

Suspended.

LIBERTY



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Reviews

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ONE PENNY.

W. M. ROY

SOCIAL CONDITIONS AND CHARACTER.

The contention of phrenologists who have been so fortunate as to study our economic conditions is that there are no bad men, no bad women, and they even go so far as to say that there are no bad children. Chemists who study matter in the same way as phrenologists study the human mind would be justified in saying there is no such thing as dirt in nature. There is mislocated matter, matter in the wrong place, which ordinary people call dirt; and it is dirt until it gets into its right place, when it becomes natural and therefore useful. So, there are no bad men, but men and women who are mislocated, misapplied, ill-used, and therefore ill-treated—in fact, victims to adverse conditions.

Put any man in his wrong place, he is then, so to speak, matter in the wrong place, or dirt. A man mentally fitted for some active and laborious employment in the open air is happy and contented when he can expend his energies in a legitimate manner. When circumstances make such a man an idle saunterer in a large city, with money and spare time, he is dangerous and offensive to society, whether he be convicted or not, one of the criminal classes. The same may be said, in a modified form, of some rich idle woman.

No one can over estimate the evil effects of poverty on the human mind. A man in search of food or articles of necessity for himself or those dear to him will commit many crimes or offences that a well-fed person similarly organised, phrenologically speaking, would not dream of doing. The fact is, that in times of want and hunger, the blood circulates wholly in the direction of the energies—those energies which are most actively employed in protecting and providing, such as Destructiveness, the executive and aggressive energy, Combative-ness, or defensive energy, Secretiveness, the power of reserve or concealing energy, and Acquisitiveness, the providing energy.

This is why the poor are quarrelsome. In some of the slum districts of every large town there are continual fightings and squabbings, always in proportion to the distress. Drink of course aggravates all this, but drink is one of the solaces of the poor and has more exciting effects on the brain the less the body is nourished.

The over-feeding and enforced idleness of the rich has equally bad effects in more ways than one, the principal being that the brain, being deprived of its legitimate work, the blood has a tendency to circulate too freely in the base of the brain where are the strictly animal faculties. This would account for a good deal. The fact that men do now commit excesses in pursuit of animal pleasures in no way proves that in a state of freedom they would do likewise. We are not now living under anything like freedom, but under all the restraints due to a state of monopoly.

Of course there are what may be called abnormal types, types of head the outcome of our present

criminal-making system, which would be a source of danger to society. These cases would receive the most careful consideration from medical men who would possess a sound knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the brain, able to treat skillfully and humanely all who by inherited tendency disregard the liberty of others.

It is always the over-fed, idle class who victimise the poor. The reverse is impossible. True, we hear of the poor blackmailing the rich, robbing them, breaking into their houses and appropriating their valuables, but all this is not done as an objectless kill-time, but always in search of food, or that which can be readily converted into food and other necessities. But to return to the idle rich. What strikes one as really marvellous is, not that some of these custom-enforced idlers are so bad, but, taking into consideration all the degrading conditions, that they are so good. It only shows what an unbounded desire for good there is in human nature in spite of adverse circumstance, and the bright hope there is for its future when there is so much goodness now, passive, if not, as a rule, active.

It will, then, be seen that human nature is not all earthly, sensual and devilish, as those imposters the clergy, try to persuade us. Much goodness is the great salvation of the rich; the painful thing is that the poor are too good—too submissive, too contented, too docile. Another means of salvation for the rich are the games and toys which they so freely have resource to in order to occupy their minds—games of skill, it must be admitted, games that in their pursuit require the use of many of the most important faculties of the mind, games of contention and competition. With these they get rid of some of their pent-up energies, and exercise some faculties of their intellects which in their ordinary avocations of eating, drinking, novel-reading, entertaining and sightseeing, would not get any exercise at all. Without all these games and toys the rich would be much worse than they are. They look upon them as an occupation, and even flatter themselves that it is a useful one, and that they earn by means of it a night's repose.

With what earnestness some of these do nothings will talk about their particular games, how they will travel miles in order to go to some particular place where a certain game is to be played, and opponents to be met and conquered! They will handle their clubs, bats, racquets and sticks as if they were honourable and useful implements; these grown-up men and women will enter into conversation with one another on the respective merits and qualifications of their particular toy with all the appearance of earnestness without even the slightest sign of a wink or a smile of contempt at one another. The fact is, the absurdity of the whole thing has never dawned upon them.

Let us look at one of these games, lately occupying much of the attention of the rich, called Golf. It can only be played on a special ground, such as a public heath or common of irregular formation, or, failing that, land rented of many acres, with

little hills and dales, ponds and ditches artificially constructed, if necessary, called obstacles, and distinguished by various names in accordance with the nature of the obstacle. The toys employed in this game are called a ball, and certain variously-named sticks, called generically clubs. The play consists in driving a ball from a given position called a Tee into a hole made in or about the centre of a flat grass-plot called a Green, these holes being called the first hole, second hole, and so on; the players take sides for competition's sake, the one who succeeds in driving the ball from the Tee into the first hole in the least number of strokes winning the hole. And so on over the hole course of 9 to 18 holes, covering a distance of from two to three miles. Each stroke has its special club, selected in order to get the best advantage in accordance with the position of the ball. In order to make this simple game as difficult as possible, it is embellished with a number of rules and regulations.

The intellectual faculties mostly used are Locality, the sense of relative position, and Weight, that of specific gravity; Locality directing the player to stand in the correct position relative to the ball in the direction of its flight when struck with a club; Weight directing the amount of force required to drive the ball the required distance. Such is this wonderful game.

True, there are many business men who play this and other games of skill; but their excuse is that as they use their brains so much in business, they need the relaxation of the muscle work these games entail. What they need is more real brain exercise in their business occupation.

Idle rich men have other so-called occupations, besides golf, cricket, lawn tennis, billiards; one, very serious, throws all others into the shade for downright uselessness and silliness, called 'Hunting'. True, the ancient Briton hunted, the Red Indian hunted, the South African pioneer hunted, but only for food and at a personal risk to the hunter, Hunting then meant finding, pursuing and killing, and eating the slain, or removing a danger to the community. The rich man's hunting consists simply in following dogs chasing a fox or hare, and the so-called hunter is an idle spectator, the actual intellectual work being left to the dogs and horses, not to speak of the fox. Yet these rich men speak of this rather foolish occupation as if it were some meritorious and honourable one—Yes, "he hunts three times a week!" Yet many of these unconscious idlers are good men, but solely for the want of being able to view the world from a proper standpoint, go through life under the impression that they are useful, necessary, and just. They are really not useful, and therefore cannot be happy in the fullest sense of the word.

What would these rich people do if it were not for all this toy-shop occupation, waste of valuable time and muscular exertion? They would be even more vicious than they are now, seeking more and more, pleasures obtainable only from the exercise of these two important faculties so intimately con-

nected with reproduction and sustenance.

These pleasures were not intended by nature as a kill-time. We cannot depart from nature without injury to ourselves. We shall retain these games, but only as part of the education of children and youth, and, as such, they are most useful as a stimulating exercise for both brain and muscle.

In a state of freedom, when there shall be no monopoly of the means of life, adults will have so many calls on their brain and muscles in the execution of all that is useful and beautiful, serious and thoughtful, that they will no more think of wasting time in playing such games as they now play, than they would, at the present time, think of playing hide and seek, or hoop and stick; which latter are, even now, almost discarded by children for games of a more intellectual nature.

No, there will be no more useless games, but instead, the deep sympathies developed during periods of individual and collective danger and strengthened through the various forms of civilization, would then be called out, in conjunction with other faculties, and natural and graceful courtesy would be the result. Life would then be full of colour, and, no longer shutting our eyes to the wealth with which nature endows us, we should allow splendid physique, beauty of character, and rare intellectual ability of all kinds to have free and natural expression; while nature would reveal such beauty that Art would be a reality, and the poetry of nature would be as the wine of life.

"IRELAND."

A KING'S LESSON.

It is told of Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary—the Alfred the Great of his time and people—that he once heard (once *only*?) that some (only *some*, my lad?) of his peasants were over-worked and under-fed. So he sent for his Council, and bade come thereto also some of the mayors of the good towns, and some of the lords of land and their bailiffs, and asked them of the truth thereof; and in diverse ways they all told one and the same tale, how the peasant carles were stout and well able to work and had enough and to spare of meat and drink, seeing that they were but churls; and how if they worked not at the least as hard as they did, it would be ill for them and ill for their lords; for that the more the churl hath the more he asketh; and that when he knoweth wealth, he knoweth the lack of it also, as it fared with our first parents in the Garden of God. The King sat and said but little while they spake, but he misdoubted them that they were liars. So the Council brake up with nothing done; but the King took the matter to heart, being, as kings go, a just man, besides being more valiant than they mostly were, even in the old fental time. So within two or three days, says the tale, he called together such lords and councillors as he deemed fittest, and bade busk them for a ride; and when they were ready he and they

set out, over rough and smooth, decked out in all the glory of attire which was the wont of those days. Thus they rode till they came to some village or thorpe of the peasant folk, and through it to the vineyards where men were working on the sunny southern slopes that went up from the river: my tale does not say whether that were Theiss, or Donau, or what river. Well, I judge it was late spring or early summer, and the vines but just beginning to show their grapes; for the vintage is late in those lands, and some of the grapes are not gathered till the first frosts have touched them, whereby the wine made from them is the stronger and sweeter. Anyhow there were the peasants, men and women, boys and young maidens, toiling and swinking; some hoeing between the vine-rows, some bearing baskets of dung up the steep slopes, some in one way, some in another, labouring for the fruit they snever eat, and the wine they never drink. Thereto turned the King and got off his horse and began to climb up the stony ridges of the vineyard, and his lords in like manner followed him, wondering in their hearts what was toward; but to the one who was following next after him he turned about and said with a smile, "Yea, lords, this is a new game we are playing to-day, and a new knowledge will come from it." And the lord smiled, but somewhat sourly.

As for the peasants great was their fear of those gay and golden lords. I judge that they did not know the King, since it was little likely that any one of them had seen his face; and they knew of him but as the Great Father, the mighty warrior who kept the Turk from harrying their thorpe. Though, forsooth, little matter was it to any man there whether Turk or Magyar was their over-lord, since to one master or another they had to pay the due tale of labouring days in the year, and hard was the livelihood that they earned for themselves on the days that they worked for themselves and their wives and children.

Well, belike they knew not the King; but amidst those rich lords, they saw and knew their own lord, and of him they were sore afraid. But nought it availed them to flee away from those strong men and strong horses—they who had been toiling from before the rising of the sun, and now it wanted little more than an hour of noon: besides, with the King and lords was a guard of crossbowmen, who were left the other side of the vineyard wall,—keen-eyed Italians of the mountains, straight shooters of the bolt. So the poor folk fled not; nay they made as if all this were none of their business, and went on with their work. For indeed each man said to himself, "If I be the one that is not slain, to-morrow I shall lack bread if I do not work my hardest to-day; and maybe I shall be headman if some of these be slain and I live."

Now comes the King amongst them and says: "Good fellows, which of you is the headman?"

Spake a man, sturdy and sunburnt, well on in years and grizzled: "I am the headman, lord."

shall I order this matter myself, since these lords desire a new game, and are fain to work under me at vine-dressing. But do thou stand by me and set me right if I order them wrong: but the rest of you go play!"

The carle knew not what to think, and let the King stand with his hand stretched out, while he looked askance at his own lord and baron, who wagged his head at him grimly as one who says, "Do it, dog!"

Then the carle lets the hoe come into the King's hand; and the King falls to, and orders his lords for vine-dressing, to each his share of the work: and whiles the carle said yea and whiles nay to his ordering. And then ye should have seen velvet cloaks cast off, and mantles of fine Flemish scarlet go to the dusty earth; as the lords and knights busked them to the work.

So they buckled to, and to most of them it seemed good game to play at vine-dressing. But one there was who, when his scarlet cloak was off, stood up in a doublet of glorious Persian web of gold and silk, such as men make not now, worth a hundred florins the Bremen ell. Unto him the King with no smile on his face gave the job of toing and froing up and down the hill with the biggest and the finest dung-basket that there was; and thereat the silken lord screwed up a grin that was sport to see, and all the lords laughed; and as he turned away he said, yet so that none heard him, "Do I serve this son's son of a whore that he should bid me carry dung?" For you must know that the King's father, John Hunyad, one of the great warriors of the world, the Hammer of the Turks, was not gotten in wedlock, though he were a King's son.

Well, they sped the work bravely for awhile, and loud was the laughter as the hoes smote the earth and the flint stones tinkled and the cloud of dust rose up; the brocaded dung-bearer went up and down, cursing and swearing by the White God and the Black; and one would say to another, "See ye how gentle blood outgoes churl's blood, even when the gentle does the churl's work: these lazy loons smote but one stroke to our three." But the King, who worked no worse than any, laughed not at all; and meanwhile the poor folk stood by, not daring to speak a word one to the other; for they were still sore afraid, not now of being slain on the spot, but this rather was in their hearts: "These great and strong lords and knights have come to see what work a man may do without dying: if we are to have yet more days added to our year's tale of lords' labour, then are we lost without remedy." And their hearts sank within them.

So sped the work; and the sun rose yet higher in the heavens, and it was noon and more. And now there was no more laughter among those toiling lords, and the strokes of the hoe and mattock came far slower, while the dung-bearer sat down at the bottom of the hill and looked out on the river; but the King yet worked on doggedly, so for shame the other lords yet kept at it. Till

with a clatter, and swore a great oath. Now he was a strong black-bearded man in the prime of life, a valiant captain of that famous Black Band that had so often rent the Turkish array; and the King loved him for his sturdy valour; so he says to him, "Is aught wrong, Captain?"

"Nay, lord," says he, "ask the headman carle yonder what ails us."

"Headman", says the King, "what ails these strong knights? Have I ordered them wrongly?"

"Nay, but shirking ails them, lord," says he, "for they are weary; and no wonder, for they have been playing hard, and are of gentle blood."

"Is that so, lords," says the King, "that ye are weary already?"

Then the rest hung their heads and said nought, all save that captain of war; and he said, being a bold man and no liar: "King, I see what thou wouldst be at; thou hast brought us here to preach us a sermon from that Plato of thine; and to say sooth, so that I may swink no more, and go eat my dinner, now preach thy worst! Nay, if thou wilt be priest I will be thy deacon. Wilt thou that I ask this labouring carle a thing or two?"

"Yea," said the King. And there came, as it were, a cloud of thought over his face.

Then the captain straddled his legs and looked big, and said to the carle: "Good fellow, how long have we been working here?"

"Two hours or thereabout, judging by the sun above us," says he.

"And how much of thy work have we done in that while?" says the captain, and winks his eye at him withal.

"Lord," says the carle, grinning a little despite himself, "be not wroth with my word. In the first half-hour ye did five-and-forty minutes' work of ours, and in the next half-hour scant a thirty minutes' work, and the third half-hour a fifteen minutes' work, and in the fourth half-hour two minutes' work." The grin now had faded from his face, but a gleam came into his eyes as he said: "And now, as I suppose, your day's work is done, and ye will go to your dinner, and eat the sweet and drink the strong; and we shall eat a little rye-bread, and then be working here till after the sun has set and the moon has begun to cast shadows. Now for you, I wot not how ye shall sleep nor where, nor what white body ye shall hold in your arms while the night flits and the stars shine; but for us, while the stars yet shine, shall we be at it again, and bethink ye for what! I know not what game and play ye shall be devising for to-morrow as ye ride back home; but for us when we come back here to-morrow, it shall be as if there had been no yesterday and nothing done therein, and that work of that to-day shall be nought to us also, for we shall win no respite from our toil thereby, and the morrow of to-morrow will all be to begin again once more, and so on and on till no to-morrow abideth us. Therefore, if ye are thinking of laying some new tax or tale upon us, think twice of it, for we may not bear it. And all this I say with the less

fear, because I perceive this man here beside me, in the black velvet jerkin and the gold chain on his neck, is the King; nor do I think he will slay me for my word since he hath so many a Turk before him and his mighty sword!"

Then said the captain: "Shall I smite the man, O king? or hath he preached thy sermon for thee?"

"Smite not, for he hath preached it," said the King. "Hearken to the carle's sermon, lords and councillors of mine! Yet when another hath spoken our thought, other thoughts are born therefrom, and now have I another sermon to preach; but I will refrain me as now. Let us down and to our dinner."

So they went, the King and his gentles, and sat down by the river under the rustle of the poplars, and they ate and drank and were merry. And the King bade bear up the broken meats to the vine-dressers, and a good draught of the archer's wine, and to the headman he gave a broad gold piece, and to each man three silver pennies. But when the poor folk had all that under their hands, it was to them as though the Kingdom of heaven had come down to earth.

In the cool of the evening home rode the King and his lords. The King was distraught and silent; but at last the captain, who rode beside him, said to him: "Preach me now thine after sermon, O king!"

"I think thou knowest it already," said the King, "else had thou not spoken in such wise to the carle; but tell me what is thy craft and the craft of all these whereby ye live, as the potter by making pots, and so forth?"

Said the captain: "As the potter lives by making pots, so we live by robbing the poor."

Again said the King: "And my trade?"

Said he, "Thy trade is to be a king of such thieves, yet no worser than the rest."

The King laughed.

"Bear that in mind," said he, "and then shall I tell thee my thought while yonder carle spake, 'Carle,' I thought, 'were I thou or such as thou, then would I take in my hand a sword or a spear, or were it only a hedge-stake, and bid others do the like, and forth would we go; and since we would be so many, and with nought to lose save a miserable life, we would do battle and prevail, and make an end of the craft of kings and of lords and of userers, and there would be but one craft in the world, to wit, to work merrily for ourselves and to live merrily thereby.'"

Said the captain: "This then is thy sermon. Who will heed it if thou preach it?"

Said the King: "They who will take the mad King and put him in a King's madhouse, therefore do I forbear to preach it. Yet it *shall* be preached."

"And not heeded," said the captain, "save by those who head and hang the setters forth of new things that are good for the world. Our trade is safe for many and many a generation."

And therewith they came to the King's palace, and they ate and drank and slept, and the world went on its ways. — WILLIAM MORRIS.

LIBERTY,

LONDON, DECEMBER, 1896.

"LIBERTY" is a journal of Free-Communism; but articles on all phases of the Revolutionary movement will be freely admitted, provided they are worded in suitable language. No contributions should exceed one column in length. The writer over whose signature the article appears is alone responsible for the opinions expressed, and Editor in all matters reserves to himself the fullest right to reject any article.

All Communications—including orders for Papers or Pamphlets—should be addressed to The Editor, Carmagnole House, Hammersmith, London, W.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES.

We regret that during our illness an unfortunate mistake occurred in the printing of the new pamphlet, "Agriculture", by Peter Kropotkin, parts of the 4th and 5th chapters being omitted, etc. We must ask those of our readers who have sent orders for it to wait a week or so for a corrected edition.

In the current number of the "Magazine International" is a translation of Walter Crane's article, taken from the November number of the "Progressive Review", on William Morris, together with a good portrait. The article is a short "study" at once appreciative and truthful, and it is well that it should have a wider audience than could be obtained for it by such a young recruit in the ranks of enlightenment as the "Progressive Review". In this study, Morris's ideas concerning life, art, work, women, and kindred subjects are ably and sympathetically dealt with—his fondness for country-life—"the noblest kind of life",—his versatility in Art as an "artist, poet and decorator" who could not only write the "Earthly Paradise", but try and bring it about; his practical experience, not alone of work—"the work that gives a savour to life"—but as a patron and friend of workers; his visions of a new, and free, and, above all, beautiful society; and his way, at once poet-like and man-like, of regarding love. Referring more especially to Morris' attitude concerning social questions, the author quotes his saying—"Resolve the economic problem, and you have the solution of all the others. It is the Aaron's rod which swallows up all the rest."—a well-known saying, but one that will bear repetition. Morris' "News from Nowhere" is also compared with Bellamy's "Looking Backward", and the town-life, with its rigid ordering of social conditions, extolled by the latter author, with the former's love of garden and wooded scenery, and, above all, for that freedom of and in life indispensable alike to the communist and the poet.

In another column will be found a letter from the *Alarm* Group with the information that the "business manager" Mr. Will Banham has seceded.

This calls for no remarks from us, but we consider that his action in fetching a policeman from Hunter Street police station to intimidate and frighten Mrs O'Mally, during the absence of her husband, into giving up the address book and saying where

the type was (seeing that the plant belonged to the group, and that he could only claim a few pounds which he had advanced towards paying for the type, was, to say the least, despicable and cowardly. Equally outrageous was his conduct in fetching a detective to arrest J. O'Malley, who has always acted as directed by the group, on a charge of felony. When disputes arise on questions of opinion and tactics, the greatest latitude can be shown, but an affair of this kind cannot be passed over in silence. It strips him of all right to speak in the name of Socialism. At the May-day meeting, in 1894, in Hyde Park, he was seen to be quite lacking in courage and has now shown himself to be possessed of the characteristics which so often accompany cowardice. He confesses to having had an interview with Chief Inspector Melville, and considering all this we are not loth to leave him—with his blushing honours thick upon him.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Owing to ill health we are compelled to suspend the publication of LIBERTY.

It is a case of suspended animation rather than of death, as it will appear again in May, 1897.

Meanwhile we shall not be idle, it being our intention to bring out some new pamphlets.

To the Editor of LIBERTY.

Mayville, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Dear Sir :

I was very sorry to hear from a friend a short time ago that the publication of LIBERTY was to be suspended. Nevertheless, as the few numbers which I have received through the *Firebrand* Group of Portland, Oregon, have pleased and interested me very much, I have concluded to send a copy of my new book, (The Old and the New Ideal) to your address, hoping that it may reach you safely. If you should not be in a position to assist me in advertising the book, you may please accept this copy as a token of my respect and appreciation of your noble work for liberty. I should be pleased to have your views on the subject either by letter or through the columns of some publication.

Yours truly

Emil F. Ruedebusch.

Comrades,

We desire to give notice that the "*Alarm*" will not appear, the business manager and secretary having seceded from the group with the type and office accessories; a course of action we regret as it deprives the propaganda of a weekly paper. We therefore desire it to be known that no further monies should be forwarded for the present. We shall endeavor to resuscitate a weekly Anarchist Communist sheet. Consequently the subscribers to the "*Alarm*" to whom we shall wish to send copies of future issues free of charge should write to us, as their addresses have been mislaid.

We shall start a leaflet propaganda and we ask the assistance of comrades in this work, until we re-issue the "*Alarm*". The group assembles on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock at the address below.

The *Alarm* Publishing Committee.

Address—"Sun" Tavern, Clerkenwell Green, London.

We hear that a work by Henry Seymour will soon be published in England and America, entitled "The Fallacy of Marx's Theory of Surplus Value," in which the author claims to have destroyed the economic basis of Social Democracy by showing how utterly senseless is the greatest generalization of the century.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

Socialism has lost a rare personality by the death of William Morris, famous by reason of his greatness as a poet, his great sense of beauty and many-sidedness as an artist, and his wonderful executive ability. His power of production was marvellous and to see some of the hand work he did, one would think that it had been done in the Middle Ages, so beautiful it was. So much has been said of Morris's connection with the decorative arts, of his poetry, and of his unique position as a prose-writer, that further mention of them here is rendered unnecessary.

William Morris, son of a city merchant, was born at Walthamstow on the 24th of March, 1834, and in all probability the world would never have heard of him (how many hundreds of men and women as richly endowed are never heard of for the lack of opportunity?) but for the fact that his father had invested largely in 'Devon Great Consols', the value of which rose tremendously, and led to his becoming a very wealthy man. As a boy, Morris seems to have had pretty much his own way, roaming the forest which he learnt to love, riding half over Essex on his pony in search of old churches for the sake of their architecture, and mixing with the stable men in whose company he probably learnt the strong language which he used with such telling effect in after life. He was sent to Marlborough college, and from thence to Oxford with the intention of taking orders. He used to say that most of what he knew he learnt apart from the University. Be that as it may, he there formed the acquaintance of Faulkner and Burne Jones; through the latter he became acquainted with Rossetti, which proved to be the turning point of their respective careers. In early life, Morris threw over his religious beliefs which consisted as he said 'more of a fear of the Devil than a belief in God'. When Morris left Exeter College, his father had been dead some years. Very wealthy, and free to follow his natural bent, his love of Gothic architecture compelled him to enter the office of Mr. George Edmund Street of Oxford, and there he made the acquaintance of Philip Webb, one of his future partners and lifelong friends. Mr. Street's office could not claim Morris for more than nine months; his artistic instincts and love of romance leading him to London there to throw himself into the pre-Raphaelite movement, poetry, and decorative art. However great Morris was as an artist, he was greater still as a Pagan. With his intense love of life, the world was to him 'a jolly old world' and one had but to dine with him, as I have often had the pleasure of doing, to see how he enjoyed it. On one occasion he said to me, 'I always feel inclined to sing when I eat and drink', and with a few choice Socialist friends he was delightfully unreserved.

He would greet with boisterous laughter any happy bit at the idiosyncracies of the leading Socialists. I well remember one occasion when the talk turned on G. B. Shaw, the amusing way in which he told us how Shaw held certificates

of ability which could only find its fitting scope in the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, adding laughingly that Shaw was 'too damned clever'.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Morris changed his views with regard to parliamentary action. In a comparatively recent lecture at Kelmscott House he expressed his belief that the people were going that way, but he added with emphasis, 'Don't make the mistake of thinking this, Socialism!' It is true that he gave a donation to the S. D. F., and that he contributed later to the *Freedom Fund*. He was always ready to write for *LIBERTY* when asked, and only two months before his death, expressed his willingness to do so. Like his friend Walter Crane, he helped all, being too great a man to be sectarian. Francis Craig, (son of the late E. T. Craig) in an interview with him mentioned that Helen Taylor used to say that it took fifteen years to get an act passed in the interest of the workers, when Morris, blazing up and bringing his fist down on the table, said 'Say fifty years and you will be nearer the mark'.

While conversing with an artist friend who worked with him, and also tended him to the day of his death, Morris made his views on this subject still more clear. Speaking of the Fabian Society lectures, this friend remarked to Morris that in spite of lectures on economics and parliamentary action, he still found himself occupying the old position they did in the early days of the Socialist League. Morris replied, 'I also find myself in the same position.'

During the latter part of his life Morris, by reason of his ill health, took no active part in the Socialist movement. Last summer, I spent an afternoon with him at his request. During the afternoon he explained to me his views on physical force, 'I have no sympathy' he said, 'with those who throw a bomb into a cafe or into the Liceo Theatre, but I can understand the action of a Pallas.'

I intend publishing shortly other reminiscences of Morris, and his correspondence with me concerning his attitude towards Socialism.

JAMES TOCHATTI.

REVIEWS.

IN an interesting and lengthy, if not precisely exhaustive review on "FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, and the IDEALS of ANARCHY", in the last issue of the "QUARTERLY", socialists of all kinds will probably find some food for thought. For Friedrich Nietzsche—of whom many of us have been hearing a good deal lately—Nietzsche, "the anarchist 'par excellence'",—Nietzsche, the most audacious overthrower of bourgeois ideals,—Nietzsche, at once scholar, sage, and the strong man who very distinctly 'declines to agree' with anybody—is, in the review aforesaid, presented not altogether unbefittingly to a startled public. The reviewer is evidently fascinated by, if somewhat afraid of the abysmal depths of Nietzsche's personality. For Dr. Friedrich Nietzsche, Emeritus Professor of Philology of the University of Bale, declines, it seems, to agree with such 'damnable iteration' that "none can marvel if the anarchists of all nations flock to his standard." Our reviewer is even more impressed by the philosopher's eloquence. "What", he asks, "in comparison with his laughing, singing, dancing strophes are the pale arguments of a Max Stirner, the rants and furies of Bakounin, the geographical lectures and moral-revolutionary pleadings of Prince Kropotkin, or the halting deductions of Mr. Herbert Spencer?"

But let Nietzsche speak for himself. He has had a good deal to say, and he has probably said the greater part of it. Some of his utterances are not only startling, but calculated to give the most "advanced", or optimistic, among us pause. For Nietzsche tries "to reconcile necessary evolution with the 'free spirit', perfection with utilitarian methods, and a superfluity of power with the struggle for existence." "We modern men", he says, "with our anxious self-musing and brotherly love, our virtues of labour, unpretentiousness, fair play, and scientific spirit—accumulating, economic, mechanical—we represent a weak period." Yes, we have, in truth, deteriorated, not advanced, as will soon become apparent to us, on comparing our selves with the fine, strong, and brave spirits of the Renaissance. We do not live up to the anarchist ideal, which is, it seems, to "dethrone duty and deify passion." Nietzsche has the truly strong, truly great man's sovereign contempt for "duty". For what is that pale abstraction but the outcome of the Christian spirit, or the spirit, supremely, of pity, which our philosopher hates almost as fiercely as he hates—State Socialism. No, man's only duty is to be strong, and to fight against all that would prevent his becoming strong, and, as a necessary consequence, free. Nietzsche is one of those rare spirits whose chief formula is, "I decline to agree." He has weighed modern civilization in the balances and found it wanting—in other words, weak, and given over to the dominion of the weak. For our morality is nothing better than a "slave-morality", and Darwin's deductions have not been followed to their logical conclusions. The laws of evolution which demand that the fittest shall survive are not carried out, as far as civilization is concerned. The strong do not survive. Mediocrity, barren scholarship, sham culture, commercialism, and pampered impotence have things all their own way—for, alas, we pity, although we do not love them. Where is the truly strong man who knows life—and lives? (The weak, one reflects, should at least be able to tell us what they have done with him—only unfortunately the weak do not know.) For Life, not morality, not science, not philosophy, or any other abstraction, is the one thing needful—life in the true and most magnificent (even Pagan) sense of the word, life that is freedom, power, rebellion, and, if needs be, tragedy—life, not "a Republic of all the pleasures". For to live is to know—a secret guessed at by the Greeks, and over-looked by us; for all our boasted superior knowledge of the natural sciences. And the end to be pursued by those who truly live is, supremely, the evolution of the "Over-man, that strong, and strangely superior being—(one is tempted to wonder what position he will assign to the Over-woman)—whose day is not yet.—For 'Thus spake Zarathustra.

Our reviewer prefers not to discuss Nietzsche's "tables of fresh values", in spite, or because of the fact that they contain "seeds of truth that a less distracted age may foster. He asks instead the weighty questions—where evolution is moving, and what is the law of its ascent? Are the ideals of Anarchy the conclusions of a self-justified Darwinism, or is the individual but a means to an end, and that end—angels and ministers of grace defend us! State Socialism? For Nietzsche, if he has done nothing else, has, it seems, at least "stated the question of science."

One cannot help wishing that, pending the arrival of the Over-man, some would-be strong man would give us some sort of answer. We shall probably have to wait; or listen to the faltering utterances of the weak—who never keep one waiting, though their messages are none of the cheerfullest. For Science, say the cynical, or the weak, has done its greatest work—in astronomy, in chemistry, and in biology. Men have always wanted the best—religion, philosophy, poetry—first, and they have had it, and must put up with what is left. It isn't very much. Science bids us leave off trying to pierce the clouds, and examine what is staring us in the face. Some of us do. The rest continue to go to church. It remains for us to make ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances permit, and, in weak moments, to talk about the religion of the future.

The Old and the New Ideal By Emil Ryedebusch.

This book, which hails from America, is devoted to an elucidation of theories relating to freedom in love, and contains chapters on such interesting subjects as "The Happy Marriage of To-Day", "Love and Friendship in a Free Society", "Woman's Emancipation", and "the Old and the New Ideal". The writer, after describing and deploring "the horrible vulgarity and meanness of our present 'morals', the vast crowd of 'indifferent'

people in all ranks of thought, and the many miseries (of which the author treats in detail) consequent on such a state of things, and after carefully explaining that he does not belong to the Free Love party, proceeds to offer a "perfect solution of the Sex, Love and Marriage Questions." His solution is also a "philosophy of Love", the following of which will bring about a Free Society and many blessings; such as women's complete independence, the saner and scientific education of children, their birth because of true "sex-preference", and under favourable conditions, unrestrained friendship between men and women, and unions that are "neither marriage nor free-love." All this, and more, will be the rule, instead of, as now, the exception, when "the sex-life of each individual will be liberated from the control of society as well as from the control of any partner or mate", when the family—that important consideration—will be no "love-contract", but "an economic contract, and an association of mental and emotional interests", and when love will be no longer "bought" but "gained". The writer, in explaining what he means by love, is anxious not to be mistaken for a sensualist, yet he insists everywhere on the need for many—very many—as well as free, unions, love for him being "only a complete, perfectly-satisfying entirety when it lasts a few hours," and the other, non-physical attributes of love being apparently not the real thing; while "exclusiveness" is just barely, fearfully, and wonderfully possible "with a couple of exceptional harmony of body, mind, and emotions." But he lays such especial stress, it would appear, on the physical aspect of love because, in his opinion, our present social conditions at once show that it is in reality deemed all important and that more freedom is needed there, including, as they do, marriage on the one hand, and prostitution on the other, the two extremes, like all extremes, meeting, with for centre the vast host of lonely and loveless ones. Freedom in love is, thinks the writer, all-important, and should be first fought for, economic questions being treated as a secondary consideration. The rich are, where love is concerned, as unhappy as the poor; moreover, economic freedom depends upon a whole nation and the whole commercial system, so that reformers have much to lose in breaking away from it, and must, in order to accomplish anything, be necessarily great in number; while to gain freedom in love, they could unite successfully in small numbers and in a hundred different ways, for action; all without any contract or binding agreement whatever. "The struggle" says the author, "for better conditions will not mean the rich against the poor, nor capital against labour, but it will consist in the fight of libertarians against tyrants, of wise, enlightened men and women against superstitious fools—and we shall find some in every class from the poorest proletarians to the 'upper ten.'—So far this "New Idealist", whose book deserves a more comprehensive review than we have space for here. We could wish that his style were less diffuse, and that he adopted a somewhat different attitude towards economics; the value, or practicability, of his ideas we do not propose to discuss, advising instead everyone interested in social questions to study them for themselves.

Women, Love, and Life.—Love Triumphant.—Do We Live, Do We Love.—Love's Comedy.—By William Platt.—(Hirsch)

The above four small volumes are at once noticeable and suggestive, being eminently calculated to surprise, as well as shock, bourgeois-minded readers, and to sadden, even while they, occasionally, charm, readers more discerning. For these books of 'passion and protest' contain not only the author's startling and indignant diatribes against all that society holds dear, but, as he meditates on social faiths and follies, 'tears, tears, tears, bitter and inconsolable.' One cannot help reflecting that a reformer should not weep quite so often or so bitterly. Mr Platt is, or would be, a reformer; and moreover, like one of his few idols, Beethoven, he evidently aims to "raise humanity by large and generous emotions", but he is at present not quite strong enough for the task. At the same time, his audacities and his frenzies are not of the kind sometimes ascribed to him. These books are not impure, but, worse crime where Art is concerned, untrue. They contain grave blemishes, caused chiefly by what can only be termed a sex-madness that overshadows the author's natural purity and sanity of conception, crippling also his undoubted powers of expression. This is the more to be regretted as he is capable of writing passages of considerable beauty and truth. We hope to publish a more comprehensive review of these books later on. J. F.

ANARCHY.

By ELISEE RECLUS.

Anarchy is not a new theory. The word itself, taken in the meaning of "absence of government", of "society without chiefs", is of ancient origin, and was employed long before Proudhon.

Besides, of what importance are words? There were "Acrates" before the Anarchists, and the Acrates had not yet invented a scientific name for themselves, when numberless generations had already succeeded one another. In all times, there have been free men, despisers of law, people living without masters, by the primordial right of their existence and thought. Even in the most remote ages, we everywhere find tribes composed of men managing their affairs in their own way, without imposed laws, having no other rule of conduct than their "will and free judgment," as Rabelais said, and even urged on by their desire to found the "profound faith", like the "gallant knights" and the "gentle ladies" who had assembled in the abbey of Theleme.

But if Anarchy is as ancient as humanity, yet those who represent it bring something new into the world. They have the precise consciousness of the aim pursued, and from one extremity of the world to the other, they agree in their ideal of rejecting government in any form. The dream of worldly liberty has ceased to be a pure philosophical and literary Utopia, as it was for the founders of the cities of the Sun and New Jerusalem. It has become the practical aim, actively sought after, for multitudes of united men, who resolutely collaborate to bring about the birth of a society in which there will be no more masters, no more official guardians of public morality, no more gaolers or executioners, no more rich or poor, but brothers having their share of daily bread, and equal rights, and living in peace and cordial union—not by obedience to laws that are ever accompanied by terrible threats, but by mutual respect for one another's interests, and by the scientific observation of natural laws.

No doubt, this ideal seems chimerical to many of you, but I am sure it seems desirable to most, and that in the distance you perceive the ethereal picture of a peaceful society where men, henceforth reconciled, will let their swords rust, will melt their cannons again and disarm their warships. Besides, are you not of those who since a long time, since thousands of years, work to construct the temple of Equality? You are "masons", with the sole object of building an edifice of perfect proportions, in which only men who are free, equals, and brothers can enter, working ceaselessly at their own improvement and being regenerated by the power of love to a new life of justice and goodness. That is your aim, is it not, and you are not the only ones! You do not pretend to a monopoly of the spirit of progress and regeneration. You do not even commit the injustice of forgetting your special adversaries, those who curse you and excommunicate you—the ardent Catholics who doom the enemies of Holy Church to hell, but who none the less prophesy the coming of an age of peace—Francis of Assisi, Catherine of Siena, Theresa d'Avila, and many others among the faithful of a faith that is not yours, certainly loved humanity with a most sincere love, and we must number them among those who lived for an ideal of universal happiness. And now millions and millions of Socialists, for whatever school they may belong, also struggle for a future in which the power of capital will be broken and men at last be able to call themselves "equals" without irony!

Anarchists therefore have an aim in common with many generous men belonging to the most diverse religious sects and parties, but, as their name in no doubtful way implies, they are easily distinguishable from the rest by their methods. The conquest of power was always the most pronounced of

revolutionists, even the best-intentioned ones. The education they received did not allow them to imagine a free society performing its functions without a regular government, and as soon as they had overthrown hated masters, they equally sought to replace them by others, destined, according to the consecrated formula, "to make their subjects happy." As a rule, they did not allow themselves to prepare a change of prince or dynasty without having done homage to a future sovereign: "The King is dead, long live the King!" cried the subjects, ever faithful, even in rebellion. Such was, for centuries and centuries, the unflinching course of history. How could we live without masters? said slaves, wives, children, town and country workers, and they deliberately put their necks under the yoke like oxen drawing a plough. Remember the insurgents of 1830, clamouring for the "best of Republics" in the person of a new king; and the Republicans of 1848 discreetly retiring to their hovels after having suffering "three months' misery in the service of the provisory government." At that time, a revolution broke out in Germany and a popular parliament met at Frankfort. "The ancient authority is a corpse!" called out a deputy. "Yes," answered the president, "but we are going to resuscitate it. We shall call new men who will be able to reconquer the people's confidence in power." We may indeed say with Victor Hugo: An old human instinct leads to depravity.

Against this instinct, Anarchy truly represents a new spirit. Libertarians cannot be reproached with wanting to get rid of a government to put themselves in its place. "Out of it and make room for me!" is an expression they would have a horror of pronouncing, and they doom to shame and contempt, or at least to pity, the one amongst them who, stung by the tarantula of power, would let himself go so far as to solicit office under pretext, he too, of "making his fellow-citizens happy." Reliving on observation, Anarchists believe that the State and all belonging to it is not a mere entity or a philosophical formula, but an ensemble of individuals placed in a special surrounding and subjected to its influence. These individuals, risen in power, in dignity, in treatment above that of their fellow-citizens, are thereby forced, so to say, to believe themselves superior to the common people, and yet the temptations of all sorts besieging them makes them fall below the general level.

This is why we ceaselessly repeat to our brothers—sometimes to our brother-enemies—State Socialists:—"Beware of your leaders and representatives; like you, they are no doubt animated by the purest intentions; they ardently wish for the suppression of private property and State tyranny; but their new relations and new opportunities modify them little by little; their morals change with their interests, and believing themselves ever faithful to the cause of their constituents, they of necessity become unfaithful to it. They also, as holders of power, will have to make use of instruments of power—army, moralists, magistrates, policemen and spies." Three thousand years ago, the Hindoo poet of Maha Bharata formulated the experience of centuries on this subject:—"The man who rides in a chariot will never be the friend of the man who walks."

To be continued.

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built:
For him the stake prepared:
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last
Atoning for the evils past.

—The Man Who Rides (The Hindoo)

LIBERTARIAN SOCIALISM AND AUTHORITARIAN SOCIALISM.

By DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS.

Thought ever marches onwards—and more rapidly than we imagine. One year at the present time is equivalent, so far as the development of ideas is concerned, to twenty-five years of the past, and few of us can keep pace with the world's intellectual progress.

The old struggle between force and freedom, which through the centuries has engaged human attention is far from being at an end. Everywhere it reveals itself in a different form, and in all quarters it may be encountered, in the moral and political spheres.

The principle of authority is the mastery of man by man, whatever may be the shape it assumes.

The principle of liberty implies the power of each individual to express his opinion freely, and to arrange his life in conformity with that opinion.

A man is preeminently an entity distinct from all others, and the being would be very mischievously actuated who would intentionally seek to destroy that individuality, the finest and noblest trait of human nature, or who would desire to make the characterful unit disappear in a featureless mass of mankind. Such a vile purpose would have for its end the complete destruction of all that tends to dignify humanity.

Man is, however, a social being, and as such he must necessarily take into consideration the rights and needs of his fellows living along with him in a community. Whoever considers the benefits of social life more important than those which could possibly accrue to him from a purely individual existence will readily yield to society a portion of his individuality. A free citizen will cheerfully deprive himself of many legitimate indulgences provided that his personality be not completely smothered and suppressed by collectivism.

It is very difficult, sometimes wellnigh impossible, to draw an accurate delimitation between the principles of authority and liberty. Due allowance must be made, both in respect of individuals and societies, for temperament, nationality, environment, and many other influences.

These two great contending principles, evident in every political agglomeration, are visibly busy in the socialist party. We easily find, without looking far afield, a Libertarian and an Authoritarian socialism.

Authoritarian socialism is made in Germany, and in that country it thrives the best. However, there are disciples of the same school in every land where the proletariat has risen into consciousness. Yet we may fairly denominate it German.

Libertarian socialism, more akin to the hopes and spirit of the French people, has taken root in France, and spreads its branches over every nation where freedom has obtained a secure and well-established position. Some have tried to graft German socialism on the body of French socialism, and there even exists such a faction in France, which faction, illustrating the rule that a copy invariably exaggerates the original, is even more German than the Germans themselves. This group is known as the Marxists or Guesdists. A socialism of that kind, however, will never make headway to any considerable extent among the French people, who to accommodate themselves to German socialism would first have to get rid of their untrammeled intellect. Now that is impossible, so a reactionary step is little to be dreaded. Countries where liberty is not altogether unknown—as is to-day the case in Germany, a land scarcely emancipated from feudalism—incline by intelligent preference towards French socialism. Among them may be named England, Holland, Italy, and Spain, while on the other

hand, Austria, Switzerland, Denmark, and Belgium imitate the German model.

It would not be right to consider the foregoing a hard and fast division, for there may be found the nuclei of free socialism in authoritarian countries, and inversely the situation is similar. Nevertheless, in broad lines, our delimitation may stand as stated.

In continuation of other articles that have appeared in these columns, to wit: "The various tendencies of German Social Democracy" (1) and "Socialism in Danger" (2) we wish to follow the evident development of socialism up to date.

In my first article I set myself to show from authoritative quotations—for the evidence I used was borrowed from the party manifestoes—how, in the course of years, social democracy had lost its revolutionary character, and how it had become merely a reform party, not vitally dangerous to the possessing classes. The left wing of the party consisted of the "young men" or "independents", who at first dared to make themselves heard, but at the congress of Erfurt they were shut out as heretics. The right wing, led by Vollmar, received more lenient treatment. It was not advisable to excommunicate him or his adherents, for a very good reason. The group was too important and the partisans of Vollmar were too numerous. Between these two opposite fires the committee directing the destinies of the party found itself in a hot place. That committee consists of the sacred trinity, Liebknecht—Bebel—Singer, characteristically described by German social democrats as 'the government'. By the powers that be, it is needless to say, they are regarded with favour as "moderate men".

To these gentlemen Vollmar gave no end of trouble. It was his political attitude, as explained in some speeches of his at Munich, which, together with the massacre of the "young men", supplied the bill of fare for discussions at the Erfurt Congress. At Berlin the subject of state socialism was on the carpet, and on that occasion Liebknecht and Vollmar surpassed themselves in the conquering business by dishing up a resolution to the taste of everybody. At Frankfort, debate waged round the socialist deputies to the Bavarian Landtag and their vote of approval of the budget. On each occasion Vollmar came forth a conquering hero from these oratorical jousts. The socialist chiefs of North Germany failed to weaken his influence and to bring him into subjection. The contrary effect was produced: their party felt more and more dependent on the right wing.

To the charge of having wished to dictate a new line of policy to the party, Vollmar replied very truly that the action he had recommended "had already been followed since the suppression of the Law of Exception, in many cases, not only in the Reichstag but outside."

Again, "I have not therefore invented, but espoused it; it has moreover been followed since the Halle Congress. Just at present it would be difficult to adopt any other policy. This clearly proves that I am in favour of our present tactics, authorised by the party mandate."

Another delegate, one from Madeburg, said: "I disapprove also of Vollmar's policy, but he has said nothing in my opinion but what has been carried into practice by the whole of that wing of the party." Auerbach of Berlin very logically added: "The actions of members of the Reichstag necessarily leads to the tactics of Vollmar."

And although Bebel, Liebknecht, Auer, and some others still insisted that the congress should adopt a resolution that should be explicit, although Liebknecht spoke very bluntly, and even demanded that the resolution drawn up by Bebel and amended by Oertel—a resolution disapproving the speeches of Vollmar and his new policy—should be adopted, and though he went so far as to say that if the motion of Oertel were not adopted, the opposition would be right, and in that case be

himself would go into opposition,—and though Bebel demanded a square pronouncement, saying that if the motion of Oertel were adopted, all he had to say was that in that case he had made his last speech to them—notwithstanding these brave words, Liebknecht did not go into opposition, and neither Bebel nor his friends quitted the party.

In the discussion on State Socialism, Vollmar and Liebknecht spoke in defence of it, although regarding it from opposite standpoints. Who does not remember the controversy in the party organs, and the amenities which these gentlemen hurled at each other? Yet they finished by clasping hands, and the two friendly enemies, Liebknecht and Vollmar, fraternised at the congress, where they compounded a resolution signifying reconciliation, dished up in brotherly agreement. We can recall that literary curiosity. Carefully smoothed over, sweetened, made palatable to every taste, that resolution is only a hotch-potch of hollow phrases, offending nobody.

Afterwards there came a bolt from the blue to disturb that blissful agreement. The deputies to the Bavarian Landtag, and among them Vollmar, intended to vote for the budget. Perhaps it was injudicious! For to vote in approval of a state budget is to grant confidence to the Government, and on the part of a social democrat such action is slightly inconsistent when that government has done all it can to oppose the designs of his party.

The quandary was brought before the Frankfort congress. Two resolutions were submitted to the congress. One, from the South German deputies, ran as follows:

“Considering that success in our struggle against state and social institutions now existing depends on the united action of the party;

“Considering also that a vote in approval of the whole financial programme in each of the different states of the empire is a matter of the greatest importance, to be decided according to local circumstances and convenience, and in agreement with the facts brought before the congress of the party held in Bavaria;

“The congress simply endorses the resolutions 1, 3, and 4 proposed by Halle, Weimar, Brunswick, and Hanau.”

All these resolutions imputed blame to the socialist deputies in the Bavarian Landtag.

Alongside these damnatory motions, there was one proceeding from the most influential men of the party, Auer, Bebel, Liebknecht, Singer, etc., to the following effect:

The congress declares, “It is the duty of the parliamentary representatives of the party, both in the Reichstag and in the various Landtags, to sharply criticise and resist all the abuses and injustices inherent in the character of a class State, which is only the political form of an organisation erected to protect the interests of the governing classes; it is, besides, a duty of the party representatives to use all available means to abolish existing abuses, and to originate other institutions conformable to our programmes. Moreover, as class governments and statesmen energetically labour to defeat all social democratic measures, and use every favourable means to bring to naught, if possible, the social democracy, it logically follows that our party representatives in the Landtags cannot give the governments their support, and that as approbation of the budget necessarily implies support, it is incumbent upon social democrats to vote against the budget.”

And what fate befell these resolutions?

The first was rejected by 142 votes against 93, the second by 164 against 64. Nothing therefore was decided and the question was left without a solution. Yes, in spite of the pressure imposed by the redoubtable trinity, Bebel—Liebknecht—Singer! Far from losing prestige, Vollmar won all along the line. He went home strengthened by the sweet solace that he was supported by a large section of the party.

Bebel saw the danger, and as soon as he had returned to Berlin he resolved to take off his coat and put up his fists. At a large meeting he showed his disappointment with regard to this congress, the most important that had been held since the formation of the party. The party, he virtually affirmed, may have possibly grown numerically, but it has certainly deteriorated in quality. Some small, peddling upstarts, quite out of sympathy with social democratic principles and with internationalism, have crept into the party, to beget there a moderate section. Opportunism, permeation, threatened to destroy the party. For him, Bebel, a small party with determined principles was infinitely preferable to a numerous mob devoid of discipline. The existing state of things was to him very painful. He had even contemplated abandoning his place on the central council and had only retained it to gratify his colleagues and friends. Notwithstanding, he was bound by no pledge, and reserved to himself full liberty of caution in case the melancholy prospect did not improve.

We would like to know the opinion of Bebel—Bebel, who in the role of prophet is so often lamentably deceived—on the article that he published shortly before the congress in the “Neue Zeit.” It seems to us that the reading of it should cause some slight embarrassment.

In that article Bebel said:

“There might be differences of opinion on the matter of tactics, but dissensions regarding principles there were none. The party, numerous as it was, found itself solidly based on the rock of principles, as embodied in its programme. Whoever felt inclined to controversy on this head was a partisan either of the anarchists or of the bourgeoisie. The party would have nothing to do with him.

The proceedings of the Congress must have disillusioned Bebel, and the fact proves in any case how little he knows of what is occurring in the ranks of his party.

It is true that in the third article of a series published in the “Vorwärts”, Bebel confessed that whereas he had set out for the congress in the best of spirits, he returned terribly crest-fallen.

As for Liebknecht, he was so smitten with blindness that after the Congress he still boasted of the uninterrupted harmony of the party. He published in the “Vorwärts” a special article which proved to what an extent he had lost the power of appreciation. In it Liebknecht said: “The discussion so much reckoned on by our opponents disappeared after a free and relentless criticism, and in place of schism, invariably prophesied by our enemies, there has been, if possible, a closer union. The Bavarian matter, which was to lead to the dissolution of the party, or at least to unfriendliness between the Berlin leaders and the rebels of South Germany, was so easily made straight, thanks to the tact and good sense of the majority, that not the slightest bitterness survives on either side.”

Such an optimism surpasses belief, and if ever the saying that “All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds” has been illustrated, it has been made evident to the mind of the veteran, Liebknecht.

Among other matters the agrarian question came to the front in the congress. On this subject the position taken up by Vollmar and Schoulank was of so opportunist a character that they threw overboard socialist principle in the interest of “practical” propaganda. Socialism was administered to the peasantry homeopathically, that is, in the smallest possible doses. They were afraid of killing them with a big mouthful. And what tickles most an intelligent reader of the reports supplied, is that for purposes of medication all the addresses were delivered to the small farmers—but nothing was said to the agricultural labourers, who do not own an inch of land and could not honestly fill a flower-pot with the soil of their

native country!

With undeniable smartness the "Frankfurter Zeitung" remarked in this connection: "With the exception of a few phrases, any radical-bourgeois party might adopt the same programme." In "La Reforme" M. Lorand expresses himself in almost the same language.

Vollmar was not slow to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by Bebel. He speaks of the "pronunciamiento" of Bebel, and says, "The present time offers us a strange spectacle. In face of the enemy, marching upon us in serried ranks and prepared to attack us, we see one of our leaders rise up and throw a brand of discord, not among our opponents, but amidst our own troops."

One of the veterans of the party, the deputy, Grillenberger, took part in the dispute, rousing himself in the press, as at Erfurt, on the side of Vollmar. This controversy betrays the bitterness and irritation felt by both the factions. Vollmar said that "the reasons for the attitude of Bebel must be sought in his wounded vanity and in his want of critical insight and coolness, which have made him place—him, the leader of a democratic party—his own personality above the most sacred interests of the party, to the shame and injury of social democracy and to the great benefit and joy of our opponents." Bebel, on the other hand, flings back in the teeth of Grillenberger his language "filthy and vulgar as the vocabulary of a hoodlum."

These personalities are of no general interest, but they illustrate in quite a forcible way the wonderful "unity" of the party.

Bebel pretends that the peddling middle-class element, especially powerful in South Germany, weakens the party, and that Bavarian opportunism and permeation, systematically encouraged by Vollmar, are hostile to principle.

He admits, then, the importance of very important differences concerning principles, and according to him, Vollmar, Grillenberger, and their adherents find themselves in the dilemma of either joining the anarchists or the bourgeoisie. Now, Vollmar does not seem at all disposed to send in his resignation. Quite the contrary: he imagines himself, now as heretofore, to be in perfect agreement with the principles of social democracy.

Bebel published in the "Vorwärts" four articles in which he explained his view and estimate of the opinions of Vollmar. The essay is interesting, and we believe it may be of some service to place some extracts from it under the eyes of a larger section of the public.

Bebel recalls how often already Vollmar has taken up the time of congresses with discussion of his policy, and how he has become a tower of strength for "all the lukewarm in the party and fog all the middle-class reformers outside." He, who knows Vollmar, knows that the Bavarian champion "will perhaps some day, as he has done before, put the trumpet of extreme radicalism to his lips, just as now he fills the air with music, 'quite softly, quite softly,' to allure Peter and Paul, and so increase the rubbish of the party, if—Yes, if—? Here arises the question, and at present I do not wish to attempt an answer."

Vollmar retorted, very justifiably, that what Bebel imputed to him had already been said by Hans Muller—on the subject of the deterioration of the party. With the superciliousness of a superior person, Bebel repelled the base insinuation, and alleged that he had only seen Muller's pamphlet at a distance, and scarcely knew what it contained.

In spite of the solemn assertion of Bebel, we make free to doubt it. Here is an important criticism levelled against the whole party, made by a man whom Bebel himself described as an old hand, and we are desired to believe that the party leaders have not read it. It is quite too improbable, and if it were true, it would be inexcusable. Inexcusable indeed, for as chief of a party, one is bound to take cognisance of everything which may be useful in the slightest degree to the party itself. And improbable also, for it is hard to admit that so sensational a pamphlet as that of Hans Muller has been allowed to pass wholly, or almost, unobserved. But I can easily imagine how disagreeable that pamphlet must have been to the big bugs of the party, for without indulging in personalities, the author has demonstrated, proofs in hand, and from quotations taken from the acknowledged writings of the aforesaid great dignitaries, how much social democracy has deteriorated through bourgeois corruption; and how much it has inclined to the moderate faction.

Alas, alas! Hans Muller has had the misfortune to be more discerning than the great Bebel himself, and to perceive, before his highness, the phenomena which are now apparent to the eyes of all.

Was it not Bebel who, in that connection, made the remark that the material environment of a man's life influences his opinions. He awoke to this mighty truth when made aware that Vollmar lives in a sumptuous villa on the bank of one of the Bavarian lakes. But the same remark has been made by others, and with as much justice, in reference to Bebel.

To be continued.

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