THE GOVERNMENT'S PROMISING START.

We asked a Labour M.P. recently: "Well, how's the Labour Government going on?" "Excellent," he exclaimed; "they are doing so well that soon everyone will be saying, 'If this is Labour Government, let's have more of it,' and soon there will not be an Anarchist left in the country!" If that is so, the electors must be very easily satisfied. There is no doubt the Labour Party is a very promising party, but when their promises come to be translated into deeds there is another tale to tell. They promised to resume relations with Russia at once. Now they are insisting on conditions that have put up the backs of the Soviet Government, and nothing is to be done unless the House of Commons ratifies it. The unemployed were to have work found for them and the number of unemployed rises steadily. They were to raise the age for leaving school. It has been put off till All Souls' Day, 1921. Everyone expected that as they denounced "Jiz" for his anti-social propaganda, the Labour Government would be more tolerant. Their first act was to refuse admission to Trotsky. India is to have self-government, but must acknowledge British sovereignty in India; and as for the Egyptians we are to honour our pledge to them of independence; but will keep our trees across the upper reaches of the Nile as a warning that unless they do as we wish we will cut off the water which is the life-blood of their country.

It is true that Jim Thomas has gone on a joy ride to Canada to see if there are any places where he can dump our unemployed, that George Lansbury has declared a wish to compel the unemployed to work on the land—the landlord's land; that Margaret Bondfield has told the clerks at the Labour Exchanges to address John Smith, unemployed, as "Mr. Smith." But these things do not fill empty bellies. In fact, what with Rationalisation and Disarmament, more John Smiths than ever will soon have empty bellies.

But look at the new roads they are going to build! Oh, yes; we know all about those new roads. That is all very well as a means of improving the transport system, but incidentally it will also increase the value of the land tremendously, so that when the Labour Government sets out to nationalise the land, our dear friends the landlords will be able to claim a higher price than they would get today.

The Labour Government says it is not a class government, but is out to serve the interests of all classes. So they are going to increase the super-tax, but first of all see that the rich increase their wealth so that there will be more super-tax. They are going to improve our educational system so that our industries can compete on better terms with the foreigner. They will help Lord Melchett with his Empire Chemical Trust so that we shall be in a better position to manufacture explosives and poison gas when the next war comes, and they will bring about peace among the nations so that there shall be no more wars. They are to put an end to land monopoly by buying out the landlords, and they are to continue that monopoly by making the State the sole landlord. They will increase the wages of the workers (so they say), but they will not interfere with legitimate profit-taking. It is even hinted that they are going to raise the Prime Minister's salary. All these wonderful things are to be done if they remain in office long enough.

To read the Daily Herald one would imagine that the one aim of the members of the Labour Party is to do good to their fellow-creatures, and that the sweets of office and the importance it gives them are as nothing compared with the satisfaction they feel at being able to help others. One would also imagine that all those out of office were satisfied that Ramsey MacDonald made the best choice when someone else got the job they thought themselves well suited for, and that there were no heartburnings of any kind when they were sent off Ramsay's doorstep empty-handed. There is no doubt that the British electors know lots of moral sentiment in their politicians and the Labour Party can give it them in plenty.

But when are the workers going to benefit from a Labour Government? We know "Socialism in our time!" the slogan of the Independent Labour Party, has been put in the wasterpaper basket, but at least the workers might expect some tendency towards the abolition of Capitalism and wage-slavery. They will seek in vain. Not one proposal in the whole of the Labour Party's programme will so much as remove one brick in the mighty edifice of exploitation now ruling the lives of the workers. "The inevitability of gradualness," the motto of Sidney Webb, now in the House of Lords, has been adopted as the last word in Labour statesmanship; and however much the "rebels" in the party may gird at broken election pledges, the party machine will grind them into powder if they fail to obey the whip.

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HISTORY OF THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL

It ever a broad and deep gulf was made, regrettable in every other way, but propitious to historical records, it was made on August 1st, 1914, and just as after July, 1880, in France, at last the autocratic revolutionary regime, up to the fall of the Bastille, 1789, became the subject of research as free as the history of ancient Greece and Rome, so by the confluence of many factors, the history of Socialism in the widest aspect up to 1914 has, since then, become a free object of study on the basis of immense documentary and traditional information which otherwise would have been kept secret or private for many years to come, or been gradually lost altogether. This may not apply to absolutely everything, but as the most hidden diplomatic, military, financial and other secrets have come to light since then by leaks and leaks—other secrets now replace every one of them, but this is another aspect: a Socialist pre-war history is discussed as freely as no one could have expected before. Moreover, it benefits by this invaluable experience, the insight of the life and deeds of every notable Socialist in the 1914-1920 period, when every man was intensely put to the test and had to show his mettle. Under these conditions Socialist history ought to unfold and flourish and produce valuable fruits.

It brought forward some fruits, but by no means a rich crop. We must remember that Socialists are class-divided now: some are rich and powerful, and more willing to refresh the memories of an often squalid past; others remain poor workers, and every crisis weighs them down further; so to them the present resembles so much the past that they have little use for the flimsy of historical retracing of evolutions which, whilst progressive, still move so helplessly slow. But there is a great exception to this languishing state of things, namely, Russia, where absolutely everything of public and private wealth and accumulation has been for nearly a dozen years now in the bands of a determined section of Socialists. Their world-wide effort, with unlimited means, to impress their will upon the Russian and all other peoples, comprises also the most intense cultivation of search into social revolutionary history which the world has ever seen. Irrespective of the underlying tendency—everything leads up to the glorification of Marx in theory and of Lenin and his successors in practice—this branch of their work led to the unearthing of documentary evidence, letters and memoirs, etc., in an unheard-of degree, objective materials, then, for general research; to the formation of the greatest repositories of Socialist literature, etc., and thus of permanent value as a broad basis for further studies.

I had some glimpses into this paradise by books and reviews of some of the large reviews dealing mainly with Socialist history, sent to me by friends and courteous enemies, when dealing with Bakunin, Kropotkin, the International, early Marxism, etc. I also saw in 1927 in a library the photographic reproduction in full of the large minute books of the General Council, as far as preserved; certain books kept among George Howell's papers supplement them. I know also from the first Bulletin of the Moscow Marx-Engels Institute (January, 1926) that at that time they had there already 80,411 photos of manuscripts and letters, etc., concerning these two born; among them 2,842 pieces of J. Ph. Becker’s and Herrmann Jung’s, 194 of F. Lesoyer’s, 624 of F. A. Sorge’s (New York Public Library) letters, etc. No doubt they possess the printed “History” by John B. Commons, mentioned by the translators of the present book, the fourth edition of which—no date is given—must have been issued in 1927, as it is a publication of that year is quoted (p. 392). It would thus have been possible to issue in 1927 in Moscow something which might be regarded not as the definitive history of the First International (words of the translators, p. xi, October, 1927), for definitive books are not written when the materials have just been collected and made accessible, but in any case, a sound documentary basis for much new work.

I am sorry to say that the present book, not by far nor near, comes up to this mark. Initially, this cannot even have been its aspiration, for as the preface to the first edition is dated January, 1918, it is one of the mass of productions compiled in hot haste, some Marx oil and Leninist vinegar poured over any heap of materials scraped together which were then crammed down the throat of the Russian people, newly conquered by the Bolsheviks. The essential thing was to hit hard on the Anarchists to the left, on the Social Democrats (social collaborationists) to the right, and to tie everything in history to the triumphal car of proletariat, that is, Bolshevist, dictatorship. I do not know to what extent the fourth edition (1927) is enlarged beyond this first one of 1918, but surely there was time and occasion to improve it and rid it of the shortcomings of its first post haste concoction. This has not been done efficiently as, for example, the following will show.

The sense of Marx’s procedure against Bakunin and the anti-authoritarians was that commission of investigation on the Alliance appointed by the Hague Congress on September 4th, 1872: Cuno, Loesin [a pseudonym], Viehard, Walter [Van Heeckhoven]. "provocative agent and traitor," Stieff, p. 275, "police agent," p. 418, and a member of the libertarian minority, the Belgian lawyer, Roel Slingeland. All this, generally known, is fully retold in James Guillaume’s "L’Internationale," one of Stieff’s principal sources. His book, translated from the third edition, says (p. 287), "The committee of enquiry . . . had been elected, and was composed of Marx, Engels, Wroblewski, Dupont, Serväis, and Swann ["police agent," p. 418], representing the Marxist faction; and of Guillaume, Schmitzgabel, Zukofsky, Alerini, Morago, Maris, and Parga-Pollner for the Bakunists," who thus, seven to six, would themselves have proposed the expulsion of Bakunin and Guillaume, etc.; that this is not a blunder in translation is proved by note 276 ("the Bakunists, who were joint members of the committee "), and by p. 286. On this page the written protest ("I protest against the written report of the commission of enquiry") of the only minority member, Roel Slingeland, is
EDWARD CARPENTER.

With the death of Edward Carpenter there passes one of the finest spirits of the early days of the Socialist movement. His work was, and, for those who care to read it, still is, a force and an inspiration. We who in our youth were influenced by his message must feel grateful that he never swerved from the goal of high attainment. Once having seen the truth, having realised the shams and ruthless brutalities of the terrible system of profit-making, Edward Carpenter devoted the rest of his life to the destruction of the Moloch called Capitalism. His first step, after turning his back on his life of a University lecturer, was to get as close to Nature as possible. Eventually he bought his own cottage in a garden with a stream running at the foot. Here in his little stone house, wearing his soft tweeds, he seemed like a jewel in its proper setting. To this small home of the poet came a constant procession of admirers. Like pilgrims to a shrine, they came from all parts of the world. Those who were fortunate enough to be frequent visitors would meet travellers from the remotest and least expected corners of the globe. Men and women who had heard the "voice singing the song of deliverance" and were impelled to travel far in order to take him by the hand.

Though every one of Carpenter's works is written with one object, the greater understanding and emancipation of mankind, the whole covers a wide field. "Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure," influenced very largely the thought of the nineties, while "England's Ideal." was almost as great an intellectual force. "Love's Coming of Age," that beautiful and deliciously written book on the relationship of the sexes, and "The Intermediate Sex," are two aspects of a subject which it took some considerable courage to even admit existed in those late Victorian days. "Angels' Wings," with its frank acceptance of a coming change in art standards and a belief that art would once again become a part of life itself, left its mark on the lover of beauty seeking a basis for his own standards. But of all Carpenter's work "Towards Democracy" is the most completely satisfying. In this the poet and prophet, the great lover of mankind, has poured himself. It contains all that Edward Carpenter ever was. In its pages "...the man rises from his mould of dust, ranges his life and looks upon the sun." There are moments of pure ecstasy, prophetic pictures of the greater freedom coming to mankind, and a yearning pity for its present pain and repression.

In his teaching and in his life Carpenter was always the foe of authority and officialism. Always, in fact, more Anarchist than Socialist, though he never cared to label himself. Feeling, as so many of us do, that labels restrict, he preferred to keep himself free to help all movements which made for that true liberty for which, in his own words, "the heroes and lovers of all ages have laid down their lives; and nations like tigers have fought, knowing well that life was a mere empty shell without freedom." It was a dear privilege to know him. One of my most cherished memories is of week-ends, after periods of world money-changing, spent in the little house removed just beyond the smoke and grime of Sheffield, with the man who still remains a source of inspiration to think upon. I met many choice spirits there, but none so gracious, so tender, so truly beautiful as our teacher-host.

"Do not hurry; have faith," is one of his choicest maxims. This attitude towards life gave him a quiet dignity that created a sense of rest to all who came under his spell.

He ate no animal food nor hurt any of earth's creatures for his clothing. He lived simply and beautifully, writing his books, lecturing on the rare occasions when he allowed himself a spell in towns, and towards the end, preparing to pass out in calm and happy trance into that other land where the great Voices sound and Vision dwell."

BIRCHIE WARD.
DEATH OF WM. C. OWEN.

About 1860 Owen went east to New York, where he helped John Edelman and J. C. Kenworthy to start the Socialist League. He also met Malinowsky and Mikhailov, and in 1863, he met Kropotkin, with whom he had a long conversation. Owen's contribution to Anarchism in the United States was significant, and he continued to contribute to the Anarchist movement.

In the spring of 1860, Owen visited London, where he met with several prominent figures in the Anarchist movement, including Peter Kropotkin, who became a lifelong friend. Owen's experiences in London were a major influence on his future work.

When Owen returned to California, he continued to write and lecture on the principles of Anarchism, and his work was widely read and influential. His contributions to the Anarchist movement in the United States were significant, and he was a key figure in the early development of the movement.

Owen's death in 1892 was a great loss to the Anarchist movement, and his contributions to the movement are still celebrated today. His work continues to be studied and admired, and his legacy is a testament to the power of ideas and the strength of the human spirit.
American soil, and some extra strong article by the brothers Maginn brought about their arrest and imprisonment. Owen and others carried on the paper while they were in prison. On their release they showed that persecution had only made them more determined. But another fiery article brought about their arrest again and they were thrown into prison, from which Ricardo was only released by death. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Owen, but a friendly warning gave him an opportunity to escape the clutches of the police. For six months he was hiding and then he got to New York, from whence he came to England in 1908. In 1914 he found time to start a paper of his own, Land and Liberty, but owing to lack of support it ceased publication the following year.

On his arrival in England he got in touch with an old friend and correspondent, Mr. John Bugot, proprietor of the Midleton Guardian, an enthusiastic follower of Henry George, with the result that he contributed a weekly leading article and notes to the Guardian, which he continued up to the date of his illness. This work he did without payment until the death of Mr. Bugot.

When the present writer discovered that Owen was in England he wrote to him saying how much he valued the work he did on Regeneration, and asked him to write for Freedom. Owen replied saying that he was an Individualist and he did not think his writings would please the readers of an Anarchist Communist paper; but on being told we were Anarchists first and foremost, he consented. Thus began a friendship which the writer will ever treasure. For two years we lived together and many were the long talks we had at midnight, and sometimes long after, over innumerable cups of tea and cigarettes. To know him was a liberal education. His knowledge of books and men was tremendous and his memory wonderful. As a writer for Freedom and the Bulletin he was always willing, and there was never anything slipped about his work. His knowledge of languages was a great help to an editor who knew hardly any, and he translated many letters and articles received from foreign correspondents.

Owen’s heart was always in the land question. Land monopoly he considered the root of all our economic evils, and the helplessness of the workers, especially of the unemployed, was the direct result of their having been dispossessed of the land, the treasure house of Nature. To help on the agitation against land monopoly he joined the Commonwealth Land Party, and wrote regularly for their organ, the Commonwealth. A fine series of articles which he wrote in that journal is published in a pamphlet entitled "Set My People Free!"

Many years ago he wrote a book on "The Economics of Herbert Spencer," but his Anarchist writings have only been newspaper articles and pamphlets. Of the latter, "Anarchism v. Socialism" is probably the best from his pen.

In the passing of William Charles Owen the Anarchist movement loses its best English propagandist. As one who fought for individual liberty, he was a fierce and scolding opponent of State Socialism, and held in the greatest contempt the Labour and Socialist politicians who promised the workers freedom from wage-slavery, which he considered could never be achieved by or through the State.

A charming and lovable comrade and friend, he will be greatly missed by all who knew him personally or only through his writings.

Owen was laid in his last resting-place at Washington, in Sussex, near to the South Downs, and a mile or so from "The Sanctuary." Storrington, where he lived during the last two or three years. His friend, Mr. William Drury, presided at the graveside. Many comrades and friends were present, including Mr. Frost, Peter Greenman, Lettice Newman, Eric Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Earle, Mrs. Dorney, Doris Zibol, J. W. Graham Peace (Editor of the Commonwealth), M. Warner, Miss Versouw-Iones, John Turner, Miss Taylor, J. J. Batson, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Askew, Dr. Shevlin, Victor and Kathleen Neuburg, and T. H. Keel. Many floral tributes were received from comrades and friends, among them being some from "The Sanctuary," the Commonwealth Land Party, and the London Freedom Group.

Speeches in honour of Owen were made by Mr. Drury, J. W. Graham Peace, T. H. Keel, John Turner, and Victor Neuburg, all of whom bore testimony to his work for humanity.

T. H. KEEL.

WILLIAM CHARLES OWEN.

Happily for our race there are born in every generation a few "epics," whose love of principle is greater than their love of themselves; whose passion for liberty goes deeper than their passion for gain. Such beings are rare, and subject to the hatred and obloquy of their fellows; notwithstanding this, they continue to tell for the race, to dream for the future. Had it not been—and were it not now—for these exceptional men and women, we should still be clambering trees and swaying by our tails.

The world, composed naturally of ordinary and average people, cannot tolerate gladly the uncomfortable thinker, the insistent, incorruptible social theorist; so he dies poor, unknown, almost alone.

Such an one was William Charles Owen, whose passing is an almost irreparable loss, to the cause of Liberty throughout the world. He was one of the uncommon men who look beyond the close walls of their class-boundaries into the greater human world beyond; who cast away tradition, wealth, prospects, position, to be of service to the under-dogs and the enslaved.

So our friend left all the comfortable, easy things of the world to try to show a happier, cleaner path to humanity; and he hated the institutions—Churches and States—that insist on the necessity for the enslavement of mankind. Owen gladly abandoned everything in his attempt to lead humanity some way along the road that leads—such was his faith—in complete mental, social and economic liberty. Leaving the question of "expediency," be it noted here that one of our number, by birth an
aristocrat, by education a "gentleman," by tastes a connoisseur, left behind him, joyously and completely, everything for which the ordinary, dull grabbing fight, and which he spends his life to obtain. All the delights of the Sybarite, Owen sacrificed, fully and gladly, upon the altar of Freedom. Than this nobler sacrifice is possible. The fabled "saviours," the delusive gods, died for humanity; Owen lived for humanity. The difference between superstition and truth is the exact difference between the quack politicians of our day and our late friend Owen. In the most financially-unpromising causes, in the most socially hopeless ideals, he never quailed or failed. An incomparable fighter, he would not swerve from the narrow path that leads to conquest, and his example is one that will be followed increasingly by the young and honest in an age that is beginning to perceive the quackery and folly of all the recognised political nostrums; the barren forms of politicians, those dreary social quacks, charlatans and cheap-jacks.

Owen got down to first principles, the roots of the matter. He held that by freeing the land, by abolishing class-distinctions, by making individual liberty the human ideal, things would get done. So he had no use for politicians, placemen, journalists, and time-servers who adopted themselves and their views to the exigencies of the moment. Such fellows were to him humbugs—that, and nothing more—and, naturally, being clean-minded and sound-hearted, he objected to these parasites on the social body.

In all moods I have known and loved Owen, and in all moods his boundless optimism, his real, living joy in the young, shone through him. Dishonesty in any form was to him unthinkably he could not understand it. And in terms of human happiness, despite poverty and misunderstandings, he was certainly richer than those of his friends who distinguished themselves in social, commercial and professional life.

**CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.**

**THE "MODERATE PARLIAMENT."**

The Parliament that has just finished its first session might be named the "Moderate Parliament." Moderation was in every line of the King's Speech; in every word uttered by H.M. Ministers; in each of the Government's Bills. A tedious month of Parliamentary compromise and blunder. But until the House was about to rise did things wake up, and then the outbreak was, when all is said and done, much ado about nothing. A drastic change in foreign policy could hardly please the Opposition; but why the melodrama about Lord Lloyd's dismissal, occasioned mainly by the way the Government handled it? MacDonald's assurance that no change in Egyptian affairs would be effected without the agreement of the Dominions is another illustration of the Empire tail wagging the British Lion's body. "Safety First" is as much Labour policy as Tory.

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND."

The only gratifying feature about this Parliament is the revolt of the back-benchers. Discontent with the Labour leaders is intensifying, and the Left-wingers are organising themselves to make their opposition stronger. Thomas's snub to W. J. Brown, Labour Member for Wolverhampton, that a few weeks' or years' experience would enable him to know better than ask uncomfortable questions, has not helped towards unity, and neither has his vulgar sneer at Parliamentary Secretaries. The vague plans for relieving unemployment put forward by Thomas occasioned open hostility from more than one quarter on the Government side, and the support given by Labour Members to the Liberals' censure on the Government for failing to fulfil their election pledge as regards the Scottish Act shows the way the wind is blowing. May it blow hard and strong.

**WESTMINSTER v. WHITEHALL.**

"I tell you perfectly frankly that I can do three times more work when the House of Commons is not sitting than I can do when it is. The House of Commons itself is a problem, and never a bigger one than today, because you did not give us a majority."
conclusions, but if bloodshed comes, the politician always escapes. The worst that can happen is loss of office; the men who give their blood have nothing to do with laying the train that led to the explosion."
—Baldwin in the House of Commons, July 26th.

**THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.**

The Government's refusal to allow Trotsky in England is an example of sheer cowardice. But the most significant and deplorable part of the whole business was Clynes's explanation of the "right of asylum."

"In regard to what is called the 'right of asylum', this country has the right to grant asylum to any person whom it thinks fit to admit as a political refugee," he told the House of Commons on July 19th.

Which ignores any right of the individual and sees only the right of the State.

In 1859, Lord Chief Justice Campbell defined the "right of asylum," which he described as "a glory which I hope will ever belong to this country," as meaning "that foreigners are at liberty to come to this country and to leave it at their own will and pleasure, and they cannot be disturbed by the Government of this country so long as they obey our laws."

To their credit, let it be said, protest against the exclusion of Trotsky was loudest among the Liberals.

B. B. W.

**BERKMAN'S A B C OF COMMUNIST ANARCHISM.**

It seems ages since a book on Anarchism was written in the English language, and if for no other reason we welcome Berkman's ABC on that account.

In his Foreword the author says that most of the larger works on Anarchism were written before the World War, but the experience of the recent past, especially the Russian Revolution, has been vital and has made certain revisions necessary in the Anarchist attitude and argumentation. Besides most books dealing with social problems are written on the assumption that the reader is familiar with the subject, which is generally not the case. For these reasons he considers a restatement of the Anarchist position very much needed at this time—a restatement in the plainest and clearest terms which can be understood by everyone. And in stating his case Berkman's simplicity of language and clarity leave nothing to be desired. If the "man in the street" cannot understand the arguments in this book he will never understand anything.

In his first chapter, "What do you want out of life?" Berkman shows that we are all striving for the same end, well-being, happiness, and economic security, but whilst this is attainable by a comparatively few people, to the great majority it is an impossibility. He therefore proceeds to analyse our present system of society with its division into classes and the inevitable antagonism between them—the class war. On the one hand, a small but powerful and privileged capitalist class, owning most of the wealth of the country, by means of which they control the Government, the law courts, the army, navy, and police; the churches, the schools, and the press. On the other hand, the great mass of working men and women dependent for their living on serving the interests of the capitalist class, competing with each other for jobs, and compelled to accept low wages, long hours of work, and poor housing accommodation. In every attempt to improve their condition by strikes they are opposed by the whole weight of the law; and should they get arrested they find that the harshest justice of the courts is a myth. He instances the legal murder of the Chicago Martyrs in 1887, the Mooney and Billings trial in 1916, and the Stecco and Vanzetti case, still fresh in our memory. In each case the men tried and sentenced had been active in the Labour movement, trying to force better conditions for the workers from a reluctant and hostile capitalist class. In each case money was spent lavishly in obtaining perjured testimony to get a conviction, and the victims of the law were sentenced in spite of overwhelming evidence of their innocence of the crimes with which they were charged. Courts of law were not instituted to give justice to the workers, but to punish ruthlessly all those who dared to challenge the capitalist system. This system, however, could not last if it were not supported by the great majority of the people. Government has no strength in itself, but only in the support it receives. Withdraw that support and it is helpless. But the people believe that Government and Capitalism are necessary and in the long run beneficial. If, however, their eyes could be opened to the truth that their misery and economic insecurity are directly due to the present system, then undoubtedly they would wish to abolish it and put another in its place. But how can they abolish institutions which seem built on solid rock? And suppose they could, what would they put in their place? These questions Berkman sets himself to answer.
In the first place, they must decide what they really want. If it is liberty and an opportunity to produce the means of life freely in co-operation and on an equality with their fellows, then they must avoid putting a new Government or a new ruling class in the place of the old one. Liberty is possible only with a Government—that is, Anarchy. And co-operation on an equality with your fellows, says Berkman, is possible only in Communism. Thus, Communist Anarchism is the only method which can meet the workers' desire for liberty and equality.

Having decided that Communist Anarchism is their aim, how are the workers and those who sympathise with them to bring it about? Only by a social revolution, says Berkman. There is no need of any government or authority, of any group or class in power having given up its mastery voluntarily. In every instance it required the use of force, or at least the threat of it. Is it reasonable to assume that authority and wealth will experience a sudden change of heart, and that they will behave differently in the future than they had in the past? They will fight for the death of the power for their existence. But only that revolution can be fundamental, social, and successful which will be the expression of a basic change of ideas and opinions. Therefore, the social revolution must be prepared. The Russian revolution is an instance of failure due to lack of preparation and definite purpose. The peasants seized the land and the workers took over the factories. Up to this point the revolution was a success. But lacking experience and definite purpose, a political party stepped in and took affairs out of the hands of the masses. Politics replaced economic reconstruction and thereby wounded the life blood of the social revolution; for people live by bread, by economies, not by politics.

As the workers have most to gain from the social revolution, they must lead the way in preparing for it through their Unions, which must be organised in accordance with the aim of liberty and equality. By means of shop and factory committees and industrial councils, knowledge will be gained and the working of the industrial machine. The sympathy and co-operation of the agricultural workers must be gained, and joint councils held to form a close bond with the farmers and farm workers. Another element absolutely essential in the constructive work is the trained mind of the professional man—the industrial organis, the electrical and mechanical engineer, the technical specialist, the scientist, inventor, chemist, the educator, doctor and surgeon—the intellectual proletariat, the proletariat of brain. All must work together to prepare for the social revolution. Knowledge of production, distribution, and communication must be gained for the same purpose.

The revolution cannot be fought with rifles and barricades—that would be ridiculous in face of the weapons controlled to-day by the State—but by means of the General Strike. "The strength of labour is not on the field of battle. It is in the shop, in the mine and factory. There lies its power that no army in the world can defeat, no human agency conquer. . . . The General Strike, rightly understood, and thoroughly carried out, is the social revolution. With the success of the revolution, and with all the means of production and distribution in their hands, the economic life of the community can be remade, all co-operating and sharing on an equality.

We have summarised Berkman's book to the best of our ability, but its 300 pages must be read to get an insight into its full meaning. His language is simple yet eloquent, and he puts his case with the true fervour of a revolutionary propagandist. Much time and thought must have been spent on the writing of this book, for which Berkman has earned the thanks of the Anarchist movement. To-day when the Labour movement is looking so pathetically to the State as the new saviour, it is refreshing to find the Anarchist principle of self-reliance and individual liberty expounded so vigorously and clearly.

**Appeal to our Readers.**

We are in urgent need of your financial support. Unless it is forthcoming _Freedom Bulletin_ may have to stop, though we shall do our utmost to keep going. This is the first number since the May issue. We have enlarged it to eight pages as a memorial number to our comrade, William C. Owen. Some of the extra cost has been met by donations to the amount of £3 from two comrades who think the publication of _Freedom Bulletin_ the best memorial to our beloved comrade Owen.

Donations and subscriptions for _Freedom Bulletin_ have fallen off very sadly since our last issue. Some of those who have received packets of each issue have also failed to pay us anything. In these circumstances we have reluctantly compelled to cut off their supply and also to stop sending to subscribers who have not paid a subscription for some time. Other subscribers and agents are in arrears, and we hope this information will induce them to send us money at once. We can only send to those who are sufficiently interested to pay for the paper.

Owing to the almost complete cessation of propaganda meetings, we have been advertising some of our literature in the _New Leader, Forward_, and other papers. In this way we have got in touch with new readers, who otherwise would never have heard of Anarchism. Advertisements, however, cost money; but we wish to continue them as our sole means of getting our literature known, so we ask for your assistance also for this purpose.

All subscriptions and donations should be sent to _Freedom Press, Whiteway Colony, Stroud, Glos._

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