

REVOLT

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*I know I am restless and make others so,
I know my words are weapons, full of danger, full of fire,
For I confront peace, security, and all the settled laws, to unsettle them,
I am more resolute because all have denied me than I could ever have been had all accepted me.
I heed not and have never heeded either experience, caution, majorities, nor ridicule,
And the threat of what is called hell is little or nothing to me,
And the lure of what is called heaven is little or nothing to me.*

WALT WHITMAN.

An Appreciation

TWO—NINETY—ONE has come to life again with an exhibition of water-colors and drawings by Walkowitz. Speaking of life, the walls vibrate with color and forms seldom experienced. In some of his drawings one feels that he is interested in interpreting sound and in others emotion.

He succeeded where a great many have failed.

He interprets sound, graphically using subjective means. The human form he uses synthetically based upon his life's experience and aesthetic principles.

His understanding of modern art has not defaced the old masters, they are still new to him. Judging from his work they always will be, because he is a true artist whose works have a past, present and future.

The music of Beethoven vibrates all through his works. In Walkowitz's more recent work, where his means of expression are through those of Nature he touches the cosmos.

A great many will no doubt dispute the idea, what has graphic art to do with music and cosmos: perhaps it has been impossible to interpret these elements until now. If you wish to be convinced, go to see the works of Walkowitz and take your time—for to really get the full benefit of this exhibit, only one person at a time should be allowed in the gallery. BENJAMIN BENN.

Nan of Nineveh

*I am a whore.
Society has begotten me;
She pays, and will continue to pay for it.
She pays, no, not in gold alone,
But in bitter blood, in lashing grief.
I am Nan of Nineveh, gorged with vice.
My lips are dreg-wine, where suck lust skunks.
My body is a putrid pestilence,
A viscid dung stench, that poisons young virile years,
That makes of Love a Cadaver.
In the red-reek of my flesh,*

*Leer lung-less Lepers of Despair,
Smirk the ulcered Imps of Syphilis.
I am Nan, a whore, the bastard of society's fecund system.
I live in the lonely lagoons of darkness,
Where I lust for food and am food for lust.
Bread-body-bed, Bread-body-bed,
A million times over and over.*

II

*O, if the tears of the world's widows were in my heart,
I still could not scream out bitter enough.
Happy, they who can weep.
My heart is a sickened rock.
But I am paying back society.
She has dug her gall-stained fangs into my soul
And has caused my life to bleed away in woe.
O, Society, I too have fangs more bitter,
more poisonous, more devastating than yours.
You have ruined me;
But unwittingly have you employed me to kill and smother you.
For my body has slain more hopeful lives, than ever fell in battle-plain.
Look, do you see?*

III

*There are tedious centuries, choked with tears of Broken Homes,
There are weary leagues, limping sadly to far off Thule,
Glutted with marble stiff, leprous-faced youths;
There are fatiguing thousands of bloated, impotent, semen-less, disease-drenched, louse-weak, bloodless, wretches,
Begging of some Fate to be kind enough to crush their rotten bones into ashes of nothingness.
O Society, O System, do you see them,
The hapless ones,
Fling away the night-clouds, and the greed-veils from your souls?
Now do you see them?
I, Nan the whore, have been the agent of this unutterable God-shaming misery.
Society, you have ruined me.
But sooner or later you must drink of my cup.*

IV

*I will see to it that you do.
For I am Nan of Nineveh,
Nan the whore.
My sisters before me have hurled like systems into the black wastelands of Chaos.*

D. ROSENTHAL.

Traumerei

THOSE who never experienced the thorough collapse of life, who never went through a complete sickness of soul and body, will not be able to comprehend the depth of desperation which filled Yiannis' mind

when he left the hospital with a bullet in his breast. Feeling himself betrayed, degraded, despised, wounded in the innermost recess of his soul, Yiannis started on the only road left to him—the road to Nirvana, following in the footsteps of the gentle Sidharta.

But life, the pitiless, lets no sufferer easily escape. Each one has to empty his beaker to the last drop. The will to live conquered and Yiannis had to return to the arena of perpetual struggle.

Civilization received him with open arms. One of the regular crises in our industrial system had just passed and "labor" was needed. Great opportunity opened before Yiannis: in one of those huge terrible slaughter houses of mind and body, in a dry goods store, he was to wrap and to move parcels from place to place.

Had the proprietor, a well-known Catholic gentleman, guessed what a dangerous dreamer he harbored in the cellar of his store, he might have changed Yiannis' position and had him employed in some brain killing part of the business. But, luckily, the world as it is represented by shopkeepers, is never interested in dreamers. Thus Yiannis, using his arms in the treadmill, had plenty of opportunity to exercise his brain and to make strange discoveries of his own.

Only shortly before Yiannis had arrived from the classic soil of Macedonia in the New World. It did not take him long to find out that the freedom he had in his mind did not exist in the land of "equal opportunity." He saw the economic Minotaur at work and he asked himself then for the first time "Why work?" This question was the result of his social philosophy as it outlined itself in his dreary and dreamy days. He soon made a final decision. The very moment he solved the problem of capitalistic exploitation with the question "Why work?" he turned his back on our farcical civilization. From the exploited soil of the New World he went back to the virgin soil of his classic country.

The dream, the marvelous dream! To retire from the world of strife, envy, cunning and prostitution, back to nature, to the real life—to solitude.

Who has not experienced this sublime exultation, who does not intend ultimately to retire to his Sabine Farm?

*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bubus exercet suts,
Solutus omni fenore.*

Alas, how many experiment and how few succeed! Some in communities like the transcendentalists on the Brook Farm, the Icarians in Texas and Missouri, the Polish exiles Modjeska, Sienkiewicz and their comrades in California; some in solitary experiment like Thoreau in his hut on Walden; yea,

some go back into a monastery to find there peace and time for real work: Huysmans, Verhaeren, Meunier.

But life is ever stronger than our dreams or desires. To live means to react. Soon we all return to the market place of passion and strife. Like Thoreau we all are forced to make a daily journey to Concord for a friendly gossip.

Surely it must have been a strange sight to witness the departure of Yiannis and Antonis from America for the Greek Island of Cephalonia. Hoi, hoi! To start a new life, a life free from all capitalist values. Dead was the old soul of Yiannis; a *Vita nuova* had begun.

Of the two modern wayfarers I like Antonis the better, though I never met him face to face. Dear, gentle soul, he was not concerned about "practical" things, he had forgotten all about agricultural implements—no hoe or ax for him. Instead he took three trunks full of books with him. Evoë!

Yiannis does not believe in reading. He is in accord with his countryman Heracleitus, the gloomy philosopher of Ephesus, who had a very poor opinion of learning as such. This obstinate dullard claimed that the most erudite men of his age—among whom he mentioned Pythagoras and Xenophanes—had only perverted their understanding by the extent of their reading and the variety of their researches. Which may be true, but it does not convert me. I love books and I love lovers of books. I feel a great mistrust of men who do not read, a mistrust of their intellect, their depth, their love. With Montesquieu I am convinced that

*Aimer a lire, cest faire un l'change
des heures d'ennui que l'on doit
avoir en sa contre des heures
delicieuses*

Yet I know there are exceptions. I know men of spiritual beauty and great understanding who seldom read. Do they realize that contemporary thought crystalized in books is floating all around them? And I know too well that knowledge—sometimes—prevents production. If for instance Yiannis had read the exquisitely ironical remarks and subtle thoughts on philosophy in the "Elysian Fields" he would not have written the book of his life. Perhaps! But then we would miss his charming confession. Dante wisely remarks: *Che non men che saver, dubbiar m'aggrata*. This very charm distinguishes Yiannis book.

To those three trunks of printed thought Yiannis attributes the failure of their Odyssey. If Antonis had not taken his intellectual implements with him our argonauts would have landed at the Azores and life would have taken a different course. Destiny decided otherwise. Yiannis and Antonis continued their journey to Cephalonia

—to meet there the very same old world they had left.

The simple life proved to be a very complex one.

Like Thoreau in Massachusetts our friends on the island of Cephalonia had to fight with the collector of the poll tax. Only there was no Emerson to pay the fine of the rebels. But this was only an incident: the real and the most formidable foe to their free life proved to be the relations of Antonis—the family. The family, the soul of all reaction, the foundation of the State.

So life had to take a new course. Farewell, land of my dreams! The new life must be fought in the New World. In "Dichtung und Wahrheit" the sage of Weimar says:

*Der Mensch mag sich wenden
wohin er will, er mag unternehmen
was es auch sei, stets wird er
auf jenen Weg wieder zurueck-
kehren, den ihm die Natur einmal
vorgezeichnet hat.*

As the result of the journey to the island of Cephalonia we have the "Book of My Life" before us. A slender volume, too slender, many will say, to contain a man's life, work, and philosophy. But let us consider with Gracian:

*Estiman elgimos los libros por la
corpulencia, como si le escribiesen
para exercitar los brazos, que los
ingenios.*

(Continuacion.)

War and Preparedness

THE workers of Europe have been misled into a fever of nationalism, which led them to outbursts of antagonism toward other countries.

Here in this country, where war has not been declared yet, a stream of war scares has been spread all over to arouse patriotism, and the representatives of the "American Federation of Labor" and the "Socialist Party" have declared, that in case of war their members will fight for the "fatherland."

For these reasons we come out with the following statement, and we ask all groups and labor organizations to take a similar stand, arrange meetings and be prepared for anything that is likely to happen.

We declare that all forms of government are in existence for one purpose: to uphold the present system. There is no difference under what ever name the capitalists rule; the many facts of the past and present prove that, be it the government of Russia, France, Japan, England, United States or any other country, as soon as their ruling power is in the least danger they arrest, club, suppress, shoot, hang, burn or kill all those who dare to rebel, notwithstanding all the "liberties" some of those countries have on "paper."

There exists no difference between workers of different countries, only that they are being exploited, misused and ruled, under different languages, national boundaries, names and uniforms.

The help we are rendering, by sending carloads of food, cloth and money for the relief of war sufferers in different countries, our sermons in the churches and synagogues—praying for peace—alongside with the facts, that we are making ammunition for destroying the lives of those whom we help afterwards, for which they paid us with their own money—is hypocrisy in its worst form. Either way we are helping to keep the war going.

We declare all those workers who work in any industry, that furnishes equipment for the continuation of the war, as traitors to the International Working Class.

According to the statistics of all countries the land, property and wealth belongs to a small minority of the people; therefore, it is clear enough for anyone to see that in case another country wishes to attack this country—it will attack the land, property and wealth of the minority of the people; for this reason it is criminal on the part of the possessing minority class to expect the majority of the working class to defend the land, property and wealth which doesn't belong to them!

We shall therefore not interfere in any way whatsoever, in a war which will be fought by kings, presidents, government officials and all those who own the world, land, property and wealth.

But, if in case they declare war, and call on the majority of the people to defend things they haven't got, then we urge the workers to be ready and use such an opportunity to start the revolution, which is the only thing that will bring absolute freedom, where all who live, shall have all they need and enjoy life—instead of having to live in slavery, fear, misery and want.

ANARCHIST PROPAGANDA GROUP,
Philadelphia, Pa.

*Not songs of loyalty alone are these,
but songs of insurrection also, for I
am the sworn poet of every dauntless
rebel the world over, and he going with
me leaves peace and routine behind him,
and stakes his life to be lost at any mo-
ment.—WALT WHITMAN.*

* * *

*He built the road,
With others of his class he built the
road,
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he
packs his load,
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's
goad,
He walks and walks and walks and
walks
And wonders why in Hell he built the
road.*

Revolt

The stormy petrel of the labor movement.

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The Great Conspiracy

IT was to be expected. Many good comrades believed the old time of persecution to be done forever. We had to smile. Little they knew the swine sitting in the fodder trough.

It was to be expected. Since the breakdown of Social Democracy in Europe a renaissance in the revolutionary ranks is to be noticed in all countries—especially here in the stronghold of plutocracy.

How could the vampire look calmly on while his position got undermined under his very nose?

Wall Street knew: the lackeys of plutocracy were sent to the front. Witness Roosevelt, Root and Wilson in the trenches.

Caeserism, Militarism, and State Constabulary are their slogan.

Happily we are not submerged in the mire of idiocy entirely; there is a powerful minority of libertarians in the country. The capitalist is not quite sure of victory. So the old method of inventing conspiracies had to be brought forward.

Since the first of January the Anarchists started to publish four new papers: in San Francisco, in Minneapolis, in Chicago and in New York. Today our comrades in Chicago have to stand the onslaught of the enemy. Our friends of the *Alarm* are arrested; comrades and fellow-fighters in the struggle for emancipation.

Shall they be railroaded?

What is the charge against them; rotten politicians in Chicago, the select ones from society, don't you know, among them the ex-radical Dunne—ye Gods what a change since we saw him in torn trousers some years ago—gave a dinner in honor of a representant of "the Whore of Seven Hills"—the infallible church. The proprietor of the hotel, where the banquet took place served to the bunch of parasites rotten food.

Read McCann's articles about rotten food in the *New York Globe* and you will easily understand how that bunch in Chicago got poisoned. And how about "our boys." Who got killed like flies in Cuba after partaking of embalmed beef!

Poisoned, why, even poison is adulterated today. Could the capitalist press tell the truth; could the

hotel principal tell the truth? It wouldn't do. The Anarchists must be the scapegoats. They organized a conspiracy against Mundelein and his political hangers-on.

Comrades, our friends and co-workers in Chicago are in prison. Soon they may stand before the bar. Of whom? Wardheelers sitting on the judges bench, creatures selected by desperados in the political game. A bloody crew who spends the money pressed out of the marrows of workers on junkets.

Comrades, let us expose the conspiracy of the exploiters against the Anarchist movements. Let us stand by our friends in Chicago. Parson's paper, the *Alarm* must not go down.

ALARM!

When the sick crew rushed out from the banquet hall in Chicago the prelate Mundelein cried out: Behold, all disappeared only the Church and the State remained—pointing at Governor Dunne.

Precisely!

ALARM!

* * *

To the readers of the *Alarm*: We will fill free all subscriptions of your paper as long as our comrades are in prison. Write to us.

Printers Ink in the Soup

IT is amusing to read the stories of "Anarchist plots" that appear regularly in the papers, written by loose-minded reporters who couldn't tell you to save their lives what the expression "anarchist" means as they write it.

They now announce a big plot of Anarchists to destroy a number of parasites commencing with "Archbishop" Mundelein and such lawyers, bosses, etc., as happened to be so rich as to be allowed to eat soup with him.

Poison is an awful thing to contemplate. It makes any human being sick to think of it in soup, even for an archbishop to drink. In fact, we doubt if any of those round bellies have endured as much torture from drinking a slight bit of the stuff as a real revolutionist would have to endure to make up his mind to use such a thing. For revolutionists are necessarily sensitive to an extreme that could never be understood by the calous scoundrel who could take a job of "archbishop".

Poison in soup is such a distressing subject to think of that it reminds us of the food that the working class is compelled to eat.

Food for the working class is *always* poisoned. We get so used to eating the garbage that the "archbishops" friends get rich selling us, that we don't die quickly from it. We just wither up slowly and possibly for each thousand dollars profit, that the "archbishops" friends gouge out of our bellies, we only pay about ten years of our lives, on the average. It's only our babies that die quickly. They haven't time to get used to the food that the "archbishops" friends sell us.

If the "archbishop's" banquet had been in a workingmen's hashery along the docks, their tender bodies would have been much sicker.

Stick to the Ferrer School

WE get a queer line on those institutions such as the "Mission of the Immaculate Virgin" (with a bamboo stick to beat children and a priest who struck infants with his fist "only on the back of the neck or shoulders")—the "Society for Aid of Friendless Women and Children" (at the profit of the "aiders")—from a little investigation now going on. Of course the investigation is only for the purpose of finding a job at "reforming" the places for another political rat like the ones investigated. But it gives us a little light on such Prisons for the Poor and shows the need of building up our schools of liberty, such as the Ferrer School.

Who Killed Her?

A LITTLE high-school girl of Chicago is dead. Either she killed herself or else her one-time lover killed her, according to the swarming, screeching, newspaper buzzards that now perch on her carcass and speculate on her case at a profit. But no matter whose hand actually accomplished the deed, we know who the real killers were. Let us suggest a list:—

1. The Newspapers, that stuff the mind of youth with the conventional lies that pay.
 2. The Cowardly Preachers and Priests, who take an easy income for "blessing" any couple that will pay them a fee, and who turn their foul tongues in cursing upon any bit of beautiful nature that dares to bloom out from under their black wings, till the poor human who has dared to live decides that she is "bad" and kills herself in desperation.
 3. The Owners of Society, who profit by the lies and pay the liars.
- Poor little girl!

The Overlord

—*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Genius: To me song and beauty and insight and weft and woof of fair immortal images.

A Voice: Begotten of me, you and your dreams must perish. Only I am immortal.

Love: To me the evanescent wraith sprung from my panting heart. I have tracked my dream to its mansion of flesh. I have trapped the Idea. This night I enter my Kingdom.

A Voice: You, too, O Love, did I spawn. You are as a grain of sand in the simoons of the Cosmos.

The Devotee: I am God-amalgamated; my soul and body are swaddled in His love; I am agile with the chrism of the Everlasting.

A Voice: You, too! I flung you forth in a yawn. I builded you of air and emptiness. You are my Ode to Nonsense; the history of your kind on the planet Earth is the Litany of Buffoonery.

The Warrior: I am the Sun of Glory, the Archangel of Materialism. I am the golden trumpet of racial ideals. I am the Landlord of this world. Salamander, I live in fire and flame. Forward!

A Voice: I littered YOU on my last visit to Hell.

Satan: Who are you to speak thus to my servants?

A Voice: A greater one than you, O Satan, and a greater than your shadow, the Lord; for both of you are shadows from the human brain.

I am Lord of all that is, of all that can be. ALL is but my shadow.

I am the spirit of life and death; I am Being and Non-Being; I am races, worlds, wars, laws, governments, dreams, Motion and Light. I am the Beginning and the End. I cannot feel, I cannot think, I cannot see. I am the last God and the first God and the only God.

I am STUPIDITY, everlasting and changeless.

The Workmass

6 A. M.

Sinews—iron hangs.

Night and day the East River flows,

The river flows, flows, flows.

Ebb and tide—

The earth it cuts,

The sinew bridge in the sky

A net in the space it makes—

What the river that flows, flows, flows,

Cutting, cutting, cutting unmakes.

6 A. M.

The sun comes and wakes,

Dart in dart—

Far, Far, darts;

Specks move—

On the bridge they hang,

And they move, move, move.

The Workmass moves, moves, moves.

Black masses wave, wave, wave,

Over the bridge the Workmen mass, mass, mass;

Mass, mass, mass the Workmen.

Tied to the sky mass the Workmen;

But the Workmass moves, moves, moves,

To there where spheres of steam and smoke the buildings outblot,

To there where the buildings from out the Workmass grow.

The Workmass like lava flows,

Over the bridge flows, flows—

From on high the buildings look on,

And the buildings by clouds are ballooned.

The lava Workmass flows,

The buildings to fill.

The buildings stare and wait,

Soon they will move—

All will soon move, move,

Toward an endless end all will soon move.

* * *

The day is—

The day toward night goes,

The Workmass day is dying,

The Lava runs back.

The Lava cools.

The Lavamass moves, moves, moves—

The Lava runs back,

7 P. M.

MAX WEBER.

Emma Goldman's Arrest

THE arrest of Emma Goldman on February 11th, in New York City, on a charge of having violated the State law which forbids the dissemination of information on the means of preventing conception, is a significant development in the long struggle for the right of free speech and free press in regard to birth control. William Sanger was imprisoned for handing a pamphlet on family limitation to a Comstock spy. Margaret Sanger is under indictment for merely having stated, in her paper, *The Woman Rebel*, that she proposed to give information on family limitation. Emma Goldman's "crime" is that she gave this information verbally, in a public lecture in the Jewish language. Her case has been adjourned until February 28th.

This arrest, coming at the very time when Margaret Sanger is awaiting trial, is certain to stiffen the fight against the statutes which penalize the discussion of birth control. America is now the only country in which such absurd statutes exist. They have long been quietly disregarded by intelligent people, but the time has come when they ought to be flouted openly.

Emma Goldman, with her militant spirit and her experience as an agitator, has the opportunity to make a historic stand. Her lectures on birth control throughout the country have helped to crystallize and to strengthen the growing sentiment in favor of breaking the statutes aimed against the dissemination of sex-knowledge.

The Federal courts have not shown any eagerness to try Margaret Sanger. The New York City courts—the same that imprisoned William Sanger—are evidently more disposed to take the aggressive. Emma Goldman and her friends can afford to welcome the issue and to accept the challenge. Her cause is the cause of every liberty-loving man and woman, and she fights in the spirit of the judge who recently released her when arrested on the self-same charge in Portland, Oregon, and who said: "The trouble with our people today is that there is too much prudery. Ignorance and prudery are the millstones about the neck of progress. Every one knows that. We are all shocked by many things publicly stated that we know privately ourselves, but we haven't got the nerve to get up and admit it, and when some person brings to our attention something we already know we feign modesty and we feel that the public has been outraged and decency has been shocked, and, as a matter of fact, we know all these things ourselves."

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

A man should have the freedom to do whatsoever he wills, provided that in the doing thereof he infringes not the equal freedom of every other man.

—Herbert Spencer.

The Case of Terry

SUSPICION of complicity with the abject Donald Vose Meserve, the unhappy wretch who betrayed Schmidt, has been publicly thrown on Terry Carlin.

Even if I were not a friend of Terry's, it would be not only my right but my duty, to demand proofs of this charge. It is not only an inexcusable injustice to the individual suspected, but to all his friends and possible friends and acquaintances—those who might know him in the future. The charge tends to poison the minds of all his present and future associates. I say "tends" to, because there are some persons, fortunately, who know Terry's personality in such an intimate and instinctive way that undermining rumor cannot affect them. But such persons are necessarily few, not only in Terry's case, but in all other similar cases. The human mind tends to harbor a doubt once suggested. Such is the terrible character of suspicion.

Not even the organized government which is assailed by revolutionists, anarchists and radical labor men theoretically condemns a man without at least pretended proof. There is at least a pretence made of justice to the individual.

In this case of Terry Carlin, however, there is not even a pretense made, not even an attempt at justice. We have here the spectacle of a group of people, small, to be sure, limited to a few persons, condemning a man without proof of guilt. And the individuals who do the condemning are, some of them, anyway, out and out anarchists who are strong theoretically for the rights of the individual against the State. But those persons who condemn Terry are in the same position as the State—they are a particularly unjust State, sacrificing an individual without scruple and without explanation.

Should anarchists and radicals be less rather than more sensitive to the rights of the individual than the organized State which they are attacking? What logic is that? If they are less sensitive to the rights of the individual can they be fairly called anarchists at all?

One of the weaknesses of the whole radical movement is that the greater number of the persons who think they are in it are quite as reprehensible in action—just as practically unjust, as unscrupulous, as unkind and selfish, just as arbitrary and despotic (and often more so) as the privileged groups that they are attacking.

I know Terry Carlin better—much better—than does the man who publicly denounced him. And that man told me that he did so because of what other persons told him. He had no proofs—nothing except the statements of certain individuals who were naturally suspicious because of their situation which I do not need to go into.

And I saw one of the original suspects who could tell me nothing except what I already knew—namely, that Terry had for a time been friendly with the man who afterward became known for what he really was—and that papers were found in the spy's room indicating his intimacy with Terry. No proof of any kind was given.

We demand justly proofs of a man's guilt. Sometimes we need no proofs of his innocence. That is Terry's case with me. He needs no proof to establish his innocence of this charge with the people who really know him. When you have direct intuitive knowledge you do not need proof—except in convicting, not in finding innocence.

Terry's whole life—to those who know it—is a sufficient answer to this partly base and partly stupid charge against him. He has sacrificed everything to the integrity of his personality, as he sees that personality. The soul is the only thing in which Terry has ever been intensely interested. His life has been one of the most uncompromising. Benjamin Tucker once said to me that Terry is the only uncompromising Anarchist he knew in America. Terry does not care an iota for what betrayal could bring him. And one thing that means an infinite amount to him is personal fidelity. I have seen that trait in him many times in an almost spectacular degree.

I was with Terry often during the time of his association with Donald. He talked to me openly about him. He evidently warmly liked the boy, but wondered from what source he got his money. Before that time, during that time, and afterward, Terry had been almost penniless—often needing food and clothes. If he betrayed Schmidt he got no reward for it. And Schmidt is a man Terry liked and respected. And that is enough for any man who knows Terry—enough for him to know that Terry did not, and did not contemplate, the act which he is so foolishly and so meanly charged with.

When Donald was suspected, but before his guilt appeared openly by his testimony on the witness stand, Terry clung to the idea of the boy's innocence. It was a terrible shock to him. His faithful soul would not suspect, until the definite proof came.

Would that his accusers had had as much spiritual self-control, or even enough of it, to prevent them, through fear, suspicion or worse, to do the worst possible social injury that can be done to an individual.

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

Nothing is more disgusting than the crowing about liberty by slaves, as most men are, and the flippant mistaking for freedom of some paper preamble like a Declaration of Independence, or the statutory right to vote, by those who have never dared to think or act. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Pork Chops

EVERY day the same idea is being discussed. What animates humanity to higher expression in life: is it the desire for more pork chops or is it an intellectual need? We hear much criticism in regard to the intellectuals in the radical movement. Why is it? Are we not striving for the attainment of higher ideals and nobler conceptions of life, and don't we have to go to the much accursed intellectuals to attain these ends.

No one denies that it is within the power of the working class to change our economic arrangement of society to that which we strive for. Yet it is open for discussion if the workers will exercise their power until such time that the intellectual has reached the workers with his message of solidarity.

Why are we disgusted with the A. F. of L.? Is it not because it lacks vision? It defends the rights of the skilled craftsman, but not the blanket stiff who is as much exploited as any other worker. The I. W. W. at their convention in 1913 made efforts to dissolve the mixed propaganda locals and change the organization into a pure and simple dues paying membership body; it did not succeed—and a few months later the G. E. B., through "Solidarity" called upon the scattered rebels throughout the country to organize mixed propaganda locals.

Again we hear the exponent of the pork chop philosophic talk of a pure proletarian revolution. I do not say that it is undesirable—but will it be so? Syndicalists, Anarchists and I. W. W., all place their hopes on an active minority. If such is the case, then the active minority will be the creative as well as the determinative element in the coming revolution. What do we find today; do we not find that the active minority in every country embraces the intellectuals? Then why presume that on the day of social revolution it will be different. Can we discard the intellectuals. I am of the opinion that it would be a detriment to the radical movement if we should attempt to do so.

Why should we who have derived our aspirations from the intellectuals condemn them and turn our movement into a practical wage and hour movement. Let the practical labor fakers look after the hours and wages of their slaves. We demand and we shall work for a complete transformation in our social life. We shall stop at nothing short of Anarchy.

J. ISAACSON.

*Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the brave submit.*

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Anarchist Portraits

IN order to avenge the tortured and murdered Anarchists of Xerex, and to protest against the cruelties of the Spanish soldiery in Cuba and the Jesuit reaction in Spain, Pallas threw, in the Gran Via in Barcelona, a bomb at General Mortimez Campos, injuring him only slightly. Pallas did not run away, but threw his cap in the air, and shouted "Vive l'Anarchie." He thus attracted the attention of the police, who promptly arrested him. Pallas was sentenced to death by a military tribunal and shot. On the way to his execution he sang a popular Spanish Anarchist hymn as far as the words

"rather than be a slave, I prefer death."

After the officer had given the command to fire Pallas cried in firm voice:

"The revenge will be terrible!"

But the government was not satisfied with the death of Pallas. It tried to get rid of all undesirable elements at this opportune moment. To obtain a verdict against all arrested, the authorities resorted to the torture chamber as in the case of the Mano-Negra trial: squashing the sexual organs, cutting off of tongues, slow crushing in of skulls, withholding the water supply until the unfortunate prisoners were reduced to drinking their own urine to relieve their sickening thirst, flogging and marching day and night so that the prisoners had to run up and down the prison yard until they broke down from exhaustion. Nothing was left untried in the way of torture. One of the innocently arrested and tortured comrades swore to revenge himself on his torturers. He was Santiago Salvador, a friend of Pallas. Shortly after his release from prison he threw a bomb during a gala performance at the Siceo Theatre, on November 21st, 1894.

More arrests and fresh tortures followed, but on a greater scale. The Government employed the same judges as worked the Mano-Negra trial. Comrades died under the torturing, in terrible agony. A few months later, Santiago Salvador was arrested at Aragon. He proved that he had no accomplices and could have had none. But the other victims of the wholesale arrest were not released. For they confessed, in the torture chamber, to whatever the judges wanted them to confess.

Then the Government started a new trial, and tortured their victims into confessing that they had taken part in the "conspiracy" against the life of General Mortimez Campos, for which Pallas was shot. As a consequence, our comrades Archs, Bernart, Cordina, Cerezuala, Sabat, and Sogos were sentenced to death and shot. A great

number of other comrades were sentenced to penal servitude for life, and transported to African prisons.

In June, 1896, a bomb exploded in a Roman Catholic procession in the narrow street, Cambios Nerevos, in Barcelona. The thrower remained undisturbed to the day of his death. He was a Frenchman, Francois Girault, who died a few years later in the Argentine. Over 300 entirely innocent people—guilty only of holding libertarian ideas—were arrested and tortured. Now followed the infamous Barcelona trial, which carried the name of that terrible fortress, Montjuich, into every corner of the globe, and exposed the hideous iniquity of Spanish justice! The cry of the tortured of Montjuich is ever with us, and the very thought of the place and its associations oppresses us with a sort of dull terror. Not even the Bastille of Old France, or the Peter and Paul Fortress of Modern Russia, have seen such refined tortures as the "Damned Castle" of present-day Spain.

Three to four hundred prisoners were crowded into the bottom of a warship and fetched out in small groups to the torture chamber of the Gendarmerie. At the command of Lieutenant Portas they were tortured according to all the regulations of the Holy Inquisition: burning with red-hot tongues, etc. The judges were all officers, and the Chief Justice, Major Marzo, afterwards went mad owing to the horrors he witnessed and instigated. He held that the worse the torture was, the better the confession that would result. Acting on this principle, he forced twenty-eight persons to confess that they had thrown the bomb, and uttered to the Court these memorable words: "I close the eyes of reason, and demand the sentence of death for twenty-eight persons." Before the Court the accused exhibited their torn and bloody limbs, and repudiated all the confessions exquisite torture had wrung from them. Their military judges were unmoved. Marzo ordered them back to the cells, and to the tender mercies of Portas. Soon their heart-rending cries and terrible shrieks were heard in Court. Then they were brought and sentenced: some to death, others—sixty or eighty in all—to hard labour, either for life or for twenty years. The acquitted were banished from Spain, as an anti-Anarchist law had been passed by Parliament, the Government's object being to send all Anarchists to the Rio de Oro desert in Africa, where they would die quickly.

On May 4th, 1897, Tomás Ascheri, Lius José Malas, José Nogués, and Juan Alsina, were shot in the trenches of Montjuich. They were forced to kneel, and all except Alsina, fell at the first round; he was killed by the second. Before their murder, they cried unanimously: "We are innocent." One said: "You are murderers." Ascheri cried: "Vive l'Anarchie." Malas: "Long live the Social Revolution." The peoples were pressing against the walls of the fortress, helpless witnesses of the out-

rage. Very few knew anything about explosives. Hence no bomb was thrown, no murderers executed.

Spain was ruled by bloody hangmen, and the world's sympathy was stirred by the suffering of the tortured. A cry of shame went throughout the lands, but failed to move the hearts of the privileged murderers. One man perceived that to touch the hearts of tyrants you must pierce them. So Michael Angiolillo revenged insulted humanity. His bullet pierced the stone heart of Canovas del Castillo, the then premier, who was responsible for the tortures and murders his Government had ordered. Canovas was reaction personified, and was mainly responsible for the overthrow of the Spanish Republic in 1874, and its supercession by the Bourbon dynasty. . . .

Angiolillo was young and well-educated. He was a compositor by trade, and wrote for the French, Italian, and Spanish papers. He read of the tortures inflicted on his comrades in numerous papers, but mainly in Tarrida del Marmol's *Les Inquisiteurs en Espagne*, which he carried with him wherever he went. Having decided to kill Canovas, he travelled from London via Belgium to Spain. In France he met many comrades, and as they saw him off at the station they called out "Au Revoir." "Not Au Revoir; good-bye," said Angiolillo.

Canovas del Castillo stayed then at Santa Aguedo, a seaside resort in Northern Spain. Angiolillo went there, and, through his gentlemanly appearance, soon got near Canovas. One afternoon, during a walk in the park, they exchanged a few words, and Angiolillo shot the premier in the presence of the latter's wife. The self-appointed avenger made no effort to escape. Before the military tribunal at Vergara which tried him, Angiolillo said:—

"Gentlemen,—I will first repeat what I have already told the examining Judge. I have no accomplices. In vain will you search for a living being whom I have told of my intentions; for I have spoken to no one about them. I alone, quite alone, resolved, prepared, and accomplished the removal of Canovas del Castillo. You have not a murderer before you, but an instrument of justice. For years I have studied the condition of Europe; of the people of Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and England. My trade and sympathy have brought me into close contact with the poor and labouring class. Everywhere have I met the painful spectre of misery: heard the same wails, witnessed the same tears, observed the same yearnings, and found the same spirit of revolt. Side by side with all this, I have noticed the heartlessness of the rich and ruling class, and their entire disregard for human life. So there has been awakened within me hatred against the inequalities which are the basis of our present society. I have met on the road of revolt many who are energetic in the

cause of Justice, and yearn for happiness and harmony. These are the Anarchists; I have sympathised with them and loved them like brothers. I have been aroused by the cry from Montjuich—the cry that the whole world heard. I have learnt that in Spain, the classical land of the Inquisition, the race of tortures was not yet extinct. I have heard that hundreds of human beings were confined in a fortress which has earned an infamous name; that they were tortured in various ways. Enriched by the progress of science, the modern torture chamber has excelled even that of the middle ages. I have read that five comrades were murdered, seventy sentenced to penal servitude, and those not sentenced banished. All these were Anarchists, or looked upon as such.

"Then, gentlemen, I said to myself, that these things cannot go unpunished. I sought the responsible persons; above the tools who executed the tortures, above the officers who acted as judges and directed the tortures, I saw one who issued the commands. I felt an unsurmountable hatred against this politician who reigned by terror and torture, against this minister who sent thousands of young Spaniards in Cuba, . . . this heir of Caligula and Nero, this imitator of Torquemada, rival of Stambuloff and Abdul Hamid, this monster. It is my pride and fortune to have cleansed the world of Canovas del Castillo. Is it wrong to kill a tiger whose claws tears human breasts, whose jaws crush human heads? Is it a crime to remove a reptile, with a deadly bite? Canovas has murdered more than one hundred tigers and a thousand reptiles could kill. . . . Therefore I am not a murderer, but an instrument of justice."

Here his judges interrupted him, and

pronounced sentence of death. To the priests who pestered him before his execution, he said: "Leave me in peace. I will settle my account with your god personally."

On August 9th, 1897, he mounted the scaffold, and looked smilingly towards the people who were assembled outside the prison wall. To them he shouted in his strong, melodious, beautiful voice the great symbolical word, "Germinal." Soon afterwards, the iron tongs of the garotte closed round his neck. There was a short, dull, crunching sound—and all was over. But the memory of Michel Angiolillo is written in the hearts of the Spanish people, as that of Zeliaboff and Perewskaja is in those of the Russian, and William Tell in those of the Swiss people.

A fortnight later, in the night of Sept. 3, to 4, a young Republican journalist, Ramon Sempan, fired a shot at Lieutenant Portas, and injured him slightly. The military tribunal sentenced Sempan to death, but the sentence was revoked through a formal error, and the case came before a jury who acquitted Sempan, on the ground that it was no crime to kill a monster like Portas.

ARNOLD ROLLER.

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