

REVOLT

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Are You A Bourgeois?

I HAVE a friend who in truly touching fashion tries hard to understand things. Very naturally he aims for the simple, the great, the fine. But his education is debased by the lies and prejudices inherent in every so-called superior education. It checks his dashes towards spiritual deliverance. He would like to free himself completely from traditional ideas, from those timeworn routines in which his mind is stuck in spite of itself. He comes to see me often, and we have long talks. His mind is pre-occupied with the doctrines of Anarchy, which are

so much slandered by some people and so little understood by others. His sincerity is great, if not in accepting all of these doctrines, at least in comprehending them. He does not think, as do so many of his class, that they consist solely in blowing up buildings. On the contrary, he is able to glimpse, through a haze that may eventually vanish, harmonious forms and beauties. And he is interested in them as in a thing to be loved—a terrible thing, however, that you fear because you cannot fully understand.

My friend has read Kropotkin's wonderful books, Elisée Reclus' eloquent, fervent, masterly protests against the impiety of government and society based on crime. He understands all of Bakunin that the Anarchist papers have published here and there. He has studied the uneven work of Proudhon and the aristocratic Spencer. Moreover, quite recently he was impressed by the declarations of Etiévant. Sometimes it all carries him into heights in which the intelligence can clarify itself, but from these short excursions into the Ideal he returns more confused than ever. A thousand purely subjective obstacles arrest him. He loses himself in an infinity of *ifs*, of *provides*, of *buts*—an inextricable forest from which he sometimes begs me to guide him.

Only yesterday, as he was confiding the torment of his soul to me, I said to him:

"Grave, whose judicious and virile spirit you are familiar with, is going to publish a book—Decaying Society and Anarchy. This book is a masterpiece of logic. It is full of light. This book is not the wail of a blind or narrow sectarian. Nor is it in any way the tom-tom beating of the ambitious propagandist. It is the work of an impassioned man—weighed out, thought out, reasoned out. True, it is from one who is "of the faith"; but it is from one who knows, who compares, discusses and analyzes and who, with a singular critical clairvoyance, goes through the facts of social history, the lessons of science, the problems of philosophy, to attain the infrangible conclusions you are familiar with and the greatness and justice of which you cannot deny.

My friend interrupted me quickly.

"I'm not denying anything. . . I have followed Grave's ardent campaigns in the columns of *La Revolt*, and I understand that he dreams of the abolition of the State, for instance. I myself am not as bold as he is, but I hope for that, too. The State is crushing the individual with a weight that is growing more burdensome and more intolerable every day. It enervates and stupifies a man only to make a lump of flesh out of him for taxation. It lives on him as a louse lives on the beast it places its suckers into. The State takes a man's money away from him that he has miserably earned in that prison—his Job. It cheats him out of liberty. Every minute of his day is shackled by laws. Administratively his individual faculties are killed, or perverted, which amounts to the same thing. An assassin and a thief—yes, I am convinced that the State is indeed this double criminal. As soon as a man can walk, the State breaks his legs. As soon as he stretches out his arms, the State fractures them. As soon as he dares to think for himself, the State grasps him by the skull and says: "Walk! Take! Think!"

"Well?" I asked.

"Anarchy, on the other hand, is the reconquest of the individual. It means freedom for the development of the individual in a normal and harmonious sense. You can define it in one word: the spontaneous utilization of all human energies, so continuously squandered by the State. I know that. . . and I can understand why all artistic and thinking Youth

—the contemporary *élite*—is waiting so impatiently for the coming of this expected Dawn—this Dawn in which it catches sight not only of an ideal Justice but also of an ideal Beauty."

"Well?" I asked again.

"Well—one thing worries and troubles me: the Terrorist phase of Anarchy. I loath violent means. I have a horror of blood and death, and I do wish that Anarchy would wait for the triumph of Justice only in the future."

"So you believe," I replied, "that Anarchists are drinkers of blood? Do you not feel, on the other hand, all the immense tenderness that fills the heart of a Kropotkin? Alas! those are the inevitable sorrows of every human struggle. We are powerless in the face of them. . . And besides? . . . Do you want the classical example? . . . The earth is dried out. Every plant, every flower is being burnt up with the hot, persistent, deadly sun. They are withering, drooping, dying. . . But a cloud is darkening the horizon. It spreads and envelopes the flaming sky. Thunder breaks and the rain beats down upon the quivering earth. What does it matter if the lightening here and there shatters an oak tree that is already too large, if the impoverished plants that were lying, watered and refreshed, again straighten their stalks and if the flowers are again fragrant in the calm air. We ought not to be too much moved, you see, by the death of the greedy oaks. . . Read Grave's book. . . Grave has some excellent things to say on that subject. And if, after you have read this book, in which so many ideas are brought out and clarified,—if, after thinking it over—as you must a work of such an intellectual sweep,—you are unable to create a calm and stable opinion of things for yourself, it is much better, I warn you, to give up the idea of becoming the type of Anarchist you would become and to remain the good *bourgeois*, the impenitent and unpolished *bourgeois*, the *bourgeois* "in spite of himself" that you are—maybe.

OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

* Octave Mirbeau, one of the great masters of French literature in our times, wrote this preface to Jean Grave's *La Société Mourante et L'Anarchie*.

Translated for the REVOLT.

 Whatever has character has beauty. Character is the intense verity of a natural spectacle, be it beautiful or ugly; or better, it is the double truth of what is within, translated by what is without. It is the soul, the sentiment, the thought expressed by the lines of a face, by the acts and gestures of a human being, by the shades of an evening sky, or the outline of a distant horizon.—RODIN.

 All those who have excelled either as philosophers, or statesmen, or poets, or artists, seem to have a touch of madness in them.—ARISTOTLE.

Drunk or Sober!

BOOZE! A whiskey-soaked editor of a whiskey-advertising capitalist newspaper, sends a whiskey-soaked reporter to Youngstown, O., to wire back that "Whisky" accounts for the labor battle in that town. It is always that way. Something must be given as an excuse for revolt, and the robbers' papers must be damned sure not to lay it up to the wholesome desire of Labor to take Labors property from the robbers. The capitalist papers **MUST NOT** recognize the **REVOLUTION**. The bosses wouldn't like it. They tremble in their boots and deny it like a Christian Scientist denies chicken-pox. But it will get them anyhow.

We fellows who fight for the ideal of liberty and self-control, often find the battle too hard, god knows it's hard enough, and some of us sometimes make the mistake of surrendering to booze. Empty handed men who face bullets and bayonets in strikes, must not be blamed too severely if they *do* sometimes make the mistake of falling for liquid courage, the traitor stuff that makes them, in the end, weaker fighters. But don't let any *capitalist editors* get superior; they can't even face a type-writer, most of them, to do the shameful work of their masters, without bracing up on whiskey.

We hope, for the sake of the cause, that needs sober fighters, that the newspapers are lying as usual. But if the strikers are getting drunk, it is their business, not the bosses' and—*May they win, drunk or sober!*

Robert Minor.

A Letter From Bob

Zurich, Switzerland, Dec. 7, 1915.

Dear Comrade:—

I was run out from Germany yesterday by the most capable set of Kaiser's gunmen you ever dreamed of. I've tried the same blarney that works everywhere else, to try to get to Berlin after coming through France and Italy. It can't be done. At least not for a newspaper man with a sketch pad.

The first number of **REVOLT** ought to come about now. Make it pure, you fellows, pure revolution. One inch of compromise or prejudice in favor of "your" or any other country means destruction.

The supposed Revolutionists of Europe chose the *excuse* for this war. This is the way: They said they would fight no wars except in *defense* of "their" countries. Well, the governments would as soon use the word "defense" as any other. Or, "freedom of the seas" or—well, whatever exception the labor and socialist elements make in the declaration against war, will be carefully made the situation when the bosses want war. And the poor sheep will fight. All the leaders will turn traitor. They always do; they did over here. Look at poor Gustave Herve, who has spent his life preaching the

simple fact that **THE WORKINGMAN HAS NO COUNTRY**, rotted in jail years for it, and now—the war, that he has been calling the test has come. He breaks under the test; he compromises; now he's the pampered stool-pidgeon of the escaped-from-the-guillotine French ruling class, leading the workers who learned to trust him into the slaughter-pen to fight for "their" country. He has sunk to such a contemptible position as to print on the first page of his paper "The Social War" a poem entitled "The Good King Albert" on the occasion of the birthday of the Royal Chief Exploiter of Belgium. I guess that's enough for G. Herve.

If you are starting that paper now, please, fellows, try to keep a cool head. Don't get rattled, don't let a little drop of the poison of nationalism get into your brain. Just the minute you consent to be considered of any particular country more than of any other, just then you are a fit victim for the slaughter-pen. They will talk "defense" of course. But there isn't going to be any truth in it, and if there were, you would be a fool to defend a "your country" that you don't own an inch of. Over here, I get the impression that the American bosses don't really want war, and won't let it come, for that matter, at present,—but they want to scare you up to get a military equipment for a few years from now, to conquer the world. They'll do it too. But fight 'em.

If any of you have any race prejudice, I wish you could come over here a while and see the absurdity of it all. You could hardly believe that one short little step about as far as from New York to Philadelphia, should take you from one set of people to another set of people of just about the same sort, living about the same lives, who fiercely hate each other for **THE VERY SAME FAIRY STORIES** that they tell about each other, not a substantial word being true, but merely handed them by their bosses as an excuse for hate. Moving about, as I do, from one country to the other it is the queerest comedy ever, and everybody takes it seriously, mechanically mumbling the formula of "atrocities" or "defending our place in the sun."

Here in Switzerland is about the only sane people in Europe. In France they are disputing in the papers the physiological cause of the bad smell of Germans, and the Germans are about as foolish in regard to the English. That's the worst phase of war, not the loss of life, that can be renewed, but the loss of the art of sane thinking. Most of the atrocity stories of this war are just plain lying, and what atrocities there are, are on both sides.

It's a queer and sordid story they tell over here in Switzerland, of "who started the war," and I'd like to see how any patriot can get anything out of it to be proud of. The story goes back to the compromise between the Slavs and Teutons on Albania, the little kingdom that was established because the Germans wouldn't let the Slavs have

that sea front and the Slav wouldn't let the Germans have it. Over here, they call Poincare's election to the presidency of France, the real declaration of war. Immediately afterward, the German financiers let go their holdings in Paris and moved away,—and the French Government started the three-year military service law, which was to increase their army fifty per cent. The financing of the Russian military increases the dickering with England and, some say, the "fixing" of Belgian authorities to insure that they would fight for their "neutrality"—all that was to make the Allies ready to attack Germany in 1916 or 1917, to wrest away the German sea trade for England and land advantages for the others.

So, the German government started the war, though of course they lied to German labor about it to get them started. They are shrewd ducks, these official Germans. They know their business from the ground up and, I don't doubt, clear to the top. From a revolutionist, that isn't a compliment—it is detestable. But they know their business, and their business was to strike quick and hard, and they did it. They had watched the development of the plan to fight or bluff them, until they knew that it was up to them to give up trade expansion or else crush France and Russia before their armies were ready.

From looking about these countries, I would say that the **ONLY** way how the back of the military system can ever be broken, is to **NEVER** fight for "your" vountry. Not that I disbelieve in fighting, I believe in it whenever it is necessary. But you haven't any country. If you want to fight to get a country, all right, fight those that have robbed you of it,—those that now hold it.

I think the only thing worth while, now, is *Internationalism* without any "ifs" or "buts". Refuse to "defend your country" until you *get* your country.

Robert Minor.

Anarchist Forum

FOR CURRENT TOPICS

Meets every Sunday at 8 p. m., at the Ferrer Center, 63 East 107th Street, New York.

Discussions will be opened:

January	- - -	Harry Kelly
February	- - -	Leonard D. Abbott
March	- - -	Hippolyte Havel
April	- - -	Gussie Miller

Revolt

The stormy petrel of the labor movement.

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On account of difficulties with the printer this issue appears delayed.

Kill the Editor

THE history of Anarchist publications is an index of the philosophy they expound. They are ephemeral, reflect temporary conditions and conclusions, conclusions that are subject to change as readily as the conditions that created them. Publications like the individuals who found and run them, die, but the ideas expressed find a lodgment somewhere in human hearts and brains and if they are like the REVOLT, sow dragons teeth and create whirlwinds somewhere, sometime. The ideas expressed in the REVOLT will, like those of its predecessors, be modified, developed and clarified with coming generations, for Anarchism is always in advance of its time. Its advocates must in the nature of things be a "minority party," while place and power can never be the lot of the true Anarchist, for he must forever climb greater heights, cherish finer thoughts and advocate higher ideals than he did the day previous.

It may be advisable for Anarchist publications to live long—of that I am not quite sure—but no Anarchist editor should be allowed to live—as an editor—more than a decade. As an editor he controls the policy of the paper and only very rare souls can do that for ten years without becoming dogmatic and then despotic. Youth is foolish and oftentimes ridiculous, but it is youth. Anarchism is the philosophy of the young and so unspotted and unspoiled by the struggle for existence, the desire for fame, the love of ease it dares all, it fights all, it gives and grows.

In 1895 we were young and foolish—possibly we are still foolish—and not so young—but we had ideals and an unlimited amount of nervous vitality. A short visit to London—to us the Mecca of the revolutionists—that year gave us additional enthusiasm, so we returned to Boston determined to start a paper. There was neither money or editor but such things are trifles to people who possess youth and ideals. Many plans were suggested for raising

money and discarded in favor of a raffle—but we had nothing to raffle! A solution was found by raffling an order for a tailor-made suit of clothes. Chas. W. Mowbray, the English Anarchist, had just finished a lecture and settled in Boston. He was a tailor and had working with him another comrade, James Kobb. The latter was a first class tailor and Mowbray was an excellent speaker. They agreed to make the suit, the material of which was to be purchased out of the ticket money after the raffle. Tickets were printed and Mowbray and the writer peddled them from union to union and with the assistance of a few comrades we realized about \$70 for the paper. Type was purchased and N. H. Berman, a Russian Jewish comrade, now long departed, became editor and compositor and the writer publisher and pressman. Berman was modesty incarnate and refused to allow his name to appear as editor, so we gave Mowbray the title. He was not a writer, however, and only contributed one or two short articles. John H. Edelman of New York, later the editor of the Anarchist paper, "Solidarity," founded by Merlino, wrote the notes and comments. From a literary standpoint the publication was pretty fair, from a typographical one it has never been surpassed by any Anarchist publication. Issued monthly, first with eight pages and cover and then twelve pages and cover it cost about \$80 an issue. We issued six numbers in eight months and then it passed into history and with it our dream of reviving it.

From the ashes of the "Rebel" arose a small four page leaflet which we intended to publish weekly or bi-monthly. Someone suggested we call it the "Match" and we did. Only two numbers appeared and then the "Match" went out. The most interesting feature of this little paper was three of the four or five contributors we had, John F. O'Sullivan, President; Frank Pickett, Vice-President; and Ned O'Donnell, Recording Secretary, of the Boston Central Labor Union. All were labor journalists, O'Sullivan on the "Globe," Pickett the "Herald," and O'Donnell the "Post." Their press names were "Fusee," "Sulphur" and the "Match." Pickett was an Individualist Anarchist of the Tucker School, while the other simply called themselves Trade Unionists. They, with Berman and Edelman are dead quite a few years. All were fine, sincere men and I cherish their memory and value the friendship which now exists only in my imagination.

Like all matches the flame of "The Match" was brief, but it flared up bravely for the few moments of its life. Did anyone see its glow become imbued with the divine fire that fed it? Who can tell. In our dreams we like to think the fire that lit the "Rebel" and "Match" nineteen years ago was a part of the flame that lights the REVOLT and will one day illumine the world.

HARRY KELLY.

To Our Comrades

For years it has been the fashion in Militant circles to deplore the lack of a weekly organ of revolutionary tendency.

Now that organ exists. It may not yet be up to the mark, it may not be to everybody's taste; but it exists. That matters.

Now that such an organ has come into existence, all people interested in the movement should come to the rescue, and show what they can do for the cause.

Besides the pecuniary assistance,—which, of course, is no small matter for the life of *THE REVOLT*,—besides finding subscribers and readers to the paper, and distributing it at meetings and in other places,—our comrades may help in rendering *THE REVOLT* much more interesting and attractive. They should send us items of news concerning the labor movement in their respective places of abode. If we can give at every issue accurate reports of the main labor events all over the country, we will secure to *THE REVOLT* a large number of genuine workingmen readers and a great moral influence with the working classes. We present this matter to the earnest consideration of our comrades.

We have done our best; we have listened to all advices tendered to us; and we shall be but too glad of any suggestions which may come from any quarter for the improvement of *THE REVOLT*.

Here, however, our duties end, and begin those of our friends. It depends entirely on them whether this paper shall live or not, and whether it may contribute more or less to the progress of our cause.

Should this attempt fail, a considerable amount of energies will be wasted, and long time might pass before other people will feel encouraged to put themselves to the same task.

Observations

Down with Caesarism

WORKERS: The enemy has entered the country; the country you have built up through your labor, by your sweat.

A cruel monster is in our midst ready to chain the spirit of freedom, ready to crush the revolutionary movement in a sea of blood. Our very life is being threatened.

Behold the enemy—**MILITARISM!**

Are you aware of the danger, or are you being misled by the siren song of the peace apostles from the enemy's rank. Do you expect them to do your work?

They may call themselves anti-militarists, they may protest against excessive armaments, but they will gladly join in the cry for preparedness. Like the Socialists politicians, Russell and Ghent.

Preparedness against whom? Against

you if you should dare to challenge the system of iniquity.

Exploiters of labor, bloodsuckers and bondbrokers try to force the spirit of Caesarism upon the country.

Profiting by the moral breakdown of the revolutionary movement in Europe the reactionary element in this country intends to build up a powerful militaristic machine for the protection of its ignominious rule.

Will Wall Street succeed in duping the workers of America? Can you see the signs on the wall? The doctrinaire in the White House is recommending exceptional laws against plotters.

Today they will apply these laws against hyphenated citizens, tomorrow they will scourge you. By a stroke of pen the White Father in Washington curtailed the freedom of travelling. You cannot leave the country without a passport. Only Russia protected so far its subjects in this patriarchal manner. What a joy to be a free American citizen!

It's up to you, comrades, to stem the tide of Caesarism. Crush the militaristic juggernaut by revolutionary action. Do not wait till you are attacked; spread the ideas of *Revolt* against the system of slavery.

Prepare yourself for the final battle. Be prepared!

Youngstown

WELL DONE, you workers of Youngstown. You are not willing to be massacred by brutal hirelings of the Steel Trust; you answered with the only weapon you had, when the brutes shot down your brothers and sisters; your weapon was the torch and it worked splendidly.

It's the old story; says Mayor Cunningham:

"Just what caused it all I have been unable to determine, but from what I have been told I fear it was caused by the armed guards on the bridge. Had these guards been kept within the limits of the mill property I doubt if there would have been any trouble. Eyewitnesses have told me the guards on the bridge fired the first shots. That aroused the fury of the mob, and there was no holding it in check once it started on its wild rampage."

If the "mob" in every strike should imitate your action and start a similar "rampage" the bloodsuckers will hesitate to decimate their breadwinners with leaden bullets.

English Workers in Revolt

NO more encouraging sign in the war lunacy than the position taken by British workers. They didn't swallow the capitalistic bluff; they refuse to defend the "higher civilization" and the liberties of their exploiters; they know from bitter experience what those liberties amount to. The overwhelming vote of the Labor Congress in London against conscription proves once more the uncompromising spirit of the English laborers. Three million organized men and women defy the government of Eng-

land. Verily, this will prove of tremendous significance.

The congress was the most notable gathering of the kind in Great Britain, more than 1,000 delegates being present, representing 400 unions and 3,000,000 workers. The congress closed with an enthusiastic scene, a feature of which was the singing of "The Red Flag," by many delegates.

Railroaded

THE jury of capitalistic hirelings in Los Angeles found our friend Mathew Schmidt guilty. Stool-pigeons and other members of the vermin family are responsible for the verdict. The jury was out forty-six minutes. By the terms of the verdict, the punishment is imprisonment for life, the same penalty as that imposed on James B. McNamara, who confessed that he planted the bomb that wrecked the *Times'* plant.

David Caplan, who was arrester last February near Seattle about the same time Schmidt was taken in New York is in jail awaiting trial on the same charge for which Schmidt was convicted.

Monday was the date fixed for sentence of Schmidt, but at that time his counsel made a motion for a new trial, with the usual motions arresting judgment, which will be argued in January. Nat Coghlan, chief of counsel for the defense, said that if the motion for a new trial is overruled he proposed to appeal the case to the highest courts.

Following the announcement of the verdict, Olaf A. Tveitmoe, secretary-treasurer of the State Building Trades Council, who had been mentioned frequently in the testimony, said the result meant an industrial war in Los Angeles.

Danger from Within

A WERWOLF fattened up on the marrow of lumberjacks arrived last week in Waldorf-Astoria. His name is John H. Kirby, and he is the leading man among the lumberbarons. Immediately the press flunkies hastened to interview "the prominent captain of industry." The interview shows that Kirby is an ignorant know-nothing who has the impudence to speak in the name of the farmers of Texas.

"You know," declared that parasite, "we don't anticipate danger from without, but we do expect it from within. The farmer of Texas believes in preparing against the day when his boy will have to take down his rifle and fight to protect the liberties of the country against anarchists bred in the big centres of population. The unassimilated foreigners, whose ignorance of our institutions and inability to appreciate the blessings of liberty make them easy prey for the demagogue and the inflammatory writer and speaker, constitute our country's great peril, in our opinion."

Johnny may be right after all, his blessings of liberty are indeed in

danger. The workers in the lumber industry will stop the liberty of exploitation on the part of Kirby and his ilk.

The Real Defenders of Prussian Militarism

IF Messrs. Asquith, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Balfour *et tutti quanti* are sincere in their assertion that they are fighting Prussian militarism, will they explain to us why they keep interned our German comrades? Comrades who have been fighting Prussian militarism all their life? What a piece of impudence to keep men who suffered many years in Prussian prisons for fighting Prussian militarism as prisoners of war in English prisons! What a bluff about Prussian militarism! We extend to our German comrades kept incommunicado in England our best wishes and our sympathy.

Socialism in Practice

DO you want to get rid of your fat? Do you desire a free auto? A little Ford, don't you know! Or perhaps you have the intention to study law at home. If so, by all means, read the Ads. in the *Appeal to Reason*. You will find there everything to your heart's desire.

You Socialist workers must surely get fat on your dividends from sweatshops, why then shouldn't you acquire a Ford's Gasolinet? And why not emulate the immortal deeds of Hilquit, Panken and Meyer London? It's simple; study law at home.

But if you intend to remain a true uncompromising Marxian read the following Ad. clipped from the last issue of the *Appeal*:

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn from \$15.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 411 Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo."

Solve the Social problem by becoming a detective. The proverb says that a sucker is born every minute; the suckers who buy and distribute the *Appeal to Reason* must be born every second.

The Old Guard

MAX NETLAU started the game in the London *Freedom*. He tried to smuggle Austro-German patriotism into the anarchist movement. W. Tcherkesoff followed during the Russian revolution by propagating circassian (or was it cherchassian?) nationalism. Then Kropotkin offered to shoulder a gun for the protection of the French Republic. Sascha Kropotkin-Lebedeff praised the humanity of Cossack officers in the columns of the *Outlook*. Now Tcherkesoff returns into the fold of all-russian panslavism. He writes in the New York *Tribune*:

"Today the Russian army feels that it is backed by the nation as a whole. Not only are the privates greatly encouraged, but the officers also feel the new spirit spreading through Russia. Inspired by this movement, the soldiers are determined to avenge the wrongs they attribute to the Germans and are

resolved to end German supremacy on the battlefield and in commerce. It is because all classes and parties are participating in this movement that there now exists an unprecedented spirit of national enthusiasm."

Voilà! So the old guard of the *Freedom* disappears. We congratulate Comrade Keell and his co-workers on the course they took since the outbreak of the war. In refusing to open the columns of the *Freedom* to nationalistic propaganda (may it hide itself under terms of "higher culture" or "protection of historic liberties") they performed great service for anarchy and Internationalism.

Sweet Gene

SOLIDARITY hands out a real knockout to Eugene V. Debs in its issue of January 8th. Commenting in the *National Rip Saw* on the execution of Joe Hill the perpetual candidate for presidency let himself loose and jimmied down some press pearls. His denunciations of the State of Utah was good; but why drag in the I. W. W. Also spoke Debs:

"There may be some truth in the claim that Joe Hill was put to death on account of his connection with the I. W. W., and in that case the I. W. W., which has tolerated the perverts and spies in its ranks who openly advocate theft and larceny and who glorify their depravity in singing, 'Hallelujah, I'm a Bum,' has itself to blame for a reputation which prejudices its members and although innocent of crime condemns them to a shocking death. If Joe Hill was shot to death because he belonged to the I. W. W. there is good ground for believing that the crime may be in part at least the fruit of a vicious and criminal propaganda."

Gene ought to join Billy Sunday.

Phenomenon: a Decent Lawyer

CAPTAIN W. P. BLACK died in Chicago. Black defended our comrades in 1886-1887, and made a gallant, though unsuccessful fight to save the lives of our martyrs. Among the many participants in that awful tragedy he stood bravely on the side of truth and liberty. Black will forever be remembered as an exceptional man among the tribe of lawyers.

Poor Simp

FRANK TANNENBAUM is acting now as a press-agent for Warden Murtha of Blackwell Island. In an article published in the *Mail*, Frank eulogizes the new regime and praises his former jailers. He visited the Island as guest of the Commissioner of Correction, Mister Lewis. Goodby, Frank.

Beer-Revolutionists

THE management of the Labor Temple forbids the sale of the REVOLT in its holy precinct. Only old Knocke is allowed to sell literature in the Beerhall on the 84th precinct; his "literature" consists mainly in German nationalistic trash. A breeze of Revolt would undermine the position of the leading lights in the Rathskeller.

Find the Man Behind the Gun

DO not blame the soldier altogether for War, his mind has been inflamed by those who are most interested in War.

Let us look for the man behind the gun. In this, the Age of Industry, Monarchs of Capital have grown more powerful than Church or State.

Priest, Politician, Editor and Soldier alike are but tools of the Masters of Finance.

The Soldier has become a traitor to his class. Workers once, they are now hurled against each other, in the interests of their real enemies, the Capitalists. Again the soldier is not altogether to blame, tho he fires the bullet that finds lodgement in the heart of his fellow-worker.

The man behind the soldier, behind the Priest, Politician, Editor, Teacher and the Capitalist, is the worker.

He alone can prevent War. He alone is responsible for war. He makes the implements of war. Constructs the battleships and battlements of war. He casts the guns, and with his hand and brain makes all of the machinery and ammunition of War.

He is the greatest sufferer from War.

It is the Worker who must make War against War.

Not with the bloody sword of Steel, but with the flaming torch of Reason.

And if necessary he must stand against the country that claims him, rather than be a traitor to his class.

It is by Education, Enlightenment, Sabotage, the General Strike, that we who are used in War, will prevent War.

Close your ears to the howls of Patriotism, it is the voice of scoundrels, listen to the Hymn of Peace, it is the Love of Humanity. Workers of the World, stand with folded arms, and War will be no more.

William D. Haywood.

Have You A Country?

BRITISH LABOR shows fight. The army poison hasn't twisted their brains as much as their bosses had hoped for. It gives a fellow's heart a quicker throb to know that even in the mob-crazy war country, Labor can hold up its head and be Labor still. In times of "peace," workers know that capitalists are their enemies; in time of war they are often fools enough to go fight their friend workers of another country for the sake of the capitalist enemies that they have been fighting at all other times. They've got to learn better, and it looks as though the English are learning. Hurrah for the English! (That means English Labor, not the Greedy British Empire, their preatest enemy.)

They are not perfect by a long sight, but neither are we, nor any other labor. They are improving, that's the point.

They have got their bosses so badly worried as to be afraid to make a daring stand for their crooked privileges. It is really amusing. Go to it, friends; you may weaken and be fooled later on, but even then, the little start you have made in defying conscription will not be forgotten, and the world will profit by the example.

May we do as well here in America. It's our turn now. Conscription is at the door, the back door, trying to sneak in. Stand up, American Labor! You ought to do even better, without the disadvantage of actual war upon you. You haven't any country. No labor, anywhere, has any country. So don't be patriotic. Be Labor. And fight to GET your country, not to help your bosses hold it.

HAVE you a country? Then, why do you pay rent?

Robert Minor.

Margaret H. Sanger On Trial

TO MY FRIENDS AND COMRADES:

I RETURNED to this country on October 6th—four days before William Sanger was released from jail. On the sixth of November, my little daughter died from pneumonia.

A few days after my arrival, I informed the United States Attorney of my presence, asking him if the indictments issued against me a year ago were still pending, inasmuch as the issue on which I am indicted—birth control—has been so thoroughly discussed during the past year in the various journals and magazines throughout the United States, and also inasmuch as no editors or publishers have been indicted. He replied that the indictments were still pending. The case was called for trial at the end of December, and postponed until January 4th. It is now set for Tuesday, January 18th, and will positively be tried on that date.

The opportunity was offered me to plead guilty, thereby ensuring my release after payment of a small fine. I refused to do this, because the whole issue is not one of a mistake, whereby getting into jail or keeping out of jail is of importance, but the issue involved is to raise the entire question of birth control out of the gutter of obscenity and into the light of human understanding.

The present indictment are based on twelve articles published in *The Woman Rebel*, eleven of which discuss birth control. The twelfth is a philosophic defense of assassination. My case differs from William Sanger's in this respect—that these indictments do not (in my opinion) violate the law. No question of distributing information in regard to the prevention of conception is at present involved.

I shall go into court on January 18th, without an attorney, because I cannot find any lawyer whose mental attitude toward this case is right.

I appeal to you to give me your moral and financial support at this time. Write letters to Judge Clayton, of the United States District Court, Post Office Building, New York City, before whom the case is to be tried. Write letters to newspapers. Hold protest meetings and send resolutions to your Congressmen and to the President of the United States. Raise funds for publicity. Address all communications to me at 26 Post Avenue, New York City.

Margaret H. Sanger.

Have You Forgotten Quinlan?

PAT QUINLAN is still in the penitentiary in Trenton. Have you forgotten him? The victim of lying police railroaded by a capitalistic jury of petty tradesmen to a prison hell.

His case came up lately before the Board of Pardons upon which each county of New Jersey is represented. It is not customary to act on a case unless the member from the county so recommends. Passaic County is represented by Robert Williams, the owner of the *Paterson Call*, a paper bitterly antagonistic to the I. W. W., and Quinlan in particular. Williams made no favorable recommendation, although it is interesting to note that one of the best witnesses on Quinlan's behalf was Sidney Drew, who swore Quinlan did not speak on February 25th. *Drew was at the meeting as a reporter for the Paterson Call.*

Two methods of procedure to secure Quinlan's release are left new, appeal to the Board of Pardons and an appeal to Judge Klenert. The latter under the New Jersey Laws has the right to recall and re-sentence a prisoner. Usually the second sentence covers the time already served and the prisoner is released. Or in view of the new phases developed, Quinlan could be released outright by the trial judge, if a strong public demand is made.

It is tragic to witness that of the fifteen hundred people arrested in PPaterson, the man who is the victim, must pay the extreme penalty, is Patrick Quinlan, who was "framed up" by police perjury. The recent vindication of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and the affidavit submitted by Joe Margini, the chairman of the strikers committee, to the effect that he spoke at the time. Quinlan is alleged to have interrupted—give the lie to the Paterson police.

The Socialist Party of New Jersey who have charge of the case are contemplating a state wide agitation among all labor elements to secure a petition with one hundred thousand signatures, addressed to Judge Klenert and requesting Quinlan's release on the basis of the facts herein stated. A man is to put in the field at once to present the case to all labor unions, etc., and the New York Committee is assisting

in securing funds to help defray these expenses.

Address contributions to:

Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, 88 Grove Street, New York City.

The Case of Boyd

(The following was written some months ago when Boyd's recantation was first made public in connection with his unsuccessful wail to the Court of Pardons but out of deference to his helplessness at the time it was never published. Now that he is again at liberty and able to defend himself it is printed without compunction.)

GRANTING that experience is the most thorough disseminator of human knowledge, we should not lightly glide over the recent apostasy of Frederick Sumner Boyd.

It is not that the Labour movement, as such, has suffered by his renunciation so much as in the lesson conveyed regarding the degree of confidence with which the individual should be intrusted, that the importance of his recantation lies.

Neither is it because the writer feels exceptionally well qualified to sit in judgement and presume to pass upon the rights or wrong of the action which Boyd has seen fit to take when he was put to the test and found wanting—for the punishment of liberty under the circumstances must be none the less acute than would the sacrifice of that liberty have been through the prison rigors that would so surely have been his had he stood erect and remained loyal to himself and to those credulous ones he has now so ruthlessly repudiated. It is because of its bearing on the question of leadership primarily, that this article is attempted.

Nearly four years have now elapsed since the columns of *The Call* were crowded to overflowing with the battle royal of words, both for and against the famous "Article 2 Section 6." It was a controversy in which Frederick Sumner Boyd waxed warm and bitter in his defence of Haywood and all he stood for. It was a discussion that moved Boyd to dip deep in the liquid spice of sarcasm and inspired his trenchant pen to proclaim in words of fire; "I am a communist": "I have always been a communist."

Now witness the transformation.

Boyd is not the first to have turned his back on his comrades, nor is he likely to be the last. He merely serves as an illustration of the fallacy of the humblest placing blind faith in the most exalted.

Man so little understands himself that it appears a human enigma why he should think that he understands others. Or it is just because of this misunderstanding that he so willingly, and it might be said automatically, delegates his liberties to other men? Certainly the only animal that science tells us is capable of conscious thought makes queer disposition of this privileged attainment.

Those very men who so contemptuously look down upon the brutalized wife because she does not leave her cruel master and thus escape his tyranny when nothing binds her to him but the marriage tie, which binds nothing; will continue themselves to voluntarily weave around themselves a web of laws and erect to the topmost pinnacles men vested with a power that saps their very lives and shackles them hand and foot.

As it is in politics so it is in all movements, groups and societies.

A constant struggle for supremacy is ever waged for the very sufficient reason that there is something to reign supreme over. And that thing, that coveted prize for which millions have died and millions more are now dying for on the fields of Europe is a dense self centured majority; steeped in its own ignorance and crushed of its own volition.

Clearly, there must be no leaders in a movement for freedom.

The Mosaic generation has outlived itself and its usefulness.

Those souls are so rare who will not at some time, under some influence be corrupted that it scarcely behooves the victims to waste their time, their energies and their all to hazard one single fellow creature upon a higher throne than they alone can ever hope to occupy. From time immemorial the masses have been betrayed and outraged for their folly. And the only demonstration they have manifested or having learned anything from this oft repeated lesson has been to dethrone one despot and elevate another.

The distinction between a leader and a teacher should not be permitted to confuse us, for the latter is just as necessary for our development as the former is detrimental. The one dominates. The other imbues. The teacher needs no power but intelligence; no coercion but enthusiasm. But the leader MUST have power. Without it he is helpless, and that power can only come from a force beyond himself, but subject to his will.

The offence against the state which Boyd openly admitted and which his own Socialist party incorporated in its constitution as a crime punishable by being read out of the party ranks, was ridiculous in itself. It is merely a legal technicality propounded by clever manipulators of the law and its methods outside of the labour movement and later foisted on an organization of the workers by politicians on the inside.

No matter what Boyd may have advocated. The mere advocacy could have nothing to do with any subsequent act. Men do not have to be told to be violent. It is events and the temperament of the individual that combine to urge him to violence. Never, in truth, is it words that incite. A policeman's club is an illuminating example of the riots inception.

No; The saddest chapter in the career of Boyd as an agitator was not

his conviction, but his cowardice. Not at all because he was in prison, but because he was paroled so soon for his treason.

Boyd, at large, is but a pigmy compared to Quinlan, the giant in prison.

Indeed the comparison would be a sin were it not so striking.

This is perhaps but an incident in the struggle, but the number of those who may have been new arrivals and who looked up to him during his career in Paterson and before, may with good reason be discouraged and feel inclined to throw the whole thing overboard as Boyd has done because they do understand its great significance and because Boyd NEVER did.

It is to be hoped that the warning will not go unheeded, nor that the question of the untrustworthiness of any man beneath the clouds, when clothed with power will be lost sight of.

As for Boyd, he will probably re-enter respectable society from whence he came and with Roosevelt and the rest of his spawn be duly forgotten while searching for "other means" of settling the class conflict.

The labour movement can well afford to bid Frederick Sumner Boyd good bye and well gone while bearing in mind that what pains at the same time teaches.

Warren van Valkenburgh.

READ --

THE ALARM, published each month by the International Propaganda Group at 1605 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill. .

Subscription 25 cents per year.

THE BLAST, published weekly by Alexander Berkman in San Francisco, Calif. Mail Address Box 661.

Subscription One Dollar per year.

MOTHER EARTH, a monthly magazine published by Emma Goldman at 20 East 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

Subscription One Dollar per year.

Attention! Workers of New York

Five years ago the Japanese ruling class murdered DENJIRO KOTOKU, SUGA KANO and ten other Revolutionists.

Their crime consisted in propagating the ideas of International Brotherhood, as expressed in Socialism, Anarchism and Syndicalism.

Twelve other comrades are incarcerated for life for the same crime.

A Commemoration Meeting

arranged by the

Group Revolt

will be held on

Saturday, January 22, 1916, 8 P. M.

at

HARLEM CASINO

116th Street and Lenox Avenue

Let us fraternize with the social rebels in the Near and the Far East. They are just now in Revolt against their native and foreign oppressors.

SPEAKERS:

Robert Minor	Elizabeth Gurley Flynn
Leonard D. Abbott	Karl Dannenberg
Bernard Sernocker	Gussie Miller
Pietro Allegra	William Shatoff
Hippolyte Havel	Harry Kelly
Pedro Esteve	Michel Dumas

Japanese, Chinese and Hindu speakers are invited.

To cover expenses 10 cents admission.