearst. Not by a single word has the Times hinted a censure upon the anti-alien law of the "Law and Order Brigade", since it is itself its chief spiritual defender and upholder.

The Campaign Of The Fascist Press

One can hardly think of any name that denotes dishonesty, distortion, falsification, fabrication, sheer charlatanism, depravity, lewdness and vice-filth that has not been already applied to William Randolph Hearst. Furthermore, if any one needed proof as to how truthful these epithets apply to Hearst, the fact of his never having sued any one for slander, gives the best affirmative answer.

The latest series of perfidies that Hearst is carrying on through his scribe-prostitutes, is, in reprinting in garb-

led versions, or in full, criticism that has or is being written by various radicals against the unjust system that has been instituted by the Bolshevik rulers of Russia.

First, to be thus victimized was Leon Trotsky, and the latest is Emma Goldman. Her trenchant critical indictment of Bolshevik-ruled Russia that has appeared in last month's *American Mercury* was not only shamelessly pilfered with and distorted but likewise falsified to a degree that surpasses all belief.

Emma Goldman wrote her article as an anarchist, as she so stated in the article. But in the emphasized headings, and in the reading matter of her distorted article, appearing in the Hearst organs, she is dubbed as a life-long Communist! Depravity and bastard-journalism has never reached any such low depths as is being displayed now by the Hearst press. And the need of every sincere self-respecting human being to boycott writing in, or reading of any Hearst controlled newspapers or magazines becomes now more and more a sheer necessity, as well as a weapon for undermining the evil power of the fascist organs of this country.

The Scottsboro Case Of Injustice

Once again the Supreme Court of the country has rendered its opinion that the Scottsboro trial and conviction of the eight negro boys Clarence Norris, Heywood Patterson, Roy Wright, Andy Wright, Eugene Williams, Olen Montgomery, Ozzie Powell, Charlie Weems and William Robinson—was biased and unfair.

What is even more important than the setting aside of the sentence to death in the case of the two first named, is the following revelation: In their defense before the Supreme Court for not allowing any Negro to serve on a jury, the Jury Commissioner swore, that:

"I do not know of any Negro in Morgan County over twenty-one and under sixty-five who is generally reputed to be honest and intelligent and who is esteemed in the community for his integrity, good character and sound judgement, who isn't an habitual drunkard, who isn't afflicted with a permanent disease or physical weakness which would render him unfit to discharge the duties of a juror and who can read English and who was never convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude."

For the Supreme Court to have sustained the trial and verdict by such an admission of the authorities of Morgan County, where out of a population of 46,176 inhabitants, 8,311 are negroes—would have been the height of shameless folly, if not worse. The action of the high court is but a futile attempt to cover up the despicable conditions under which the Negroes of our "beloved" South are forced to exist. Witnesses for the Negroes swore that no Negro was ever even called to serve on a jury in Morgan County! And Morgan County is not by any means the only place in the South where such a shameless situation prevails.

Nominally speaking, Negro Slavery has been abolished as far back as the Civil War days. In reality though—unofficially—but nevertheless actual peonage and slavery conditions for the Negro have remained what they have always been before the Civil War. If there are any innocent souls that doubt this statement as somewhat of an exaggeration, such souls need but pay a visit to the "sunny" South in order to convince themselves of this fact. A few years ago, I had the opportunity to spend a few months in those States that comprise the South. I shall never forget the degrading shameful experiences that I underwent as a white man, at witnessing the mistreatment and shameful degradations that the Negro of the South is forced to undergo. On the first street car I boarded in Richmond, Va., I sat down near a young negro girl. It was minutes of staring at me by all the whites that finally made me conscious of what I used to read about the Negroes' ordeal in the South. The first department store I entered, revealed water florets marked White and Colored. When entering the toilets the same sort of signs met one's eyes. Upon approaching a movie theatre, I chose the balcony entrance. The cashier viewed me in surprise. It was only after entering the balcony that it dawned upon me that this section, as the one in the street car, was reserved for Colored people only. (The white people of the South assured me that only my very strong tan color made it possible for me to avoid violent resentment by the whites). One could keep on describing other shameful ways of the whites' mistreatment of the negro, even more notably, the segregation of living quarters, and not being allowed to walk alone at nights on a street inhabited by whites.

Of the constant lynchings of negroes by white mobs and "law" officials, there is very little need to say anything, since the whole world is aware of them.

In the case of the Scottsboro boys whose age at the time of arrest—four years ago—ranged from 14 years upwards, for the crime of rape upon two white girls, one of whom has long ago admitted that it was a frame-up by both, and for which these eight boys have been undergoing the ordeal of a death sentence upon each one of them, the injustice is a many-folded one. They never have had the ghost of a chance to a fair trial. They have been constantly mistreated in the jail. And if the Supreme Court's learned judges had wanted to be honest about it, they should have said in their decision: the white rulers of the South have flaunted every supposed protection of rights to the Negro—and by such action, the Whites have disbarred themselves from any further right to ever again try any Negroes, in their so-called courts of justice.

This would perhaps be expecting too much from the highest upholders of "law and order."

(Continued on Page Three, Column One)

ON THE WORLD'S SOCIAL BATTLEFIELD—1935

(Associated, United and N.Y. Times Press Dispatches)

Vienna, Austria.—An official government statement reveals that during the last 22 months no less than 38,132 arrests were made for political reasons, in Vienna. The anniversary of the destruction of the labor movement, and the ruthless butchery of hundreds of workers, February—a year ago, was commemorated with secret meetings held in forests. 270 arrests were made and thousands of anti-governmental leaflets were distributed. One of these leaflets stated that the workers are honoring "the Austrian workmen martyrs, hate eternally their murderers and hold faith with the oppressed workers at all costs."

Rio De Janeiro, Brazil.—President Vargas and his cabinet are attempting to railroad through legislation that would ban publication of any dissenting newspapers, and outlaw strikes, particularly strikes of governmental employees.

Bucaresti, Roumania.—The police of Brashow have arrested a group of school boys, aged 8 to 15, on charges of burglary. Mr. Diet, the principal of the school, admitted in an interview that hunger has driven these school boys to resort to theft.

Paris, France.—Last year's twenty slain men and women, by the police, was commemorated this year by large demonstrations. The police made over 600 arrests.

Barcelona, Spain.—176 Catalan farmers received sentences ranging from 6 months to three years. They were arrested while enroute to join the Revolt of last October.

Between 15 and 20 thousand men and women are said to be now languishing in the prisons of Spain, as political prisoners. The King and the wealthy robbers of the people have subscribed to a large fund with which to recompense those soldiers and generals who aided in crushing the last uprising.

Belgrade, Yugo-Slavia.—Hundreds of university students went on a hunger strike in protest of their interned Comrades in the Visegrad concentration camp. The attempt of the police to storm the building resulted in the death of one student and in the wounding of seven other students.

Moscow, Russia.—Scores of arrests of students, professors and workers are being carried out in various parts of Russia. The victims are in most instances charged with harboring Trotskyist and Zinovievian leanings. Jail sentences and exile are being meted out to all these political dissenters.

Havana, Cuba.—The seizure of all syndicates' (trade unions) funds, the jailing of thousands of students, professors and workers, summary secretive executions of the most militant fighters—a complete martial law and reign of terror—is the sum total of the last attempted ill-fated uprising.

Manila, P. I.—Six persons were arrested as plotters for the assassination of Manuel Quezon, slated president for the Philippine Islands.

Berlin, Germany.—Sally Epstein, 28, and Hans Ziegler, 34, alleged communists, were executed for the supposed killing of the worshipped nazi and professional pimp—Horst Wessel. Six other communists were sentenced from 1 to 6 years imprisonment. Ali Hoeler, one of the six died in prison.

Dublin, Ireland.—De Valero's "republican" armed police swooped down upon the socialist extremist factions and arrested 70 "radical chiefs".

Tokyo, Japan.—Daihachi Kikuchi, said to be a member of a secret patriotic organization, was arrested and charged with an attempt to assassinate Baron Kitokuro Ikki, president of the Privy Council.

Paris, France.—Clubs studded with razor blades were wielded . . . in a clash between police and steel strikers in northern France. Scores of strikers were seriously injured in Louvroil and at Souis-le-Bois, accompanied by numerous arrests. The strikers smashed doors and windows of scabs. The strike was called in protest against a recent 10 per cent cut in wages.

Berlin, Germany.—200 Communists are facing charges of high treason. They were arrested a year ago at Hamburg. Three of the "leaders" were already sentenced to 3-4 years imprisonment as Communists.

In Retrospect

(Continued From Page Two)

It should not be forgotten that the white exploited and oppressed of the South do not fare much better than the negro. One need only recall the brutal swift legal burning of Zangara, the shooting of the militant farmer, Abbe Young and many, many others.

The lesson of the Scottsboro case of injustice is a reminder for both the negro and white workers alike: that justice in its true essence can never prevail for the exploited and downthroned as long as any courts or institutions of Government remain in existence. It is this legal branch of the exploiters that keeps up and aims at perpetuating economic injustice. Once the people realize in the Government the real enemy that it is, the need for its complete abolition will be realized. And with the disappearance of Government, economic injustice cannot last even a single day. When that day dawns,—race, color and creed will no longer need to play the shameless part that it does today.

Shall They Be Exiled And MAN! Be Destroyed?

As we are going to press, the news reaches us that Vincenzo Ferrero, like Dominick Sallitto, is now also sentenced for deportation.

Both face exile to Italy, where imprisonment and possible death awaits them.

The crime for which these two individuals now face such an ordeal is based on an unproven supposition that since they have rented part of their place of business to MAN!—they most likely, must be harboring thoughts of their own, which, evidently, do not meet the approval of the government.

Only an immediate avalanche of protests directed to the General Commissioner of Immigration, Daniel W. McCormack, Washington, D. C. may yet stop the exiling of these two men.

An auxiliary Committee for the defence of the two men has been formed, and information of any action taken in their behalf will be welcomed, and should be addressed to A. B. Boti, 590 Duncan Street, San Francisco, California.

The crime, sentencing and now intended exiling of Ferrero and Sallitto—if left to go unchallenged—spell the doom of the Freedom of Thought and Expression that the present rulers are boastfully pretending to protect. Lacking the courage to directly, suppress MAN!, the authorities are continuing their cowardly round-about-way for achieving this aim.

But our voice in behalf of Freedom Shall Not Be Stilled!

Belgrade, Yugo-Slavia.—Thousands of peasants have participated in the recent protest meetings of the Brod district. Soldiers and police attacked the people, resulting in the killing of about two scores of peasants.

Berne, Switzerland.—The Swiss Government accuses the Nazi Government of Germany in an amazing sinister plot by which Berthold Jacob, anti-Nazi journalist was tricked into crossing the German border, only to be seized by the Nazi police.

Mexico, D. F.—Raids upon numerous houses resulted in the arrests of seven persons at Tampico, charged with a plot against the local and federal government.

Pedro Saavedro Brito, a divisional general of the highest rank in the Mexican army, was shot to death on April 16 while visiting one of his many exploiting estates. His assailants escaped safely, and it is believed that they were "probably discontented laborers".

United States.—The long drawn out strike by the I.W.W. at the National Screw plant of Cleveland, Ohio, has so far resulted in scores of strikers being beaten and jailed by the police. Various bomb explosions in homes of scabs is being branded by the *Industrial Worker* as a "frame-up to stop" the "conquest" of the "militant I. W. W." The American Civil Liberties Union has wired a protest to the "liberal" mayor against the brutal assaults and jailings by his police department.

The University of Columbia College Student Board heeded the voice of its rich donors by suspending the official daily college publication—*The Spectator*. The editors promptly accepted the challenge and moved the editorial rooms into their dormitory, continuing there to publish the paper. After several days, a compromise was reached. The *Spectator* has, of late, been too outspoken on such subjects as war, fascism and social injustice.

The "Golden" State of Reaction—California is now in an uproar over the fact that no less than 18 professors of the University of California had the audacity to forward a ringing protest direct to the fascist legislators, against the latter's attempt to outlaw every semblance of freedom of expression and thought.

If this were not enough "calamity" to befall the California fascist rulers, the otherwise luxurious pastime magazine of the University of California Students—*The Pelican*—came forward with an article in which Gov. Merriam is pictured as a humpty-dumpty sitting on a wall and described him as "Governor of California by virtue of circumstance", "petty politician," bumbling orator" and "caterer to the whims of the monied minority." Former President Hoover is described as "fatty pants" "challenger of liberty" and "paunch drunk prince of Palo Alto."

Strikes by workers on relief is the new order of the day. 1500 such workers are on strike for over a month in Lucas County, Ohio.

Workers on relief at Dallas, Texas, held forth the City Auditorium for nine consecutive days and nights. Their strike was against a 40 to 60 per cent cut in relief. A forcible attack by the police drove the strikers from the Auditorium, and likewise ended the strike.

Sacramento, Calif.—Lorene Norman, Caroline Decker, Nora Conklin, Pat Chambers, Jack Crane, Norman Mini, Albert Hougardy and Martin Wilson were sentenced 14 to 14 years imprisonment for the crime of having aided in bringing about strikes of the field and orchard workers of this state.

Springfield, Ill.—Edward Maybe, president of the Progressive Miners was murdered from a machine gun, which also hurt six others. Roy Edmunson, president of the Benton United Mine Workers Union, (see editorial on the miners elsewhere in this issue) and others of his aides, are accused of the attack.

Toronto, Ohio.—Nearly a hundred shots were fired into a picket line of 100 strikers at the Kaul Clay Company as they attempted to persuade eighteen imported strike breakers from taking their jobs. Andy Latiska, 30, father of two children was killed. Four other strikers were seriously wounded. Prosecutor Hooper, said he didn't "know" as to whether any of the "special" plant guards

who did the shooting would be called before the grand jury.

San Francisco, Calif.—Eleven men, said to be associated with the Tankers Union, now conducting a strike upon Oil and Gasoline stations, are accused as a secret bombing squadrons.

The three month's militant strike of newspapermen on the *Newark Ledger* ended in a partial victory for the strikers. All the hired scabs were dismissed.

Various liberals have joined in a fight to prevent the deportation of Kurt Karl Otto Walther, anti-Nazi, who abandoned his ship at San Francisco. The main basis for the appeal in his behalf is the old-time recognized right of political assylum. Walther's deportation to Hitler's ruled Germany, the defense attorneys charge, may result in his imprisonment and death.

The AAA is keeping secret a report on the deplorable conditions of Arkansas sharecroppers, made to administrator Chester C. Davis by Mrs. Mary Couner Myers, investigator.

Mrs. Myers is said to have found many evicted families on the highways or forced to share overcrowded hovels, trucks piled with their belongings, shacks in muck-mired fields.

Evictions were caused by reduced need for labor, due to acreage reduction, and punitive measures taken by landlords against the increasing activities of the sharecroppers.

A mass meeting of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union at Birdsong, Ark., echoed forth the following refrain, in actual facts: Norman Thomas, well known socialist, being manhandled and forcibly prevented from speaking. John Herling, accompanying Thomas, being brutally beaten, and Buck Kester, Associate Press reporter, together with Thomas and Herling being seized, thrown into their automobiles, and escorted out of Mississippi County.

Anarchy vs The State

As long as the revolution, in order to accomplish its destined cycle, appears as social, that is to say, as equilibrium between the two declarations of all rights and all duties, the revolutionary party par excellence must be anarchist. It must come forth, not as adverse to one form or another of the State, but to the whole State; inasmuch as, wherever such party sees a State, it sees privilege and misery, rulers and subjects, upper classes and disinherited classes. It sees politics but no justice, codes but no rights, dominant cults but no religion, armies but no defence, schools but no education. It sees the extreme of luxury and the extreme of poverty.

Be it a pontiff, a king, a president, a Directorate or a dictator, its function is the same, namely, to split the community in two parties; and where it splits the most, there, under one name or another, its rule is heaviest.

Severe with its subjects, envious with its neighbor, the State is oppression at home and war abroad. Masked as the organ of public safety, it is inevitably a violent spoiler. Under pretext of keeping the peace among its citizens and the parties, it is a provoker of wars near and afar. The State calls obedience, goodness; forced silence, order; slaughter, expansion; hypocrisy, civilization. Like the churches, it is a creature of the general ignorance and of the weakness of the many. To the adults, however, it appears exactly what it is—man's worst enemy from birth to death.

Whatever calamity might fall upon the mortals thru Anarchy, it would be a trifle when compared with the havoc played by the State.

That men feel its burden is shown by the fact that periodically they resort to the palliative of changing its form. Useless to say, they soon—but too late—realize each time that the new form and volume did not diminish the weight.

A change of form may have its value for some particular vindications. But, when the struggle is not waged for this or that right or duty, but for all the rights and duties, then every form is surpassed and the State loses all importance in presence of the aim of the struggle.

The anarchists are engaged in the struggle against the State. They do not go back to Rousseau, they do not attempt to rebuild nature, but they seek to interpret her, since they assert that Anarchy is natural order. As the molecules organize thru the affinity and cohesion law, likewise men need no coercive powers in order to live, in society. The State left alone, men would take care of themselves; whereas everybody at present must be on guard against this self-appointed custodian that tyrannizes and preys upon them. "Qui custodiet custodem?"

Man's thought is anarchistic and toward Anarchy marches history. While each man's thought is autonomous, yet the thoughts of all the individuals tend to organize into a collective one, which urges history onward. By exhausting the State's vitality and unveiling ever more the insuperable autonomy between the central power and man's freedom, history follows its course toward Anarchy.

Justify the State as you will; consecrate it by moving into it the God taken away from the Church; make it Guelph, Ghibelline, bourgeois, theocratic, monarchic, republican—invariably you will, sooner or later, discover a tyrant on your back, against whom you will ever protest in the name of human thought and nature.

GIOVANNI BOVIO

(English version by V. Aretta)

SATURN COMES TO EARTH

Samuel Pollnow

One bright sunny morning, in the calendar year of 1935, the Earthly population inhabiting the European continent, otherwise known as "wise little world," craned their necks toward heaven and where horrified to behold a giant monster of deep red color circling himself high over their heads in the shape of a fiery reptile.

"Don't despair, my friends," the Monster bellowed down to the frightened little creatures in a peculiar language that momentarily fragmented itself in as many different tongues and dialects as are spoken by the many different nations occupying the continent, 'I come from a world which your learned astronomers call Saturn. I desire to make your acquaintance', his harsh voice kept roaring.

Seeing the Earthians fall on hands and knees the Monster became incensed at so undignified a welcome and thundered down threateningly:

"What mischief-making is this? How dare you treat in so vile a manner an emissary of Saturn! Know ye not I can smash this little pea-world of yours with my left thumb? Rise ye little pigmies ere my ire gets the best of me!"

But on hearing their heart-rending wailings and exhortations that rose up to him like a dampened wind, the several tons of intellectual brain that lodged in the skull of the Saturnian giant immediately perceived the childish helplessness of the Earthians in facing strange phenomena and calmed his anger, though it took several hours of Earth's time for the calm-signal to traverse from its brain cell into the conscience pit.

"Harken ye Earthians!" his shrill voice exploded again. "I demand, one of your highest intellectuals—one who not only is gifted with mental faculties but should possess the physical courage to travel with me invisibly through space—, for I am bent on visiting your civilized countries to learn for my Saturnian brethren what on earth you are doing here. Let your chosen one not fear me for I shall at once dissolve myself into a normal size of an Earthian, even wearing a stiff shirt and spats. Only this I beg of you: Do not send me a philosopher; we've heard too much of their conflicting elucidations and have therefore not much trust in them."

Having thus explained his Earthly presence he gave the Eiffel Tower as temporary lodging and gradually made his fiery substance disappear into nothingness.

And so it came to pass that while the Earthly race was lying prostrate on the ground, praying for the Holy Monster to have mercy on their souls, the wise men of the learned academies donned cap and gown and gathered on a serious discussion about the unusual request coming from a stranger of a neighboring planet. After abundance of argumentation on the phenomenal occurrence, which the laws of nature forever riddle human ingenuity; and after lengthy dissertation on the physical probability of living matter going through vacuum sphere by means of artificial respiration, it was finally ascertained by various mathematical equations that such a venture is not contrary to scientific fact and the Saturnian should be accorded the recognition he deserves.

A ballot was then taken on the most worthy companion for the distinguished visitor, with professor R—L, looked upon as the highest intellect of the age, gaining the award to meet the phenomenal stranger.

"Hello Mr. Earthian!" the Saturnian spoke up in a voice, though considerably tamed down, almost tumbled the professor from the Tower.

"It is indeed an honor to meet you, sire", the other chirped in. "Well, my dear Earthian, where do we go first? I understand your planet is divided in many different sections, is that true?"

"Quite true, my worthy sire. Our people are not very fond of each other so they congregated in separate nationalities and settled on their own adopted territories."

"And pray tell me, what makes them not fond of each other?"

"Well, now—I shall make a note of it and write a treatise." "Let me see; if my geographic knowledge has not escaped me we are now in the country of France, am I correct? Suppose then we make our first exploration here."

"If it pleases your grace, Mr. Saturnian, this country had just now suffered the loss of a rich coal region and is therefore not very much disposed at welcoming distinguished visitors."

"Very well, my dear Earthian. I shall not infringe on people that are indisposed to receive strangers; but tell me this: Does the 'guillotine' still adorn her market places?"

"Yes, it still is there."

"And are offenders still being exported to Devil's Island?" "I am sorry to say—yes; but I beg to remind you that they have the Academy of Immortals, the Arcide Triomphe—and even this Eiffel Tower, upon which we are standing now, deserves some meritorious consideration."

"Never mind that; such things as these we keep displayed in our Toy Department. But tell me something about Italy, is she very far from here?"

"Ah, Italy! I shall not advise you to go there. In Italy there is one man today who attempts to embody in himself the statesmanship of Caesar, the vengeance of Cato and the Immortality of Virgil. Should you dare to think him too little for so splendid an honor his mercenary hordes will pour so much castor oil into your stomach that will make your bowels crack."

"How about Austria?"

"Ah, Austria! Hmm—. There is not much left of her—only

one City. It's so crowded there that people shoot one another for space to dance their waltzes."

"Why, what became of her lands?"

"Her lands? It was taken from her by several nations."

"What, for nothing?"

"Oh no! It cost a sacrifice of 40 millions of our people for each to get a slice of it."

"Very queer, indeed. But where would you suggest we go, my dear Mr. Earthian?"

"How about England?" he ventured.

"England? No! never!" he blurted out with such vehement force that the Earthian professor turned a somersault and was about to drop headlong on the ground if not for the Saturnian grabbing him quickly by the leg and standing him up on the Tower again.

"No, my most worthy friend, to England I shall not go. I shall not desecrate my Saturnian pride by visiting a land which persecutes 360 millions of Hindus whose forefathers had nothing in common with them. Besides, my honored friend, there once lived one of your compatriots, his name was—let me recollect—Yes, FRANCIS MARIE AROUET. I remember it well now, for in our Bureau of Biographical Annotation it is the only Earthian name that bears honorary mention.

If this wise man of yours refused his CANDIDE permission to land on her shores I shall not overstep the wisdom of so noble a mind."

And the Earthian, being overwhelmed by the eloquence of his distinguished guest, made this reply: "Far be it from me, noble sire, to dispute your judgment since you unveil such broad knowledge of things Earthly. Mayhaps this idea, which I shall propound forthwith, will gain your objective: You are undoubtedly acquainted with the transitory period in social reconstruction that is taking place in Germany and Russia; the first going from the cultural to the arborial and the latter from the agricultural to the industrial. Let us embark for these lands where social life is being remolded on new doctrinal principles."

The Saturnian seemed to be pleased with the idea, for he made haste to reply: Yes, my dear Earthian, that suits me well.

So saying the Saturnian stopped a cloud that was traveling at fast velocity in the direction of the Atlantic Ocean and reversed her route leading towards the New Reich. Both jumped upon the ethereal carriage which melted itself away in a two-seater, carrying off the two explorers for the outlined destination. When they had reached the capital City they made a first descent, and by some stroke of bad fate landed in one of the newly-instituted concentration camps.

Saturn: What strange place is this that Earthians in brown-color uniform carry such heavy clubs and walk like stiffened bamboos?

Earthian: This is a camp where all opponents of the present regime are incarcerated and these soldiers in uniform are here on guard to prevent their escape.

Saturn: Does the custom still prevail on Earth that one class of your people should govern another?

Earthian: That seems to be a fact. Our people grew in so much with the habit that if no one should volunteer to govern them by force they would look upon it as a wrath of God's vengeance. They simply could not endure a life without some sort of ruling power.

As they were so engrossed in intimate conversation, a dejected and worn-out group of men and women were seen dragging their tired feet under a strict command of a uniformed patrol, who, on reaching the center of the court, were savagely attacked with heavy clubs and bayonets. Stroke after stroke the clubs kept a pounding on the heads and bodies, unmindful of the heart-rending screams that pierced through the air.

Saturn: Mighty Jupiter! What madness has befallen these creatures that they can be so cruel to their brethren?

Earthian: That, my good sire, is our virtue's privilege over the wicked.

Saturn: And what is this you call "virtue" and "wicked?"

Earthian: On our planet those who obey the sacred codes of law and order are the virtuous and those who disobey them are the "wicked."

Saturn: And who, pray, prescribes these—what you call—sacred codes?

Earthian: Some are sent down to us from Heaven, others are decreed by the wise men who hold the reins over our social order.

Saturn: From what Heaven do you get your messages?

Earthian: The Heaven from where Providence directs his Universe.

Saturn: And does your Einstein make any of these codes?

Earthian: No sire! To him we can only entrust the Milky Way.

To write codes for our people one must needs be a personage of high rank.

The Saturnian was about to inquire where they have located a Providential Heaven, when another lot of unfortunate humans were dragged into the courtyard and made to spit in each other's faces. This spectacle over, the brown-shirted guards thought up a sadistic amusement by forcing them, at threat of the lash and the bayonet, to pass the urine in especially prepared tin cups and then drink it back into their systems.

Saturn: Are these people also from the wicked class?

Earthian: No, not exactly; they belong to a different race, which the Germans consider lower from theirs, and this is how they demonstrate their superiority.

Saturn: And who told them they are superior?

Earthian: It is written so in their Ancestral records.

Saturn: Did not this lower class keep records?

Earthian: Indeed so; their records even show they sprung from higher ancestry than the Germans, but they lack the power to prove it.

At this point another bunch of haggard looking human beings were brought out, their shirts stripped from the backs, exposing deep lines of terrific scourings, and by disciplinary handling of the bailiffs, were made to kneel with their heads bent on wooden blocks. An executioner in full dress suit appeared gracefully with a sharp axe, and in a very polite and dignified manner beheaded every one of the doomed civilians whose severed heads and bodies were then collected and thrown in separate baskets.

Saturn: What sinners are those?

Earthian: They rebelled against the chosen government.

Suddenly the Saturnian was seized with a cramp in the stomach and crouched down in a terrible fit of pain.

"What has come over you good sire?" the Earthian inquired alarmingly, "did you get an upset stomach?"

"I do not know what it is, but come my friend, let us get away from here, quick."

At once they hailed another passing cloud and were carried to the boundary line of the Russian steppes, known now among the nations as the U. S. S. R. As they were crossing a peasant village that had only two rows of low-walled cabins under straw-covered roofs, they looked down and witnessed a sight that made the blood freeze in their veins. On a ravaged and hoof-trodden garden in the rear of one of the houses was stretched out the body of a peasant in a pool of his own blood. Beside him was kneeling his peasant wife, the children hanging on to her wide skirts like chicks around their mother hen. She was crying and lamenting, all the while raising her hands toward heaven in complaining shrieks.

The Saturnian became curious and ordered a descent. When near the grief-stricken mother he cried out to her, "My good woman, what calamity has come upon you that took the life of your husband and father?"

The poor woman recognized it to be a voice from her Master, and making the Sign of the Cross she hastened to answer: "They, the commissars, have killed my poor Ivan!"

"Tell me my good woman, why have they killed him?"

"Little Father," she moaned, who should know their ways?

My poor Ivan was helping Stepan the *machinist* (enginman), shoveling coal for his *pozeyd* (train) which was going to Irkutsk. Yesterday morning it happened, Stepan looked out on the *doroga* (road) and saw a reddish cow lying across the rails. Poor Stepan wanted to stop the *pozeyd* but he grabbed the throttle, the devil knows how, a screw got loose and the locomotive ran over the cow and cut her in pieces."

"Was that why they murdered your husband, because he couldn't stop the train?"

"For that, they say, they first shot Stepan and now they came and killed my poor Ivan. Who should know their ways, who should know their ways?"

Saturn: My honored friend, I feel a dizziness coming in my head. I fear I shall not be able to continue with my journey.

Earthian: Brace up my honored sire. You shall yet be recompensed for the ill-effects the grief of a woman's mourning over her departed husband has caused you.

"It is not the dead man nor the bereaved woman that disturbs the routine of my sensitive veins. Well do I perceive that a thousand millions of your Earthly population will not suffer the loss of a measly one peasant. I am more obsessed by the WHY and the WHEREFORE does one class of your mankind deem it necessary to exterminate an other."

"O, kind sire, do not be hasty in your judgment. Have patience and you shall behold the aurora of a new paradise which the prophets of this Commune are preparing for future generations."

"But have not throughout your history new eras sprung up, always resulting in like despotisms?"

"There is much truth in what you are expounding, sire, but we must reckon that never before has a social order been founded on principles of a Marxian theory, which promises social equality for all citizens.—Ah, gracious sire! Look to it, we are now above the city of Leningrad."

"Leningrad! That is the City where the Romanoffs had the Tsarski Sielo," the Saturnian exclaimed in rapturous voice. "We shall go no farther. Nowhere can the contrast between the New and Old Orders be discerned as here."

On broad, white-asphalted Prospect (Nevsky) Square stood our Saturnian and Earthian cloud-riders, observing into the Bolshevik Order which is being patterned by the *tovaristchi* of Marxian creed. They saw marching throngs of leather-jacketed patrols with revolvers hanging loosely by their sides, pacing to and fro in smart cockishness. They saw high-grade automobiles running at terrific speed in which well-bred individuals, clad in uniforms that represented officialdom, sat comfortably with authoritative poise. They saw soldiers in gay regalia, armed with sabre and bayonet, parading in military order. They saw hungry men and women standing in endless lines, in futile hope of being rewarded with a loaf of bread or a *kapusta* (cabbage).

Saturn: Kind friend, I do not wish to be rude in doubting your informative knowledge, but does it appear to you any different from the Tsarist regime?

Earthian: Kind sire, be patient with us. Social life under Marxian creed is not being remolded in the street but in the great industrial developments which are taking place in shops and factories.—There stands the Putilovskii, the largest engineering plant for cars and implements. Let us go in to see what we can see.

When the vast industrial establishment had been penetrated by the two invisible guests the same picture of class-inequality unveiled itself in its naked glory. At the work-benches and mechanical appliances stood a laboring class whose drooped figures were wet with perspiration from the hard toil, while alert and fast-stepping overseers were on the lookout, watching scrutinizingly every move the human chain made in its relentless travail. No quarter was given to any one who showed symptoms of weakening under the physical strain.

For long hours the uninvited aliens watched the endless grilling of these human creatures, with no visible signs of forthcoming orders to relieve them from the inhuman torture. When the Saturnian had grown weary of eyeing the almost unendurable drudgery to which the ill-fated toilers were being subjected, he pulled his companion by the sleeve—as a signal for them to leave the premises.

Saturn: This is nothing comparing to the Roman galley-slavery.

Earthian: Perhaps so; but we must not overlook the great ideal for which these people are working.

Saturn: Bah! we've heard of your great ideal. One of our humorists even compared them to our meteors that dart across with a transient light and then disappear somewhere into oblivion.

As they were walking along the stately buildings and graceful edifices that stand like sphinxes of the Old Order, they were struck by a gleaming light reflecting from the gilded spire of the Petro-pavelskaya which stretched majestically to the high heavens.

Saturn: Is this not the fortress where the Tsarists kept their revolutionists incarcerated?

Earthian: It is the very structure you speak of.

Saturn: And for what purpose is it being used now?

Earthian: The Revolutionists now in power incarcerate those who rebel against them—counter-revolutionists they are called.

MAN!

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and movement Issued by the International Group of San Francisco

Editor, MARCUS GRAHAM

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00 PER YEAR

Sample Copies Free Upon Request

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

Administration and Editorial Address

MAN!

P. O. Box 115, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

The Saturnian was dumbfounded at this bit of information and was groping for words when the sound of a bugle call, heralding the on-coming of an official procession, made him come out of the stupor. They glanced around and saw a detachment of sixty-six terror stricken human beings escorted by an armed patrol of soldiers, marching at a quick pace for some particular destination. "We shall follow them," the Saturnian tucked at the Earthian's sleeve.

Nearing the grey wall that forms the rear of the Petropavelskaya, the civilian wretches were unceremoniously lined up against it, the armed patrol facing them smartly with their guns.

Tra-ta-ra-ta-ta! the guns rattled out, and in the twink of an eye the sixty-six miserable creatures were strewn over the vacant lot like a herd of slaughtered lambs.

"My heart! my heart!" cried the Saturnian. "I cannot bear the sight of it any longer.—Commandeer a cloud, quickly! my good Earthian friend, for I have not the strength to do it. Here is the password: I-P-V-N (Inter-planeta vetur nubus)."

Having cooled himself with the misty vapor of his carrier the Saturnian was self-composed again and confided to his friend an eager desire to see the New World which lies somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, before he departs for his homeland; particularly was he interested in seeing the U. S. A. where, as reported on his Planet, great progress is being made in science, technic and social organization, and where they are erecting a wonder-city of skyscrapers whose granite domes almost reach over the clouds. On hearing this, the Earthian suggested a tour into the Far East where lies Japan, the greatest civilized country in Asia. "We go there via Manchuria from where we can reach the New World by crossing the Pacific Ocean," he explained.

And so they winged their way through the cold snow-fields of Siberia, thence to Manchuria and were in a short while circling over Tokio, the capital of Nippon. They were about to make a landing when they looked down and beheld a sight that almost toppled them over, were it not for the spirit of wisdom that guided the Saturnian's steering hand. Right in the thick of a public thoroughfare was a row of forty butcher-blocks, each one near which was kneeling a Japanese civilian, his hands tied behind the back and his bare head lying face downward on the block. An executioner in yellow kimono, holding a glistering sharp axe, went from block to block, adjusting the outstretched head of each civilian in a fitting position. Then, raising the glistering axe over his own head he sent it down once or twice on the awaiting nape from which the head rolled away in a stream of blood that spattered a crimson trail after it.

At this horrible sight the Saturnian swooned on his dewy seat and was completely lost in a coma. Whereupon the Earthian, having been familiar with the healing practices of the medical profession, raised the swooner's feet to a vertical position, by which method the Saturnian's blood flowed back to the head, affording him to regain consciousness.

Saturn: Kind friend, are we passing on to the New World?

Earthian: What is that you speak, kind sire, are we not going to leave here?

Saturn: No, my good friend. I can see with my rational faculties that their Asiatic civilization is an exact copy of your Westerner's.

Earthian: What words can I choose to offer a contradiction?

Further winged on the mysterious carrier over the quiet waters of the Pacific, passed the many American Republics, crossed the State of California and flew for the first stop in a Southern State below the Mason and Dixon line.

No sooner had they landed on American soil than the Saturnian's profile took a ghastly pallor and his whole body was shaking like a leaf.

The causes for the stranger's sudden spasmodic attack were such: From a near distance they saw a mob of white folk dragging after them the naked body of a black figure who seemed to be dead, for it dangled along without any outward signs of moving life. The mob kept lashing the mutilated corpse with whips or beating it with canes, and some even cutting pieces from the raw flesh which they carried off with zealous appetite.

Saturn: Jupiter, Mars and the Great Comet! Do they still practise cannibalism here?

Earthian: Not so, kind sire. This culprit is being punished by "lynching," meaning he was hanged on a tree, then, as an after-revenge for the nefarious crime he had committed he is being thushly mishandled.

Saturn: But what is this nefarious crime you speak of?

Earthian: He had been accused of seducing a female citizen—which is strictly prohibited by the laws of the State.

Saturn: Do they prohibit such thing on your Planet?

Earthian: Yes, that is a fact.

Saturn: How is it then that you are so multiplying?

Earthian: I must humbly apologize, kind sire. I meant to say that such acts are prohibited if committed without an official sanction by a notary of the State.

Saturn: My Saturnian head is splitting. I fail to understand how natural impulse, which is governed by physical law, can irresistibly surrender to stately precept—

The Saturnian was about to open a lengthy discussion on the Impelling Force of TITILLATIO (meaning "emotional pleasure which is being stimulated by body and mind together"), but in observing a female member of the mob severing with a steel blade a delicate limb from the black corpse he was overtaken by so severe a vomiting spell that the Earthian had to run for an apothecary to fetch him a soda-phospho.

When his digestive organs got settled the Saturnian absolutely rejected the pleadings of his companion that the premises on which they are treading are swarmed with gentlemen whose sole aim in life is to safeguard the virtue of womanhood, and flatly refused to stay a minute longer. He insisted on leaving without delay.

When next they flew over Chicago, in the State of Illinois, they were greeted by a boisterous, clattering noise that was coming from a blasting of sirens and blowing of whistles. When they looked down they saw speeding cars chasing one another, with men standing on their side-boards and roof-tops, shooting from machine guns and pistols amid a confusion of shouting, screaming and scattering pedestrians.

Earthian: (Whose teeth chattered as if he were in danger of falling into a precipice). O, kind sire, if life means anything to your race, I beseech you not to alight into this kettle of fire and brimstone.

Saturn: What hellish place is below us that people engage in such wild orgies?

Earthian: The authorities here are waging a relentless war on the anti-social elements whose business is to steal and plunder the people's ownings.

Saturn: Is it against the law of your planet to take what one wants to have?

Earthian: Private ownership, sire, is a sacred institution of our land; to break its code is therefore considered illegal and the culprit of such outlawish deed is treated as a criminal.

Saturn: Well, why don't they make crime legal?

Earthian: That, sire, would be contrary to the moral ethic of our social order.

Saturn: Confound me if I can see the wisdom of it. Let us at least on this subject be specific in our reasoning so we may perhaps come to some intelligent conclusion. If I understand you aright you seem to aver by the term of "social ethic," which, as you indicate, are accepted as a legal means to safeguard private ownership against illegal appropriation, am I correct?

"That is indeed so."

"Now then, reducing the argumentation to more definite terms, it means when one individual of your society takes away an object of property (by subversive method, of course) from another individual, he does not in so doing infringe upon society as a whole but on the opposite individual, am I correct?"

"So far you are reasonable correct, sire."

"Well, let us be still more precise by illustrating the point in question with this analogy: Suppose, we will say—what are some of your names of identity, John, James, Henry, George? Well, let us take John and James. Both are members of your society. John owns a waistcoat and James does not. James grows envious of John for not having the privilege of the waistcoat and decides to take it (again by subversive method) from him. It follows then that John becomes the deprived and James the privileged. Now I ask you in plain logical reasoning, what does it matter to society as a whole who has the privilege of using the waistcoat since both are equal members of it?"

"You reason well, sire," replied the Earthian; "but if we should permit our thieves to go unhampered society would eventually carry the brunt of maintaining this idle element."

"Well, let me see.—How does your society cope with them now?"

"Very simply; we keep them isolated in our prisons."

"Do you see now that at all events your society assumes the responsibility of caring for them?"

But the Earthian could only reply: Your analogy is beyond logical refutation. My only response to it would be that we Earthians are not accustomed to reason thus."

The Saturnian was to continue with the discussion, developing his views on "whether it is right for one class to accumulate and claim title to wealth," which, according to his theorizing, should fall in the same category with theft, but had been interrupted by his companion to announce that they have reached the city of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania.

"At last we can have some peace and quiet," observed the Saturnian, walking along between rows of dreary-looking residences which could not be distinguished one from another. Melancholy and dimness screened off the heavy-draped frontages from whose windows seldom peered out a living occupant. Oft times, when the full moon struts majestically upon a cloudless sky one would think dead corpses are buried in those masonic tombstones who dread to come out from their niches for fear of being overtaken by mysterious goblins.

Well pleased with the quietude that interrupted the hazardous voyage they kept strolling along in the early dusk of day's approach, with the Saturnian abandoning for the moment all his trials and tribulations the experiences of his trip had caused him and delighting in the balmy air that caressed and refreshed his aching limbs. Then, on seeing the golden rays of the morning sun piercing through the smoky clouds that were effusing from the industrial shops and factories his soul rose to such ecstasy that it inspired him to sing in praise of Nature's wonders.

Beloved, O thou Sun of purple gold,

Oh Season's nurse in warmth and cold;

With all that Man plagues to doom,

Thou still canst make flowers bloom . . .

In these lost reveries of the Saturnian they came to an open square facing north of City Hall and known as the Reyburn Plaza. As they stood under a blazing sun, contemplating on what to do next, they suddenly beheld a marching throng of men and women heading in their direction. It was a pitiable sight they represented. The men were sullen and haggard looking; the women all weary from, what seemed, dire want and exhaustion, some carrying little ones in their arms, were lagging far behind the male partners. The shabby clothes that hung on the droop-limbed bodies and the starving expression countenancing their pale, forlorn and emaciated profiles, gave evidence of great misery and suffering to which the unfortunate lot had been subjected.

Saturn: Who are these impoverished-looking people and what do they want?

Earthian: They are hungry folk; they came to the authorities to demand bread for themselves and their starving families.

Saturn: Why, is there not enough bread on your planet to feed all her living creatures?

Earthian: Bread there is plenty, but in our scheme of things one class owns it and other has to beg for it.

Saturn: My wits are leaving me. I cannot seem to concentrate on any of your odd schemes with a clear mind.

As he spoke thus they saw columns of armed police advancing from all sides, falling upon the assembled throng with clubs, bayonets and black-jacks. With ferocious zeal they pounded mercilessly upon them, battering their skulls and bodies, unmindful whether the unfortunate victims were fleeing from the savage onslaught or were lying prostrate in their blood that streamed from open gashes.

"O Celestial Comet! O Fiery Rainbow! O Heavenly Stars!" cried the Saturnian. "Why do you permit these vampish microbes to breed under your nebular light? Why do you not exterminate them from your sister planet?—Then to the Earthian: My friend, lead me away from here; my heart is now breaking from this terrible ordeal. I fear my living days are approaching the end on your accursed planet."

"Honorable sire," replied the Earthian, "be brave for just one more inspection tour. My Earthian brothers shall ever regret your departure without at least once seeing the wonder city of our globe, the metropolis New York."

"But my kind honored friend, how can I proceed farther in your savage madhouse, even as I am brave, with my heart succumbing to the nervous tension?"

"O, sire," remonstrated the Earthian, "I shall forthwith fetch you a remedy which our clinics have invented for weak hearts; they will inject you a needle and you shall then feel like a new-born babe."

"Indeed, my friend, from what my eyes have observed I can hardly have trust in your 'needles'; but if your Metropolis is really as wonderful as you claim, I shall stake my Saturnian being, mayhaps it will deliver some worthy tiding for my proud homeland."

New York! The two strangers riding in their ethereal cart were almost caught by the oblong spear extending from the Empire Building and overturned, but for the expert steering of the ever-alert Saturnian. Rudderless carefully his ethereal mechanism over a range of monumental buildings that from a bird's-view seem like a mirage of fantastic air-castles, he was able to glide through the lofty skyscrapers and thus avoid an inevitable collision.

As they looked down on a narrow side Avenue they saw a compact mass of living creatures pushing and shoving one another for breathing space. At first it impressed them as being a thickly populated ant-swarm, but seeing them raise hands high over heads and hearing a shouting of mad outcries that almost punctured their ear-drums they recognized it to be a human conglomeration and decided to come down.

Saturn: What are these people clamoring for?

Earthian: This is Wall Street, the barometer of our financial world. Here is where people buy and sell bond certificates at a gamble of enormous profits or losses.

Saturn: Do not these people have to work for a living?

Earthian: No. This is another one of our little schemes.

Saturn: And who produces the necessities of life?

Earthian: Those we shall find in the fields, at the mines and in the workshops.

Saturn: Oh yes; are there any mines in this area? We've heard something very funny about them; we've heard that those who dig your mines have no heat in their own homes, is that right?

Earthian: That is indeed so. It is due to our economic system by which production must first yield a profit before it is allowed for distribution.

Saturn: To whom does it have to yield a profit?

Earthian: To the owners, of course.

Saturn: It seems everything under the sun here is owned by somebody.—Then to the Earthian: How strange is it that people, who are created by Nature—and destroyed by her—should claim to be her possessors.

Earthian: I must grant you, sire, that in this respect our people are the most unreasonable creatures on earth.

Saturn: I should like to see one of your mines; it is said the people digging them work under the most horrible conditions imaginable.

Earthian: There are no mines in this zone, but if you wish we shall enter the workshops—which are plentiful here.

Making their first appearance in one of New York's garment establishments the Saturnian was astounded to see little girls in their teens, middle-aged men and women with sickly pallor in their dried out faces and even old wrinkled grandparents bent over running machines, whose stooped bodies squirmed in painful agony to keep up with the terrific speed of the mechanisms. The sight seemed to again have its effect on our Saturnian, for he pulled away his Earthian partner and rushed out like a streak of lightning.

Saturn: What my Saturnian brain fails to comprehend is why these undeveloped and incapacitated human beings are allowed to slave under such hardships while your strong and able-bodied sit on soft-cushioned chairs, earning their profits from exchanging paper documents.

Earthian: That can very well be explained, sire. In our scheme of things the entire social organism is dependent on paper documents for its livelihood; therefore, those who lack the brains to avail themselves of the scheme bear the task of maintaining with their hard toil the more clever ones who become privileged to live by un-worked-for products.

Saturn: But are not those strong and healthy folk ashamed to live on the sweat of the weak?

Earthian: A fine thought, indeed. It would fit in well in a discussion of 'just' and 'righteousness.'

Saturn: Do you ever think of those things?

Earthian: Indeed we do. Every Sunday we have our ministers preach about them from their pulpits.

Saturn: Let me ask you a more practical question: What would happen if all of your people should become equally clever-minded and start dealing in paper documents; who would then provide the means of livelihood?

Earthian: I can hardly answer it, sire, but I am sure our economists can work out a theory that would solve the problem very nicely.

Suddenly the Saturnian remained glued to the ground. He could hardly make an outcry to his friend companion, who, seeing him stand with mouth wide open and rigid like a marbled statue, thought something unusual happened that turned him into a stoney figure. Then, as if moved by a magic touch, the Saturnian swayed back and forth and fell to the ground in a fit of violent convulsions.

It developed that the cause of his demise resulted from the following scene which happened only a few paces away from him: A youth, probably 20 years of age, was dragged from a nearby restaurant by several husky police officers, who threw him down on the stoney pavement and began hailing upon him with their night sticks. Unheeding the youth's piercing screams they kept lambasting him with their clubs until he gasped out the last breath and could scream no more. When the Earthian inquired about the circumstances that warranted such barbaric treatment he was informed that the youth had been caught stealing a lunch from the eating place.

But let us go back to our stricken Saturnian. It came to pass when the Earthian saw the convulsive paroxysm of his companion friend he consoiringly diagnosed it as being an attack of epilepsy and decided that in such cases it is better to let nature take its course. The diagnose seemed to be correct, for immediately after, the spasmodic fit died away and our Saturnian regained his normal breathing. Opening his eyes his associate, and in a weak, almost inaudible voice, spoke thus:

(Concluded on Page Six)

DIVERSE OPINIONS

The Machine In A Free Society

Comrade Graham:

Such a question as the machine in a free society, at a time when the people look at the machine as to a new and mighty god, and the only way out of the present condition, will raise many other criticisms on your point of view.

For my part, as to the question: "Is the machine useful or not to mankind at present and in the future?"—I answer: About the present I doubt. We are facing too many contradictory facts. Many are on your side or on the opposite as to the future. I believe that when man will reach the maximum of mental development and with it a deep appreciation of the human side of life, he will choose what is best for him to keep or discard. I am well conscious of the fact that to completely abandon the machine is impossible. May be this is due to the fault of my imagination that cannot see any farther.

I hold that the world will have to come to an end before the machine can be completely discarded, as Volney has described in his "Ruins of Empire" at the Valley of Sepulcheres—"cities" "once populous and powerful, now silent as death, deserted and in ruins."

Perhaps the machine themselves will destroy the present civilization with its mania for building. But as to the machine today, it forms too big a part of our every day life, and even if we pay a very high price in human suffering, the mind of the people will not separate so easy from a conception of life without them, even if the price will be their own destruction.

*** LINO MOLIN

To my conception, Anarchism is the expression of the most ethical freedom and liberty of the individual in its truest essence—to coordinate and arrange life in accordance with individual apprehensions, emotions, desires and intuition in his social relationship toward his fellowman.

In order to enjoy individual liberty, man must be independent of his neighbor: therefore economic independence must prevail.

The idea of economic self-reliance automatically does away with every form of exploitation. In other words, each individual should be the sole owner of the fruits of his labor.

The difference between Anarchism and the principles of Socialism, Anarcho-Syndicalism and Communism, is, that the latter gives society (read individuals who re-

present by being elected by a majority of votes as a government or union agent, administrator, executive member, etc. in short—bureaucrats) the power of taking care and providing for the individual according to their needs, whereas Anarchism endeavors to make it possible for each individual to take care of his own needs in accordance with his individuality and thus render him economically self-reliant.

In this mechanized age, to work with machinery means to have a factory-system—an organized institution where the worker is a producer of only a very small part of the finished product. He is a "robot" of a centralized militaristic body, an insignificant screw in the vast machinery of production, and therefore cannot reap the fruit of his own labor.

Those who undertake to provide us with work, (which under a factory system must exist) also simultaneously tend to dominate us and regulate our very lives—Technocrats, specialists and managers control the ways and means of living of the individual for the benefit of "society" as a whole.

All this is definitely linked with the present industrial civilization which is in reality nothing more than another form of slavery.

It is true that in this machine age the worker may not be subjected to physical hunger or privation, but he will nonetheless suffer spiritual and mental depression as a human being.

I am fully in accord with Comrade Marcus Graham that under the machine system it is almost impossible for a human being to express and develop his own capacities and abilities and to comply with his own ideas of understanding. I also agree that the machine tends to instill hate toward work and mechanizes life.

I take exception to the opinion of those Comrades who believe the machine to be a new Messiah to humanity. That the machine shall be our slaves and work for us, and that work is the task for horses. Such Comrades have a capitalistic ideology. They are influenced by the bureaucratic philosophy of life.

I maintain that the possibility of intelligently creating the joy of life lies in work for pleasure and in being the sole owner of your accomplishments.

I am not for destroying the new religion known as Machine and Factory System. Only I strive toward the life of the artist and to be a free man.

Under machine or industrial civilization, there cannot be free individuals. It is therefore impossible for Anarchism to be realized under such a system.

M. JOSEPH

Equity—The Way Out

The primary purpose of political government is to maintain and promote inequity. But such government, or the State, did not originally establish inequity. Privilege was comparatively rich, and Slavery was miserable, before Statehood developed. The origin and the essence of inequity is economic, not political. Inequalities of economic opportunities were established before political government with its cloak of "Justice" was required for the protection of the rich and the furtherance of oppression.

From the above premise I make two conclusions: First, the abolition of the State is not as fundamental and necessary as the abolition of inequity. Second, the over-throw of the State shall be a superficial gesture, temporary and in a sense futile (as it has been in the past), so long as our revolutions are not preceded by a general understanding of and willingness to adopt equitable economic practices.

Workers continually contribute to the riches of non-workers, and do so willingly, because they have accepted, as "just," those fundamental conceptions about property, value, price, and exchange, out of which Privilege on one hand and Slavery on the other, inevitably arise. These erroneous conceptions, which are as old as history itself, are not taught to anyone. Even in our so-called Labor schools they are not analysed, but slurred over. They are accepted un-consciously, and the evil consequences of the practices which are based on them are attributed to the devilishness of human nature. The history of the "advanced" countries of the world shows always an intensification of the economic struggles of individuals, of groups, classes and nations—the struggles for the profits of inequitable exchange.

Anarchism proposes to inform and to inspire people to refrain from the abuse of the power conferred upon them thru inequitable exchange. The odds are hopeless, inasmuch as even the most vigilant champion of Liberty necessarily contributes to the power he would quell, every time he sells his work for gold or for anything other than an equal duration of another's work. Our revolutionary movement will take a great step forward when Anarchists come to see, as I believe they will in time, that privilege itself, not the abuse of privilege, is the thing to abolish. Let us stop paying tribute to the rich, instead of trying to nullify their power, the State, after we have created it.

The root of privilege is the getting of human work for no work in trade. Workers feed that root by the giving of their work for no work in trade. That is to say, the root of privilege is the fruit of slavery. This fruitful root must die, wither away, as soon as all workers understand how they can receive as much work as they give in trade, and agree to work and trade on no other terms. When the knowledge of equitable exchange has become general, there can be a country-wide agreement among all workers as to the day and hour when we shall utterly and finally abandon every contribution to and support of privilege.

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

Work for workers—destitution for non-workers (except those who may elicit private charity) may be our motto. The idle rich shall be left with their accumulations of property upon their hands, thenceforth worthless, because not property, but only work will be acceptable by the producers of food and clothing, and by those who render direct services such as chauffeurs, nurses, etc. The army and navy and police forces shall be thus forced to disband and do some useful work, since the Government's "legal tender" will no longer buy either the necessities or the luxuries of life. The present money, which is tribute-money, will all go into discard. All political office-holders, as well as all "illegal" thieves, grafters, racketeers, etc., will be simply out of luck, until they reform and get to work.

The technique of equitable exchange is not difficult nor complicated. All indirect exchanges, where a medium of exchange is needed, can be handled with checks (redeemable solely in a specified duration of work) which will be properly debited and credited in local free mutual banks which will be small enough so that all members are known to each other as satisfactory workers. For exchanges with workers of other communities there can be mutual bank clearing-houses which will honor the checks of their members in all parts of the country. Every check issued will be a promise to work a certain length of time in payment for an equal duration of work which has already been received. The clerk in the mutual bank will receive a check from each member each week for the duration of work required to keep his account. There can be no such thing as interest, discount, loans, mortgages, etc., which make commodity-money (gold, silver, etc.) such a drain on the ultimate worker-consumer. Also there can be no monopoly of this worker's money, and no power can accrue to its receiver.

WENDALL BULL

The failure of the equitists to realise the need for the abolition of the State, before any economic emancipation can come about, is very well exemplified in the above letter. If it weren't for the State, privilege and its resultant abuses couldn't last a single day. That is why the Anarchist sees in the State the chief enemy of social liberation.—Editor.

For Syndicalism

I have indeed enjoyed reading MAN! out here in those lonely and remote hills of southwestern Montana. To pass the time away I have read every word in MAN! a number of times despite the fact that I can't agree with many of your opinions and conclusions. I am in hearty agreement with the fundamental principles of Anarchism but not with the tactics and methods that the anarchist would use to overthrow the capitalist system. To speak of individual liberty under a class society, as many of the anarchists do, to my opinion is a snare and illusion. I think I lean more to industrial unionism and syndicalism than I do to philosophical anarchism. At any rate, keep on a sending me MAN!

Yours for industrial freedom.

JACK PARNACK

No anarchist that we know of has ever expounded the possibility of genuine freedom under any form of a class society, be it capitalist, socialist, communist or syndicalist.—Editor

Executives And Messenger Boys

You manage to get out an excellent piece of newspaper work and give your readers a very good interpretation of the spirit of the Anarchist movement.

The quotation from the writings of Enrico Malatesta on Science and Social Reform was very instructive and full of significance altho some might pass it over without a second thought.

He brings out plainly the hidden reason for the aversion and lack of popularity for the anarchist propaganda when he alludes to the incitement or incentive of the workers to take over the world and its contents and use it on their own account.

Perhaps the extraordinary activity of late by some of the higher ups is due to the fact that they are worried about the safety of their "God, State and Church." Consequently they are giving the problem of economics a share of their attention.

About the same line of talk was carried on in the papers away back in 1835 when it was pro and con for hard money or paper. The credit system was developing and a lot of irredeemable paper money, but it forced its way. In spite of their gloomy forebodings the credit system and paper money continued for 100 years to develop and it may be good for still another 100 for aught we know since we are all so strongly attached to it by force of habit.

Revolutions by the poor workingmen seem to have a miscarriage in the great majority of cases. In Holland or Spain they seem to get in Dutch. It is up to some to serve as messenger boys and others as executives according to circumstances as the case may be.

Keep up the good work for our facts and fancies to the end of the trail.

Fraternally yours,

W. S. ALLEN

Our friend Allen is mistaken in expressing approval for the need of executives, and messenger boys, since these are the leading factors why the world is in "Dutch."—Editor.

Saturn

(Continued From Page Five)

"My most honored Earthian friend, I fear death is overtaking me on your planet, but I would wish my Saturnian bones to rest in a grave where my noble ancestors lie."

"Said the Earthian: Express your wish, sire, and I shall do as you command me."

"Be kind, O gracious friend, to hail the last cart for me—you know the password—and I shall depart from your wretched Earth."

"This I shall willingly obey, my most noble sire; but may I inquire what message will you bring to Saturn of our arrangements here?"

"Ah, my friend, surely you do not expect me to present them with a false report?"

"Ah, kind sire! You are too harsh on us, for notwithstanding the ugly side that mars our social arrangements your judging us so would be unfair because of our great achievements in things sublime."

"And may I inquire, my good Earthian friend, of what subliminal achievements you speak?"

"Well, we have a classic literature."

"Yes, yes, we've heard of the fine masterworks which would be eroded by dust and vermine if not for the plagiarists scanning their pages once in a while."

"Well, we have our arts and our music."

"Yes, yes, but the golf courses and the circuses are your spiritual recreations."

"Well, we have our sciences and inventions."

"Yes, yes, all for the purpose of destroying one another with the aid of your machines and chemicals."

"We have reduced mortality and prevented diseases by developing our medical science."

"Quite true, quite true; but I should be ashamed to prolong a kind of life you are having here."

"We give charity."

"You give charity? And how do you obtain these gifts that make you so benevolent?"

"We pray to God."

"Yes, but you act like the Devil."

"We believe in a Hereafter."

"Yes,—for the purpose of damning the Present."

"We preach Love."

"But you live by Hate."

"We bring joy to millions of people through our new-discovered radio."

"You bring joy! That is interesting. How do you do it?"

"By cracking funny jokes."

"What, in this assylum of madness which even the lowest of our rodents would refuse to habitate, you still have the impudence to crack funny jokes? No, I shall remain firm in my judgment of you."

"But what recommendations, if I may ask so, will you offer with regards to our existence?"

"Ah, friend! It is not the habit of a Saturnian to deviate from the truth. I shall be failing in my mission were I not to recommend them to send down one of our shooting stars and blast your planet in fragmentary pebbles."

The type of this article will be retained for four weeks, giving in opportunity to Groups or Individuals, desiring to communicate with MAN! for reprinting this out of the ordinary essay in pamphlet form.—Editor.

ART AND LITERATURE

SONGS FOR MAY DAY

Fors-Cavigero

Sweet height of Spring! thou bring'st to me
Thoughts timed but ill with limet's song,
With breathing bud, with robing tree,
With evening sunshine ling'ring long.

Thought on a throng convened when airs
Of freedom, trill'd a witch, who charm'd
To sleep, with dreams that boons was theirs,
Though, wakeful, Pot'r drew nigh teem arm'd.

Fierce bound! mad; flight, of course!—a breath—
A bolt of bursting thunder, hurl'd
By hands unknown whose deed of death
The siren hush'd;—and woke the world.

That hour my soul espoused a cause
Which like Pandora, call'd from hell
A swarm of ills, resolved as laws;
But with them she brought hope as well!

That evil fortunes mate in May
Is told; but did idle word
Pretend, perchance, that fateful day
When wrong, matured, shall clasp the sword?

Hark! 'round our globe, the moan of hate
Ephthalim sounds once more!
The bells ring; and key-bearing Fate
Stands, veiled and mute, before the door!

C. L. JAMES.

Atlas

The world is one hard everlasting weight
Upon his broad back crouched to bear the load,
That was the old wrath and the blow of fate.

Milleniums are piled across his head;
A million raging wars have made him sink
Onto his knees half living and half dead.

Taut muscles chained by mountains link on link
With no escape for many a century
Have fixed him like statue at the brink

Of life and death; his brow beaded with the sea
Of labour, his arms holding the work of ages,
His heart resigned, yet hoping to be free.

His strength, unfailing never, keeps and wages
Life and sees it engraved on living pages.

VINCENT FERROUS.

Symbols

I hear the growing corn,
See the ripening wheat,
And hear the plop of fruit, rotten ripe,
As it falls to fertilize the ground.
The corn whispers of rising prices.
The wheat shines with gold,
And the rotten ripe fruit,
Symbolizes a dying civilization
In which men starve
In their own abundant fields.

FORREST T. FRAZIER.

Somewhere

There are riches somewhere in the land,
Because we've reaped for endless years,
With hands that sweat and ached,
Gold harvests for a feast.

There are riches somewhere in the land,
Because we've fed machines
With swift and tireless zeal
Their products to complete.

There are riches somewhere in the land,
Because we've seen the fattened in their lairs
Gorging on the labors
We in pain have yielded.

There are riches somewhere in the land,
Because we've toiled
From morn till night, with naught
But age for recompense.

There are riches somewhere in the land,
And we cry out for bread,
We who built a world
Are given stones for food and blood for thirst.

LISA LUCHKOVSKY.

Vision Of The Future

I've sailed the dancing waters,
I've trod the golden strand,
I've spoke the sons and daughters
Of that enchanted land;
I've drunken of her fountains,
The sweetest and the best;
I've rambled o'er her mountains,
I've revelled in her rest.

Within her spacious borders
No needy man I found,
No aimless idle hoarders,

BOOK REVIEW

Native American Anarchism by Eunice Minette Schuster. 202 Pages, paper cover. Smith College Studies in History. Oct., 1931-July, 1932. Northampton, Mass. One Dollar.

History books are very often a mere partial interpretation of facts and statements. The best history books are written by those who are genuinely imbued with a love and thorough understanding of the subject undertaken, and critical enough at the same time.

That Miss Schuster has laboriously waded through a wealth of material in order to gather her master-degree study cannot be doubted when one examines the immense interesting facts she has assembled. And for this she can be highly commended. If her work falls short of what it could really have been, it is mainly due to two causes. First, she reveals in the book an absolute looking down sort of attitude towards the ideal of anarchism, emphasizing again and again its impracticability. Second, the subject Miss Schuster has undertaken suffers most from what she has left untold, or rather has failed to investigate and include.

Right at the very outset Miss Schuster sets forth the following statement:

"Neither the Individual Anarchist nor the Christian Anarchist, however, could realize their objectives, as we shall see, for reasons inherent in their very doctrines. The former could not establish a society ordered by law of Individual Sovereignty or the latter by Christian Law because they had to use force to do so." P. 10.

There is no such thing as Christian Anarchism as far as the Anarchist movement is concerned. The very religious conception which forms the bases of Tolstoi's pacifism, dubbed by many as Christian Anarchism, precludes any sort of religious anarchism to be considered as a part of the anarchist ideal or its movement. For, anarchy is the most uncompromising negation of every form of authority, visible as well as invisible.

Miss Schuster's prejudicial manner of approach is yet further exhibited in her introduction to the description of "Anarchism-Adolescent—Individualism In The Romantic Period (1812-1860)", when she states:

"The seeds of Anarchist Communism were sown later in a barren, stiff soil, flourished for a time in the conditions of economic unrest and uncertainty, and died when society again became relatively adjusted and static." P. 39.

By this sort of approach Miss Schuster reveals an utter lack of understanding of the very idea of anarchy itself. The basic idea of anarchy—freedom—is as inherent within the mind of every human being as the faculty to breathe even when society prevents the exercising or full development of this first named faculty. So, the flourishing activity of an individual anarchist or many—even of whole anarchist groups—when they cease to function does not, nor can it imply that the ideal of anarchism has died.

On Pages 163, 167 and 168 Miss Schuster repeatedly refers to the Chicago Anarchists, Voltairine de Cleyre and Emma Goldman as "leaders" of the anarchist movement, thus revealing again how little she has understood the ideal of anarchism. For, anarchy by negating every form of authority, must necessarily negate every form of leadership as well.

If Miss Schuster's study suffers from a genuine understanding of the subject she has made a study of, her bibliography reveals in full as to why it suffers so much on this score, and even more so from what she has failed to include.

Listed as all the anarchist periodicals she has studied Miss Schuster names these:

Free Society, Vol. IX 2. Liberty. Incomplete file, 1895-1903. Lucifer. Vol. 49. The Radical Review. 1877-1878 Discontent Vol. IV. 17.

How Miss Schuster could do justice toward the Anarchist movement under such circumstances is beyond one's comprehension. Free Society, for instance, existed for 10 years as a weekly. In its pages appeared some of the most outstanding works of native American anarchists, such as James F. Morton, Kate Austin, C. L. James and scores of others. From the file of that periodical alone, Miss Schuster might have learned plenty that would have been a great aid in perfecting her understanding of the subject she has undertaken to assay. One could go on and name scores and scores of periodicals and individuals of whom Miss Schuster seemingly is completely unaware—the many periodicals issued by our now deceased Comrade Edward H. Fulton of Iowa and Edwin C. Walker of New York, Hippolyte Havel of

No gentle woman bound;
There Truth was more than treasure,
And Love the scales doth hold;
There mercy had no measure,
And Man is more than Gold!

That land is straight before us;
Oh, hail her, Star of Morn!
Come join the joyous chorus
Of sons to Freedom born.
Come, each burdened nation
From sorrow find surcease
In a world-wide federation,
Of everlasting peace.

WALTER RATCLIFF.

Stelton, Eugene Travaglia of Seattle, Wash., and many, many others.

One more critical remark: Miss Schuster has given very little space to the most thoughtful woman anarchist of this country—Voltairine de Cleyre, but more than justifiable space to the sensational shrieking and very often non-anarchistic activities of Emma Goldman, who seems to have been one of her chief sources of information, and perhaps for that very reason, the many shortcomings along the last named field of the anarchist movement. Many other names of prolific anarchist writers such as Clarence Schwartz, Wm. C. Owen, Steven T. Byington, and scores of others are not even mentioned.

Having pointed out the chief objections to Miss Schuster's work I shall speak also of its merits.

She draws a far more interesting and impersonal picture of the last century's pioneer anarchists—dating with the arrival of the first pilgrims to this country—than of this century's individuals and movement. It is for this first named fact alone that her study will serve as a basis for those who shall attempt in the future a more thorough, non-prejudicial history of the anarchist idea and its movement in this country.

Since Miss Schuster's book is the only one of its kind available, it will have to serve as the most interesting account of the origin, growth and development of native American anarchism now available.

MARCUS GRAHAM

The White Tablet

Shoestring Sally lurked in a dark alley like a she-vulture waiting for a piece of putrid meat to be cast aside. It had been three hours since she had placed the needle in her arm and driven back the pangs of drug desire.

Shoestring was known to police for the life she had lived. There was no need of her telling her side . . . there was no side of her story, according to police. She was just a whore...a street walker, guilty of perversions of revolting type. There was no "betrayed girl" angle to her story . . . she was a prostitute because she was lustful! A few weeks in an old Fort Worth brothel and then she began using the needle. She became a main line shooter, in the lingo of the underworld, because, in her desire for quick relief, she placed the gun into a vein and shot the stuff where it would have the quickest reaction.

Shoestring was hungry . . . a dreary rain was falling. Overhead the clouds looked melancholy. An occasional dagger of lightning stabbed the darkness—then all was black again. Shoestring lighted a cigarette and waited. Her bones ached for the siph contracted years ago, continued to eat away . . . the maggots of insanity were gnawing at her brain cells. Yet, Shoestring never used the tablet of deadly poison she kept in her stocking for the purpose she had bought it . . . When the going got too rough she would gulp the tiny white tablet. It was deadly poison . . . then she would be at rest! But, Shoestring still clung to life, clung like a drowning man grasps a log in a river. She still wanted to live.

Out of the night came Brickbat Glover, towering giant of a man who made a living off poor wretches whom he sent to toil in lowesome ways for him.

"Give me a shot, Brickbat," Shoestring begged in a voice that was more of a whine. "I'm sick to-night...ain't had any morph since noon . . . give me a shot."

Brickbat glared at the piece of wrecked womanhood. He gnawed a black cigar with the ferocity of a puma.

"Shut up, you bitch," growled Brickbat. "Ain't you done any business to-night, forgot how to make three bucks . . . ? when you get a man to follow you upstairs, I'll give you a shot . . . but listen, dame, this dope comes high . . . ain't takin' any chances with the 'federals' unless I get paid . . . yes, I've got some dope right here in my pocket but you ain't gettin' it unless you give me the cost . . . stand back, you wench, you don't look good to me . . . I've got plenty of young ones up in the hotels . . . you ain't no temptation to Brickbat Glover . . . if you want some hop, . . . well, peddle yourself and then see me . . . !"

Shoestring, the most forlorn of creatures, reached into her stocking and pulled out the white tablet. At last, she determined, the time had come to end her miserable existence.

"What's that you got,?" growled Brickbat as he eyed the tablet. "Been triflin' on me, eh? well, I'll fix you fer this . . . give me that tablet . . ."

"But Brickbat . . . I've got a cold . . . a bad headache," Shoestring asserted. "They help my head . . ."

"Well, if they help your head, they ought to help my head . . . sinus trouble is hell . . ." Brickbat said as he swallowed the fatal portion and dropped lifeless to the sidewalk.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

The Modern School, however, has to deal with children whom it prepares by instruction for the state of manhood, and it must not anticipate the cravings and hatreds, the adhesions and rebellions, which may be fitting sentiments in the adult. In other words, it must not seek to gather fruit until it has been produced by cultivation, nor must it attempt to implant a sense of responsibility until it has equipped the conscience with the fundamental conditions of such responsibility . . . when they are men, they may declare themselves rebels against injustice.—FRANCISCO FERRER.

CLEMENT DUVAL

The sad news of the death of Clement Duval has just come to us from New York City. He was 85 years old.

Comrade Clement, (our "Nonno") was connected with the revolutionary movement from the age of fifteen. With his father, he went to the Republican Clubs in which, at that time, men like Raspail and Blanqui were leaders. On this subject, a few months ago, Clement wrote to Piacentino:—"The word Republic meant abolition of all privileges and arbitrary rules; the Republic would do away with idleness, parasitism and bring about the cooperation of all the people in general for the common cause . . . That is the reason why, when the French Empire crumbled down, it was easy for my father to convince me that I had for duty to protect the French Republic from the German invasion . . . Surely, I was made. Made as were thousands of fathers and sons who ignore the fact that all governments are alike; and that those who take part in them, no matter what good intentions they might have, become inevitably despots.

Wounded during the war of 1870, suffering with arthritis and rheumatism, Clement passed years and years in hospitals. An then, France rewarded his patriotic services by leaving him starve in the streets of Paris. However, he would not stand by to see his wife and child go hungry. What was the alternative? Work? He could not find any. Need he beg? He was too much of a man to lower himself to such degradation. And then it was that Clement decided to help himself to food. He was arrested and sent to jail for one year.

Back in the movement, he passed six months in the hospital, in 1876, for the result of the war and his sejour in jail. Now, the movement was lacking in financial support. Clement as a man of action decided to procure the necessary means and was determined to get those means. In 1888, on the 18th of October, he entered the house of a wealthy woman—Madeleine Lemaire—and helped himself to all the jewels he could put his hands on. A few days later, Rossignol, a police officer came to arrest him:—"In the name of the law, I arrest you!" exclaimed Rossignol.—"In the name of Freedom, I suppress you!" answered Clement. Rossignol was wounded and twenty policemen arrested the well-known anarchist Clement Duval.

Duval's trial took place on the 11th and 12th of Feb., 1887. His defense, as a man who asserted that he had dedicated his life to Anarchism, was a master piece of propaganda:—"I am neither a thief nor a murderer. I am only a rebel. And I shall tell you why I am an anarchist . . . I accuse you and the wretched society you represent . . . a society in which thieves are venerated in their unmolested triumph upon the misery and sufferings of the starving masses— . . ."

But Duval was sentenced to death. However, he was a kind of a French John Brown, and through the numerous protestations on the part of the thinking element, he was sent to the Guyan Penitentiary for life. One must really read his autobiography to grasp the sufferings of our iron Comrade went through.

After fourteen years of infernal life, Clement succeeded in escaping; but only after thousands of difficulties. He landed in the United States in 1903. And here, he has been venerated by all those who knew him.

And why this veneration? In one of his letters to Piacentino, he wrote:—"To be an anarchist, one must really be human, love beauty love that which is noble, generous; be proud of oneself, have personal dignity and an upright character. One must also have compassion for those who suffer, not as cowardly sufferers, but as victims of the wicked oppressors. And when a man lives up to such standard, only then, can he speak as a renovator of society . . ."

Clement's wife came to him in New York, but twenty years of separation had rendered them total strangers. She returned to France.

In conclusion, we shall give a quotation from his last letter to Comrade Piacentino, to whom Clement wrote:—"I am ready to pay nature her inevitable tribute. Discouraged? Yes, I am discouraged. But certainly not for myself. At the age of 85, I can say that I have lived my span of years. There are not ten per cent who reach a ripe age as that. What discourages me is the vision of the actual conditions. Men ought to awaken with a boiling conscience! Still what do we see? Apathy, passivity . . . Nevertheless, the work must go on and on. It does not pay to quit or even then, to be a renegade. The Comrades have been so kind and generous towards me . . . always, always . . ."

And to think that the life of such a man has been stolen from him by condemnation. Clement Duval died of uncompromising purposes, in full possession of his senses as well as of his intellectual faculties. There are few men like him and we shall always keep a warm place in our heart for our dear Comrade "Nonno," (Grandfather).

JULES SCARCERIAUX

Let Us Act

This title points out the necessary conclusion to the first and second articles.

First of all, we have to chase pessimism which causes discouragement and inactivity, react strongly, regain hope, courage, reliance and get back to work.

Secondly, we must no longer be strangers to each other and in getting closer we need not request any one to give up personal preferences; between all those who oppose the principles of authority, and the institutions deriving from it, a cohesion has to take place, one which

would give the maximum of power and efficiency to any action undertaken in common.

Then, we have to tread daringly the path upon which our movement has to maintain itself and progress. This is the only way to give back to Anarchism the desired amount of strength and glitter.

Well, let us suppose that the above mentioned facts have been realized and that impediments have been overcome; also that we have recovered possession of a better understanding and have gotten together. Would it be for naught? Without aim or common will-power, simply for the pleasure of being Comrades instead of indifferent strangers?

Surely not! Now then, let us see.

We are all eager to act, the more so on account of our long, too long inactivity; the need to do things has become an overbearing necessity. What will be the nature of our action and the type of our aim? Upon what ground and in which direction will it spread?

Such are the questions to be answered.

With a new eagerness, we are to expose our ideas and fight those of our opponents; at every opportunity, in writing or in speaking, present our thesis in opposition to those of authoritarians of all schools; by all means, try to tear away the rueful oppressed and exploited from their tyrannical ruffians. This is an interesting initiative, a useful campaign and a fruitful agitation. We shall neglect no means to attract attention upon our conceptions, affirm our ideas and proclaim our ideal.

Beyond all dispute and no matter the circumstances, this action always was, is and always will be necessary; it is a lasting action.

Still, to be efficient, action must answer the necessity of the time; we must not forget, lose sight of, or neglect what can be called the general and steady action which is resolved by the final aim; subtle and lively (life is all of movement, diversity, contrast, opposition . . .) it must be inspired by the events and it must also steadily follow their wending course; in other words, adapt itself to them.

Events succeed and generate each other; those of the past engender the present ones and the latter let us perceive what they will bring in the future. Thus the events must precisely point out our action from day to day.

Indeed, without bothering with the animated life of human societies, the most seducing theories, wrapped up in their brightness, the most exact learnings wrapped up in their accuracy would only be locked up in their ivory tower.

I do not insist.

Now, with pessimism away, the scattered forces of Anarchism brought together in reliance and fraternity by the dictation of events, we direct the strength of our action against the threatening facts which sway the present situation.

I ascertain one fact and two threatening items:

The fact is the economic crisis with its immediate consequences and its proximate and far off repercussions; Fascism and War are the two threatening items.

It is against this fact and these two extremely important dangers that our vigorous, irreducible and violent (if necessary) action must be practiced if we want it to be efficient.

Against the crisis, which means against misery, for the welfare of all; against Fascism, the unbreakable dictatorship, for the safe-keeping of acquired liberties—though minor and precarious they be—and for the conquest of a shoreless freedom; against the loathsome, exterminating and disastrous war, for the quickening and fruitful peace, for peace: the opened door to the beamy hopes justified by to-day's realities and the possibilities of to-morrow.

And I come to the conclusion:

Let us hurry the reconciliation of our forces and the return to our activity. It can soon be done.

Let us harness ourselves without delay, (for it is extremely urgent) to the general, at the same time especial, steady and circumstantial action: against war for peace; against Fascism for freedom; against wretchedness for the general welfare.

Peace, freedom, welfare for all, is this not the road that takes us to anarchy? Better still: is it not the libertarians' idealism itself finally realized?

Such is the lofty and steadfast field of action opened before us and soliciting our passionate efforts.

When I look at the number of people who, at present, with the world shaking and breaking up, wretchedly live in indifference and resignation; when I observe the unconcerned masses going astray into the political parties and relying upon parliamentary and governmental action in spite of its unfitness and hurtfulness so thoroughly demonstrated, I think that if all anarchists—though so few and so poor—would bring to their cause the eagerness and fire which are the distinctive characteristics of the true militants, they would, in a short time, succeed in tearing some people away from their indifference and resignation and take away the others from the influence of their bad shepherds.

And then, I see our wonderful ideal of peace, welfare for all and freedom raise in a pure sky as a brilliant star clearing away the icy night in which fumbles and shivers a civilization that could be rendering heat and light for all.

Before this exalting perspective my old heart swells with hope and I say to myself: "It seems to me that we have never been so far away from our aim as we are to-day, and perhaps, never as near."

SEBASTIEN FAURE

"Le Libertaire" (Translated by Jules Scarceriaux).

Edit. Comment: We will give our opinion on the issue raised by our esteemed Comrade Sebastien Faure, in his three articles, in the forthcoming issue.

Under The Iron Heels

Four Italian Comrades, now exiles in France, have agreed to allow themselves to be arrested and declared their readiness to follow this up by a continuous hunger-strike. This has so far, been the culmination of the anti-"mother-country of liberty" campaign to exile to death and persecution every political refugee now living in France.

This militant action of our four brave Comrades has already forced the Paris Chief of Police to stop harrassing the coming month, political refugees.

A "Committee for Social Defense" has been formed, composed of political refugees, prominent lawyers, and many labor organizations.

Le Libertaire of March 29th brings the news of the anarchist Albert Kardao, who has been ten years on the Solovietzky Island. Three years after he was freed, the G. P. U. arrested him again. This time he was exiled to a concentration camp in Siberia. It is here that he declared a hunger strike which lasted twenty-six days. After all these ordeals—for daring to have an opinion of his own, the health of Kardao is broken.

And once more we must ask—how do all the liberal and literary apologists of the Bolshevik reign in Russia explain this and hundreds of other similar persecutions of real sincere revolutionists?...

From Russia we have received news of the arrest of Sandomirsky. The poor fellow must have gotten into trouble for not having followed the strict rulership established by the Bolshevik dictatorship, with the logical consequence, which usually results in deportation, imprisonment, and in being shot.

The Comrades will recall the year of 1922 when he went to the Genoa conference with the Bolshevik delegation. As an anarchist he joined the Bolshevik with a critical position and claimed that he was still an anarchist. While in Italy, he did his very best to convert Errico Malatesta to his equivocal position, instead he received a good lesson in consistency. During the same time that he was in Genoa, he sent us a letter with a pamphlet in the Russian language in which Sandomirsky flatteringly proclaimed Bertoni as his teacher, in spite of Bertoni's aversion to any sort of flattery. At any rate, Bertoni answered that he did not feel proud nor glad to have made a follower of Sandomirsky's type, with so light a consistency.

Today we have a very small consolation to know that Sandomirsky is in prison, for after all we think not all the anarchist teaching has been lost if he has to incur the Bolshevik persecution, as Victor Serge.

(IL RISVEGLIO).

Our brother in ideal, Simon Radowitzky, who in November, 1909 rendered justice against Colonel Falcon, the most sinister despot that ever lived in Argentina, is again in captivity. He has already passed 21 years of his life in a cell on the island of Flores, several miles away from Montevideo, having only the music of the waves' lapping against the rocks to stimulate his sweet and human dreams.

Terra, the dictator, who by a violent scheme has gained control of the government in the oriental Republic of Uruguay, has stated to the press that he would keep Radowitzky imprisoned until such time as he could send him to Russia.

The years Simon has passed in the "Siberia" of Argentina have undermined his vitality and ruined his liver as well as his stomach. This incarceration on the island and his inability to communicate with Comrades who could provide him with food and clothing might culminate very tragically.

Anarchists the world over owe to Radowitzky and to themselves the duty of initiating a campaign of solidarity and of protest in his behalf. The consuls of the capitalist countries refuse to issue a passport to him for fear that he would give trouble to the rulers and politicians of their respective countries. The only alternative would be for him to go to Russia to which country he does not care to go.

Radowitzky has broken no law; unjustly he suffers in prison where his health is being undermined. We must demand his liberation! He is of noble and refined character and there is no accusation against him. Criminal? Only too well do we know that in the oriental Republic of Uruguay it is a crime to be an Anarchist. The international solidarity must be made emphatic in this case; protests must be heaped before the representative diplomats of Uruguay in other countries and the government of that land forced to relinquish his prey, our beloved Comrade Simon Radowitzky.

(From "Cultura Proletaria" by J. S.)

WALTER RUIZ.

Tom Mooney has issued an appeal for material aid in carrying on his fight for liberation through the courts. The address of the Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee is: P. O. Box 1475, San Francisco, Calif.

The board of parole at Folsom Prison has once again refused the application of Warren K. Billings.

It is indeed regretful to witness how utterly separated these two victims of capitalism have become in their struggle for liberation. This should never have happened, and the sooner it is remedied, the better for the interests of both.

The only security against the tyranny of government is in forcible resistance to the execution of injustice; because injustice will certainly be executed unless forcibly resisted.—LYSANDER SPOONER.

Financial Statement

(From March 15th to April 15th)

INCOME	\$105.65
CASH ON HAND	8.36
	\$114.01
EXPENDITURES	115.80
DEFICIT	\$1.79

INCOME FROM AFFAIRS OF GROUPS:

Wilsonville, Ill., \$5.00—Australia, \$4.80—Detroit, Mich., \$3.00—Monessen, Pa., \$7.00—Chicago, Ill., \$10.00—Needham Heights, Mass., \$5.00—Mishawaka, Ind., \$10.50—Hammonont, N. J., \$5.00.

We have received several notes announcing affairs for the first of May. These came after the April issue was already printed and mailed. We therefore call the attention of all the Groups that such notes must reach us before the fifth of each month in which issue such notes are to appear. We regret deeply our inability to aid in making a success all arranged affairs, especially the one of our Comrades in the mine districts of Pennsylvania, for MAN!

The regular monthly appearance of MAN! depends a great deal on the extent that, and on how often, the Groups are arranging affairs for its material support.

For various reasons, beyond our control, we are in need of all the copies of last month—the April issue—that Groups or individual may happen to have on hand, and can spare same by returning these to us at the earliest possible convenience.

When sending money, use Railway Express Drafts or checks wherever this is possible. Money sent by individuals is acknowledged by receipt only. That of Groups, also by listings in MAN!