

REVOLT

Vol. I, No. 3.

January, 22nd, 1916



To Crush the Revolt--Cut off the Thinking Part.

Japanese Martyrs

Denjiro Kotoku, Journalist and essayist. Age 41.

Suga Kanno, Writer, Sweetheart of Kotoku. Age 31.

Seinosuke Oishi, a Doctor of Medicine, Studied in America. Age 45.

Oudo Uchiyama, Buddha Priest. Age 32.

Tadao Numura, Small Landowner. Age 25.

Uichita Matsusuo, Landowner and Journalist. Age 35.

Uichiro Niimi, Journalist. Age 32.

Umpei Morichika, Formerly an Official of Local Government. Originally a Small Farmer. Age 31.

Kikisaku Furukawa, Horticulturist. Age 30.

Takichi Miyashita, Mechanic. Age 42.

Kenshi Okumiya, A Very Old Revolutionist, served 12 Years in Prison. Age 55.

Heishiro Naruishi, Law Student. Age 25.

Hanged on January 24th, 1911, in the Sugamo Prison in Tokyo.

Are We Dreaming?

How can I explain—is it all a dream? I have all the material on hand but can I produce it to each one of you—can I put it before your eyes to each one of you?

On the 24th of January, 1911, the best of us were garroted in the Sugamo Prison in Tokio. If that massacre doesn't convince you how can words convince you?

Were we dreaming when we marched up Broadway toward the Japanese Consulate protesting against the atrocious murder committed in the "era of enlightenment"?

How can I convince you that there is a social revolutionary movement among the Oriental people? Japanese, Chinese, Hindoo and Egyptian revolutionary papers propagating the same ideas as we do are lying on my desk. Can I show them to you each one personally? You cannot follow up the revolutionary movement in Asia and Africa, but those letters printed in this issue of THE REVOLT addressed to myself and my co-worker, Alexander Berkman, must convince you that there is a revolutionary movement in Asia—India, China and Japan.

Kotoku was a member of the Anarchist International. His letters to the International Bulletin show us the extent of Anarchist propaganda in the far away East. As I can remember, there is only one woman who can compare in devotion and greatness with Suga Kanno—the Russian martyr, Sophia Perovskaja.

The social revolt cannot be confined in the narrow circle of Europe and America. If we cannot bring into our

movement the people of the Orient then our cause is lost. Happily our ideas are spreading to a larger extent than some of our pessimists dream.

THE REVOLT is proud to be in connection with the rebels in the far East. We are proud of the small share we are contributing toward the universal emancipation.

Denjiro Kotoku

THE son of a physician of the old regime before commodore Perry of the U. S. Navy opened Japan to western civilization after the doors had been closed for some three hundred years. His brilliant pen placed him as editor at the head of Japan's most popular daily paper, the *Yorozu Cho-ho* (thousand morning news) equal to the Hearst papers in this country. He relinquished his position which had become untenable on account of his militant anti-war sentiment followed immediately by his life-long friends and co-workers Sakai, Ishikawa and Nishikawa with many others, including men of the mechanical departments. His courageous interceding on behalf of the rice growers whose waters were poisoned by greedy copper magnates, at which occasion the brilliant style betrayed the author of a petition thrown into the imperial carriage by the worried member of parliament representing that unfortunate district, endeared him to the hearts of all the oppressed. In physical appearance a Korean, though in size slightly below the average Japanese, he was intellectually perhaps far above all. During his many imprisonments he became a thorough linguist and a studious reader of widest range. Upon advice of Mr. Fleischmann, at that time a member of the Socialist Labor party, he visited with the son of Dr. Kato, the United States, returning shortly after the San Francisco earthquake that offset his study plans. His chief and lasting contribution to his country consists in almost countless translations in unexcelled Japanese of the standard works of political economy and sociology of the western world ranging from Lassalle and Marx to Bakounine, Kropotkin and Tolstoy, and of the classic literature of the occident from Balzac to Hauptman; the most progressive brain of the country, the most uncompromising and most brilliant enemy of all shams and of all reaction, he was the most hated man of the powers that be, who, even in hounding him to death, could not help bending their heads in admiration, and in bitter shame, before this towering master mind in a small body. Even his most bitter enemies had to acknowledge his honesty and sincerity, which were his strongest backing in his unceasing arraignments of the oppressors of the toilers of Japan. The papers so ably edited by him and then in their order ruthlessly suppressed by the government

were the *Heimin Shimbun* (the paper of the common people), *Hikari* (light), *Chokugen* (straightforward), and *Tatsu-Kwa* (iron and fire). The short-lived daily *Heimin Shimbun* was financed by a rich man who later turned agent of the reactionary government who perhaps has had a hand in the Japanese Azew-Harry Orchard affair that brought our comrade to the gallows.

Suga Kanno

WHEN murdered for the cause of freedom, she was only 29 years old. Coming from an aristocratic family, she received an education through private tutors. Women in Japan not being allowed to attend political meetings with men, she nevertheless managed to get information on current events, and deeply moved by the wretched condition of the toilers of her country, she was inspired by the accounts of a meeting where comrades had told of the heroism of the women of the Russian revolution. This was deciding for the course of her life. Shortly afterwards, some eight years ago, she met and then married Denjiro Kotoku, courageously and smilingly sharing the life of a hunted rebel to the ultimate martyrdom as a true comrade. She was a woman of literary note, and the publisher of a magazine for women. Her unflinching attitude in the cause of the oppressed has made her the Jean d'Arc of the common people of Japan. Of her death the press of the enemy, the capitalist press, has the following to say:

"The most affecting incident, according to the officials who saw the Anarchists die, was when Kotoku and the little woman who had shared his fortunes to death stood on the trap together. No black cap is used in the executions in Japan, and the pair, unlike the others executed, were permitted to stand face to face on the trap. "Courage," said Kotoku, as the rope was adjusted, "we die for liberty." Suga Kanno spoke no word, but she smiled, and with their eyes fastened on each other and utterly disregarding the grim surroundings, the two plunged to death."

To the Revolt

FRIENDS: What Denjiro Kotoku and his comrades have done to Japan is one of the epoch making events; Kotoku and his fellow-workers tried to arouse and to emancipate their fellow men and women who have for a long, long time been forced to confine in a world of ridiculous conventionality, called "patriotism." What they have done to Japan and the Japanese was without doubt a thunderbolt to those who are conservatives and cowards, and it was a day light to those who have nourished advance ideas.

What they have done to the blind government of Japan was to introduce their high aspiration and struggle against the fetish of God's descendant, the Mikado, for the sake of humanity.

Day after day this barbarous government took the meanest possible way of censoring the advanced men of thought and their work by means of imprisoning them regardless of law; depriving them of employment wherever they went and depriving them of bread and butter in a most inhumanly way. Who could, for a moment, stand for such a conduct of the government of an idiot?

Are we not equally endowed to enjoy life in this world? This is the desire which nature has given us.

Kotoku and his comrades have done a great service for us, and whenever I think of them—on trial—I can see their manly manner from the beginning to the end. Indeed, they are the martyrs of humanity; and their blood was not shed in vain. They are the forerunners of human liberty, and true civilization.

Some of the blind followers believe that the Mikado is a sacred son of God, so it is written in the constitution of Japan. What a ridiculous idea they have!

He is a man, yes, a mere man, a merciless, cold-blooded man. Who, in this century of advanced thought, could state that Japan is a civilized nation?

The Japanese government is a wolf in a sheep skin. We Japanese workers have no longer faith in this brutal government, but whenever I think of millions of poor helpless Japanese still under the paw of this hungry lion, I cannot but fly from this unnecessary evil.

I express my thanks to those who have devotedly been working for Kotoku and his comrades.

Kikisaku Oishi.

Chauffeur Saved Okuma

TOKIO, January 18.—Count Okuma, the Japanese Premier, who escaped unscathed from a bomb assassin shortly after midnight, made another visit to the Royal Palace at 11 o'clock this morning.

The Premier had a narrow escape from death at the hands of the assassins. He was returning from the Royal Palace and was approaching his residence when two bombs were hurled at his automobile. The Premier was not injured.

Okuma's chauffeur caught a glimpse of the bomb thrower as he was about to launch his missile and put on speed so that the bomb exploded behind the machine without causing any damage. A second bomb was thrown, but it failed to explode. The unexploded bomb is being examined. The assailant, or assailants, escaped.

Voices from Japan

From Toshihiko Sakai to Hippolyte Havel

Tokyo, Japan.

Dear Comrade:

Just received your letter enclosing the leave of Memory of Paris Commune. In the first place, I must deeply thank you for your great sympathy to our executed friends and comrades. I have, of course, often seen your name.

Now I hasten to answer your questions.

I don't know anything about Siam except that that people of Siam are taking interest for the rise of Japanese people; and that some Japanese (Imperialistic) adventurers are making some intrigues to plant some influence in that country.

Once I saw two people of Annan* who were disguised for Chinese to avoid the attention of the French legation in this country. They were making some correspondence with Chinese revolutionists in this country.

2 Many Indian students (who are studying engineering or agriculture in the University) often came to see us. Some of them were reading Hyndman's books. Some were reading Gorky's "Comrade." They were, of course, nationalists. But some of them, for instance, Mr. Bose, who has gone to America, had some socialistic ideas. But these were things of three or four years ago. Just six years ago, I was thrown into prison. When I was released from here, Kotoku was already in prison. I have no correspondence with any Chinese or Indian for the present.

3 Chinese revolution is now going on. It is the bourgeois revolution, of course. Chinese will become a United States. But some of the revolutionists have more or less socialistic or anarchist idea. Sonyetsen is said to have a principle just as Henry George (Nationalization of Land). There are most advanced sections who are thoroughly anarchistic. You know perhaps those Chinese who are (or have been) publishing an anarchistic magazine "New Century." Kotoku had very much influence for some of the Chinese revolutionists. Many Chinese students came to attend our lecture meeting, many years ago. Kotoku's books and others are translated into Chinese.

Mr. Chankchi, a very good friend of Kotoku and myself, has been staying at Paris. He was associated to the "New Century." He is now in Switzerland, I am told. He was the most advanced representative of Chinese revolutionists who were staying in Japan. He will be, perhaps, a great figure after the conquest of the present revolution of China.

My friend and comrade, Osugi, is

*Annan is a French colony.—H. H.

going to write to you. He is the only anarchist who is not afraid to declare his idea for the present. Persecution is so hard.

By the way, I must inform you that I am not so-called anarchist. Kotoku was my best friend. Kotoku and I worked together for about ten years. But in the later years, he and I could not agree in some points. He became an anarchist-communist. I remain a Marxian. But I see that anarchism and socialism are not two things, as Diezgen maintained.

Yours fraternally,

T. Sakai.

Tokyo, Japan.

Alexander Berkman:

Dear Friend: I have just received your registered letter. The Japanese Government is barbarous enough to break secretly the seals of our letters, but it cannot steal the money. Please send us the money. We are in urgent need of it. Twenty or more comrades are still in prison, most of them for life. The families of those martyred comrades are struggling with persecution and poverty. We know that our comrades throughout the world have sympathy with us. Our movement is an international movement, so we are very optimistic, notwithstanding those calamities and hardships. We shall fight evermore. We are very weak for the present, but Japanese proletariat is waking now from its long sleep. You may expect that within ten years there will be a strong and great movement in Japan.

I wish to write very much, but I will not, or cannot, do that for the present.

Dr. Kato is my friend and comrade. You may send the money to me or to him.

I have just returned from a long journey, during which I visited all the families of the executed and imprisoned comrades. When I receive your money I will distribute some of it among the needy families, and spend some of it for presenting books to the comrades in prison. Books only are permitted to be presented to the prisoners. We cannot write to them. They are permitted to receive letters from their near relatives only.

The Japanese Government is confiscating all the papers and magazines of Socialism or Anarchism, but I often receive *Mother Earth* from some friend in America.

Yours fraternally,

Toshihiko Sakai.

From REUTER'S AGENCY:

SIAMESE SEDITION.

Bangkok.

A number of officers have been arrested here on a charge of attempting to cause a mutiny among the troops of the garrison of Bangkok.

One of the accused has committed suicide.

Revolt

The stormy petrel of the labor movement.

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Confiscate private property, then
we will defend your country: declaration
of three millions of English
workers.

You want to march to Mexico.
Very well, we will march with you;
we will combine with the Mexican
workers, and we will annihilate you.
John Brown's soul is still marching
on.

The Song of Revolt.

YOU sing the song of Revolt. You want to start something. You are not satisfied with things as they are. You are not willing to let "good enough" alone. You are not content with the knowledge that the conditions of our working people could be worse than they are, and retire to your downy—low-downy—couch with a prayer on your lips that they are not worse than they are; as you would do were you a god-fearing, law-abiding and, therefore, respectable citizen.

You sing the song of Revolt. You want to start something. You are an agitator—a leader of the malcontents—a preacher of what you are pleased to call: "The glorious Gospel of Discontent." You

would have us horny-handed sons of toil rebel against our benevolent employers who give us work and wages when it profits them to do so, and who lets us go to hell and starve when they cannot turn our labor to account.

You sing the song of Revolt. You say: "Peace! there is no peace on any space of the earth's surface. The battle for bread is universal and the slaughter of the innocents goes on apace. Look at the daily list of killed and wounded in our 'peaceful' America. 'Accidents' they are called.

"In the battle for bread men must go down into the bowels of the earth—into the mines and trenches of 'peace,' deeper and often as dangerous as any of the spectacular trenches of the European battlefields. In these industrial trenches they are devoured, often a hundred at a time. 'The will of divine providence,' they say.

"In this industrial army of 'peace,' " you continue, "not only men, but women and children are enlisted. Factory fires devour these women and children by hundreds. Disease carry them off in liberal numbers. Poverty—malnutrition—devours them by thousands every year. When they take courage and strike against the inhuman conditions imposed upon them, soldiery and police shoot them down and beat them with clubs and trample them under the hoofs of their horses and fill their filthy jails with them. And society calls them 'inefficient' and 'shiftless' and says it can't be helped."

You sing the song of Revolt. You say it can be helped, that it must be helped, that it will be helped. You say it is all a lie that men, women and children must die in mines, factories and workshops. You insist it is the greatest curse of mankind that the many millions of men, women and children should toil their lives away for the profit of a few and be ruled by these few in every direction, even to the extent of being starved to death by unemployment, lockouts, blacklists, etc. You say this is not only wrong, it is a grievous wrong, an abominable wrong not justified by any rule of reason and you cry out for its abolition.

You sing the song of Revolt. You say: "Down with the exploiters, up with the workers. Revolt, ye slaves. Cast the chains from your wearied, emaciated limbs. Enlist under the folds of the scarlet banner of the Social Revolution and be free. The war is on. The skirmish line is out. The McNamaras, Schmidt, Caplan, and other rebels, prisoners of war in the hands of the enemy. Rally to the colors. Enlist in the great modern war of man against mammon.

"Long enough have ye fought for your masters. Now is the time to strike a blow for yourselves—the final blow that will free the world from war and militarism, from exploitation and tyranny of every kind. On to the fray. Freedom is our watchword, our inspiration and our goal."

You sing the song of Revolt.

I join in the chorus.

Jay Fox.

Voices from Japan Chinese Anarchists

Tokio, Japan.

Alexander Berkman:

Dear Friend and Comrade: We have just received your kind letter enclosing a money order. We thank you and our American Comrades very deeply for their sympathy with our martyrs. We will soon distribute the money among the needy families of those martyrs. And some books will be presented to the prisoners. You may believe that we will spend the money according to your direction.

One of us made a long journey to visit the families of our fallen comrades. The widow of Comrade Niimi is living very lonely with her mother, working as a lute-player for their living. The widow of Comrade Matsuo (who has one daughter and one son) was persuaded to marry the young brother of the deceased. But she is rejecting the plan so artificially devised by the relatives. She will perhaps be sent away from the family. She is very young and beautiful. What will be her fate, we wonder?

The widow of Comrade Morichika is going to a school of needle-work. She wishes to become a teacher for her living. Her only daughter (7 years old) is being brought up by the parents of her late husband.

The widow of Comrade Oishi is living very quietly with her two children. Comrade Oishi having been a doctor, he left some property.

The widow of Comrade Narishi is keeping a small shop together with her father-in-law and mother-in-law.

Our other seven murdered Comrades neither left widows nor orphans. But some of them left poor old fathers and mothers.

As to the families of the imprisoned Comrades, there are many wives working very hard for their living. Mrs. Komatsu is keeping fowls. Mrs. Take-da is living with her sister (who is a singer), keeping house for the sister. Mrs. Okomoto is working as a factory hand. Mrs. Takagi is being expelled from the Buddhist-Temple (Mr. Takagi having been a priest). These are all waiting the return of their husbands, who are imprisoned for life. The case of Mrs. Okabayashi is very tragical. She has been compelled to divorce her husband, much against her will because her parents forced it. The old father of Mr. Okabayashi is bringing up his grandson, forsaken by the mother.

Many old mothers are weeping for their imprisoned sons, and most of them are struggling hard for a poor sustenance.

There are many other miserable cases which we cannot describe here.

We are very much relieved by your present for helping those widows, mothers, fathers and children. Please send us very soon the money in your hands.

Your fraternally,

Dr. Tokijiro Kato.

THE anarchist propaganda in China is extending all over the country and brings us new adepts.

But taking in consideration the brutal despotism which still exist in China, it is impossible to publish any radical pamphlets or periodicals.

We are thus obliged to print our publications in a foreign country. We are just welcoming a new Chinese paper, printed in Japan under the name of "The Chinese Anarchist Journal," *Equity*, and published three times a month.

The aim of this paper is the propaganda of Anarchist Communism, of Anti-militarism, of the General Strike, and the International Revolutionary workingmen's organizations.

Of the declaration of principles, published in the first number of this paper, we extract the following:

Object of the association (Chi-nin-shie).

1 Realization of Internationalism, abolishing all distinctions of race and nationality.

2 Revolt against all authority.

3 The abolition of all the actual political systems.

4 Realization of Communism.

5 Realization of the absolute equality of men and women.

Origin of the anarchist propaganda among the Chinese.

The Chinese revolutionists, having, until the present, no other aim than pure and simple political revolution—the changing of the Manchou government—did not yet know anything about anarchism. Certain people proposed, nevertheless, a form of nationalization of the soil, but it is only another form of state socialism.

It was only when Madame Ho Chin undertook, in 1907, the publication of *Tien-Yee* that the anarchist thought was explained for the first time. Then series of lectures were organized by the comrades Lien Sun Soh and Chang Chi in Tokyo. Discussing at their first meeting all forms of socialism they choose the anarchist principles. Their aim is anarchist communism; their revolutionary tactics are the refusal of paying taxes, desertion of soldiers, at the workers' strikes; their methods of propaganda are the meetings, lectures, publication of books and periodicals and the distribution of pamphlets and proclamations.

This declaration was accepted with unanimous comment by the Chinese students of Tokyo.

Since then, meetings take place twice a month and a great audience is always present.

Bulletin de l'Internationale Anarchiste.

One More Day's Work for Jesus

"One more day's work for Jesus"—
Say, who is working for you
While you are working for Jesus?
No Cant, now, tell me true.

Where does your salary come from
While you teach The Golden Rule,
Or clear the murderer David
Before the Sunday School?

Who clothes you and who feeds you
While you shout "To Him the
praise,"
And teach how God created
The universe in six days?

Who pays your rent and taxes
While you hymn to "God above,"
And heap your condemnation
On life and youth and love?

Oh, yes, you can earn your salary—
But who is 't foots the bill—
It's the man who digs the ditches
And who sweats blood in the mill.

It's the woman who is selling
Her very soul for bread;
It's the children who are slaving
Till youth itself lies dead. . .

And they slave and slave forever,
While your old organ wheezes,
And you sing with unctuous fervour,
"One more day's work for Jesus!"

Harry Kemp.

Youngstown: A Prelude!

A city ransacked, burned and dynamited by workers in rage at their masters! Drunk, maybe, urged on by the paid tools of a part of the capitalists themselves, perhaps, but what of that? Don't we know that the drunken man speaks the sober man's mind? Do not think that this lessens for a moment what was done, for no amount of urging, no amount of drink alone could ever have produced such determined effort on the part of the workers to destroy whatever they could reach of the enemy! You may be sure that there was in the hearts of the workers of Youngstown anger, resentment, hatred and the feeling of revolt before as well as during their attack on sacred property.

This miserable society that represses men, when sober, with innumerable laws and il-gotten morals wholly contrary to man's nature and desires, those morals vanish, disappear and are forgotten, while "King Alcohol" reigns, man then permitting for himself only company that is natural, rejecting all falsities like man-made laws. So man drunk, strange to say, becomes man in possession of himself. He does not

fear to show anger, to resent and resist insult and injury, should it even come in the name of law and order; but he so far finds, "knows" himself, that he will attack in preference to being attacked by all those who deliberately uphold and prolong this system of exploitation, of misery and degradation.

Surely each and every one who took part in that destruction must have felt exaltation, must have felt glory, for the workers don't often take it into their heads to do as they will with what they have created, with their own. The workers know well that the masters put property above the lives of the workers. Well then, though the masters themselves remain away at a safe distance from the hell which they breed, their property at least is always close at hand!

And so the workers have a real holiday on their own hook every once in a while, and it must be here stated, more and more often, that we have miniature wars, but of what a different nature to that called by the masters in the name of the government. In these wars of their own calling the workers recognize the enemy in the boss, and their various tools known as "Government." And to these wars come the labor leaders with lies and advice calculated to rob the workers of their new found courage; and to the masters with promises that the workers shall be put to sleep again. Again as a fitting escort of these traitors of the working class, comes the other traitor part of the working class, the "militia," also to put the workers to sleep, but with the gun and the bayonet!

In the meanwhile our everyday battalion, the police, beat and throw into jail the most active, the most brave, amongst whom in this battle of Youngstown you may be sure shall be another victim or victims, to the relentless bloodthirstiness of the master-class, in need of satisfaction for themselves and also as a threat to other daring spirits.

But the masters are not fooled by the traitor, spy labor leaders, nor the ability of either the militia or the police to put to sleep forever the working class. For they know that when the hour strikes none shall be able to hold back humanity when it commences to take count, when it begins to call to terms the masters, in the masters own language of blood plus the injury endured through the ages!

So do not sleep, workers, the masters are preparing themselves "well," to meet the coming storm, do you likewise! Do not despair, do not lose hope for there is much to rejoice over; the masters show their fear of us in many ways. They see the storm approaching, you see to it that it shall be the hurricane that shall forever destroy man's humiliators, destroyers, the church, the state and private property!

Gussie Miller.

Thoughts on Bernard Shaw and the War

BERNARD SHAW will not consent to be dull. He insists on being entertaining, even in writing, as he says, "soberly" about this awful business of the war. Obvious result—he is accused by Mr. Arnold Bennett of "perverseness, waywardness and harlequinading." Mr. Bennett, at any rate, is not afraid to be dull. England expects every man to do his duty in this crisis, and Mr. Bennett does his manfully.

With a keen desire, to be perfectly fair, Mr. Shaw tells us frankly that he is an Irishman and a playwright. In both capacities, and also because he lives in England and is writing his articles partly for America, England is his game. American sympathy is overwhelmingly for the Allies. Therefore, with the artist's instinct, Mr. Shaw plays up Germany—not too much, just enough.

As an artist and a satirist, Mr. Shaw is bound to war on sentimentality and fake morality. England is rich. "Joseph is a man of sentiment." England simply will have a noble attitude. *Elle se donne toujours raison.* With one accord all her native writers, all her spokesmen have assumed this attitude. It is their birthright. Christabel Pankhurst, recently here "recruiting" for the war, gave an amusing exhibition of England as she sees herself and wants us to see her. Some questions about India—South Africa—Ireland—Morocco—she waved aside indignantly.

"Never mind about that now. England is protecting the world in making war on Prussian militancy."

"Oh, so you don't believe in militancy?"

"Never mind about that now. England is fighting in the sacred cause of Belgium and civilization. . . It's very easy for you to sit about over here and criticize. Wait till you get into it!"

Yes, wait till we do—then we shall have the mob-war-psychology, no doubt. Meantime some of us, at least, can contemplate with Mr. Shaw the spectacle of England in an attitude.

"They must stand to their guns now that the guns are going off," says Mr. Shaw of the leaders. "They must not pretend that they were harmless Radical lovers of peace, and that the propaganda of Militarism and of inevitable war between England and Germany is a Prussian infamy for which the Kaiser must be severely punished. That is not fair, not true, not gentlemanly. We began it; and if they met us half-way, as they certainly did, it is not for us to reproach them. When the German fire-eaters drank to the Day (of Armageddon) they were drinking to the day of which our Navy

League fire-eaters had first said, "It's bound to come." Therefore, let us have no more nonsense about the Prussian Wolf and the British Lamb, the Prussian Machiavelli and the English Evangelist. We cannot shout for years that we are boys of the bull-dog breed and then suddenly pose as gazelles. No."

Miss Pankhurst, when asked what she thought of Shaw's recommendation that the soldiers in both armies shoot their officers and go home, said with a weary smile, "Oh, we all know what Shaw is!" She did add, however, that it might be well for the German soldier to follow his advice—but as for the English, "they are needed."

Mr. Shaw says that there is of course no chance (at present) of the soldiers having "such an ecstasy as common sense"—but he does just glance at the possibility of it's happening sometime—if the war lasts long enough. But, though he writes in the tradition of Swift (and the best English that is written today), Shaw is at bottom a poetic dreamer. He actually thinks that some day the mass of the people may achieve common sense! . . .

Much more in Swift's manner is his proposition to kill the German women. This is finely logical. If you want to inflict as much damage as possible on your enemy—and, of course, you do—that is the way to do it, says Mr. Shaw. One can see John Bull shrinking and casting up his eyes to heaven at the brutal suggestion. He will, of course, shoot down the ranks of schoolboys or sixteen and seventeen that Germany is hurling against the Allies' guns—and praise the lads for their valor—England loves a brave foe. But the idea of killing a woman or boiling a baby could originate only in the mind of an Irishman.

Neith Boyce.

An Explanation

New York, January 20, 1916

Tom Barker,

Labor Temple, Los Angeles.

Dear Sir: Donald Vose Meserve, the perjured Burns' spy, when testifying in the Los Angeles "Times Case," said: that M. A. Schmidt, he and myself were in the Woodstock Hotel Bar, where Schmitt made a "confession" to us.

Now I have never been in that place with either one or both of them, nor have I ever been there. Furthermore, I am more than anxious and willing to make a sworn affidavit to that effect.

You have full command of my testimony in any possible way to help vindicate Schmidt and David Caplan.

Sincerely,

Terry Carlin.

63 E. 107th St., c-o Revolt.

The Liberation of Man

IN That Time the Earth was sore pressed, for it seemed as if its very bowels would be torn asunder.

At each of the four corners of the Earth a great Chimera was tugging might and main at cables of flesh to drag the planet toward its own special Heaven.

Here was a superb conflict, thought I; and winging my way closer—I had feasted my eye for ages on the sights that came to me in my Iron Tent in the Ether—I saw four old friends in the gigantic contest of Earth-ownership.

One Chimera I recognized as Buddha, another as Christ, another as Mahomet, and the last as Karl Marx.

All were headed away from one another.

Rip! Bang!—with a noise of a million Krups, with a vibration that hurled Mercury and Venus into the Sun, the good old Earth parted, opened like a great watermelon, and from out of its very heart stepped a bleeding but ferociously angry-looking Titan.

It was Man.

And as he rose from his tomb into the azure his mouth opened, and his voice shook the planets in the constellation Lyra:—

"God damn all Saviours!" he thundered.

The four Chimeras hitched to their dead planet disappeared in the abysses of space, and Man rose free, majestic, and virile into the Infinite. The shackles of Idealism had fallen from him, leaving him with all that was necessary to his grandeur, the Sense of Wonder and the Appetite for Adventure.

And I heard the stars in all their courses take up Man's great liberating curse:

"God damn all Saviours!"

Benjamin De Casseres.

The End of War

IT could never take place. Men had grown too intelligent. . . .

Then, flash, like the unexpected blare of a powder barrel into which an accidental match has been dropped, the minds of everybody leaped into enmity and lust for battle. Ironically enough, the Socialists and Anti-militarists were the first—to march, singing the national anthem, the first to join in the execration of the enemies' treachery and perfidy. And the enemy were as unanimous in the same feelings and actions as their antagonists.

Flags whipped the air from every housetop, banners hung in parallel rows from all the windows. The cafés were crowded with smart young of-

ficers. The women of the demimonde would not look at any one who did not wear an army uniform.

It is true, several very aged men with nothing left in them but the desire to live, together with a handful of tenacious idealists, still protested against the carnage about to ensue; they predicted that, in the face of the perfection of modern machinery for slaughter, whole thousands would wither and crumble as weeds and grass before the heat of a prairie fire, that there would be no room for individual bravery, that it would be nothing less than public execution en masse. But they were not listened to. In fact, several of them were beaten to death when they dared put forth their views in the streets. For everybody wanted to fight.

Crops were left standing. The women and children went out into the fields aad, with blistering hands and aching backs, gathered the harvests as best they could.

Mile after mile of soldiers marched by, day after day, through the streets of the Capital. . . . squadron after squadron, artillery, infantry, cavalry . . . lumbering guns, forests of bobbing bayonets, acres of galloping horsemen . . . on and on they flowed toward the front.

As the days dragged by several skirmishes were fought. This brought the blood of the people to the boiling point.

News was soon brought in from the South that the main army of the enemy was sweeping on to a decisive conflict. But first the invaders had to take the great forts. Their generals figured that it would be easy to do this.

The forts sat ominously quiet on the continuous forefront and brow of the long line of hills which of themselves furnished a natural obstacle to the advance of the invaders.

They looked in their ensemble like some great majestic animal couching confident, yet alert in every inch of its being, disdainful of beginning the battle. Not a shot shattered the silence.

Behind secure ridges, by the light of a thousand campfires, the soldiers waited sleeplessly for day. For they had come on the forts in the late dusk.

Toward morning a wind rose and sent little clouds scattering and scudding across the sky.

Advance was ordered. The men swung into battle formation. The earth shook with their rhythmic tread.

But there was no song, no shout of exultation over a coming triumph. . . . Every man felt as if his heart was dropping down a bottomless shaft. As they scanned each other their faces showed white. For at last they realized that they were to fight great, cruel machines, and not fellow men. And somehow this seemed to take the glamour and glory out of the approaching combat.

The forts had not yet spoken a single word of death. But the men were not puzzled at the ominous silence. They knew right well what was soon to begin.

They were close upon the forts when the big guns opened up. . . . Great devastating bellows of flame broke forth, now here . . . now there . . . now yon. . . now all together in a simultaneous roar. There was a continuous booming and rumbling. The dropping shells maimed and tore and rent asunder the bones and bodies of men. Men went down in ranks . . . men went down in battalions. . . . men went down in masses . . . it was as if some gigantic, invisible scythe were sweeping down through heaven through them.

There would run backward through the advancing soldiers a shock and shiver, as if they had grown, of a sudden, into a compact body animated by one personality. Then the rhythmical marching would be resumed—again they would push forward hopelessly, and again would come the shock and roar and dreadful pause. . . .

The men, who had not as yet struck a single blow of offense or defense, were soon marching over fallen bodies, and not on the ground. Their feet seldom touched the earth. Suddenly some madman began to sing. The contagion of his voice caught the whole army, and a cyclone of song swept back through the ranks.

They had marched up under the range of the big guns by now. Instant relief was felt among the survivors with the violence of a taut wire which breaks under a strain. . . .

Now they could fight . . . men . . . and not machines . . . They plunged into a wild charge. They began to yell maniacally.

But the little guns . . . they had forgotten them . . . their ceaseless sputter began . . . a merciless mowing hail, a bitter, driving rain of terrible, unseen steel. . . .

Men slipped and slid on the steel escarpment which was greased and buttered with the blood and pulped flesh of slaughtered hundred . . . some dropped their guns and flung their arms instinctively over their faces . . . They had to fall back . . . What did this mean? Could this be the war that poets had sung—the thing in which there was nothing at all of the joy of combat left?

The generals held a long conference . . . there was only one thing to do. It would be making the whole army commit suicide to keep this up. They would have to march around the forts, and take them after they had conquered the opposing army.

It was a shaken and shattered host that now swung South-West and then South. Rations dwindled low. They had not counted on so demoniacal a resistance, and even the leaders had not

before realized the terror and effectiveness of the big guns.

Besides, the sullen hostile peasants, savage with despair, had burned their crops, burned their villages and had destroyed and buried their old and bony cattle while they led the plump ones off to the hills with them. So it was pretty lean foraging. Still, the men did not murmur. Rather they were whipped into a grim and speechless fury of determination to conquer. And it enheartened them to feel that they were at last to fight with other human beings, and not with machines, as they had done at the forts.

But just then an aeroplane, passing over, dropped a bomb . . . the latter kicked up a fan-like fountain and cloud of dust and hurling stones. High up in the air the aeroplane rocked from the impact like a little skiff tilting sidewise down the slope of a wave.

When the dust had cleared there appeared a hole in the road like an excavation made by giants. Trees were stripped raggedly of their foliage, and on their limbs hung morsels of flesh and tags of clothing. As soon as they could collect their wits, everybody began shooting upward. The artillery joined in.

The aeroplane flopped and turned, flopped and turned again. It began to gyrate like a wounded bird. It collapsed and shot down like a plummet. Weeping with rage the army crowded about it. . . here at last was a tangible enemy . . . heels took the place of shovels and spades.

They marched on.

Within twenty-four hours they had encamped on the side of a valley. They had come upon the enemy. There they were, thousands and thousands and thousands of them . . . their faces flushed with joy and hope . . . at last they were to fight with men.

But again the great guns! . . . the circumjacent hills were fringed with edges of spouting flame . . . shells tore in among the combatants before they could get at each other . . . machine after machine unleashed its roaring mouth and spat a hail of destruction into the helpless masses. . .

Aeroplanes dropped bombs from above. And one after another each aviator was brought down as on the back of a great bird, was plunged into a screaming and avenging sea of men which closed over him.

"Charge! Charge! Charge! . . . in God's name! won't some one order a charge!"

The big guns ceased because of the nearness of the combatants to each other.

For a moment both armies paused before they rushed together. And then the thing happened at which the world still marvels. A stillness fell upon the hosts. . .

I don't know how it began . . . it must have taken a brave man to start

it . . . it was probably one of the anti-militarists or idealists who had not remained at home . . . or it might have been a man who in some mysterious way had been made the medium of what all were feeling . . .

However:

A man stepped forward from the front ranks and did a thing which will go down in history forever. Who he was no one will ever know. There are already a hundred claimants to the honor.

And this was what took place.

One man, as I have said—one man, probably a private, in the front rank, suddenly flung down his gun in disgust. There was no mistaking the meaning of the action, for he suited it with a word which he uttered, and which those about him heard.

The men who had heard him laughed, and they also threw down their guns. The front rank threw down their guns. Those close behind threw down their guns. Gun after gun rattled to the ground, till every man in both armies stood unarmed and helpless with hysterical laughter. For what had been said soon filled the ears of all the com-

batants. . . It was a terrible sight, to see those thousands of men laughing and laughing and laughing. . .

A few officers rode up and down trying to keep a straight face, trying to do what they still considered their duty. But they attempted in vain to rally the hate and blood-lust in the hearts of their men. For soldiers crowded up from both sides and cursed humorously at them, pulling them jocosely and roughly down from their horses.

That night there was no use for sentries or guns. Both armies were so hopelessly mixed up and confused that they could not even be disentangled and quartered in national order. For individuals had exchanged hats and coats and the insignia of their respective countries. . .

War at last had conquered itself. A common cause had turned the soldiers all into brothers and comrades—the cause of the Man against the Machine. "But the word—the word that the soldier said . . . hadn't that a lot to do with it? Tell me the word that the soldier said!"

I will not . . . I've told the story . . . isn't that enough? *Harry Kemp.*

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

Leonard D. Abbott

Bernard Sernocker

Pietro Allegra

Hippolyte Havel

Pedro Esteve

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

Karl Dannenberg

Gussie Miller

William Shatoff

Harry Kelly

Michel Dumas

Japanese, Chinese and Hindu speakers are invited.

To cover expenses 10 cents admission.