

REVOLT

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CANDY!



GO ON, BRUTE, FEED ON OUR BLOOD!

Cremate the Corpse

*The putrid carcass of the Past defunct,
Insults the sunlight and corrupts the
air.*

*Its stench spreads pestilence and death.
Cremate the Corpse.!*

*The sanctimonious choir of vultures
foul*

*That thrive on matter fetid—decom-
posed.*

*Croak their protest, but give no heed.
Cremate the Corpse.!*

ADOLF WOLFF.

Change

IF I were to preach any doctrine to the world it would be love of change, or at least lack of fear of it. From the Bible I would quote "The old order changeth, giving place to new," and from Nietzsche "Learn to revalue your values." The most inartistic and discouraging phase of the visible scene, in so far as it relates to humanity is its tendency to stratification, stagnation, and rigidity. From somewhere out of the demiurge, perhaps, there blows ever and anon a new breath, quite as though humanity were an instrument through which a force were calling for freshness and change. By

this same thing which brings man into being is he ended before he becomes unelastic and unpliant. Indeed, nature constantly replaces her handiwork quite as in the case of the leaves on the trees, creating newer, greener, sappier things. This is just as true of religions, theories, arts and philosophies as it is of animals, races and individuals. Nothing is fixed. All is permitted and possible. The most convincing and stable thing that you know may well bear your inquiring scrutiny, even this law of change itself. Out of the well-springs of the deep what may not rise? When it is known that we do not know what is beyond our ken how could we even imagine what may next appear?

I often think how foolishly humanity opposes change at times, and how steadily and uninterruptedly it flows in, altering the face of the world. With how many astounding changes has life been visited, astounding only because life never seems to be prepared for the astounding. Our little earth minds, being only seventy years in duration, and wise only by reason of actual experience which can be crowded into that time, cannot but view as astounding those larger natural phenomena which, in the endless duration of time, come swiftly enough. But to a being whose duration is only seventy years how remote they seem and even impossible! If one could live a thousand years the value of change would appear fast enough, and the seemingly astounding would become the natural and the commonplace.

If one but observes the phenomena of geology and of biology one may see how ready Nature is to quit one form of effort for another, to drop a difficult tendency in one direction and pursue an easier one in another. In fact, the theory of the pragmatist is seemingly well emphasized at times by the disappearance of some large and presumably successful species, for reasons of difficulty in connection with its sustenance and the steady rise of some minor creature whose wants are simple and not difficult to satisfy. And not necessarily through aeons and aeons of time either are these changes accomplished, but almost instantaneously, as when Behemoth ended and the great Auk puffed out. Man says to himself today "I am the lord of creation." But is he? A slight change in the chemistry of our atmosphere, so slight that it might be scarcely noticeable—a change in the odor of the air or the taste of the water could soon end or debilitate him so as to make him of no import whatsoever. It might be a little unfavorable to man and favorable, let us say, to cats, or spiders. Then man, a sleepy, stumbling creature, would be devoured by his hungry, pagan housepet, and the theory of his domination disposed of. Remote? So was the rise of Christianity. If you do not believe this read history, or note what tragedies a slight trace of sewer gas can produce in your own household—how smoke ends a corps of firemen, how water, too much heat, too much cold may destroy us all. And what star so humble that, if it came near enough, could not effect one or another of these changes?

Deep below, deep lie the mysteries, and theories flourish like weeds in a garden. Or let us call them flowers for at least they are artistic. Arts spring out of the mysteries, but the arts themselves grow stale, if left to themselves. The thing that the individual should remember is that he is a part of this vast restlessness, uncertainty, and opportunism. Life will have none of anything forever, neither Egypt nor Greece, nor Rome, nor England, nor America. It will not have anything of one type of God or a fixed code of morals, not a theory as to what is art, nor

a method of living. We build up rules whereby life is to be governed, and behold, some fine day the character of life itself changes, and our rules are worthless. Many of us now dream that there is such a thing as justice, but experience teaches that it is as abstraction, and that what we actually see is an occasional compromise struck in an eternal battle. Many believe that there is such a thing as truth, but if there is it is not within the consciousness of man for he has not the knowledge wherewith to discern it. There is too much that he does not know to permit him to say what is true. Likewise virtue and honesty go by the boards as names merely. They are symbols of something which man would like to believe true and permanent. They represent a balance he would like to strike between extremes on either hand, but they are only important to him in his state here. Beyond him lie the depths which may know them not. All we can know is that we cannot know.

The thing that I would most earnestly advocate therefore, if it were of any importance so to do, would be love of change, for by change have come all the spectacles, all the charms, and all the creature comforts of which our consciousness is aware. Life appears to be innately artistic in all that it attempts, or nearly so, and therefore we need not trouble ourselves about that. It would avail nothing if we did. And equally unending force appears to be bent on change and variation so that something within us which tends to rigidity and stratification spells suffering or disappointment for us in so far as we are unable to counteract it. The caution, sprung from somewhere, to keep an open mind, is well grounded in Nature's tendency to change. Not to cling too pathetically to a religion or a system of government or a theory of morals or a method of living, but to be ready to abandon at a moment's notice the apparent teachings of the ages, and to step out free and willing to accept new and radically different conditions is the ideal state for the human mind. Not that anything so much more perfect is in store—(I, for one, do not believe that)—but that a different thing is at hand, always, outside your door, around the corner, beyond the limits of the vision of even the philosopher and the thinker.

To be always ready, if such a thing were possible, to meet the new and to know that it will be as valuable as the old, that is the great thing. But that is plain advice also, for the experiences, the capacities, the tendencies of man are not in his keeping. There is something of which we are a part and not a part. There is a mystery to which we long yet which will not show to us its face. Only its impulses burst upon us from day to day and from century to century and make us faint with terror or thrill wild with joy. Out of the depths they come—the realms we do not know. By the artistry through which it works do we live, and all names and

fames and blames by which we qualify it are as nothing save that they brighten the faces of its one outstanding tendency, *change*, and that we must accept whether we will or not.

THEODORE DREISER.

An Anarchist Portrait

I AM an Anarchist. I have known intimately most of those who have carried on the propaganda by word of mouth and by writing, and also by deed: and if I disallow the epithet of "anarchist," as applied to certain acts of equivocal individuals, I am not the less convinced that social problems need, at certain moments, to be solved by force, when other means are ineffective. I love and admire Vaillant, for instance, just as some English republicans love and admire Cromwell, who also was a regicide. But I do not believe that rascality has anything to do with an agitation which is intellectual as well as revolutionary, and I feel indignant when ignorant journalists bestow upon all my comrades the title of "miscreants." . . .

On the 1st May, 1891, Decamps, a man of great energy and strong convictions, gave the signal for a working-man's demonstration headed by the red flag, at Levallois Perret, near Paris. An attack was made upon them by the police and *gendarmes*, and, after an obstinate defence, Decamps and two of his companions were made prisoners. The handling they underwent at the police station was an outrage upon humanity; they were, besides, condemned to several years' imprisonment. But in the shadow of the future stood their avenger—Koenigstein-Ravachol.

There are strange coincidences. To French or even to Latin ears the three syllables, Ra-va-chol, sound menacingly, and one may say, symbolically: they seem to breathe revolt and hatred. In physical appearance François Auguste Ravachol was a man about thirty years old, of good and muscular figure, with an energetic, proud expression of face, a well-formed forehead, and deep-set, resolute eyes. The whole impression produced was that emphatically of a man, if not refined at any rate intelligent. Most of the *real* terrorists, and of the anarchist agitators—not those wretched persons who make an idea serve as a veil to conceal their selfish and interested acts—have resembled one another physically by the peculiarity of their gaze, which is as piercing as a blade of steel, and is illumined by the inner radiance of a strong conviction that is liable to degenerate into fanaticism.

Born at the lowest depth of the proletarian stratum, with German blood in his veins, as his other name of Koenigstein indicates, Ravachol was one of those disconcerting and astounding personalities who, according to the epoch in which they live and the sphere in which they move, may leave behind

them the reputation of a hero or a bandit. His first acts provoked the wrath of the *Révolte*, a journal whose morality was the more relentless in that its source was derived, not from social conventions, which are often hypocritical, but from the inmost depths of conscience. Ravachol, after a rough life as a manual laborer, had gained by robbery the means denied him by regular work; he had manufactured counterfeit coin, had plundered the hoardings of an old hermit, and even strangled the unfortunate man—involuntarily, he said—whilst endeavoring to stifle his cries; he had, moreover, violated a tomb in search of jewelry. How could the party of social renovation, the party of the philosopher Kropotkin, of the illustrious geographer, Reclus, of the jurist, Merlino, have done otherwise than indignantly repudiate such acts and those who committed them?

I remember the feeling aroused about the beginning of 1892, when the *Révolte* exposed the early deeds of Ravachol, and stigmatised him a robber and murderer. A young man, nineteen years old, who, with all his seriousness and determination of manner, had still something of the schoolboy about him, came to see me that day, and, pointing to the journal that lay open on my desk, said, "We should make an end of these people who dishonor our party; robbers are too cowardly ever to become revolutionists; they want to exploit others and live comfortably in *bourgeois* style, they don't think of sacrificing their lives for ideas." And as he spoke with suppressed passion in his tones, his great black eyes flashed fire.

Some time passed; the explosions of the Boulevard St. Germain and the Rue de Clichy occurred. The name of the audacious terrorist, who attacked the houses of the magistrates, by whom Decamps and his friends had been sentenced, was already in everybody's mouth. The same young man, who had repudiated Ravachol as a common criminal, also blamed him formally as a dynamiter. "Such acts," he peremptorily declared, "do us the greatest harm with the masses, who know nothing about our own journals, and only know what the ordinary newspapers say. A real anarchist, like Padlewsky, goes and strikes his particular enemy down; he does not dynamite houses where there are women, children, workmen, and domestic servants." The name of the young man? . . . Emile Henry! He justified the prediction of one of my friends. "Emile has the temperament of a Nihilist; he will perpetrate some terrible deed and end on the scaffold." The intellectual Emile Henry, who rejected Ravachol as a co-religionist with such vehemence was destined in a few months' time, to follow in the footsteps of that illiterate enthusiast.

The fight for and against Ravachol was a hot one; there were only a few of us who reserved our judgment till we had full knowledge of the facts of the case. Without denying the sensa-

tion produced by an individual act, which is often useful to the propaganda, we never concealed from ourselves the fact that it far from sufficed to bring about a desirable transformation of society; we had quite different ideas from those of Ravachol as to the proper tactics to be pursued in the struggle. Still, we did not think we had a right to insult a man, however dubious his deeds might be, who seemed to have acted from conviction and disinterestedness, and who was about to pay the penalty with his head.

We afterwards congratulated ourselves, for, as we soon heard from sources beyond suspicion, Ravachol, the robber and murderer of the hermit of Chambles, the coiner of base money and the violator of tombs, had never kept for himself the money he had appropriated. Instead of settling down in some far-off unknown spot, and living as a respectable *bourgeois*, which is the dream of so many vulgar miscreants, he used the money exclusively for the relief of the unfortunate poor, and for the propagation of ideas which he believed to be just; thus risking his life in order to upset the social scheme, like Samson, who pulled down upon himself the temple of the Philistines.

This appreciation of Ravachol, which is not inspired in the least by any sentiment of idolatry for the man, may perhaps seem like the perverted judgment of a rank demagogue. I confess, however, that without going so far as the poet Paillette, and beautifying Ravachol under the name of "Ravachol-Jesus," I much prefer this uncultured proletarian, who was perfectly sincere in his savage revolt, to a good prince like Titus, who caused one hundred thousand Jews to be massacred or sold; or to a hero, like Turenne, who ravaged the Palatinate with fire and sword; or to a brave general, like the Marquis de Galiffet, whom everyone salutes, although his hands are stained with the blood of the Federal prisoners he killed at La Muette. Others, such as Pallas, Vaillant, and Caserio, may attract me more; but it is not for me to show myself more pitiless towards a man who died with sincere faith in his own righteousness than the anti-revolutionary writers, to many of whom Ravachol no longer seems a brigand.

"Ravachol," said an intimate friend of his one day to me, "had curious ideas about many things, especially about work and robbery. He held it to be a cowardice to submit for ever to work, when it does not suffice to give the workman a certain amount of well-being, but to abandon work definitely for robbery he thought lowered the social rebel to the level of the exploiter, and he wished for a combination of the two. 'We should take from the rich,' he used to say, 'as much as we need in order to escape living like brute beasts, but we should not go further; let us remain workers.'" Proudhon, who proclaimed, after Brissot, that "property is robbery," had doubtless, not foreseen the existence of such a disciple.

Here, too, is a specimen of Ravachol's written thought, "If a man, when he is in work, is without the necessities of life, what can he do when he is out of work? His only course is to die of hunger. In that case, a few words of pity will be uttered over his corpse. Let others be content with such a fate. I could not be. I might have begged. It is cowardly and degrading. It is even punished by law, which regards misery as a crime. I preferred to turn contrabandist, coiner of counterfeit money, and murderer."

In conclusion, I will quote a little-known incident typical of the man. About two months before his arrest, Ravachol, who had just given away three-quarters of the contents of his purse to help a common cause, came upon a poor little girl in the Rue Rochechouart. He stopped, struck with pity at seeing her so scantily clothed. Her shoes were in the most wretched plight; they were old pumps, drilled with holes, from which the naked heel protruded. The murderer of the hermit went up to the little girl, took her by the hand, brought her to a shoemaker, and bought her a pair of boots for seven francs. He himself was left without a sou, but he was happy at heart, and smiled with content as he watched the child's delight.

Such traits as these, which were not rare in the life of Ravachol, explain why, after he had been denounced by certain anarchist philosophers, he was not only absolved but actually crowned with glory even by writers belonging to the *bourgeoisie*, and why also anarchists, who had contemplated a quite different course of action for their party, and conceived a practical programme, consisting in movements of the masses in conjunction with individual efforts, did not level anathemas at the rebel, who had suffered much before dying at the hands of the law.

CHARLES MALATO.

The onward march of the human race requires that the heights around it should be ablaze with noble and enduring lessons of courage. Deeds of daring dazzle history, and form one of the guiding lights of man. The dawn dares when it rises. To strive, to brave all risks, to persist, to persevere, to be faithful to yourself, to grapple hand to hand with destiny, to surprise defeat with the little terror it inspires, at one time to confront unrighteous power, at another to defy intoxicated triumph; to hold fast, to hold hard—such is the example which the nations need, and the light that electrifies them.

P. J. TYNAN.

Anarchist Forum

FOR CURRENT TOPICS

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Revolt

The stormy petrel of the labor movement.

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To Our Readers

THE REVOLT will appear as long as there are sufficient funds on hand. Our expenses are fifty dollars a week. Do you know what this means? All work is done voluntary; Hippolyte Havel gets a dollar a day for expenses. Two of the most devoted members of the group are ill: Robert Minor and Gussie Miller. We get letters of congratulations a plenty, but these letters will not pay the printer's bills. It is not our intention to appeal to our friends in each issue. If you have any understanding for our difficulties, now is the time to show your sympathy. If you cannot assist us materially, try to get subscribers and readers for the REVOLT.

GROUP REVOLT.

Whom Does Wilson Represent

ACCORDING to Abraham Lincoln, politicians are a set of men who have interests aside from the interests of the people and who, to say the most of them, are, taken as a mass, at least one long step removed from honest men.

Does Woodrow Wilson belong to the clique of political pirates or is he a simple tool of capitalist gangsters? He travels now over the country urging the people to sanction the introduction of Ceaserism: not satisfied with the robbery of producer the "leading men" of the "nation" insist on building up a militaristic regime.

As simple professor at Princeton, Thomas Woodrow Wilson was opposed to Ceaserism.

Whom does he represent now?

Meyer Defends the Fatherland

MEYER LONDON gave the second of his monthly reports of his work in Congress to his Socialist constituents and incidentally expressed the Socialist attitude on war and preparedness.

"Socialists, like everybody else," he said, "would

defend the United States if attacked. Socialists do not believe in the Tolstoy doctrine of non-resistance. It is inconceivable that any one, Socialist or otherwise, would refuse to fight if the United States were invaded.

Suppose the "inconceivable" happens and "everybody else" refuses to defend Meyer's fatherland, what then? Do you know Meyer? It would be a sight for gods to observe him when he starts his march against a "foreign enemy." Dope seems to have risen in price.

Public Pillory

WRITES the Sunday Call: "The suggestion concerning the German-American vote is an interesting one, and loses nothing from the fact that Viereck is—or rather was before he became a patriot—an Anarchist who heartily despised voting and voters."

George Sylvester Viereck never was an Anarchist and never declared himself as such, but his father, Louis Viereck, was one of the earliest socialist members of the German Reichstag; like many other socialists, Louis Viereck became a traitor to Socialism, sold himself to the capitalist class, and drew money from the Bismarckian reptile fund. Today he is one of the pillars of German nationalism, and as such in good company with his former comrades.

Ladies and Gentlemen

PARTICIPATING in the laying of the cornerstone of the American Federation of Labor in Washington, Samuel Gompers addressed his "fellow-workers" as *Ladies and Gentlemen*. Quite so, Sammy, quite so!

The Blessing of Being Governed

TO be governed is to be watched, inspected, spied, directed, law-ridden, regulated, penned-up, indoctrinated, preached at, checked, appraised, seized, censured, commanded, by beings who have neither title nor knowledge nor virtue. To be governed is to have every operation, every transaction, every movement, noted, registered, counted, rated, stamped, measured, numbered, assessed, licensed, refused, authorized, indorsed, admonished, prevented, reformed, redressed, corrected. To be governed is, under the pretext of public utility and in the name of the general interest, to be laid under contribution, drilled, fleeced, exploited, monopolized, extorted from, exhausted, hoaxed and robbed; then, upon the slightest resistance, at the first word of complaint, to be repressed, fined, villified, annoyed, hunted down, pulled about, beaten, disarmed, bound, imprisoned, shot, mitrailleused, judged, condemned, banished, sacrificed, sold, betrayed, and, to crown all, ridiculed, derided, outraged, dishonored.

JOSEPH PIERRE PROUDHON.

Tree Moralities

THE HAGUE—1915.

*Musical, mystical Jew, prince of all dreamers,
king of all poets, sweetest among men!*

*Prophets foreran thee, stars left their orbits to
glitter over thy cradle, O mystical, musical Jew!*

*Thy name hangs over the world like a banner of
light and thy story, O mystical, musical Jew, is
the epic of Time.*

*O mystical, musical Jew! pale progenitor of Tor-
quemada, Kishinef and The Marne—Hail! mystical,
musical War-Lord of Christendom!*

NIGHT COMETH.

Night cometh!

The twilight seeps through the city—

There'll soon be a glut of stars in the west.

*The dens of imagination will send forth their beasts,
And a myriad love-cells will catch their bolts of
honey.*

Night cometh!

The Intellect rebegins its hopeless siege of God;

The sanctified profit-whores fill the vaudeville loges;

*The world grows strumpet-wise as the twilight seeps
through the city,*

*And the Blackguard of the Skies begins his sinister
watch from his star-crowned tower in the
West.*

Night cometh!

SONG OF SONGS.

Jesus came and sang for me—

Bitter was my night!

Jesus came and wept for me—

Bitter was my night!

Satan came and sat with me—

A Harp sang in the night!

Satan came to play with me—

A Harp sang in the night!

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

On Tolstoy's "What Is Art?"

HOW many are there who, having read Tolstoy's "What is Art?" have really understood it? In that book he sets forth the dogma that no art is good but that which teaches a moral lesson. Now, how is one to reconcile that with the life-work of Tolstoy himself? Many have dismissed the book as the evidence of the crumbling of a once powerful brain. But look deeper—bethink you how his whole life's endeavor was to come at some spiritual peace; how his every book was a personal experience, by means of which he mounted to that height through which he could at last behold the much desired Dawn. It is any wonder that, exhilarated by the vision and the purified air of his newly gained freedom, he deplored the long years spent in struggling to attain, and, thinking he could have won sooner by another path, denounced the very one by which he had ascended?

Then, too, there is room to question whether the fate of such extremists as Wilde, in whom the eager

desire for exquisite sensations became a disease; Nietzsche, in his brilliant, disastrous effort to create a superman in his own image; and Van Gogh, in his equally unfortunate passion to paint the sun; influenced him in denying the artistic highway could lead to spiritual truth. He must have observed that these men, or their lesser Russian prototypes, though gifted and brilliant in many ways, were lacking in that sense of controlling rhythm, that give balance which I recently saw so wonderfully exemplified in an old Chinese painting wherein a succession of mountains, ranged in individual yet rhythmic progression, the one behind and above the other, the sublimity of which fills one with extatic awe as the eye follows the ever-upward tending of the simply-varied design; or in the somewhat similar emotions aroused by the playing of the Leibstod from Tristan and Isolde, that wondrous thing which progresses with such power, such passion, reaches such stupendous heights, and flows so reluctantly, yet exquisitely down. But the mountain always has its other side, the wave its backward sweep, and the Leibstod its masterly, sane conclusion. That is their secret—the reason they live. And it is because Wilde, Nietzsche and Van Gogh had, literally, *no other side* to their mountains that they fell into the yawning abyss. Yet who so rash as to condemn either the men or their methods? I feel that Tolstoy wished rather to stem the tide of wasted enthusiasm—as so much of this Art for arts sake talk really is. But I myself feel that the artistic route is the purest, because, at bottom, the least selfishly concerned—for in striving for the impersonal, abstract beauty it quite unconsciously arrives at that large spiritual freedom which is the objective of all religious endeavor.

WILLIAM MURRELL.

A fig for those by law protected!

Liberty's a glorious feast;

Courts for cowards were erected,

Churches built to please the priest.

—Robert Burns.

• • •

Famine is in thy heeps,

Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;

The world is not thy friend; nor the world's law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;

Then be not poor, but break it.

—William Shakespeare.

• • •

They never die who fall

In a great cause. The block may soak their gore,

Their heads may rotten in the sun, their limbs

Be strung to city gates and castle walls.

But still their spirit walks around. Though years

EIapse and others share as dark a doom,

They but augment the deep and sweeping thought

Which overpowers all others and turns the world

At last to freedom.

—Byron.

Hervé's Sommersault

GUSTAVE HERVÉ, who before the war was the best known anti-militarist in Europe, has entirely changed his opinions, and now breathes fire and murder against the Germans. When the Welsh miners went on strike he said they were traitors to the cause of the Allies, and his writings have been gladly quoted here by the capitalist Press, which always welcomes a renegade from the ranks of the workers. On January 1 he changed the name of his paper from *La Guerre Sociale* to *La Victoire*—it is very significant that he does not call it *La Victoire Sociale*. In a recent issue, replying to Jean Longuet, who criticised him severely at the National Socialist Congress recently held in Paris, Hervé writes:—

"Don't laugh at those who make volte-faces. Our entire party will have to make one, after the war, if it wants to survive. Just as I predicted the war to you in 1905; just as I predicted to you in 1911 that the question of Alsace-Lorraine was as dangerous after 44 years as on the morrow of the Treaty of Frankfurt; just as I predicted to you that war was coming on us by way of Serbia, I predict to you today that the 'Internationale,' founded on the dogma of 'class-warfare' dear to your grandfather, is dead and doubly dead; that after the war there will only be national Socialist parties, and that the new 'Internationale' will be either a federation of national parties or nothing at all."

But the best reply to this outburst is Hervé's own words written after he had predicted this war. His arguments are as strong today as ever. It is Hervé that has changed, not his arguments:—

"Let us try to see coolly what loss would accrue by a German annexation, not only to the French proletarians, but to the mass of small shopkeepers and land-owning peasants. . . .

"Would they lose their property? Those who possess nothing, not even the right to work, have nothing to lose. As for the small landed proprietors and the small shopkeepers, would a change of Country take away from them their parcels of land or their small businesses? Does, in the twentieth century, a war amongst Europeans involve such consequences? When annexing Alsace, did the Germans take the fields, the houses, the shops, the factories of the Alsacians? As a matter of fact after the annexation, the large manufacturers remained large manufacturers, the small shopkeepers remained small shopkeepers, the small landowners remained small landowners, and the beggars remained beggars. . .

"Would they lose their temperament, their personality, the originality of their race, providing race characteristics be as pronounced as they like to make out? It is no more likely. Let

half of Germany be annexed tomorrow, and the annexed Germans would nevertheless remain Germans with all the qualities and all the defects of their race, with their methodical disciplined spirit, their ardour for work, a certain heaviness of mind, and an exaggerated worship of force and authority. If tomorrow half of France were annexed to Germany, the annexed French would nevertheless remain Frenchmen, with all the qualities and all the defects of their temperament, their vivacity of spirit, their ironical rapture, a certain artistic taste, and also their light-headedness, their lack of seriousness and their indiscipline, if, that is to say, those are really the native qualities and the real faults of the two races, which is not at all demonstrated.

"The political differences between republican France, monarchical Germany, England, and Italy, are not as great as the republican bourgeoisie of France or our French patriot Socialists would make them out to be. They bewilder the French proletarians with the idea of a German annexation by telling them, without a smile, that, once German subjects, they would find themselves deprived of their liberties of thought, of meeting, of the Press, of their trade union liberties.

"This is a poor joke.

"They would have very nearly the same liberty of thought as in France; they would read their Socialist papers as in France; they would go to their political meetings as in France; they would see there on the platform the police officer, more often than in France it is true, but as he is sometimes still seen in France, as a thousand hearers could see him in the year of our Lord 1904 in France, at St. Etienne, under a Socialist municipality; in a town which sends to Parliament three Socialist deputies; they would learn from time to time that one of their propagandists has been sued in the low courts, as in France! they would go to barracks as in France; they would unite themselves in their trade unions as in France; they would strike as in France; the police would 'move them on' as in France, and if the police were powerless, the army would shoot them down as in France.

"Under German rule, as under French rule, the proletarians changing their Country would meet with the same insolent and rapacious master class, the same administration hard on the small man, the same officers, and the same haughty non-commissioned officers, the same law courts pitiless to the poor, with from time to time, as in France, a humane master, as intelligent officer, and a just magistrate.

"The French proletariat would lose nothing by it, not even honor.

"Besides, what honor are they talking about, when they tell us that we would be dishonored by becoming Germans, that there are cases when one must fight for dignity, for honor? Yes, what honor?

"National honor? There is no na-

tional honor where there is no national sentiment, and the class spirit has killed all national sentiment that ever was in us.

"Is it our honor of man, our personal dignity, which commands us to oppose ourselves to aggression, to all violence of any group of men upon the group to which we belong? It is precisely our personal dignity which forbids us to fight for interests which are not ours."

Anarchist Conference

THE Anarchist Conference, called by the Anarchist Propaganda Group and Radical Library, was held Sunday, January 30, in Phila.

The first session was held from 12 to 3, and from 6 to 9:30. The most important things discussed and decided were:

That it was necessary to have an anarchist group in the Radical Library; therefore, the Anarchist Propaganda Group will from now on be known as the Anarchist Propaganda Group of the Radical Library, having full autonomy in every sense of the word.

The group will from now on carry on the Jewish lectures every Friday evening in the library and assist in the English lectures that are given every Sunday evening. A committee was instructed to get together all the anarchist groups of this city, and form a federation, which shall hold meetings through delegates every three months. Also to arrange an international protest meeting against war and preparedness.

In regard to the efforts to federate all the Jewish speaking groups of the country, it was decided to write to the New York federation. If they are unable to accomplish anything, we will then make an attempt. Also we will try to collect money in order to be able to buy a printing outfit.

In regard to war and preparedness, most of those present expressed the opinion that, whereas, the representatives of the American Federation of Labor and the Socialist Party declared that in a case of war all their members will fight for the "fatherland," it proves to us that the working class here is in danger of being betrayed like the workers of Europe. A statement was read, discussed, and a committee appointed, to make more explicit a few details of that statement and then publish it in all papers.

We will send speakers in English or Jewish free to all organizations wishing to arrange debates or lectures on Anarchism; all those wishing to communicate, should address Secretary of the Anarchist Propaganda Group of the Radical Library, 715 N. 6th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We recognize and shall work for the following papers: the *Revolt*, the *Blast*, the *Alarm*, *Germinal* and *Mother Earth*.

Fraternally,

The Anarchist Propaganda Group
of the Radical Library,
S. Marcus, Secretary.

Given the Lie

ONCE more the lie has been given to all reformers and Socialists who claim that the system of exploitation can be abolished peacefully.

For years in succession the City Hall plaza in Philadelphia has been used every Sunday evening by speakers representing all kinds of isms, the police interfering when "necessary."

Lately the Anarchists decided that enough empty phrases had been handed out on the plaza, and they began to participate in these meetings, with the result that on Sunday, January 24, 1916, the police drove away all the speakers from the plaza, giving the reason that irresponsible persons took advantage of the opportunity, offered and made "obscene, anarchistic sacrilegious speeches"; further the police declared, that speaking on the plaza will not be forbidden, but first the matter will be sifted out, "finding out the merits of each organization" and granting to them permits—provided "that no inflammatory speeches will be made!"

This must open the eyes of the most blind person.

SAMUEL MARCUS.

Anarchists in Plymouth

PLYMOUTH, if you remember the rubbish taught at school, is where the joy-hating Puritans landed. Now it is a smirchy industrial centre, sprawling and smoke-belching and hideous with the vile sores of capitalism. One of its principal products is cordage, and the Plymouth Cordage Company pays three-fourths of the town taxes. Two weeks ago the helots who make the cordage rose in rebellion, and REVOLT will rejoice to know that anarchist tactics and leaders are the spirit of the uprising.

The company has for the past ten years been paying eight per cent dividends on highly watered stock. It has multiplied its assets more than fifty-fold, and recently put half a million dollars into a new venture in Canada. Yet one slave, who has been with the company for thirty-three years, still receives the nine dollars a week he began with. He has not collected a penny of prosperity, and in all those years he and his fellow-workers have never had the guts to holler. Maybe this is because the masters are so kind, and of the enlightened capitalistic ilk. They have given the faithful serfs a cunning little club-house, with real shower baths and ping-pong tables and a reading room which furnishes the *Youth's Companion* and other uplifting literature. They have given yearly free "fellowship" banquets, and have always praised the honest laboring man in their annual reports.

But under the tutelage of a fringe of uncompromising anarchists, the men

have at last become class conscious. There are two thousand men and women in all, mainly Italians, and they are saying to their charitable masters, "To hell with your damned ping-pong games. Give them to your feeble-minded sons at Harvard. We must have bread and more liberty."

The strike was not agitated; it began quite spontaneously, as the result of a petty squabble between a foreman and two workers in the balling division. Labor interests are puzzled by the deep-rooted aversion of the strikers to any form of organization. A. F. of L. and I. W. W. leaders have been in, but can do nothing with the men. The anarchists control all. Through Luigi Galleani, the Nestor of Massachusetts anarchism, they say that the problems of every strike are unique, and cannot be solved by the generalizations of a large labor body. They despise centralized per capita organizations of every kind, and affirm a loyalty to labor as a whole, not to any particular faction of it. They cry that solidarity and not organization wins strikes, and are content therefore to trust to the undoubted solidarity that exists.

They may win. They ask for \$12 for men and \$9 for women, instead of the \$9 and \$6 now prevailing. Probably a compromise will be reached, for the bosses are afraid of physical violence, and the workers are flat broke.

IRWIN GRANICH.

Thoughts of an Anarchist at Work

THIS to me is a pressing question: I have often asked myself, can an Anarchist concentrate his mind on the work that he does during the day. I find it very difficult. I do my daily task without giving much thought to it. Work in the capitalist term is to me so degrading, so disgusting that while at work I continuously think of how to live without having to be exploited, and, of course, not to take part in the filthy game of exploitation.

I am a locksmith by trade, and many times while putting a lock in an elevator apartment I question myself: will this lock not lock me out some day?

Some, as usual, will ask why imagine that the lock you put in today will lock you out to-morrow. I think I have good reasons for saying so.

Every conscious Anarchist wants to contribute as much as he can toward the new society in any capacity he can.

What am I contributing toward Anarchism by putting in locks? Nothing. Today I work, I get paid, I have enough to live on, I work one year, two years or more at putting in locks.

I come to the conclusion that by leaving my job, that is by refusing to be exploited any longer, I can contribute more to the Anarchist cause than by remaining on the job. I ask, will the lock that I have been putting in for years not lock me out when I cease putting in more?

A friend of mine tells me that he curses more on the job than he works. I'd gladly follow his example, but will eight hours' cursing satisfy me, will it contribute anything toward the new society? I hardly think so.

Why stay on a job and curse. I want to be free, to see those that I love. I want to be free to read or do anything else at any time I please. But not be at the mercy of a brutal exploiter eight hours a day and five and one half days a week.

J. ISAACSON.

The Microscope

FRIENDS of the REVOLT are requested by the editor to do all in their power to keep others from subscribing. Also see to it that none of your friends know that such a paper as REVOLT is in existence. In this way the circulation of REVOLT will increase rapidly and its revolutionary message spread broadcast among the masses.

* * *

More than five thousand people attended the masque ball recently given by the Anarchist Red Cross. While it is far from my purpose to discourage affairs of this sort especially if they are held for a revolutionary purpose, still I can not help but ask, where are these 5000 people when real revolutionary action becomes imperative? Where are they when a strong protest is necessary to liberate some comrade who has fallen into the clutches of the masters? Where were they when Joe Hill's young life was snuffed out in Salt Lake City? Where were they when the greedy clutches of the Los Angeles labor haters sent Matthew Schmidt to a living hell for the rest of his life? Verily, something else than mere talk is necessary, a crystallization of the forces of labor is the crying need of the hour. Revolutionary action and not talk is the force upon which we who are striving for a better order of things must depend.

* * *

The war kings and munition grafters of Europe and this country have good cause to congratulate themselves at the pitiful spectacle now being enacted in the trenches of blood-stained Europe. Workingmen of one nation vying with each other in slaughtering the workers of another nation. If any illusions existed in the minds of the ruling classes of Europe as to the real strength of labor's forces it was quickly shattered when the war craze took possession of those who in former years battled firmly for International solidarity. What a spectacle for the Gods! After a half century of struggle and self sacrifice to see the house of sand that we called the International go toppling to the dust when the War Lord gave the word. Can we who have not yet been drown into the murderfest learn anything from the utter failure of the old International to stand by its guns? I think we can. We must learn to build anew, the old International crumbled and fell because it

was built on a rotten foundation. It is up to labor to see to it that the new International which will arise from the smoldering ruins of war shall be built on something else besides sentiment and bourgeois ideology. The new International must arise from the understanding of a common need, a common aim and a common humanity. Down with the old, and up with the new International Solidarity.

SATIRUS.

A Suggestion to Roosevelt, Wilson & Company

WHILE the general was pouring out whisky and soda, I glanced around the room. It was twilight. Rich Oriental draperies adorned the windows and doors, giving it a somewhat somber appearance. On the walls weapons of different countries were hanging in profusion, and on the mantelpiece two beautiful bronze vases, joined at the top, held an elaborate time-piece. Skins of various wild animals were strewn about the floor—a thing not uncommon in that tropical part of the world. What arrested my attention from the outset was the peculiar substance attached to the walls, in odd shapes and lengths. It resembled leather of very fine quality, gilded here and there, and from it emanated a strange odor.

"Ah, you were looking at my walls," said General Pershing, in a complacent way.

"Yes, I never saw anything like it. What are they covered with?"

"Negro skin."

"What!" I exclaimed, horror-stricken.

"Why, don't you think my idea is original?" interrupted the general.

I turned pale; a sense of nausea overcame me. Being his guest, I thought it best to suppress my emotions. I drank my whisky. "A novel idea, I dare say," I finally exclaimed.

"Well, you see, negro skin used for this purpose can render our colonizing schemes of some practical use. Just look at this strip. Doesn't it excel anything you ever saw in the way of Moroccan leather?"

We left our seat and went about the room examining the different strips. "Don't you think this industry could be made a paying one in a short time?" ventured the general.

"Yes. How many skins does it take for a room this size?"

"About one hundred and nine. The entire population of a small village. Of course, some are discarded as defective, but some of them, especially those of women, can be readily utilized for art leather goods, such as purses, fancy jewelry boxes, traveling outfits and even gloves. Ah! Ah!"

I attempted to join him in his merry laughter, but my throat choked in protest against his cannibalistic mirth. We

resumed our seats and sipped another glass of whisky. The general seemed eager to make a good impression on me. He became confidential, as he went on to explain:

"You know I detest both newspapers and journalists, yet I must confess that I am not sorry you called on me, for you can be of service to me and to my colonization scheme. I shall not bother you with vagaries and empty phrases. Here's the point: There is only one way to civilize these savages—and that is to kill them. It matters very little what political regime you impose upon them—annexation or protectorate—they will always be rascals that will never submit. By slaughtering them I avoid complications. Isn't that clear to you? Of course, their dead carcasses are an obnoxious sight and moreover they are liable to cause an epidemic. Lately, I struck upon a good idea—tan them and put them on the market. You can readily see for yourself what fine stuff they make," pointing to the walls. "In doing so I am doing the nation double service—I quell a rebellion and pave the way for a profitable industry. This is a good system, don't you think?"

"Well, the skins may be utilized," I objected, "but what are you going to do with the flesh? Can it be eaten?"

The general reflected for a moment, and then replied: "Well, unfortunately these negroes are not eatable, they tell me; some of them are even poisonous. Only by a certain process we can render them palatable, and would make excellent food for the troops. I will sub-

mit the proposition to the war office. Ah! if the government was not composed of maudlin sentimentalists! We civilized folks are ruined by excessive sentimentality. We are a nation of sissies. We are afraid to take a resolute stand. Of course, when it comes to negroes the people do not object, as they are considered next to beasts. But if we make a blunder, and cause a slight scratch on a white man's finger, we never hear the end of it. Let me ask you: What do we do with prisoners and criminals? They cost us a fortune, and, besides, they are a nuisance. And then tell me: Don't you think our penal institutions could be converted into immense barracks for our soldiers? And what fine leather their skin would make! It would be convict skin, it is true, but what difference would that make? Only, if we touch a hair on a white man. Ah!—"

"General," I interrupted, "I have a bright idea!"

"What is it?"

"Couldn't we tan white skins black so as not to offend national sentiment?"

"What then?"

"Well, we could kill right and left with impunity. We could tan them afterward."

The general grew serious, and after a brief pause, replied: "No, no, that wouldn't do. It wouldn't be legitimate leather. I am a loyal soldier, you know." He then called one of his officers in the adjoining room and ordered the soldiers outside to "break ranks."

OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

Remember!

Saturday, March 18, 1916

at 8 p. m.

Commune Festival and Ball

arranged by the

GROUP REVOLT

At Clairmont Hall

62 East 106th Street

Admission - (Including Hatcheck) - 25 Cents