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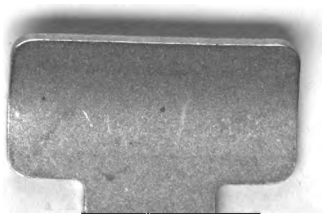
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# Mother Earth

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# MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VII.

MARCH, 1912

No. 1

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# MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 55 West 28th Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,  
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Vol. VII

MARCH, 1912

No. 1

## DECLARATION

By Bayard Boyesen.

*I will arise and answer  
And swear to any sin,  
Save that of the market dancer  
That wears the painted grin.*

*And I will hold my measure  
Beside the greatest man,  
Though I trill the rounds of pleasure  
With every harridan.*

*Though the flesh be weak or tainted,  
The soul is still aglow,  
For never the lie that's painted  
Outshone the truths I know.*

*So when the years are breaking  
The boundaries of my den  
And a tyrant hope's forsaking  
The candied darks of men,*

*I will arise and answer  
And thank what gods there be,  
Who paid the market dancer  
But left the truth to me.*

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## OUR SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

**A**NOTHER year has rolled on in the young life of MOTHER EARTH,—and what a life it has been! Surely it is not claiming too much for this fearless fighter of an unpopular cause, when we say that few revolutionary publications have had such a struggle, or such difficulties and hardships to overcome, as MOTHER EARTH has had in the short span of its existence.

No one, unless he has himself been on the firing line, can appreciate what it means to face a world of prejudice, of relentless opposition and mental inertia, not only in the enemy's camp, but even on the part of those who are more or less akin to the mission of our magazine. The transition stage is no easy period for any of us; but hardest it is for those who have only half broken with the Old, and are not yet ready to accept the New, or to understand their own comrades who will persist in pursuing a new course. Therefore the reason is not far to seek why some of the very people, whose ideas MOTHER EARTH represents, have remained rather indifferent to the fierce battle it had to wage to assert itself against all odds.

But our magazine has asserted itself, unflinchingly, for six years, without compromise or weakening, till now, its seventh birthday. The last year has been a particularly trying one for many reasons, chief among them the effort of realizing the dream baby, Alexander Berkman's book. A dream baby, indeed. Its realization has taken almost as long a time, and by far greater travail and difficulty, as it took Darwin to gather his material for the revolutionizing of science,—just 20 years. True, the book will not revolutionize anything except the lives of those who have conceived and nurtured the child in pain. But for MOTHER EARTH the dream would still be far away from reality, and if the perseverent little fighter had accomplished nothing else, it may well be content that it has lived long enough to see its most fervent hope realized.

Verily, the seventh birthday is the most significant in the career of MOTHER EARTH. The **Prison Me-**

**moirs of an Anarchist**, by the editor and coworker, is not only born, but it is getting ready to send forth its greetings to every part of the world, a living witness of what love and zeal for a great purpose can accomplish.

But there is another vital event this day of birth, the return to our shores of the brilliant foster-father of our magazine, Paul Orleneff. It was his genius that earned the means for the first baby outfit of M. E. Possibly that may account for the struggle it has had to make: anything that would be worthy of the friendship of such an uncompromizing spirit as Orleneff must itself never swerve from its lofty goal.

Paul Orleneff is still the free lance and rebel of freedom in art, the only atmosphere in which real art can truly express itself. He is greater, deeper, and more sublime than on his first visit. Hence his struggle must be more difficult than ever. But whatever his disappointments, he knows at least that his foster baby, MOTHER EARTH, has stood the test of fire and has emerged greater in fortitude, more passionately than ever the spokesman of freedom and beauty against all the ugliness and pettiness that has turned the world into a vale of tears.

The age of miracles is no more. Instead, this age requires almost superhuman perseverance to accomplish its difficult tasks,—and if MOTHER EARTH had done nothing else, but prove what perseverance and a strong will to do and dare can accomplish, it has surely not lived in vain. After all, the world judges by results, not by the price or effort entailed, and our magazine itself is the supreme result.

Mothers are proverbially partial, hence unable to give a fair estimate of the worth of their child. Yet it is not altogether partiality, when I say that a publication which is always on the firing line, ever the enemy of all social and moral values, always attacking the cherished institutions of the average self-satisfied philistine, ever pointing to the new light that is slowly but inevitably rising out of the clouds upon the social firmament, one that caters to none, not even its own comrades, one whose path has been quite solitary, with but few kind friends to minister to the needs of

the lone wanderer, must have filled some vital need in this wilderness of ideas, this slaughterhouse of ideals, America. Else it would have gone under long before its seventh birthday.

No doubt, MOTHER EARTH could have done more if only its friends were more numerous, or at least more interested in the growth and development of the magazine. An encouraging sign of both was demonstrated by our good comrade, M. H. Woolman, who through the generous contribution of a 100 new subscribers increased the number of M. E. readers by 500. If more of our faithful few would emulate the example of Comrade Woolman, the magazine would not merely be safe from troubled waters, but the energies thus conserved could be turned to good intellectual account.

We must therefore on this birthday occasion, as on previous ones, turn to those devoted friends who have stood by MOTHER EARTH through all the stress and strain of the last six years, and appeal to them further to extend their solidaric aid and to help us at least with as many new adherents as we have gained during last year. If there is any one prosperous or ardent enough to follow the example of our good Comrade Woolman, to open up a new offer to subscribers, we feel confident that we can get others to follow suit. Or if our friends will undertake to get us 5 new subscribers, we will meet their efforts with a copy of Brieux's plays. This is not to be taken in the sense of bribery. We make this offer because Brieux's plays ought to be read by every radical, yet the price of the book—\$1.50—makes it prohibitive for the very people who would most enjoy and benefit by it. On the other hand, no expense except a little interest in our magazine is entailed in getting 5 subscriptions. Hence our offer.

Friends, MOTHER EARTH is more determined than ever to live and fight. But to live longer and fight stronger it needs your support and assistance as the inspiring force that urges it onward to ever greater tasks, to bigger and more daring efforts in the battle for our ideal of human brotherhood and freedom.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

## OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

**A**DVOCATES of the Zodiac theory no doubt have an explanation for the "Ides of March." We have not. We do know, however, that March is the Red Month, and the present one bids fair to rival that of 1871. True, we see no Commune on the horizon; but the month starts off very well.

The Coal Strike in England, and the one threatened here, are inspiring spectacles. For the second time within a year "effète" old England has made the world marvel at her virility. Germany with her "four million Socialist votes" becomes pathetic in her backwardness in the face of this marvelous exhibition of solidarity on the part of the British workers.

The lesson of these two strikes cannot fail to impress the workers everywhere with their power. Perhaps it is premature to say that these events prophesy the breakdown of the capitalist system, with its age-long superstitions. It is, however, the greatest strike in history, and the end of the lane seems nearer than it did. We do not, of course, expect the impossible. Still, some of the Tax Reformers—they have them in plenty in England—and the "Perfect-Gentleman Revolutionists" may get a headache thinking how much more effect Direct Action is than political action. Revolutionary action is not according to Hoyle, and the capitalist always likes to play the game according to rules, provided he makes the rules. Perhaps in time even the "intellectuals" of the Socialist party may see the light. We decline to speculate on the improbable, however.

All hail to the British miners who are blazing the trail so that their more near-sighted brothers may see it. In this connection we have pleasure in submitting the following appeal from Union No. 106, Western Federation of Miners, and would ask all exchanges to reprint the same.

"Bisbee, Arizona, Feb. 25, 1912.

We, the members of Bisbee Miners Union No. 106 W. F. M., in regular meeting assembled, unanimously resolve that:

Whereas the coal miners of Great Britain are about

to be engaged in a gigantic struggle with the master class, and realizing the necessity of concerted action along industrial lines;

Therefore we ask the General Officers of the Western Federation of Miners to communicate with the United Mine Workers of America to the end that no coal be mined for, or shipped to, Great Britain during the impending strike.

Be it further resolved that a copy of the above resolution be forwarded to the labor press throughout the country for publication.

B. F. COUGHLAN,  
 GEORGE POWELL,  
 J. CARROLL,  
 Resolution Committee.

E. J. MACCOSHAM,  
 Secretary Bisbee Miners' Union, No. 106.

\* \* \*

THE industrial revolution at Lawrence, Mass., still continues, with the prospect of victory in the air. Already the employers have offered a 5 per cent. increase, but the mill workers refuse to accept it. The average wage is \$6.00 a week for 60 hours, or ten cents an hour. The two hours the legislature very kindly legislated off, without providing for the twenty cents to be left on, reduces the net gain for the workers, if they accept this offer, to just ten cents a week. Fortunately the workers have some real bona-fide revolutionists in "Bill" Haywood, James Thompson, Gurley Flynn, and others, to point this out. As a result, the offer has been rejected.

Although the workers out on strike number but 22,000, the whole country is aware of the struggle. The investigation now going on at Washington, with Mrs. Taft as an interested witness, has disclosed things that would shock a Red Indian. Two of the strike leaders have been arrested on a charge so absurd that it must make the law-abiding citizen—not pecuniarily interested—blush for shame. It is probably the first time in a strike that men have been arrested for killing one of their own people. Held on the only charge that is unobtainable, murder, a writ of habeas corpus is

denied them; yet the son of an ex-mayor of Lawrence is released on \$2,000 bail on a charge of "planting enough dynamite to blow Lawrence off the map." As if this were not enough, the authorities commit acts that make even the plutocratic New York *Sun* protest. The brutalities perpetrated upon women and children have never been surpassed even in this glorious country. It has come to this, that parents are not allowed to send their children out of the city. Babies are torn from their parents' arms, and the parents arrested, for—what? Cruelty. The reason for all this is obvious. The mill owners want the children to remain in the beleaguered city, hoping that when the parents see the little ones cry from hunger, they will submit to the tyranny of their masters.

A few weeks ago the press of the country stormed and raved at the brutality of the McNamarras, and even some good friends of ours wanted to know if there "was no other way." "Try love," some say. Take the first train to Lawrence, and try love on those "monsters with the bloody lips," as Galsworthy calls them, and see how effective love will be. Strange that love never seems to improve the workers' condition: it requires blood and tears. We would it were otherwise; but, then, we are not running this universe. That's Jehova's job, and blood and tears are a specialty of his.

Win or lose, the workers of Lawrence have shown a spirit magnificent, and we hold out our hand to them in the brave struggle they are making, not only for themselves, but for future generations.

In connection with the Lawrence strike, we wish to call the attention of all sympathizers to the Fair and Ball to be held Monday, March 18, at Murray Hill Lyceum. The affair, held under the auspices of the Lawrence Strike Committee of New York, is for the benefit of the strikers, and it is hoped that every friend of labor will contribute to the success of the undertaking.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Republic of China has been officially proclaimed, but the usual violence that goes with



a transition period is now on. Conflicting stories are told in the daily despatches, and therefore it is difficult to know the exact situation. Yuan, who held on to the Manchus to the last desperate moment, was literally kicked into the Presidency in the hope of staving off disorder. Order usually means that the masses should submit to be exploited by some party, for fear the other party may get in power. Whatever the outcome, we sincerely hope that the Chinese people realize that resistance to tyranny is the only means of getting rid of the tyrant, and that some measure of alleviation may result from their struggle.

\* \* \*

THE Brandt case is another instance of what wealth can do. The unsavory details have been told on page after page of the daily press. And yet we fancy not all of them have been told even at that. We venture they never will. The strangest burglar of modern times is this Brandt, if the stories told are true. He walks through five doors, all conveniently open. Goes to Mr. Schiff's room, stays there two hours, until the latter comes home. He hits him with a rolling-pin, after which Schiff has a diplomatic conversation with him, gives him \$50.00, and sees him to the door, first making an appointment to meet him at his office. Brandt comes there two days later, is examined by two distinguished alienists, who decide he is sane. He is then arrested, and cross-examined by a judge, who proceeds to sentence him on a plea of guilty—which ordinarily is supposed to bring with it some leniency—to thirty years in prison. He is railroaded to Sing Sing, but as that prison is rather near New York, he is transferred to Danne-mora, which is supposed to be for consumptive prisoners, although Brandt is not consumptive. He is kept there five years, and when an application for pardon is made, the Governor of the State refuses it, and attempts to seal the papers. In short, everything possible is done to keep the man in prison, and all because he was supposed to have stolen two stick pins valued at \$200.00. Three of the leading law firms of

the State have been retained at enormous expense, to send this poor wretch back to serve what one of Schiff's lawyers called "only eighteen years."

Why is all this? We are not prophets, but we venture a guess: the truth will not come out. Brandt will be released, and the thing will die. It is a brilliant commentary on our judicial system. This case has proven to the hilt everything we Anarchists have ever said about the power of money to corrupt the police, courts, governors. It is one more nail in the coffin of legal superstition, and for that it was worth while.

\* \* \*

THE days of the Amazon seems to have returned, according to the reports from England of the doings of the Suffragettes. Their behavior is most "unlady-like." Thank God—and the Constitution—we have none of that in this country! But, then, these British ladies are made of sterner stuff. It must be trying to the nerves these days to be a Cabinet Minister in dear old England. We wonder they don't give John Burns the job of looking after these revolutionists: he's been one, and he ought to know how to deal with them.

As to ourselves, we await with equanimity the advent of women into Parliament and Congress. We are not enthusiastic over the outlook, but we are consoled by the fact that it can't be worse than it is. What a pity the women have such a small vision! In this case it seems to us to be about the size of a ten-cent piece. If they would only strike for freedom instead of power—but, then, power is an attractive jade, and that's where the trouble lies.

\* \* \*

ROOSEVELT reminds us of Chantecler before the Hen Pheasant made love to him. He still insists that it's his crow that causes the sun to rise. He has come forth with the declaration that he is willing to save us for the third time. It's a car ticket to a lead nickel he will win. The unthinking mass takes him at his own valuation—which is ridiculously high. Thank God—as Thoreau said—we never

read a President's message; and, we would add, nor a Roosevelt speech.

How long, Oh, Lord, how long will men allow themselves to be humbugged by this charlatan with the lungs of a stentor and the brains of an infant?

\* \* \*

**I**T IS NOT amiss to remind our friends of the Commune Festival and Seventh MOTHER EARTH Birthday Celebration on March 15th, at Terrace Lyceum, 206 East Broadway. The MOTHER EARTH family will hold its annual reunion upon the occasion.

\* \* \*

## THE COMMUNE IS RISEN

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

"They say 'She is dead; the Commune is dead';  
That 'If she were living her earthquake tread'  
Would scatter the honeyless hornets' hive."

I am not dead, nor yet asleep;  
Nor tardy, though my steps seem slow;  
Nor feeble from the centuries' sweep;  
Nor cold, though chill the north winds blow.  
My legions muster in all lands,  
From field, from factory, from mine,  
The workers of the world join hands  
Across the centuries and brine."

**N**EVER since those lines were sung by the great unknown poet, whose heart shone red through his words, has the pulse of the world beat so true a response as it is beating now. We do not stand to-day as mourners at the bier of a Dead Cause, but with the joy of those who behold it living in the Resurrection.

What was it the Commune proclaimed? With what hope did it greet the world? And why did it fall?

The Commune proclaimed the autonomy of Paris. It broke the chain that fettered her to the heels of her step-mother, the State,—that State which had left her at the mercy of the Prussian besiegers, refusing to relieve her or allow her to relieve herself; that State which with a debt saddled upon the unborn bought off the Prussians, that it might revenge itself upon Paris, the

beautiful rebel, and keep the means of her exploitation in its own hands.

The Commune was a splendid effort to break the tyranny of the centralized domination with which modern societies are cursed; a revolt at artificial ties, which express no genuine social union, the outgrowth of constructive social work, but only the union of oppression,—the union of those who seek to perfect an engine of tyranny to guarantee their possessions.

“Paris is a social unit,” said the communards; “Paris is, within itself, an organic whole. Paris needs no outside shell of coercion to hold it together. But Paris owes no subservient allegiance to that traitorous tool at Versailles, which calls itself the government of France; nothing to those who have left us unaided to be mowed by the Prussian guns. And Paris repudiates Versailles. We shall fight, we shall work, we shall live for ourselves.”

This was the word of the Commune, spoken to the world in the wild morning of the year 1871.

And the hope it built upon was this: When France beholds Paris fighting, the dream of '48 will rise again; and all her communes will proclaim their freedom, even as we. And then we are bound to win, for the Versailles government cannot conquer a revolt which breaks out everywhere. And France once kindled, the peoples of other nations will likewise rise; and this monster, “the State,” which is everywhere devouring liberty, will be annihilated.

This was the hope that lit the eyes of the Commune with dreaming fire, that March day, forty-one years ago.

The hope was doomed to disappointment; within three months the glorious rebel fell. She had called, but the response did not come. Why? Because she had not asked enough. Because making war upon the State, she had not made war upon that which creates the State, that to preserve which the State exists.

With the scrupulous, pitiful Conscience which Authority has cunningly bred in men, the Commune had respected property; had kept its enemy's books, and duly handed over the balances; had starved itself to feed its foes; had left common resources in private hands. And when McMahan's troops rode sabering through the

streets of Paris, when Gallifet the butcher was dashing out children's brains with his own devil's hands upon her conquered pavements, the very horses they rode, the very sabers that cut, had been paid for by the murdered.

Every day, throughout the life of the Commune, the Bank of France had been allowed to transmit the sinews of war to Versailles, the social blood been drained to supply the social foe.

What appeal could so suicidal a course make to downright human nature, which, even in its utmost ignorance and simplicity, would say at once: "Feed the enemy! And starve myself! For what then shall I fight?"

In short, though there were other reasons why the Commune fell, the chief one was that in the hour of necessity, the Communards were not Communists. They attempted to break political chains without breaking economic ones; and it cannot be done.

Moreover the Paris Commune was faced by a problem which will forever face revolting cities with a terrible question mark,—the problem of food supply. Only the revoltee in control of the food-sources themselves can maintain his revolt indefinitely. Never till the rebels of industrial fields have joined their forces with agrarian labor,—or seized the land and themselves made it yield—can industrial or political revolt be anything more than futile struggling for a temporary gain which will alter nothing.

And this is the splendid thing which we have lived to see,—the rebellion of the landworker against the feudalism of Lord Syndicate; the revoltee maintaining himself upon that which he has wrested from the enemy; the red banner of the Commune floating no longer on the wall of a besieged city, but in the open field of expropriated plantations, or over the rock-ribbed, volcano-built forts, whereto the free-riding guerilla fighter retreats after his dash against the lords of the soil.

I cannot speak for others. I cannot say how my comrades have felt during the long stagnant years, when spring after spring we have come together to repeat dead men's names and deeds, and weep over those whose bones lie scattered from Cayenne to New Caledonia. I know that for myself I often felt I was doing a weary and a useless thing, wearing out a habit, so to speak,—

trying to warm my cold hands at a painted fire. For all these years since we of this generation have lived in America, there has been no stirring movement of the people of this continent to do a deed worth doing.

We have listened with curious fascination to our elders' stories of the abolition movement; we have welcomed the Russian revolutionists, and enviously listened to their accounts of deeds done or undone. We have watched the sharp crossing of weapons here and there in the ominous massing of Capital and Labor against each other all around us; but we have known perfectly well that there was little place for us in that combat, till it shall assume other lines than those which dominate it now, till it shall proclaim other purposes and other means.

All in vain it was for us to try to waken any profound enthusiasm in ourselves over the struggle of some limited body of workers, asking for a petty per cent. of wage. We understand too well that such a fight determines nothing, is like the continuous slipping backward of the feet in an attempt to climb a hill of gliding sand.

But now has come this glorious year of 1911-12, this year of world-wide revolt. Out of the enigmatic East a great storm sweeps; and though but little of its real breadth and height is visible or comprehensible to us, we understand so much: the immemorial silence has been broken, the crouching figure has up-straightened. The sources of our information are such that we cannot tell whether the economic regeneration of enslaved China has actually begun, or the revolt is political merely as our reports make it appear. Whichever it may be, one thing is certain: China is no longer motionless; she is touched with the breath of life; she struggles.

Across the sea, in the island of our stolid forbears, a portentous sound has risen from the depths; in the roots of human life, in coal-caverns, Revolt speaks. And England faces Famine; faces the Property-system, faces a mighty army of voluntarily idle men; beholds the upper and the nether stone of economic folly, and feels the crunching of those merciless wheels, and underground the earthquake rumbles wide,—France, Germany, Austria—the mines growl.

And yet this mighty massing, inspiring and threatening as it is, is for a petty demand—a minimum wage! Such situations produce enlightenment; at any moment the demand may change to “The Mines for the Miners”; but as yet it has not come.

Only here in our America, on this continent cursed with land-grabbing syndicates, into whose unspoiled fatness every devouring shark has set his triple row of teeth,—this land whose mercenary spirit is the butt of Europe—only here, under the burning Mexican sun, we know men are revolting for *something*; for the great, common, fundamental economic right, before which all others fade,—the *right of man to the earth*. Not in concentrated camps and solid phalanxes; not at the breath of some leader’s word; but over all the land, from the border to Yucatan, animated by spontaneous desire and resolution, in mutually gathered bands, as freemen fight, not uniformed slaves. And leaders come, and leaders go; they use the revolution and the revolution uses them; but whether they come or go, the land battle goes on.

In that quickening soil, the sower’s response is ready; and the peasant uproots his master’s sugar cane and tobacco, replanting corn and beans instead, that himself and the fighting bands may have sustenance. He does not make the mistake that Paris made; he sends no munitions to the enemy; he is an unlettered man, but he knows the use of the soil. And no man can make peace with him, unless that use is guaranteed to him. He has suffered so long and so terribly under the hell of land-ownership, that he has determined on death in revolt rather than resubmission to its slavery.

Stronger and stronger blows the hurricane, and those who listen to the singing in the wind know that Senator Lodge was right when he said: “I am against intervention, but it’s like having a fire next door.”

That fire is burning away the paper of artificial land-holding. That fire is destroying the delusion that any human creature on the face of the earth has the right to keep any other from going straight to the sources of life, and using them. That fire is shooting a white illumination upon the labor struggle, which will make the futile wage war conducted in the United States look like baby’s play.

Yes, honorable Senators and Congressmen, the house next door is on fire—the house of Tyranny, the house of Shame, the house that is built by Robbery and Extortion, out of the sold bodies of a hapless race—its murdered men, its outraged women, its orphaned babies.

Yes, it is on fire. And let it burn,—burn to the ground—utterly. And do not seek to quench it by pouring out the blood of the people of the United States, in a vile defense of those financial adventurers who wear the name American. They undertook to play the game; let them play it to a finish; let them stand man to man against the people they have robbed, tortured, exiled.

Let it crumble to the ground, that House of Infamy; and if the burning gleeds fly hitherward, and the rotten structure of our own life starts to blaze, welcome, thrice welcome, purifying fire, that shall set us, too, upon the earth once more,—free men upon free land,—no tenant-dwellers on a landlord's domain.

In the roar of that fire we hear the Commune's "earthquake tread," and know that out of the graves at Père-la-chaise, out of the trenches of Satory, out of the fever-plains of Guiana, out of the barren burial sands of Caledonia, the Great Ghost has risen, crying across the world, *Vive la Commune!*

✽ ✽ ✽

## MANIFESTO OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

*Manifesto issued by the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, September 23, 1911, scattered at that time broadcast and republished in its official organ, Regeneracion, January 20, 1912.*

### MEXICANS:

The Organizing Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party views with sympathy your efforts to put in practice the lofty ideals of political, economic and social emancipation, the triumph of which on earth will bring to an end the already sufficiently extensive quarrel between man and man, which has its origin in that inequality of fortune which springs from the principle of private property.

To abolish that principle means to annihilate all the political, economic, social, religious and moral institutions that form the environment within which are as-



phyxiated the free initiative and the free association of human being who, that they may not perish, find themselves obliged to carry on among themselves a frenzied competition from which there issue triumphant not the best, not the most self-sacrificing, not those most richly endowed, physically, morally or intellectually, but the most crafty, the most egotistic, the least scrupulous, the hardest-hearted, those who place their own well-being above all considerations of human solidarity and human justice.

But for the principle of private property there would be no reason for government, which is needed solely to keep the disinherited from going to extremes in their complaints or rebellions against those who have got into their possession the social wealth. Nor would be there any reason for the church, whose exclusive object is to strangle in the human being the innate spirit of revolt against oppression and exploitation, by the preaching of patience, of resignation and of humility; silencing the cries of the most powerful and fruitful instincts by the practice of immoral penances, cruel and injurious to personal health, and—that the poor may not aspire to the enjoyment of this earth and become a danger to the privileges of the rich—by promising the humblest, the most resigned, the most patient, a heaven located in the infinite, beyond the farthest stars the eye can reach.

Capital, Authority, the Church—there you have the sombre trinity that makes of this beauteous earth a paradise for those who, by cunning, violence, and crime, have been successful in gathering into their clutches the product of the toiler's sweat, of the blood, of the tears and sacrifices of thousands of generations of workers; but a hell for those who, with muscle and intelligence, till the soil, set the machinery in motion, build the houses and transport the products. Thus humanity remains divided into two classes whose interests are diametrically opposed—the capitalist class and the working class; the class that has possession of the land, the machinery of production and the means of transporting wealth, and the class that must rely on its muscle and intelligence to support itself.

Between these two social classes there cannot exist any bond of friendship or fraternity, for the possessing

class always seeks to perpetuate the existing economic, political and social system which guarantees it tranquil enjoyment of the fruits of its robberies, while the working class exerts itself to destroy the iniquitous system and institute one in which the land, the houses, the machinery of production and the means of transportation shall be for the common use.

Mexicans! The Mexican Liberal Party recognizes that every human being, by the very fact of his having come into life, has a right to enjoy each and every one of the advantages modern civilization offers, because those advantages are the product of the efforts and sacrifices of the working class from all time.

The Mexican Liberal Party recognizes labor as necessary for the subsistence of the individual and society, and accordingly all, save the aged, the crippled, the incapacitated and children, ought to dedicate themselves to the production of something useful for the satisfaction of their necessary wants.

The Mexican Liberal Party recognizes that the so-called right of individual property is an iniquitous right, because it subjects the greater number of human beings to toil and suffering for the satisfaction and ease of a small number of capitalists.

The Mexican Liberal Party recognizes that Authority and the Church are the supports of the iniquity of Capital, and, therefore,

The Organizing Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party has solemnly declared war against Authority, war against Capital, and war against the Church.

Against Capital, Authority and the Church the Mexican Liberal Party has hoisted the Red Flag on Mexico's fields of action, where our brothers are battling like lions, disputing victory with the hosts of bourgeoisdom, be those hosts Maderists, Reyists, Vazquists, Cientificos or what not, since all such propose merely to put in office some one as first magistrate of the nation, in order that under his shelter they may do business without any consideration for the mass of Mexico's population, inasmuch as, one and all, they recognize as sacred the right of individual property.

In these moments of confusion so propitious for the attack on oppression and exploitation; in these moments

in which Authority, weakened, unbalanced, vacillating, attacked on every side by unchained passions, by tempests of appetites that have sprung into life, and hope immediately to glut themselves; in these moment of anxiety, agony and terror on the part of the privileged, compact masses of the disinherited are invading the lands, burning the title deeds, laying their creative hands on the soil and threatening with their fists all that was respectable yesterday—Authority, Capital, the Clergy. They are turning the furrow, scattering the seed and await, with emotion, the first fruit of free labor:

These, Mexicans, are the first practical results of the propaganda and of the action of soldiers of the proletariat, of the generous upholders of our equalitarian principles, of our brothers who are bidding defiance to all imposition and all exploitation with the cry—a cry of death for all those above, but of life and hope for all those below—“Long Live Land and Liberty.”

Expropriation must be pursued to the end, at all costs, while this grand movement lasts. This is what has been done and is being done by our brothers of Morelos, of Southern Puebla, of Michoacan, of Guerrero, Veracruz, of the Northern portion of the State of Tamaulipas, of Durango, Sonora, Sinaloa, Jalisco, Chihuahua, Oaxaca, Yucatan, Quintana Roo, and parts of other States, as even the Mexican bourgeois press itself has had to confess. There the proletariat has taken possession of the land without waiting for a paternal government to deign to make it happy, for it knows that nothing good is to be expected of governments and that the emancipation of the workers must be the task of the workers themselves.

These first acts of expropriation have been crowned with most pleasing success; but they must not be limited to taking possession of the land and the implements of agriculture alone. There must be a resolute taking possession of all the industries by those working in them, who should bring it about similarly that the lands, the mines, the factories, the workshops, the foundries, the railroads, the shipping, the stores of all kinds and the houses shall be in the power of each and every one of the inhabitants, without disinction of sex.

The inhabitants of each region in which such an act of supreme justice has been effected will only have to

agree that all that is found in the stores, warehouses, granaries, etc., shall be brought to a place easy of access by all, where men and women of reliability can make an exact inventory of what has been collected and can calculate the time it will last.—the necessities and the number of inhabitants that will have to use it being taken into account—from the moment of expropriation until the first crops shall have been raised and the other industries shall have turned out their first products.

When such an inventory has been made the workers in the different industries will understand, fraternally and among themselves, how to so regulate production that none shall want while this movement is going on, and that only those who are not willing to work shall die of hunger—the aged, the incapacitated, and the children, who have a right to enjoy all, being excepted.

Everything produced will be sent to the community's general store, from which all will have the right to take what their necessities require, on the exhibition of proof that they are working at such and such an industry.

The human being aspires to satisfy wants with the least possible expenditure of effort, and the best way to obtain that result is to work the land and other industries in common. If the land is divided up and each family takes a piece there will be grave danger of falling anew into the capitalist system, since there will not be wanting men of cunning or grasping habits who may get more than others and in the long run exploit their fellows. Apart from that danger is the fact that if each family works its little patch of land it will have to toil as much or more than it does to-day under the system of individual property to obtain the miserable result now achieved; but, if there is joint ownership of the land and the peasants work it in common, they will toil less and produce more. Of course there will be enough for each to have his own house and a ground-plot for his own pleasure. What has been said as to working the land in common applies to working the factories, workshops, etc., in common. Let each, according to his temperament, tastes, and inclinations choose the kind of work that suits him best, provided he produces sufficient to cover his necessary wants and does not become a charge on the community.

Operating in the manner pointed out, that is to say, expropriation being followed immediately by the organization of production, free of masters and based on the necessities of the inhabitants of each region, nobody will suffer want, in spite of the armed movement going on, until the time when, that movement having terminated with the disappearance of the last bourgeois and the last agent of authority, and the law which upholds privilege having been shattered, everything having been placed in the hands of the toilers, we shall meet in fraternal embrace and celebrate with cries of joy the inauguration of a system that will guarantee to every human being Bread and Liberty.

Mexicans! It is for this the Mexican Liberal Party is struggling. For this a Pleiades of heroes is spilling its generous blood, fighting under the Red Flag to the famous cry of "Land and Liberty."

The Liberals have not laid down their arms despite the treaty of peace made by the traitor Madero with the tyrant Diaz, or despite the offers of the bourgeoisie which proposed to fill its pockets with gold. It has acted thus because we Liberals are men who are convinced that political liberty does not benefit the poor but only the place hunters, and our object is not to obtain offices or distinctions, but to take everything out of the hands of the bourgeoisie that it may be put in the power of the workers.

Whichever one of them may triumph the activity of the different political bands who are now disputing among themselves for supremacy will result in exactly what happened under the tyrant Porfirio Diaz, since no man, however well-intentioned he may be, can do anything in favor of the poor class when he finds himself in power. That activity has produced the present chaos, and we, the disinherited, ought to take advantage of the special circumstances in which the country finds itself, in order to put in practice, without loss of time, on the spot, the ideals of the Mexican Liberal Party. We should not wait to carry expropriation into effect until peace has been made, for by that time the supplies in the stores, granaries, warehouses, and other places of deposit will have been exhausted. Moreover, owing to the state of war prevailing throughout the country, pro-

duction will have been suspended and the sequel of the struggle will be famine. But if we carry expropriation and the organization of labor into effect during the struggle no one will be in lack of the necessaries of life then or afterwards.

Mexicans! If you wish to be free once more, struggle only for the Mexican Liberal Party. All others are offering you political liberty when they have triumphed. We Liberals invite you to take immediate possession of the land, the machinery, the means of transportation and the buildings, without expecting any one to give them to you and without waiting for any law to decree it, since the laws are not made by the poor but by the gentry, who take good care not to make any against the interests of their caste.

It is the duty of us poor people to work and struggle to break the chains that make us slaves. To leave the solution of our problems to the educated and rich is to put ourselves voluntarily in their clutches. We, the plebeians; we, the tatterdemalions; we, the starvelings; we who have no place wherein to lay our heads and live tortured by uncertainty as to whence will come to-morrow's bread for our women and little ones; we, who when we have reached old age, are ignominiously discharged because we can no longer work; it is for us to make powerful efforts and a thousand sacrifices to destroy to its lowest foundations the edifice of the old society which has been a fond mother to the rich and vicious and a hard-hearted stepmother to the workers and the virtuous.

All the ills that afflict humanity spring from the existing system which compels the majority to toil and sacrifice itself that a privileged minority may satisfy its wants and even its caprices while living in ease and vice.

The evil would be less if all the poor were guaranteed work, but production is not regulated for the satisfaction of the needs of the workers but for what the bourgeoisie want, and they so manage things that it shall not exceed their capacity of expenditure. Hence the periodic stoppage of industry, or restriction of the number of workers, which proves also how perfect is the machinery operated for the advantage of the rich by the proletariat.

To make an end of all this it is necessary that the workers take into their own hands the land and the machinery of production, so that they themselves may regulate the production of wealth in accordance with their own needs.

Robbery, prostitution, assassination, incendiarism, swindling—these are the products of the system that places men and women in conditions in which, that they may not die of hunger, they find themselves obliged to take where they can or prostitute themselves; for, in the majority of cases, even though they have the greatest desire to work, no work is to be had or it is so badly paid that there is no getting the sum necessary to satisfy the most imperious necessities of the individual and his family. Moreover, the long hours of work under the present capitalist system, and the conditions under which it is carried on, in a short time make an end of the worker's health and even of his life. These industrial catastrophes have their origin solely in the contempt with which the capitalist class looks on those who sacrifice themselves for it.

Irritated as is the poor man by the injustice of which he is the victim; angered by the luxury flaunted in his face by those who do nothing; beaten on the street by the policeman for the crime of being poor; compelled to hire out his labor on tasks distasteful to him; badly remunerated; despised by all who know more than he does or who, having money, think themselves the superiors of those who have none; having in prospect an old age of bitter sorrow and the death of an animal turned out of the stable as unserviceable; disquieted from day to day by the possibility of being without work; obliged to regard as enemies even the members of his own class, since he knows not who among them will offer his services for less than he himself is earning—it is natural that in such circumstances there should be developed in the human being anti-social instincts and that crime, prostitution, and disloyalty should be the inevitable fruits of the old and hateful system we are trying to destroy, to its very lowest roots, that we may create in its stead a new one of love, of equality, of justice, of fraternity, of liberty.

Rise, all of you, as one man! In the hands of all are

tranquillity, well-being, liberty, the satisfaction of all healthy appetities. But we must not leave ourselves to the guidance of directors. Let each be master of himself. Let all be arranged by the mutual consent of free individualities. Death to slavery! Death to hunger! Long life to "Land and Liberty!"

Mexicans! With hand on heart and with a tranquil conscience we formally and solemnly appeal to you all, men and women alike, to embrace the lofty ideals of the Mexican Liberal Party. As long as there are rich and poor, governors and governed, there will be no peace, nor is it to be desired that there should be; for such a peace would be founded on the political, economic and social inequality of millions of human beings who suffer hunger, outrages, the prison and death, while a small minority enjoys pleasures and liberties of all kinds for doing nothing.

On with the struggle! On with expropriation, for the benefit of all and not of the few! This is no war of bandits, but of men and women who desire that all may be brothers and enjoy, as such, the good things to which nature invites us and which the brawn and intelligence of man have created, the one condition being that each should devote himself to truly useful work.

Liberty and well-being are within our grasp. The same effort and the same sacrifices that are required to raise to power a governor—that is to say, a tyrant—will achieve the expropriation of the fortunes the rich keep from you. It is for you, then, to choose. Either a new governor—that is to say, a new yoke—or life-redeeming expropriation and the abolition of all imposition, be that imposition religious, political or of any other kind.

#### LAND AND LIBERTY!

Signed in the city of Los Angeles, State of California,  
United States of America, September 23, 1911.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON,  
ANSELMO L. FIGUEROS,  
LIBRADO RIVERA,  
ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON,  
ANTONIO DE P. ARAUJO.



## THE POWER OF THE IDEAL

The man I touch, there awakens in his blood a burning fever, that shall lick his blood as fire. The fever that I will give him shall be cured when his life is cured.—Olive Schreiner, in "A Dream of Wild Bees."

**T**WENTY years ago the Power of the Ideal touched my soul, and there awakened a burning fever. I thought then that the cure is the most desirable thing in all the world, the thing one must strive for, the thing so close at hand.

Since then I have learned that the inexorable, implacable Power of the Ideal concerns itself not with the cure; that it is itself the cure, that shall lick your blood like fire. This, too, I have come to know, that he who will be cured must forswear the Ideal. Never again shall the fierce, inspiring light lure him to its lofty heights; never again shall he know the longing for the thing that awakened him to life. Such is the fate of him who has forsworn the Ideal.

Twenty years play but a small part in the eternity of time; yet in the face of disheartening, discouraging, and paralyzing events, twenty years themselves are an eternity. But once the fever is awakened, time and space become obliterated, blood and tears are wiped out, all pain and sorrow put to naught, by the compelling Power of the Ideal.

For a brief period it seemed almost as if American labor had been touched by the magic hand, as if its soul had been born to life with the burning fever to lick its blood as fire. But it was a false alarm, a mere symptom mistaken for the real thing. The danger is now safely locked away behind the iron bars of St. Quentin prison, and American labor has fallen back into its usual state of mental inertia and spiritual apathy. They saw in the McNamaras merely the cure; but to the force that consumed the two brothers as with the burning fever, the American workers remained blind and indifferent.

Thus the truism has again proven itself that they who aim but for the cure are doomed to die. It matters not of what nature the cure: it is never aught but a drug,

never aught but an apology for the dying fires of the ideal, too weak to kindle into life the burning fever that shall lick one's blood as fire.

Nowhere is this truism borne out with greater force than among those who pass as Socialists to-day. Time was when they were awake with a burning fever, when the illuminating light on the mountain top drew them on with impelling force. But that time is no more. Instead, the Socialists are now content with the cure,—the most dangerous of all cures, the politic cure, which has drugged their ideal to sleep, and completely extinguished the fever within them.

In Cleveland and Lorain, in Elyria and Columbus, in Dayton and Indianapolis, in St. Louis and Chicago, the political quacks are busy concocting the pills that are to bring the cure. Woe be to him or her who refuses the proscribed dose! They are anathema, and must be stoned to death. Like the Catholic Church, the Socialist machine has become the relentless, blind foe of the Ideal.

In Cleveland the machine dictates who of its members may be permitted to face the heathen Anarchist in public debate. In Lorain and Elyria, in Columbus, Indianapolis, and St. Louis, the same machine proclaims the ban on those who will not be cured by the political quacks. But the place that has proved most conclusively that the Socialists in their mad clamor for the cure have lost their ideal, is Dayton, O.

Perhaps our readers had better judge for themselves, that they may fully realize what the political zealots are doing in the name of the burning fever that once licked the soul of Socialism as a fire. In Dayton, O., the following resolution and statement were adopted antagonizing the scheduled debate for Sunday between Emma Goldman, the Anarchist, and Frank Midney:

Resolved, That Local Dayton disapproves of any of its members debating with Miss Emma Goldman at this time, and hereby forbids such action on the part of any member.

Resolved, That we authorize and instruct our recording secretary to secure a competent person or persons to attend the Goldman debate, if it should be held, in order to accurately report the same to the local; but that outside the person or persons so chosen by the recording secretary, Local Dayton requests the Socialists to remain away from the proposed debate.

Following is in part the statement prepared for the press:

The Socialist Party has reached the stage of its constructive work. Our ultimate object is to take over the collectively used means of life and conduct them democratically for all the workers, and so for all the human race. And our method is just as fully determined as our ultimate object. We propose to accomplish our work by patiently and persistently building a political organization of and by the workers, which organization shall at last secure the entire power of government. We work entirely in the open. We are opposed to intrigue and individual action. We seek the intelligent and collective action of all the workers.

We are therefore opposed to Anarchy in all of its forms. But we are especially opposed to the Anarchists who are in power, the Anarchists of corrupt government and corrupt business. These are the opposition to our cause, and we seek to meet them in the open and defeat them.

We would have taken no notice of Miss Goldman's visit to this city if the public had not been imposed upon. The Socialists of Dayton are not debating with Miss Goldman at this time. We ask all Socialists of this city (organized and unorganized) to remain away from the proposed debate if it is held. The Socialists will not be represented should the debate occur.

All members of Local Dayton are expressly forbidden to take any public part in the proposed event.

We warn the public in advance that if any "Socialist" demonstration or opposition is reported to have occurred at the debate, if held, it will be a demonstration of Anarchists masquerading as Socialists. The answer of the Socialists will be to remain away from the proposed occasion. If the general public is interested in knowing the authorized word of the Socialists of Dayton with reference to the alleged dynamiters, they are cordially invited to attend a free meeting at the Auditorium Theatre, Sunday night, where that subject will be discussed.

The sinner has since been excommunicated from the Socialist party, for a period of two years. Luckily this new church lacks the power to erect its scaffolds, or Mr. Midney would meet with the fate of the heretics of the past. It is to be hoped, for his sake, that he may see the terrible danger of this growing inquisition which would, if it could, become the modern Torquemada, yet more cruel, because lacking even the vision of the Spanish predecessor. Such is the penalty for those who mistake the cure for the ideal. A cure indeed, from its own life-dream, its own inspiring purpose, its own idealism, even. A cringing, creeping, nauseating thing, is this cure.

It seems dark just now on the horizon of American life; yet there is a glimmering light in the distance, calling and comforting to him who can but see it. Lawrence, Mass., is that light,—and the burning fever its

newly awakened, impelling force. Thus the Ideal is never to be eradicated.

My meetings, though small, have made up the lack of numbers by interest and enthusiasm for the light that streams from Lawrence. Everywhere this light is giving birth to new hopes, to a new chord in the great human struggle. Never once have I appealed in vain in behalf of Lawrence, the battle ground where the great fight is being waged so heroically. If, then, my work had accomplished nothing else, the help for Lawrence would surely justify the pain the tour entails.

"And the burning fever I shall give him shall not be cured until life is cured." But life creates life; it therefore recreates the fever that shall lick the blood as fire. Such is the inexorable, implacable Power of the Ideal.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

P. S. So far the following sums were collected for the benefit of the Lawrence strike.

Fieldman—E. G. debate, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.....	\$532.00
Fieldman—E. G. debate, Republic Theatre.....	143.00
Open-air meeting, Union Square, N. Y.....	100.00
Cleveland, O., Ruthenberg—E. G. debate.....	32.00
Cleveland, O., E. G. Jewish meeting.....	35.00
Lorain, O., E. G. meeting (Socialist Administration)....	3.00
Columbus, O., E. G. meeting.....	5.48
Dayton, O., Midney—E. G. debate.....	21.00
Indianapolis, Ind., E. G. meeting.....	19.72
St. Louis, Mo., E. G. meeting.....	62.62

The New York amount turned over to Bill Haywood and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

All other moneys sent to Joseph Bedard, Lawrence, Mass. The Chicago amount will be accounted for in next issue.

E. G.

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**ANARCHISM**—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.



## THE NUDE AND THE PRUDES

For publishing the following article in the *Agitator*, Home, Lakebay, Wash., Comrade Jay Fox was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for sedition. The case will go before the Supreme Court, and the comrades and friends of free press and speech are asked to give their financial support to fight it out. Contributions are to be sent to Nathan Levin, Home, Lakebay, Wash.

**C**LOTHING was made to protect the body not to hide it. The mind that associates impurity with the human body is itself impure. To the humanitarian, the idealist, the human body is divine, "the dwelling place of the soul," as the old poets sang.

To the coarse, half civilized barbarian, steeped in a mixture of superstition and sensualism, the sight of a nude body suggests no higher thoughts, no nobler feelings than those which the sight of one animal of the lower order of creation produces in another.

The vulgar mind sees its own reflection in everything it views. Pollution cannot escape from pollution, and the polluted mind that sees its own reflection in the nude body of a fellow being, and arises in early morning to enjoy the vulgar feast, and then calls on the law to punish the innocent victims whose clean bodies aroused the savage instincts, is not fit company for civilized people, and should be avoided.

These reflections are based on an unfortunate occurrence that took place recently in Home.

Home is a community of free spirits, who came out into the woods to escape the polluted atmosphere of priest-ridden, conventional society. One of the liberties enjoyed by Homeites was the privilege to bathe in evening dress, or with merely the clothes nature gave them, just as they chose.

No one went rubbernecking to see which suit a person wore, who sought the purifying waters of the bay. Surely it was nobody's business. All were sufficiently pure minded to see no vulgarity, no suggestion of anything vile or indecent in the thought or the sight of nature's masterpiece uncovered.

But eventually a few prudes got into the community and proceeded in the brutal, unneighborly way of the outside world to suppress the people's freedom. They

had four persons arrested on the charge of "indecent exposure." One woman, the mother of two small children, was sent to jail. The one man arrested will also serve a term in prison. And the perpetrators of this vile action wonder why they are being boycotted.

The well-merited indignation of the people has been aroused. Their liberty has been attacked. The first step in the way of subjecting the community to all the persecution of the outside has been taken. If this was let go without resistance the progress of the prudes would be easy.

But the foolish people who came to live among us only because they found they could take advantage of our cooperation and buy goods cheaper here than elsewhere, have found they got into a hornets' nest.

Two of the stores have refused to trade with them and the members avoid them in every way.

To be sure, not all have been brought to see the importance of the situation. But the propaganda of those who do, will go on, and the matter of avoiding these enemies in our midst will be pushed to the end.

The lines will be drawn and those who profess to believe in freedom will be put to the test of practice.

There is no possible grounds on which a libertarian can escape taking part in this effort to protect the freedom of Home. There is no half way. Those who refuse to aid the defense are aiding the other side. For those who want liberty and will not fight for it are parasites and do not deserve freedom. Those who are indifferent to the invasion, who can see an innocent woman torn from the side of her children and packed off to jail and are not moved to action, can not be counted among the rebels of authority. Their place is with the enemy.

The boycott will be pushed until these invaders will come to see the brutal mistake of their action, and so inform the people.



**RIDDANCE**

By A. G. WAGNER.

**D**ISCORD and misery stalk about in our fair land where there is destitution among abundance. It is an abnormal state of affairs, one not brought about by improvidence of the many and frugality of the few. But the many are poor and the few rich because of the prevailing order of human relationships.

Those who toil and supinely submit to being exploited by those who take advantage of legal arrangements are and must be miserable and poor. And it is these very workers who uphold a system which enables others to rob them.

Silly it is to attach blame to those who employ current rules for their benefit. Futile and absurd it is to look for redress and for social tranquility in an order that can only make for antagonism, unrest, and misery.

Any and all forms of coercion engender compensating resentment. No matter if this violence is organized and called law and government, it is quite as baneful as any other form of barbarism.

A patriotic upholder of the existing order is quite within his rights when he robs his brother in accordance with the rules made and accepted. No improvement will or can come, merely by having the under dog the upper. That would be a change, but no move for peace. The root of our trouble is the system inaugurated.

Our support and silly adherence to these absurd contrivances yields us what it does and should, and ought to eventually teach us to do away with what never did nor ever can bring about more rational conditions among the human family.

Fear of the law and punishment for infraction of same makes no man brotherly. Deterrent influences such as these are much overestimated.

So long as man does pin his faith and relies upon a system which never yet has fulfilled its purpose, he is unable to see that elimination of this cause which re-

sults in undesirable conditions, is essential to social harmony and peace.

We cure nothing by treating symptoms. Effects spring from causes and will not abate while these causes obtain. No sense in asking what will be given in place of a malady. Sufficient to get rid of what's not liked. A natural and normal state and condition of man and for man is good enough. We have tried else and find it not to our liking.

Let's get rid of something!

\* \* \*

### ANOTHER FIGHT FOR FREE SPEECH

SAN DIEGO, Cal., February 12, 1912.

FELLOW WORKERS:—

Once again the cry has gone forth for assistance. This time from sunny Southern California.

The very common "Common Council" of this city passed an ordinance forbidding free speech. The fight is on. Eighty-four men and women are now in jail: Socialists, Industrial Unionists, and Trade Unionists. We have a hard fight before us, as many of the men are charged with criminal conspiracy, amongst whom are E. E. Kirk, attorney at law, Kasper Bauer, Mrs. Laura Emerson, myself, and many others.

The boys sent me out on bail for the purpose of making this appeal. They said: "Tell the boys throughout the country that we will fight to the finish."

We need *men* and money.

There is no place in the world that has a more beautiful climate than San Diego. Let the *tourists* roll in. So on behalf of the men who are in jail I appeal to you for assistance. *Hold protest meetings. Send men and funds.* Help save Local No. 13 from defeat. To-day we need you. To-morrow you may need us. All winter we have stood by the workers who were in trouble. Now it is our turn.

Address all communications to Jack Whyte (mark the envelope Personal), P. O. Box No. 312, San Diego, Cal.



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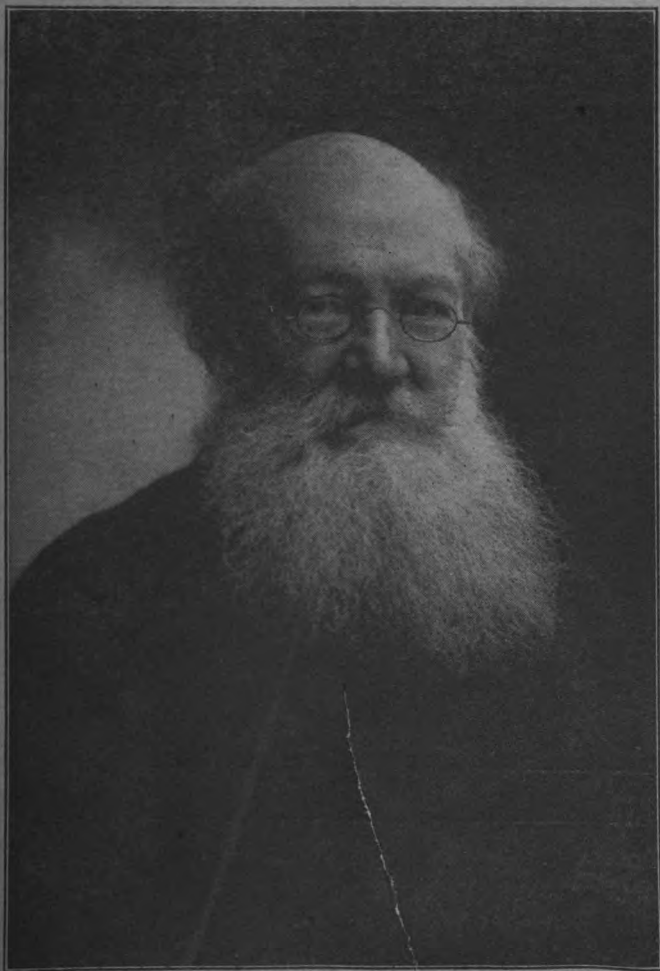
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Vol. VII.      DECEMBER, 1912      No. 10



PETER KROPOTKIN  
Born December 9, 1842



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of  
**PETER KROPOTKIN**

To the Generation Knocking at the Door  
**Appreciations and Tributes:**

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<b>The Sterilization of the Unfit</b>	Peter Kropotkin
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Vol. VII

DECEMBER, 1912

No. 10

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## TO THE GENERATION KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

**B**REAK—break it open; let the knocker rust;  
Consider no "shalt not," nor no man's "must";  
And, being entered, promptly take the lead,  
Setting aside tradition, custom, creed;  
Nor watch the balance of the huckster's beam;  
Declare your hardest thought, your proudest dream;  
Await no summons; laugh at all rebuff;  
High hearts and you are destiny enough.  
The mystery and the power enshrined in you  
Are old as time and as the moment new;  
And none but you can tell what part you play,  
Nor can you tell until you make assay,  
For this alone, this always, will succeed,  
The miracle and magic of the deed.

—John Davidson.



## OUR BELOVED COMRADE AND TEACHER

**A**LL over the world our Anarchist comrades have decided to celebrate the seventieth birthday of their beloved comrade and teacher Peter Kropotkin. If among the living authors and Socialists somebody deserves such a general demonstration of veneration and love, it is certainly Kropotkin, one of the greatest characters of our generation and the real glory of his native land, Russia.

In my long life as Socialist and revolutionist, I have had the chance to meet many gifted and exceptional people, excelling in knowledge or talent, and distinguished by greatness of character. I knew even heroic men and women, as well as people with the stamp of genius. . . . But Kropotkin stands as a most conspicuous, strongly defined character even in that gallery of noble fighters for humanitarian ideals and intellectual liberation.

Kropotkin possesses in delightful harmony the qualities of a true inductive scientist and evolutionary philosopher with the greatness of a Socialist thinker and fighter, inspired by the highest ideals of social justice. At the same time by his temperament he is undoubtedly one of the most ardent and fearless propagandists of the social revolution and of the complete emancipation of working humanity through its own initiative and efforts. And all these qualities are united in Kropotkin so closely and intimately that one cannot separate Kropotkin, the scientist, from Kropotkin, the Socialist and revolutionist.

As scientist—geographer and geologist—Kropotkin is famed for his theory of the formation of mountain chains and high plateaux, a theory now proved and accepted by science, and, in recognition of which the mountains in East Siberia explored by him have been named Kropotkin mountains.

As naturalist and inductive thinker on evolution, Kropotkin has earned undying glory and admiration by his "Mutual Aid," a work showing his vast knowledge as a naturalist and sociologist.

One of the most striking works of Kropotkin, I may say even classical by its form, deep knowledge, brilliant argumentation and noble purpose, is his "Fields, Factories and Workshops." Here he shows to toiling hu-

manity with facts and figures the abundance of produce obtainable, the comforts and pleasures of life possible if physical and intellectual work are combined, if agriculture and industry are going hand in hand. I think that for the last quarter of a century no book has appeared so invigorating, so encouraging and convincing to those who work for a happier society. No wonder that a London democratic weekly advised its readers to buy his book by all means, even if they had to pawn their last shirt to raise the shilling.

Kropotkin as a Socialist, as a Communist-Anarchist and revolutionist, . . . but who of our readers does not know his numerous and inimitable writings on Socialism, on Anarchism-Communism, etc.? Who has not read and enjoyed his "Memoirs of a Revolutionist"? His "Paroles d'un Revolté," his "Conquest of Bread," "Modern Science and Anarchism," "Russian Literature," "The Terror in Russia," "The State and Its Historic Rôle," etc., etc. Here I will not dwell on those books; I have another aim in this article.

I will attempt to give an idea of the personal character, the charming individuality of the author of all those splendid books. First of all let me try to sketch Kropotkin at work.

I often ask myself if there exists another man equal to Kropotkin in quickness, intensity, punctuality and variety of work? It is simply amazing what he is capable of doing in a single day. He reads incredibly much, in English, French, German and Russian; with minute interest he follows political and social events, science and literature, and especially the Anarchist movement in the whole world. His study, with its booklined walls, has piles of papers, new books, etc., on the floor, tables and chairs. And all this material, if not read, is at least looked through, annotated, often parts are cut out, classified and put away in boxes and portfolios made by himself. Kropotkin used to occupy himself for recreation with carpentry and bookbinding, but now confines himself to the latter and to the making of cardboard boxes for his notes. Whatever he does, he does quickly, with great exactitude; his notes and extracts are made with the speed of a stenographer, and all his work is done with beautiful neatness and correctness.

To give an idea of the variety of his work, I shall describe my last visit to Kropotkin. I came with a French scientist, also a great worker and a sincere admirer of Kropotkin. We found him in his study, hard at work, giving the last touches to a new edition of his "Fields, Factories and Workshops." One side of his table was covered with the French proofs of "La Science moderne et L'Anarchie." There were also the appendix and glossary in English for the coming *Freedom* edition of the same book. On a small table a half-finished article on Syndicalism was lying, and a pile of letters, some of them twelve pages long, exchanged with an old friend and comrade of the Federation Jurassienne, and dealing with the origin of Syndicalism, awaited an answer. Newspapers, books everywhere, volumes and separate articles on Bakunin were about, as Kropotkin is at present editing a complete Russian edition of Bakunin's works. In the midst of all these things, vigorous, alive, active as a young man, smiling heartily, Kropotkin himself. And people try to convince us that he is old and must rest! "Nonsense," said my French friend, "this is not an old and tired man; he is more alive now than many a young man of our present generation!" And really with his overflowing activity and spirits, he animates the whole household.

It is of course only natural that a man of his learning and all-sided development is much sought after. Specialists and scientists, political and literary people, painters and musicians, and especially Socialist and Anarchist comrades and Russian revolutionists, are visitors to his house, and charmed by his straightforward simplicity and wholehearted interest. Even children are at once captivated not only by his fatherly goodness, but by his capacity to share their enjoyment, by playing for and with them, arousing their delighted amazement by his juggling tricks and performances.

At the end of the day, when the household has gone to rest, Kropotkin, with his usual consideration for those who have worked, moves about the house like a mouse, tiptoeing so as not to disturb the sleep even if only the servant has gone to bed. Often he has whispered to me to be careful so as not to awaken her. Lighting his candle, he retires to his own room, sometimes till mid-

night reading new publications for which he could not find time during the day.

It is not astonishing that all who come in contact with him love and adore him.

But there is another side to his character. Kropotkin, the political and social thinker, the revolutionist, the Anarchist-Communist, with his fiery temperament of a fighter, with his inflexible principles, his insight in political and social problems, is yet more admirable; he sees further, he understands better, he formulates clearer than any of our contemporaries. Few people feel so deeply and acutely the suffering and injustice of others, and he cannot rest until he has done all in his power to protect and help. From 1881, when he was expelled from Switzerland for having organized a meeting protesting against the execution of Sophia Perovskaya and her comrades, up till recently when he feverishly wrote his "Terror in Russia," that crushing act of accusation against the Czar's wholesale murder and torture, he has always been the indefatigable defender of all the victims of social and political injustice.

Such is, in a few lines, Kropotkin, the Anarchist, the scientist, and above all the man, beloved by his comrades and friends, respected and admired by honest people the world over.

W. TCHERKESOFF.

✻ ✻ ✻

IT IS with the greatest pleasure that I send a few lines to help in the commemoration of our friend Kropotkin's seventieth birthday. His work will be remembered for all time; for by it he has brought so much nearer the day when the true human society will be realized on earth—that spontaneous, voluntary, non-governmental society whose germ was first planted ages ago among nearly all primitive peoples, but whose glorious flower and fulfillment awaits us—and perhaps not so very far distant in the future—as the goal of our free, rational and conscious endeavor.

May he long live—and you also—to assist in the great work!

Fraternally and heartily yours,

EDW. CARPENTER.

## KROPOTKIN THE REVOLUTIONIST

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

**O**F the thousands of congratulations and good wishes conveyed to-day to Peter Kropotkin by his admirers, friends and sympathizers, none will, I am sure, find in his heart such a responsive echo as those expressed—most of them in silence—by the simple workers in the Anarchist movement, the men who are neither writers nor speakers, whose names are unknown to the great public, the quiet, self-sacrificing comrades without whom there would be no movement. Those of us who have shared their bed and their last bit of bread know their feeling for the beloved teacher, their love for the man who gave up his position among the favored ones and stepped down to the lowly to share their daily struggle, their sorrows, their aspirations; the man who became their guide in the sacred cause of the Social Revolution.

Many will speak of Kropotkin as the great natural scientist, the historian, the philologue, the *littérateur*; he is all this, but he is at the same time far more—he is an active revolutionist! He is not satisfied, like so many scientists, merely to investigate natural phenomena and make deductions which ought to be of value to mankind; he knows that such discoveries cannot be applied as long as the system of exploitation exists, and he therefore works with all his power for the Social Revolution which shall abolish exploitation.

Were it not for men like Kropotkin, the pseudo-scientific Socialists would long since have succeeded in extinguishing the revolutionary flame in the hearts of the workers. It is to his lasting credit that he has used all his great knowledge to fight the demoralizing activities of these reformers, who use the name of Revolutionist to hide their mental corruption. It is this—the uncompromising attitude, his direct participation in social revolt, his firm belief in the proletariat—which distinguishes Peter Kropotkin from many other leaders of modern thought. He is the most widely read revolutionary author; the Bible and the "Communist Manifesto" are the only works which have been translated into so many tongues as "The Words of a Rebel," "The Appeal

to the Young," and other writings of Kropotkin. It would be impossible to state in how many editions and translations each of his pamphlets has appeared. Sometimes I wonder whether he would recognize his own children: the pamphlets go through so many transformations in their journeys from one language to another!

Peter Kropotkin is the most beloved comrade in the Anarchist movement; his name is a household word in the revolutionary family in all parts of the world. Our ill-fated Japanese comrades were proud of being called Kropotkinists. This was no idolatry on their part, but simply the expression of deep appreciation of his work. Those who have had the opportunity of meeting Kropotkin in his home or in public know that simplicity and modesty are his chief characteristics. As he never fails to emphasize that our place is among the workers in the factories and in the fields, not among the so-called intellectuals, so is he never happier than when he sits with his comrades and fellow-workers. I remember his indignation several years ago in Chicago when he accepted an invitation to a social gathering, expecting to meet his comrades, and found himself instead among vulgar bourgeois women who pestered him for his autograph. The irony of it! The man who gave up gladly his position at the Russian court to go to the people being entertained by the porkocracy of Chicago!

One of the bitterest disappointments of his life, as he himself told me, was that he could not participate actively in the great Russian Revolution. His friends and comrades decided that he could render the revolution far greater aid if he remained in London as one of the organizers of the gigantic struggle. But what arguments they had to use to convince him!

Peter Kropotkin's life and activities demolish the shallow arguments of our utilitarians, who judge all spiritual and intellectual life from their own narrow point of view. His work disproves the belief that ours is an age of specialists only. Like every great thinker, Kropotkin is many-sided in his intellectual activity; life and science as well as art find in him a great interpreter.

Looking back over the seventy years of his life, he



must needs feel gratified with his work. The Anarchist brotherhood, to which he belongs, rejoices with him to-day.

\* \* \*

### PETER KROPOTKIN

**H**E IS the man of whose friendship I am proud. I know no man whose disinterestedness is so great, no one who possesses such a store of varied knowledge, and no one whose love of mankind is up to the standard of his.

He has the genius of the heart, and where his originality is greatest, as in "Mutual Aid," it is his heart which has guided his intellect.

The passion for liberty which is quenched in other men, when they have attained the liberty they wanted for themselves, is inextinguishable in his breast.

His confidence in men gives evidence of the nobility of his soul, even if he had perhaps given the work of his life a firmer foundation, having received a deeper impression of the slowness of evolution.

But it is impossible not to admire him when we see him preserving his enthusiasm in spite of bitter experience and numerous deceptions.

A character like his is an inspiration and an example.  
GEORGE BRANDES.

\* \* \*

### A MAN

**I**T IS a great joy for those who love Kropotkin to participate in the homage—merited, indeed—which is being rendered to him to-day.

Whether on the occasion of his seventieth birthday or on any other occasion we have the right, without fear of being accused of hero-worship, to proclaim that we are proud and happy to have for a companion in thought and in the active struggle, for an elder brother and a respected leader the man who wrote "The Words of a Rebel."

All movements either of ideas or of deeds which stir society to its very foundations naturally throw to the surface elements utterly opposed one to the other—the *arriviste*

and the apostle; the man without conscience, who discredits in the eyes of the people whom he uses for his private ends those theories which he preaches, and the disinterested and impartial thinker who consecrates his life to the Ideal.

Peter Kropotkin is one of those who has commanded the admiration and esteem of his enemies themselves. The man, the revolutionist, and the scientist formed in him a complete unity, a living antithesis to those individuals with great intellect and feeble heart who might well take for their motto: Do as I say, not as I do. With him the same pure flame illumines the mind, warms the heart, and guides the conscience.

Born in the country which has remained the most absolutistic in Europe, Kropotkin became disgusted with all inequalities and barbarisms, and voluntarily renounced the very things for which other men strive with all their strength—wealth and the vain baubles of worldly position. But the mystic communism and Christian resignation of a Tolstoi did not appeal to him. Inspired by the influence of the Great Revolution, which scattered afar the germs of new ideas, and not by the old evangelists prattling of a puerile humanitarianism, Kropotkin became one of those who conspired against the odious régime of the Czar.

Scarcely had he escaped from Russian prisons before he was imprisoned anew. In France, whither he had come to continue the great social struggle which has for its battlefield the entire world—in the land of the Rights of Man new trials awaited him. The bourgeois republic, in reality the slightly veiled despotism of politicians and capitalists, apprehended him: Kropotkin was imprisoned at Clairvaux, and came forth with his great book, "The Words of a Rebel," in which his whole soul palpitates.

Monarchical England proved more hospitable to him than republican France. Remote from the tumultuous continental groups, but in touch with the world-wide movement of ideas, Kropotkin in an uninterrupted succession of articles and of books, rounded out by his lectures, has crystalized the great human tendency toward

Anarchy and affirmed the necessity for a new morality opposed to the pharasaical morality of bourgeois society. In "The Conquest of Bread," followed by "Mutual Aid" and "The Great French Revolution," he sets forth with luminous clarity the goal of the struggle: liberty and well-being for all; the ideal which, more or less imperfectly visioned, has been the aspiration of revolutionists of all ages.

One might well believe that his broad sympathies help to deceive him as to the innate force of the people by ascribing to them the energy and clear-sightedness which he himself possesses, but the lines which he has written regarding the rôle of the revolutionary minorities demonstrate that his intellectual vision is not subservient to his humanitarian sensibilities. And the lecture, printed in pamphlet form, which he delivered on "The Place of Anarchy in Socialistic Evolution" testifies perhaps more forcefully than a large volume his wide knowledge of the laws governing social phenomena.

In our time, when the capitalist world is sinking into decadence and the proletarian is not yet entirely released from the swaddling clothes of ignorance and superstition; when parasitical renegades, ambitious and unscrupulous, seek under the cover of Anarchy to satisfy their bourgeois desires, it is encouraging to meet—and to salute—such a man as Kropotkin.

CHARLES MALATO.

\*\*\*

WITH my whole heart I join with you in paying honor to our Comrade Peter Kropotkin. The libertarians of Italy owe him a great debt, and we all love him as our intellectual father. His life of labor and sacrifice for humanity is a potent example and a great inspiration to all in whom burns the fire of liberty and emancipation.

Fraternally,

LUIGI MOLINARI.



**PETER KROPOTKIN**

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

**T**HOSE who constantly prate of conditions as the omnipotent factor in determining character and shaping ideas, will find it very difficult to explain the personality and spirit of our Comrade Peter Kropotkin.

Born of a serf-owning family and reared in the atmosphere of serfdom all about him, the life of Peter Kropotkin and his revolutionary activity for almost fifty years stand a living proof against the shallow contention of the superior potency of conditions over the latent force in man to map out his own course in life. And that force in our comrade is his revolutionary spirit, so elemental, so impelling that it permeated his whole being and gave new meaning and color to his entire life.

It was this all-absorbing revolutionary fire that burned away the barriers that separated Kropotkin, the aristocrat, from the common people, and flamed a clear vision all through his life. It filled him, the child of luxury, of refinement, the heir of a brilliant career, with but one ideal, one purpose in life—the liberation of the human race from serfdom, from all physical as well as spiritual serfdom.

How faithfully he has pursued that course, only those can appreciate who know the life and work of Peter Kropotkin.

Another very striking feature characteristic of this man is that he, of all revolutionists, should have the deepest faith in the people, in their innate possibilities to reconstruct society in harmony with their needs.

Indeed, the workers and the peasants are, to Kropotkin, the ones to hand down the spirit of resistance, of insurrection, to posterity. They, unsophisticated and untampered by artificiality, have always instinctively resisted oppression and tyranny.

With Nietzsche, our comrade has continually emphasized that wherever the people have retained their integrity and simplicity, they have always hated organized authority as the most ruthless and barbaric institution among men.

Possibly Kropotkin's faith in the people springs from his own simplicity of soul—a simplicity which is the dominant factor of his whole make-up. It is because of this, even more than because of his powerful mentality, that Revolution, to Peter Kropotkin, signifies the inevitable sociologic impetus to all life, all change, all growth. Even as Anarchism, to him, means not a mere theory, a school, or a tendency, but the eternal yearning, the reaching out of man for liberty, fellowship, and expansion.

Possibly this may also explain the truly human attitude of Peter Kropotkin toward the *Attentäter*. Never once in all his revolutionary career has our comrade passed judgment on those whom most so-called revolutionists had only too willingly shaken off—partly because of ignorance, and partly because of cowardice—those who had committed political acts of violence.

Peter Kropotkin knew that it is generally the most sensitive and sympathetic personality that smarts most under our social injustice and tyranny, personalities who find in the act the only liberating outlet for their harassed soul, who must cry out, even at the expense of their own lives, against the apathy and indifference in the face of our social crimes and wrongs. More than most revolutionists, Peter Kropotkin feels deeply with the spiritual hunger of the *Attentäter*, which culminates in the individual act and which is but the forerunner of collective insurrection—the spark that heralds a new Dawn.

But Peter Kropotkin does more. He also feels with the social pariah, with him who through hunger, drudgery, and lack of joy strikes down one of the class responsible for the horror and despair of the pariah's life. This was particularly demonstrated in the case of Luccheni, who was denounced and denied by nearly all other radicals. Yet no one can possibly have such an abhorrence of violence and destruction of life, as our Comrade Peter Kropotkin; nor yet be so tender and sympathetic to all pain and suffering. Only that he is too universal, too big a nature to indulge in shallow moral censorship of violence at the bottom, knowing—as he does—that it is but a reflex of organized, systematic, legal violence on top.

Thus stands Peter Kropotkin before the world at the age of seventy: the most uncompromising enemy of all social injustice; the deepest and tenderest friend of oppressed and outraged mankind; old in years, yet aglow with the eternal spirit of youth and the undying faith in the final triumph of liberty and equality.

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### OUR DEBT TO KROPOTKIN

**W**E Anarchists, whatever our particular interpretation of radical doctrines, we are the heirs of Peter Kropotkin, and we are all inspired by a strong sense of gratitude, of affection and admiration. It is because of his labors that Anarchism has won the "right of citizenship" among modern sciences and philosophies—we owe it chiefly to him, and we say this without the least wish to disparage the great services to the cause of liberty given by our other comrades the world over.

Especially do we love and admire our Comrade Peter, because he has most unselfishly devoted his whole life to the cause of human emancipation. He has given his great talents and all his wonderful energy to the service of the proletariat: his poverty is his greatest crown. He could have been one of the powerful of the earth, one of the privileged of the bourgeoisie. He preferred to cast in his lot with the oppressed and disinherited, preferred to be persecuted and imprisoned, rather than to be "the darling of the great." His vast learning and all the power of his intellect he has consecrated to the common people, and he has proved the greatest thinker and propagandist of Anarchism.

Pardon these words if they seem like adulation. They are the spontaneous expression of our deep love for our great teacher and comrade, to whom the Anarchists of the world to-day send their heartfelt greetings, in the hope that he may be preserved to us for many long years, to continue the great struggle for progress and liberty.

When we speak with our political opponents, it requires but a few words to convince oneself that even the bitterest among them speak in admiration of our good Comrade. It is with a sense of justified pride that we say to them and to ourselves, "He is one of us!"

LUIGI FABBRI.

Crespellano, Italy, November, 1912.

## AN INTELLECTUAL GIANT

BY LEONARD ABBOTT.

EVERY great cause has its heroic exponent and leader. Anarchism is fortunate in being able to put forward as its standard-bearer so great a man as Peter Kropotkin. I have before me as I write, some of the books and pamphlets of which he is the author. They make a formidable showing and range all the way from the pure science of "Mutual Aid" and the pure literature of "Russian Literature" to the revolutionary doctrine of "Expropriation" and "An Appeal to the Young." As a kind of introduction to this shelf-full of books, I recommend Victor Robinson's glowing and eloquent tribute, "Comrade Kropotkin."\* In it the reader will find perspective and background.

Kropotkin's intellectual output for many years has been of a quality that compelled respect even from his bitterest opponents. His function, it would seem, has been in part to cover ground that otherwise might have been neglected. His erudition is enormous; his style warm and sincere.

Nothing in radical autobiography excels the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist." Who that has read Kropotkin's account of his first imprisonment and escape can ever forget it? Here are the very throb and passion and romance of the revolutionary struggle as it has gone forward in Russia during the past half century. "The Great French Revolution," which Francisco Ferrer was planning to publish in Spanish just before he was arrested and executed, is an almost equally notable achievement in the historical field. Conceived in something the same spirit as the "History of the French Revolution," by C. L. James, the American Anarchist, it aims to emphasize the great part played in the Revolution by the people of the lower stratum. Kropotkin points out that the historians of the period have very largely overlooked or neglected this phase of the struggle.

"Mutual Aid, A Factor of Evolution" has already become a classic in its field. It appeared as a kind of

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\* Published by The Altrurians, 12 Mount Morris Park West, New York City.

sequel to Charles Darwin's "Descent of Man," and shows how cooperation, no less than individual struggle, plays its part in the biological process known as "the survival of the fittest." Huxley is said to have changed his views as the result of evidence presented in this work. Kropotkin's arguments have been discussed in all countries. They apply to human society no less than to the animals. They appeal to Socialists as well as to Anarchists.

"The Conquest of Bread" and "Fields, Factories and Workshops" are Kropotkin's two most important books in the domain of economic theory. They offer a clear definition of the Anarchist-Communist program. Especially timely and noteworthy at the present moment are his chapters on the decentralization of industries. In America, at least, the industrial tide runs overwhelmingly in the direction of trusts and unwieldy aggregations. This tendency has apparently not even yet reached its zenith. Socialism and governmentalism will gain from it. But a reaction is sure to set in.

Kropotkin carries his learning lightly, and one feels behind his work a great heart as well as a great mind. When I met and talked with him in England fifteen years ago, I was struck by his sheer humanity and his beautiful courtesy. I came to him as a stranger, but he gave me several hours of his time. He talked of English trade-unions and the cooperative movement, of Belgian workers, of French peasant-proprietors, and of Russian serfs. He spoke of the history and first beginnings of English Socialism; of Robert Owen and Saint-Simon; of Karl Marx and Michael Bakunine and "The International." He gave his idea of the Paris Commune of 1871.

When I asked him if he thought we should go through Social Democracy to Anarchism, he grew vehement. "I hope not," he said; "I believe not. I should consider Social Democracy retrogression, not progress."

"The atmosphere of politics," he continued, "is enervating and corrupting. Look at the men who have gone into our English Parliament, firmly resolved to fight for the workers against class tyranny; remember how many have been captured by the enemy. Our agitators—the Keir Hardies, Tom Manns and Ben Tilletts—are doing ten times as much good out of Parliament as they could do inside it. We must work out our salvation without the help of Parliament."



He paid a high tribute to William Morris, and I asked his opinion of "News from Nowhere." He replied: "It is an exquisite prose idyll, and is pure Anarchism in conception, but I can hardly conceive of society developing in just that way. There is a poetry of industrial mechanism, of machinery, that Morris never realized."

Brandes has written: "There are at this moment only two great Russians who think for the Russian people, and whose thoughts belong to mankind—Leo Tolstoy and Peter Kropotkin." I asked Kropotkin how he viewed Tolstoy. He answered in effect: "I admire his literary genius and his great spirit. But I am not in sympathy with his asceticism, nor with his doctrine of non-resistance to evil, nor with his New Testament literalism."

As I think of Kropotkin now, this conversation of fifteen years ago, in the little room at Bromley, comes vividly back to me. Since 1897 he has been twice in New York and has addressed audiences here. He seems to me to-day greater than ever before.

Hail to Kropotkin—Anarchist Prince, distinguished scientist, literary critic—on his seventieth birthday! The whole world is in debt to him, and his name and fame will spread over land and sea as the ideas he has pioneered are gradually understood and realized.



### THREE CONTACTS WITH PETER KROPOTKIN

TOGETHER with all Socialists of my generation there was never a time when I did not know Kropotkin and was not inspired by his personality, his revolutionary activity and the magnitude of his work as a scientist, thinker and propagandist. On three occasions of my life, however, I came in close, memorable contact with him. The first time was years ago at an ordinary Socialist meeting in San Francisco, when a youth mounted a platform and read the "Appeal to the Young." Is it a far cry from Russia to America, from the period of 1860 to that of a decade ago, from the Bastille of Saint Peter and Saint Paul to free California? Timeless and ageless is a revolutionist, and that evening Kropotkin was with us as actually as though we were one of his conspirative workingmen's audiences way back in his wonderful youth.

Stirring, invincible, absolute were his words as they reached us through the youthful reader on the platform. Thousands and hundreds of thousands had read that pamphlet and had responded to it as to nothing else in the literature of revolutionary Socialism, but more eloquent than the pamphlet was our thought of its author. Kropotkin wrote it, that Titan of the Russian and International Revolution, that transitional character, bred of the misery of the Past, and carrying in himself all the glories of love and strength and beauty and freedom of the Future!

In that meeting years ago, as doubtless in countless others the world over, the thought of Peter Kropotkin dwelt like a Presence, and as ever and always, despite his greatness, he was simply our comrade, showing us, rather than telling us, how to conduct ourselves as revolutionists on the battlefield which is our life.

The second time I came in contact with him was when his "Memoirs" were published, that story of his years which is at once the story of the movement, wholly intertwined and inseparable one from the other. This book was an event to all who stood in the shadow of the Cause, and inspiration, a message, a personal gift. There was a new light in the atmosphere. It was as if a wind swept through the arid land. We became lighthearted, smiled, congratulated one another. Again it was the writer behind the written word that held us, it was the great heart, the transcendent mind, resolute, determined upon liberty, the large character nourished by the air and the soil of the Future, but warring passionately, indomitably with the Present.

Then came my third contact with him, actual this time. I remember the English fog, the one light ahead, which led to his house, then the warmth of his hand, and the embrace of his look, as he met me at the door on which I knocked. There stood a Ulysses of the Social Revolution, so vital, so inspired, so aglow with thought and feeling, that all my heart loved him, and I saw him through tears.

ANNA STRUNSKY.



## OUR PETER

WHEN we speak among Anarchists of "Our Peter" (*notre Pierre*), everyone knows to whom we refer.

It proves the great popularity of our Kropotkin, whose seventieth birthday we are now celebrating.

It is not lip-service, but from the very depths of our hearts, when we say that we owe a great debt to Kropotkin, the man who has devoted his whole life to the propaganda of his principles. He who could be a rich man, he chose a life of struggle and hardship; he who could wield power and have high rank, he preferred to lead the life of study and be an author for the people.

His name reaches far, but his influence reaches still further. He will go down in the history of civilization as one of the pioneers of progress; he will occupy a permanent place in the book of human martyrdom for the emancipation of the working class from the yoke of capitalism.

We are not worshipers of saints, but we pay homage to him whose life is worthy to be honored. He belongs to us, and we are proud of such a man, a man whose profound knowledge, unexcelled integrity and high idealism have found appreciation even among his opponents.

Future generations will appreciate our comrade Peter Kropotkin at his full worth. But for us it is to give him what little token we may of our love, understanding, and esteem. And it is not for him that we do it: he needs not our praises; rather do we do it for ourselves. We feel happy that we can say to him, to the whole world, that we are proud of him.

Does that signify that we agree with everything he has written? By no means. Nor would he himself wish us merely to subscribe to his opinions. Such disciples would find small favor with him. He, most of all, wants thinking, self-conscious men and women. And it is as independently thinking men and women that we offer him our love and our gratitude.

With his life and his works he has wrought not for a day, but for all time. His name will live as one of the best of his kind.

F. DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS.

Holland, November, 1912.

## IN APPRECIATION

**I**N THE name of the Syndicalists in Britain I wish to join in loving greetings, most hearty congratulations and genuine thanks to Comrade Peter Kropotkin on his seventieth birthday. We heartily congratulate him on his full and intensely useful life; we thank him most sincerely for the battles he has fought, the struggles he has endured, and the example he has set.

It is more than twenty years since I first had the pleasure of meeting the great teacher; it is near thirty years since, as a propagandist, I joyfully began selling Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young," one of the finest appeals ever issued in propagandist literature to young or old.

I have always felt it to be a great privilege to shake hands with and to have a few words with the grand old man, truly a delightful character. I have ever felt towards Comrade Kropotkin that there is an atmosphere of knowledge, of love, and of human kindness of heart surrounding him beyond that of any other man I have known.

So real a master of the knowledge of the time, so diligent a student of that yet to be known, and bearing himself withal so quietly, so unassertive, so superbly balanced, that I gaze on his modest, smiling, fatherly face in his photograph with wondering admiration.

That fate should have decided that our comrade should have lived in this country so long is a matter for us to be thankful for, but the mass of the working class have hitherto failed to learn one of the principal lessons the old teacher has been striving to impart, i. e., the absurdity, the wrongfulness and economic unsoundness of relying upon State Action to bring about the economic changes essential for well-being: but the workers are learning that great lesson now and very rapidly.

In their struggle for the "Conquest of Bread" they will in future rely upon their own powers of Direct Action to achieve the same; and we are hopeful we shall yet be able to equal the barbarians of centuries ago in showing mutual regard for the general welfare.

I never read a more encouraging book than "Mutual

Aid," and I thank our comrade for it; so full of delightful incident bearing so pointedly upon the all-important principle he is teaching, and so optimistic of humanity again being at least as sensible as the savages, coupled with scientific advance.

Many thousands have had their minds opened to the reception of knowledge by "Fields, Factories, Workshops," and many of us are strenuously engaged in endeavoring to apply the lessons therein taught.

We thank the Russian people for so glorious a man, and we thank the man and brother for such stupendous work so magnificently achieved. With our comrades of Europe, of America, aye, and of the world at large, we join wholeheartedly and offer our loving appreciation to Peter and Madame. May they have many happy years to observe the realization of their ideals.

TOM MANN.

Southfields, London, Eng.



### LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD

AT THE thought of Kropotkin my mind reverts to the time when I was a little boy, the son of a middle-class family. The terms Socialist and Anarchist were quite unknown to me then, but "Nihilist" held a mysterious charm, swaying me with awe and admiration. It was a forbidden word and it conjured up visions of dreaded gendarmes, iron chains, and the frozen steppes of Siberia. Vaguely I felt that these forbidden people, the Nihilists, somehow suffered for the sake of others—I did not know why or how—but my young heart glowed with admiration of them.

A little later I saw the college brother of my school-chum arrested on the street and spirited away in a droshka. "A politically unreliable," it was whispered about, and the classroom buzzed with the mystic name of Tchaikovsky, and someone asked me whether I would join a literary gathering—a secret Tchaikovsky circle, he whispered confidentially.

Little by little "Nihilism" became clarified to me. Still were the Bazarovs and Rachmetovs clad in mystery, but

Tchernishevsky and Turgenev lit up vague yearnings with a ray of consciousness. It was years later that Socialism and Anarchism crystallized to me as a definite social protest, an inspiring ideal, whose very personification first appeared to me in the figure of Peter Kropotkin.

Again it was Peter Kropotkin who proved my teacher and inspiration all through the years of my later life. It is impossible to estimate the influence of Kropotkin, and of the ideas he has promulgated throughout his whole life, for social ideals flower in manifold paths and carry their seeds into the farthest corners of the world. But this I know, that all through the years of my life as an Anarchist and all through my prison existence, the personality of Kropotkin—his uncompromising revolutionary spirit and his ideal-kissed vision, have illumined many a day of darkness and warmed despair into cheer and life.

Out of my inmost heart, with love and gratitude I greet you, Peter Kropotkin, my teacher and comrade. As teacher and comrade you are dear, very dear to me; as teacher and comrade you will grow to be appreciated by mankind. And when the soulless scientists of your day have been forgotten and the well-fed philosophers of poverty are lost in the obscurity of time, the name of Kropotkin, the thinker of revolutionary thought, the scientist of the social regeneration, the true brother of the common man in field, factory and mine, will be the cornerstone of a new humanity and a new civilization.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.



## THE APOSTLE OF ANARCHISM

By J. MORRISON DAVIDSON.

**A** SPECIAL KROPOTKIN number of MOTHER EARTH, apropos of our illustrious comrade's seventieth birthday, is an excellent suggestion, which could not emanate from a more fitting source than MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, New York, U. S. A. Why, it would be very difficult to sum up the entire Anarchist Gospel according to Prince Kropotkin with more terse exactitude than is done in MOTHER EARTH'S standing definition: 'The philosophy of a New Social Order based on Liberty unrestricted by man-made Law; the theory that all forms of Government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.' Such is the Anarchism of which Kropotkin is the greatest living Apostle, nay, Saint; for some one has, with singular felicity, designated him "the St. Francis d'Assisi of Science." Nor is the element of Martyrdom lacking. It is hardly necessary to recall his shameful incarcerations by Imperial Russia and Republican France, or the heroism with which they were endured. I have never met this blithe-enthused soul—yes, God-inspired, though he believes himself a "Materialist"—but I recall Hamlet's fine, unhackneyable apostrophe to his friend Horatio:—

For thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those  
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled  
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please; give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,  
As I do thee.

But for its Idealists, nay, its Idealist-Materialists, what would this weary, heavy-laden human race come to? A world bereft of Kropotkins, Bakunins and Tolstoys, were indeed a Planet Sorrowful—a realm of unbroken gloom, stagnation, and death. It is their lofty mission to show us how we may confidently

From the future borrow—  
Cloathe the waste with dreams of grain,

And on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow.

Personally, like the late Count Tolstoy, I take my Anarchism from the Man of Nazareth; but between the Count's teaching and Kropotkin's I find practically little or no difference. The coin is of pure gold, with reverse as necessary as obverse. The hypostasis of Materialist as of Spiritualist Anarchism is sufficiently familiar: *Do you as you would have it done to you in like case*. This Golden Rule, once fully realized among men, and the State, Private Property, and Enacted Law must inevitably give place to the Anarchist Commune, already adumbrated in the Russian *Mir*, of which Madame Kropotkin (may she and gifted Miss Kropotkin be long spared to cheer the sunset glory of our Grand Old Anarchist's days) has written so instructively.

We habitually forget that both the State and Private Property are purely historic formations, "developed parasitically amidst the free institutions of our earliest ancestors"; and unchallenged in their turpitude, except for Kropotkin and a handful of other intrepid thinkers to whom the world owes the deepest debt of gratitude. The Prince's analysis of the "State" is the excalibur of militant Anarchism:

What is this monstrous engine that we call the "State"? It is relatively of modern origin. The State is a historic formation which, in the life of all nations, has, at a certain time, gradually taken the place of free associations. Church, Law, Military Power, Wealth acquired by Plunder, have for centuries made common cause; have, in slow labor, piled stone on stone, encroachment on encroachment; and thus created the monstrous institution which has finally fixed itself in every corner of social life—nay, in the brains and hearts of men—and which we call the State. But rapid decomposition has set in, and, in the next stage of evolution, the Involuntary State will everywhere be replaced by the Voluntary Commune, as if by magic!

Yea, verily the "Conquest of Bread" Commune, when we shall all have to cry out:

Enough! enough coal, enough bread, enough clothes! Let us rest, take recreation; put our strength to better use; spend our time in a better way! *From each according to his powers; to each according to his wants!*

"And so mote it be!"

Years ago, in dedicating a small historical treatise to our venerable friend, I designated him, "*natu Princeps*



*Slavonicus, ubique gentium naturaliter Princeps,"* and, on his seventieth natal day, he is still *First*—First among Scientists and Humanitarians, the world over.

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## HUMANITARIAN AND REVOLUTIONIST

BY MAX BAGINSKI.

THOSE who believe that a charming personality, a gentle spirit, or a poetic susceptibility are not compatible with aggressive revolutionary activity ought to read Peter Kropotkin's works, especially the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist." There is in his life and work a perfect synthesis of highest devotion to humanity and of revolutionary passion.

Through the realms of nature, the field of science, Kropotkin searches, with the keen and mild eye of the sage, for those facts and experiences which show that mutual aid, comradeship, solidarity are man's finest qualities and at the same time the sources and motives for his material and mental development. He does not discover in this vast realm anything that looks like a supernatural ethic which has the power to command us to do the good, but he finds already in the life of the animals unmistakable traces of sympathetic cooperation pointing toward the cooperative human commonwealth, that leaves the individual free and yet unfolds his social instincts and actions towards a life of equality and justice. Kropotkin's sociology and philosophy make for reconciliation of the individual with society, expleting the icy social abyss which separates man from man like mortal enemies.

This ideal and aim of humanism, Anarchy—nobody has brought its beautiful realization so sympathetically near to the mind and heart as the revolutionist Kropotkin, and nobody has, like him, furnished it with so splendid an intellectual armor.

The Russian government has still every reason to deplore the fact that on June 30, 1876, the political prisoner Peter Kropotkin made his miraculous escape from the prison hospital in St. Petersburg. This escape gave to the modern international revolutionary movement its most beloved comrade, its boldest, most inspiring pioneer.

**PETER KROPOTKIN****A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE**

BY BAYARD BOYESEN.

**I**N THE college life of the average American youth there is little, if any, intellectual companionship; and the young man whose mind expatiates beyond the spheres of college rules and interests finds himself forced to huddle in a lonely dream. Of course, there are political clubs and literary societies; but the former are not places of thought, and the latter gaze at literature from a viewpoint that denies the "springs of life." Indeed, the students, as well as the authorities, consider it properly "American" to deride all enthusiasms that hitch themselves to anything nobler than a college yell. Once, a Freshman came to me and showed me an essay he had written with a sincerity that was almost terrible in its beauty; and he said to me in a voice that verged on tears: "Look: they told me to write as I felt, and I did so, and this is all the criticism I get: 'Immature.'" I could scarcely believe what he said until I had read the essay again and again, and found nothing for guidance to this youth of sixteen save the professor's illuminating information that the lad was immature!

So the young man of thought and aspiration must find his companionship in books. Lucky he will be if this necessity leads him to a meeting with the works of Kropotkin.

I remember hearing, while I was still an undergraduate, a professor speak blithely about the "margin of labor"; and I remember my astonishment when he said, in the tone of a man making so obvious a remark that it required no substantiation, that it was necessary that there should be, at all times, some men who were unemployed. I, being an impertinent youth—impertinent, because I had a habit of asking pertinent questions—requested to know the reason why; whereupon he, being a learned man, replied: "It is necessary because the conditions of business demand it, because business can't be run without this margin." I then asked him what provision had been made in

order to insure to these men "on the margin" and to their families a means of subsistence. But this question he dismissed, since it had, he asserted, nothing to do with economics. I began to think.

Some time afterwards, I was talking with an elderly gentleman, and in the course of a general discussion, I ventured to tell him of the opinions and conclusions I had formed concerning what I still termed economics. To my utter amazement, he said: "So you're an Anarchist." Indignantly I replied that he was simply calling me an odious name, as age is wont to do when it cannot answer the arguments of youth. He smiled benignly. "Read Kropotkin, my boy, and then come and tell me if it is not an honor to be called an Anarchist." He handed me some pamphlets and the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist."

That night I read. I had realized, before, the miseries and perfidies of men; but that night I realized for the first time the hopes and opportunities of Man. The ideal of what I should be—I, too!—spoke to the puny reality of what I was. From the reclusive park of my former imaginings, I looked; looked and saw the rough country around, the unplotted earth, the stubble paths; and I knew that my literary altars must be cast down, and that I, too, must go forth over the unplotted earth, into the stubble paths, and beyond. In my eyes was the vision of an unbounded nation, unshackled, complete.

But the "Memoirs" were not merely the cause of a temporary exaltation and a vision; they were the basis and beginning of a life-long companionship with the men and women whose thoughts and actions project into previously undiscovered territories, who use the facts and traditions of life not as jackets of restraint, but as springboards into space, who take unabashed, cheerfully, the challenge of existence, and realize that it is only the terrors and perfidies of men that make the opportunity of greatness. Just as my imagination had first seen its possibilities when, as a boy, I came upon the works of Shelley, so here, first, in the work of Kropotkin my heart and mind awoke.

It would not be practical to attempt to set forth in this necessarily short paper even a tithe of what

the books of Kropotkin have meant to me and to the young men to whom I have given them. I will, however, present one example of the enduring quality of their influence.

It is difficult for me to speak of Professor Klasovsky without displaying what must seem an exaggerated emotion to those who have never experienced the loneliness of undergraduate aspiration in America; and I cannot, to-day, recall that wonderful little man as he appears in the pages of Kropotkin without a misting of the eyes and something very close to despair of our university education. I wonder whether he did more for Kropotkin than for me. I, of course, never saw him; but often, when I had been listening, perforce, to some professor spreading weak and weary platitudes over the beauties of English poetry, patronizing Shelley as one might patronize a naughty boy, attempting to make the flame-bleed slogans of Swinburne seem but a concatenation of gorgeous sounds, or mouthing the steepled prose of Milton without any realization of the fervid spirit behind,—how often then, seeking seclusion, I would run to my imaginary Klasovsky and listen at his feet! What absurdities I must have put into his mouth, what puerile generalizations! Yet what a comfort it was to me to fancy that there was one man of knowledge to whom I could speak out my mind without fear of the worst of rebuffs, the smile of condescending age!

Later, I spent four years in an attempt to teach and educate in the university in which I had been lectured and quizzed. Then, too, I had need of Klasovsky and Kropotkin; for, though I cared not at all for the criticisms my colleagues would bestow upon my unacademic methods, I had need of courage when I saw—how often!—some youth who had entered with enthusiasm and high hopes go down before the drudgeries of the system, flatten out, and disappear.

I might go on to relate a thousand incidents in which the works of Kropotkin have proved of benefit to me and to my fellows; and it would be interesting to me to proceed to an exposition and friendly criticism of his theories. But that was not the purpose of this little essay. I have written it with the inten-

tion merely of recording an experience common to many men of my acquaintance and to innumerable others whom neither he nor I can know. If, to-day, it is not given to me to sail so buoyantly upon an optimism so large as his, I still accept his purpose and belief, I still pick up the thumb-worn pages of the "Revolutionist," and there still see the fair crops of the future, though the miseries of the present rot the harvests of to-day. Salve, Kropotkin!

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### AN IMMORTAL

THE seventieth anniversary of Peter Kropotkin's birth ought to remind every lover of freedom and beneficiary of science of the debt we owe this courageous and kindly Russian.

There is no reason why those of us who cannot subscribe to his faith in Anarchism should not subscribe to our faith in him. A man who abjures the princely title and who dedicates his life to science, interpreting that in the distinctively twentieth century method of synthesis, although he was the contemporary and colleague of the nineteenth century analytical scientist; a man whose writings are alive with democratic sympathy and who in himself is the incarnation of democracy; a man who has not only repudiated high position, but who has been driven from pillar to post, from country to country, from prison to prison;—such a man commands the respect and homage of every scientific thinker and lover of freedom.

It would be a distinct sacrifice for any humanitarian to deny himself the privilege of paying tribute to this devoted lover of his kind, whose pioneer services and bodily risks have not prevented his attaining his three-score years and ten. Whatever may be the social system of the future, Peter Kropotkin's niche is safe in the universal Hall of Fame.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.



## A TRIBUTE

IT IS a very happy occasion that has suggested the idea of celebrating the seventieth birthday of our dear Comrade Peter Kropotkin by publishing a special number of MOTHER EARTH. For I am sure there is none who has the slightest regard for the welfare of humanity, who will not rejoice at the thought that he is still alive and well, and still working hard in the great cause, after three-score years and ten of a life that few men could ever hope to have lived.

It would indeed be fairer to call that life a strenuous battle against privilege in all its forms. For it is not only against capitalist exploitation that he has raised his voice, but with equal force and power he has denounced those even more insidious phases of the same evil which authority uses to enslave the mind of man. None wish more than he that all should have well-being; but few unhappily care as he does that the individual should be really free in thought and word and deed.

It may be of interest to your readers to have a few brief details of his work in England so far as it has centered round *Freedom*, although it must be earnestly hoped that whoso has not yet read his "Memoirs" will take this opportunity of acquainting themselves with the narrative of his life by getting that deeply interesting work.

When in 1886 Kropotkin returned here from France after his imprisonment, there was practically no Anarchist movement in England. The Socialist League, however, had been formed, with William Morris at its head, and had already sounded the note of anti-parliamentarism, clearing the air to some extent for Anarchist ideas. So that when *Freedom* was started (October, 1886) Kropotkin found many interested in the excellent articles he contributed to that paper on the aims and ideals of Anarchist Communism. So much so that a few months later it was found necessary to start a series of meetings at the Socialist League Hall, Farringdon Road, which Morris, with that fairmindedness so characteristic of him, had willingly let to us.

Looking back over a quarter of a century, Kropotkin and those who were with him will recall these meetings,

at several of which he explained, in his addresses, Anarchism in its various aspects, necessarily arousing much heated discussion; in which it may be mentioned that amongst others Sidney Webb, Annie Besant, John Burns and Herbert Burrows took part. In spite of developments that have taken place since those early times, there is none of them, I am sure, who will not have good wishes for him on his seventieth birthday.

For those of us who have worked more closely with him, who know how deeply the Anarchist spirit has been manifested by him towards all, irrespective of social or educational disadvantages, looking only for sincerity and conviction—we wish to join with you, comrades of these great United States of America, and add our voice to yours in wishing still for our dear friend Peter Kropotkin years of health, happiness and that activity which is his life. And if there is one hope we hold more fervently than another it is that he may yet live to see some grand fulfillment of those ideals to which he has devoted the whole of his energies and for which his heart beats as ardently as ever in the seventieth year of his life.

A. MARSH,

Editor of *Freedom*, London.

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### A RARE MAN

WE ARE at a loss to describe or clarify such a character as Kropotkin; accepted standards are usually false, and the terminology at our disposal lacks comprehensiveness. When the orator or eulogist fails, in his opinion, to adequately characterize his subject, he usually falls back on some such phrase as "we like him best of all because he is human." This is considered the greatest of compliments, and oftentimes kings are exalted by their subjects and flatterers because they are "human." Certain it is, Kropotkin is human in the sense that he has a commonality of interest with his fellow-men and is not without human weaknesses, but the phrase is faulty, incomplete, as it fails to imply that we love him because he is a *rare* human being. Bernard Shaw makes Blanco Posnet say, "there is no good and no bad, but there's a great game and a rotten game." Good and

bad are relative terms, but we love those who play the great game and despise those who play the rotten one.

Happy indeed is the man who has found his work, and thrice happy should he be if the work has a social value. To live is ordinary, to live well and with a purpose, extraordinary—it makes for that immortality all should strive for, to be a force and live in the hearts of our fellow-men after we have crossed the Styx. With a combination of gifts rare in man, Kropotkin has lived to a purpose, and his work will live after him. Scientist, explorer, man of letters and social revolutionist, this remarkable man has combined these and many other qualities with a humanity as deep as the springs of life, and as broad as the vision of our greatest age. Humanity, with its endless roll of great thinkers, poets and humanitarians, has produced many men and women as great in one or more particulars; it is the combination of great talents, the harmony of scientist, social prophet, man of action and great humanitarian that makes him rare among the rarest of mortals.

His "Mutual Aid" humanized and put the sweetness of life into the Darwinian theory and bids humanity have hope for better days. "Fields, Factories and Workshops" attacks the God of Efficiency that would degrade and destroy the soul of man for a greater productivity of things, and points out the necessity for well-rounded and fully developed men if we are to have a free society. His "Conquest of Bread" and "Memoirs," analytic and constructive, show the seer and prophet as well as the worker and man of action. What niche in the pantheon of fame future historians will assign him we know not; that it will be a high one we can not doubt. An inspiration and guiding star for men and women of all lands, his influence will grow and expand. To those of us who have known him personally our lives have been better and our wisdom larger for having met, known and learned to love this wonderful personality, a personality symbolized by a name—Peter Kropotkin.

HARRY KELLY.





### KROPOTKIN AS A SCIENTIST

**B**Y WHATEVER path the social revolution comes, all of us who have our faces towards that supreme event, do gladly join in our tribute to the worth and work of Peter Kropotkin. The Socialist tendency of to-day is to generously recognize all persons and forces that are making for the great change. It is as a revolutionary Socialist that I hail Peter Kropotkin, on his celebration of his seventieth birthday, and wish that he yet may have many years wherein to continue his devoted and heroic labors. It was as a Socialist, and with the approval of my comrades in New York City, that I presided over the great mass meeting that welcomed him to New York City eleven years ago. I shall always gratefully remember—though probably he has forgotten—the afternoon conversations I had with him when I was attending lectures at the London School of Economics, fifteen years ago. He did not at all approve of my way of looking at things at that time, either sociologically or religiously; but he was always so kindly and so reasonable in his admonitions and arguments, that I found him a vastly better teacher than the Fabian professors of political economy who constituted the faculty of the School of Economics. And though I still look for the great change to come by a very different highway from that by which he thinks it will come, I yet wish to say that no man since Marx or Darwin has made a more ultimate or permanent a contribution to the social future than Kropotkin has made. I also wish to join my word to the words of those who will speak of Kropotkin's sterling personal worth, as well as of his career as a Russian revolutionist, as one of the greatest men of science, and as a great man of letters.

There is one special phase of Kropotkin's work that I do not think is yet sufficiently valued or understood. I refer to his emphasis on the cooperative tendency in nature, as against the competitive tendency so insistently emphasized by the older evolutionists. The Darwinians have outdone their master in calling attention to the struggle for existence—in sharpening the tooth and claw. It is only Kropotkin, so far as I know, who has, as a scientist, called attention to the struggle for fellowship

that is as truly manifest in nature as the competitive struggle. He alone among scientists has called attention to the fact that the strongest in the competitive struggle do not survive; they extinguish one another. A merely competitive nature would be nature's self-destruction. Ultimate survival has been concurrent with cooperation. The types that really survive, in the long course of things, are the types that cooperate, the types that attain to fellowship. Biologically, or physiologically, these types are often, if not generally, the weakest. If we were to change this from scientific into more familiar phraseology, we would say that it seems to be a law of nature that the meek inherit the earth, in the end; that it is not the fighter, but the lover who will ultimately prevail. Even to the materialist, there seems to be some reason in or behind nature that lends the last results of power to love, and snatches them from hate. It is war, it is the struggle for existence, it is the competition between man and man or tribe and tribe or nation and nation, that has wrought the waste places of the earth. Even the jungles of Africa are now found to have been the seats of mighty civilizations, of immense and splendid cities and temples, destroyed by the competitions of races. It is possible that the great deserts of the world are the result of man's destruction of man. The scientists tell us that the Black Plague originated upon a battlefield where a hundred thousand dead were left unburied. Forests are denuded, great rivers are dried up, rain-falls are ended, through the fierce competition of industrial man, while cooperation and social control are able to restore the forests, the rain-falls and the rivers. It is literally true that nature so favors cooperation that the cooperative man could make the solitary places of the earth glad, and the wilderness blossom as a rose, and the world like unto a kingdom of heaven.

I have called attention to this special emphasis which runs through Kropotkin's writing, and which makes his "Mutual Aid Among Animals" one of the greatest and most instructive books ever written. There is no book more useful to the Socialist, the Single-taxer, or the Philosophical Anarchist. Peter Kropotkin has made an immense and yet unappropriated contribution both to the knowledge of nature and to sociology. I am sure

that the greatest honor we could pay him in his seventieth birthday, and the one that would give him the greatest gratitude, would be to appropriate his immeasurable contribution.

GEORGE D. HERRON.

Florence, Italy, Oct. 8, 1912.

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## A GREETING

DEAR COMRADE:

You ask me to tell you what I think of Kropotkin for the number which you intend to publish on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

What can I say except what everyone says who is acquainted with him?

I know of no man more loyal than he, more enthusiastic, more youthful in spite of his seventy years, and at the same time there is no one so simple, so modest.

To appreciate his disinterestedness, it is only necessary to be aware of his origin, and his sacrifice of wealth and honors to consecrate himself to the propagation of ideas which could bring him nothing but imprisonment and persecutions on all sides, even to the extent of a death sentence in his native land.

Everybody knows the position which he has won for himself in the scientific world.

Therefore the example of his life seems to me to refute perfectly the imbecilities of those "worshippers of the horny hand"—ex-workingmen—who hold that the "intellectuals" never come to the working class for any purpose except to dominate it.

Without taking into account that the term "intellectual" has absolutely no significance and means simply a man who has not sprung from the working class; for where is the manual labor which does not require brain work, and how many so-called "intellectuals" are less intellectual than those whom some people call "common workingmen"? Now then? . . .

Cordial greetings,

JEAN GRAVE.



## A KROPOTKIN INTRODUCTION

THE non-Anarchist stranger walked in shyly behind the old-friend-of-prison-days. A great event was to take place in her life. She was to see Kropotkin—to meet him—to speak to him! The old-friend-of-prison-days had said to her simply just like this: "I am going to Kropotkin's. If you want, you can come along."

She looked at him strangely. If she wanted! Is it possible that in his close intimacy with the man, he had forgotten what that name meant to the youth? It had been part of her being. She had grown up conscious of its meaning, not remembering when or how it first came to her. It belonged to the breath she drew, to the glowing life within her. Once she had heard the "Appeal to the Youth" read at a Socialist meeting. Somehow she knew beforehand those inspired words. His name alone had made the appeal to humanism and solidarity even before she read him. It was by his life that he taught. And the youth—it held communion with him through his living personality, through his memoirs, through those little black covered volumes with the large white letters, the books of Kropotkin and Anarchism, which the ardent souls in Russia carry along with them in their hazardous work of propaganda and agitation.

And now she was to see him—to slip in quietly behind the old-friend-of-prison-days and meet him.

They sat on the top of a 'bus and talked Kropotkin, he telling her how they met for the first time in the warden's office of a prison in St. Petersburg. It had a splendid name—that prison. The House of Detention Before Trial. She, too, knew those crumbling walls with the splendid name. She had been whisked through it for a day. Only a day? Never mind. It gave her the chance to sit with the old-friend on this 'bus to go to Kropotkin's.

"That was about forty years ago when we two met," he said. "How old we are getting. No, not Kropotkin. You will see, he has green youth."

Yes. So young he was! He walked briskly across the room, and so straight—almost like an official at the court. But his greeting was hearty and his face warm

with love, and just like his portraits seen everywhere. There lay his big beard spread out upon his chest, and his head thrown back military fashion, looking quite hairless in contrast with his beard. There he was, his portrait came down from the wall. It was as he should look, and she felt she had always known him in person.

He had not been feeling well, he said. The old-friend-of-prison-days whose hearing had been almost ruined and whose whole constitution undermined in Siberia, looked solicitous. "You, too, my dear?" he said.

Kropotkin smiled. It will soon pass away, he answered. "And you," he said, turning to the newcomer, "tell me what are they going to do in America."

She did not know. She had left America as a student and had been away many years, but she had just read. It was not as blatant a country as when she left. There was the Moyer, Pettibone and Haywood trial just finished, and besides this awakening of the workers, there seems to be a breaking up of the old bourgeois traditions. She reads on all sides a concerted attack on the constitution.

Why did she say that! It was shyness that made her talk so stupidly. "Constitution"! As if she, too, believed in its potency. Could she not have told him of something more fundamental, something which pertains really to the life of the people! But it was too late. Already Kropotkin was striding up and down the room, blazing forth in wrath. What hope was there of a new social era, if the youth still tinkered with the enemy's tools! One must find new forms entirely, create one's vision anew and hold it ever before one clear and distinct that even its edge might be reached. We cannot go forward dragging the old with us, and we must speak of words written in blood, not paper!

True—but if he were not so angry she would explain, she would acknowledge herself wrong; but how angry he was and how quickly he became angry! Besides, it was a sign of the times. She said so.

Again great wrath. It was no sign at all—it meant nothing, it was no matter for the youth to soil their hands with. She seemed to have pricked a whole hornet's nest of wrath.

Did he really think she was not one of his? How sad that was.

Suddenly she felt a hand laid tenderly on her head. "How are your dear people?" he asked. She smiled up into his face, which now looked down kindly at her. "And tell me what you did in Russia?" He never for a moment mistook her, but such a careless talker, and a careless thinker, too—almost.

There was a frown and a swift shrug of the shoulders. Would it break out again? No—there was laughter. The erstwhile stranger was to have dinner and then spend the rest of the day. There was talk of parties in Russia, of the growing consciousness of the people and of mutual friends.

It had all become so simple again, just as when the old-friend had said, "If you want, you can come along with me to Kropotkin's." There they sat and talked, familiarly, not as old friends, but as if one who had been gone many years had just returned and there was talk of new things concerning old friends.

The friend-of-prison-days and the non-Anarchist stranger sat again on the top of a 'bus.

"He frightened you?" the old-friend asked, laughing. "But he always does it."

"Why?" she asked.

"To test his love perhaps. He knows he can love. I fancy he wonders if he still has the iron in it."

ROSE STRUNSKY.



## KROPOTKIN AS PHILOSOPHER AND WRITER

**W**HAT is especially characteristic of the works of Peter Kropotkin, what appeals to us most is his high idealism, his wide outlook over the whole field of sociologic thought, an outlook that constantly opens up to us new vistas of man's possibilities.

His work, "Conquest of Bread," is a revolutionary idyl, a beautiful *Kulturbild*, that sketches in broad outline future society as it may be formed, after the storm period of the Social Revolution, by the spontaneous efforts of the working masses.

Indeed, we do not blind ourselves to the difficulties of the great struggle, nor that these, in their practical real-

ization, may even prove greater than indicated by the author. But what appeals to us most forcibly is the grand conception of the problems to be solved and the wealth of new ideas suggested by the author along various lines of thought. The manner in which Kropotkin presents in this book, as well as in all of his scientific works, the broad lines followed by the progress of human civilization, carries us along with almost irresistible force and inspires us to greater effort and struggle, without our closer examining whether the milestones, marked out by the author, are to be reached so soon—indeed, whether they may ever be reached at all.

In this regard the philosophic and scientific works of Kropotkin exert upon the revolutionary reader an effect similar to the preachments and revelations of the gospel upon the early Christian societies.

On the other hand, Kropotkin's ideas concerning the cooperation of industry and agriculture, of the combination of intellectual work with manual labor, of mutual aid in the animal and human world, have exerted an influence that is reaching far beyond the revolutionary labor movement.

The same broad conception that characterizes the scientific labors of Kropotkin permeates also his autobiography. Generally speaking, autobiographies are thankless tasks, because personal life stories are of but little value as reliable historic sources. Most autobiographies are nothing more than advertisements of the author, who usually incorporates in his book letters and documents favorable to himself, while suppressing everything that might have an opposite effect.

How different in this regard is the autobiography of Peter Kropotkin! How little space he devotes to speaking of himself and how thoroughly he deals with the conditions and environment of his time, how objective his descriptions of the persons he came in contact with.

Perhaps the readers of his "Memoirs" could have formed their estimate of Kropotkin if he had limited himself only to facts and data. But how we should have missed his objective characterization of persons, environment, and events! The very brevity with which Kropotkin speaks of himself, the warmth and deep understanding with which he treats everything outside his

personal "I," are the features which in his "Memoirs" produce the same charm upon his readers as the most beautiful passages of his scientific works.

The theoretical exposition of his views on economic and social questions and his personal reminiscences complement each other in the happiest manner.

*Paris.*

CHRISTIAN CORNELISSEN.

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**K**ROPOTKIN makes us ready to compare our time with any period of history. We must go back generations, if not centuries indeed, before we can find anyone of his ability equally at home in science, literature, history and social philosophy. The quality of Kropotkin's revolutionism can only be gauged by his quality as a thinker and a man; no aspect of life and no aspect of the movement towards a new society has failed to interest him. But we cannot measure Kropotkin's value either by the breadth of his revolutionism or by his contributions to the life and thought of the time. He is great because his revolutionism inspires every word he writes and because at the same time his universal culture is the basis of all his revolutionism. This is why we have in Kropotkin beyond question the greatest living forerunner of the civilization of the future.

WM. ENGLISH WALLING.



**THE STERILIZATION OF THE UNFIT**

*Lecture delivered by Peter Kropotkin before the Eugenics Congress held in London in August last.*

**P**ERMIT me to make a few remarks: one concerning the papers read by Professor Loria and Professor Kellogg, and another of a more general character concerning the purposes and the limitations of Eugenics.

First of all I must express my gratitude to Professor Loria and to Professor Kellogg for having widened the discussion about the great question which we all have at heart—the prevention of the deterioration and the improvement of the human race by maintaining in purity the common stock of inheritance of mankind.

Granting the possibility of artificial selection in the human race, Professor Loria asks: "Upon which criterion are we going to make the selection?" Here we touch upon the most substantial point of Eugenics and of this Congress. I came this morning with the intention of expressing my deep regret to see the narrow point of view from which Eugenics has been treated up till now, excluding from our discussions all this vast domain where Eugenics comes in contact with social hygiene. This exclusion has already produced an unfavorable impression upon a number of thinking men in this country, and I fear that this impression may be reflected upon science altogether. Happily enough the two papers I just mentioned came to widen the field of our discussions.

Before science is enabled to give us any advice as to the measures to be taken for the improvement of the human race, it has to cover first with its researches a very wide field. Instead of that we have been asked to discuss not the foundations of a science which has still to be worked out, but a number of practical measures, some of which are of a legislative character. Conclusions were already drawn from a science before its very elements had been established.

Thus we have been asked to sanction, after a very rapid examination, marriage certificates, Malthusian-

ism, the notification of certain contagious diseases, and especially the sterilization of the individuals who may be considered as undesirables.

I do not lose sight of the words of our president, who indicated the necessity of concentrating our attention upon the heredity aspects of this portion of social hygiene; but I maintain that by systematically avoiding considerations about the influence of surroundings upon the soundness of what is transmitted by heredity, the Congress conveys an entirely false idea of both Genetics and Eugenics. To use the word *à la mode*, it risks the "sterilization" of its own discussions. In fact, such a separation between surroundings and inheritance is impossible, as we just saw from Professor Kellogg's paper, which has shown us how futile it is to proceed with Eugenic measures when such immensely powerful agencies, like war and poverty, are at work to counteract them.

Another point of importance is this. Science, that is, the sum total of scientific opinion, does not consider that all we have to do is to pay a compliment to that part of human nature which induces man to take the part of the weak ones, and then to act in the opposite direction. Charles Darwin knew that the birds which used to bring fish from a great distance to feed one of their blind fellows were also a part of Nature, and, as he told us in "Descent of Man," such facts of mutual support were the chief element for the preservation of the race; because, such facts of benevolence nurture the sociable instinct, and without that instinct not one single race could survive in the struggle for life against the hostile forces of Nature.

My time is short, so I take only one question out of those which we have discussed: Have we had any serious discussion of the Report of the American Breeders' Association, which advocated sterilization? Have we had any serious analysis of the vague statements of that Report about the physiological and mental effects of the sterilization of the feeble-minded and prisoners? Were any objections raised when this sterilization was represented as a powerful deterring means against certain sexual crimes?

In my opinion, Professor McDonnell was quite right

when he made the remark that it was untimely to talk of such measures at the time when the criminologists themselves are coming to the conclusion that the criminal is "a manufactured product," a product of society itself. He stood on the firm ground of modern science. I have given in my book on Prisons some striking facts, taken from my own close observation of prison life from the inside, and I might produce still more striking facts to show how sexual aberrations, described by Krafft Ebing, are often the results of prison nurture, and how the germs of that sort of criminality, if they were present in the prisoner, were always aggravated by imprisonment.

But to create or aggravate this sort of perversion in our prisons, and then to punish it by the measures advocated at this Congress, is surely one of the greatest crimes. It kills all faith in justice, it destroys all sense of mutual obligation between society and the individual. It attacks the race solidarity—the best arm of the human race in its struggle for life.

Before granting to society the right of sterilization of persons affected by disease, the feeble-minded, the unsuccessful in life, the epileptics (by the way, the Russian writer you so much admire at this moment, Dostoyevsky, was an epileptic), is it not our holy duty carefully to study the social roots and causes of these diseases?

When children sleep to the age of twelve and fifteen in the same room as their parents, they will show the effects of early sexual awakenings with all its consequences. You cannot combat such widely spread effects by sterilization. Just now 100,000 children have been in need of food in consequence of a social conflict. Is it not the duty of Eugenics to study the effects of a prolonged privation of food upon the generation that was submitted to such a calamity?

Destroy the slums, build healthy dwellings, abolish that promiscuity between children and full-grown people, and be not afraid, as you often are now, of "making Socialism"; remember that to pave the streets, to bring a supply of water to a city, is already what they call to "make Socialism"; and you will have improved the germ plasm of the next generation

much more than you might have done by any amount of sterilization.

And then, once these questions have been raised, don't you think that the question as to who are the unfit must necessarily come to the front? Who, indeed? The workers or the idlers? The women of the people, who suckle their children themselves, or the ladies who are unfit for maternity because they cannot perform all the duties of a mother? Those who produce degenerates in the slums, or those who produce degenerates in palaces?



**ANARCHISM**—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

**FREE COMMUNISM**—Voluntary economic co-operation of all towards the needs of each. A social arrangement based on the principle: To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability.

**DIRECT ACTION**—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.



**COMRADES AND FRIENDS:**

Next February **MOTHER EARTH** will close its seventh year of existence. I shall not burden you with a recital of what those years have meant to us—the struggle, anxiety and travail to keep the magazine above water. But I want you to know that if we did not fail or grow weary, it was largely due to your devotion and to our consciousness that **MOTHER EARTH** has endeared itself to you as much as to us. It is with this certainty that we turn to you again, as we often have on previous occasions.

To begin the eighth year of our magazine, we must increase our subscription by at least five hundred. To make this possible, we have decided to offer a premium with every new subscription or renewal. My book, "Anarchism and Other Essays," which, as you know, sells at \$1.00, cloth, has been gotten out now in paper cover, and will be given as a premium with a year's subscription for the magazine.

Also, a copy of "Prison Memoirs of An Anarchist," by Alexander Berkman, will be sent to any one of you who will secure five **NEW** subscribers for the magazine.

This offer barely covers the cost of our publication; but we feel that an increase in subscribers means an increase in friends who represent in the struggle we are making, the only sustaining force.

Let us hear from you soon, dear friends. We need your cooperation.

**EMMA GOLDMAN.**



## TO OUR CHICAGO FRIENDS

Wednesday, December 11th, 8 P. M., a Peter Kropotkin Seventieth Birthday Celebration will take place at the West Side Auditorium. Among the speakers will be EMMA GOLDMAN and ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

Thursday, December 12th, 8 P. M., EMMA GOLDMAN will lecture at the West Side Auditorium Annex. Subject: SYNDICALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Monday, December 16th, 8 P. M., ALEXANDER BERKMAN will lecture at the West Side Auditorium Annex. Subject: LIFE IN PRISON.

All friends who wish to learn more about our visit to Chicago should communicate with Dr. R. M. Yampolsky, 801 South Ashland Boulevard.

## EMMA GOLDMAN'S

last lectures at Lenox Casino, 116th Street and Lenox Ave

Sunday, December 8th, 8 P. M.

ECONOMIC EFFICIENCY—THE MODERN  
MENACE.

Sunday, December 15th, 8 P. M.

"DAMAGED GOODS," by Brieux.

(A powerful drama, dealing with the curse of venereal disease.)

Sunday, December 22d, 8 P. M.

THE BIRTH OF LABOR AND THE FAILURE OF  
CHRISTIANITY.

Beginning with the new year Emma Goldman will deliver a course of 8 lectures on the Modern Drama, comprising Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Wedekind, Rostand, Maeterlinck, Mirbeau, Tolstoy, Tchekhov, Gorky and Andreyev.

Price of course, \$1.00. General admission, 25 cents.

The place will be announced later.

Subscriptions for the course may now be sent in to the Mother Earth office.

During January and February Miss Goldman will be open for lectures and debates outside of New York. Groups and organizations wishing dates will please communicate with us at once.

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# MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1913

No. 11

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Vol. VII

JANUARY, 1913

No. 11

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**D**EAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

First of all, let me express to you my warmest, heartiest thanks for all the kind words and thoughts you have addressed to me, and then to express through your pages the same heartiest thanks to all the comrades and friends who have sent me such warm and friendly letters and telegrams on the occasion of my seventieth birthday.

I need not tell you, nor could I word it on paper, how deeply I was touched by all these expressions of sympathy, and how I felt that "something brotherly" which keeps us, Anarchists, united by a feeling far deeper than the mere sense of solidarity in a party; and I am sure that that feeling of brotherhood will have some day its effect, when history will call upon us to show what we are worth, and how far we can act in harmony for the reconstruction of Society upon a new basis of equality and freedom.

And then let me add that if all of us have contributed to some extent to the work of liberation of exploited mankind, it is because our ideas have been more or less the expression of the ideas that are germinating in the very depths of the masses of the people. The more I live, the more am I convinced that no truthful and useful social science, and no useful and truthful social action is possible, but the science which bases its conclusions, and the action which bases its acts, upon the thoughts and the aspirations of the masses. All sociological science and all social action which would not do that would remain sterile.

With full heart with you,

PETER KROPOTKIN.

## OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE aftermath of the McNamara tragedy—the trial of the forty labor leaders, most of them members of the Bridge and Iron Workers' Union—closed its first act at Indianapolis. The defendants were charged by the Federal government with conspiracy to transport explosives from State to State, and thirty-three men were convicted and sentenced to terms ranging from one to seven years' imprisonment.

The second act is to follow. Meanwhile the cases have been appealed to the Supreme Court, and bail has been granted.

This is the juridical state of affairs. Much more important, however, than the legal farce is the social significance of the situation and the attitude of the workers and their organizations toward it.

There is no doubt that the masters, the Steel Trust and its branches of the Erectors and Manufacturers' Association, left no stone unturned to send the indicted labor leaders to prison. The accusations against them and the trial were designed to impress the workers with their servitude and to teach them subjection and humility on the pain of persecution and punishment. Plutocracy, manipulating the wires behind the throne of justice, pretended to be morally shocked at the terrible dynamite practices. But the real purpose of the trial was to give organized labor a knockout blow, to weaken and destroy the militant spirit of the toilers, by all the forces at the command of the masters.

On their part, the workers seem yet sadly lacking in conscious solidaric purpose. The men on trial in Indianapolis seemed to be isolated, to stand alone. It is true, the last convention of the A. F. L. passed a half-hearted resolution to the effect that the local bodies should give their support to the Indianapolis defendants. But in his yearly report Gompers declared that the McNamaras were "either criminally insane or insanely criminal—either condition due to imperfect education, incomplete education, or defective mentality."

It may be that Gompers and his co-bureaucrats are much better educated: in their intercourse with the

politicians of the Civic Federation they have been well trained—so well that they believe to have done their duty to labor by hiding behind respectability and masking themselves with legal virtue.

A great opportunity was lost to labor in the McNamara trial. A far greater one still at Indianapolis. If we had a mature labor movement in this country and strong characters within it—men with enthusiasm to stand up for their convictions, the trial at Indianapolis would have served to tear the mask off our rotten plutocratic society. Then the accused would have become the accusers. No matter whether guilty or innocent, in the legal sense: had the labor leaders grasped the opportunity to throw their thundering *j'accuse* in the face of the exploiters, they would have consciously made history and impressed their footsteps upon social progress, to the inspiration of the multitudes of oppressed. Had the men in Indianapolis dared defy the dragnet of capital, dared assert their manhood, they would have done a really great service to the cause of labor. Unfortunately, when that cause is left to the mercy of "legal talent" and legal trickery, its fate is pitiful.

However, our whole sympathy is with the convicted men, who are but the victims of our social rotteness and their own resultant lack of social consciousness. But we hope that the lesson of Indianapolis will not be lost. The struggle of labor against capital is daily assuming the scope of a larger consciousness and determined purpose. Capital, intrenched behind respectability and legality, is constantly forcing the workers into more open warfare. The masses are beginning to realize that in this war every weapon is justified that will prove effective in improving the miserable condition of the disinherited and ultimately emancipate the wage slave. Every strike is an incident in this warfare, involving violence. Labor is forced to protect its interests by fighting the masters with labor's strongest weapons.

In this spirit the trial at Indianapolis should have been conducted—a defy of the slave to his oppressor. And this spirit will gradually manifest itself in the daily more intensive struggle of labor, in the growing social consciousness of the wage slave determined to break his chains.



SINCE the Tsar issued, some years ago, his boastful peace-manifesto—to the great joy of superficial and noisy philanthropists—we have had almost continual war. This Christmas and the New Year found the various governments of Europe in such a murderous attitude, that a carnage of international proportions, carried on with the most modern machinery of wholesale bloodshed, seems to be imminent. Such a general war would involve from 12 to 15 millions of trained murderers in a great slaughter, compared with which the atrocities and bloodshed of the Balkan war would appear the merest child play.

So far general hostilities have been avoided. The experts and technicians of the great powers are absorbed in "studying" the effect of modern weapons in the war against Turkey. Especial interest is manifested in the airships from which good Christians are speeding explosives upon the heathen Turks, and when this method of destroying whole armies will prove successful, what a great step forward will have been taken along the road of truly Christian civilization!

However, we need not despair of the ultimate triumph of humanity. The anti-militant spirit is growing throughout the civilized world, and the governments everywhere are forced to take it into account. The great generals and diplomats do not feel quite safe in their calculations; they are beginning to doubt the efficacy of their orders: some soldiers might happen to turn their guns the wrong way. Anti-militarist demonstrations are taking place in various countries. In France, for instance, the government has grown so fearful of this propaganda that it has resolved to suppress the organization of the public school teachers, because the latter are permeated with the anti-militarist spirit. The French Parliament stands aghast at the statistics showing that during the year 1911 80,000 young men evaded military service, through desertion and other means. In many regiments there have been discovered anti-military conspiracies, and the *Confédération Générale du Travail* is preparing to declare a General Strike in case of war, which shall especially involve the industries most vital for the transportation and provisioning of troops.

It is quite safe to say that if a general European war

is averted, it will not be due to the peace fakirs à la Carnegie, who deal in canon and armor plate, but to a great extent to the determined anti-military attitude of the international proletariat.

\* \* \*

**W**ITH considerable satisfaction the press reported recently that Judge Goff, of New York, broke all previous records by sentencing four men, at the same time, to die in the electric chair.

The murderers are done with; but murder remains: for murder is as closely interwoven with our social conditions as prostitution is with the morality of "high society," or as the innumerable fatal accidents on our railroads are connected with the greed for big profits.

\* \* \*

**A**N army of 100,000 garment workers has risen in rebellion against starvation wages, Triangle fire traps, and limitless exploitation.

Such a strike, fought energetically and determinedly, without weak compromise or petitioning, can accomplish more within a few weeks than a generation of political juggling with alleged labor-protection laws.

\* \* \*

**I**F our Comrade Peter Kropotkin ever doubted the value of his revolutionary activities, the wonderful spirit manifested at the various celebrations of his seventieth birthday would serve completely to dispel that doubt.

All over Europe and America the thoughtful workers, whether Anarchists or Socialists, gathered en masse to express their love and devotion to the man who, among all revolutionists, stands out as the most firm and uncompromising figure—Peter Kropotkin.

The most inspiring event was the meeting in New York, at Carnegie Hall, but there were numerous others, in Chicago, Boston, Brownsville, Toronto, London, Brussels, Paris, and other cities, all over the world. Everywhere the same enthusiasm, the same spontaneous outburst of love and appreciation for our Comrade. And that not only because Peter Kropotkin ranks high as a scientist, historian and man of letters, but because, above and beyond all that, Kropotkin is an Anarchist, a revolutionist. As such he will live in the minds and hearts of his comrades always.

**A** GROUP of young Jewish Anarchists, known as the Kropotkin Jubilee Committee, is fittingly commemorating the 70th birthday of Comrade Peter Kropotkin by the publication of a new edition of his complete works in the Jewish language. The first volume, "The Memoirs of a Revolutionist," has now appeared. The translation is very carefully done, and is faithful to the original. The price of the volume is 75c.

The Committee will also issue in the near future a *de luxe* edition of the same work, in 2 volumes, at \$1.00. The profits will be used to publish the other works of Peter Kropotkin.

\* \* \*

**A**MONG the speakers who addressed the Kropotkin celebration in London—in honor of our Comrade's 70th birthday—was also George Bernard Shaw. He was "beginning to wonder," he said, "whether Kropotkin had not been right all these years," and he and his friends all wrong.

Better late than never, George. Even a Fabian Socialist may be saved from the confusion of hopeless experimental politics and become a true revolutionist, provided he is sincere in his self-criticism. He need but make a bold attempt.

\* \* \*

**A** CORRESPONDENT of the Social Democratic publications in America relates an interview with August Bebel, in which the latter expressed himself to the effect that the German workingmen are not ripe for a social change along Socialist lines.

Bebel was much more hopeful when his party did not yet count 4 million votes and when the Socialists in Germany had less than two dozen representatives in the Reichstag, instead of the 40 they have now. At that time he prophesied that the social revolution would take place in the year 1898.

Great success at the ballot box has evidently proved very disheartening. Bebel is now the leader of the strongest party in the Reichstag, and if he now declares that notwithstanding the four million Socialist votes the German workers are not ready for Socialism, such a statement is tantamount to a declaration of bankruptcy on the part of political Socialism.

This bankruptcy was inevitable. If for generations the

workers are taught to believe that their emancipation can be brought about in Parliaments by casting a bit of paper on election day, by compromises and legislation, the result can be but one: the masses become more and more passive, lose initiative and the power of independent action, and are soon totally paralyzed.

\* \* \*

WITH a single master stroke "Comrade" Spargo annihilated sabotage. Sabotage must be severely repudiated—said he—because it is an enemy to morality.

A profound thought! A little more serious investigation will yet enable Spargo to prove that sabotage is opposed to the commandments of Moses, handed to him directly by Jehovah, and that it is further also not in keeping with the dogmas of the only true apostolic Church, or of the Koran. Indeed, sabotage can not be even harmonized with the pious Sunday-school advice of young Rockefeller to the open-mouthed youngsters of the Y. M. C. A.

\* \* \*

THE Suffragettes of England continue to practice direct action and sabotage. They are not to be so easily cajoled as our own Suffragists whose "radicalism" finds complete expression in five o'clock teas, banquets, and meaningless parades.

Of course, there is no lack of moral indignation over the methods of the militant suffragettes. The editors of "respectable" journalism literally froth at their bovine mouths. Nevertheless it is a fact that the British direct actionists have filled the government with wholesome respect, so that it does not dare to keep them long in prison. The governmental machinery of organized violence works nice and smooth only so long as the people remain patient in their subjection; but the moment they awaken to the realization of their own will and energy, the machinery goes wrong and begins to break down.

\* \* \*

OUR request for gifts for the MOTHER EARTH Bazaar met with a most generous response.

Friends from every part of the country made contributions and thereby proved that whatever our magazine may lack in numbers, it makes up for in the quality of its friends. With such splendid incentive MOTHER EARTH will continue the struggle against all odds.

**THE CASE OF EDWARD F. MYLIUS**

**T**HE United States began by declaring high treason against the King of England to be a patriotic virtue. His Majesty was voted a dangerous nuisance, and it often happened that loyalists who dared to hurrah for the King were beaten, tarred and feathered.

The young Republic, christened in the blood of the revolution, proclaimed to the whole world that it welcomed the persecuted, and that in America was planted the banner of universal tolerance and justice.

A fairy tale, indeed beautiful.

But entrance into this fairy land is now barred by iron gates and inquisitions; nay, more; hundreds of officials nose about to determine the size of the immigrant's pocketbook and to weigh his opinions and morality in the scale of bureaucracy.

Into the hands of this inquisition has now fallen the Englishman, Edward F. Mylius. He is imprisoned at Ellis Island, and the immigration authorities have already twice decided to deport him. A protest against this idiotic decision has been forwarded to Washington.

The immigration authorities charge Mylius with being a common criminal, he having been punished in England by a year's imprisonment for an article he had supposedly written in the *Liberator*—the sheet published in Paris by the American, Edward Holden James, advocating an universal republic. The article in question described the present hen-pecked occupant of the British throne as a bigamist who had married a Miss Culme-Seymour in the Island of Malta, in 1890, afterwards deserting his legal wife in order to attach himself in wedlock to a woman contaminated with royal blood—the present Queen.

Our immigration authorities contend that a man who had so boldly cast aside respect for his Majesty could find no asylum in the country that began its career by wiping monarchy off its map.

His Majesty and his government will be much moved to know that the United States government so willingly and ardently plays the rôle of bouncer for Great Britain, refusing to recognize a criticism of the King as a political offence and considering such acts crimes involving "moral turpitude."

Even the British court, before which Mylius was tried, did not prove such a monarchical lickspittle as our American immigration authorities. Meanwhile, however, the publisher of the *Liberator* has issued a statement to the effect that Mylius was not the author of the article in question, but that he was merely the English representative of the publication. Whence it follows, of course, that the charges of the American government against Mylius fall flat even if considered in a merely technical light.

The freedom of press in England, as in America, is evidently a very doubtful matter. In both countries it is quickly punctured, as soon as it is put to the test.

However, the story of the King's bigamy would not have had such evil consequences for Mylius and would have probably never become known at Ellis Island, had not a skunk from Scotland Yard rushed in to take a hand in the council of the nations. That worthy, whose odiferous name we are about to reveal, sent the following cable to the New York Police Department:

20 Aberdeen Place, Molde Wall, London.

December 9th, 1912.

There is a notorious Anarchist named E. F. Mylius coming over to the United States. He was formerly a Republican, and was sentenced for libelling His Majesty the King of England. Lately he is becoming an Anarchist, and I am especially engaged in watching his movements. He is always in company of the direct-actionists. One of his friends tells me he is going over to consult Emma Goldman. Probably he will sail from Havre on a French boat, and am assured before Christmas. I send you this warning at once, in order to prevent his landing. He always carries a loaded revolver, so I am told. I am sending this at once. When he is rejected a small remuneration will oblige.

Yours truly,

A. E. EMMANUEL, Secret Police Agent.

This Judas letter is on file at the immigration offices of Ellis Island. No doubt, it is considered one of the valuable documents on the strength of which Mylius has been refused admission to the shores of this free country. For Mylius is indeed a man of evil intentions. Does not the detective himself say that a "friend" told him that he believed that Mylius might visit Emma Goldman? This is enough to prove what a dangerous man Mylius is to this in-money-we-trust government.

But seriously, it indicates nameless stupidity and degradation of the lowest form that such a "document" should at all be considered by the government; that it should even cause the detention and possible deportation of a man who comes to our shores in the hope of earning a modest living. No government could stoop lower than to permit such a denunciatory letter to influence—perhaps even to determine—its actions and policy. The reference, at the close of the letter, to the "small remuneration that will oblige" the Scotland Yard man, gives rise to the justified suspicion that the United States encourages and even rewards such dirty work. It would be highly interesting to learn more details of this side of the immigration situation; it might throw some light on the terrible misery of our immigrants.

Familiar with the character of government, we are not very much surprised at any atrocity it might commit. But the case of Edward Mylius typifies the systematic suppression of free speech and free press, and the tyrannical persecution of all radical thought, and we are therefore determined to exert every possible effort to fight the deportation of Edward F. Mylius.

\* \* \*

Upon learning of the detention of Mylius, the comrades of the Mother Earth group immediately took steps to call the case to the attention of the public, with a view of defeating the express purpose of the immigration authorities to deport Mylius. The matter involves considerable expense, and we urge every radical and liberty-loving man to contribute toward making our fight a success. Send contributions care of MOTHER EARTH.

\* \* \*

To begin the eighth year of our magazine, we must increase our subscription by at least five hundred. To make this possible, we have decided to offer a premium with every new subscription or renewal. My book, "Anarchism and Other Essays," which, as you know, sells at \$1.00, cloth, has been gotten out now in paper cover, and will be given as a premium with a year's subscription for the magazine.

E. G.

**SYNDICALISM: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE**

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

**I**N view of the fact that the ideas embodied in Syndicalism have been practised by the workers for the last half century, even if without the background of social consciousness; that in this country five men had to pay with their lives because they advocated Syndicalist methods as the most effective in the struggle of labor against capital; and that, furthermore, Syndicalism has been consciously practised by the workers of France, Italy and Spain since 1895, it is rather amusing to witness some people in America and England now swooping down upon Syndicalism as a perfectly new and never before heard-of proposition.

It is astonishing how very naïve Americans are, how crude and immature in matters of international importance. For all his boasted practical aptitude, the average American is the very last to learn of the modern means and tactics employed in the great struggles of his day. Always he lags behind in ideas and methods that the European workers have for years past been applying with great success.

It may be contended, of course, that this is merely a sign of youth on the part of the American. And it is indeed beautiful to possess a young mind, fresh to receive and perceive. But unfortunately the American mind seems never to grow, to mature and crystallize its views.

Perhaps that is why an American revolutionist can at the same time be a politician. That is also the reason why leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World continue in the Socialist party, which is antagonistic to the principles as well as to the activities of the I. W. W. Also why a rigid Marxian may propose that the Anarchists work together with the faction that began its career by a most bitter and malicious persecution of one of the pioneers of Anarchism, Michael Bakunin. In short, to the indefinite, uncertain mind of the American radical the most contradictory ideas and methods are possible. The result is a sad chaos in the radical movement, a sort of intellectual hash, which has neither taste nor character.

Just at present Syndicalism is the pastime of a great



many Americans, so-called intellectuals. Not that they know anything about it, except that some great authorities—Sorel, Bergson and others—stand for it: because the American needs the seal of authority, or he would not accept an idea, no matter how true and valuable it might be.

Our bourgeois magazines are full of dissertations on Syndicalism. One of our most conservative colleges has even gone to the extent of publishing a work of one of its students on the subject, which has the approval of a professor. And all this, not because Syndicalism is a force and is being successfully practised by the workers of Europe, but because—as I said before—it has official authoritative sanction.

As if Syndicalism had been discovered by the philosophy of Bergson or the theoretic discourses of Sorel and Berth, and had not existed and lived among the workers long before these men wrote about it. The feature which distinguishes Syndicalism from most philosophies is that it represents the revolutionary philosophy of labor conceived and born in the actual struggle and experience of the workers themselves—not in universities, colleges, libraries, or in the brain of some scientists. *The revolutionary philosophy of labor*, that is the true and vital meaning of Syndicalism.

Already as far back as 1848 a large section of the workers realized the utter futility of political activity as a means of helping them in their economic struggle. At that time already the demand went forth for direct economic measures, as against the useless waste of energy along political lines. This was the case not only in France, but even prior to that in England, where Robert Owen, the true revolutionary Socialist, propagated similar ideas.

After years of agitation and experiment the idea was incorporated by the first convention of the *Internationale* in 1867, in the resolution that the economic emancipation of the workers must be the principal aim of all revolutionists, to which everything else is to be subordinated.

In fact, it was this determined radical stand which eventually brought about the split in the revolutionary movement of that day, and its division into two factions: the one, under Marx and Engels, aiming at political con-

quest; the other, under Bakunin and the Latin workers, forging ahead along industrial and Syndicalist lines. The further development of those two wings is familiar to every thinking man and woman: the one has gradually centralized into a huge machine, with the sole purpose of conquering political power within the existing capitalist State; the other is becoming an ever more vital revolutionary factor, dreaded by the enemy as the greatest menace to its rule.

It was in the year 1900, while a delegate to the Anarchist Congress in Paris, that I first came in contact with Syndicalism in operation. The Anarchist press had been discussing the subject for years prior to that; therefore we Anarchists knew something about Syndicalism. But those of us who lived in America had to content themselves with the theoretic side of it.

In 1900, however, I saw its effect upon labor in France: the strength, the enthusiasm and hope with which Syndicalism inspired the workers. It was also my good fortune to learn of the man who more than anyone else had directed Syndicalism into definite working channels, Fernand Pelloutier. Unfortunately, I could not meet this remarkable young man, as he was at that time already very ill with cancer. But wherever I went, with whom ever I spoke, the love and devotion for Pelloutier was wonderful, all agreeing that it was he who had gathered the discontented forces in the French labor movement and imbued them with new life and a new purpose, that of Syndicalism.

On my return to America I immediately began to propagate Syndicalist ideas, especially Direct Action and the General Strike. But it was like talking to the Rocky Mountains—no understanding, even among the more radical elements, and complete indifference in labor ranks.

In 1907 I went as a delegate to the Anarchist Congress at Amsterdam and, while in Paris, met the most active Syndicalists in the *Confédération Générale du Travail*: Pouget, Delesalle, Monate, and many others. More than that, I had the opportunity to see Syndicalism in daily operation, in its most constructive and inspiring forms.

I allude to this, to indicate that my knowledge of Syndicalism does not come from Sorel, Bergson or Berth, but from actual contact with and observation of the tre-

mendous work carried on by the workers of Paris within the ranks of the *Confédération*. It would require a volume to explain in detail what Syndicalism is doing for the French workers. In the American press you read only of its resistive methods, of strikes and sabotage, of the conflicts of labor with capital. These are no doubt very important matters, and yet the chief value of Syndicalism lies much deeper. It lies in the constructive and educational effect upon the life and thought of the masses.

The fundamental difference between Syndicalism and the old trade union methods is this: while the old trade unions, without exception, move within the wage system and capitalism, recognizing the latter as inevitable, Syndicalism repudiates and condemns present industrial arrangements as unjust and criminal, and holds out no hope to the worker for lasting results from this system.

Of course Syndicalism, like the old trade unions, fights for immediate gains, but it is not stupid enough to pretend that labor can expect humane conditions from inhuman economic arrangements in society. Thus it merely wrests from the enemy what it can force him to yield; on the whole, however, Syndicalism aims at, and concentrates its energies upon, the complete overthrow of the wage system. Indeed, Syndicalism goes further: it aims to liberate labor from every institution that has not for its object the free development of production for the benefit of all humanity. In short, the ultimate purpose of Syndicalism is to reconstruct society from its present centralized, authoritative and brutal state to one based upon the free, federated grouping of the workers along lines of economic and social liberty.

With this object in view, Syndicalism works in two directions: first, by undermining the existing institutions; secondly, by developing and educating the workers and cultivating their spirit of solidarity, to prepare them for a full, free life, when capitalism shall have been abolished.

Syndicalism is, in essence, the economic expression of Anarchism. That circumstance accounts for the presence of so many Anarchists in the Syndicalist movement. Like Anarchism, Syndicalism prepares the workers along direct economic lines, as conscious factors in the great

struggles of to-day, as well as conscious factors in the task of reconstructing society along autonomous industrial lines, as against the paralyzing spirit of centralization with its bureaucratic machinery of corruption, inherent in all political parties.

Realizing that the diametrically opposed interests of capital and labor can never be reconciled, Syndicalism must needs repudiate the old rusticated, worn-out methods of trade unionism, and declare for an open war against the capitalist régime, as well as against every institution which to-day supports and protects capitalism,

As a logical sequence Syndicalism, in its daily warfare against capitalism, rejects the contract system, because it does not consider labor and capital equals, hence cannot consent to an agreement which the one has the power to break, while the other must submit to without redress.

For similar reasons Syndicalism rejects negotiations in labor disputes, because such a procedure serves only to give the enemy time to prepare his end of the fight, thus defeating the very object the workers set out to accomplish. Also, Syndicalism stands for spontaneity, both as a preserver of the fighting strength of labor and also because it takes the enemy unawares, hence compels him to a speedy settlement or causes him great loss.

Syndicalism objects to a large union treasury, because money is as corrupting an element in the ranks of labor as it is in those of capitalism. We in America know this to be only too true. If the labor movement in this country were not backed by such large funds, it would not be as conservative as it is, nor would the leaders be so readily corrupted. However, the main reason for the opposition of Syndicalism to large treasuries consists in the fact that they create class distinctions and jealousies within the ranks of labor, so detrimental to the spirit of solidarity. The worker whose organization has a large purse considers himself superior to his poorer brother, just as he regards himself better than the man who earns fifty cents less per day.

The chief ethical value of Syndicalism consists in the stress it lays upon the necessity of labor getting rid of the element of dissension, parasitism and corruption in its ranks. It seeks to cultivate devotion, solidarity and en-

thusiasm, which are far more essential and vital in the economic struggle than money.

As I have already stated, Syndicalism has grown out of the disappointment of the workers with politics and parliamentary methods. In the course of its development Syndicalism has learned to see in the State—with its mouthpiece, the representative system—one of the strongest supports of capitalism; just as it has learned that the army and the church are the chief pillars of the State. It is therefore that Syndicalism has turned its back upon parliamentarism and political machines, and has set its face toward the economic arena wherein alone gladiator Labor can meet his foe successfully.

Historic experience sustains the Syndicalists in their uncompromising opposition to parliamentarism. Many had entered political life and, unwilling to be corrupted by the atmosphere, withdrew from office, to devote themselves to the economic struggle—Proudhon, the Dutch revolutionist Nieuwenhuis, John Most and numerous others. While those who remained in the parliamentary quagmire ended by betraying their trust, without having gained anything for labor. But it is unnecessary to discuss here political history. Suffice to say that Syndicalists are anti-parlamentarians as a result of bitter experience.

Equally so has experience determined their anti-military attitude. Time and again has the army been used to shoot down strikers and to inculcate the sickening idea of patriotism, for the purpose of dividing the workers against themselves and helping the masters to the spoils. The inroads that Syndicalist agitation has made into the superstition of patriotism are evident from the dread of the ruling class for the loyalty of the army, and the rigid persecution of the anti-militarists. Naturally, for the ruling class realizes much better than the workers that when the soldiers will refuse to obey their superiors, the whole system of capitalism will be doomed.

Indeed, why should the workers sacrifice their children that the latter may be used to shoot their own parents? Therefore Syndicalism is not merely logical in its anti-military agitation; it is most practical and far-reaching, inasmuch as it robs the enemy of his strongest weapon against labor.

*(To be continued in the next issue.)*

• **MANUEL PARDINAS**

By PEDRO ESTEVE.

**H**E died without being able to explain the motives that induced him to suppress Canalejas. Those of us who have known him can, nevertheless, understand them.

Pardinas was an intelligent workingman, industrious, simple and kind. His life was full of suffering. He left his native town to seek mental expansion and comfort for the body, and wherever he went he found misery, ignorance and persecution. He was in Catalonia, in France, in Cuba, in North America, and, notwithstanding the fact that he was an expert painter and decorator, sober in the extreme—he drank absolutely no liquor and nourished himself solely with fruits and vegetables in small quantities—he was out of work for long periods and, consequently, suffered much hardship.

“Why live,” he said to me one day, “if life is to be one long-continued suffering?” To toil and eat (when you are able), sleep restlessly, always thinking of the morrow and having to contemplate innumerable injustices without being able to prevent or remedy them. No pleasures, not even that of finding among your comrades in distress collaborators in the work of redemption!

“Life is attractive even when you suffer, knowing that your own labor will benefit our fellow creatures,” I replied.

“Sacrifice yourself for others! It isn’t even an emulation, not even a consolation. Death is our only consolation.”

And notwithstanding, he dreamed only of finding work, in order to save sufficiently to go to fight in Mexico, and, while waiting for this anxiously desired moment to arrive, wherever there was a comrade, or a child of a comrade, sick, there he went to assist, to apply the curative methods called natural, and of which he was a fervent advocate.

Even now it seems to me I can see him giving baths to my children and constructing a sun parlor in the yard of the house in which he lived, in order to give them a sun-bath!

He discussed, reasoned, and above all, he had feeling.

I never saw him in a provocative mood, or loquacious, nor brutal. In preference to disputing, he preferred being silent. He was very studious. He spoke French, studied English, and read with fondness every book or periodical which fell into his hands and which he knew could illuminate him. He had a great predilection for astronomy.

He looked for the desired consolation in spiritualism, and served as medium in spiritualistic seances; but the illusion could not satisfy him and he returned to ask of science that which science could not give him, because a few privileged ones had usurped the means of obtaining it: the full unfolding of his being. Study made him more wretched, because it made him glimpse a world of beauty,—which he knew was not within his reach ever to enjoy.

There appeared before him one day one who could have given him encouragement, who could have made life agreeable, even in the midst of great sufferings—a woman who liked him, who loved him, who knew how to instill in him an intense passion. But it was forbidden fruit, the enjoyment of which would have caused suffering to another man and to innocent, tender creatures, and, through fear of seeing these children suffer (he believed in the economic ideas of Malthus), he fled from the amorous incarnation.

What should he do? Life in Tampa was to him loathsome. He had little work and under very poor conditions. At last he obtained steady employment, and as he spent almost nothing for food and clothes—he went so far as to buy second-hand clothing in order not to reduce his modest stock—when he finished his job he had a hundred dollars in his pocket and thought of returning to old Europe, where, if the lack of necessities is felt the same as in America, or worse, there are at least more intellectual joys. There there are people who propagate, who agitate, who struggle for their redemption.

Perhaps he expected that by becoming absorbed in the whirlwind of life, he would return to life.

But it seems that there he not only encountered the dreaded spectre of unemployment, but also the persecution of the police, who would not let him rest day or night: who denounced him as a dangerous Anarchist

to anyone who employed him and to the people with whom he resided, and followed him constantly and—drove him to be, in truth, really dangerous.

He was by nature sensitive and they assuredly over-excited his sensitiveness. They made life more loathsome to him, and death more desirable. Being in this state or condition, the deceit practised by Canalejas upon the railway employees may have created an intense impression upon him and he may have decided to die killing, and he did kill and then he committed suicide. Perhaps it was the only happy moment of his life!

\* \* \*

May these have been the motives that induced him to suppress Canalejas? He did not say so. Probably no one will ever know them: but those among us who have known him, who have been on intimate terms with him as a comrade, and who know how he thought, knew his feelings and how he acted, can permit themselves deductions of this nature.

Once again, he who would least have been suspected of a disposition to commit such an act, was the one to realize it. Another repetition of the case of Caserio, of Bresci, of nearly all the heroic paladins of the social vindication. His acquaintances, his friends perhaps, have been those most surprised at his act.

Of what use are the special laws promulgated to prevent such acts, the photographic galleries and the anthropometric departments? Of what use will it be to arrest hundreds of men who neither knew him, nor have ever heard the name of this destroyer of a tyrant previous to this attempt? At the utmost, to over-excite some other sensitive person.

Accomplices, inducers! Yes, there is one, an accomplice and an inducer at the same time, whom we want to decapitate—the present social régime.





## A VOICE FROM SIBERIA

New York, Dec. 23rd, 1912.

*Mother Earth, 55 West 28th Street, City.*

Dear Comrades:—The following pathetic letter was received by the Relief Society for the Political Exiles in Siberia, from an exile in Siberia whom they have helped considerably. The letter speaks for itself, and if you find it important, kindly print it in MOTHER EARTH.

“TELL THEM. . . .”

Consumption is doing its work. The doctors assure me that I have only five or six months more to live, and it is possible that with great care and under the best conditions, I should survive a year, but it is ridiculous to speak of good conditions here.

There is a good deal to say about the life of the exiles, but not knowing in whose hands the letter may fall, I restrain from saying anything.

I do not know to what conclusions you have come, comrades, but I am a decided Anarchist. This word, I know, calls out a good deal of contempt, hatred and fear. I know it. But I do not intend to discuss this matter with you. I only ask you, comrades, to tell those who have come to the same conclusions with me, that I send them my greetings. Tell them. . . . Tell them that with the last piece of lung that I will be compelled to eject with blood, the last words that I will utter will be, “Ave Socialis Revolution, salutant te morituri! (Long live the social revolution, on my way to meet death I salute you.)

ALEXANDER MONSENKO.

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**ANARCHISM**—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

**DIRECT ACTION**—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

## FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE\*

By B. M.

**I**T is quite impossible to write of Nietzsche in a way that the reader should at once understand him and "place" him. Very little is to be gleaned from the numerous volumes written about him. One must read him at first hand, get close to him, in order to gain admission into his castle—the castle of a thousand lights, with its noble domes and spires that rear their heads to the highest mountain peaks. He belongs to the thinker-poets who are clarified by divination and intuition rather than by argumentation and explanation. His style is music; in the highest degree he combines the artistic temperament with the scientific spirit.

The systematic ones, the dry rationalists, consider him a wild-eyed philosopher run amuck, satanically bent upon the destruction of all institutionalized discipline and authority. He is the annihilator of all "accepted verities" and traditions, especially to those who pride themselves on their respectability, piety, and ripeness of years. Nor can the representatives of various isms "classify" him. To label his philosophy materialistic or idealistic does not help to understand Nietzsche. He had shot sharp arrows into the camp of both the Socialists and the Anarchists. The former, especially, he abominated, considering them, like everything democratic, the last exponents of the Christian morality of charity and pity—a morality he heartily despised as the source of all the pettiness, cowardice and wretchedness of the man of today. In the last chapter of the "Antichrist" (the XVI. volume of the complete edition) he sums up his judgment of Christianity as follows:

With this I will now conclude and pronounce my judgment. I condemn Christianity and confront it with the most terrible accusation that an accuser has ever had in his mouth. To my mind it is the greatest of all conceivable corruptions; it has had the will to the last imaginable corruption. The Christian Church allowed nothing to escape from corruption; it converted every value into its opposite, every truth into a lie, and every honest impulse into an ignominy of soul. Let anyone dare speak to me of its humanitarian blessings! To *abolish* any sort of distress was opposed to its profoundest interest; its very existence de-

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\* The Macmillan Company, New York.

pended on states of distress; it *created* states of distress in order to make itself immortal. The cancer germ of sin for instance! The Church was the first to enrich mankind with this misery.

This eternal accusation against Christianity I would fain write on all walls—I have letters with which I can make even the blind see—I call Christianity the one great curse, the one enormous and innermost perversion, the one great instinct of revenge for which no means are too venomous, too underhand, too underground and too PETTY. I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind.

The civilization of our day, permeated as it is by Christian morality, Nietzsche considered an instrument for the subjection and taming of man. It suppresses his nature-given instincts, and turns him—like the stable-life of domesticated animals—into a weak, tame and humble creature that trembles before its own shadow and is aghast at every boldness and adventure. Nietzsche wants man to reach the courageous hour when he shall ask himself:

What good is my happiness! It is poverty and pollution and wretched self—complacency. But my happiness should justify existence itself!

The hour when ye say: "What good is my reason! Doth it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my virtue! As yet it hath not made me passionate. How weary I am of my good and my bad! It is all poverty and pollution and wretched complacency!"

The hour when ye say: What good is my justice! I do not see that I am fervor and fuel. The just however are fervor and fuel!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my pity! Is not pity the cross on which he is nailed who loveth man? But my pity is not a crucifixion."

It is not your sin—it is your self-satisfaction that crieth unto heaven; your very sparingness in sin crieth unto heaven!

Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which ye should be inoculated?

Even the highest in this tame civilization are yet low. "I serve, thou servest, we serve," they say to each other, and over all rules the gold of the tradesman.

\* \* \*

With pride Nietzsche called himself the "first Immoralist." But how beautifully he speaks of chastity!

Would that ye were perfect—at least as animals! But to animals belongeth innocence.

Do I counsel you to slay your instincts? I counsel you to innocence in your instincts.

Do I counsel you to chastity? Chastity is a virtue with some, but with many almost a vice.

And also this parable give I unto you: Not a few who incant to cast out their devil, went thereby into the swine themselves.

To whom chastity is difficult, it is to be dissuaded: lest it become the road to hell—to filth and lust of soul.

Verily, there are chaste ones from their very nature; they are gentler of heart, and laugh better and oftener than you.

They laugh also at chastity and ask: "What is chastity?"

Is chastity not folly? But the folly came unto us, and not we unto it.

We offered that guest harbor and heart: now it dwelleth with us—let it stay as long as it will.

The relation of Christianity to erotic love Nietzsche appropriately characterized in the following aphorism: "Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; certainly he did not die of it, but degenerated to vice."

\* \* \*

Nietzsche first attracted attention by his annihilating attack on David Strauss—the author of the "Life of Jesus," the "Old and New Faith"—who was then considered a great apostle of enlightenment. Nietzsche singled out Strauss as the typical representative of philistine culture, coining the characteristic term, *Bildungsphilister*,—descriptive of the intellectual plebeians in the realm of knowledge and taste, who are perfectly content in the sterile delusion that the Truth has already been found and all that is necessary is to introduce it, properly frocked and trained. This type of intellectual philistine Nietzsche confronts with the unfettered intelligence, the unconventional, solitary thinker, who is not to be met with on the beaten path, and who knows that the "great men" were always in *search* of truth, but that it is not a thing to be captured and caged for all time.

Nietzsche's next labors dealt with a criticism of the study of history. The latter, he finds, is over-estimated. The present suffers from an over-consumption of historic education; it is a sort of mental luxury, an intellectual patchwork of variegated colors. It has blinded and stultified modern man, robbed him of character and personality, and turned him into a mere onlooker, without the power of initiative or strength—a sombre eunuch, a walking encyclopedia ornamented with the gilt index of objectivity. Such a one is a concrete abstraction, that boasts to understand everything, to consider everything

objectively, to know the cause and origin of all things. He can be roused neither by hatred nor love, for is not everything as it is, because of Necessity? Indeed, the boasted education and culture of our day is not a thing of life, not a matter of real understanding: it merely treats of it. It can make philistines and scholars; but it cannot produce men, individuals that themselves make history, that defy history and so-called reality: men that care nought for "thus it is", but strive with all the energy and strength of their will for "Thus it shall be".

At this period Arthur Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner are Nietzsche's masters. In the art of Wagner he finds the elements of the culture of the future; in the school of Schopenhauer men may mature to make that culture a reality. With these two masters we can learn to be *unzeitgemäss*, rise beyond the tendencies of our day, arm ourselves against our time. They possess the honesty that does not blink in the face of considerations: they have boldly exposed their breasts to the shafts of their time; they have gone into the wilderness and were unafraid to be alone; they have saved themselves from becoming moral and intellectual fossils, they refused to be molded into the form which the cultured people of today consider the only proper one. And thus they have set an example for the coming generations.

From Schopenhauer and Wagner Nietzsche draws a metaphysical philosophy that found expression in "The Birth of Tragedy."

\* \* \*

A second period begins. The faith in Wagner is dying: the hero of his youth is looked upon with suspicion, as a *Rattenfänger von Hameln*, who with mystically sensual melodies tries again to decoy men to the Golgotha of the bleeding Saviour, to prostrate themselves with contrition. Nietzsche is filled with a great disgust. He feels as if he had cast the enthusiasm of his youth into the mire; like a man broken down with severe illness he feels himself. But by degrees he recovers his health and is rejuvenated. Like a care-free wanderer he wends his way through all the regions of the mind, biding but a short while in any one place. And when he again appears in public, it is with a new book that mirrors his being from a new angle. He now speaks as one emerged

from beneath a heavy weight, one who has risen from the darkness and entered into the light. "Human all too Human" is in point of style and contents the forerunner of Zarathustra, the "Geneology of Morals," the philosophy of "Beyond Good and Evil." He choses the form of aphorism to express his bold thoughts, which now proclaim war against the philosophic systems and especially against metaphysics. All philosophic systems are *fata morgana* that mislead and dupe man; but the worst deceiver is metaphysics: it falsifies the text of nature and relegates the true meaning of life to the *Hinterwelt*—the world beyond.

This new Nietzsche is already the one that later speaks in Zarathustra:

I conjure you, my brethren, *remain true to the earth*, and believe not those who speak unto you of *superearthly* hopes! Poisoners are they, whether they know it or not.

Despisers of life are they themselves, decayed and poisoned, of whom the earth is weary; so away with them!

Once blasphemy against God was the greatest blasphemy, but God died, and therewith also those blasphemers. To blaspheme the earth is now the dreadfulest sin; and to rate the heart of the unknowable higher than the meaning of the earth.

To make peace between man and the earth, it is necessary to eradicate from the world the "evil conscience." For at all times there have been many who lived in evil without conscience, while many good men lack the feeling of a good conscience. An evil conscience is like a dog biting into a stone—it is stupidity. There is no radical difference between good and evil. Nature knows only relative differences, and Kant who wanted to establish the good by means of the categoric imperative, therefore became, in philosophy, the great Chinaman of Koenigsberg. In opposition to the dogmas of morality, philosophy, and religion it must always be emphasized that everything is subject to question. and nothing is finite. "A thousand paths are there which have never yet been trodden; a thousand salubrities and hidden islands of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered is still man and man's world."

How often we believe that we have firm hold of a truth, and yet hold words merely! Beware of words, for every word is a prejudice.

Between "Human All Too Human" and "Thus spake

Zarathustra" appeared "The Dawn of Day" and "Joyful Wisdom." The magic and beauty of early dew is in these works, so rich in thought about moral prejudices. To read them is to behold a man liberated from darkness, walking erect toward beautiful vistas of light. The sunshine of joy envelops him and glows serenely through life and death. He seeks the solitude that so few can bear today. Yet he does not run away from life like a nun that knows nought of it; rather does he, as a thinker, retire from the world, *because* he understands men. The solitude is the best abode for the wholesome, the free man, for the world is full of the petty and the revengeful who darken the sun and poison life.

To live like a bird that goes and comes at will and carries no label in its bill! This is the sesame that opens up all splendors of life: Live boldly and dare danger! Build your castle on the Vesuvius, sail your ship on the unexplored seas; love the habits of the moment, and regard everything with suspicion that tends to estrange you from yourself, that becomes rigid and rooted. The noble character is unreasonable, daring, reckless; it is the sign of a low nature always to keep in mind his advantage, never losing sight of the practical. The proud man purposely ignores the judgment of the world about him, be it good or bad. Indeed, he absolves men in advance for their gossip, past and future.

It is not noble to hide the wretchedness of soul beneath moral concepts, as miserable bodies are hidden by clothes. To clad the world with ethical significance is as senseless as to ascribe to the sun particular sex. Subjection to morality is not in itself moral: it may be caused by slavishness, hypocrisy, vanity, self-seeking, resignation. It is always the strong and evil spirits that lead the human mind forward. The development of moral concepts takes place through attacks upon the dominant, the established. The supreme instinct in man is the will to power; it is the demon in us that urges us forward. It is even the hidden spring of charity.

A clear exposition of his criticism of morality Nietzsche gives in "Beyond Good and Evil," and the "Genealogy of Morals." He contrasts slave morality with that of the master. Slave morality and slave insurrection began with Judaism and Christianity, continued in the Re-

formation and the French Revolution, and threatens to culminate in Democracy, Socialism, and labor barracks. To slave morality Nietzsche opposes the man who is not content with the life of the herd in the valley. Long live the Superman, for the gods are dead—thus speaks Zarathustra, the godless. The Superman is not the goal; rather is he the bridge toward it. He is the one who overcomes the herd, the commonplace men held fast in the web of superstition, of petrified "eternal truths," like dead flies hanging on a spider thread. "There,—look thither, my brethren! Do ye not see it, where the State *ceaseth*, the rainbow and the bridges of the Superman?"

In "Zarathustra" the philosophy of Nietzsche reaches its clearest expression; it becomes flesh and blood in this great destroyer, pathfinder, and breaker of old images. It is a book that affects one like a fiery wine, like a revelation—an experience that abides throughout one's life.

The works of Friedrich Nietzsche have recently for the first time been published in this country in a complete English edition. And though the editorial and translatorial interpretation is often awkward and incorrect, yet no one should fail to become acquainted with this inspiring philosopher. To know him will, in every case, redound to the enrichment of one's heart, mind, and taste. The edifice he reared towers to the heights.



## IN APPRECIATION

The splendid Concert and Literary Evening given on October 25th by our indefatigable comrades of the Group "Friends of Art and Education," of Brownsville, N. Y., in honor of Comrade Berkman's Book, proved a great success in every respect. After deducting all the expenses of the big undertaking, the Group donated \$35.00 towards the costs of the publication of "Prison Memoirs."

No less inspiring an event was the Banquet given by the "Friends of Art and Education," on November 16th, on which occasion revolutionists of various camps joined in expressing appreciation of the past life and recent literary achievement of Comrade Alexander Berkman.





## FUNDS

### FUNDS

OWING to other important matters, we have neglected to acknowledge receipts of money for various funds. We publish the donations now, at the same time thanking our friends for their ever ready and and solidaric support in behalf of the various needs of the movement.

#### GUSSIE WINN FUND.

N. Feingold, Boston, \$1.00; L. Warner, Boston, \$1.00; Italian Socialists, Waterbury, Conn., \$3.65; Cronaca Sovversiva, \$3.00; Nancy D. Pearmain, \$5.00; Comrades of Springfield, Mass., per Cronaca Sovversiva, \$14.50; Comrades of Frankfort, Ill., \$2.50; G. Galeotti, Columbus, Kas., \$10.00; R. N. Douglas, Postville, Ia., \$1.00; Peter Perruchou, Smuggler, Colo., 50c.; Chas. Cavis, Detroit, \$1.00; P. Secco, Cuba, Ill., \$1.00; C. A. Miller, Moreno, Cal., \$1.25; Mother Earth Readers, Vancouver, B. C., \$2.00; per Freie Arbeiter Stimme, \$6.00; F. Trandorfer, N. Y., \$1.00; B. Kerr, Brooklyn, \$5.00; Cronaca Sovversiva, \$5.38; C. Gleeser, \$2.00; Ben Capes, St. Louis, \$2.00; Collection E. G. Jewish Meeting, N. Y., \$7.50; Collection E. G. English Meeting, N. Y., \$28.00; H. E. Sonden, St. Elmo, Ten., \$1.00.

#### ALEXANDER ALDAMAS DEFENSE FUND.

11th Nov. Commemor. Meeting, N. Y., \$24.07; Kropotkin Jubilee, Carnegie Hall, N. Y., \$50.00; E. G. Jewish Meeting, N. Y., \$15.00; E. G. English Meeting, N. Y., \$37.77; E. G. Chicago English Meeting, \$8.33; E. G. Jewish Meeting, Chicago, \$14.00; Pittsburgh E. G. Meetings, \$20.30; New Castle E. G. Meeting, \$7.15; Aldamas Mass Meeting, N. Y., per A. B., \$38.30; Friends of Art and Education, Brownsville, per A. B., \$5.05; A. Schneaber, \$5.00; turned over \$17.00 (\$12.00 sent by "Three Friends" and \$5.00 by a comrade—name illegible) sent to us for Ettor-Giovannitti fund, when the latter had been closed.

#### ALSO COLLECTED AND FORWARDED:

*To Little Falls Strike Fund:* Kropotkin Jubilee, Carnegie Hall, N. Y., \$75.00; 11th Nov. Anniversary, N. Y., \$24.07.—*To Prince Rupert, B. C., Strike Fund:* 11th Nov. Annivers., N. Y., \$24.07.—*To Jay Fox Defence, Caminita Defence, Lumber Strike, La.,* \$25.00 each from collection Kropotkin Jubilee, Carnegie Hall, New York.

*To Jack Whyte, San Diego Prison, Cal.:* Collected by A. B. at Textile Hall, Providence, R. I.: J. P. Reid, T. J. Powers, A. Casey, J. Lynch, J. J. Paterson, Ed Ayers, J. Cummings, R. Casey, P. Lecomte, A. Gaston, P. King, J. Martn, Alex. Berkman, C. Cross, B. Gannon, J. Midgley, N. Schwartz, \$1.00 each; F. Miller, J. Shannon, each 50c. Mother Earth, N. Y., \$2.00.

#### VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE PUBLICATION FUND.

(Received per H. Kelly)

S. Rosenblatt, Atlantic City, \$4.00; Kopcinnell, St. Louis, \$5.00; Polsky, Coffeyville, Kas., \$5.00; Otto Weik, Colville, Wash., \$2.00; L. Cowdy, Middland, Ark., 25c.

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(Signed) BEN L. REITMAN, M.D., Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of October, 1912.

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