

Freedom

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MONTHLY: TWO PENCE.

NOTES.

Genoa and After.

"The atmosphere of the Conference reeks of oil," wrote the special correspondent of a London paper, and we all know now that the question of oil concessions in Russia was the principal bone of contention between France and Britain. The Russian delegates dangled this great prize before their eyes as a bait by which they hoped to land the loans they need so much, but the vital difference in the point of view of the two great rival Powers prevented any agreement, and the Conference was a failure. The Hague is hardly likely to be more successful. One result of the Conference was the death and burial of the Anglo-French Entente. But British capitalists cry: "The Entente is dead; long live the Entente!" As France is an impossible party to work with, we will see whether Italy will be more accommodating. She is the only other Power in Europe with a Navy, and that will help to counteract the new submarines that France is going to build. An Entente with Italy is evidently under way, judging from the speeches and interviews reported in the *Manchester Guardian*. At a luncheon at Genoa, Lloyd George spoke of "the growing increase in comradeship between the two countries," and said the association "is something which is binding at this moment and will endure." Signor Schanzer, the Italian Foreign Minister, said that their traditional friendship will be, if both peoples wish it, transformed into "something tangible." We think the people will have little voice in the matter. Of course, "it is in no way whatsoever directed against France," he said; but "the domination of one Power on the Continent has always had horrible consequences for us." It looks as though we shall soon have plenty of work for the unemployed, getting ready for another war to end war. The International Federation of Trade Unions in conference at Rome last month passed a resolution in favour of a general strike if another war was threatened, but if we do not remove the causes of war resolutions like that are futile.

The Engineering Lock-Out.

Slowly but remorselessly the weapon of starvation wielded by the masters is breaking down the resistance of the engineers, and it is only a matter of time as to when they will be compelled to surrender. In a contest of endurance between banking accounts and empty stomachs, time is irresistibly on the side of the banking accounts. The masters are using their massed wealth collectively in this fight, and with cold and calculated ferocity are refusing to make any concessions. The shops and the machines are ours, they say, and you shall work them only on our terms. And they are playing on the jealousy between the members of the various Unions to break their ranks. It is the old tale of the skilled worker versus the so-called unskilled worker. Each Union of skilled workers erects a frontier which no one can cross without a passport. During the war some of these frontiers were thrown open, but now they are guarded very strictly. The employers are attacking the frontiers of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, and are promising free entry to the members of other Unions if they are successful. There are forty-eight Unions engaged in this struggle, and each of them have craft interests which clash with those of the others, which renders it comparatively easy for the masters to divide and conquer. The tragedy of the situation is that when the fight is finished and the question as to who is to work certain machines is decided, there will be very few jobs to give out. The economic reconstruction of Europe will not take place in a day, and jobs in the engineering industry will be scarce for a very long time, even if the men were willing to work for a shilling a day.

Another Irish Crisis.

The Irish Republican Army, the creation of the politicians, has got beyond their control, and the tail is now wagging the dog. Guerrilla warfare is very easy to carry on in a country like Ireland, and it breeds initiative and independence in those engaged in it. Discipline as usually understood in an army is out of the question, and each unit is a law unto itself. The men have their own views as to the aim of the struggle, and consequently are not to be persuaded easily by the politicians that the end has been gained. This is the case with the Republican Army. Their political chiefs, in many passionate and patriotic speeches, told them they were not to lay down their arms until their English oppressors were driven from the country and the links of the chain that bound them to England shattered beyond repair, when they would found a Republic embracing the whole of Ireland, and owing allegiance to no one. They see that the Treaty does not give them these things, and therefore they are continuing the struggle; and as they control the guns, neither Collins nor Griffiths has been able so far to bring them to a different frame of mind. It resembles the position we sometimes see here during a strike, when the men's officials negotiate terms of settlement which the men refuse to accept. But in Ireland there are many signs that the great mass of the people, especially the trading community, are sick and tired of all the bloodshed and strife, and are prepared to accept the Treaty if only it will bring peace. This attitude is bound to have an influence on the I.R.A. sooner or later, as the support of the country is withdrawn; whereas if Churchill and his Ulster friends attempt to use the British Army against them, Southern Ireland will rally once more to the support of the Republicans. Personally, we do not think the difference between the Treaty and De Valera's alternative scheme are worth the bones of one dead man. Both are compromises. But if they were fighting to break the chains wrought by the financiers and monopolists, some of whom are their own countrymen, it would be a very different matter. Unfortunately, they are not.

Horatio Bottomley.

At last the dogs of the law have brought down this cunning old fox. Learned in the intricacies and subtleties of the law, he has twisted and turned many times when they were at his heels, and avoided capture until the present day. Now they have caught him they have paid him back for all the trouble he gave them. Many were surprised at the sentence of seven years' imprisonment, but few will shed tears over him. Ever since he floated the Hansard Union many years ago he has fleeced the unwary by means of one swindling scheme after another, his unique knowledge of the Company Laws enabling him to sail very close to the wind without infringing the law. In this he simply followed the example of many another cunning rogue in the City. It was, however, as M.P. and editor of *John Bull* that he eventually became notorious. He knew what the public wanted and he gave it them without stint. The War brought him his golden opportunity and he took it with both hands. He was just the plausible and unscrupulous speaker the war-mongers wanted to stimulate recruiting and rouse the patriotic feelings of the unthinking masses, and they utilised him freely. It is said that he sometimes got as much as £200 a night for this work. He flayed everybody who opposed the War, "the Tower at dawn" being his remedy for all seditious utterances. When the Armistice came he exploited the grievances of the ex-service men in the columns of his paper. How he robbed them and spent their money in extravagant living was brought out at his trial, and now he pays the penalty. He forgot the rules of the game and lost. In doing so he laid bare the credulity and ignorance still to be found in great masses of the population.

WHY ATTACK EMMA GOLDMAN?

The man is starving, but he may not pluck so much as a turnip to save his life. The wind cuts to the marrow of his bones, but out in the open he must lie if he cannot purchase shelter.

This is the lot of the modern proletariat reduced to destitution. It is the condition thousands of unemployed and penniless continually must face. This very day, in every "civilised" country, thousands will have gone without a meal. This very night thousands will shiver on park benches, or huddle themselves into a fitful sleep within some friendly doorway. A life no decent-minded man would wish his dog to lead.

Even here we do not touch bottom. Not only must the man starve to-day; he must go on starving. This night he is shelterless, and for weeks and months he may have no roof to cover him. He may not say, "I will go to work and raise for myself the food without which I cannot live." He may not lay hands on the materials scattered all around him and build the modest cabin that would satisfy his needs. This freedom to protect himself—a freedom every savage and every beast of the field enjoys—civilised Society denies him. If he wishes to prolong his existence he must hunt up a master and, somehow or other, get a job.

I put, bluntly and curtly, the position with which all the early revolutionists found themselves confronted as soon as they explored the social problem. They faced it unflinchingly. At its beginnings Socialism went straight to the root of this question and declared unhesitatingly: "The disinherited have been reduced to helplessness, and this helplessness must be abolished. They are divorced from the means of production, and that divorce must be ended. First, and before all else, they must regain possession of the opportunity of supporting themselves without a master."

Thus spake the early Socialists, and what they proclaimed was true and vital. They were not opportunists, ready to sacrifice mankind's whole future for some worthless gain in the immediate present. They were not politicians, eager to sell their movement for a spoonful of official porridge. They had no thought of obscuring the one great issue with the bewildering philosophies in which the learned gentry who make their living by writing books, and all that heterogeneous mob whose vocation is party-organising, have since enshrouded it. With these the rot set in, and the rotting has gone on and on for fifty years. How deep that rot had cut the War revealed, and Russia, with Lenin and his Dictatorship of the Proletariat, furnished the final and conclusive proof.

Not for one moment would any of the earlier Socialists have tolerated such a doctrine. Never was any one of them so debased as to pretend that salvation lay in putting all the means of production at the disposal of an autocratic State. They said distinctly: "This man, the proletarian, must be rescued from helplessness and put in a position where he can call his life his own." They proclaimed boldly: "This man, individually, must own the means wherewith to make his living." They declared unflinchingly that their one aim was the abolition of human slavery, which had its root in monopoly of the tools of production and the machinery of distribution. As they spake, in the days of Socialism's purity, the Anarchists are speaking to-day.

It is never possible to lay a finger on the precise spot at which rot sets in, but unquestionably Marx and Engels figure prominently among the movement's wreckers. Their ambition to pose as scientists and saviours; their idle dream of the formation of a party which should sweep into office by the vote of the majority and land them and their adherents in the seats of power—these threw the door wide open to a thousand evasions and concealments; to endless opportunistic concessions and whittlings-away with hard and honest truth; to a most infamous bamboozling of the public for the sake of catching the much-coveted vote. Lenin has merely availed himself of the chaos created by the War and driven Socialism, as taught by Marx and Engels, to its inevitable and logical conclusion. He had the courage to take the fatal plunge. Sword in hand he took the short cut, and set this monstrous State lie in the very centre of the world's stage, where all could see its workings. An invaluable lesson to the world at large. One needed, as it appeared, even by many who regarded themselves as Anarchists.

It is impossible to clean up a cesspool without raising a stench, and this mass of slowly gathering corruption, which finally crystallised in the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, will not die sweetly. No weapon will be too foul for it to employ, and we Anarchists, whose speciality is the exposure of this State lie, must expect to be the target of its most virulent attacks.

For my own part, I am very positive that it will join hands with capitalist Governments for our suppression, and I know well that calumny will be its favourite arm. I notice that Emma Goldman is already getting her dose of it, and, as a number of absurd and utterly irrelevant things are being said about our comrade, I wish to set down a single fact beyond dispute.

Emma Goldman is an Anarchist. I have heard her lecture scores of times, and the note she never tired of striking was that the Socialists were centralists, who believed in the State, whereas the Anarchists were decentralists, who utterly detested it. Always she insisted that State Socialism, if ever tried, would fail disastrously; and she considered the growing powers all Governments have been gathering into their hands the most serious menace that confronts the people. Now Emma Goldman has been to Russia, of which she was a native, and has found her previous conclusions verified by facts. She has related her experiences frankly, and I cannot imagine anything more natural. She has seen things as an Anarchist was sure to see them, and to me the one surprising fact is the discovery that certain people are apparently surprised.

Some of our own comrades do not like it that Emma Goldman's articles have appeared in the *New York World*, the Hearst papers, and doubtless in other capitalistic journals. My own viewpoint is different. In my opinion, the more powerful the megaphone you can employ the better, the thing that matters being not who owns the instrument, but the use to which the speaker puts it. Only by telling the truth openly and fearlessly, in the hearing of all men, can we hope to clear the way.

W. C. O.

THE PATH TO A NEW SOCIAL ORDER.

The times we live in are times of transition. The race is passing from one period to another. Mankind is in the birth-throes of a new order.

(1.) At present we see over-population in England, India, China, and other lands. We see the rich and clever exploiting the poorer and less cunning, by means of unearned rent, interest, and dividends to idle shareholders. We see wars and preparations for wars by States, groups of rulers who, by lies and force, have secured power over men. To find the cure for these evils, the way to a better world, it is needful first to look at the inner, spiritual causes of these three evils—over-population, exploitation, States.

The inner causes are not difficult to find. They are three: sex-lust, greed, and pride which uses force to domineer over others.

The agitation of germ-cells produces the sex-lust, which unfortunately is glorified now as the end-all and chief delight of life. The influence of the inane stories of the cinema goes to uphold the fallacy of the satisfaction of sex-lust as the one great joy of life. Many novels do the same.

Greed, a craving for more than one's share of the wealth of the world, is rampant. The great activity on the Stock Exchange (see the chief London papers) shows an avarice to get all one can, regardless of grasping thus far more than one's share. The system of "limited companies"—and there are 73,000, with a paid-up capital of over £3,000,000,000—is one of exploiting the workers, as if they were horses: stabled well to keep them in health, but taken on or turned off, simply if profit can be made by them or not.

The existence of States is unnecessary to humanity, but has grown up by conquest chiefly. The clever, strong, and domineering have got the power, controlled the army, enforced taxation, and made wars. The people do not make wars. They are not consulted. They are duped to go and be cannon-fodder. Then they are taxed (those not killed!) to pay for the war, for the rest of their lives.

(2.) How can sex-lust be controlled, greed be held in check, States be changed into unarmed Commonwealths of friends? This is the problem now.

The Churches have failed to solve it. Their creeds cannot do it. It was Christians who fought one another in the war, for four years. What is good in Christianity will persist, viz., its insistence on sincerity and magnanimity. But Christianity also advocates the subservience of women to husbands, workers to employers, citizens to the State. In this we have gone beyond the New Testament now.

The State and its enforced laws cannot help us. The State will not abolish the State. It upholds also exploitation by force. Its foolish and cruel marriage and divorce law will not put sex-lust in its right, subordinate place. Parliament is based on the army, for few would pay taxes if not forced to do so.

If Church and State fail us, where is our power to evolve a new order?

Men must learn the power that lies in the *spiritual realities*, the inner, inexhaustible strength of *reason, freedom, love*. These three words cover the deeper life to which now we must look. Reason is seen in all the sciences. It is the analytic and synthetic power of mind. By it have been built houses, machines, ships: and now eugenics and

birth-control show a way of applying reason to control the wild vagaries of the germ-cells in our bodies: to guide and use them for our reasonable ends: insisting not on the quantity of children, but the quality: and avoiding undesired parentage.

Then, freedom means an end to subservience, each man being a person, and treated as such: not as a mere means to the aims of exploiters any more.

Love is not sex-lust, nor a mere liking of some one, nor "cupboard love," but it is creative lifegivingness. Here is our joyous power for the future, to create more life and fuller for all!

If men trust to and obey these powers perhaps even atheism may melt into a new vision of an Infinite Life unifying all men and Nature, awakening now in souls that aspire to reason, freedom, and love!

When this spiritual life becomes strong, a "general strike" will be possible, and can be calmly organised. By non-co-operation with landlords, companies, and the State, it will be possible to secure the land for the people, the rents to go to public needs, as adequate old-age pensions for all. Companies can be turned into groups of co-operating workers, who will pay off the idle shareholders, but not pay dividends any more.

The State will end, and its armies "strike" as in Petrograd in March, 1917. Guardians may be needed to restrain the irrational for their good, as the insane, angry, or the drunkard. Disarmament will end enforced taxation, and free collections be made for any generally desired object, as the upkeep of roads. A local assessment can be made, but not enforced: as in Wimbledon for some years the elementary schools were maintained by a voluntarily paid rate. Some refused it, and were not forced to pay.

The great need now is the vision of the spiritual life, and its power to solve social problems. Apart from that vision, and trust in those powers, no new order is possible.

GILBERT T. SADLER, M.A., LL.B.

[We are pleased to print this article from a new contributor, but we do not agree with it in some particulars, especially with regard to over-population. If he will read Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," we think he would alter his views on that question.—ED. FREEDOM.]

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Last month we stressed the fact that a great propaganda wave was sweeping Europe, and that apart from this there was little worth recording. A study of this month's exchanges confirms that view. Never, as it appears to us, has the struggle, within Labour's own ranks, between authoritarians and anti-authoritarians, been so bitter and universal. We may regret the bitterness, because it may beget a fanaticism impervious to reason. Nevertheless, out of all this heated discussion some clear thought should come.

For example, at Saint-Etienne, in France, the new revolutionary Syndicalist Confederation (C.G.T.U.) is about to hold a conference. The managing committee has issued in advance a statement of the Confederation's aims, which has been submitted for the consideration of the organisations to be represented. This statement opens with the declaration that the emancipation of the workers calls for the total transformation of society as it now exists, for the abolition of mastership and "the disappearance of the State." Against the inclusion of these last five words the Neo-Communist Syndicalists promptly entered their protest. We ourselves do not see how they could have acted otherwise, for it is surely impossible to vow allegiance to Moscow and work simultaneously for the abolition of the State.

Le Libéraire picks up the gauntlet eagerly, its latest issue devoting columns to this question. The position originally taken up by Pelloutier, as one of the fathers of revolutionary Syndicalism, is analysed, and the place of honour on the front page is given to an article which begins: "Free syndicalism starts from the individual in order to end with the individual. It is not a social doctrine to be imposed as an ideal, it is a weapon of emancipation and an act of organisation for each to utilise. In its origin syndicalism, thus conceived, is anarchistic, that is to say, individualistic . . . for it never forgets that the sole reason for such destructive or constructive measures as it may take is the wellbeing and freedom of the individual."

Sebastian Faure devotes a long article to an examination of the results reached at the cantonal elections, held May 14th. From the tabulated figures it appears that the Radicals, Radical-Socialists, and Republican Socialists, all of whom are lumped together, have won 28 seats and lost 25, and that the Communists have gained 7 seats and lost only one. Whereupon pæans of rejoicing in the victors' various camps, in *Humanité* and *L'Internationale*. Faure remarks caustically that similar boasting invariably follows every election, being a regular feature of the lying political game. He asks those who are shouting

"Revolution!" incessantly whether they are really satisfied with this as the net result of forty years' incessant propaganda, with all the cost and sacrifice that propaganda has involved.

Here, then, we have another phase of the unquenchable quarrel between authoritarians and anti-authoritarians, Statists and Anti-Statists, irreconcilable opposites. The Russian Revolution, culminating in the Dictatorship of the Proletariat and the doctrine of State omnipotence pushed remorselessly to its full logical conclusion, has blown this ever-smouldering quarrel into an all-devouring conflagration. All our exchanges ring with the clamour of the conflict.

Russia, intensely active, refuses to be thrust from the place she now occupies in the centre of the picture. A. Schapiro, as Secretary of the Anarchist-Syndicalist Union, "*Golos Truda*," communicates to *Le Libéraire* news of the arrest of E. Rubintchik (Meyer), who is now in the Butyrka prison. He reminds readers that, since 1917, Rubintchik has been one of the most active members of the organisation named, and that "he is recognised by Anarchists and Bolsheviks alike, in both Petrograd and Moscow, as one of the most honest of men, whose integrity has become a proverb among his friends in each camp." This arrest, says Schapiro, "can only be regarded as a new attempt to break up *Golos Truda* and disorganise the publication work that organisation has been carrying on for years. More than once already the Soviet authorities have attempted this, the last occasion being in March, 1921, when its printery and book depots were sacked and sealed up for some six months. Members of the organisation who were then in Petrograd were arrested and kept in prison for months, without any charge being brought against them, as the heads of the Petrograd Tcheka themselves have admitted."

Le Reveil publishes a cheering letter in which the writer states that, for the first time in many years, the May Day celebrations filled his heart with joy, for they were not fêtes, but serious manifestations which showed the workers deeply in earnest and testified to the birth of a new-soul. We wish we could say the same of the London celebration, which seemed to us little better than a picnic; and we notice that *Il Risveglio* takes a similarly gloomy view. Reviewing the meetings in Frankfurt, Berlin, and Rome, it sees the proletariat "still seeking to solve its problem by an absurd union of contradictory forces which collide with and paralyse each other." Turati, speaking in Milan on behalf of the Socialist Party, and following the representatives of the Railway Workers and the Italian Syndicalist Union, who pleaded for direct action, denounced all revolutionary movements as inane, and insisted on collaboration with that portion of the industrial bourgeoisie which is not necessarily reactionary.

ANARCHIST REFUGEES IN GERMANY.

DEAR COMRADES,—We have once already appealed to you for help. The number of cases when comrades, persecuted in their own countries, are compelled to come to Berlin, hoping to find an asylum in Germany, is daily on the increase. Needless to say that we have always done our best to support them, especially in finding work and lodgings for them. But the means at our disposal are at an end. We are unable henceforth to support them as before. This is the reason why we address ourselves again to you with the request that you may support our efforts in keeping up the work of international solidarity.

The present rate of exchange renders your task comparatively easy and would greatly help our persecuted comrades.

With a view to regularising the distribution of funds a special commission of three members has been set up, consisting of one representative of the Freie Arbeiter Union Deutschlands (Syndikalisten), one representative of the Anarchist Communist Federation of Germany, and one comrade chosen from among the deportees and immigrants. It should be noted, in this connection, that the great majority of these comrades are Russian Anarchists expelled by the Soviet Government.

We make an urgent appeal to your feelings of solidarity, hoping that your response will not allow the work of regular support to fail, as this would mean privation and misery for our comrades. The need is great, and your help must be speedy if it is to be effective.

Anarchist and Syndicalist organisations are requested to send their contributions to one of the following addresses:—

TH. KRAUSCH, Kniprodestr. 4, Berlin O. 34;

FRITZ KATER, Kopernikusstr. 25 II., Berlin O. 34.

All the sums received will be acknowledged in our press.

Fraternal greetings,

FÖDERATION DER KOMMUNISTISCHEN ANARCHISTEN
DEUTSCHLANDS.

[We will be pleased to forward any sums sent to us in response to this appeal.—ED. FREEDOM.]

FREEDOM.

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Russia's Failure and its Lessons.

The moment for a great advance is drawing near. More than ever are we convinced that the failures, the colossal failures, of reformers and pseudo-revolutionists have cleared the way before us and doubtless in no other fashion could that clearance have been made. Patchings-up, restriction, regulation, dictatorship, all the repressive measures natural to that governmental philosophy which regards the masses as sheep, had to be tried; and they have been tried most thoroughly. Everywhere the experiment has been pushed to its logical conclusion, and the result is universal smash.

Just prior to the War the position of the masses had become well-nigh intolerable. Where work was obtainable it was usually a joyless and soul-killing type, and devoted to the piling up of huge fortunes in which the labourer had neither interest nor share. Where, as happened with increasing frequency, work was unobtainable, the unemployed became an outcast, a pariah, a homeless wanderer who knew not where to lay his head. A life with no outlook other than that of permanent despair. A future so black that it terrified even the most servile into revolt and set the proletariat of every country talking and dreaming ecstatically of the Revolution about to come. There came, instead, the War.

For a time it was believed that the danger had been averted and the smash postponed. Never was there a greater delusion. The War has not delayed the settlement; it has hastened it. The situation has not been rendered endurable but incomparably worse. What the War has done is to submit us to a series of experiments, every one of which has been an agony. It began by plunging us into a worse than barbaric slaughter, thereby showing us that modern Civilisation had become practically synonymous with Hell. At the end of four years it advanced to mediævalism, and Governments, armed to the teeth and wielding powers of repression that would have made Tamerlane turn green with envy, have been demonstrating their ability to add to the happiness of civil life by putting humanity in irons. Tamerlane's pet foible was pyramids of skulls. The foible of modern Governments is to treat their subjects as brainless; as infants whose estate they are called on to administer; as would-be criminals whose every footstep is to be dogged, lest at any moment they should have the audacity to make a break for freedom.

Do you imagine that the people really enjoy all this? They hate it. Every worker knows that he is robbed from the cradle to the grave; that he is never given a chance; that he is bled to death by leeches, and that the Government, with all its base machinery of repression, connives at and renders possible the bleeding. Even the business world is in revolt, for no man likes to be deprived of the management of his own affairs, and everyone recognises that the bureaucrat is a parasite who eats him up. Outside the ever-enlarging circle of the parasites no one is prosperous. Trade languishes, production is at a standstill, even those who can procure employment are pressed harder and harder, and in the heart of all modern society there is a smouldering discontent ready, at the first opportune moment, to burst into an all-consuming flame. That moment is approaching.

All this gathering trouble came to a sudden head with the Russian Revolution—an epoch-making event entitled to rank with the great French upheaval. Both represented, at the start, a vehement determination to break entirely with the past; both were unable to wrench themselves away from the old tradition

of governmental coercion; both, as an inevitable consequence, came to grief. Failure always lies waiting for the half and half. In its first stage, now drawing to a close, the Russian Revolution has broken down; but this is only the first stage. Indeed, as we view it, the quick and transparent failure of this preliminary effort is our guarantee that the World Revolution which must succeed it will not fail. The pioneer seldom finds that going easy, and it has been Russia's high privilege to point out the great pitfall that must be avoided, and to show us how the thing cannot be done.

We cannot doubt that, for the moment, the Russian Revolution is a failure. It is inconceivable to us that a country of vast natural resources, inhabited by more than a hundred million people, is able to exist only by selling itself to High Finance. That is a self-evident absurdity, and gives the lie to the whole Labour movement which rests on the economic truth that labour applied to natural resources is the sole creator of all wealth. If the Russian peasant is allowed to work freely, and is not robbed of his product for the support of a swarm of parasitic officials, he will raise far more than he can consume, as he did even under the Tsars. If Russia's artisans and mechanics can have free access to the mineral and other supplies lying all around them, they can be masters of themselves and lift themselves high above want and the fear of want. The trouble is that they are not allowed to be masters of themselves; that they are not allowed to lift themselves; that they are in the grip of a small minority bent on retaining power and eager, therefore, to sell their country to those who can furnish them with the cash needed by the military and civil bureaucracy that enables them to stay in power.

These fundamental truths, so patent to us, are the very cornerstone of the whole revolutionary movement. To abandon them would be to abandon everything. It is our first duty, therefore, to voice them unflinchingly, and to make plain to all the disinherited the great lesson Russia's suffering should teach.

AN APPEAL FOR "FREEDOM."

We are in urgent need of immediate financial assistance. Owing to the publication of other appeals in *FREEDOM*, we have refrained for some time from issuing one on our own behalf; but we can do so no longer, and we now ask all comrades and friends to send us as much money as they can spare in the next few weeks. Our financial position is really a very serious one, and is much aggravated by the present widespread unemployment, which affects the sale of our paper and our literature. *FREEDOM*, unfortunately, is the only paper that stands for individual liberty as opposed to State control, and should it go under there would disappear the one champion in this country against the forces of Authority. This will not happen if we can possibly avoid it, but we look to our readers to provide us with the money necessary to enable us to carry on.

FREEDOM has appeared regularly for so many years that some comrades think it will be sure to appear next month whether they help or not; but its publication has been made possible only by the hard work and sacrifice of a comparative few, who are not now in a position to carry the whole of the burden. We therefore appeal once again to our readers at home and abroad to come to our assistance. The need for money is urgent; we look with confidence to you to supply it.

Death of Henry Bool.

Comrades here and in the United States will be sorry to hear of the death of Henry Bool, at Montacute, Somerset, on March 27. He was one of the oldest and most persistent of Anarchist propagandists. Born at Montacute, he went to the States in the '60's. Always very radical in his ideas, he early became interested in Anarchism, and helped Benjamin R. Tucker with *Liberty*. He also published booklets and leaflets, at his own expense, for free distribution, a work he continued on his return to his native place a few years ago. He was mainly responsible for the republication in 1913 of Stephen Pearl Andrews's fine work "The Science of Society." Although an Individualist, he several times sent donations to the funds of *FREEDOM*, congratulating us on our fight against the growing power of the State. His energy and perseverance should be an example to all our younger comrades.

"Freedom" Subscription Reduced.

Owing to the reduction in the minimum postage rate for printed matter (inland), the annual subscription for *FREEDOM* is now reduced from 3s. to 2s. 6d.

Push the sale of "Freedom."

THE STORY OF BOLSHEVIK TYRANNY.

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE FORCES THAT CRUSHED THE REVOLUTION.

The Russian Revolution as a radical social and economic change meant to overthrow capitalism and establish Communism must be declared a failure.

In estimating the various factors that crushed the revolution, it is not enough to point out the rôle played by the counter-revolutionary elements. To be sure, their crimes are heinous enough to condemn them unto all eternity. These Russian "patriots"—monarchists, Cadets (Constitutional Democrats), Right Socialist-Revolutionists, etc.—filled the world with their clamour for intervention. What was it to them that millions of their countrymen and thousands of innocent victims from all lands were slaughtered in the unholy war against Russia?

They lived in perfect safety and security; neither the bullets of the Cheka nor the devastating hand of hunger and typhus could reach them. They could afford to play the game of patriotism. But, then, all this is sufficiently known to require no further elucidation. What is not known is that the Russian and Allied interventionists were not the only actors in the great social drama which ended in the death of the Russian Revolution. The other actors are the Bolsheviks themselves. It is of their rôle that I shall speak now.

Perhaps the Russian Revolution was doomed at its birth. Coming as it did upon the heels of four years of war, which had drained Russia of her best manhood, sapped her blood, and devastated her land, the revolution may not have had the strength to withstand the mad onslaught of the rest of the world. The Bolsheviks claim that the Russian people, though heroic enough for great outbursts, lack the perseverance necessary for the slow, painful, every-day exigencies of a revolutionary period. I do not admit the truth of it.

But, granted that this contention is well founded, I yet insist that it was not so much the attacks from without as the senseless and cruel methods within Russia that have killed the revolution and placed the yoke of despotism upon the people's neck. The Marxian policies of the Bolsheviks, the tactics first extolled as indispensable to the life of the revolution only to be discarded as harmful after they had wrought misery, distrust, and antagonism, were the factors that slowly undermined the faith of the people in the revolution.

If there ever was doubt as to what constitutes the greatest danger to a revolution—outside attacks or the paralysed interest of the people within—the Russian experience should dispel that doubt completely. The counter-revolutionists, backed by Allied money, men, and munitions, failed utterly; not so much by the heroism of the Red Army as by the revolutionary enthusiasm of the people themselves, who fought back every attack. Yet the Russian Revolution has died an agonised death. How, then, explain that phenomenon?

The main causes are not far to seek. If a revolution is to survive in the face of opposition and obstacles, it is of the utmost importance that the light of the revolution be held high before the people; that they should at all times be close to the living, throbbing pulse of the revolution. In other words, it is necessary that the masses should continuously feel that the revolution is of their own making, that they are actively participating in the difficult task of building a new life.

For a brief period after the October Revolution the workers, peasants, soldiers, and sailors were indeed the masters of their revolutionary fate. But soon the invisible iron hand began to manipulate the revolution, to separate it from the people, and to make it subservient to its own ends—the iron hand of the Communist State.

The Bolsheviks are the Jesuit order in the Marxian Church. Not that they are insincere as men, or that their intentions are evil. It is their Marxism that has determined their policies and methods. The very means they have employed have destroyed the realisation of their end. Communism, Socialism, equality, freedom—everything for which the Russian masses have endured such martyrdom—have become discredited and besmirched by their tactics, by their Jesuitic motto that the end justifies all means.

Cynicism and coarseness have taken the place of the idealist aspirations that characterised the October Revolution. All inspiration has been paralysed; popular interest is dead; indifference and apathy are dominant. Not intervention nor the blockade—on the contrary, it was the internal policies of the

Bolshevik State that alienated the Russian people from the revolution and filled them with hatred of everything emanating from it.

"What is the use of changing?" now say the people; "all rulers are alike—the poor must always suffer." It is this fatalism, coupled with submission of centuries, which has helped the Bolsheviks in their dominion over Russia. Have the Bolsheviks learned from experience that the end does not justify all means?

To be sure, Lenin often repents. At every All-Russian Communist conclave he comes forth with his *mea culpa*, "I have sinned." A young Communist once said to me:

"It would not surprise me if Lenin should some day declare that the October Revolution was a mistake."

Indeed, Lenin does admit his mistakes; but that does by no means prevent him from continuing the same mistaken policies. Every new experiment is proclaimed by Lenin and his zealots as the height of scientific and revolutionary wisdom. Woe be to those who dare question the justice or efficacy of the new measure! They are branded as counter-revolutionists, speculators, and bandits.

But presently Lenin again repents, and then begins to deride his flock as fools for having believed that the experiment was at all possible. After deluding Russia and the world for four years by his avowal that Communism is in the making in Russia, Lenin at the last Congress of the All-Russian Soviets covered his comrades with ridicule for their naivete in believing that Communism is realisable in Russia now. Yet the prison doors are still closed upon those who mildly suggested the same thing three years ago.

It would be interesting to trace the various methods employed by the Bolsheviks to achieve their ends—methods forced upon the people as the sum-total of all wisdom and which resulted in the undoing of the revolution. The scope of an article does not allow a detailed analysis of everything the Bolshevik State has done. I shall here refer only to the most important methods and phases.

The Brest-Litovsk peace marked the beginning of all subsequent evils. It was a deliberate denial of all that the Bolsheviks had proclaimed to the world—peace without indemnities, self-determination of all oppressed peoples, no secret diplomacy. Yet the Bolsheviks made peace with German imperialism over the heads of the German people.

The price of that peace was the betrayal of Latvia, Finland, the Ukraine, and Byelo-Russia.

(Byelo-Russia is more commonly called "White Russia." It occupies the upper parts of the Western Slope of the Central Plateau of Russia, and the inhabitants of this section have a certain intermingling of blood with the Poles and Lithuanians. Byelo is the Russian word for "white.")

The result—several years of civil war, the disruption of the revolutionary forces, when unity was so vital to the defence of the revolution, and the beginning of Red terror which is continuing to this day.

The peasantry of the Ukraine and of Byelo-Russia knew how to drive back the German invader, but it has neither forgotten nor forgiven the treachery of the Bolsheviks. The continuous presence of a million troops in the Ukraine to "liquidate the bandits" bears witness to the love of the Ukrainian peasants for the Communist State. The ratification of the Brest peace, which Trotsky refused to sign, which Radek—then in a German prison—declared as the bankruptcy of the revolution, while Joffe signed it "with closed eyes," as he said, was the signal for long open and secret resistance of the peasants to the Bolshevik State.

The peasants, who were at one with the workers till the Brest betrayal, turned with hatred and antagonism from the Bolsheviks, who claimed to represent the peasants and the workers. Lenin demanded the ratification as a breathing spell for the revolution. It was one of his many blunders, but the most costly one. It strangled the revolution.

FORCIBLE FOOD COLLECTION.

The Razvyorstka, the method of forcible food collection, soon followed upon the heels of the Brest peace. The Bolsheviks will have it that they were compelled to resort to the Razvyorstka because of the refusal of the peasants to feed the city. This is only partly true. The peasants did indeed refuse to turn over their products to the Government agents. They demanded the right to deal with the workers directly, but it was denied

them. The inefficiency of the Bolshevik régime and the corruption of their bureaucracy contributed much to the dissatisfaction of the rural population. The manufactures promised to the peasants in exchange for their produce seldom reached them, or, when actually received, proved to be damaged goods, short of measure, and so forth.

In Kharkoff I saw the demonstration of the inefficiency of the centralised bureaucratic machine. In a large factory warehouse there lay huge stacks of agricultural machinery. Moscow had ordered them made "within two weeks, in pain of punishment for sabotage." They were made, and six months already had passed without the "central authorities" making any effort to distribute the machines to the peasantry, which kept clamouring for them in their great need. It was one of the countless examples of the manner in which the Moscow system "worked," or, rather, did not work.

Is it to be wondered at that the peasants lost all faith in the ability of the Bolshevik State to manage things properly? When the Bolsheviks saw that the peasant was not to be coaxed or cajoled into confidence, they devised the Razvyorstka. A more effective method for antagonising and embittering the peasantry could not have been invented. It became the dreaded terror of the agrarian population. It robbed them of everything. Only the future will be able to give an adequate picture of the terrible consequences of that insane measure, with its great sacrifice of life and devastation.

Unbelievable as it may seem, it is a fact well known in Russia that the Razvyorstka system was partly responsible for the present famine. For the peasants were not only stripped of their last pood of flour; often they were robbed of the seeds they had put by for their next planting. The drought is, of course, the main cause of the harrowing conditions in the Volga districts. But it is nevertheless true that if the peasants had been able to plant at the proper time, and freely, at least certain areas would have been in a position to help lessen the famine on the Volga.

The punitive expeditions, following upon a village's resistance to the Government's food collectors, and always in charge of Communists, would attack the place by force of arms and often literally destroy it. In vain the peasants protested to their local authorities, and finally to Moscow. No redress was to be found. A significant anecdote is current in Russia which throws light upon the peasants' view of the Bolshevik method of food "collection."

A peasant committee is received by Lenin. "Well, dedushka, little grandfather," says Lenin to the oldest peasant, "you should be satisfied now; you have the land, the cattle, the fowls; you have everything."

"Yes, God be blessed," replies the peasant; "yes, little father, the land is mine, but you get the bread; the cow is mine, but yours the milk; the chicken mine, but yours the eggs. The Lord be blessed, little father!"

The peasants, thus robbed and duped, turned against the Communists. The Razvyorstka, the punitive expeditions, the brutal methods and injustices, resulted in producing a strong counter-revolutionary feeling in the country. Some writers on Russia have taken the Government's interpretation of the antagonism of the peasants.

Thus, Mr. Bertrand Russell, by far the most sincere and honest critic of Russia, states in "The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism": "It must be said that the peasants' reasons for disliking the Bolsheviks are very inadequate." It is evident that Mr. Russell did not see the effects of the Razvyorstka, or he would have received a different impression.

The truth is, if the Russian peasant were not so phlegmatic and passive, the Bolshevik State would not have endured so long. As it is, their passive resistance has come near terminating the Bolshevik régime. This realisation it was—not the fact that the Razvyorstka was inhuman and counter-revolutionary—which forced Lenin to his new policy of taxation and free trade.

The co-operatives of Russia represented a great economic and cultural force in the life of the people. In 1918 they covered the country with a chain of 25,000 branches, with a membership of 9,000,000. Their invested capital at that time amounted to 15,000,000 roubles, while the business transacted the previous year exceeded 200,000,000. Of course, the co-operatives were not revolutionary organisations, but they were an indispensable medium between the country and the city.

Whatever counter-revolutionary elements there were in the co-operatives were on top and could have been eliminated without destroying the entire organisation. But to permit the co-operatives to function would have meant the lessening of the centralised power of the State. Hence the co-operatives had to be

"liquidated," and a great factor for the reconstruction of Russia was utterly destroyed.

Now, after the co-operatives are no more and the men and women that have done such splendid work in that movement have wasted their lives in Bolshevik prisons, Lenin again says, "*mea culpa*." The co-operatives are now to be re-established, the corpse is to be revived. Shortly before the co-operatives were again legalised, Peter Kropotkin—then on his death-bed—expressed the wish that the six Dmitroff co-operators should be released. He had known them intimately as earnest and devoted workers.

They had then already spent eighteen months in the Bourtirka, the Moscow prison, because of their loyalty to their work. They were released only after Lenin had declared that the co-operatives must be resurrected. It is hardly probable that the co-operatives will ever attain to their former strength and importance within the Bolshevik State.

THE SOVIETS.

To call present Russia Soviet Russia or the Bolshevik régime a Soviet Government is preposterous. The Soviets had their inception in the Revolution of 1905, and again came into being after the February Revolution. They have about as much relation to the Bolshevik Government as the early Christians had to the Christian Church.

The Soviets of peasants, workers, soldiers, and sailors were the spontaneous expression of the liberated energies of the Russian people. They represented the needs of the masses made articulate after centuries of silence. Already in May, June, and July of 1917 the dynamic force of the Soviets urged the workers to seize the factories and the peasants to take the land.

The Soviets spread with great rapidity over Russia, fanned the flames of the October Revolution, and continued to function for many months after that event. Some social politicians failed to grasp their significance. The latter simply swept over them. The same would have happened to the Bolsheviks had they attempted to stem the onrushing tide of this movement.

But Lenin is a shrewd and subtle Jesuit; he joined in the popular cry, "All power to the Soviets!" When he and his fellow-Jesuits were firmly in the saddle, the breaking up of the Soviets began. To-day they are like everything else in Russia—a shadow with the substance utterly crushed.

The Soviets now voice only the decision of the Communist Party. No other political opinion has any chance to get a proper hearing. The election methods practised by the Communists would fill Tammany Hall with envy. On my arrival in Russia I was told by a leading Communist that "Boss Murphy and Tammany Hall have nothing on us." Naturally, I thought that the man was joking. Soon I convinced myself that he had told the truth.

Every known device is employed by the Bolsheviks to swell the Communist vote. If ordinary pleading fails, threats of losing the payok and of arrest do the work. The voters know what to expect. It is therefore obvious why the Communists invariably poll a majority. Still, the Mensheviks, Left Social Revolutionists, and even Anarchists have their representatives elected now and then—which is no small feat in Bolshevik Russia.

Without a Press, deprived of free speech, and without the legal permission of propaganda in the shops, it is nothing short of a miracle that the opposing parties succeed in having some representation in the Soviets. But as far as opportunity of making themselves heard is concerned, they might as well not be there. The Communist claqueurs see to it that none but Communists are given a hearing.

In case of the Anarchists elected to the Soviets, the Government generally refuses to recognise their mandates or finds some pretext to send them to the Cheka. In 1920 I attended an election meeting held in one of the factory clubs in Moscow. It was the second time the Government had refused to seat the candidate of the workers—an Anarchist. Though the opposing candidate of that district was Semashko, the Commissary of Health, the workers for the third time elected the Anarchist. In vain did Semashko stoop to abuse and misrepresentation; in vain did he shake his fist in the faces of the workers, calling anathema upon their heads.

The workers only laughed and jeered him and re-elected the Anarchist. A few months later the man was arrested on some pretext. He was released only after a prolonged hunger strike, and that only because the British Labour Mission was in Moscow at the time and the Bolsheviks were anxious to avoid a scandal. Before I left Moscow, December 1st, 1921, three Anarchist members of the Moscow Soviet had been arrested. One was exiled from the capital; the other two, as I have learned since, have had a charge of "banditry and underground activities" placed

against them—a very serious charge, usually followed by shooting without hearing or trial. Those men had been outspoken in the Soviet. They had to be “removed.”

One can easily see that neither the Moscow Soviet nor any other Soviet has any independent voice or function. Not even the ordinary Communist member has much freedom of speech there. In the Soviets, as well as in the entire Bolshevik Government, the “dictatorship of the proletariat” is vested in the hands of a very small group—the inner circle which alone rules Russia and her people.

What was once an ideal, the free expression of the workers, peasants, and soldiers, has been turned into a farce, which the people no longer believe in or want.

CONSCRIPT LABOUR.

Mobilisation of labour, in reality conscript labour, was heralded to the world as the greatest asset of Communism. “All must labour now in Soviet Russia. No more parasites!” Though Lenin has never openly admitted that this method, like many other similar ones decreed to rebuild Russia, is a mistake, I am yet inclined to think that he realises that conscript labour has done absolutely nothing to increase the output of the workers.

What it did accomplish was to establish, while it existed, chattel slavery and to replace the bourgeois parasite by the machinery of Bolshevik parasitism. Its function was to drive the workers to toil, oversee them on the job, and have them arrested and occasionally even shot for deserting the job. As for the great majority of the workers, they went to the shops not to work but to rest, and secretly to make a few articles that their wives and children could take to the country and exchange for flour and potatoes. That, incidentally, kept them from starvation.

Apropos of the opportunities of bringing something from the country, a whole book could be written on that alone. With the prohibition of trading came the “zagryaditelny stryad,” the detachment of soldiers and Chekists at every station to confiscate everything brought by private persons to the city. The wretched people, after untold difficulties of obtaining a pass for travel, after days and weeks of exposure at the stations, after the ghastly trip in filthy, overcrowded cars, or on the roofs and platforms, would bring a pood of flour or potatoes, only to have it snatched from them by the stryad.

In most cases the confiscated stuff was divided by the defenders of the Communist State among themselves. The victims were fortunate indeed if they escaped further trouble. Often they would be robbed of their precious pack and thrown into gaol for “speculation.” The number of real speculators apprehended was insignificant in comparison with the mass of unfortunate humanity that filled the prisons of Russia for trying to keep from starving to death.

One thing must be said for the Bolsheviks—they do nothing by half. As soon as compulsory labour became a law, it was carried into effect with a vengeance. Men and women, young and old, thinly clad and in torn shoes, or with only rags on their feet, were indiscriminately driven into the cold and sleet to shovel snow or cut ice. Sometimes they were sent in groups to the forests to saw wood.

Pleurisy, pneumonia, and tuberculosis resulted. It was only then that the wisecracks in the Kremlin created a new department for the distribution of labour. This bureau decided upon the physical fitness of the workers, classified and distributed them according to their trade.

Under such enslaving and degrading conditions one need not be surprised that the people shirked the work, because they hated it and the way they were driven to it. They began to look upon the Communist State as the new leech that was sapping their life-blood. The workers of Petrograd, the most revolutionary, they who had borne the brunt of the long struggle, who had so heroically defended the city against Yudenitch, who starved and froze beyond belief—what wonder if even they came to loathe the false revolutionists and everything connected with them?

Not theirs is the fault—it is the cruel Bolshevik machine which undermined their ideals and faith. That machine has engendered a counter-revolutionary feeling which it will take long to overcome.

I shall never forget a certain scene—a meeting of the Petrograd Soviet. On that night the fate of Cronstadt was to be decided. After long speeches by the leading Communists, several workers and sailors asked for the floor. A worker from the arsenal speaks. He faces the chair instead of the audience. His voice is tense with suppressed emotion, his eyes burn, his whole frame shakes. He addresses the Chairman of the Petrograd Soviet, Zinovieff.

“Three years and a half ago,” he says, “you were denounced as a German spy, a traitor to the revolution, hounded

and persecuted. We, the workers and sailors of Petrograd, saved you, and carried you to the seat you now occupy. We did that because we believed that you were expressive of the people. Since then you and your Government have gone away from us. Now you call us insulting names, dare to decry us as counter-revolutionists. You imprison and shoot us because we ask you to make good the promise you had given us in the October Revolution.”

I do not know what became of the man. He may be in prison or dead for his daring. His cry fell on deaf ears. Yet it was the cry of an agonised spirit, the collective Russian spirit, that had aspired to and attained such heights during the Revolution and that is now fettered by the Bolshevik State.

THE CHEKA.*

The Cheka, the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission, unquestionably is the blackest measure of the Bolshevik régime. It was organised shortly after the Bolsheviks came to power for the purpose of coping with counter-revolution, sabotage, and speculation. Originally the Cheka was controlled by the Commissariat of the Interior, the Soviets, and the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

Gradually it became the most powerful organisation in Russia. It was not merely a State within a State; it was a State over a State. The whole of Russia is covered to the remotest village with a net of Chekas.

Every department in the vast bureaucratic machine has its Extraordinary Commission, omnipotent over the life and death of the Russian people. It would require the master pen of a Dante to bring home to the world the inferno created by this organisation, the brutalising, disintegrating effect it has upon the Extraordinary Commissions themselves, the dread, distrust, hatred, suffering, and death it has wrought upon Russia.

The head of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission is Dzerzhinsky. He, together with his fellow-members of its presidium, are “tried” Communists. In a public statement Dzerzhinsky said: “We are the representatives of organised terror. . . . We terrorise the enemies of the Soviet Government. . . . We have the power to undertake raids, confiscate goods and capital, perform arrests, question, try, and condemn those we consider guilty, and to inflict the death penalty.”

In other words, the Cheka is spy, policeman, judge, gaoler, and executioner, all in one. It is the supreme power from which there is no redress, and only rarely an escape. It operates nearly always at night. The sudden flood of light in a district, the noise of madly speeding Cheka automobiles are signals for the alarm and dread of the community. The Cheka is at work again!

“Who are the unfortunates caught in the net this night? Whose turn will be next?”

The Cheka was organised to cope with counter-revolution, but for every real conspiracy it has unearthed it has created nine, either of an imaginary nature or of its own making. It must be borne in mind that the main asset of the Cheka are its provocateurs and informers. Like the scourge of typhus, they infest the very air of Russia. They shrink from no method, be it ever so base and cruel, to involve their victims and to penalise them as dangerous counter-revolutionists and speculators. In reality, however, the Cheka itself is a hotbed of counter-revolutionary plot and fabulous speculation.

Every Communist, by the discipline of his party, must at any time be ready to serve in the Cheka. But the majority of the Chekists are from the Czar’s “Okhrana,” from the Black Hundreds, and from the former high officials of the army. They are adepts in the application of barbarous methods.

The Western world has been fed on glowing accounts of the people’s tribunals in Russia—the courts presided over by workers and peasants. There are no such courts within the domain of the Cheka. Its proceedings are secret. The so called hearings, when they take place at all, are a travesty of justice.

The “culprit” is confronted by ready-made evidence; he has no witnesses, and is permitted no defence. When he is led away from the Chamber of Horrors, he does not even know whether he is acquitted or condemned. He is kept in maddening suspense until some night he is called out—never to return. The following morning a Chekist calls for his belongings, and the rest of the prisoners know that another cold-blooded murder has been added to the countless numbers.

And the relatives and friends of the unfortunates? They go on standing in line on the Lyubianka, the street where the ghastly Cheka is quartered, for days and weeks anxiously waiting for word from their own. At last they are told that the one they

* The Bolshevik press reports that the Cheka has been dissolved and its powers handed over to the Minister of the Interior. But as Dzerzhinsky, who was head of the Cheka, is now Minister of the Interior, the change seems to be merely a piece of camouflage.—ED. FREEDOM.

are looking for has been shot the previous night. In most cases the victim has been dead for a long time. Thus insult is added to the tragedy and grief of the mourner.

Like the Okhrana of old, the Bolshevik Okhrana keeps its evil doings from the public. But the truth will out sometimes. There is already considerable printed data on the horrors within the walls of the Cheka—the brutal tortures, the graft, the widespread speculation. One need not go for information to the opponents of the Bolshevik régime. The Cheka itself occasionally furnishes much material. The weekly organ of the Cheka No. 3 contains an article on the necessity of torture. It is entitled "Enough Sentimentality!" and says, among other things:—

"In dealing with enemies of Soviet Russia, it is necessary to use methods of torture to press confessions out of them, and then despatch them to the other world."

The reader need not think that the Cheka has progressed since 1918. Last summer, when the alleged plot of Prof. Tagantseff was discovered in Petrograd, brutal beatings, torture by thirst, and such other eminently "revolutionary" methods were employed. I have this information not from counter-revolutionists, but from a very sincere Communist who was one of the arrested, and who witnessed the results of Chekist methods.

A Communist among arrested counter-revolutionists? How did he get there? Very simply. When the Cheka throws out its net, it catches the innocent as well as the guilty; in fact, mostly the innocent. For how can sixty-eight persons be involved in a conspiracy without the whole city knowing it? Yet sixty-eight persons were shot last summer in Petrograd in connection with the Tagantseff "plot." And that is a small percentage of the innocent men, women, and even youths done to death in the cellars of the Cheka.

Time and again demands were made on the Government to check the power of this terrible organisation. Such an attempt was made in the fall of 1920. Immediately crime became rampant in Moscow, and "conspiracies" multiplied. Naturally, the Cheka had to prove that it is indispensable to the Bolshevik State. Thereupon a testimonial of thanks was voted to Dzerzhinsky and published in the *Pravda*.

Zinovieff, at one of the sessions of the Petrograd Soviet, declared Dzerzhinsky "a saint devoted to the revolution." The history of the Dark Ages is full of such saints. How terrible that the Bolshevik régime must imitate the black past!

In this connection it is interesting to recall the stand taken by the Bolsheviks in 1917, when the Provisional Government attempted to reinstate capital punishment for army deserters. At that time the Bolsheviks protested vehemently against such brutality. They pointed out how barbarous the death penalty is, and how degrading to mankind. After the October Revolution, at the Second All-Russian Congress of the Soviets, the Bolsheviks—together with the other revolutionary elements—voted to abolish capital punishment. Now *razstrely* are the cherished method of the Cheka—methods presided over by a Communist saint and sanctioned by the Communist State.

What becomes of Marxism, which teaches that the Social Revolution is the birth of a new social life? Is there any indication of it in any of the Bolshevik principles and methods as applied in Russia? The Bolshevik State has proved itself a crushing conspiracy against the Russian Revolution.

The Persecution of Maria Spiridonova.

Pre-revolutionary Russia stood unique in the world's history for the host of women she contributed to the revolutionary movement. Beginning with the Decembrists, whose wives followed them, nearly a century ago, into exile, down to the last hour of the Czar's régime, Russian women participated in the most heroic activities and went to *katorga*, or death, with a smile upon their lips. Among the great number there stands out as one of the most remarkable figures Maria Spiridonova.

During 1905-1906 there was much unrest among the peasantry of Russia. In the Province of Tamboff the peasants, exasperated by excessive taxation and the brutality of officials, rose against their oppressors and set fire to some estates. The Governor of Tamboff, Luzhenovsky, known far and wide for his savagery, had whole villages flogged by the Cossacks. Half-naked, the peasants were forced to kneel for hours in the deep snow, while scores of them were stood up in rows and massacred. Maria Spiridonova was then a young girl, yet she was entrusted by her party, the Social-Revolutionists, with the task of avenging the barbarity practised upon the peasants—to kill Luzhenovsky.

It was a difficult task. Luzhenovsky was well guarded. With his Cossack punitive expedition he had for years travelled from village to village, terrorising the population and draining the peasants of their last provisions to feed the war with Japan. But

the difficulties did not dismay Spiridonova. Disguised as a peasant woman, she became the shadow of Luzhenovsky. She haunted the railway stations and country roads "in search," as she explained, "of her missing soldier husband."

In spite of imminent danger, privation, and cold, she kept her long, vigilant watch for the Governor, till at last the looked-for opportunity arrived. As the train bearing Luzhenovsky pulled up at the station where Spiridonova had been waiting so patiently and he stepped on the platform, surrounded by his officers, Spiridonova broke through the cordon of guards and shot him to death.

The Russian Czars were never partial in their treatment of women politicals; they were equally relentless toward both men and women. But in the case of Spiridonova the henchmen of Czar Nicholas surpassed even the methods of Ivan the Terrible. She was subjected to unspeakable barbarities. Dragged to the waiting-room of the station, she was beaten into insensibility, her clothes torn from her body, and then turned over to her drunken guards.

These amused themselves by burning her naked body with lighted cigarettes, kicking her about the room, and finally outraging her. For weeks she hovered between life and death, and then the death sentence was imposed on her.

The news of the torture of Spiridonova aroused the whole world to protest, which saved her from the scaffold. She was sent to Siberia for life, where—as Gershuni afterwards related—she arrived "a mere bundle of raw flesh." In prison her comrades tenderly nursed her back to recovery. But the result of her ghastly experience remained with her—tuberculosis, a crippled hand, and the loss of the sight of one eye. But though physically marred and broken, her spirit continued aflame.

The February revolution opened the living grave for all Russian politicals, among them also Maria Spiridonova. Who can describe her exultation when she received the news of liberty? Yet she would not leave the prison until assured that all politicals were to be set free.

Amid great acclamations of the people, Maria Spiridonova returned to Russia. But not to live in the Winter Palace, not to be feted, not to rest upon her laurels. She came back to throw herself into the mounting sea of the released energies of the masses, of the peasantry especially, who so revered and trusted her. She became Chairman of the Executive Committee of the All-Russian Soviet of Peasant Representatives.

As such she inspired, organised, and directed the newly awakened spirit and activities of the peasants. Unlike some of the old revolutionists who had for years fertilised the revolutionary soil with their tears and blood, and yet could not grasp the trend of the new time, Maria Spiridonova quickly realised that the February revolution was but the prelude to a greater and more profound change.

When the October revolution, like a mighty avalanche, overwhelmed many of the old revolutionary guard, Spiridonova remained firm in her revolutionary faith and at the side of the people in the hour of their greatest need. Day and night she worked, always at the service of her beloved peasants.

She was the soul of the Department of Agriculture, and elaborated a plan for the socialisation of the land, one of the most vital problems of Russia at that time. How her frail body and weakened lungs withstood the tremendous strain is indeed a miracle. Only her great will power and marvellous devotion could successfully sustain her during that most difficult and intense period.

Already early in 1918 Maria Spiridonova became aware that the revolution might be in greater danger from some of its friends than from its enemies. The Bolsheviks, swept into power by their revolutionary slogans borrowed partly from Anarchists and partly from the Social-Revolutionists, soon entered upon a different path. The first step in that direction was the Brest-Litovsk peace.

Lenin insisted on the ratification of that "peace" only "to gain a breathing spell for the revolution." Maria Spiridonova, as well as many other revolutionists of different schools, to whom the revolution was not a mere laboratory for political experiments, determinedly fought the ratification. They contended that such a peace involved the betrayal of the Ukraine, then enthusiastically and victoriously driving the German invaders from Southern Russia; that it meant the exclusive domination of the Russian people by the Bolshevik Party and the suppression of all other political movements, with consequent bitter civil war; in short, the "breathing spell" of Lenin would prove the complete debacle of the revolution.

At that time Trotzky and many other Communists were opposed to the Brest-Litovsk peace. They, too, saw the danger ahead. But they were soon whipped into acceptance by the iron

discipline of the party. Lenin carried the day, and the Calvary of the Russian revolution began.

While in America, I had heard many conflicting stories about the fate of Maria Spiridonova in Soviet Russia. On my arrival there I immediately made inquiries concerning her. I was informed by responsible Communists that she had suffered a nervous breakdown, become acutely hysterical, and was therefore placed in a sanatorium "for her own good, and receiving the best of care."

It was not till July, 1920, that I had the opportunity to meet her. I found her living in Moscow, illegally, in a small room, again in the disguise of a peasant woman she used to assume in the days of the Czar. She had escaped from the "sanatorium and the best of care," which had proved to be a Bolshevik prison.

I found no trace of hysteria in Maria Spiridonova. What I did find was one of the most poised, self-controlled, and calm persons I had met in Russia till then.

During two days I was held rapt by her account of the Russian revolution; how the people had risen to sublime heights of great hopes and possibilities, and had then been hurled to the depths of misery and despair by the Communist State machine. It was a story of remarkable clarity and force of conviction.

It was then I learned that she had been imprisoned twice by the Bolsheviks. The first time was after the killing of Mirbach [the German Ambassador], when the Bolsheviks had closed the Fifth Congress of the Soviets and arrested the whole Left Social-Revolutionist faction led by Spiridonova. Released after five months, she was again arrested at the end of January, 1919, and incarcerated in a "sanatorium"—not because of hysteria or mental breakdown, but because she could not be cajoled or bribed into accepting the so-called proletarian dictatorship.

She had freely spoken to the people of the dangers to the revolution from the new policies of the Bolsheviks, and the people had heard her gladly.

The Bolsheviks pretended to the world, Spiridonova explained, that the fierce persecution of the Left Social-Revolutionists following their execution of Mirbach was due to an alleged attempt by them to seize governmental power. She was emphatic in the denial—and her words are substantiated by a mass of documentary evidence—that her faction ever intended or attempted seizure of power from the Communists.

The Spiridonova faction regarded the Brest-Litovsk peace as the rankest betrayal of the revolution. They considered the presence of Mirbach in Soviet Russia as an insult and a menace of imperialism. They openly called for the death of Mirbach and for an uprising against German invasion. They saw the revolution in danger. They openly avowed their beliefs, but neither Spiridonova nor her comrades had any knowledge of or part in any plot to seize power.

After the killing of Mirbach, Spiridonova herself came to the session of the Fifth All-Russian Congress of Soviets for the purpose of reading the official declaration of her faction that explained the necessity and the justification of Mirbach's death. She and her comrades were fully prepared to take the consequences of that act. The Bolsheviks prevented the reading of that document by closing the Fifth Congress and arresting the entire peasant representation, with Maria Spiridonova at their head.

In September, 1920, the Cheka was again busy proving its usefulness to the revolution by one of its periodic raids and discovery of plots. In the raid which took place in Moscow the hiding place of Maria Spiridonova was accidentally discovered. She was then sick with typhus, and could not be removed. The house was surrounded by a heavy guard, and no one from the outside admitted to her.

When the crisis was over, Spiridonova, though still very ill, was removed to the Ossoby Otdell (Secret Police Section) and placed in the prison hospital. So grave was her condition that another arrested Left Social-Revolutionist, a woman friend of Maria's Siberian days, was permitted to take care of her. Both were kept under strictest surveillance, without the possibility of communicating with their friends.

In June, 1921, a letter was received from the prison, painting the dismal picture of her terrible life. The constant watch of the "comrades," Chekists, the solitary confinement, the deprivation of mental and physical food were slowly accomplishing what the tortures under the Czar had failed to do. Spiridonova had developed scurvy—her limbs were swollen, teeth and hair falling out. Added to this was the hallucination that she was being pursued by the gendarmes of the Czar and the Chekists of Lenin.

At one time she had attempted to starve herself to death. The Cheka threatened forcible feeding, but finally acceded to the

demand of Spiridonova's two closest friends, Izmailovitch and Kamkoff, themselves prisoners, to let them coax Maria into accepting nourishment.

During the two Congresses in Moscow, held in July, 1921, the comrades of Spiridonova circulated a manifesto which had been sent by them to the Central Committee of the Communist Party and to the main representatives of the Government, calling attention to the condition of Maria Spiridonova and demanding her release for the purpose of adequate medical treatment and care.

A prominent foreign woman delegate to the Third Congress of the Communist International was approached in the matter. Later she was reported as having seen Trotzky, who had said that Spiridonova was still too dangerous to be liberated. It was only after accounts of her condition had appeared in the European Socialist Press that she was released, with the proviso that she is to return to prison on recovery. Her friends who are taking care of her are now facing the alternative of either letting Spiridonova die or see her back in "the best of care" of the Cheka.

One thing only can save Maria Spiridonova—the opportunity to leave Russia. Her friends have made such a demand upon the Bolshevik Government, but so far in vain. In 1906 the protest of the civilised world saved the life of Spiridonova. It is indeed tragic that a similar protest is again needed in her behalf. Away from the watchful eye of the Cheka, from the woe and distress of tortured Russia, somewhere in the free, pure mountain air, Maria Spiridonova may again recover. She has suffered a hundred deaths. Will she be given back to life?

Since this article was written, the Russian Red Cross of Moscow requested Unsicht the Chairman of the Moscow Cheka, now renamed Political Ochrana, that Spiridonova be permitted to leave Russia. In reply, this faithful defender of the Bolshevik State is supposed to have said that the conditions in Europe would be harmful to Spiridonova's health, hence she could not be given the chance to go abroad. This excuse given by Unsicht is very strange, in view of the fact that European conditions do not seem to have harmed the health of the Russian delegation in Genoa. Neither have they affected any of the numerous representatives of the Bolsheviks, who swarm the capital cities of Europe. Why, then, should European conditions harm Maria Spiridonova?

The fact of the matter is, Unsicht's excuse is only one of the many brazen evasions the Bolsheviks always make whenever they want to get out of a difficult position. They not only do not care for the welfare of Spiridonova, but they have done everything to get rid of her, and would, no doubt, heave a sigh of relief if she would oblige them by going out of life altogether. Since she has been released on parole, not the Bolsheviks, but the Red Cross and Spiridonova's personal friends have ministered to her needs. Why, then, this sudden solicitude on the part of Unsicht?

The truth of the matter is, Spiridonova has remained irreconcilable. In Russia she is gagged; in Europe her voice might be heard. Mr. Unsicht knows that, the Kremlin knows that. Therefore, she is not permitted to leave. However, the workers of Europe must not be hoodwinked by the excuses given by Unsicht. They must make a decided and persistent demand upon the Bolshevik Government for the release of Maria Spiridonova. It is the least the revolutionary workers can do for one who has fought so long and so heroically for the oppressed of Russia and of the rest of the world. Maria Spiridonova, whom neither the Czar nor the Bolshevik Government could bribe, cajole, or subdue, has the right to ask the support of the revolutionary proletariat to help her out of the tender care and solicitude of the Unsicht's and their Government.

The remainder of these articles, which are reprinted from the New York "World," will appear in our next issue.

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WAR AND ITS SOLUTION.*

"There must be a great struggle for existence between the older nations," said Haeckel, the German scientist, "and the strongest, most adaptable and resourceful will win." "War," said Lord Roberts, the English soldier, "is as inevitable as death; it is salutary, it is necessary, and the only tonic that can be prescribed."

The foregoing, with many other similar passages, form the text around which Mr. John E. Grant has written a remarkable book entitled "The Problem of War and Its Solution"; one that goes to the root and handles without gloves the fundamental issues that will have to be so handled in the comprehensive propaganda Anarchism has yet to make. To us such issues are vital, for we are essentially the arch-enemies of war, and consider that we advocate the only principles that will lead to social peace. We, above all others, loathe and abominate that philosophy which looks on the masses as mere food for powder. We detest the military conception of life as ordinarily a thing of small account, to be sacrificed remorselessly in the interests of the exalted few. We have a high intellectual and moral scorn for that cramped and soured mentality which can think of the human species only as a flock of sheep to be shepherded by watchdogs, guarded for the sake of the fleeces that can be shorn from it, and ultimately driven to the shambles.

Mr. Grant, a chemist by profession, deals with his subject as the realist must, starting at the cellar and exploring to the roof. He begins by pointing out the spirit of fatalism that had crept over society for years before the War; the loss of faith in intelligence and freedom, with the resultant conviction that only by violent restraint, by increasing prohibitions and restrictions, by the institution of powerful bureaucracies and the enthronement of Governments armed with all the latest weapons of repression, could social life be held together. All this we Anarchists know only too well. Many of us have suffered personally from the State-violence to which this mentality has led. Every one of us suffers incessantly from the social and economic inequalities it naturally begets. There is not a propagandist among us who does not recognise this servile conception of existence as the most formidable enemy he has to meet.

Whence came this fatal misdirection and the appalling miseducation that has succeeded it? Mr. Grant traces it directly to the savage doctrine of caste; to the persistent teaching that heredity is everything and that blood is bound to tell; to the delusion that by an eternal and irrevocable law mankind is divided into superior and inferior, patrician and plebeian, ruler and to-be-ruled. From this doctrine, essential to aristocracies and, therefore, enforced sternly by the sword and taught assiduously by the pulpit, springs inevitably a long series of other misconceptions, religious, political, and economic. They are summed up, perhaps, most succinctly in what is known as Malthusianism, according to which this planet is incapable of affording sustenance to all the race. Thence it follows that the weak, by Life's divine decree, must go to the wall; that the many are intended to be the stepping-stones by which the few may mount to power; that the elimination of the comparatively unfit is a religious duty. All modern thought is saturated with that poison, and we recommend this book as a salutary and greatly needed purge.

There follow logically the measures by which domination is secured—the monopoly of natural resources, which is always the aim of war; the control of distribution, based on monopoly of the means of production; all the crafty machinery devised for the protection of special privilege, thanks to which the entire social structure has now been transformed into an inverted pyramid wobbling precariously upon its apex. Mr. Grant traces the evolution. We have no space in which to describe the journey through which he takes the reader, but we say it is a journey every one who seeks to be a propagandist, an educator, will find it worth his while to make. We can give out only what is in us; we set our mark on thought in proportion to the skill and accuracy with which we land our blows.

W. C. O.

May Day with the Modern School Children.

The children of the International Modern School took part in the demonstration in Hyde Park on May Day, the day on which world-wide Labour, young and old, registers its protest against Capitalism and exploitation. Starting from the Workers' Friend Club in a motor-charabanc, the children joined up with the East London contingent. Apparently afraid that the workers might disturb the moneyed folk in the City, the police compelled the processionists to make a wide detour through the Minories, and thence through Lower Thames Street to the Thames Embankment, where a mighty crowd assembled. At the appointed time the great procession started on its way to the Park, accompanied by the strains of many bands and a small army of police. Up Kingsway and along Oxford Street it went, the children singing and waving their flags all the way, full of pleasurable excitement.

On arriving at the Park, they saw a sea of faces, a multitude of

banners giving a touch of colour to the scene. Alighting from the charabanc, they marched on to the grass, and, forming a merry circle, enjoyed the little packets of food they had brought with them. Wisely ignoring the flood of oratory, games were played until the bugles sounded to close the meeting. Then the weather, which had so far been fine, changed suddenly, rain began to fall, and the children hurried back to the charabanc, and were carried rapidly back to the Club, where they arrived wet but happy. Here willing hands had prepared tea for them, which they all relished after their long trip. Thus ended a day which the children of the International Modern School will long remember with pleasure. Too young, perhaps, to realise the full significance of May Day, yet in years to come we hope they will look back with joy to this their first experience of International Labour's Day. May they live to greet the day when exploiters cease from troubling and politicians are at rest.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- The Workers and Peasants of Russia: How they Live.* By Augustine Souchy. 30 cents.—*The Workers' Opposition in Russia.* By A. Kolontay.—*The First Congress of the Red Trade Union International at Moscow, 1921.* A Report of the Proceedings by Geo. Williams, Delegate from the I.W.W. 10 cents.—Chicago, Ill.: Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 W. Madison St.
- The Child and the Home.* Essays on the Rational Up-Bringing of Children. By Ben Zion Liber, M.D. \$2.50. New York: "Rational Living," 61 Hamilton Place.
- The Social Expression of the Spiritual Life.* By Gilbert T. Slater, M.A., LL.B. 3s. 6d.—*The War of the Gods.* By Mary O'Brien. 5s. London: C. W. Daniel, 3 Tudor Street, E.C.4.
- The Building Guild in London.* 6d. London: Guild of Builders, 52 Russell Square, W.C.1.
- Writ on Cold Slate.* By Sylvia Pankhurst. 1s. 6d.—*Leakey's Introduction to Esperanto.* 3d. London: Dreadnought Publishers, 152 Fleet Street, E.C.4.
- The Japs in Siberia.* A Record of Repression, Outrage, and Murder. London: National "Hands Off Russia" Committee, 5 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.
- Labour and National "Economy."* 6d. London: National Joint Council, 33 Eccleston Square, S.W.1.
- Craft Unionism or Industrial Unionism: Which?* 3d. Reading: Published for the Socialist Propaganda League by L. Cotton, 53 Waverley Road.
- Will the Bolsheviks Maintain Power?* By N. Lenin. 1s. 6d.—*Left Wing Trade Unionism in France.* By P. Monatte, T. Argence, and A. Herclot. 1s. 6d. London: Labour Publishing Company, 6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.
- The Restoration of Agriculture in the Famine Area of Russia.* Interim Report of the State Economic Planning Commission. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 5s. London: Labour Publishing Company, 6 Tavistock Square, W.C.2.
- In the Volga Valley.* By Evelyn Sharp. 6d. London: Friends' Relief Committee, 10 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.
- The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case.* 10 cents. Boston, Mass.: Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Box 37, Hanover Street Station.
- Justice and the I.W.W.* By Paul F. Brissenden. Chicago, Ill.: General Defense Committee, 1001 W. Madison Street.
- Voices of the Children.* 25 cents. Stelton, N.J.: Produced entirely by the Pupils of the Ferrer Modern School.
- Verdugos y Victimas: Drama Revolucionario.* By Ricardo Flores Magon. \$0.50. Mexico, D.F.: Grupo "Accion."
- Anarchia e Comunismo "Scientifico."* By Luigi Fabbri. Con una Appendice di Errico Malatesta. Milano: Libreria Editrice "Tempi Nuovi," Via Goldoni 3.
- Bolshevismo y Anarquismo.* Por Rodolfo Rocker. \$0.20. Buenos Aires: "Editorial Argonauta," Casilla de Correo 1940.
- Der Ankläger: Aufrufe zur Revolution.* Von Armin V. Wegner. Berlin O. 34.
- "Der Syndikalist,"* Fritz Kater, Kopernikusstrasse 25.
- Das Anarchistische Manifest.* Von Pierre Ramus. Wien-Klosterneuburg: "Erkenntnis und Befreiung," Schiessstattengraben 237.
- L'Affaire Armand: Faits et Documents.* Paris: Comité des Amis d'Armand, Mevel, 71 Avenue d'Italie.
- Procriacao Consciente.* Lisboa (Portugal): "A Sementeira," Cais do Sodré 86.

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* *The Problem of War and Its Solution.* By John E. Grant. 12s. 6d. London: George Allen and Unwin, 40 Museum Street, W.C.1.