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# REVOLT

Vol. I, No. 8.

March 11, 1916



## We Should Worry!

**B**LAST in San Francisco, REVOLT in New York, are vital additions to the radical press, born since the first of the year. BLAST is by Alexander Berkman, REVOLT is by Hippolyte Havel. Both men are quite dangerous agitators and for the sake of "law and order" their publications should be suppressed. If I were interested in coining the lives of little children into dividends I would not tolerate such journals for an instant. As General Otis so eloquently remarked of *Everyman*, they "are disturbing to mental stability." Moreover they employ the cajoleries of typographic taste, good paper, and attractive format. They are as dissimilar from the tawdriness of the commercial press as one could wish. I never could understand why radicalism (i. e. fundamental thought)

should find it necessary to confound itself with vulgarity, any more than a worth while woman should run around in a greasy kimona. Vital thought, above all other, should have the comeliest form compatible with strength. But strength is not a matter of tawdriness.

BUT BLAST and REVOLT. They should be suppressed, of course. It is a confession of weakness on the part of the "State" that they are allowed to go thru the mails—for they both preach disrespect for about everything but human flesh. And we all know that human flesh is the cheapest thing on the market—so cheap indeed that we don't bother to list it in stock quotations. Human babies are not worth as much as cocker spaniel or foreign postage stamps. Messrs. Berkman and Havel seem to forget that we live in

civilization. We are not Patagonians or Polynesians who merely live. We die; and worship art and culture and literature and erudition and "God and the State," and make death machines. We are civilized. Do you doubt it? Look at our bread lines and gallows and torture chambers and sweat shops and mortgages. Witness our four million children in mine and mill who rarely see the sunshine and know nothing of song birds and running brooks. We are christians—Who can doubt it?

I have not the honor of knowing Mr. Havel, save by his work which is good, but his REVOLT is everything that should be repressed by a Powerful State—which means a weak Manhood. If exploitation is to go its way peacefully Hippolyte Havel must be hanged.

LUKE NORTH.

Revolt  
SF

## The Pest of Politics.

**A** NARCHISTS have oft-times been accused of being poor historians, nevertheless it is generally conceded that they are fairly good students of psychology.

If the "proof of the pudding lies in the eating" then there is some evidence at close hand which tends to bear out the latter attribute.

It is just this peering into the causes of human action under given conditions that marks the chasm between the socialists and anarchists—a gap that can never be spanned, for the past has but demonstrated what the present makes apparent.

Political socialism in municipal affairs has achieved its own destruction in the city of Schenectady.

Five years ago there was a healthy, progressive Socialist Local in the Electric City. To-day it is torn asunder by rival factions and cliques.

The trouble all began when a preacher of the Gospel came into the local; put it in his pocket and walked away with it.

This prepossessing personality is the Rev. Dr. Geo. R. Lunn.

If the socialist press were in any part as free and uncensored as it would make the uninitiated believe, the fate of the Schenectady movement would be spread abroad to the end that other flourishing groups might take heed.

But such a course might not be expedient and so it isn't done.

Of the office-holders who reigned under the first regime of Dr. Lunn as Mayor, very few are on the city's payroll to-day; quite a number are in business; several have left town and the remainder have but to sit and contemplate their folly in not obeying their former boss. And Lunn IS a boss. He is not only boss of the city; the local and the administration; but he is boss of the New York State Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, as well.

Vain indeed are the efforts of the Solomons and the Lees to attempt to whitewash Dr. Lunn by threats of ostracism. The Doctor called their bluff by announcing that he would run independently if he did not have his way. Well, he had it! And one of the ways he got it was to corral about 75 of his friends who came to the meeting at which he was either to be sustained or repudiated for his stand on the question of "Party Control," voted themselves into membership of the organization and finally of course carried the day for the Doctor.

George R. Lunn is an extreme individualist. He understands the American people like no man since Barnum has understood them and he puts his knowledge to good use—for himself. His hobby is the "greater democracy." An empty phrase thrown to the gullible

mob. He is a cheap reformer of the Puritan brand and he has built around himself, with one or two exceptions a political machine composed of peanut office seekers to whom his very wish is law. With this array, together with a sick apology for a weekly newspaper that hasn't breathed a healthy issue since the only real editor it ever had was fired because he thought more of the truth than Lunn's orders, the Mayor of Schenectady dominates what passes for a Socialist movement in that city.

Not only have the principles of Socialist thought been entirely dispensed with in the mad clamour for "Control" but the spirit of reaction appears to have permeated the whole people to the extent that it is impossible to induce anything like a representative audience to attend any kind of a meeting that savours of departure from the conventional.

Perhaps it is because the people at large are keener to scent the fakir than the so-called wise ones; but more likely their trust and expectations have been violated so many times that they have quite logically concluded that all advanced people are humbugs when they get what they seek.

Self appointed leaders like Lunn are dangerous only when they have the support of sufficient numbers to make them so. Therein lies the sin of the socialists; first for taking a minister in among them and finally for not dumping him out when they discovered what he was.

Lunn cannot be blamed entirely, for he is a natural born politician and as such he must have his heelers. The Socialist Party offered him the most available supply so there he pitched his tent.

Some day, perhaps, the socialists will come to learn that politics is the cesspool of human depravity; that no matter how spotless one may enter the game, either the environment will besmirch his very soul or he will come out political corpse.

There is no case on record where anything else has ever happened.

Either the Socialist movement must go over en masse to that party which is in the best position to gain thru political action the goal they seek or it must turn to the education of the masses and bide its time for the Social Revolution.

Human nature is too selfish and easily led to dabble with politics and hope to retain its IDEAL intact.

It is time we were honest enough to look facts in the face. It were better—far better—to have struggled for principles and gained utter defeat than to have wallowed in the filth of officialdom for nothing but passing prestige.

When the workers learn the uselessness of forcing masters upon themselves there will be no Lunn to damn and we will all be better off.

That is why an anarchist believes he is a better student of human motives than a socialist; because he reasons in

the light of past experiences that power would corrupt the angels; because he has seen noble men rise to the heights only to fall to the depths and he does not see any good to be gained by continually enticing otherwise good men to an environment so inevitably destructive; that the only end spells Oblivion and Disgrace.

W. S. Valkenburgh.

## Free Speech for Radicals.

**T**HEODORE SCHROEDER'S "Free Speech for Radicals,"

just published in a new and enlarged edition, represents the ripened thought of the most persistent and courageous champion of free speech in America today. This book should be read in conjunction with the author's compilation, "A Free Press Anthology." It supplements the historical essays of the earlier volume by offering practical illustrations taken from the life of today.

The term "free speech" is enlarged by Schroeder to include free expression of many kinds, and it is significant that the most interesting cases with which deals are connected with Anarchism and the I. W. W. The immigration law which prohibits Anarchists from entering the United States is the subject of the first essay in the book. Emma Goldman's long struggle to win the right to address public meetings without police interference suggests another essay. The attempted suppression of *Mother Earth* by Commissioner of Police Bingham, of New York City, and the actual suppression of *La Question Sociale*, of Paterson, New Jersey, by President Roosevelt, are dealt with in later essays. A long and detailed history of the San Diego free speech fight is added.

Mr. Schroeder expresses his opposition to every law abridging in even the slightest degree the means of intercommunication between sane, adult humans. He links obscenity with witchcraft as twin superstitions, and argues that "on the whole, it is more beneficial to tolerate all obscenity in books than to allow, as we now do, the suppression of all thorough or searching discussion of sex problems." He defines freedom of speech as "the right to say with impunity anything and everything which any one chooses to say, and to speak it with impunity so long as no actual material injury results to any one, and when it results then to punish only for the contribution to that material injury and not for the mere speech as such."

This is fundamental ground, and every radical mind.

L. D. ABBOTT.

# Revolt

*The stormy petrel of the labor movement.*

Published Weekly by the

REVOLT PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

63 East 107th Street

New York, N. Y.

Hippolyte Havel, Editor

Jack Isaacson, Secretary

Gussie Miller, Treasurer

## Subscription:

Yearly	One Dollar
Six months	50 cents
Three months	25 cents

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS.

Application for entry as second class matter at the post office at New York pending.

## TO OUR READERS.

*The crucial hour has arrived. Now is the time to help.*

*We need your assistance to carry on the battle. You know that the REVOLT has no capital. Our efforts found appreciation in all parts of the country. Show your appreciation in this hour of danger.*

## Held Up!

THE seventh issue of the REVOLT rests now for two weeks in the safety vaults of the Post Office in New York.

The "general tendency" of the publication is obnoxious to the tender nostrils of the federal authorities.

We cannot get any satisfaction from the local officials. The high moguls in Washington will decide upon our fate. Meanwhile we are supposed to keep quiet.

We shall not! Notwithstanding all hints about federal indictments we will not keep quiet.

## Give us anything but Chloroform.

BEYOND all question there now exist large and rapidly increasing numbers of people who understand that our entire social system is radically wrong and must be revolutionized from its lowest roots. They understand that it ignores the claims of Life; which it renders subservient to the dollar. They understand that civilization must be judged, not by the triumphs of any one section, or even of the majority, but by the extent to which it preserves and promotes each individual life; guaranteeing, to the humblest, security and his full share of life's great feast. They understand that existing institutions are in fierce and unceasing conflict against the individual's rights; since the entire machinery is so constructed as to select automatically the weakest for its victims. All this is more evident in the United States than elsewhere, because here the effort, from the first, has been to form combinations against the individual; to obtain, usually by the foulest means, a majority against him; to clothe that conquering majority with special privilege and wipe out the de-

feated. There was a time when I myself believed in this so-called "conquering democracy," and was a victim of that mob hysteria which intoxicates men into the delusion that they can determine right, or get their rights, by counting noses. It took years of bitter experience, gained largely in the Socialist movement, to teach me that any philosophy, however labelled, which has the *Privileges of the Majority* for its cornerstone, must carry ruin in its train.

The United States has been dominated, almost from its birth, by this infamous doctrine of the divine rights of majorities; a doctrine which is nothing less than a sanctification of brute force, by our new God, the politicians. That modern but barbarous religion has colored all our history, which has been one of unspeakable cruelty. With the divine right of the majority as our watchword we exterminated the Indian, and since then we have been working with fiendish energy to exterminate ourselves; loading the conqueror with spoils and urging him on to wider and more devastating marches. Hence

Rockefellers, Carnegies, Morgans, and all the ugly breed; hence also rates of murder, crimes of violence, insanity and suicide which shock the outside world; hence the most violent contrasts of wealth and poverty on record; hence all the materials for a terrific conflagration.

At heart our plutocracy believes only in brutal force; as is proved by the feverish energy with which, at every opportunity, it multiplies its police and strengthens its military arm. It became a plutocracy through our force philosophy, and all its teaching has been that life's main object is to despoil the weak. At heart our proletariat—probably the most militant and bitter in existence—believes only in brutal force; for politics, which is a military art, has taught it that. But it has discovered that in politics, as in actual war, the plums fall only to the generals, the rank and file being used merely to hold the bag. So it is throwing politics overboard, and its campaigns in which it is hoped private will get his share of loot skepticism as to politics is

We refuse to be strangled by a secret cabinet order from Washington.

We defy the Star Chamber proceedings.

The caesarists in Washington honor us by declaring that we incited to violence and spread obscene matter.

Any man and woman who does not oppose and attack a system of society build upon violence and obscenity is either a coward or a scoundrel.

We are enemies of this damnable system of slavery and oppression.

Let them indict us if they dare to, but we shall not be silenced by a secret *lettre de cachet*.

They can silence the REVOLT but they cannot kill the spirit of

## Revolt

By the scaffold lies the path to apotheosis. Grand characters have incriminated traits which engrave them as eternal types in the memory of men.—Ernest Renan.

If we are satisfied with what has been found out, we shall find nothing more. They who have gone before us are not our masters, but our guides. Truth is open to all, and has not yet been taken possession of, but many discoveries will be left for future ages.—Seneca.

Whenever you have met a dozen earnest men pledged to a new idea, wherever you have met them, you have met the beginning of a revolution. \* \* \* Revolution is as natural a growth as an oak—it comes out of the past.\*\*\* Every line in our history, every interest of civilization, bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slaves rebellious.—Wendell Philips.



prevailing note, but the principles instilled by politics—viz., that to the victor belong the spoils—will continue to flourish rankly. It is the Socialist principle; or, rather, it has been the Socialist principle ever since what started as an idealistic agitation fell into the clutches of the majority-mad American politician.

American Socialism today is the faithful image of the politicians who dominate it; just as they themselves are the children of the political infamies amid which they got their training. The Socialist politician today is exactly what the American politician has been for generations past; a creature with no principles save one, viz., that when he gets a majority and climbs into power the rest of us will have to toe the mark. An absolute tyrant; an embryo boss, eagerly awaiting the day when he can run the steam roller over those who differ from him. The Socialist politician mouths freedom and gags discussion; preaches internationalism and tries to exclude the Oriental; denounces superstitions and courts the Roman Catholic church; professes revolution and whoops up every ridiculous palliative that gives the slightest promise of capturing a stupid vote. A party of profound, Jesuitical hypocrisy; of Napoleonic ambitions masked beneath a sensational propaganda in which it poses as the people's friend; a party that attracts the tenth-rate lawyer, parson and journalist as surely as the flame attracts the moth. A party fundamentally dishonest, and, therefore, a party most dangerous to progress, which depends, first and far above everything else, on honesty.

Wm. C. Owen.

*But this I know, that every law  
That men have made for man,  
Since first man took his brother's life,  
And the sad world began,  
But straws the wheat and saves the  
chaff  
With a most evil fan.*

OSCAR WILDE.

## WORKERS OF NEW YORK!

Let us protest  
against the invasion  
of Mexico instigated  
by the exploiters  
their hirelings.

## The days grow hot, oh, Babylon!

*And tho' ye caught your noble prey within your hangman's sordid thrall;  
And tho' your captive was led forth beneath your city's rampart wall;  
And tho' the grass lies o'er her green, where at the morning's early red  
The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths—I tell you still—she is not dead!*

*And tho' from off the lofty brow ye cut the ringlets flowing long,  
And tho' ye've mated her amid the thieves and murderers' hideous throng,  
And tho' ye gave her felon fare—bade felon garb her livery be,  
And tho' ye set the oakum task—I tell you all—she is free!*

*And tho' compelled to banishment, ye hunt her down thro' endless lands;  
And tho' she seeks a foreign hearth, and silent 'mid its ashes stands;  
And tho' she bathes her wounded feet where foreign streams seek foreign seas;  
Yet—yet—she never more will hang her harp on Babel's willow trees!*

*Ah, no! she strikes it very strong, and bids their loud defiance swell,  
And as she mocked your scaffold erst, she mocks your banishment as well.  
She sings a song that starts you up astounded from your slumbrous seats,  
Until your heart—your craven heart—your traitor heart—with terror beats!*

*No song of plaint, no song of sighs for those who perished unsubdued.  
Nor yet a song of irony at wrong's fantastic interlude—  
The beggar's opera that ye try to drag out thro' its lingering scenes.  
Tho' moth-eaten the purple be that decks your tinsel kings and queens.*

*Oh, no! the song those waters hear is not of sorrow, nor dismay—  
'Tis triumph song—victorious song—the paeans of the future's day—  
The future—distant now no more—her prophet voice is sounding free.  
As well at once your Godhead spake: I was, I am, and I will be!*

*Will be—and lead the nation off the last of all your hosts to meet,  
And on your necks, your heads, your crowns, I'll plant my strong, resistless feet!  
Avenger, Liberator, Judge—red battles on my pathway hurled,  
I stretch forth my almighty arm, till it revivifies the world.*

*Ye see me only in your cells; ye see me only in the grave;  
Ye see me only wandering lone, beside the exile's sullen wave—  
Ye fools! Do I not live where ye have tried to pierce in vain?  
Rests not a soul for me to dwell in every heart every brain?*

*In every brow that boldly thinks, erect with manhood's honest pride—  
Does not each bosom shelter me that beats with honor's generous tide?  
Not every workshop, brooding woe? not every hut that harbors grief?  
Ha! Am I not the Breath of Life, that pants and struggles for relief?*

*'Tis therefore I will be—and lead the people yet your hosts to meet,  
And on your necks, your heads, your crowns, will plant my strong, resistless feet!  
It is no boast—it is no threat—thus history's iron law decrees—  
The day grows hot, oh, Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees!*

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

## Remember!

Saturday, March 18, 1916

at 8 p. m.

## Commune Festival and Ball

arranged by the

## GROUP REVOLT

At Clairmont Hall

62 East 106th Street

Admission - (Including Hatcheck) - 25 Cents.



## Potpourri

**T**HE hossannahs of the nations  
ring against the air.  
There is a tocsin ringing at the  
top of the world.  
Pity has become a molten tear.

Listen to the clang-clang of the giant  
crematorium as it rolls over the  
battlefield!

See the pretty dirigible that is throw-  
ing iron kisses to the dread-  
noughts dressed in gray!

See the pretty soldiers in two hundred  
mile array swallowing steel bon-  
bons!

The world has locked its front door and  
thrown the key away.

The Jews in Russia are to have free  
matzohs.

There is a death-rattle in the throats of  
the Dominations and Principali-  
ties.

This the twilight of the King's, for  
they wear the entrails of mankind  
for crowns.

(The Promethean spark flickers low in  
the breast of mankind.)

The Tetrarchs of Hell are doddering of  
God while the blood of man makes  
crimson rainbows against the emp-  
tied ether!

Man, the cat's paw of the ages!  
Man, eternal Uriah to criminal King  
Davids!

Man, you are to have free matzohs  
from the Romanoffs and the God-  
be-wid-ye of Hohenzollern and  
Hapsburg!

Pro Patria! Vive la Mort!  
*Benjamin De Casseres.*

## Rockefeller and Son, or The Great Democracy

**O**NCE upon a time there lived a  
Very Shallow Pate and his  
Sanctimonious Offshoot, whose  
Social Rating was more Exalted than  
Ty Cobb's Swatting Average. These  
two Illustrious Highballs were distin-  
guished members of the Fair and Can-  
did Dollar-Chasers' League. Also, they  
were founders of the Tape-Pullers'  
Fraternity, a Congregation of Finan-  
cial Adepts.

And the Emancipated Press never  
failed to mention Pop and Sonny in  
Bold Cheltenham. For which the Old  
Boy would regularly Peel off Bones  
from his Honest Bank-Roll. Of course,  
our Heroes would Inhabit the Little  
Church Around the Corner every Sun-  
day, and inject a little Solid Cash into  
the immaculate Plate. And the up-to-  
date Minister of the L. C. A. C. would  
doff his Lid to the Unsullied One and  
to these two Philantropists.

Pop was a deserving Old Chap. In  
his young days, his favorite Occupa-  
tion was constructing the imaginary  
semi-axis of a Hyperbola. Now, he  
would spend most of his days in Read-  
ing the Life of Elbert Hubbard, and in  
watching the Sparkling Embers of  
Life. Pop was also a Tenacious be-  
liever in Clean Sport; and he knew  
how to make a Poached-Egg shot in  
Golf.

Sonny was different from his Old  
Man. Notwithstanding the fact that  
he attended Church, he was very Mod-  
ern. Occasionally, he would glance at  
the *Edinburgh Review* and *Revue Des  
Deux Mondes*; and he knew the mean-  
ing of Hypothesis, Anachronism and  
Entente Cordiale. Sonny was a Jolly  
Fellow. He was not as Clumsy as the  
Object of his Filial Devotion. In other  
words, he was a Social Gangster.

Sonny had a Regular Routine. All  
Social Gangsters and Labor Leaders  
have Reg. Routines. Sonny would Kick  
himself out of bed as early as 11 A. M.  
After inculcating a little Feed into his  
American Stoma, he would proceed to  
Shanley's Civilized Emporium, and  
thence to Bustanoby's Domino Room.  
Then he would auto to Raybird's  
Beauty Show, where a few Artist's  
Models (in Birthday Suits) were on  
Exhibit.

When Night would throw its Dark  
Quilt over the Great Incandescent  
Way, Sonny continued to order Bottles  
of Red Ink at Murrays'.

But Pop did not relish his Offspring's  
method of Poking his Beezer into every  
Chicken Joint. He was anxious to ex-  
tricate Sonny's Proposals from those  
New York Demons. So he forced a  
few Billy Sunday Spouts down his  
heir's Trachea. Still, this did not  
Smother Sonny's passion for Rickies  
and Dromakies.

His son's disobedience got Pop's An-  
gora. He set his Prosencephalon at  
Hard Labor. At last, he came to a  
conclusion. He would ship Sonny to  
establish a Great Democracy at Can-  
nonado!

Sonny didn't object.

On hearing of the Grand Project, the  
Emancipated Press sent an entire Bo-  
hemian Brigade to accompany him.

Pop and Sonny were the proprietors  
of Cannonado. They were the Big  
Bosses. A year before, the Boys of  
Oil had gone on Strike. They had de-  
manded more Fodder. But the Big  
Bosses had fed them with Metallic El-  
ements. In other words, Pop and Son-  
ny's Tremendous Thugs eliminated all  
Discontent; and forced the Deserving  
Dubs back on the Job.

But those Rotten Radicals were  
starting things a-going once more. They  
were Soap-Boxing Cannonado. They  
were propounding the Invincible Truth.  
Naturally, Pop was not infatuated with  
the Brooding Revolt. So he Mangled  
two Problems with one Wallop. By  
sending his Offshoot to Cannonado, he  
would keep him from Gulping down

cocktails, and he would suppress Out-  
bursts by having a Great Democracy  
established.

When Sonny arrived at Cannonado,  
an intensely Dramatic scene was  
Staged. He made an Eloquent Speech.  
Its effect on the Dubs was Electrifying.  
All the Knights of the Shovel forgot  
their former Sorrows. They Flopped  
down on their Maps before the Intel-  
lectual Bloat who had proposed the  
Great Democracy Scheme.

Sonny set a few Bulls at work to  
clear the Town of the Modern Element.  
They succeeded. The Bulls bulldozed  
by means of Bullets every Radical with  
a Bull-Dog expression. Sonny was a  
Wise Youth. He presented the Bo-  
hemian Brigade with Glittering Ben-  
nies. And the Emancipated Press  
editorialized on "THE Anarchy which  
Reigns Supreme in Cannonado."

The Great Democracy was estab-  
lished. The Constitution granted the  
Decorous Workingmen free Passage to  
the Land of St. Anthony Comstock.

Thus the Knights of the Shovel were  
Pickled. Pop thought the Scheme Kill-  
ingly Funny, and he gave Sonny per-  
mission to Return to New York to  
swallow Bacardi and Protochloride.

*Irving Davis.*

## Toward Revolution

**O**N Thanksgiving Day some five  
thousand men and women  
marched in Joe Hillstrom's  
funeral. Why didn't they march for  
Joe Hillstrom before he was shot, every-  
body is asking.

Yes, naturally. Why not?

Incidentally, why didn't some one  
shoot the governor of Utah before he  
could shoot Joe Hill? It might have  
awakened Capital—and Labor. Or  
why didn't five hundred of the five  
thousand get Joe Hill out of jail? It  
could have been done. Or why didn't  
fifty of the five thousand make a pro-  
test that would set the nation gasping?

There are Schmidt and Caplan. Why  
doesn't some one see to it that they are  
released? Labor could do it. And there  
are the Chicago garment strikers. Why  
doesn't some one arrange for the beat-  
ing-up of the police squad? That  
would make a good beginning. Or set  
fire to some of the factories, or start a  
convincing sabotage in the shops?

Why aren't these things done?

For the same reason that men con-  
tinue to support institutions they no  
longer believe in; that women continue  
to live with men they no longer love;  
that youth continues to submit to age  
it no longer respects; for the same rea-  
son that you are a slave when you want  
to be free, or a nonentity when you  
would like to have a personality.

It is a matter of Spirit. Spirit can  
do anything. It is the only thing in  
the world that can.

For God's sake, why doesn't some one  
start the Revolution?—Margaret C.  
Anderson in "The Little Review."