

Freedom

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 372.

MAY, 1920.

MONTHLY: TWO PENCE.

NOTES.

The Irish General Strike.

The general strike in Ireland last month to force the release of the hunger strikers in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, was probably the most complete strike which has ever taken place in the British Isles. For two days not a wheel moved in factory or on road or rail, except in Ulster, to which the strike would probably have spread if it had lasted another twenty-four hours. Dublin Castle turned out an army of soldiers with tanks and armoured cars and machine guns and aeroplanes, but these were useless against the men and women who simply folded their arms. Bonar Law, in Parliament, said he would never release the hunger strikers, but, like the lady in "Don Juan," who, "saying she would ne'er consent, consented," he soon changed his tune, and the men were released. As a swift and spontaneous exhibition of solidarity, it was an object-lesson to the English Labour movement. The Irish people did not send a deputation of "sober and solid" leaders to Downing Street, they did not call a Special Congress, they did not take a ballot—they saw that prompt action was necessary, and acted. In justice to the English Labour leaders, however, we feel certain that, had the Irish hunger strikers died in prison, they would have moved the adjournment of the House of Commons as a protest—if the Speaker had allowed them to do so.

Oh! Oh! Mr. Lansbury.

So now we know what to expect. Mr. Lansbury has been to Russia and has come back a confirmed Bolshevik. In the *Daily Herald* he has told us all about it, and he seems so enamoured of conditions there that he wants to introduce them here. Writing in the *Herald* on April 5, he says: "Discipline—iron, rigid discipline of the workers by the workers—is needed in Russia. It will be needed here whenever the workers come to power. . . . We have no love for coercion of any kind, but we cannot visualise a modern State without it." Neither can we; that is why we say modern States must be abolished. But Mr. Lansbury is in favour of modern States, and he looks forward to a Labour Government which will enforce the "rigid, iron discipline" of the workers. It does not sound very attractive as an election cry. "Vote for Lansbury, and rigid, iron discipline for the workers!" Well, we have never had much love for State Socialists; but we did not think they would put it so bluntly as that. In the early days of the Socialist movement we were always told that Socialism meant freedom for all those willing to work for their living. Morris's "News from Nowhere" gives an idyllic picture of the workers' life under Communism, almost Anarchist in its lack of government and discipline. But Mr. Lansbury and his Bolshevik friends have changed all that, and now we hear of nothing but discipline, discipline, and still more discipline. What always puzzles us Anarchists is this: If men are so naturally vicious that they must have a Government to restrain them, how will they be able to select those virtuous men who will form the Government? Who will discipline the disciplinarians? Do tell us, Mr. Lansbury!

The Merry-Go-Round.

Some call it the "vicious circle"—wages chasing prices, and prices chasing wages. One lot of Trade Unionists calling on the Government for £1 a week increase in their wages, and another lot demanding that the Government must cut down the cost of living. One lot asking the Government to retain the Food Controller, and another lot pointing out the scandalous waste and profiteering under the Food Controller. Do these people ever use their brains? Do they really think the Government exists to look after the interests of the workers? It is

said that the present House of Commons is the richest ever elected, their wealth totalling about £500,000,000. They are in the House to safeguard their own interests, and when the Government was selected they made certain that each and every one of them would make the world safe for plutocracy. Yet the foolish workers ask them to raise wages and to cut down profits. Even if they do raise the wages of railwaymen or miners, they immediately raise railway rates or the price of coal. Profits are never touched. The truth is that as long as Capitalism exists, it is impossible for the workers as a class to raise their real wages beyond a mere subsistence level. They allow the capitalists to control the land, from which all food, shelter, and clothing is obtained, and as long as that is the case, the so-called "vicious circle" will continue. To break that circle, they must sweep away private ownership of land, and then they will be free to produce all that they require and to control all that they produce.

No Ethics in Law.

In the Shoreditch County Court recently a man brought an action to recover certain furniture from his wife, from whom he is separated. As an argument for the defence, a solicitor stated that the plaintiff was living with another woman. This riled the judge, who said: "What on earth does it matter if he has got sixteen other women? If he has more wives than the Sultan, it makes no difference. What is the use of your coming and talking about ethics in such a matter as this? There are no ethics in it. It is law." And the judge spoke the plain, blunt truth. Laws for the protection of property rights are not based on justice or ethics. They were put on the Statute Book by men who had the power to put them there and enforce them. The laws of property allow a landlord to sell up a poor widow's belongings to enforce his claim for rent. Her poverty and loneliness may be urged in her favour, but there is no sentiment in law, and out into the street she has to go, even though the landlord may be rolling in wealth. It is only simpletons who appeal to the "justice" of the law. You may have all the moral right on your side in a court of law, but if your opponent has an ounce of legality on his side, he wins. A long purse, however, is still a weighty argument in a court of law, and has been known to turn the scale when all else has failed.

Men Decline to Jerry-Build.

The *Daily News* of April 21 reports an interview with Mr. J. P. Lloyd, of the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives, who spoke very strongly about some of the working-class housing schemes they had received from the Ministry of Health. He summed up the objections to the houses as follows: rooms are too small; ceilings are too low; houses practically jerry built; almost complete absence of decoration. "Our executive is examining these schemes closely. We are then going to issue a manifesto, and our members will be asked to refrain from taking part in any of these schemes." We are glad to see that at last a sense of responsibility is awakening in this direction. Twenty years ago we published a pamphlet by our comrade, Max Nettlau, entitled "Responsibility and Solidarity in the Labour Struggle," in which he dealt with this subject of slum building. He said: "If the organised building trades would resolve that no unionist may touch slums—helping neither to erect nor to repair them—at the same time exposing to the public the hopelessly insanitary character of all patchwork in this direction, the question of housing would come before the public in a larger sense than it ever has previously." He urged "the necessity for the workers of a feeling of responsibility for what they do, making them use their efforts to cease to injure their fellow men by unsocial work." We hope that the example of the building trade will be followed by other trades, for if universally applied it would make the capitalist system unworkable. But that is a very big "if."

THE GREATEST LIE IN THE WORLD.

Of all the charges hurled at the workers by the people of the other world, who live in idleness and luxury upon their labour, surely the strangest and falsest is this one—that the workers are selfish. Selfish! The class that hands over its product to the other class, allows it to sell it on the market for profit, and hand back to it through the wage system just enough to keep it going in its round of toil, while the other grows richer and richer and enjoys everything that science, art and industry produce.

Selfish! The class that lets the other take three-fourths of its wealth!

Selfish! The silly fellow who gives away eightpence out of every shilling to every conceivable brand of thief and beggar. Selfish! This same fellow who builds mansions for his masters, and for himself hovels; produces luxuries for their palate, and for his own, coarse food, substitutes, and offal; silks, satins, and broadcloth for their backs, and for his own, shoddy and rags.

Selfish! The fellow who spends his life, from childhood up to seventy—if he should be tough enough to live so long—in workshop, factory, and mine, while the others spend theirs amid sunshine and breezes. Who, in the dark and grime and sulphur, threatened by the thousand poisons and dangers which accompany modern wealth production, wears out his days, while the others roam in motor cars and sailing yachts, see the glories of the earth, feast their eyes on the beauties of sea, mountain, and moorland; read books, see pictures and statuary, visit monuments and ruins of peoples past. Selfish! the workers who forego all this, who have no chance to develop fine thoughts and feelings; whose natures are blunted by all that is inhuman and sterile; whose environment throughout life is filth and noise and squalour.

Selfish these! Is not this the lie superlative—the greatest lie in the world?

Oh, no, my dear plutocrats and exploiters, the workers are not selfish—not exactly—yet. But we are doing our best to make them so. But, all the same, we are prepared to admit that we are up against a very stiff problem, and if you did not make such glaring mistakes, and if science and the progress of knowledge was not on our side, we should indeed move slowly. You see, you have such a huge army of intellectual prostitutes beside that other army of brute force, which you pay to pervert the intelligence of the workers and prevent them seeing their true self-interest—priests, parsons, politicians, pressmen. These are telling the toiling millions every day and every hour, by your command, to sacrifice themselves. One would think that they did sacrifice enough in their life of toil—with their bent backs, short lives, and crooked, bruised bodies. But, oh no! This horde of venal priestlings and scribes that you pay are calling upon them every day and every hour to further sacrifice. Sacrifice themselves to God, to State, to Church, to nation, to community, and a host of other abstractions.

But gradually the workers are beginning to see your grinning faces and leering eyes looking through the high-sounding abstractions, and are now discovering rapidly that it is for you that they are called upon to sacrifice themselves.

You see, you make it so plain to them by the gross, vulgar materialism of your lives, while you preach to them abstinence and simplicity of life. You eat of the best, drink of the best, wear the best, live in the best, and then call upon the toiler to stint and be content with his hovel. Your bishops bless the warrens of the poor, but for themselves are most careful to live in palaces. They prescribe rigid economy and spiritual food for the workers, but deny themselves no sensual enjoyment. And they do it so openly that the worker is bound to learn soon how selfish they are, and how quick they are to grab the best of every material thing.

The black-coated gentry keep a fair distance from the slums now. They find the growing intelligence too much for them. The sarcasm of the native shrivels them up. I heard a little woman reply recently to a "leddy" who told her that the workers were very selfish. The retort came quick and smart, like a blow between the eyes: "Garn! What yer talkin' about? Our sort bain't selfish. If they was selfish, missis, your sort wid have to work." Says Achille Loria in his "Economic Foundations of Society": "If every individual would follow faithfully his egoistic instincts, the structure of capitalist society would collapse like a house of cards." There you have the economist saying in classic form exactly what the little woman said in plain English.

Be selfish! Act as you see the other gang act. Take no notice of their words. As you see them grab, grab! So long as grab is the order of the day. As they hang together and grab, so you hang together and grab. Never mind what they tell you about direct action, watch what they do. Grab, the pair of you; be selfish, very selfish; grab for all you are worth, and very soon enlightened selfishness will show you how to build up a scientific organisation of industry in which no grab will be required, in which you may drop your silly conflict and struggle for material things, and may find abundance for all. You may then begin to unfold the bud and blossom and flower of your humanity; and develop the intellectual, social, and, if you will, spiritual, in an atmosphere of peace and leisure, free from the carking cares and worries of this insane capitalism.

But the other side will do none of these things while you allow them to steal your wealth and live in luxury and idleness while you sweat and toil and hunger. Therefore my counsel to you on our side is, grab so long as you see them grab. You must fight the class war! You must fight it so fiercely and bitterly that it shall become manifest to them that you may no longer be robbed peacefully, and therefore that from the lowest standpoint, grab no longer holds as a paying game.

Meanwhile, be faithful to the egoistic instincts that Loria mentions—the inheritance that Nature has given you—your body, your mind, your will, your intuitions, your instincts. All these powers which were sufficient for your race thousands of years before your priests and kings and governments, and which brought you up to the threshold of the motley mess you now call civilization. Stick to these powers, reverence them, develop them, rely on them. Let no authority cause you to sacrifice them, whether of king, priest, government, politician, or leader. Remember they are your inheritance, given you to unfold, not to sacrifice. Remember you are children of Nature, not of society, as told you by your masters, and that the roots of your being go far back beyond their society, and take hold of the infinite past. Hold sacred all the potentialities of your being. They are your country—your kingdom, and nothing outside may displace them. Therefore, think for yourself, act for yourself, and stand by these which are your own against all the world.

Be selfish! Be very selfish, and your loyalty to self shall show you how to stand together with your brethren to get the brightest and best for all.

To the other side I would say: The people are rapidly becoming selfish. Think not to fool them much longer by the lies of your priests and politicians. They no longer regard words; they are looking at lives. There is no longer illusion. Drop the game of exploitation, or you may soon have to drop your politics, and fight the exploited openly.

JOHN TAMLYN.

A MAY-DAY SONG.

SACRED IDLENESS.

Work? Not to-day! Ah! no—that were to do
The gracious face of heaven a surly wrong,
Bright day so manifestly made for song
And sweep of freedom's wings into the blue
Divinely idle, rather let us lie,
And watch the lordly unindustrious sky,
Nor trail the smoke of little busy cares
Across its calm— Work? Not to-day! Not I!

Work? Why, another year—one never knows
But this the flowering last of all our years;
Which of us can be sure of next year's rose?
And I, that have so loved them all my days,
Not yet have learned the names of half the flowers,
Nor half enough have listened to the birds.

Nay! While the marvel of the May is ours,
Earth's book of lovely hieroglyphic words
Let's read together, each green letter spell,
And each illuminated miracle,
Decking the mystic text with blue and gold—
That Book of Beauty where all truth is told.

Let's watch the dogwood, holding silver trays
Of blossom out across the woodland ways,
Whiter than breast of any mortal girl's;
And hark yon bird flinging its song like pearls,
Sad as all lovely things foredoomed to die—
Work? Not to-day! Ah! no—not you, not I.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
(In *Harper's Magazine*.)

THE GREAT BETRAYAL.

The new Budget should teach us who our real masters are. Not the employers, against whom we strike, and with whom, eventually, we make such bargains as we can. Not the mere speculators, who rig the market and juggle prices. With all these minor powers we can make some sort of terms, but with the major power we can do nothing. He owns the real thing, on which the others are mere excrescences. He is the root, of which they are but the outgrowth. He owns this country, the country which nearly a million Englishmen died in the late war to save—for him.

This Mr. Chamberlain's Budget shows to those who will take the trouble to reflect. We are, at this moment, like a ship in danger of foundering, for we have to pay out £400,000,000 a year to meet the interest on our national debt, and, after taxing all incomes and commodities to the utmost, our expenditures exceed our receipts by £68,000,000. In such an emergency everything is jettisoned, save that which has established itself as so sacred that our pilots would sink the ship rather than throw that part of the cargo to the waves. Whatever happens, land values—the rents extracted and extractable from the workers—must not be touched.

To save the ship every imaginable interest is to be sacrificed, except that of the land monopolists. The greatest and most important financial interests have not been strong enough to defend themselves; and, although they will pass much of their suffering on to the masses, they also will suffer. But the land owner, already heavily subsidised, escapes. He, and he alone—the parasite *par excellence*—is immune. He alone has had the strength to ward off all attack. Thereby he proves himself the ruling power.

It is surely of the first importance that our movement, which aims at the root of social evils, should study and understand this question. It is pitiful to read articles in Anarchist publications which talk of abolishing rent. The law of rent is a natural law, which we could not abolish if we would, and should not wish to abolish if we could. It is the great equaliser. It corrects those inequalities of Nature which we have to correct, if equity is to become our social law.

Let me illustrate very simply. I work an acre of land, from which my labour produces annually potatoes worth £100. On an adjoining acre my neighbour, with an equal amount of skill and labour, produces potatoes worth £150. He has an advantage. His plot has better soil than mine; and it is necessary that he should strip himself, somehow or other, of that advantage, in order that between him and me there may be equality. Rent is the method by which that stripping is effected; and the real issue at stake is not that of abolishing rent, but of seeing that it finds its way into the proper pocket—that of the community at large.

In past years I, myself, have taken part in miners' meetings, at which claims on newly-discovered gold-bearing creeks were to be allotted. There also, being anxious only to do justice, we had to acknowledge unconsciously the inevitable law of rent. We had to guess that on such and such creek the claims were likely to be rich, and that, therefore, no man should have more than 50 ft.; while on another creek, which had panned out poorly, 500 ft. could be taken up. We had to do our best to correct the inequalities of Nature, and the holder of the rich claim paid rent by way of having 450 ft. lopped off his holding.

Seventy men own half of Scotland, and they put into their own pockets all the rental values springing from that ownership. Seven men, I believe, own the greater and more valuable part of London, just as the Astor family owns huge sections of New York. You could pack the owners of England, it is said, into St. Paul's Cathedral. These are the people who necessarily rule the country, for to them belong the values inherent in her soil, and developed by her total population.

Lloyd George carved his way to Ministerial position by boldly attacking the landed interest. He recognised where the real power was lodged; went for it horse and foot; proposed, eleven years ago, to transfer land values into the public's pocket, and made a great show of setting up the taxing machinery that would effect that purpose. It was the most threatening attack our rulers had faced for centuries, but they evaded it by absorbing Mr. George. To-day, he throws that machinery on the scrap-heap. That, of course, constitutes his treason to the masses, but it also points with an unerring finger to the real seat of power.

W. C. O.

[We do not agree with the writer's views about rent. We claim that in an Anarchist Communist state of society where the necessities of life would be produced and shared in common rent would be unnecessary. Still, we quite recognise the force of his argument as to the power of the landed class.—Ed. FREEDOM.]

THE AIMS OF ANARCHISM.

Let me tell you briefly what Anarchism aims to do:

It claims that freedom, liberty, is the greatest factor in bringing material comfort and happiness to the people, and so Anarchism would reduce gradually, even to the vanishing point, the political power and physical control which some people hold over others.

It wants to make all unused land free to those who will use it. This will dispense with the colossal expense of supporting the landlord class, and increase the wealth-producing power by turning landlords and the disemployed poor from parasites to producers.

It wants to do away with patent- and copy-rights. This would turn the vast unearned sums that now go into the pockets of privilege into the comforts and homes of the producers, and increase the amount of machinery, books, etc., and at less cost.

It wants to substitute voluntary co-operation and really free competition for the present State, under which things are worth more than human beings, abolishing the politician, with his arbitrary physical power as manifested by the police, the army and the navy, which are now supported by taxes forcibly collected from the people. It believes soldiers, policemen, politicians and all the other extravagances made necessary to support the present criminal State, would be very much more useful to society were they to raise their own food, make their own clothes and build their own houses.

Anarchists as a rule know that fundamental social and economic changes come slowly through experiments and thought and necessity and patient toil, and not by wars and violence and disorder and bloodshed; and so they do not expect the millennium to come at beck and call, by ballot or bluff, by bullet or bluster; but that societies grow more just and perfect if permitted, and that violence and disorder but retard symmetrical growth as the vandal hatchet and violent storms maim and disfigure and retard even the most rugged tree. They do hope, however, to better human conditions by clearing away the rubbish injustice, letting the sun of righteousness shine on the dark places. They know that *you* must become an Anarchist before Anarchism can be; that *you* must have an intelligent desire to be free before timid freedom ventures within your reach—that freedom is only for those who want it; that *you* must realise your slavish conditions before slavery can be abolished; that *you* must comprehend your own degradation and servility before human dignity and self-respect can be yours; that *you* must know that you are being despoiled of the greater share of the results of your honest efforts before the despoilers will cease their spoliation; that *you* must have the knowledge, the will and the courage to take your own and leave what belongs to others before you will be fit to associate with those who love justice and hate wrong, who are wise enough to know their own rights, and strong enough to refrain from aggressing another's security.

Anarchists know that so long as they are few in number they can be overwhelmed by authority and its ignorant and therefore willing victims. This is why they spend so much time and effort and money to reach your thinking machine, so as to lay before it facts and reasons that will influence its mechanism. When this is done successfully your intelligence will no doubt show you how useless and harmful most of our present political machinery is, and you will co-operate with them, be one of them, in the effort to reduce the powers and functions of the State and increase the beneficent influences of freedom. Every person convinced of the truth of Anarchism sees how liberty enlarges human prosperity and happiness, and becomes, from purely self-interest a propagandist, dreaming of a future when

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

JO LABADIE.

THE "WORKERS' FRIEND."

It is a pleasure to announce that our Jewish comrades in the East End have resumed the publication of the *Arbeiter Freund* (Workers' Friend), which was first published over thirty years ago. At present it is to appear monthly, but as soon as circumstances permit, it will appear weekly again. The paper is edited by Dr. I. M. Salkind, a very able writer, who has recently joined the Jewish Anarchist movement, having previously been a strong supporter of Zionism, which he now realises is of no value to the workers. We wish our comrades success, and hope that all Jewish comrades will rally to their support. Price 3d. monthly. Offices: 163, Jubilee Street, Mile End, E.1.

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A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM

Monthly, *Twopence*; post-free, 2½d. Annual Subscription, post-free, 2s. 6d.
U.S.A. and Canada, 1 dol.; France, 2s. 6d.

Wholesale price, 1s. 6d. per dozen (13) post-free in the United Kingdom.

All communications, exchanges, etc., to be addressed to

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The Editors are not necessarily in agreement with signed articles.

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THE TORCH-BEARER'S TASK.

For nearly six years the hurricane has raged, and Labour, mentally bewildered, has cowered before it. Helter-skelter, Labour has plunged along the road marked out for it. Power bade it march to the slaughter of its fellow-workers. It marched. Power ordered it to slay millions by starvation. It slew them. Power shut off peremptorily its rights of free speech, of free assemblage, of going and coming as its needs dictated. It submitted without a struggle. Power hands out to-day what it calls good wages, and takes back every penny in rents, profits, and taxation. Labour holds, at most, a protest meeting, in which it applauds hysterically its favourite talkers.

This is the record of the last five years; the record of *our* side. There came to Labour an opportunity such as, in all probability, it never hitherto had had; the opportunity of unhorsing all its riders, as the old riders of the Germanic and Russian Empires have been unhorsed; the opportunity of releasing society from the prison of its worn-out shell, and helping it to step out into the larger life for which it was already ripe. That, with the outbreak of the war, was Labour's task, for which long years of propaganda and organisation supposedly had prepared it. That, for many a year to come, will still be Labour's task, and the only one worth talking about.

We are not whiners. In good truth we, who call ourselves Anarchists, should be the last to whine. We, at least, have tried honestly to help. Always we have been realists; always we have faced the facts. Long before the war we told the Labour movement, and indeed the world at large, that a colossal struggle between dictatorship and freedom was impending. We told them that the present social system, based on monopoly and special privilege, had been outgrown, and that efforts to prolong its existence would only make bad worse. We warned them that power was concentrating as not even in the days of the Roman Empire had it been concentrated. And when, in August, 1914, we saw a few fingers touching the fatal buttons that sent millions marching to their doom, it was not we who were surprised.

At least, we looked ahead, as we are looking still. At least, we displayed energy, however clumsily we may have stumbled at times when pioneering along untrodden paths. At least we showed courage, for we made our propaganda openly, against tempests of discouragement. We can say these things without boasting. We are entitled to say them. It is notorious that for generations we have been the target for Power's most virulent attacks. Against us all Authority has combined. It is our papers that have been suppressed most vigorously; our speakers who have been driven by thousands into exile or thrown into gaol; our voice that they have tried oftenest to strangle on the gallows. All this is notorious. In the simplicity and consistency of our principles, which rejected dictatorship of all kinds, lay our dreaded strength.

Thus far, Labour has shown small signs of grasping the situation and rising to its proper height. Thus far it still believes in rulers; still grovels amid the ashes of a burned-out past; fritters away its strength on the unattainable; wastes itself on attempting to mend the unmendable, and clings obstinately to opportunist policies, in which it goes down to defeat before its shrewder, harder, more powerful, and more resolute foes. All this Parliamentary jockeying—what does Labour get out of it? Less than nothing. These political leaders—what are they worth to Labour? They are a drag on its wheel. These endless conferences, these torrents of discussion as to which International should be joined—what do they amount to? Junketing trips for the oratorical few, and,

for the rest of it, the fostering of a pernicious delusion that emancipation will come to us from across the seas, instead of from our own stout hearts and clear-thinking brains right here at home.

It is here, in England, that we shall have an immense unemployment problem on our hands before we know it; as they have already in the United States. It is here, in England, that Labour will be asked to pay an interest bill of £400,000,000 annually—the very sum the money-lenders now despair of recovering from Germany, with nearly double our population. It is here, in England, that rents are going up, houses growing scarcer, prices of food and other necessities rising all the time, and Labour standing on the very edge of an abyss to which it seems to be, as yet, entirely blind.

Like good Internationalists, let us work regardless of nationality, each cultivating, carefully and intelligently, the garden at his own back-door. If we want to help Russia, the United States, or any other country to freedom, we shall do so most effectively by getting busy here at home. Moreover, it seems not improbable that our own propaganda has suffered, and our own mentality been bewildered by the tumultuous cataclysm of the last five years. We have to remind ourselves that our entire fight is against dictatorship, no matter who may seek to impose it, and that our movement has as its sole reason for existence the conviction that only under voluntarism can life be really worth the living, or man be fine. We commit suicide when we abandon that.

The situation grows rapidly more desperate, but for years to come, Labour, like a drowning man, will clutch frantically at passing straws. We cannot afford to be false to ourselves and encourage it in that. We cannot join the emotional and unthinking crowd now shouting for State dictatorship. That very dictatorship has stripped the masses of their natural rights, and reduced them to their present helplessness. That way salvation cannot lie. That muddled thought can have no future, and will drive us only farther on the rocks. It is not a better-regulated slavery that we are after, but the total abolition of slavery itself. We want life's essentials, and their free and equal use, secured for every human being as his or her natural right; and we do not want that right held at the good will of any dictatorship however benevolent, or of any majority, however patriotic or humanitarian it may deem itself to be. That, and that alone, has always been our programme. It is the very cornerstone on which our movement rests.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Germany.

The general situation is perhaps best indicated by the German Government's recent Note to the Allies, in which it asks the privilege of being allowed to increase its army from 100,000 to 200,000. This, the Note says, is necessary, in order that discontent may be kept down and the rebels compelled to give up the arms of which they have possessed themselves illegally. To this M. Millerand replies that "if Germany does not disarm other nations cannot, in spite of the cries of Pacifists and the charges of militarism." It is to be remembered, of course, that French opinion is much embittered by the fact that the hope of recovering a huge indemnity from Germany has vanished, as has the hope of getting back the enormous loans made to Russia.

Pomerania, always the hot-bed of Junkerism, is openly hostile to the Ebert Government. The secession movement, which centres in Bavaria, and embraces Southern Germany, is said to be gathering strength. Berlin sent out orders that General Nollet's demand for the dissolution of the "Einwohnerwehr" troops should be complied with, and the orders have been defied. According to the best information obtainable the agitation appeals to three strong influences: (1) The peasants' hostility to the town proletariat, (2) the middle-class dread of Bolshevism, (3) the Roman Catholic tendency toward religious solidarity, which it hopes to realise by union with Austria.

The Reichswehr, whose invasion of the Ruhr, for the alleged purpose of restoring order, has caused so great an international stir, is the force that put down the Spartacist revolts so ruthlessly. It has been officered from the first by men who are aristocrats to the marrow of their bones, and in the dictatorship which it has been imposing with growing severity it has had the enthusiastic support of Berlin's upper-middle-class. Mr. F. A. Voigt, the special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, writes as follows respecting the feeling of the Ruhr workers towards this force: "The utter loathing and hatred which the German worker feels for it have to be seen before their depth and intensity can even be suspected. The German worker knows that the new militar-

ism would gladly drag him into another war, against foreign peoples whom he regards as his brothers and enemies of his own enemy. He also knows that wherever it throws its shadow there freedom ends, and all kinds of repressive terrorism, from brutal bullying to long imprisonment and merciless shooting, begin." His account of the treatment he and Mrs. Harding received at the hands of these Junkers is almost incredible. The British Government demanded an apology, which was made, and an investigation has been promised.

Humanité, French Official Socialist organ, is utterly sceptical in the matter of its own Government's alleged dread of German militarism. Under date of April 7 it writes: "The German Government is a bourgeois Government, protected by a military caste. It is sometimes compelled to defend itself against its Pretorian Guard, and then turns to the proletariat; but, once relieved from the peril of the Right it hastens to reconcile itself with its Pretorian Guard, to meet the peril of the Left. There are people who are apprehensive of a conflict between the German and the French Governments. There will be no conflict. The two Governments, the two militarisms, are at one, in spite of Notes and press campaigns. The counter-revolution demanded the crushing and decimation of the Reds of the Ruhr. That is why England, America, and Italy have given a free hand to Muller and Von Watter."

The foregoing reminds us of the ingenuousness with which certain of our own newspapers expressed their astonishment at our officers hobnobbing readily with Hungary's aristocracy; with men who had been so recently this country's bitterest foes. With whom did they expect our own blue-bloods at that time quartered in Hungary, to fraternise? With the peasants?

At its recent convention in Leipzig the German Democratic Party—entirely distinct from the Social Democrats—adopted unanimously a somewhat remarkable programme, which reads, in part: "The socialisation of the means of production, in the sense of their general acquisition by the State, would be a fatal bureaucratisation of industry." It speaks further of the land as "that most important monopoly of the people," and declares that its policy is "to resist land speculation and to divide large estates."

United States.

The refusal of the New York Legislature to seat the five Socialists elected as Assemblymen; Attorney-General Palmer's pleas for new laws to put down social discontent; the numerous prosecutions and convictions under the Criminal Syndicalist law; the heavy sentence passed on Miss Whitney, of Oakland, California, a noted philanthropic leader, whose real offence appears to have been that of holding a card in the Communist Labour Party, to which the branch of the Socialist party she belonged to went over—these and similar subjects, all centring round the suppression of free speech, are occupying more and more the attention of the press. In reply to the repeated assertions that every member of the Communist Labour Party will be prosecuted it is pointed out that there are 60,000 of them, 10,000 being in New York State. This is Presidential election year, and we may be certain that these and many other grievances will be aired at the innumerable meetings that will be held during the next six months. Throughout the country, and especially in the West and Middle-West, the revulsion against militarism is exhibiting unexpected strength. The great railway strike marks a definite split between the conservative and aristocratic Railway Brotherhoods, headed by the Locomotive Engineers, whose traditional policy has been one of aloofness, and the rank and file of railway workers. In California the movement against land monopoly is showing much activity. Everywhere rising prices and gross profiteering have produced the profoundest discontent. It will not be long before that finds its natural vent.

France.

Prices rising and the franc falling; the Government still concealing from the public the true financial situation, and the public suspecting it more and more—these conditions are producing a universal discontent no speeches or writings could hope to arouse. The revolutionary press swarms with articles on these two themes, and revolt against the conservative leaders of Trade Unionism becomes constantly more marked. May Day is to be celebrated by a general strike.

Spain.

In Madrid *Espartaco* has been suppressed. In Saragossa *Comunista* has met a similar fate, and its editors have been arrested. In Barcelona, always a storm-centre, the Government reports that peace has been restored. Fifteen hundred Anarchists and Syndicalists have been arrested there!

THE RESOLUTIONARY PARTY.

To judge by the number of resolutions to be submitted to the Labour Party Conference in June, it would seem that the motto of the Party is "Reform by Resolution." The resolutions deal with subjects of all kinds, from the Peace Treaties to the wages of ex-soldiers, and from Amritsar to Ireland. The Trade Unions and Local Labour Parties who propose these resolutions have a simple and touching faith in the power of their Party in Parliament, and frequently call upon the Party to introduce Bills for the purpose of putting an end to some grievance. They also demand that the Government shall do something drastic to prevent profiteering in food, clothing, and other necessities of life; and that their own Party shall bring in a Bill to confiscate "the huge fortunes made by the shipping fraternity during the war," and to serve out the same treatment to any others who emulate the shippers. On the question of housing, one resolution "demands that immediate steps be taken by the Government to take control of all the sources of supply of building material, and to supply local authorities engaged in house building with material at cost price"; whilst another resolution declares the Government to be "directly responsible for the high rents being now imposed upon municipal houses."

There are eight resolutions dealing with the liquor trade, the Textile Workers pressing for public ownership, "in order to end the system of economic exploitation and political corruption associated with the private ownership of the drink industry." The Shop Assistants complain of the "vastly enlarged profits" made by the brewers during the war, and "with a view to protecting the public from further exploitation, calls upon the Government to expropriate the private interests in the trade on the basis of pre-war values." Now it is notorious that the Government exploits the public through the drink trade to a greater extent than the brewers, and even the Textile Workers ought to have heard something of the "political corruption" under Government control. But the legend that Government control means better service and less corruption than private enterprise takes a lot of killing.

King's Lynn Labour Party is seriously concerned about the tricks of rich candidates, who canvass the electors and take them to the poll in motor cars, so they wish to make these things illegal, except in the case of motor rides for infirm or sick voters. Therefore if King's Lynn has its way a candidate who asks a friend to vote for him will be liable to six months' hard, and all the doctors will be busy on election day signing certificates to say that Mr. Jones or Mrs. Williams can have a motor car to the poll. And delegates representing 3,500,000 members are to discuss these and similar futile and fatuous resolutions, while the world is in the throes of an economic situation which threatens to bring the present social structure to the ground with a crash. These delegates who play at politics are so much concerned with putting putty in the cracks of the house that they do not notice the earthquake that is rocking it to its foundations.

These people labour under the delusion that the Government of the day rules the country and can take all the necessary measures to right the wrongs of the people. As a matter of fact the real rulers of the country hardly ever trouble to get a seat in the House. They pull the strings from the outside, and their wishes dictate the policy of the Government. What share had Parliament in the making of the Peace Treaties? What influence has the Labour Party in the decisions of the San Remo Conference? None at all. They had to go on their knees to the Foreign Office to get passports to go to Russia, although the members of their delegation are a safe and sound crowd.

If the men and women in the Labour Party are really desirous of making a new world, they must cease building their hopes on Parliamentary action and have greater confidence in themselves. The everyday work of the world is carried on by the workers, who at present are content to believe in the necessity of the capitalist system. When they begin to grasp the fact that Capitalism is the root of all their troubles, they will cease passing ridiculous resolutions and take up with their own hands the work of building a society fit for free men and women to live in.

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ANARCHISM AND BOLSHEVISM.

To the Editor of FREEDOM.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Tamlyn says he agrees with my position, as an abstract statement. Then why not act on it, and persuade others to? To me it is an ideal, which I defined as "complete," can be put into life, is intended to be, and gives an impulse in that direction—the Liberty impulse.

I mentioned evolution beginning at the animality or will-to-power stage, and ending at the stage of harmonious instincts and environment (liberty), and said the only solution was that all impulses should be helpful and attractive to all (liberty impulse) and that they were opposed to power impulses. Progress is only shown by the increase of liberty impulses. We must assist each other to find them out. I do not think "Lewisite and submarines" and "laying hold of what a man will defend to the last ditch" come under the definition. No harmony here. It savours too much of the animality stage one is trying to advance from. Militarism needs rulers and coercive organisation; rulers may knock out other tyrants, but they will in turn defend their privileges to the last ditch.

The only way to end power is to cease to have the power impulse (tyranny, servility, deception). Stop pandering to the tyrant, stop deceiving yourself and others. The power impulse is servile or tyrannical as suits the occasion. Stop handing over your produce to the wrong people, stop joining Power's staffs of superfluous domestics, building his mansions, adorning him and his family, ministering to his wasteful pleasures. Get a majority to stop these, and instead become helpful and attractive to all, and the thing is done. I do not wish abrupt defiance by the unit; I only ask for one impulse at a time. Each one put into life will make the next one easier. Like a jig-saw puzzle, it is the beginning that is most difficult, the rest is easier and easier. You will then get a life without external iron discipline (Lenin and Lansbury's); you will be able to freely change your occupation and place of residence; you will be able to enjoy and partake of the delights of the country life, which to-day are almost monopolised by the powerful; you will be able to wander at your own sweet will around the world, and have your wants supplied by each other from the abundance which will result from the elimination of Power's waste, and your consciousness of the needs and desires of all will prevent abuse. You cannot cultivate the liberty impulse without this consciousness. It increases with each liberty impulse you put into action.

Might I say to "W. C. O." that I always refuse to be labelled "Anarchist," though it is often put on me. Also that all chains of life are linked together; they will be linked by the power impulses until the liberty ones take their place. Militarism is one of the attachments of power. To attempt to "mind my own business," though Tucker recommends it, invites invasion, and will most likely get it.

If anyone thinks they can give reasons why this ideal is impractical, I am fully prepared to answer. It does not ask anyone to deny the instinct of seeking security for his chain of life.

SIDNEY COOPER.

AN INDICTMENT OF THE U.S.A. PRESS.

Upton Sinclair has followed up his attack on the pulpit ("The Profits of Religion") by an attack on the Press. In this book, "The Brass Check," he exposes the rottenness of the great majority of the papers in America, which are either the property or under the influence of "Big Business." Any paper that displeases the financial magnates or the big advertisers immediately feels the pressure of the hidden hand. Advertisements fall off, subscriptions decline, banks refuse credit, and in other subtle ways the publishers are made aware that they will only be allowed to exist by mending their ways. Sinclair himself is now being made to feel the pressure, as on attempting to get more paper for another edition of "The Brass Check" he has met with refusals everywhere. His exposure of some of the men who control the Press is so vigorous and personal that we should not be surprised to hear at any time that he had met with a fatal "accident." Some of the gentry he deals with in this book would certainly not be too scrupulous in retaliating on Sinclair if they got a chance.

The author is publishing the book himself at Pasadena, California (paper covers, 50 cents), as he knew that very few publishers would dare to offend "Big Business" by issuing it themselves. They would certainly hear the crack of the whip from their masters if they associated themselves with such a book as "The Brass Check."

OUR TEA PARTY.

Our tea party and dance on April 24 was a great success. Many old comrades turned up to give their support to FREEDOM, and to exchange notes, whilst others came to dance and make merry. Our heartiest thanks are given to some of our women comrades who gave their time and energy to making articles both useful and ornamental for the bazaar, and cakes and other tasty things for the tea tables. The accounts have not been finally settled, but we know that there will be a nice little sum for FREEDOM's coffers. Comrades are requested to send in money for tickets as soon as possible.

TO SOUTH WALES READERS.

Our comrade A. Banks, 1, Carmarthen Street, Market Road, Canton, Cardiff, stocks FREEDOM and all Anarchist publications. He is willing to supply groups and branches with advanced literature of all kinds. All comrades welcomed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS (not otherwise acknowledged).

(April 1 to April 24)

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