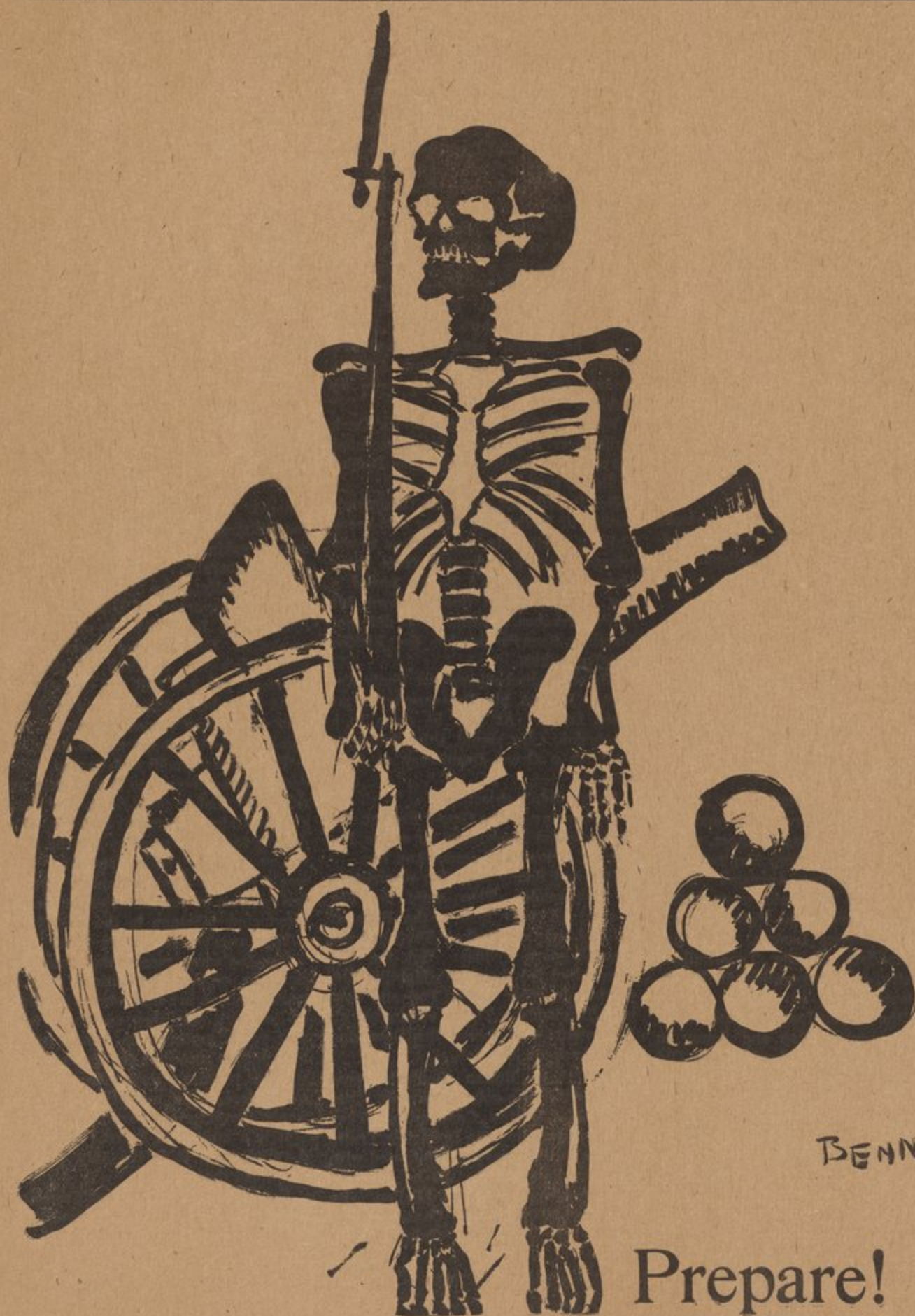


# REVOLT

Vol. I, No. 4.

January, 29, 1916



Prepare!

## Potpourri

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

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

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

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

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

The Jews in Russia are to have free  
matzohs.

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

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

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

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

Man, the cat's paw of the ages!

Man, eternal Uriah to criminal King  
Davids!

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

Pro Patria! Vive la Mort!

*Benjamin De Casseres.*

## Rockefeller and Son, or The Great Democracy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sonny didn't object.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Irving Davis.*

## Toward Revolution

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

Yes, naturally. Why not?

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

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

Why aren't these things done?

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

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

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

## The Justification of Violence

THE most oft-quoted objection met with by the anarchist is that pertaining to violence.

It would seem, were one to take this objection seriously, that any form of government, no matter how despotic, is preferable to no government at all. To the casual observer this reason is sufficient to preclude any further investigation of the subject. And yet, if even the superficially inclined would give but passing thought to the question they would be bound to admit that all government either in theory or practice depends finally upon physical force; upon violence for its continuance.

The law of a nation is in itself nothing but a paper threat depending entirely upon coercion and violence to enforce it.

To say that without authority or the fear of authority, all sorts of crimes would continually be indulged in is not entirely true. This is provable, not by mere theory, but by practical observations of facts.

The per capita protection of urban communities in the person of police is much less on the whole than that of the larger cities. Nevertheless the number of crimes committed in the thickly populated districts far exceeds those committed in the rural communities. Not only is this excess actual, but it is also proportional. There are extenuating circumstances and contributing causes, no doubt, which make for this abnormal lawlessness in the cities as compared to the villages, but the fact remains that fewer crimes are committed where fewer minions of force and brutality patrol the by-ways in their continual hunt for trouble.

Not even the lowest slum proletarian can vie in corruption with the most successful policeman. The very nature of his calling deprives him of all self-respect and sense of justice. Modern society has no competitor with the policeman and detective in viciousness unless it is the politician—the master and maker of both. The individual police officer is not necessarily different from any other member of society when he first assumes the role of public guardian. But the close and continual association with all that is base in humanity produces an environment that even educated men would eventually succumb to, let alone the policeman who is seldom ever over-intelligent.

If the average quality of what is considered good citizenship were of no finer degree than the personnel of the forces of law and order we would each and every one have to be officers to protect ourselves from our friends.

The truth is apparent that all peoples are naturally peaceful or it would not be possible for a comparatively handful of policemen to control multi-

tudes of the people and hold them in check.

That is just the anarchist's resentment toward all government; that it does not make for peace but for disaster. No sensible person will argue that governments do not rest upon violence for their continuity. If they were all peaceful institutions erected for the benefit of the masses of people they would clothe the ragged, feed the hungry and give employment to the out-of-works instead of voting millions upon millions for ornaments and huge artillery equipment. Each nation does this for protection. And when one government so far excels in military preparation any other nation it immediately brings about a situation that plunges multitudes of its population into a frightful war. It is, moreover, the aggressor who always cries "defence." Why defence? All capitalist wars are wars of defence. Every nation at war today is fighting in defence of this, that or the other thing.

Patriots, who honestly believe that the best place for an anarchist is six feet underground, unjustly, ignorantly and blindly accuse the anarchist of an insatiable appetite for the warm, red blood of innocent victims; forgetting for the moment that *patriotism* is the incorporated name for wanton murder.

Anarchists are accused of being believers in force; believers in violence. Being human and quite like other human species, they cannot deny the charge. The anarchist does believe in violence. So does the policeman with the gun and the club. So does the detective with the billy and brass knuckles. So does the soldier with the machine gun and shrapnel. And the parson, the priest, the rabbi and all their horde; and the state that depends upon them, they, too, believe in violence. So, finally, does the man who supports the government that fosters all these minions of death and destruction believe in violence. We all do.

But of course it all depends upon the point of view. Just at present the Germans are taking great pleasure dropping bombs on Englishmen. Frenchmen are equally delighted when they can lend a bomb or two in German territory. The United States is in a frenzy of excitement lest it will not have enough air-craft with which to slip a few Lyddite cubes on any foreign foe that dares challenge the "great American democracy." And the anarchist, if he were as senseless and brutal as the every day ignoramus would make him out to be; he believes in dropping bombs upon each and all of them. Yes! If it would accomplish anything worth while no anarchist would ever let an opportunity slip by without doing just exactly what the soldiers of Europe are doing to each other today: hurling bombs.

The conscious anarchist can never afford to repudiate violence. And he never does. But the only violence that

he condones or sees justice in is the violence of the *Social Revolution*. This alone is of interest to him. But he realizes that the success of the struggle of the future will depend largely upon the degree of intelligence reached by the masses when that time comes. Meanwhile he is doing what he can to stimulate the necessary education, and if in his zeal he oversteps the bounds of propriety and the government forces upon him cruelty more than he can bear he rises up and strikes the immediate cause of his affliction. He uses the only weapon available. The courts are institutions that never pretend to give redress to the under-dog; especially to the admitted anarchist. In such a situation violence is the only recourse and the anarchist not only justifies it but he uses it.

The mistake should not be made that in such a case the victim of persecution strikes merely because he is an anarchist. He does not. He resents because he is human. And it is not only justifiable to return like for like but it is also the most natural thing in the world that he should. If there is anything that the human race has fallen heir to it is the instinct to fight. The most regrettable feature of the modern development of the proletarian in manual efficiency is that in trying to learn to make a slave of himself he has forgotten how to fight. Moreover, the very elements are a living demonstration of the forces of violence in Nature. Why should anyone deny their affirmation in violence? These candid admissions are not advanced without some misgivings. Quite likely my purpose will be misunderstood. And then again, the truth is not always the most desirable side of a story to tell.

The past records of mankind are replete with tales of atrocities. Doubtless as long as the human race survives there will continue to be acts of physical violence committed. It is to mitigate the tendency of increasing social violence that the anarchist proposes to undermine the church and state together with their attending ills—private property and the courts—and establish in their stead voluntary communities where people may live and let live.

If in the struggle for the attainment of this new social change—and it is admittedly an ideal vision—many lives are sacrificed, the anarchist still insists that the goal is worth the cost as against the frightful mutilation of multitudes of Europe's finest for no earthly purpose of benefit to those who are made to suffer so much in the struggle.

Warren Van Valkenburgh.

## Anarchist Forum

FOR CURRENT TOPICS

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# Revolt

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## Lest We Forget!

SCHOPENHAUER says that it is more difficult to solve a philosophical problem than the most complicated trigonometrical calculation. Great truth that deserves to be well thought over by Anarchists of every school and tendency.

We have reached an epoch, with regret we con-

fess it, in which we do not sufficiently keep our aim in view. Twenty-five years ago, when Anarchists could almost be counted on fingers, a few resolute individuals succeeded in attracting attention to our ideas.

We used to have discussions about Communism, Individualism, and Syndicalism; but after a discussion, even after a quarrel, both parties separated, not to gossip about comrades, but to war against the enemy: the bourgeoisie. A comrade would go among a ragged, hungry working-class crowd, and in a propitious moment would climb a lamp-post or cart halting in the street, and his words, if not learned, were sincere and inexorable, and sounded like a curse and a menace hurled at the bloodsuckers of himself and of the poor pariahs who listened to him. The workers wondered to hear truths that made their hearts beat at the hated yoke which has oppressed them for centuries, and which they believed to be an inevitable necessity—as their grandfathers had taught them.

And to-day? Things, alas! have changed. No longer do Anarchists go to church in order to refute the priests' base words and lies. They no longer go to unmask the charlatans of the ballot box. No longer do they go to working-class meetings to propagate our ideas.

And why? Their answer is ever ready. The one says he is no orator, the other that he has no education.

Facts give the lie to such an assertion. The orator who does not give the lie to priests is more alive than ever; triumphantly he defies other comrades in discussion; and the Anarchist philosopher also comes to the front when he desires to bring forward a sociological psychopathic document on the *Superman*.

The Superman, the man without morality, the man who has no stupid prejudices on the score of humanity, of right and of justice, what does he do? Does he overthrow tyrants? Does he strangle bourgeois? Does he rifle banks? Does he throw bombs at ministers during their feasts? Does he rebel against anybody? Has he any goal to reach?

He is not a fool . . . he considers these actions prejudices.

Some cry: Industrialism suffices. It is necessary to carry on a purely working-class action. There is no need for any determined conviction in order to reach the goal. While he professes Industrialism a worker can be a nationalist, a Christian, or any other fool with atavistic tendencies.

Pure and simple individualists deny by words (talk is their battlefield) the *moral essence* of Anarchism; and pure and simple Industrialists, who are more practical, deny it by facts.

Nevertheless, in spite of whatever wiseacres say, if Anarchy is not a Utopia it must be based upon this inviolable moral principle: do not oppress your fellow man nor for anything in the world submit to oppression.

And this is what individualists on the one hand and Industrialists on the other only too often forget.

For the first there is but one superior entity, the

individual; for the second but one supreme force, the proletariat.

Both fall into the same error, they deny humanity.

Their respective starting point varies, but they meet in the end.

It is necessary to grasp this truth and not to lose yourself in the labyrinth of their initial differences. For the individualists the I is everything, is God Almighty; for the syndicalists, God Almighty is WE.

The Almighty I that considers all things, including human beings and lifeless objects, as its personal property is a tyrant whose power is unlimited, save by the force of its opponents: this principle would mean perpetual strife, the absurd triumph, not without morality, but with immorality, of the strong against the weak. The Almighty WE, the proletariat, seeks to dominate the world in the name of a pretended right based on manual labor.

It is no longer an individual endeavoring to impose himself, but a class ready to dominate the whole species.

I do not wish to refute evident paradoxes, whatever party they belong to. I have heartily laughed at certain invincible arguments, one more extravagant than another. Does the argument justifying eternal violence between man and man appear reasonable to you, i. e., that to be born it is necessary to sever the cord that attaches us to our mother? And yet this is a proof given by the *Superman* of the impossibility of a spontaneous morality and of mutual help among men. Industrialists fall into errors no less foolish. For them only horny hands of toil have rights. Who does no manual labor is an enemy by force of circumstances of the working class. I do not believe that a more irrational absurdity has ever been conceived.

Revolutionary action cannot be circumscribed by a gospel of donkeys or scientists. There is abominable intellectual work, and there is equally hateful manual work.

Masons who build prisons, smiths who forge bars and chains, compositors who set up bibles or work for bourgeois papers, are no doubt manual workers, and, even if compelled to, they do work no less pernicious than judge who sentences, or the journalist who mystifies his victims and makes them adore their own oppressive chains.

In fact, we see that the most perverse, most tyrannical employers are former proletarians who have raised themselves by sheer craft and rascality.

And it is precisely for this purpose to develop this *social moral sense* among men that we Anarchists must fight without truce, and never cease to demonstrate that the aim of our class-war is to abolish all social classes.

*Acratibis.*

#### THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

(1) Do *not* do unto others as you would *not* they should do to you—Confucius (original form).

(2) Do unto others as you would they should do unto you—Christian (emasculated form).

(3) Do unto others as you would *not* they should do unto you—Capitalist (revitalized form).

## The Intellectual

*You talk of Simplicity in terms of rhetorical jargon, posing meanwhile under your own purple halo.*

*You talk of the farm and the open air with your clean-shaven woman's face covered with cold cream and talcum, your wavy hair, scented, flirting softly with the dame of the almond eyes.*

*O you Intellectual. Really!*

*Tell me, was it you moved in the subway from the Irish hod-carrier who had been drinking at McSorley's and eating onions?*

*God forbid that direct action should ever come to pass—*

*What would become of you, dear, simple, grown-up child!*

*Maurice Mitkin.*

## From the Edge of the World

THERE lives a man in Ireland who is adding to our rotating speck a few more things that make life worth while. His name is Lord Dunsany and he creates stories and plays. He has been writing them for many days, but since he has not created any new ladies fashions nor roused the temper of saloonkeepers, long-eared church prelates, or ward-leaders, he is still practically unknown in America. However, there are a few impractical lunatics in every land—even here in benighted America. Lord Dunsany is the natural successor of Synge—. For he is an Iconoclast, and the new paths he creates are such that compell men to turn into them. It requires great courage to write things other than fall in with the policies of magazines or what theatrical managers know the public desires. Dunsany had the courage to do it and the result is what men dream of, but rarely realize. Ibsen accomplished this in "Peer Gynt," and "Brand"; Maeterlinck in "The Bluebird," and "Joyzelle"; Synge attained it in "The Playboy," and "Riders to the Sea"; and Dunsany is reaching it in his plays.

He has created his own style; not as mellifluous nor as musical as Synge's but more clear—like a white glittering metal carved concise and rhythmic. What is more he has created a new world with new people. It is "Beyond the Edge of the World" where lives "Slith" the great thief and "King Argimines" who frees slaves. . . . Not since Blake did any man in English literature show such gigantic imagination. Dunsany has created new lands—new Gods. And yet these new lands and new gods strangely suggest the uncontrollable, wandering spirit of our own times. They show all the grim vitriolic humor of life and human strivings and what comes of them. . . .

*Moritz Jagendorf.*

For upwards of two years from the commencement of the American war, and a longer period in several of the American states, there were no established forms of government. The old governments had been abolished, and the country was too much occupied in defence to employ its attention in establishing a new government; yet, during this interval order and harmony were preserved as inviolate as in any country in Europe.—*Thomas Paine.*

## Left Alone

Scream of the crow,  
And creaking flight towards the town:  
Soon will it snow—

Well, who hath shelter to lie down!

Numb stand'st thou now,  
Look'st back, ah! long the road hath been!

Fool, why hast thou  
Fled out as winter doth begin?

Take the gate  
To a thousand deserts, . . . mute  
and hoar?

Who loses that  
Which thou hast lost halts never more.

Now stand'st thou pale,  
Condemned to winter—wandering.  
As snail doth trail  
And aye to colder heavens swing.

Fly, fowl; croak wide  
Thy song, in fowl-o'-the-desert-  
wise!—  
Go, fool, and hide  
Thy bleeding heart in scorn and ice!

Scream of the crow,  
And creaking flight towards the town.  
Soon it will snow—

Woe who lacks to lie down!  
Friedrich Nietzsche.

## Amicus Plato

To the Editor of *Revolt*, New York.  
Jan. 17, 1916.

"Voila! So the old guard of the *Freedom* disappears. We congratulate Comrade Keell and his coworkers 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."

I read the above in the last issue of *Revolt*, rubbed my eyes and read it again,—after which I profounded these questions to myself:

"Is *Revolt* an Anarchist publication, or just 'the stormy petrel of the labor movement?'"

"Am I member of the Editorial or Advisory Board of a paper that congratulates another man—for after all it was Comrade Keell and not Comrade Keel and his coworkers for suppressing free speech on a given subject by men who have devoted probably as many years as he has lived to the revolutionary movement."

"Is this, the write of the paragraph quoted from *Revolt* my friend and comrade Hippolyte Havel whom I have known, loved, respected and worked with for eighteen years?"

In my innocence I have been advocat-

ing and insisting for twenty years that freedom of expression is one of the foundation stones of Anarchism. It seemed to me that if there was one subject upon which Anarchists of all schools agreed, it was this; and as the beliefs of twenty years can not be changed in a day, I still insist upon this fact. You and Keell—and his coworkers if you like—may be better revolutionists than myself,—though in the absence of any test, that remains another question,—but I insist that my claim to the title Anarchist is better than that of either of you. It is my proud boast that I have never denied or glorified the right of a denial of expression to anyone, no matter what the subject or who the man.

Kropotkin was seventy-three years old on Dec. 9th, last and Tcherkesoff is nearly, if not quite, his age. They have devoted at least forty years of that time to the exposition and development of the philosophy of Anarchism. Kropotkin has done more than any man, dead or alive, to place that philosophy upon a scientific basis; and the service rendered by Tcherkesoff can not be measured by you or myself. Kropotkin founded *Freedom* with Charlotte Wilson thirty years ago and has furnished most of the intellect of that paper from that time until eight or ten months ago. Tcherkesoff has written many many brilliant articles during that time and worked hard for the paper. And now Tcherkesoff, Netlau and Kropotkin are denied the right to express their views on the war! Ye gods! where have we traveled!

It is not a question whether their views are right or wrong. It is a much bigger question. It is a question whether men who have given their lives to the movement, whose devotion and integrity have never been and are not now questioned, should be denied the right to express their views on a given subject in a paper they started and worked for, for thirty years. You have said sneeringly to me in private that Kropotkin has access to bourgeois papers, which, even if true is beside the point. From every moral or ethical standpoint, these men have a greater right to *Freedom* than Keell—and his co-workers have. Personally I share Kropotkin's views on the war as expressed in *Freedom* and through translation of other articles. I saw much of him during my seven years residence in London and know his views infinitely better than you; but even if I did not share those views I should not distort and degrade the principles of Anarchism by acting the despot as Keell has done and glorifying the act you now do.

"Oh Liberty, oh liberty, the crimes that are committed in thy name."

Harry Kelly.

### COMMENT

IF Harry Kelly would keep maudlin sentimentality at the bottom of his heart, and stick to certain facts in-

stead, this disagreeable discussion could not take place. Let us stick to truth even if it hurts: *Amicus Plato, Sed Magis Amica Veritas.*

I did not express my sympathy with the suppression of free expression on the part of Keell and his co-workers in the columns of the *Freedom*; I am not aware of any suppression of free speech in the office of the *Freedom*; what I did, was to express my joy at the anarchistic and international position the *Freedom* took since the outbreak of the war.

About a year ago Kelly received private letters from London urging him to protest against the management of the *Freedom*. I told him then that I would not participate; that I am not competent to judge the controversy; that the English comrades are the fittest to decide by themselves what is good for themselves and the movement; in short that I as an Anarchist believe in autonomy of individuals as well as groups and that I have no right to offer meddling suggestions to comrades in other cities.

Now Kelly writes himself; "personally I share Kropotkin's views as expressed in *Freedom*."

If he shares the views "as expressed in *Freedom*" why does he claim that Kropotkin cannot express himself in *Freedom*. Kropotkin, Jean Grave and Tcherkesoff published their views repeatedly in the columns of the *Freedom*.

And if he shares Kropotkin's views on the war why did he reprint with approval my article "Reckoning" from *Mother Earth* in the *Modern School*? An article in which I did not share Kropotkin's views. The truth is this: because we refused to become the tools of exploiters and declined to participate in nationalistic insanity we are denounced as pro-Germans. And the English workers are so wicked and stubborn to share our views—the international position in the labor movement. When Max Netlau, the author of the life of Bakunin and of *Bibliographie de l'anarchie* wrote his pro-german article in the *Freedom* who protested then, Harry Kelly, Kropotkin, Grave or Tcherkesoff? No, it was Rudolf Grossmann, who is sentenced to twenty years imprisonment in an Austrian prison, Lange from *Wohlfahrt für Alle*, Schreyer from *Kampf* and Rocker from *Arbeiter Freund*.

The same mail carrying Kelly's letter brought the Jubilee number of the Bohemian Anarchist paper *Volně Listy*. This issue contains short contributions from Kropotkin, Grave and Tcherkesoff, and what do I find in them? The same plea for small nationalities, a new pernicious theory smuggled lately into the anarchist movement. I ask with Malatesta have anarchists forgotten their principles? I do not care whether Kelly denounces the *Mother Earth* group, Berkman and myself as pro-germans; we are in good company, with nearly the whole anarchist movement of the world.

The *Spur*, the *Freedom*, *Mother Earth*,

*Blast, Alarm, Nabat, Golos Truda, Ra-bocheje, L'Anarchie, Pendant la Melee, Wohlstand für Alle, Neues Leben, Der Kampf, Arbeiterstimme, Cronaca Sovversiva, La Question Sociale, Voluntad L'Era Nuova*, to mention only some of our papers in different languages, take the same position as we do. Niuwenhuis, Malatesta, Galleani, Yanovsky Berton and Emma Goldman cannot be excluded from the anarchist movement as "Simple revolutionists."

I always was of the opinion that an Anarchist is logically a revolutionist but now I see from Kelly's letter that there is a difference. Well I prefer to be a live revolutionist rather than a dead anarchist. We are tired to hear of great deeds from the Past. We are living Now.

## Jails and Revolution

OUR friend Frank Tannenbaum is indignant because we took notice of his activity among the reformers. He does not seem to have grasped the meaning of our remark. Now we never doubted Frank's veracity about the changes in Blackwell Island. We greeted the glad tidings from the office of Warden Murtha and we hope to profit by the changed condition on Blackwell Island if we should ever be so unlucky as to enjoy the hospitality of Warden Murtha!

Since our notice attracted the attention of Frank we were informed by the *Times* that Frank Tannenbaum, the young I. W. W. leader and agitator, who served a term on Blackwell's Island, has written to District Attorney Weeks of Westchester County, commending the work done by Thomas Mott Osborne as Warden of Sing Sing, and offering to give testimony concerning the conditions he found on a visit to the prison.

Tannenbaum signed his letters of indignation to us, "Yours for the Revolution." Has he an inkling what "Social Revolution" means. Since when does Social Revolution reform prisons, work among reformers, eulogizes, praises and recommends the work of jailers and hangmen?

We are not in a movement to reform prisons, sweatshops and factories; our firm intention is to tear down a system which produces jails and sweatshops, a system build up on enslavement of producers.

Does Frank understand?

## Mail Contra Revolt

Since Colonel McClure acquired the *Mail*, and our old friend Joseph Edgar Chamberlain left the office on the lower Broadway to edit the *Boston Transcript* the sanctum at 203 Broadway exhibits a pyramidal lack of humor in its editorial columns. The *Mail* attacks our comment on the Blackwell Island vivisection but ostrich like it hides our name behind a general term "various revolutionary groups." Now the "various revolutionary groups" have

nothing to do with our comment. The pundit in the editorial chair of the *Mail* ask us whether we intend to "repudiate all who may tell the truth if the truth does not favor revolution." Yes, dear confrère, we certainly shall repudiate a "truth" which does not favor the revolution, because "truth" which does not favor the revolution is not Truth but a lie. The social revolution will inevitably arrive the very moment the conditions are ripe for it, notwithstanding all bourgeois "truths."

As to the assertion of the *Mail* that one can win education in the Columbia University only babies or dotards will agree with the editor. In the treadmill of Nicolas Murray Butler one can get a good conception of capitalist mental degradation but not an education. Some of our friends on the faculty of the Almer Mater Columbianis could give the editorial writer of the *Mail* better information than he has or pretends to have. Spingarn, Thurston Peck, Max Eastman and Bayard Boyesen, to mention only few names, enjoyed the academic freedom of Columbia. Professor Dewey and Professor Giddings are tolerated because they have an international name; otherwise they too would long ago have been pitched out from the intellectual sweatshop.

## The Bluff Didn't Work

Captain Tunney and his famous band of shufflies staged a nice piece of melodrama last week. The whole thing was arranged according to order. There were the two Italians, there was the dangerous looking satchel containing dynamite, and the municipal graft building loomed up in the background. Circolo Bresci had to be dragged in; the melodrama was to be as realistic as possible.

But something went wrong; it was the pressagent of Tunney and Co., who made a blunder. His makeup of the anarchistic conspiracy was a jelly-fish job—slush and nothing else. So the latest conspiracy of the Anarchists from the Circolo went up in smoke.

Let the ever vigil Polignani enact a few more such scenes; ever the most dull-headed bourgeois will find out where "conspiracies" are hatched out.

## Cowardice--Money

The effort of the police and the voluntary spies to regulate and to censor art and literature is due to the cowardice of our producers and publishers. Serge de Diaghileff mocks at the action of the police but why did he submit to the order of judge McAdoo? The productions at the Century are now denatured, modified—emasculated. If publishers like Mitchell Kennerley and Alfred Knopf and producers like Diaghileff would not stand for interference on the part of the police and instead of submitting would fight the case out the

idiotic interference would soon cease. Alas! the businessman in art is more concerned about his pocketbook than about art.

## Saves Us from Patriotic Writers

IF you want to grasp the total degradation of spiritual life in the time of war read the outpouring of contemporary authors. The apologies for slaughter point at Ruppert Brooke; one artist among thousand mincompoops; Andrejeff, France, Hauptmann, all of them, whether French, German, Russian or English, express nothing than common platitudes. The worst examples of patriotic idiocy are Hauptmann, Dehmel and Evers among the Germans. Hauptmann in his "patriotic" poems lacks even in style; he had to go back to the school of "Father" Jahn, the jingler of the *Freiheitskriege*, to express his feelings.

Utter desolation.

## The Strike of the Garment Workers in Philadelphia

JUST at present, the strike declared by the shirtwaist maker's union is being conducted under the "auspices" of the well-known organization, the United Garment Workers, a part of that great, patriotic-munition-bloody-dollar earning association, called otherwise Gompers's "American Federation of Labor."

To have watched and seen for months how this strike was brought about—was tragic; it produced pessimistic feeling. How low and back the labor movement went!

They have called meetings of shirt waist makers for months in succession, bringing over the officials of New York, to tell them the great benefits they are deriving in New York from "collective bargaining," which is true when considered in its true light; that is, the thousands of workers in those "agreement" industries, who are absolutely dissatisfied, claim that it is only benefiting the officials and the manufacturers who make those workers pay their union dues—who don't wish to do it with their own consent!

For weeks in succession the officers have tried to "influence" public spirited citizens, to try and bring about a settlement without a strike, but the bosses were so foolish as to be obstinate enough not even to give in on paper things they will never give in in practice, unless there is a real militant organization to back up and fight for the demands.

So the "Union officials" couldn't help themselves and they called the strike.

That they are going to fight for their rights and get them can easily be seen

from the following excerpt of the "General Strike" proclamation:

"We must show our employers that we are all united and that each and every one of us is ready to fight for higher wages and better working conditions.

"You are requested to conduct yourselves in the most orderly manner. Have no arguments or discussions with your employers. Above all, give no opportunity to your employers or other interested parties to make disturbances which may lead to a breach of the law and to arrests. Don't stop on the sidewalk."

Which shall we do? Laugh or cry in despair at such a labor movement?

A labor movement that depends mostly on "public spirited" politicians, giving out decisions on the demands put up by labor unions has no right to exist; its existence is only in the interest of the officials and the bosses!

We must, at every opportunity, expose and fight such a labor movement, till we shall have a real unafraid labor movement, which shall have as much courage, nerve, backbone and brains, that the manufacturer's associations possess!

At the close of this writing, news came out that the "public spirited" arbitrators have given out their decision and that it was accepted by the union officials without the consent of the strikers!!! And the strikers were sent back to work! Not only wasn't the union recognized, but even individual shop prize committees will have to be chosen in the shops, and on those committees scabs will be eligible—so it isn't hard to make out what a "victory" it was!

The demand for an increase in wages will be "investigated" by the same honorable republican mayor, chief of police and judge arbitrators. That their decisions will be on the side of those whose system they have to keep up there is no doubt. Such are the victories of today's unions!

Samuel Marcus.

#### LECTURE TOUR.

Rebecca Edelson is now arranging dates for lectures throughout the country. Comrade Edelson has something new and important to say, and her lectures have proved thought-inspiring to both radicals and conservatives. Her subjects include such topics as "Society and the Individual," "Science and Social Questions," "Morality," "Militarism," "Feminism," etc. Comrades who are interested in a lecture or a series of lectures in their town should communicate immediately with Miss Edelson at Grantwood, N. J.

#### CHICAGO.

The United Anarchist Groups of Chicago openel Club Rooms and a Library at 712 South Loomis Street. Comrades always welcome. Discussions on Fridays and Lectures on Saturdays. Admission free.

## The Vagrant

From "Quentin Durward."

"METHINKS, friend, you will prove but a blind guide, if you look at the tail of your horse rather than his ears."

"And if I were actually blind," answered the Bohemian, "I could not the less guide you through any country in this realm of France, or in those adjoining it."

"Yet you are not French born," said the Scot.

"I am not," answered the guide.

"What countryman, then, are you?" demanded Quentin.

"I am of no country," answered the guide.

"How! of no country?" repeated the Scot.

"No," answered the Bohemian, "of none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Euporeans, in their different languages, may choose to call our people; but I have no country."

"Are you a Christian?" asked the Scotchman.

The Bohemian shook his head.

"Dog," said Quentin (for there was little toleration in the spirit of Catholicism in those days), "dost thou worship Mahoun?"

"No," was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who neither seemed offended nor surprised at the young man's violence of manner.

"Are you a pagan, then, or what are you?"

"I have no religion," answered the Bohemian.

Durward started back; for though he had heard of Saracens and idolaters, it had never entered into his idea or belief, that anybody of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatever. He recovered from his astonishment, to ask his guide where he usually dwelt.

"Wherever I chance to be for the time," replied the Bohemian, "I have no home."

"How do you guard your property?"

"Excepting the clothes which I wear, and the horse I ride on, I have no property."

"Yet you dress gaily, and ride gaily,"

lantly," said Durward. "What are your means of subsistence?"

"I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way," replied the vagabond.

"Under whose laws do you live?"

"I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure or my necessities," said the Bohemian.

"Who is your leader and commands you?"

"The father of our tribe—if I choose to obey him," said the guide—"otherwise I have no commander."

"You are, then," said the wondering querist, "destitute of all that other men are combined by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country—and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?"

"I have liberty," said the Bohemian—"I crouch to no one—obey no one—respect no one—I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes."

"But you are subject to instant execution, at the pleasure of the judge."

"Be it so," returned the Bohemian; "I can but die so much the sooner."

"And to imprisonment also," said the Scot; "and where, then, is your boasted freedom?"

"In my thoughts," said the Bohemian, "which no chains can bind; while yours, even while your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I am free in spirit when our limbs are chained—You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom."

Yet the freedom of your thought," said the Scot, "relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs."

"For a brief time that may be endured," answered the vagrant; "and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all."

Walter Scott.

## International Protest Meeting

Against War and Preparedness

will be held

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1 P. M.

at the

STAR CASINO

107th Street and Park Avenue

Speakers:

Leonard D. Abbott	Hippolyte Havel
Luigi Galleani	Gaston Guilhempe
William Shatoff	Gussie Miller
Max Baginski	Pierre Barlet

ADMISSION FREE.