

Freedom

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MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

LABOR DAY.

The thoughtful and earnest members of Socialist bodies and Labor Unions will celebrate the First of May this year—at least in England—with very doubtful feelings as to the value to be attached to the gatherings that will be held at the Alexandra Palace and elsewhere in the provinces.

None of those who know well enough that we ask for the fullest possible enjoyment of life for every individual will accuse the Anarchists of favoring in any shape or form that spirit of puritanism which, however much good it may have accomplished in some directions, ended by denouncing all art and beauty and gaiety that make for us what Zola calls the joy of life. A festival such as would have delighted the eyes and ears of William Morris would be to our mind a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. It would be easy to imagine the crowds of healthy, happy children in their gay colours and playing their merry games, making for us a picture out of fairyland. And if their elders were apart from them engaged in the more serious business of discussing social problems still unsolved or merely the ordinary concerns of everyday life, that would be in the natural order of things and would round off the day with a sense of true usefulness. We devoutly wish all this might be realised today in the year 1902.

We all know what we shall find in its stead. The program is before us, and it does not inspire us with enthusiasm. It resembles too closely an ordinary Bank Holiday fête. Of course, there is the usual "International" gathering at which *five* English speakers and *one* Belgian will be heard; a mere mockery of a meeting after all.

It is not so many years ago since the Socialists and Trades Unionists held *their* First of May demonstration on the first *Sunday* in the month, while they jeered at the Anarchists who stuck to the First of May for their gatherings no matter on what day it might fall, knowing full well that the masters would laugh in their sleeves at such a feeble protest as a Sunday gathering implied.

Now the Anarchist example is followed and the First of May is adhered to; but our Socialist and Trades Unionist friends have abandoned the parks for the palaces, and thereby the protest of Labor against Capitalist exploitation, and the expression of its international solidarity is again weakened—the masters not caring very much about the day's outing if the spirit of revolt is not stirred, as it was more or less at the demonstrations in the park. So we shall not be misunderstood if we say we have no heart under present conditions for these merry-makings at the palace.

The spirit that has swayed this country for the past few years has so demoralised and degraded the majority of the people that all the nerve and fibre of every sincere Socialist and Trades Unionist—and, we will add, of every progressive—is needed to enter into serious and unflinching combat with the malign forces and influences of capitalism and class rule. We all know it. We all feel it. But we are not all doing what is necessary to infuse fresh spirit into our attack on the exploiters.

The First of May would surely have been the most fitting occasion to attempt a revival of the old vigorous propaganda—to have found a new rallying cry for the Socialist parties that need it so much.

When we see what heroic efforts have been made by our comrades in Spain and in Belgium to gain some of the ends most Socialists are striving for; and when we realise what a potent factor in the struggle the idea of the General Strike is becoming, how it takes hold of the minds of the workers and gives them confidence in themselves in spite of the wavering spirit of the parliamentary "leaders"—we wonder that cry is not taken up by the English Socialists with might and main as one great means of arousing from their apathy the mass of the workers whose indifference has permitted the present rascally government to perpetrate all its crimes at home and abroad.

The English worker today celebrates the First of May with a war raging for which he is largely responsible, which is an unspeakable crime and which will be a curse to him for years to come.

He celebrates the First of May with the already meagre education allotted to his class stultified for his children.

He celebrates the First of May with his rights as a trades unionist gravely imperilled and his employers forming into line, with the millionaire press on their side, to finally crush him if the law is not sufficient.

And, lastly, he celebrates the First of May with three hundred millions, squandered in pillage and bloodshed, which he must pay; with a tax on bread, and all foodstuffs getting dearer; with rents so dear he must half-starve to pay them, and even then there is not enough room for him to live; with every prospect of being thrown into the ranks of the unemployed as trade depression comes on; and with the good name of England irretrievably gone.

Under these conditions who can think of May Day as a time for Maypole dances and sports, and gay processions with "dancing till 3 a.m."?

No! Let the people—the workers—be called to a sense of their responsibilities. Let them be told that this is a time for serious thought and stern action. Let them understand the errors they have made in the past so that they may be avoided in the future. In a word, education in the light of the hard experiences they must pass through is what will open their eyes to the truth of Socialism, and when this is undertaken in earnest we may look for the May Day we all long to celebrate.

A WOMAN.

Nature had been kind in bestowing her gifts on her; beauty, goodness, strength, will and energy, she possessed all these in the highest degree. She might have been happy, she chose instead to embrace and devote herself, to the "cause" which spreads fear amongst cowards and governments.

Life had just commenced to smile on her, when the Italian war of Independence broke out.

Three of her brothers took up arms to deliver their enslaved motherland.

She had already been asked in marriage, but refused. "I cannot think of marriage," said she, "while my brothers are risking their lives on the battlefield." And she valiantly remained at home to take care of her mother, her father, and her fourth brother who was blind.

She preferred celibacy to a rich marriage, poverty to luxury, solitude to the empty noise of society, sufferings to the joys which so often prove false in life.

She worked to help her parents, nor ever forgot her brother who was imprisoned and persecuted. She buried her old parents and became the "Antigone" to her blind brother, to whom she was as a mother all her life.

Her love for her brothers, the supervision of their correspondence, their trial, and the many incidents of their lives, became her only care; she embraced their principles with enthusiasm, and became a Socialist after she had dispersed every vestige of belief in a religion she had learnt to abhor.

Monarchy could not strike at her directly: it took revenge on her remaining brother by throwing him into its prison cells.

She found herself thus alone between the prisons which enclosed her beloved brothers. Known as an Atheist, a Socialist, a revolutionist, government spies forced their way into her house on every occasion, searched everywhere, upset, smashed everything, in the hope of finding compromising papers—which she knew better than to keep.

To terrify and force her into submission, these ignoble searches were, throughout 40 years, carried out during night-time. Ill or well, she was made to get up; they shook her bedding, knocked about her furniture, in order to search for correspondence from her persecuted brother.

All this only added fuel to her hatred against monarchy, the priests and the bourgeoisie, and increased her attachment to the social cause.

Her home, once filled with a numerous and happy family, had been depopulated by death and persecution. A lonely woman, she calmly withstood the implacable enmity of the monarchy's secret spies, who respect neither virtue nor honesty, nor sorrow, nor illness, nor death.

But this strong-hearted woman gave way to nothing, bent low before no one; neither the ferocious persecutions directed against and which reflected upon her, nor the misery, nor the solitude, nor even death itself, drew a complaint or a tear from her brave soul.

She did cry, however, but with joy; it was on the day when she embraced her brother after an absence of 30 years spent in battle, in prison, in exile. They had parted as children, they met when old.

In her youth—and even in her last days—her dream was to fight and die for the social cause side by side with her brothers.

But her brothers will not have the consolation of seeing her a standard-bearer in the great fight which is preparing everywhere!

On December 12th of this sad year now drawing to a close, she died.

She died smiling and tranquil, for her blind brother had been by her side day and night.

The Romagnol Socialists, who adored her, gave her a funeral worthy of her virtues, her strength, her courage, and her Socialist convictions, which she retained to her last breath.

Her name was Amelia Cipriani.

She was my sister.

AMILCARE CIPRIANI.

(Translated from *La Petite République* for *Justice*.)

ROBERT OWENS "NEW MORAL WORLD."

Great thoughts and noble aspirations often emanate from unselfish human souls who live sometimes in obscurity, but who nevertheless have their influence and do their work without display.

They have never desired to have flimsy titles, tinsel show or riches bestowed upon them. What gratified them was the realisation of those principles they loved and cherished—the progress of truth and justice. But while many perhaps have died forgotten amidst the turmoil, the selfishness and apathy of the people, the name of Robert Owen, among a host of others, will always shine brightly on the path of human progress. A noble individuality hated and scorned by those who flourish on the ignorance of the poor, but whose labors on behalf of suffering humanity are too little known by the multitude.

It has lately been my fortune to come across a pamphlet, entitled *The New Moral World*, from the pen of this aspirant of truth. It bears his signature and address: 4 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, August 1st, 1936. My reason for reviewing this pamphlet is not merely because of its historical value, but also because of the valuable information it contains respecting social and ethical questions. But, of course, space will only permit me to give a very concise account of a work of some 57 pages.

The first chapter contains twenty facts on laws, demonstrating that "man is a compound being, whose character is formed of his constitution or organisation at birth, and of the effects of external circumstances acting upon that organisation." The growth of science has been the means of firmly establishing those principles which prove that environment is a most important factor in biology, morphology, ethics, anthropology, etc. Obliterating as it does the time-worn dogma of a premeditated creation by a benevolent creator. The absurdity of the free will doctrine is exposed, and it is shown that what is called will-power is subordinate to the mental and physical organisation of the individual and the environment in which he lives. These are the factors which determine one's thoughts and actions. The mental and physical characteristics of the individual are the result of environment and heredity through a long chain of ancestors. "The feelings and convictions experienced by man are not produced or regulated by his will, but are the necessary effects of the action of circumstances upon his physical and mental nature." And, as Owen says, "it is in vain to attempt by our will to like what we dislike, or to dislike what we like, to love what we hate, or to hate what we love. Therefore it must be obvious, that the common belief that the individual can regulate or change his thoughts and actions, irrespective of his own organisation and the influence of circumstances, is a fallacy."

"The diversity of the human race is necessary to the happiness of the human race." This is one of the primary principles of nature. Differentiation we see everywhere in a greater or lesser degree—the result of climate, soil, food, hybridism and social conditions; and it is this diversity in nature which has made progress possible, for uniformity must lead to inertia and decay. Therefore human laws are in opposition to this principle of nature, because legislators entirely ignore diversification of human character and temperament. "It is irrational to suppose then that all men or that any portion of mankind can be justly governed under any complicated system of human laws which presupposes men to be influenced alike by the same external circumstances."

This truth must be apparent to all observers of human character, and with such a display of variety, to compel men to submit to fossilised laws and customs is sheer idiocy. It can only result in the degeneration of those qualities which are necessary for human development.

"A superior state of human society, therefore, can be formed only upon a knowledge that man is not the former of his own nature; that it is organised in a manner unknown to him, and without his consent; and that, when it is comparatively ill formed in any particular instance, the individual is an object of compassion calling for our kindest exertions to remedy the evil, and never once for blame or punishment."

This is a retort to those who advocate force as a means of reforming the anti-social; for the effects of penalties inflicted by judicial ignoramus can have no other than a degrading influence. The prison is

the medium which cultivates criminality and anti-social instincts, and Owen's words must bring to one's mind the baseness of those who pretend they can reform the anti-social without removing the social evils which have influence on human character.

"None have been permitted to have their reasoning faculties cultivated free from parental and national prejudices; but, on the contrary, they have been compelled to become what their fathers had been previously compelled to be—slaves to the most gross and inconsistent errors."

National and parental prejudices have a pernicious influence upon the individual; for they destroy individuality and that spirit of enquiry and investigation which leads to higher mental development, and leave the individual a slave to errors which are detrimental to human happiness.

"It is by thus training man from infancy, to compel him to become an irrational being, that he is made an enemy to himself and to his species; that irritation and anger are engendered between man and man, and that tribes and nations are made to delight in war, and in wreaking their vengeance on defenceless women and children."

But how long will men be fettered by ideas and customs which are the result of apathy and ignorance? Sublime truth and reason none can monopolise. All men are free to avail themselves of its elevating influence.

"Men have been taught by the priests who have been at the head of every worshipping sect that they ought to believe the particular dogmas of the religion which they teach; that men are good, and deserve and will receive reward, in proportion as they believe those dogmas; and that they are bad, and deserve and will receive punishment, according to their disbelief."

Nothing has been of greater hindrance to the development of man's reasoning faculties than his insane belief in the supernatural and a cunning priesthood. In the past the fear of punishment by a mystical god, of human invention, must have been a great bulwark to the privileged. The hierarchy of priests armed with temporal power crushed the spirit of mental emancipation, and while mankind is hypnotised by the priest and ruler its progress will be slow and arduous. "All human laws are opposed to natural laws, and therefore discordant, disunited and perplexed, and always produce more evil than good."

Such are the grand ideas expounded by Robert Owen in this little volume. They are not only humanitarian, they are scientific; and even if some slight modification of them has been made since his death, we must all recognise him as one of the most worthy and eloquent precursors of Anarchism. May the influence of Robert Owen's teachings prevail. May we use every effort to carry on the cause of Truth and Justice, of which he was such a noble champion.

R. M.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.—On the whole, the country is just now quiet. It is the eve of the elections, when Socialists and Republicans alike are too busy prospecting for votes to be otherwise than sugar and spice and all that's nice to the proletarian. But here and there things happen. Séraphine Pajaud, a woman comrade, was recently sentenced at Boulogne to six months' imprisonment and a fine of £4 under the *lois scélérates* (which is the Irish Crimes Act applied to Anarchists) for strong language used when giving a lecture upon the non-existence of God. We do not suppose that prison walls will induce her either to moderate her language or believe in a deity in whose name countless wrongs are committed.

Frenchmen as a rule have through long practice learned to bear the yoke of Conscription quietly. But some people, poor souls, can never take injustice quietly. Many a young man born to nobler things than that of learning how best to kill his brother, and to die a better death than a suicide's, has been found with a bullet through his head in the woods around Paris or his native place the day prior to joining the army as a conscript; but some made of sterner stuff join and rebel—usually these have imbibed the Anarchist idea. Sometimes they throw down their rifle and suddenly refuse to drill; others talk anti-militarism in the barrack-room or street, and captured in *flagrante delicto* are court-martialed right away; imprisonment at home or a disciplinary corps in Africa follows. When their punishment is over, behold them militant instead of theoretical Anarchists. Not a little quiet work is going on in the army. There is a well-known comrade in Paris who, when a soldier, formed a group in his regiment and carried on active propaganda, not a whisper whereof ever reach the ears of the military authorities. Others with more or less success imitate him. Military service in France is now reduced to three years; but it is the low tone of barrack life that makes the clean-hearted and sensitive man prefer death to the moral contamination of French military life. Not that this is much worse than others. We have seen what camp life makes of Australian Colonists of English birth, and an English "non-com"—not a raw recruit, but a man of mature age and intelligence, at one time of radical tendencies—lately admitted when the question was put him, that though he might not want to, the spirit of obedience would make him fire at *unarmed* strikers if his officer gave the word. Army life kills the self-respect of every man; he has respect for the regiment but not a jot for himself. To fight for one's home against an aggressive invader is one thing; to kill women, children and unarmed men at the bidding of a fellow-being is another. But this is what every soldier of every land pledges himself to do when he buttons on a military coat for the first time. The miners' general strike is quite off for the present. November next is considered a more seasonable period. No doubt the Socialists will blow the bellows and fan the fire.

into flames, then turn the hose on as soon as a window gets broken. Socialists everywhere today, so far that is as their leaders are concerned, detest the sound of breaking glass. It is too like business, they prefer Talk. Early in March, however, they held a Congress at Tours, and the program shows a distinct revolutionary advance; for these are a few of the points advocated: Abolition of the Senate, of the Presidency of the Republic, of military and naval tribunals, of the death penalty; free administration of justice, suppression of all religious congregations, of laws against Socialist propaganda, and the replacement of the army by a voluntary militia. An Anarchist must have drawn up that program.

As a result of the attempt to hold a meeting of the unemployed before the doors of the Paris *maison du peuple* recently, five Russian students have been expelled from France and several French comrades sent to prison for periods of one to eight months. The crime of all these men was resisting the police when fighting for free speech and open-air demonstrations.

RUSSIA.—In our March issue, when speaking of the Russian movement, we said there was always a *Tomorrow* for those in power who spurned justice and knew not mercy. That tomorrow has already come for Vladimir Sipiaguine, Minister of the Interior, who was shot on April 15th in the hall of the Council of the Empire at St. Petersburg. He died an hour later; his last words, if truly reported, being curiously pathetic: "I do not know why I am murdered; I have done no harm." He was a man under fifty who as judge, procurator of a province, and for the past three years Home Secretary, has been in close touch with the needs of the people and especially of the students, yet, a rigid adherent of the old methods of Russian misgovernment, he mercilessly punished every university outbreak and savagely repressed every liberal movement. What ails those in authority today? Are they blind and deaf that Nemesis ever takes them unawares? Here is a man of great intelligence and sagacity, living in the very presence of cruel, unnecessary and humiliating wrongs, who wilfully ignoring augments them, and then wonders what harm he has done that the sword of Justice should lay him low! The student, for of course it is again one of that devoted band who has sacrificed himself in the hope of bettering the condition of others, is said to be one, Balbascheff who was severely punished for participating in the Kiev riots last year. It is just one year since that "exceptionally kind man," Nicholas Bogolievov, Minister of Education, likewise fell under a student's bullet. Trepoff, chief of the Moscow police, was lately attacked by a man with a knife; Bobrikov, Governor of Finland, is also said to have been fired at three times—but this is probably an official *canard*, the Finns are not given to violent expressions of opinion. The man who steps into the dead minister's shoes is Senator von Plehwe, Secretary of State. He made his reputation by his prosecution of the Warsaw Socialists and is one of the fiercest opponents of Finland's rights. He was director of the Police Department in the troublous times of 1881, and escaped death then by a mere chance. Is he also blind?

From the provinces we learn that the country house of the Duke of Mecklenburghas been pillaged and burnt, and also this significant fact: an officer gave the order to fire on some unruly workers at Toula; not a soldier responded; a sergeant was called to the front and asked the reason for this disobedience; he replied that his whole company had agreed not to fire upon workmen; the officer was so enraged that he pulled out his revolver and shot the man dead, which act so infuriated his comrades that they nearly bayoneted his murderer. The absence of Cossacks recently during a demonstration in St. Petersburg aroused some attention. It has since become known that a large number of Cossack officers signed a paper addressed to Sipiaguine, warning him that if their respective corps were ordered to charge students and workmen they would at once resign their commissions. This action is probably due to the manifestoes circulated by revolutionary committees, because 21 officers were lately arrested at Moscow for refusing to open fire upon demonstrations led by workers. Some 3,000 sentences have already been imposed upon agitating students and others. Pharaoh hardened his heart after every warning, and apparently the Tsar will sooner see his Cabinet decimated than grant his people a constitution and the simple rights of free men.

GERMANY.—The Federation of Revolutionary Workers, in spite of police activity, was lately able to hold its Congress near Stuttgart. There is still great distress among the unemployed; but the German proletariat is second only to the English in point of phlegmatic patience (callous stupidity, some call it) under wrong. His military training, moreover, helps to render him submissive to the authorities even under the pangs of hunger. There are no mass meetings, and in Berlin as little Wilhelm riots by every working cap is doffed; *hoch der kaiser!* police or no police standing by. One wonders if they will not even cry *hoch!* to the Employers' Federation which threatens to lock out every workman for five days who takes a holiday on May 1st. Bernstein was recently elected to the Reichstag by an enormous majority over the Radical and Conservative candidates. He will no doubt make his voice heard to some effect, for he is where every Social Democrat yearns to be, though unhappily with him as with all, the party and not the people will eventually become the focus of his energies. In Prussian Poland forty students have been expelled from the technical schools for political agitation. The flogging of Polish school children for refusing to speak German in place of their mother tongue is still fresh in the minds of all. Chemists are forbidden to question their peasant patients except in German, and only German doctors may vaccinate. The tyranny of Prussia in Poland surpasses belief, *vide* an article in *Blackwood's Maga-*

zine for March. Thus Kaiser Wilhelm in his efforts to subjugate his Ireland. But the brutality of militarism is boundless. Only the other day a German colonist's wife was killed by a native; an act of revenge probably induced by use of the lash, by which the German colonies are terrorised. For this woman's death thirty natives were butchered. No wonder the German colonies never succeed and are the scandal of the universe.

SWITZERLAND.—Bertoni, printer of the French-Italian paper *Le Reveil* (*Risveglio*), has been arrested for attempting to hold an open-air meeting. It is not often that Anarchists are able to break diplomatic relations between governments; but our Swiss comrades have done it. Because kind words are wanting in *Le Reveil* when the late Humbert is alluded to, and the Swiss government does not see its way to arbitrarily suppressing paper and printers (not that it would not like to!), the Italian Minister at Berne has packed his portmanteau and left for Rome, and diplomatic relations are severed. Evidently in the eyes of Signor Silvestrelli, Anarchists have no rights, and liberty of opinion must be denied them even in a land that once stood for the mouthpiece of Liberty. The Federal government, with Luccheni in its prison, is not ready to show the smallest favor to Anarchists as such, but red tape is red tape, and even when it is a question of suppressing an Anarchist journal, the request must be made in a particular form. This the Italian minister first omitted, then refused to do. Hence much spluttering of official quills and no little amusement among the Swiss comrades.

BELGIUM.—After two weeks of agitation and bloodshed the country is sinking back into its normal condition of political unrest and diligent industry. The Belgian populace is quite determined to have universal suffrage, whether police and gendarmerie ("a corps d'élite animated by the best spirit"—the Capitalist spirit) and Civic Guard ("a trustworthy body of bourgeois and merchants who will do their duty without hesitation") pour volleys of lead into their massed ranks or not. At least one of the Civic Guard refused the cartridges served out to him and was sentenced to fine, imprisonment, and dismissal from the force. We hope his action will be remembered by the people. His name was Max Hallis. Van der Velde kept boldly in the forefront of the Socialist section of the agitators, and did his best to soften the brutality of the municipal authorities in Brussels and elsewhere. The king and his heir found the sea breezes of Ostend desirable. The Spanish Republican deputies were escorted across the frontier and many foreign workers suspected of revolutionary propaganda expelled. But the train had been laid and the spark fired. The people have a supreme hatred of the clericalism that endeavours to rule Belgium, and detest the government and classes that would fain see the country the gambling den of Europe. Only when the Socialists were returned for parliament was an effort made to cut at the root of the gambling evil. The bourgeoisie, quick to note their danger, have not been averse to assisting popular or even revolutionary demonstrations, in the hope that severe measures will crush both Socialist and popular demands. Thus the workers are confronted with many and insidious enemies. But so far, since the early part of April they have held their own. Hundreds have been shot down in the streets, where however they gave as good as they got; for the Flemish worker is a fierce fighter and has been in practice since and long before the days when Charles V. of Spain held Brussels. The Socialist women worked well, issuing a circular to the troops in which they appealed to them in the name of their mothers to remember the Bible adage: "Thou shalt not kill." It is probable the government has taken the lesson to heart, that parliament will be dissolved and a general election decided on for May. The question of universal suffrage can then be debated in proper form, and the people make up their minds definitely as to the kind of government they want—Republican, Social Democratic or Monarchical. The poor women, mostly through ignorance still under the thumb of the priests, are to be made the plaything of the arena. In opposition to manhood suffrage the Clerical party threaten the Socialists with woman suffrage, which would leave them masters of the country. This is in great part the fault of the Socialists themselves. Woman on the Continent, is still looked upon as the slave of the family and especially of her husband. Seldom, even in Anarchist centres taken into the confidence of her so-called master, tolerated rather than invited to do propaganda work, to attend meetings and assist in discussion, she is narrowed down to the petty details of domestic life or handed over calmly to the influence of her parish priest. A woman can devote herself to the home and yet take a deep and vital interest in the world of which she is a part, but this capability seems always distrusted by our foreign comrades whatever *ism* they profess, and the few strong-hearted, brainy women who have emancipated themselves are drops in an ocean of infinite ignorance and prejudice. The power of an active revolutionist is more than doubled with a woman of nimble wit and courage beside him. The 300,000 men out on strike are gradually returning to work and peace is more or less assured for the moment, although at Louvain and elsewhere the unnecessary brutality of the Civic Guard in firing on the people—five being killed in a collision at Louvain on April 18th—has greatly embittered the struggle.

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NOTES.

SOCIETY AND CORRUPTION.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in the *Daily News* of April 18th, writes a strong article attacking the corrupt and artificial life of what are called the "upper circles" of society. "Is society on the down grade?" he asks; and in answering his own question he certainly has no difficulty in proving a strong affirmative. However, he makes no attempt to go to the root of these evils, nor does he point a road to a new social life. Still it is a good thing to have the picture he gives put before the readers of that paper, many of whom probably think things can go on very well as they are, with a few "liberal reforms" to palliate them.

We can only quote the final paragraph of the article with the remark that the conditions therein described apply to a far larger circle of the community than those included in the so-called "upper ten thousand."

"We are living in an age of decadence, and we pretend not to know it. Not a feature is wanting, though the worst cannot be mentioned. We are Romans of the worst period, given up to luxury and effeminacy, and caring for nothing but money. Courage is so out of fashion that we boast of cowardice. We care nothing for beauty in art, but only for a brutal realism. Sport has lost its manliness, and is a matter of pigeons from a trap, or a mountain of crushed pheasants to sell to your own tradesmen. Religion has degenerated into juggling and table-turning and philandering with cults brought, like the rites of Isis, from the East. As for patriotism, it is turned on like beer, at election times, or worked like a mechanical doll by wire-pullers. There is not an ounce of manliness in the country; and, as for the women, if there were a gladiator fight in the Albert Hall, and the beaten man went down, the women would be ready with their little thumbs. 'We have the honour of belonging to one of the most corrupt generations of Society. To find its equal we must go back to the worst times of the Roman Empire and look uncommonly close then.'"

AGRICULTURE.

In *Justice* for April 13th, H. M. Hyndman takes the question of American agriculture for an article in which he partially reviews M. Simon's book, *The American Farmer*, and in passing throws some doubt on Kropotkin's views on this important subject. It seems out of place that there should be a comic side to the case, and yet there is. Listen to this: "Amid much that is annoying and disappointing in the Socialist movement at the present time, nothing is more satisfactory and encouraging than the excellent original work which is being done by Social Democratic writers in the different countries where our party exists and is gaining ground. *That such original work is all done by men of the Marx school is only what might be expected, but is none the less pleasing to us* (italics are ours). After this introduction we are quite prepared for the following reference to Kropotkin, whom, he says, "in the course of a hurried visit came to the conclusion that his preconceived ideas as to the tendency of farming were being verified in America and hastened to tell us so without having gone at all thoroughly into the subject." It is true, further on he admits in a grudging spirit that as regards intensive culture "Kropotkin, with a considerable tendency to exaggeration, had much to say worth hearing;" but that is all. He gives us no instance in which Kropotkin's fact, figures or deductions are at fault; he does not pause to prove where the exaggerations come in. The inference is that Kropotkin's work is not of sufficient importance, and the reason why is explained in the first paragraph we quoted. You see, A. M. Simon [poor fellow!] is one of the "men of the Marx school;" whilst Kropotkin (happy man!) is only a common Anarchist. Now you understand! It is not only that you cannot discuss Scientific Socialism, History, Philosophy or Economics without being a disciple of the "true school," but you cannot even have correct ideas about the grow-

ing of turnips and tomatoes! No wonder, after this, that Hyndman misses, absolutely, the true import of Kropotkin's views, viz., that in England the vital question is: How can we grow our own foodstuffs and make ourselves as far as possible independent of imported produce? That is a problem we shall have to solve, no matter what Marx thought about the "concentration of capital."

BOUGHT BY AN OUNCE OF TOBACCO.

"SMOKING AT CHURCH SERVICE.

"An interesting and novel scene may be witnessed every day in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. About one hundred of the workmen engaged in fitting up the Abbey for the Coronation service assemble in the cloister nearest the south aisle after the mid day meal, and attend a special service conducted by Archdeacon Wilberforce. Three days ago the Archdeacon approached the men with a warm invitation to spare *twenty minutes of the dinner hour for religious worship*. He gave each man *an ounce of tobacco*, and told them they could sit down and smoke during the service. They seemed pleased with the idea, and about 12.20 each day they seat themselves on the stone benches and smoke their pipes. The service opens with a short prayer and a hymn. Then follows a homely discourse by the Archdeacon, whose clear voice can be distinctly heard from all parts of the cloisters, and another hymn and the Lord's Prayer, in which all the men join, conclude the service. The singing is led by two choristers and a lady. The men uncover their heads and cease smoking during prayers."

No need now for missionaries to visit the black slaves of Africa with poisonous drink, cheap tobacco and shoddy goods. Here is work at home, amongst the white slaves of free England, not half so risky. No fear of these bold British workmen throwing doubt on the teachings of the "venerable archdeacon," no matter what they think. In fact, as a nation we are losing the virtue of speaking our minds, and are leaving it to the "barbarians" to fight for their gods and their rights in face of Christian hypocrisy.

"GO DOWN TO——."

If we were to follow the Latin maxim of saying nothing but good of the dead, half of history and biography would be lies. Besides, it happens in some cases that the career of a man has a significance which makes it necessary for the sake of humanity to point the moral of his life. Such is the case with the monster in man's shape who has just been buried on the Matoppos Hills. His name we will willingly forget; but his deeds..... We will quote what the *New Age* (April 10) says:

"Rhodes' millions are in plain truth blood money. Not all the perfumes of Arabia, not all the sophistries of Christian 'archbishops' can conceal that fact. Rhodes waded through blood and rapine to acquire the wealth he has 'left.' 'Potting' of 'niggers,' 'bagging' of Boers and murdering, too, and chicanery and loot unlimited—what a terribly tragic tale would be the unvarnished truth about the acquisition of those millions." Such is a brief description of the human tiger—if we may use that expression—who has "bequeathed" six millions of money which, as the *New Age* points out, do not in reality exist. But this is a point that needs bringing home to the people with its full force, and we shall return to it in our next issue.

We have received the first number of *Liberty* (Anarchist Communist) edited by W. MacQueen. We hope it will settle down into a useful paper and succeed in a sound propaganda, for which we imagine there is plenty of opportunity in the eastern cities. We agree with some of the correspondents that it was a mistake to choose the title of *Liberty*; for, besides leading to confusion, it is not in our opinion wise nor even fair to adopt a name which in that city at least has stood for a set of principles and a method of propaganda that the new paper does not represent.

THE POCKETBOOK.

Late one evening, Jean Loqueteux decided that it was time to go home. By that he meant a bench under a chestnut tree in the Place d'Anvers, where he had slept during the last few weeks. Famished, he had only made two cents—two foreign coins at that—at the entrance of the Vaudeville Theatre, opening the door of a cab.

"Such hard luck," remarked the poor man, talking to himself. "If I only had two sous to buy a crust of bread in the morning."

Dragging painfully his ill-clad person, hungry, suffering besides from illness, he resumed his walk toward the bench under the chestnut tree, hoping that he would meet a providential man willing to part with ten centimes, the price of his breakfast. Suddenly he stumbled against something in the darkness. Was it worth the trouble to look and see what it could be? Who knows? Providence has little regard for the poor, yet she is kind to them at times. Once he had found a leg of

mutton in the mud; maybe this time it was a chop.

"Let me see!" he said, and picked up the object.

"Humph! This time I am deceived! It is no good to eat!"

No one, not even a sergent de ville, could be seen in the street. Jean Loqueteux went under a lamp post to examine what he had in his hand.

"Well," he said aloud, "this is funny."

The object was a black pocketbook containing ten thousand francs in government bills, but no letters, no cards, nothing to identify the owner.

"To think," he remarked to himself, "that some people carry ten thousand francs in that way in their pockets. It is enough to make anyone sick. And now I have to go to the police station, out of my way, and I am so tired. Decidedly I have no luck tonight."

And Jean Loqueteux went to the police station, where he experienced all kinds of trouble trying to see the commissary, on account of his dilapidated appearance. Finally the magistrate consented to receive him.

"Monsieur Commissary," he said, very politely, handing the portfolio, "I have found this."

"And, naturally, there is nothing in it?"

"Look for yourself, Monsieur Commissary."

This gentleman opened the pocketbook, saw the bills, which he counted at once.

"Ten thousand francs! An enormous amount of money, my friend. You are a brave man, an honest man, a hero! Do you know that?"

Jean Loqueteux remained very quiet, only repeating: "To think that some people carry in that way ten thousand francs in their pockets!"

The commissary was considering the vagrant with more astonishment than admiration.

"And you have found this? There is no use talking, you are a hero! What is your name?"

"Jean Loqueteux."

"What is your profession?"

"I have none."

"Then I suppose you have an income. Where do you live?"

"Alas! Monsieur Commissary, I am a poor beggar. I have no residence."

"What? No residence? This is astonishing. He has no residence," remarked the commissary. Then, addressing Jean Loqueteux, he added, "You have no residence, therefore you are a vagrant. You are a hero, evidently. Yes, you are a hero. But you are also a vagrant, and I am compelled to apply the law. Here is the pocketbook; no doubt about that. You may receive a reward, possibly five francs, if the owner is discovered. But this does not alter the fact that you live in a state of vagrancy. Believe me, it would have been much better for you to find a residence than to find a pocketbook containing ten thousand francs. The law does not compel you to find a pocketbook, but it compels you to find a residence; otherwise—"

"Otherwise?" asked Jean Loqueteux.

"Otherwise I have to lock you up for the night and send you in the morning to the police court."

The commissary rang the bell, and two policemen led the vagrant to a cell.

"Really," said the disheartened Jean Loqueteux, "I have no luck today!"—OCTAVE MIRBEAU in *Current Literature*; reprinted from *Free Society*.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

The above heading is an oft-used but very equivocal expression which, like others of the same nature, is repeatedly and sonorously uttered to convey an impression favorable to authority. The term is found useful for this purpose because it combines the idea of liberty with that of government; the former being the sugar coating, the latter the pill we are asked to swallow. In reality the two things are as incompatible as light with darkness—the more liberty we have, the less are we governed; and, as absolute government means the negation of liberty, so complete liberty implies the abolition of government.

What, in the concrete, is Self-Government? If we take as examples those countries for which self-government is claimed, we shall find that the most any one of them can offer us is the rule of a minority by a majority, except in the purely suppositious case of absolute unanimity, in which latter case there is no question of government at all, but simply of universal agreement. Where this universal agreement is lacking, there is indeed government, but nothing that can be called self-government without a miserable perversion of logic. Those who govern, whether they be minority or majority, do not apply compulsion to themselves—that is to say, they do not govern themselves, they simply do as they please; they do, however, impose their will on those who disagree with them, that is to say, they govern THEM. Where, I ask, does self-government come in?

There is, of course, a certain paradoxical use of the term which the most pronounced libertarian may accept, and that is in the sense of people being their own masters; for, as when we say that a man is his own master we simply mean that he has no master, so we may accept self-government as the equivalent of No Government.

When we find the President of the United States speaking in his address to Congress of Anarchists as enemies of self-government, it becomes necessary, even at the risk of uttering a truism, to repeat what ought to be self-evident to all but is clearly not yet so or Mr. Roosevelt would not attempt to excite unjust prejudice by a false insinuation.

HENRY GLASSE.

TO THE FRENCH PROVINCIAL COMRADES.

Louise Michel sends us the following for insertion.

DEAR COMRADES,—after spending a few days in Paris towards the middle of May, I hope to be at length able to fulfil my long-made promise of giving a course of lectures in the provinces. Under the title, *Human thought across the ages*, Janvion, who at my urgent request has willingly offered his co-operation, will treat of the period from Plato to the Commune, while I shall speak of the time between then and the 20th century. It may be that the hour when the rising wave of Progress is invading and disintegrating the old world, you will be interested in a glance back at the now slowly disappearing, ferocious past, and forward to where in the new dawn rises a new human ideal. May is the epoch both of time and the year. In May, month of the massacre, it seems well to speak of the new legend which they first saw who died so joyously for it. Nearer to us today, that legend is yet more beautiful.

LOUISE MICHEL.

May 1st, 1902.

SOCIAL JUSTICE.

Perhaps we ought to be thankful, considering the state of the press at the present time, that we still have one journal left willing to give some attention to the vital questions, pressing for solution, that affect the condition of the people. The *Daily News* has certainly shown some spirit in this direction by publishing three articles on "Social Justice." It is a subject as broad as it is deep, and as long as it is broad. In fact, it is as wide as life itself.

At present the *Daily News* has treated it only in so far as the housing question is concerned. No one can complain of this in itself; but we think it can be shown even to readers of that journal—we are sure it can be proved to anyone willing enough and sincere enough to go to the root of things—it is a subject that cannot be treated piecemeal; that, if we are to have Social Justice at all, it will have to be striven for in its entirety; that it cannot be divided without being lost. *Amelioration* of bad and unjust conditions is always possible and is largely the work undertaken by Radicals and Progressives in these latter days.

In its broadest sense, we may say that Socialism stands for social justice, and Communism for its most perfect attainment from the economic side.

Now, the question whether or not a man has a house to live in, though of the utmost importance in itself cannot be answered by the Socialist without first considering the whole economic condition of the man's life. For instance, an open mind sincerely striving for truth would immediately ask: How came it to pass that the man has no house to live in? How came it to pass that other men have many houses of their own?

And, lastly, how came it to pass that some even who have a house to live in have not enough bread to eat?

One who longed for social justice would be troubled with all these questions; and if he was conscientious and insisted on finding a true answer to them all, he would only find it in Socialism.

But the *Daily News*, with all its good intentions does not follow this line of logic. It turns instead, as unfortunately these progressive parties always do, to the State and, whilst upbraiding it for past misdeeds, demands once more that it shall be good and reform its ways. It says: "The thing [the housing question] is practicable; for, to make it impossible or next door to impossible for a man who is neither a scoundrel, an idler, nor an idiot to procure a suitable home is as much a wrong done to him, and as definite an injury, as it is to waylay him and rob him of his wages."

Quite so. But if we are to discuss social justice in relation to the life-conditions of the workers we shall have to look deeper into the causes that have brought about these conditions. Then the *Daily News* and its readers will find—"if honesty is practicable" with them—that the worker is robbed when he is paid his wages; that he is robbed again when he pays his rent; that he is robbed when he pays his baker and butcher—if he can afford meat; that he is robbed at every turn of his life, and for the very reason that our social system instead of being built

upon principles of social justice is built upon landlordism, capitalism, financialism, if we may use the word, which means robbery and exploitation in every shape and form.

The State today stands as the great insurance agent of all the iniquities, and not one of these evils will be finally killed while the others exist. We know efforts are being made in many directions to alleviate the evils of over-crowding, and the *Daily News* itself can see that "movements in the right direction are to be found everywhere outside Parliament." Yes, *outside* parliament; but what do we find inside? The County Council has just issued a report which tells us there are now 23 bills (capitalist schemes!) before parliament which will involve the dehousing of 11,256 persons of the laboring class. Will parliament pass *one* bill that shall ensure the housing—just the housing, independently of decency and comfort—of these 11,256 unfortunate victims of capitalist schemes? Not a bit of it. They will be left, most of them, to be further victimised by the rackrenting scoundrels who thrive on the present system. This is one instance of how the State cares for its children. We could give the *Daily News* plenty more if it would like to follow out the interesting comparison between social justice and paternal government. But, as a matter of fact, the *Daily News* has a suspicion that things are not quite right in this respect; for it admits that the existing difficulty would not have arisen "had not our laws been tainted with false ideas of property and its rights." There we have it, at last! Social justice and the law are in perpetual opposition. That is the great truth that needs preaching in season and out of season. That is what the Anarchists have been teaching for years and years, and for which they have been persecuted and imprisoned. Why, then, ask the State to act the wolf in sheep's clothing? Let us have garden cities by all means. Let such benevolent members of the ruling class as are disposed help to forward these voluntary schemes for the benefit of the people. They need do something to atone for their crimes. But don't ask the government and the County Council to build more of those hideous barracks called model dwellings—veritable prisons with their narrow cells—where poor anæmic women have to climb scores of steps to get a little sunlight and air, and where the death rate increases as you descend into the gloom till the ground floor is a mere concentration camp in disguise. Don't ask for this and call it "Social Justice." But let us be honest, whether we be Anarchists, Social Democrats, or merely reformers, and admit that before we can have Social Justice we must have the Social Revolution.

HOW A CROWD FOUGHT IN OLD DAYS.

"For many months the generally frivolous and docile population of Milan had been in a state of unusual agitation. . . . In January rioting took place that resulted in the death of some 80 Italians. . . . Secret societies of all shades of opinion actively concerted measures . . . and instinctively or at the bidding of mysterious chiefs prepared for decisive action. Early on the morning of March 18th the Austrian authorities displayed a proclamation announcing reforms and liberal concessions, but the Milanese wrote across them: "Too late." A mob suddenly invaded the palace of the Governor, and simultaneously the soldiers were attacked in all quarters of the city. But an army of 12,000 regular troops, under such a commander as Marshal Radetzky, one of the most brilliant soldiers of the century, was not to be surprised and instantaneously overwhelmed by an undisciplined crowd of civilians. The Austrians promptly seized the walls, the gates, and all the principal positions, and having isolated the city from the outside world, attempted to clear the hastily-erected barricades from the streets. But the Milanese fought with fury, while an incessant fusillade was maintained along the streets, from windows and roofs women and children poured showers of flower-pots, furniture, stones, and boiling oil on the Austrians and Croats below. . . . Women and children were ill-used and murdered by the Austrian troops, especially by the Croats. . . . For five days and nights the battle raged, slowly turning in favour of the Italians. At last brave young Count Manara (killed later as an ardent Mazzinian) with a handful of men stormed and carried the Porta Tosa, thus restoring communication with the Lombard country beyond. Armed peasants and volunteers poured in to help the besieged, and before many hours Radetzky, his munitions depleted, his troops exhausted, disheartened, and defeated, his communications threatened by a spreading rebellion . . . skilfully concentrated his remaining forces and ordered his retreat. The Austrians had lost from 3,000 to 4,000 men, the Milanese from 1,000 to 1,200."

(The above extract is from Johnston's *Roman Theocracy*, and the fight was one of 1848. Patriotism was then the Madonna of the Italians, and the struggle was revolutionary only in the sense of a desire to overthrow a hated oppressor. But how magnificently it reads! With what sacrifices and patience must those erstwhile peaceful workers, peasants, and shopkeepers have man by man obtained arms whereby to punish their Austrian masters. Does history repeat itself,

or are the days for evermore over when wronged men dare strike a blow for themselves? Has a complete change come over the morals and motives of the human race? Is it nobler to sit still under injustice and read a tract to your neighbour upon patience and parliaments, to worship opportunism rather than to vindicate manhood? Hard is it to say, sad is it to know, that in 1902 at any rate the disinherited and the revolutionist must work out his salvation alone. There is no combining of classes as such. The Socialist, the Fabian, the progressive Liberal, every self-labelled sympathiser with suffering—nearly all if of the cultured class hold aloof from the working man or woman who lifts a loaf when starving or strikes one blow for himself against government and injustice. Sufficient for them if in 500 years from now the worker is better housed, better fed, better "governed," and becomes a better and a happier man. Yes, that old fight of the Milanese reads magnificently.)

THE SOCIAL SITUATION IN SPAIN.

There is not perhaps in the world a country where the people are so advanced in their ideas as the Spanish working people. While in England they are speaking of sending a larger labour representation to Parliament, and in Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, and other countries they are organising, or have already organised, powerful struggles like the general strike only for political purposes, in Spain they repudiate any political action and struggle only for social aims, having, as an end, the destruction of this tyrannical trinity: Church, State, and Capital.

There are, it is true, a few traitors, allies of the bourgeois and governments, as there are some in all countries: The *syndicate jaunes* (yellow syndicates) in France; *le parti ouvrier libéral* (liberal workman's party) in Belgium; the blacklegs of every kind in any country. In Spain this shameful microscopical section is represented by a so-called Working Party (*Partido obrero*), led by undesirable former workers like Iglesias, Quejido, Morato, whose only desire is to be members of Parliament, indirect allies of the bourgeois and governments, and to live well without doing any work. When a struggle happens they act simply as policemen, denouncing in their papers the names of the leading agitators, and ordering the few syndicates which they control not only to refuse help to the working fighters, but even to fight against them. So, after the recent general strikes which have compelled the whole world to admire the wonderful courage and splendid solidarity of the working people of Spain, the Conservative papers have sent their congratulations to the leaders of the treacherous party, declaring that their "wise" attitude has saved the capitalist regime and its institutions.

Fortunately, as told before, these people are a ridiculously small minority. So small, that even with the help of the governments they have not succeeded, in thirty years, in sending to Parliament a single member, though they have devoted to this end all their activity, Iglesias having been sometime candidate in seven constituencies at once.

If we want to know what the genuine Spanish workmen think and wish, it is enough to read the address of the last Congress of Spanish Trade Unions, held in Madrid in October last year, sent to all the workmen and agriculturists of Spain. It proves that the Federation of Spanish Trade Unions is quite against State, Church, and capital:—

Manifesto to the Workers of Spain.

We, the delegates of the societies forming the Regional Federation, have met again to discuss once more by what means we may improve the moral and material conditions of the producer, and before returning to our homes we wish to explain to the Spanish workmen, without distinction of class or locality, what we are proposing to obtain by the union of the workmen beneath the common banner of unionism.

Considering all that, we understand the whole uselessness of political liberty, if the stomach ties us ferociously to privilege, and that he who cannot instruct himself for want of economical means is more of a degraded slave than he who can do it, because political tyranny is hindering him.

Those who exercise the profession of governors ensure by the ignorance of the people the impossibility of founding a really equitable government.

Besides, it happens as follows:

The monarchical constitutionals assert that the people are not prepared to establish the republic, and the unitarian republicans repeat the same in their discussions with the federals, and these argue in the same manner disputing with the socialists.

Can we know who is right? Not at all. We have at present several kinds of government, from the despotic to the republican federation. Besides there are different political constitutions possible which the monarchical of all classes and many republicans consider impracticable because of the ignorance of the producer, while even with that form of government generally considered as the most liberal the human spirit cannot find tranquility, nor the proletarians satisfaction and liberty.

When within all political governments those belonging to our class declare strikes for improving the state of labour, it is a sign that we are exploited and live badly everywhere. Why, therefore, spend time, energy, and money to change political governments when they all are equally bad for the poor and live by what they are robbing from us?

Here, as everywhere in the republics as well as in monarchies, the rich are all living at the cost of the poor man, who can only improve his condition by removing the profits of the first, be he called A or B.

And here is the origin and necessity of workmens' societies of resistance against all exploiters, against all who live on the labor of others.

On the other hand, every workman would try to win for his party the forces of our societies; and the political struggles would diminish our forces and make us unfit to resist capital, and all would be to the advantage of our enemies.

And further on, it is indispensable that the workmen organised to resist the exploitation of monarchical, republican, and socialist capitalists have no other immediate aim than labour's improvement by means of resistance, apart from all politics, and constituting, as we said before, a class against the classes of the rich whose privileges unite them against us, be they called monarchicals, republicans, or socialists.

That is the purpose of Workmens' Societies which constitute the Regional Federation, and to realise it we ask the concurrence of the workers who did not participate at our congress.

We are willing to improve our conditions apart from the political parties. We constitute a class economically poor in front of another class economically rich. We propose to demand from the masters more salary and less hours of work instead of spending the time sending deputies to Parliament, or defending by pen, word, or with the rifle those who have put themselves in line with our masters; we propose to draw out of the factories and workshops our poor wives and our loved children; we propose to enlighten the soul of the peasant, as much a slave and more than the serf, to give him ideas of his rights as a man, that he may unite his force with ours, and that all joined together may put order in this society of disorder, licentiousness, coarseness, and injustice.

And, as aspirations for the future, these delegates of the workmen's congress which has closed its sessions present to you, workmen of Spain, the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the world; not those of the French revolution, which have deceived the poor, but those that originated in the abolition of individual property, the cause of slavery and hatred.

Consider if you like our aspirations, Spanish workmen, and if you do, unite yourselves with us to realise them. Think over and compare all you read here, and if you are convinced of the certitude of all our assertions, of the justice of all our demands, shake hands with us, embrace us, and thus joined let us cry, firstly: "Hurrah for the International League of the Proletarians!" and then: "Hurrah for the humanity free from rulers and slaves, from poor and rich!"

The delegates of the second Congress, Madrid, 16th of October, 1901.

Here follow the resolutions forming the base of our Federation:—

1. We believe it necessary to organise the working class of the locality in societies of professions, arts, and the like.

2. Constitute with these workmen's societies, federations of trades, and similar trades.

3. The localities will constitute local federations; the provinces, provincial federations; the nations, national federations, and the whole world an international federation, with a centre of relations or office for each minor or greater federation within these collectivities.

4. The same for the Regional Office appointed to carry out the work of the organisation which represents the federations of trades and similar trades, and which will be absolutely autonomous in their interior life and in their relations; its members will not exercise authority at all, they can not receive salaries or gratuities for their work, and may be substituted at every period by the vote of the majority of the federate societies assembled in congress or by the will of the federate society expressed by means of their respective Regional Federations of professions.

5. In every locality with constituted societies adhering to this Regional Federation they are able to federate amongst themselves in free local agreement.

6. Given these principles as fundamental base of our organisation, the congress can proceed to the constitution of these federations on the same base with those here represented, leaving to the discretion of each society the ratification of its adhesion within two months.

7. The officers of the Regional Federation will be composed of nine individuals, who will distribute the work between them as they find convenient.

9. To make effective the solidarity in all struggles undertaken by the federated societies, they have to consult, where it is possible their respective federations that they may have an exact knowledge of the means with which they have to deal.

10. The society is free and autonomous within the local federation; free and autonomous within the federation of trades and similar trades; free and autonomous within the provincial federation, and free and autonomous in the Regional Federation.

11. Societies, local federations, federations of trades and similar trades, and provincial federations, in virtue of their liberty and autonomy manage their affairs as they find convenient, and will take and execute all resolutions they think necessary for their purposes.

12. Every society having the right of initiative within its respective federation, all and every one are morally obliged to propose what they consider convenient, and which, once accepted by the respective federation, the last has to make it known to all others for putting it in practise for those which accept it.

13. The successive congresses will be extraordinary and ordinary. The former are to be held when the majority of the united federations assemble them; they must communicate their intention to the regional office which will carry out the details of convoking it.

For the second the date is to be fixed in the last session of each congress.

Concerning the place of the assembly, the majority of the joined federations will fix it, and for this purpose they will be consulted by the regional office two months before the date fixed by the former congress if the ordinary ones are concerned.

14. The delegates can expose in the congresses all representations conferred on them by the societies of resistance constituted in due form; but they have only a single vote if subjects are in question relating specially to the congress. For those of general character they have as many votes as representations.

15. For being admitted to the congress as a delegate, the representative has to show his membership in one of the societies which have adhered to the present agreement, and not to exercise, or have exercised, any political function such as provincial delegate or deputy to the Cortes, councillor, and the like.

16. The decisions taken by this congress, and which are not revoked by the majority of the united societies, will be fulfilled by all federations now existing, and by those entering successively.

17. Before this congress declares itself dissolved it is to fix the social residence of the regional office, considering that it can never reside in places where the constitutional guarantees are suspended, and that it cannot stay longer in the same place than the time between one congress and the next.

18. The expenses caused by the regional office will be defrayed by voluntary subscription amongst the federate unions.

19. This agreement of solidarity can be reformed at any time by the congresses or the votes of the majority of federate societies; but the agreed federation is indissoluble by right as long as two societies are existing and maintaining this agreement.

It can be seen by the above that the Spanish workers are ready to fight for the social revolution by means of the general strike, not on political, but exclusively on social and economic ground. Their strength has been shown by the recent movement, when in *one town only*, Barcelona, the 80,000 men who form the working class in that city, went *all* on strike in response to the Metal Union, which belongs to the federation, while the strike was also general and revolutionist at Tarragona, Rens, San Martin, Sabadell, Sans, Tarrasa, Castellon, Valencia, Cartagena, Mataro, Villanueva, etc. And it would have been general throughout Spain, leading to a real social revolution, if the Madrid Government had not intercepted all the communications sent from Zaragoza, where the secretaryship of the federation is established, to the other districts of Spain, while it was allowing the full circulation of false news saying the strike had been suppressed at once in Catalonia, Aragon, and Valencia, in order to prevent the workers of Navarra, Basque provinces, Galicia, Andalusia, and Castilla thinking it desirable to follow the movement, a thing which teaches us that next time we shall have to take hold of the telegraph from the first moment. At the same time the leaders of the so-called working party, that is, the traitors, were making a tremendous campaign against the strikers, publishing against them pamphlets which the government allowed to circulate freely, and which contributed also a little to the confusion.

As to the object of our Spanish comrades, after the triumph of the revolution, it was clearly resumed in a few words in 1886, by our friend the veteran Anselmo Lorenzo, in an historical document which was then and is still now accepted by the Spanish working class.

It says:—

The object of the revolution comprises:

1st. Dissolution of the State.

2nd. Expropriation of the possessors of the universal riches.

3rd. Organisation of the society on the basis of the free federation of the free collectivities of the producers.

And, as in Spain the producers have already their societies ready to start work, and their men fully conscious of their rights and quite ready to fight for them, that is the reason why I believe that Spain will be the first country where a social revolution will succeed, and where a libertarian organization will be easily established.

T. del M.

THE CRIMINAL.

The criminal, that is you—you, the people—because you are the supreme master. You are an unconscious and (naive) artless criminal. That is true.

You vote, and you do not see that you are your own victim.

And yet have you not experienced often enough that the deputies who promise to defend you, as well as all governments of the present and of the past, are liars and impotent!

You know it and you complain of it! You know it and yet you elect them!

Rulers who ever they may have worked, work, and will work for their own interests, for the interest of their class and their set.

When and how could they have been different? The ruled are the inferior and the exploited; or do you know some who are not?

As long as you do not understand that it is you who ought to organise in your own way your production and your life; so long as

you support and create yourself through fear and a belief in authority as a necessity, leaders and rulers, know it well—delegates and masters will live by your labour and silliness.

You complain of everything. *But are you not yourself the cause of the evils from which you suffer?*

You complain of police, of the army, of the judge, the barracks, prisons, administration, laws, ministers, government, bankers, speculators, officials, employers, priests, proprietors, wages, parliament, taxes, high prices of food and rents, and countless privations, and the mass of unheard of social injustice.

You complain, but you wish the maintenance of the system in which you starve. You revolt sometimes, but *you finish always by giving yourself new masters.*

Why are you robbed and ruled?

You produce everything, you labour and sow, you weave, build, work and create, you bring forth food and shelter.

Why then do you not provide for your own hunger? Why are you scantily dressed, badly fed, unhealthily lodged? Yes, why is it just *you* who has no bread, no shoes, no house, even no fatherland.

Why are you not your own master? Why do you bow, obey, and serve? Why do you remain the subjugated, humiliated, the servant, yes, even the slave?

You produce everything and you possess nothing.

Everything comes through you, and you are nothing. But I am mistaken. *You are the elector, the voter who accepts law and authority; who by his vote sanctions all such miseries; who by voting consecrates all servitudes.*

You are the voluntary valet, the amiable servant, the footman, the courtier, the dog licking the whip, cowering before the feet of the master.

You are the policeman, the gaoler, and the detective. You are the good soldier, the model commissionaire, the benevolent rent payer. You are the faithful official, the devoted servant, the sober peasant, the submissive maker of your own slavery. You are your own executor. Of what do you complain?

I, a free man, an anarchist, I would hate you if I did not know that you were unconscious and duped.

I would hate you as much as the tyrants, the masters who you are giving yourself, whom you appoint, support, nourish, protect with your bayonets, defend with your brutal force, glorify with your ignorance, legalise by your vote—and impose on yourself by your own imbecility.

You, the supreme master, are deceived and duped. The speeches flatter you, the bills praise you. You love those fooleries and flattering. Be then satisfied, flattered while you wait to be shot in the next riot or massacred at the frontier in the bloody shade of your own flag.

It is possible that your own stupidity pleases you. Your sufferings seem light compared with the troubles and the difficulties which will come over you, you believe; if you dare to break all laws, bonds, and oppression.

You prefer your present desolation to liberty. The fear for the large, unlimited—of which you will not even have a glimpse—the fear of an individual and social life without barriers, make you love your corner and your prison even more.

You will remain, then, as cattle before the trough! Crawl as a worm in the dirt from which you have not the courage to rise!

Your sovereign, if interested, tongues proclaim your mastership; if the candidates eager for power and stuffed with platitudes, extol and flatter your autocracy on paper (afterwards they caress you with the cudgels of their laws); if you intoxicate yourself with the incense of promises with which you are overwhelmed by those who deceive and betray you to-morrow, then *you* resemble them most of all. You do not deserve better than that gang of hungry flatterers. Because you could not rise to your consciousness of your dignity and independence of man, you are unworthy to be free.

Forward. Vote, then. I have confidence in your delegates. Deliver yourselves up to your masters.

But, stop complaining. The yoke which crushes you was imposed by yourself. You are the guilty partisan of the crimes from which you are suffering.

Perhaps after long experience you will hear and understand . . . !

What may come to pass? The men whom you despise and offend, who are liberated from all chains, liberated from all bonds, delivered from the fear of what might come, emancipated from oppression from above as well as from the majority, men persecuted and tortured because they will live free in a human society, have told you the truth.

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having had one luxury—has been the food of others. He has been devoured by his fellow-men. The poor woman living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being eaten by her fellow-men. When I take into consideration the agony of civilised life—the number of failures, the poverty, the anxiety, the tears, the withered hopes, and bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the shame—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all, is the most merciful form in which man has ever lived upon his fellow-men.—*The Secularist.*

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