

my sixth Hell-Christmas in prison. I look back; the past was bad enough, I thought, but the worst is yet to come. A bitter Christmas it was.

On the morning of the first day of the New Year, the Clives Company recited the comedy *A Pile of Money* here, for us. It has been very amusing. Mr. Clive¹ comes once yearly to entertain us. It is very good of him. After the comedy, we have had a full hour of yard. Then we got a good dinner with rice pudding, and were locked until the next morning. This, I thought, is my seven years of imprisonment, for the two crimes of which I am entirely innocent. How many other years will I have to drag in chain before the death will deliver me? A black self-query, I tell you.

I know perfectly well that within four months, Massachusetts will be ready to burn me. I know that the magistrature first, then the State, can do with me what they please and choose. Well, when I mentally put myself in their place and them in mine, I find myself embarrassed to choose of the two things; either give him life or electrocute him. Everything considered, there are many reasons pro and con to both of them. "To electrocute him" it may be unsafe, though it would free us of further troubles; to give him "life," that too has its inconveniences. That Massachusetts is predetermined to deny me the last right, and to kill me in one way or another, I am positive of it.

So every hope to get reparation and freedom has been killed in me by each and all the words and deeds

¹ E. E. Clive of England, head of the Copley Theatre of Boston.

of Massachusetts' black gowned, puritanic, cold-blooded murderers. On the first day of the 1927, I formulated the wish, that I may get out within this year, no matter if alive or dead. And I hope with all my force that this will come true. By it, I do not mean suicide.

Very often I turn around my mind's eyes to see, contemplate and study the world even and mankind. The spectacle is extremely repugnant and heart tearing. At it, one does not know if to love or if to hate, if to sympathize or if to despise humanity.

Things are going from bad to worse. War in China, Nicaragua, revolution in Java, Mexico, Brazil; the Balkans on foot of war; France and Italy mobilizing one against the other; England, United States, France and Japan in a crazy rivalry of armament; South America and United States in danger of war; Italy under the fascist dictatorship; Russia under the Bolshevik one; scandals, corruption, crimes, diseases, degeneration, greed, hatred, unconsciousness, prejudices, and insanity sweeping the earth. I wonder how it all will end. There is but one system, one philosophy through which I can explain to myself the causes of this universal tragedy and the possible remedies, which of course, should be prompted by the human voluntarism: It is the *Philosophy of the Miseria* by Proudhon. I have not yet read this book in whole, but only some fragments of it here and there, now and then, in our journals. But having translated selected pages of *The War and the Peace* by Proudhon, I can understand the former book because the latter is based on the

same criteria and theories as the first. Always and everywhere we find that pauperism is the first cause of war. The first of the rights is the right of the force, all other rights spring from it as branches from a sapling. That is the reason why, whenever and however is created a situation unresolvable by any or all the other rights, the single and the collectively recur to force. "Equality is the condition sine qua non of justice." The justice and the injustice have a common source; the man's respect of himself and of the dignity of the human person. If from these two loves and respects innate in man, follow plans and deeds of equalities in production and distribution, consideration and rights, that is justice. If we, because of these loves and respects are led to establish privileges for us and those whom we love more at the expense of other, that is injustice.

The destiny of man on earth, is poverty. To live little, to work hard, to always learn; the passion for the justice and the philosophy, to sustain and abstain,—such is our destiny. We have war because we are not sufficiently heroic for a life which does not need war.

Sublime, the Proudhon pictures of the consequences of pauperism and of wealth; both fatal. But I believe that the translation will not be published. I tell too much truth.

In the first 30 minutes of January 6th, the Massachusetts State killed three men in the electric chair. . . .

Coolidge, out of a false fame of a good strike breaker has formed his political "horse of Troy."

Fuller, to be president, will burn us all; all 7 of us.

I would like you to read his "Why I Believe in Capital Punishment" edited in *Success* of December 1926. You will see that he claims to have freed Massachusetts of criminality and that he believes to appear as a saviour in merit of the then-future executions.

On January 5th, I learned that the 3 men will be killed immediately after midnight. Because the participants and witnesses of the execution use to eat after it, at the warden's house, three hams had been cooked in our kitchen, and they were carried to the warden's house on January 5th. So we knew. I wished and tried to keep awake that night to attend to the execution from my cell. But, I fell asleep against my will, and at my awakening I was told of the triple murder. Three pair of eyes for one pair, three lives for one life. Massachusetts, Fuller that preaches to the children, the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount, practiced a pre-Mosaic custom. What a chapter I could write—maybe I will write it—on this triple cold-blooded murder.

But one must be crazy or shameless to boast himself of having saved Massachusetts from criminality, when criminality has never been so wide spreaded, bold and terrible as it is now. Just after the execution, an orgy of crimes took place in Mass. Two days after in Quincy, Mass., two children, 13 and 15 year old girls, held up a woman. In Middleboro, a convict cut the head of a guard. Then came the battle of the hijackers. These are but few of the many crimes of every nature committed in this State after that triple execution—5 days.

Now, after that, everybody said that Sacco and Vanzetti will go. Most of my fellow prisoners were glad of it, and you should have seen how they looked at me the day after the execution. The friendly ones have not had the courage to look into my face. It is my belief that Fuller refused to commute the sentence of the Car barn slayers and of the negro, previously burnt, in order to give no reasons or excuse to our friends, who would ask for his "grace." So, the negro, 1, went, the 3 boys went, Madieros will be the 5th, Jerry the Pole the sixth, then will be our turn: total 8 men burnt.

Jerry was convicted without evidences. Two days after, two young boys killed and robbed a grocery man. So we have another three candidates for the electric chair. Someone said that if Fuller will be convinced of our innocence, he will go to the limit in our behalf. I understand that Fuller does not want to be convinced, and who can convince a man who refuses to be convinced? They must kill us to save the dignity and honor of their Commonwealth. But out of love for himself, Fuller could "grace us" if he will deem it good for himself—if not, not.

These are my uncharitable opinions, beliefs and expectations. I am ready and willing to recognize my wrong—were I wrong, and to amend for it.

Two weeks ago, Comrade Donovan was here, and told me that you wish me to write of my mother. Well, I know it. I am far from a proper condition to write of my mother, and I would never be satisfied of what

I may write of her, even if I could write it in the third rhyme with the ability of Dante. Yet, I have decided to write you of my mother, for you as a token of my affection and gratitude to you—it will be my present to you for the new year. Please accept it heartily.

I will try to be as brief as possible. But my mother has lived in an environment totally foreign to you and, fortunately, also, her life experiences have been very different from yours. Therefore, I shall write you very much of her, in order to give you a clear presentation of my mother.

January 18, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR COMRADE ABBOTT:

You will have plenty to do for us. If the State Supreme Court will, as I expect, uphold again Thayer's decision, that will spell doom to us. Then you and all our friends will have plenty, plenty to do to save us—to try to save us from the flameless fire of the twentieth century.

February 15, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR MRS. EVANS:

Well, that was a bad news.¹ But I am not going to display sorrow, because I know that you wish me to

¹ Mrs. Evans fell and broke her ankle early in the month Vanzetti wrote this letter.

not be afflicted and troubled, but free and confident.

Miss Bloom kindly told me that you said you are not suffering much pain, and I hope it is true and that you will soon recover.

She told me that you like your room from where you can see the dome of the State House which sight delights you. This is well, and it reminded me that I can see that dome from the chapel—when I go to the Christian Science Service—and I always think at its sight, “under that golden roof they have once murdered me”—and maybe, they are re-murdering me again.

But, Mrs. Evans, I would so much send you some flowers, if I could. I am glad to know that certainly you have flowers with you.

Please forgive my delay to write. I have expected Mr. Thompson day by day but have not seen him from before the discussion. Had I known this, I would have wrote you directly. Now, I hope he will be here to-morrow. And I'm working hard at the Italian translation of the later *Brief on Exceptions*. But my thought will be often to and with you, dear Mrs. Evans.

I am sure that you have read the wise men of India; their subtle and strange knowledge and phylosophy. Well, please just try them by taking this occasion of forced inactivity and convert it in a well deserved rest of mind, soul, and body.

I hope to hear soon good news from you, and in my expectations I send you an ocean of good wishes, greetings and affection.

March 23, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR FRIEND MRS. CODMAN:¹

I have received your most wellcome letter of March 10th. It was very good of you to write me such kind letter and inform me of our dear Mrs. Evans' conditions. Lately I received a letter from her—and she will received my answer at the same time in which you will receive this. I hope she is improving and patient. . . .

I am glad to have known you and Mrs. Winslow personally and that I did not disliked to both of you; and your visit will always be a joy for me.

Yes, Mrs. Codman, it would have been much better if Nick would have worked. As I told you, sometime I resent to work for profit of people who are giving me such a deal and for commodity of people who almost deserve more to be rided on by, than to ride in automobile. Yet I conform myself to the rules and to reasonable conduct because I realize that, after all, to work is better than idleness for my own little self.

You praise our patience and courage! Well, I like to be praised a little—maybe it is because I am so blamed—but, dear Mrs. Codman, to be is, to my understanding, a condition superior to my being. I exist, not for self choise or wish, but because I was put in existence by a power transcendental—no matter what it is.

To will? Well, to will, too is a condition—for I have been, and I have seen many other ones in such

¹ Mrs. E. A. Codman of Boston, Mass.

condition that their faculty to will was temporarily or definitely destroyed.

To do what one wills to do, also is a condition out of which I have often found myself and seen others.

The point that I wish to reach is that even if we really were patient and courageous—it would be far more a good luck than a merit.

Will you please express my gratitude to Mr. Codman for his good care to Mrs. Evans.

March 24, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR COMRADE ABBOTT:

. . . . I am told that in Europe and in South America, the agitation is general and intense. It also seems as if our American friends, or friends in America, are intentioned to exit from the world of mere words and pragmatism to enter some practical action. And it is time indeed, that if half of what has been done in each of many other nations would have been done here, we would be freely working for the release of other prisoners and the victory of liberty.

You are more than right on this, friend Abbott, words, only words, too many words are often a ridiculous anachronism and a discredit and a shame. But what can one do against the wall which bricks are made of—well, think of a metaphor.

This, because in such contingency words are not the echo of the action—first motion, then thought—but symptoms of want of will. Then words are but empty voices to cloak a consciousness of nothingness, echoes,

pretensions of want and of nothingness—and worse of course, to an aim or an object, than silence, might fall eloquent silence.

As for the appeal, I have always expected a refusal from the seven supreme justices of Massachusetts, and their protracted delay spells but evil to my understanding; but, of course, I could, and I would, be wrong.

Mr. Thompson has fought and is fighting bravely and splendidly in our defence—and so are his associates. They performed prodigies, won much favorableness, broken many icebergs of indifference or hostility.

But we know that in a case of such nature as ours, legality alone is not sufficient. Mr. Thompson has known to place the case in such perfect manner before the Supreme Court, that if the justices wish, they can give us justice now. . . . Therefore, if they are coming to a refusal, it would unmistakably prove that they have prostituted their conscience, their intellect, and will to a categorical order of an invisible and transcendental master or class; plutocracy. It would justify everything.

Anyhow, be of brave heart, comrade Abbott, *e, salute.*

March 29, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR FRIEND BENTON:

Thank you for the beautiful booklet, *Flowers of Resurrection*; but yet more thank you for your good words, for the sympathy and remembrance. I look

many times at the beautiful flowers, butterflies, buds, leaves and birds with a great extatic pleasure. The contemplation of the Nature's beauties, the meditation upon Nature's wonders and mysteries—from them I drink the highest joys of life.

The dearest manifestation of Nature to me is mankind with his miseries and proudness, his glories and his shames, his smallness and his grandeur. So you may understand what human solidarity means to me—especially now that I have lost all the material comforts—and how grateful I feel for those who cheer me with their goodness.

It is with pleasure that I learnt that you live in the open country, because I am fond of it. I love the solitude. I love the elements. To live free among the green and in the sunshine under an open sky, it was always my dream.

I love my comrades and there are many reasons for me to remember you. It is bitter not to be able to write more often and extensively. We work six days a week. I go to school three evenings a week. Remember that your words are always a welcomed blessing to me. My hearty regards to you and all the bread givers around you.

April 3, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW:¹

Your letter of April 1st, reached me yesterday evening and it was most welcomed.

¹ Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow of Boston, Mass.

When you and Mrs. Codman called, I was perhaps more bitter than sad but I might have seemed more sad than bitter because they have already squashed out from me and crushed in me the best of my life so that I lack sufficient vital force to bring to the superficies what there is in my deepnesses. Another little bit of squashing and of crushing and I will become so sweet and suave to not even demonstrate at my autopsy. That is what will happen if the Massachusetts' Supreme Justices are going to refuse a new trial as I believe.

Then the next motion will take at least other six months before to be repelled—as all the previous ones—by the Supreme Justices. After that, you and other American friends will try to obtain from our murderers, by their good will, what they have failed to give us by reasons, evidences and justice. I would certainly never regret to have been wrong, or be sorry to recognize my actual mistake of judgement—my “temerary judgements,” as the Catholic Church calls them.

Meanwhile I fear that they will succeed to kill Rosy before Nick and I—and, maybe, also my father.

It sounds as if Mrs. Codman and you are keeping me in a concept of wise or learned man. I must confess that once I have believed to know a great deal and that even now, in spite of my humility I still think to understand certain primival, elemental truths so simple that they should be known by all—but are not.

Subjects of human nature or of a Revolution, such as those we happened to mention in our conversation, are indeed beyond human comprehension. What of

objectiveness? Had I time and force for it, how I would like to write an essay on it to define the subject and disperse new errors about it.

It is a quarter century that I am struggling to dislearn and re-learn; to disbelieve and re-believe; to deny and re-confirm. By little of school and very much experiences (well and rightly understood) I became a cosmopolite perambulating phylosopher of the main road,—crushing, burning a world within me and creating a new—better one. Meanwhile I am having the worst of the worst one. But if I stop to joke and begin to reason, I would scare not only you but myself.

Your visit and your letter were blisful. . . .

April 6, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW:

My words came true¹—and as for that I had not needed to be a profet or son of profets. Now I am confined in a cell of Cherry Hill wing, an antichamber of the death-house, waiting for my doom. Next Saturday we will be sentenced; then we will be executed as quickly as possible, for, as Mr. Wilbar² said publicly few months ago, “the sooner Sacco Vanzetti be brought to their ultimate justice the sooner the agitation we see will stop.”

Will his words or the words of you in your later letter come true? I would but I cannot have any fur-

¹ On April 5, the Supreme Court found “no error” in Judge Thayer’s denial of the motion for a new trial.

² W. M. Wilbar, District Attorney of Norfolk and Plymouth Counties, successor to Fred G. Katzmann.

ther illusions on the outcome of the case and the seal of my fate. But in this black hour I like to express you my and Nick’s gratitude for your goodness to us. Be brave and calm.

April 6, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR COMRADE BLACKWELL:

. . . . Of late I have been absorbed in deemed-urgent writings and so have had no time to finish “My Mother Memories” for you. I had intended to do something worthy of her and of you, useful to mankind. Things precipitated. Next Saturday, I will be finally sentenced to death and I expect them to execute us as soon as possible to stop the agitation,—as Wilbur candidly and publicly declared, months ago. So, most probably I will be unable to write of my mother, but I will send you the “proofs” which I have. Be of brave heart, dear Comrade Blackwell, and have all my affection and many regards also to your cousin.

April 6, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR MRS. EVANS:

Your good letter has reached me just now. Yes, as far as our lives and freedom are concerned, all has been vain. I am now confined in a cell of Cherry Hill wing, antechamber of the death house, waiting for my doom. As Wilbur has publicly said few month ago, the sooner Sacco and Vanzetti be brought to their ulti-

mate justice (!?!!) the sooner the agitation will stop. And I have no illusions.

But yours and our comrades and friends' solidarity and generosity has written a wonderful paragraph in history. It helped us and it will save other—it will never have been done in vain.

Be patient and of brave heart, Comrade Evans; and have all my good wishes and affection.

April 7, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR COMRADE DONOVAN:

Please just be calm and of brave heart. Don't let adversity overwhelm you. I hope to see you soon.

April 7, 1927. Charlestown Prison

DEAR MRS. CODMAN:

The sad expectation has been fulfilled: once yet the State Supreme Court has decided negatively. And it seems to seal our fate: *Consumatus est*.

I know that you and many other generous are hoping in the Governor—but I cannot entertain any further hope. We are lost. It will either be the chair or prison for life. After seven years of struggle, of unspeakable pains, sorrows and anguish, I am now confined in an antichamber of the death house—in a cell of Cherry Hill.

I wish to express you all my gratitude for the good that you have done and are doing to us. Please, extend my sentiments and regards to Mr. Codman.

April 11, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR COMRADE MARY [DONOVAN]:

Your letter has been read just before going to the court, and when I entered there, I looked around but have been unable to see you. No, I have not wondered for your absence, for I understood that admission must have been denied. . . .

Rosa and Mrs. Evans were here just a while ago, and they brought us a nice rose-bud, a plant of flowers, fruits and cakes. They were allowed $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of conversation with each of us. Now, as you see, you may be admitted sooner than you expected. . . . And please, when you will come, do not bother yourself to carry anything. We have more than we need. . . .

Try to be brave and strong. I know that this is heavy and cruel beyond words to you, but you ought to be brave, to still your heart and your mind in order not to be overwhelmed by sorrow and despair, and keep fit to face the trial. We will see what we can do. Now just try to be calm, to still yourself and safeguard your health and vitality so to be fit for the test.

In a way, I am better here, there is more light and air here and we are allowed, Nick and I, a daily walk in the yard together. And I am quite well. You must not overtax yourself by thinking that I am suffering, for I am not suffering, and it would be greater to me if I knew that you are not despairing and suffering for me. For I know but too well that all this is far worse to you than to me. There is no doubt, that they determined to burn us, but we are still raw, and as you say "it is by no means through." So, dear Comrade,

be brave, calm, do not despair and do your best to keep as well as possible under the circumstances, for I will know it, and it will help me greatly.

April 13, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WINSLOW:

Just a word to tell you that your letter of the 11th has been very good and dear to me.

Yes, yes, I had kept what I said last Saturday,¹ in my heart for a seemingly eternity. But that was only a fraction of the whole—I should have spoke for days.

Your words are wise and sensible—but our case is exceptional—and still I have no hope. The merit of what may happen, than what I expect, would be yours and of all our friends.

P.S. *April 15, 1927.*

Dear Mrs. Winslow, I pray you to tell Mrs. Codman that her good letter reached me this very morning. I ask the burning heaven and the enlightened earth to salute both of you, for me, in the glory of a bright morning.

April 14, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR COMRADE MARY [DONOVAN]:

Today I have written, written and written all the time. Now it is late and I am tired. Yet I cannot help to write to you. . . .

¹ April 9, 1927, the day Sacco and Vanzetti were sentenced to death in the Dedham Court House by Judge Thayer.

What I want to say to you is, again and ever, to be brave, calm and self restrained. Yes, just that and what I do not know to say. I knew that you lost your job.¹ Another of their nice things. Now you are working days and nights to save Nick and I. Remember, that you must rest, and rest at least for the necessity of it. Good-bye, and all my regards to you, also from Nick.

April 18, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. CERISE JACK:

. . . . Of lately I received flowers and greeting from you and your dear Betty, and flowers and greetings are good and beautiful to me. I placed your flower in a glass of fresh water upon my window and they are still beautifully gladding. And I placed your living words into my living heart, nurrish them of its redest blood and of the whitest flowers of my soul.

P.S. I believe that you have tried and failed to be admitted here. But your merit remain and hoping in a better turn of things I again salute you.

April 19, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR MRS. EVANS:

I have thought very much of you and now will write few words. Your plants-flowers are just great; the

¹ Mary Donovan was removed from her position as industrial inspector in the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industries in March, 1927.

Geranium is budding again and they are in full bloom. I noticed that the May flowers are absorbing a lot of water; when I sit, reading, at my window I am in a garden. Dear Mrs. Evans you are too good with us. I would not wonder if our enemy are mad for your benefacting us. Oh, while I remember, please don't bring us too much stuff, just some fruits—but less of it, if you please.

I salute you and greet you with all my heart.

April 19, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW:

Oh! Your mayflowers are dear and sweet and most heartily accepted. They remember me of Plymouth and of the woods; the woods which I love so much. They are the flowers of the woods. I thank you very much.

Was not that foolish and unjust to deny you admission? It seems impossible. I was sorry for me and for you. Let's hope that I may see you again before to die.

Meanwhile keep up a brave heart, dear Mrs. Winslow.

April 25, 1927. Dedham Jail

MY DEAR FRIEND [MRS. VIRGINIA MACMECHAN]:

I had realized from before my reading of your good later letter your utmost efforts to call on me—and their failure. And still before it, I had thought of asking

Mr. Thompson to bring you here with him. But I shall do it at its time, and beside, Mr. Thompson need to do other works to face life's necessities and he does not come here if not strictly necessary and generally brought some one else—either to acquaintanced them with us or to deal of defense. If you would come with him in such circumstance, it would be better than nothing, but I would hardly have time to look in your eyes, we would hardly have time to exchange a word. Rosy and Mrs. Evans are the only ones allowed alone. This week Mrs. Evans may not come and if Mr. the Sheriff pleases to admit one else in her place, alright, if he displease, nothing to do and less to say. But I will do my utmost to find a way for your admittance.

I am glad to know how you think of me about asking a pardon. At once we refused to sign a regular form of the paper for petitioning the pardon, just for the reason that you state. Since Mr. Thompson said that he could do nothing without our petition, we asked to carry it on a special, our petition. Few days ago it was stenographated, with the understanding that we will correct and modify it at our own will. Till now we have not yet received its proof, and I do not know what to think of the delay. However, it was explained us that "pardon" does not mean in this case "forgiveness of guiltness" because it may be asked and granted in all the possible grounds, "miscarriage of justice" and "innocence"—being a statutory power of the executive to correct judiciary errors or wrongs. Yet we insisted on a special plea. . . . Altogether, I do not know yet what we will do about it. But I'm

convinced that to do or not to do it will not make the least bit of difference to the final outcome of the case. What the authorities will do pro or against us—they will do it without the least consideration to us—but in others and in their own consideration.

I am in a fit of self-boasting: Voltaire was brilliant and sharp, but I would be deeper in my petition.

Yes, dear friend, I am allowed to smoke and I smoke like a Turk. Fruits and candy are allowed and we have fruits. My window here is peopled of recipients, it is a riot of blissing colors and beauties forms: A giranium plant, a tulip and plant both from Mrs. Evans. White flowers, pink carnations, roseate peaches buds and flowers, bush-yellow flowers from Mrs. Jack, and a bouquet of May flowers from Mrs. Winslow. I know that you would like to send me something, and I like to receive from you. But I do not like candy; I can buy tobacco; please do not send us any fruits for we have plenty of it:—well, send me some flowers please, some mavflowers if you can afford. . . .

April 25, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WINSLOW:

Your dear letter is at hand. I am sorry of my incapacity to share your optimism. I have been disillusioned and wronged too many times and too much: I can no longer trust the apparent conduct of men vested of authorities: I distrust them; I believe them deceitful, decided at heart to doom us for their hatred to my

past and to my person. I distrust the executive as I distrusted, and rightly so, the judiciary.

Most of the people, of the good people, are with us—it is true; but the force of reaction are still and more than ever against us. As they have found me guilty two times of two crimes which I never committed, through two trials, cannot the executive act as the judiciary acted? In spite and through whatever formality? I believe that the Governor will never appoint an investigating commission. That would impose freedom; and the men of the judiciary and of the executive want save America by dooming us. Since they are potent but not omnipotent they of course will do what they can. I fear in life imprisonment. If you will be right—I will struck my chest in some Church and, making public ammend, ask forgiveness to you and the others. . . .

Bright Morning

April 27, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR COMRADE MARY DONOVAN:

I know that you are working out yourself in our behalf—yet, as it is quite a long time since I received your last letter, I fear that you may have written to me afterward, and that your missive might have gone—lost. . . .

We are allowed a *La Notizia* and a *Il Corriere* and receive daily, either the clippings on the case of the *Herald* or it in full. I follow the news eagerly, and most daily I see your name in it. It is harder to find

a hall in Boston for us than it would be in the Sahara Desert! Don't you think so? That is eloquent.

Indeed the defending activities of the intellectuals and of the middle class and prominent persons and clergies is greater than I ever expected. It seems to me more active and energetic than the proletarian and unionist protest and defense.

I tell you nothing about our petition to the Governor, because you know all about it. . . . I am thoroughly convinced that to do or not to do it would not make the slightest difference to the outcome of the case. For the executive cares less than a rap of what we do or not. Yet, taking everything into consideration, I would sign it if it is as I would do it, a fine anarchist oration. But Nicola seems determined not to sign a petition, no matter how it may be. Many of his opinions for it are wrong, others are unilateral or narrow or intollerant. He said that if we sign a petition, the agitation would quail down at once; the executive would drive all of us from the nose, as the judiciary did, then refuse us everything, and then we will be asked again to sign some other appeal, and the case will never finish. It could be so, though this seems to be the last possible appeal. What I really believe that he really believes, is that once the case would be definitely closed, something will happen which will free us. It is a comfortable belief, but I cannot share it. He is in favor of a public declaration on the matter, by us, which is reasonable. But opinions and differences are all inhibited by one positive; appeal or no

appeal from us, the executive like the judiciary can do what it pleases.

Meanwhile it appears to come what I have expected. The Governor will not appoint the asked for commission to investigate.¹ Study the case himself. Well, that could mean much or nothing, or many different other things, and, in definitive, by that the Governor can do what he pleases and justify it as he pleases for that would not leave a tangible element of proof or of contradiction or objection. The report of a competent commission would be a very different thing. Therefore, we must do our utmost to obtain it, we will see. But after all, it all depends on the executive secret wishes and will—for it is in position to have them triumphing in whatever way. . . .

Here there is more air and sun than in Charlestown, and we have a daily walk together in the yard. I indeed am better now.

I wonder about you, hoping you are not forgetting yourself altogether and will at least have little of care and rest that the situation allows you to have. . . .

April 27, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR MRS. WINSLOW:

Your book came this morning. I have already perused it for I cannot help but peruse a book which first comes to my hand just as I must peruse a human being who comes under my sight.

¹ Governor Fuller had written the Defense Committee a short time before, stating that he would investigate alone.

Thank you for the dedication. The names of the high Authors from whose abstracts the book is made, make me bow in respect and my heart jump with joy. Franklin has already made me laugh and Emerson wonder. From sentences plucked in a random I already understood that if I will have the time to read the book which you have so wholeheartly sent me, I will have hours of blissing joy in company of this most congenial meeting of Great Ones—a sublime communication made even more sweet by the knowledge of your participation.

May 3, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR MARY [DONOVAN]:

This afternoon Aldino, Amleto, Milio and Rosa¹ were here with Messrs. Thompson and Ehrmann for the last correction and signatures of the petition to the Governor. It is to me legally splendid and passable as to principles. Yet Nick refused to sign it in spite of all the reasons and argumentations of all. Amleto went away alone, weeping silently. It is two weeks that I am hammering this matter with him [Sacco]. I got tired and hopeless. These seven years have told their tale on him, and it seems useless to reason with him. I am wholly disconcert of this plight, for I hate to disagree between us in this important and public matter. I hope his emotions will change his mind for to-morrow, and that some comrade from the

¹ Aldino Felicani, founder of the Defense Committee; Amleto Fabbri, secretary of the Defense Committee in 1925-26; Emilio Coda, Secretary of the Defense Committee in 1924, and Rosa Sacco, Nicola's wife.

Defense Committee will come back tomorrow for a last effort to obtain his signature. . . .

In a way, Nick is right, there are all the reasons for mistrust, pessimism, and scorn for further appeals after so many vain ones. Were the defense entitled to carry our case to the executive without our petition to the Governor, I too would have preferred to not appeal personally. But our signature to the petition being necessary; having after all, no right to scorn a man whose heart and bent towards the case we know not, and in consideration to those who wish our appeal to him, I toiled hard to edit the appeal and signed it, and I believe without incoherence or wrong. . . .

Meanwhile, be brave, steady, and have all the little care of yourself, as possible. We are beaten, yes; but not yet lost—we may still win. . . .

And now, I am going to close this long scribbling. It is after ten o'clock now. I would like you to be in deep and peaceful rest now, but I fear that you are still working for us at this moment. At any rate, I am going to bed. I am quite tired. I have written this after the light went out, in the penumbra, and it made me sleepy. May you receive it after a good rest. . . .

*In the Bright Morning
May 7, 1927. Dedham Jail*

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WINSLOW:

Your letter of May 5, reached me through men's hands, and the joy of your heart reached my heart

through the universal aura. If you deem it good to us to publish extracts from my letters to Mrs. Evans and to you, my modesty has no objection to move at it, though my understanding perceives that they do not express my whole being but only a mood and one attitude: the mood and attitude of a crucify to those who have lightend his cross and assisted him along the Calvary.

I am glad that you like and are glad of my statement to the Governor. But it is not great and it was emasculated and disouled of its best, of its truer truths. After all Mr. Thompson wished it to save and free us; an address of libertarians to an authority man. Gag the truth; gag the right, gag the highest songs of your soul, the strongest note of your impulse, all your spontaneities, lest you offend others and harm yourself. So many things were left unsaid and others fogged or maimed or veiled. If time and chances will permit, sometime I will tell you the story of that statement. I was in earnest at it and I was sick, feeling heavily the earth gravitation, and my spirit bended upon itself. That work devoured my flesh.

I did it for conscience's sake. For I know that for us there is no sympathy nor consideration: we are liberty and right, which means equality and justice; they are authority and privilege, which means tyranny and injustice. Such is the truth in its complete nakedness. Is not there an eternal war to the last blood against the two? For this reason my prayer was a case of conscience. We will never accept life imprisonment any more than we accept death except as imposi-

tions from a stronger physical force and we consider both as pure and simple murders committed by reaction against revolution: this is the ultimate essence of our case, and being so we cannot depart, recommending pardon. To do so we should love and estimate more tyranny than liberty, privilege than justice, our enemies than our parents, women, brothers, comrades and children. Who is [it] that has said beware from the wrath of the patient and of the meek? I know that one of our poets, Gori, said: Alas! to him upon whose head are gathering the women's and especially the mothers' maledictions. He was talking of the Czar. The ruffians laughed at him. Let them laugh now, if they can.

From the news-papers of to-day I see that they left the most important and strong of the petition out of publication. This is a striking, unescapable example of how the great doctrines are maimed, deformed and falsify by conservatism. If they do so with a trifle as my writing, think of what has happened to the great doctrines of the geniuses of the past. I know that had Socrates spoke as the Harvard classics make him speak—he would never have known the taste of hemlock but would have been placed indeed in the Parthenon, as "the living voice of reason," as his smiling audacity dared to say, by the very ones who dispatched him because a dead man tell no story.

From the same papers it seems that the Governor has decided to order a public investigation on the whole case. Let us hope that it will not be one more mockery as the two trial and seven appeals have been. At any

rate, the merit would be yours. And here I must add that Messrs. Thompson and Ehrmann and others have more merit for the statement than I. My earnest and difficulty have put their patience to the fire's proof and exasperated the poor stenographer. . . .

May 12, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR MRS. HENDERSON:¹

Your letter to me and the one to my sister and the fruits, cheese and other goods that you sent me were received yesterday when I translated at once your letter to my sister, happy at the thought of the cheer and confidence it will give to my family. I also wrote a reply to you. But I was still sleeping early this morning when I felt unsatisfied of my answer, remembered to have forgotten a thing, and decided to write you this one—and here I am.

I had just thought that your silence might be due to the bad blow upon you by the Supreme Court refusal and consequent Thayer's sentencing—which might have made you sick—and I have been, so much so, right.

Those two happenings had been too well foreseen and expected to me—so that I was neither surprised nor shaken by them.

Now, dear Mrs. Henderson, I am going to be truthful and sincere—that is to say fanatic, rough and seemingly wrong and unfair. We have already hoped

¹ Mrs. Jessica Henderson of Wayland, Mass.

in seven appeals, all of them repulsed. Of course we hoped in Just-ices. What did they? Now that we are compelled to hope no longer in them, of course, we begin to hope in Gov. Fuller. Victor Hugo was almost right in saying that hope would be the last goddess were not for desperation; for true, after desperation there is only more anasthetism and unconsciousness before death.

Do you remember your confidence in the just-ices? Well, you say to have hope and confidence in Gov. Fuller. Of course you must believe to have reasons for it, and most probably you know him well. Whereas I only know his name and the appearances of some of his public acts and utterances. And yet I differ with your opinion of his attitude toward our case. I believe that he has been so much against us that he doomed the three young bandits and veterans of the car-barn, just to avoid excuse or reasons to commute our death sentence in life imprisonment. Of course he felt sure that we would have been doomed. It takes so little to understand that we are murdered in conservation of the Capitalist regime, by the Capitalist Just-ices who are before and after all servants of it.

Every one who think to know the Gov. says that he is a courageous man, honest and straight, aiming energetically to what he deems right. Very well. But the people who know him and like him are all like or similar to him. I know him better than them because I have been just as they are now: believed in the same things; liking or disliking the same things; having the same opinions, reactions, beliefs and morale

they have now. Now I have changed entirely and only for that I can know now what I was then.

I have been for seven years in the hell of Massachusetts State Prison. There are virtues, understanding, intelligence, unspeakable experiences within the lost ones that populate that hell. And there I and my companions of doom have read Fuller's words: "Why I believe in Capital Punishment," published in the *Success* magazine of last December. And we understood: that was not incidental (the interview). It was planned and predisposed with clear and definite aims by at least one of the parties, (Fuller or the journalist) and allowed by both of them. It foretold and preassured the executions of Madeiros, Jerry, and the three car-barn bandits and of Sacco and Vanzetti. The same Boston journals took pain to make it understood that the publication of that interview just before the Governor's going to Europe intended to be as a declaration of what his attitude to all and our case is, to the European people. And we, the lost, said: Lol a man who says to be going to Europe with his good wife, as in a "second honeymoon trip"—and begins it by crushing three old mother's hearts, foretelling their young sons' doom. Could not he have his good time without increasing the agonies of those three old mothers?

His words do not specify the case of which he spoke so that his opinions, judgments and affirmations, inuendo and inferences are always withdrawful at his pleasure and will, uncontrollable and unconfutable.

For example, he says: what we have to look after is, if they (the condemned) were guilty. Now, if the reader believes that the Governor has said that with our case in his mind, well, the reader understand that the Governor says that such is our case. But suppose that one says or proves that such a thing has not been done in our case, then the Governor can answer: I did not speak of their case. . . .

But enough of this. Let us hope that you are right and I am wrong about his feelings and intention. He may be 100 times better than I—but I would not trust a feather of an anarchist sparrow to the *bon plesir* of him.

We owe our life to you, our friends, comrades and people of the world who have fought for seven years for us—and to you and them we will owe our freedom if we ever will be free, Mrs. Evans, you, the Committee, Mr. Thompson. If it were not for you we would from long time have been buried, dead, in a grave, or alive in a prison.

I pray you to not let my above words to harm your feelings. I have been positive that the supreme judges would have murdered us. They did it. Had I told you of my opinion of them it would have seemed monstrous to you; I would have harmed and upsetted you. Yet I was positive of it. From a man like Fuller, in a case between reaction and revolution as our case has been from its very beginning, and to two anarchists—well I am positive of it.

He may give us justice—I expect nothing. . . .

already more than we need. Just keep the flame of friendship and solidarity as vigorously burning as presently.

Nick joins me in sending you our cheers and regards.

May 22, 1927. *Dedham Jail*

DEAR MARY [DONOVAN]:

. . . . You are pessimist on account of your case.¹ Strange enough, these last few days I often thought of it in your same way. The laws are the codified will of the dominating classes; the laws are made to legalize the State organization of violence; the laws and the courts are therefore the tools of the bosses as the judges, police, hangers and spies are their servants. Then an inferior is always wrong, in the courts which [are] made to uphold the superior will and command. Then a rebel or a novator is always guilty before the laws made for conservation. This is why each new idea, religion, regime, truth, has been compelled to smash by violence the resisting violence of the pre-established and resisting ideas, religion or regime. So, turning from the general to your particular, you are an inferior and a known novator,—a great disadvantage because the judges are there to buttress the superior; and a guilt very much worse than that which your bosses may pretend. As we before the judges are

¹ Mary Donovan had a public hearing on her dismissal from the State Department of Labor and Industries. Subsequently she had a court hearing on the charges on which her dismissal was based.

guilty of a worse guilt than that of an alleged murder—you are guilty of a worse guilt than the alleged fault. This is why you have been thinking on the outcome of your case. Yet, because each rule has its exception, you may win the case and such is my wish. . . . What I wish to recommend to you is that, if you lose, do not let it bother you. I understand the reasons why one is apt to be hurt by such things as these. I am not one of those who claim that things are nothing, except what our mind and feelings make them to be. On the contrary, I deem that things are what they are in themselves no matter what we think of them or how we feel toward them. But, it is wise not to let them boss us—master, we must oil our swivels and keep calm and undisturbed, at least, as much as possible. Take for example, the matter of the *Herald* clippings and subscription which you sent and made for me. You already know what the keepers did about it, and I know also the sneaky, mean way they did it—they are not men enough to admit that they barred those papers and hid it under the lie “nothing has come,” finally when forced to speak, they say that the “papers is against the rule, but we will give you the clippings”—which they did not. I felt like to jump at their throat. . . . But, do you want me to spoil my blood and my kidneys in useless wrath? No, no, some day if I can, I will tell it to the world. . . . But to spoil myself by allowing these things to over-work me—no, it is not wise. You should do just the same. And never mind about the clippings; I have enough of them to

prove my subject. From now send all through the Defense.

. . . . Sometime I get impatient or harsh or resentful from Nick. Then I think that I might be worse had I been seven years segregated as he is. And then I consider everything and get ashamed of my conduct with him and regret it. All depends on one's idiosyncrasy. Now I put myself in this mood, he does not intend to offend or even if he intends so, you must be man enough to understand it all and be just. Then nothing disturbs me. Whereas, if I do not consider well and take things as they are not and let myself rule, I suffer and react. You see, I just handle well the swivels of my being—and everything is O.K. . . .

There is a guy in New York who directs *Il Proletario*, the weekly of the Italian I.W.W. Like me, he likes to boast his own and keeps calling his paper "the oldest revolutionary journal of the U.S. of America and Canada." He printed it on a circular letter for fund, a copy of which was sent to me—to me that I know the story. So I wrote him: "Say, Mangano, your paper is the youngest revolutionary paper in U.S. of American and Canada. It was found by the Italian socialist, who you call 'reformist,' and it was their unrevolutionary organ until 1911 when, at the Utica Congress came the scission between 'syndicalists' and 'socialists.' The former get the *Proletario* and turned it into 'revolutionary syndicalism' from 'reformist socialism' as it had been 'til then. The socialist issued another weekly which they boast as the oldest in U.S.

and Canada. He who hears both, and does not know the facts, wonder which one is wrong. But the socialist are right and yours is the youngest revolutionary paper in this country, because it became so when the two anarchists ones have been published for decades." And I sent him a couple of dollars, saying that this is a trifle and that I would be glad to renounce the elderness of our own papers were I able to begin anew something better.

You know what Comrade M. answered me? "Well, the next time I will call it the oldest worker's paper. Is it alright?" Maybe, and I care a rap. I just laugh at that "fixed idea of elderness." But he also explains that he cannot call it "the oldest socialist paper" for all of us are socialists, even you. He seems to have discovered America in saying so. But I like his general way of editing his paper, and to be sure, he sticks with us.

Of all this, I am only sorry because a great Cause needs great men to triumph—while, alas! these letters do not testimony it—for all the rest I just turn the swivels close.

This is Sunday morning, and mine seems a sermon on "the swivels." It was suggested by my consciousness of your being in trying circumstance and by my wish to lend you a hand. If you would be compelled to delay your call, let this help a little.

But when you write "arrivaderci" instead of "arrivederci," I let every swivel open and laugh well. That is unreasonable and ungenerous, don't you think? Well, *arrivederci* dear comrade.

and claim that it is the result of his recent study of the case. The reasons with which he will justify his decisions as well as his conduct, at the investigation shall be taken for granted—for they, by the secrecy of his inquiry will be uncontrollable, unanalysable and unanswerable.

To expect that Fuller will stand against the judiciary, the middle class, the big money of Massachusetts in behalf of two damned dagos and anarchists—seems absurd to me. Fuller's actual (seemingly) conduct is proving that he had us in mind when he give his "Why I Believe in Capital Punishment"—as the whole Boston press said at the time.

Why then, he did not made it clear and definite so that we could have defended ourselves? If he was decided to repel everything in our behalf and convinced to be right, brave, and just before his God and men in so doing, why do not say it? Why few days after its publication, did he told to the delegation of the foreign radical-papers of New York which interviewed him at his sailing to Europe that he do know nothing of the case, which is in Court and therefore not of his pertinance, but that he will give full and careful consideration to it if it will come before him. Why did he say the same thing in France? . . .

Why did he repeat the same thing when he returned from France? Why even now do he ask but: are Sacco and Vanzetti guilty? not if the trial was fair but if they are guilty or not?

Except if one saw himself the convicted person to commit the crime or that one see another person than

the convicted to commit the crime for which the latter was convicted, except in one of these two cases, the only way one can try to learn if a convicted is guilty or innocent is to study the case. To study the case does not means at all to only read the records and questioning secretly some witnesses. To study a case means to determine the conduct of the Judge, the prosecution, and the defence; the characters of both parties' witnesses; the conduct and psychology of the jurors; the characteristics of the place in which and of the time in which the trial took place; the indirect influences, interests and elements which played pro and con the convicted; and a thoroughly study of the exhibits by experts made in the presence of both parties.

It seems to me that the governor is not doing these things at all. It seems to me that he is acting like Thayer and the Supreme Judges did—in the same spirit, with the same manner and predetermined aim and decision. It seems that he is proving my opinions by his actual conduct, and dooming us. . . .

May 25, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND [MRS. SARAH ROOT ADAMS]:¹

Nick and I are now at Dedham Jail where we will be kept until ten days before the execution when we will be taken to the death house of the State Prison in Charlestown. So I have received your letter of May 1 and also read the one which you sent to Nick.

¹ Mrs. Sarah Root Adams of Norfolk, Va.

Since your letters breathe sincerity, love and earnest good will toward us and show that you, your sister, and some of your friends have been in our behalf from the beginning of the case—your deeds and sentiments are too high to be recompensed by mere words so that I will not try to express you my sentiments and gratitude but will strive to answer you with utmost clearness and integrity. I will only deal with the three capital points of your letters, namely, your hope, yours and our beliefs, radicalism, about our conduct to win freedom.

You hope to see us walking free in the Boston streets this summer, and you base your hope chiefly on the help and petitions of so many who ask for our freedom. That a friend shall hope for a friend in danger, in sorrow or in trial is as much natural as for a friend to sympathize for a friend in suffering, sorrow and misfortune. When one is friend, one love; and loving, he wishes good to the loved; and wishing good to the loved he hopes that good will prevail upon evil upon his friend; and thus he become optimistic which means just to expect a good outcome of whatever thing; and a good outcome is the victory of the forces good to us over the forces bad to us. To my ultimate analysis, it seems to me that the forces of good and of evil are of a same nature and that all the forces are essentially good inasmuch they create life, preserves life, are life themselves. Their good or bad influence upon us are determine by the quantities, conditions, circumstances and forms in which they exercise themselves. You understand that I relate here to the elemental forces of

nature, such as fires, waters, winds, etc., and not of the forces which manifest themselves in forms of conscious lives—for in this latter case the thing are more complicated. Fire give life and destroy it; water, just the same, and so does wind. One of the noblest woman, friend of mine, broke her arms some months ago. She wrote me: My arm's bone refused to heal again for quite long time; then the doctor recurred to electricity applying it to my fracture and I recuperated quickly and well. *How sorry I am to think that this same force which healed me may be applied to kill you.*

Now let us return to hope and optimism. If one loves another and this other is sick, one hopes that the loved will recuperate. If one hate a sick person, one hopes that the hated will die. So is my case in respect to my friends and my enemy.

I have understood from the beginning that Judge Thayer wanted to kill us because we were hated and feared by the ragged and the golden rabbles so that he will be recompensed by them by being appointed judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court—this vanity has been the obsession of his live. Yet, for a while, I hoped that I would have won by showing my innocence. But since I have been found guilty at the Plymouth trial, I understood that I was lost except if my friends would become physically stronger than my enemies. Were not the first Christians believed to be blood-drinkers? Yes, they were believed so and insulted, tortured, martyrizd by the ragged and golden mobs of their time. Even the so sage Marcus Aurelius feared, hated, insulted, and killed them. Of course

the first Christians were outlaws [because] they were against the laws who legalize slavery; against the powerful Roman Empire oppressing mankind and masters of the Courts and laws; they were gods-destroyers but destroyers of false gods. In this was their right, greatness, sanctity; for this they were put to death. What chance of fair deal and acquittal those not only innocent first Christians could have had in being tried by pagans to whom the fact of one being Christian was all the crimes and all the guilts at once and in one? From those times, I could come down through the centuries showing you that the same dealings has been imposed by the golden and the ragged mobs to all those who have discovered, wished, and labored for a little more of truth, justice, freedom, triumph and sublimization of the men, women and of the life—down, down to this very date. . . .

“Radicalism” is a very general term, applicable to several parties and doctrine each of which differs from the other ones. Both Nick and I are anarchists—the radical of the radical—the black cats, the terrors of many, of all the bigots, exploitators, charlatans, fakers and oppressors. Consequently we are also the more slandered, misrepresented, misunderstood and persecuted of all. After all we are socialists as the social-democrats, the socialists, the communists, and the I.W.W. are all Socialists. The difference—the fundamental one—between us and all the other is that they are authoritarian while we are libertarian; they believe in a State or Government of their own; we believe in no State or Government. But enough of this—and

I have said nothing. You have read my talk in Court and my petition to the Governor; in both of them I have spoke on this matter. If you care, read “Anarchy” in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*—the explanation is O.K. Here, I will simply add that there are several schools of anarchy: there are communists anarchists, individualist anarchists, religious ones, and gnostic and atheistic ones. As for me, I have my own taken from what seems to be the better that is in each and all of the schools.

I have been born of a Catholic family and believed in Roman Church until my 18 [year]. But actually, as far as religion goes, I believe in no religion, though I try to learn and practice all that to me seems to be of truth and good in each and all of them. Just for this reason I am for the utmost liberty of conscience, and I make no difference and therefore I neither fear nor hate any sincere believer, be he a Christian, a Jew, a Maomettan, a Buddhist, or what not. My bases, measures and relation from man to man, is as man to man—and nothing else. If I am at odds with churches and religions, it is surely not for conscience’s freedom—but for historical, economical, moral reasons.

Now, few words on the statement which you suggested us to send out because it would help our freedom. We cannot make it because it is a thing against our understanding and conscience. You think and believe differently than us and to your understanding to do what you suggested would be not only an helpful deed, but would also voice the most honest behavior

that all should act. I cannot explain you why it is not so to our understanding. It would be too long to explain it. But we too have a faith, a dignity, a sincerity. Our faith is cursed, as all the old ones were at their beginning. But we stick to it as long as we honestly believe we are right. Both I and Nick would have followed our old beliefs, practiced the old moral and life sanctioned by laws and churches—we could have grown rich on the poor, have women, horses, wealth, honors, children, all rests, boundnesses and pleasures and joys of life. We have renounced voluntarily to almost all of even the most honest joys of life when we were at our twenties. Lately we have sacrificed all to our faith. And now that we are old, sick, crushed, near death: should we now after having endured three deaths and lost all, should we now quack, recant, renegade, be vile for the love of our pitiable carcasses? Never, never, never, dear friend Adams. We are ready to suffer as much as we have suffered, to die, but be men to the last. On the contrary, if I am shown to be wrong—then I would change. This is the only thing which could change me.

Well, this is almost all for now.

Not all the American people are desirous of doing us justice. In our side are the high-class professional together with the labor unions, the humble, the Italians, and almost all the other immigrants, and of course, the radicals. Against us are business, money and power: business-men, small property owners, salesmen, butchers, bakers, storekeepers, the candle-stick makers,

the members of the newest country club, the broker, the courts, etc. (Taken from the N. Y. *World*.)

Our friends must speak loudly to be heard by our murderers, our enemies have only to whisper and even be silent to be understood. If one does not detect this fact, he is liable to be misled by the appearances and sounds of things. The Governor has refused to appoint a commission for a full, public and recorded investigation on all the facts of the case—it would have been the only thing capable to impose my vindication and freedom—and it was rejected. So, it will be either electric chair or life imprisonment to us. If this is wrong, so much the better; the apologizer would be happier than the apologized. But I see clearly into the future.

I learnt last night that the Governor is going to have a public hearing of the case. What he intends it to be, I do not know yet. But whatever it will be it cannot fail to help us. So, I am glad of it.

May 31, 1927. *Dedham Jail*

DEAR COMRADE BLACKWELL:

Your letter of May 19th was received yesterday. Good. I am glad to hear that you have been (as I hope you are now) fairly well; but not so glad I am to hear that you are desperately busy (most on our account and behalf) because that is too much. One who as I boast to be a follower of Pythagoras cannot approve it.

Yes, I have had many letters during the past few days, (a queer one from a little out of mind person), some of which requires a rather long answer, but I wished to hear of you. I suppose your arm is quite well now.

Two things are paramount to me in this case: First, that that whole prosecution has been so evidently dishonest to compel the most illuminated and normal part of the conservatives to require reparation for the very purpose of conservation; second, that what has been done for us by the people of the world, the laborers, (I mean workers) and the greatest minds and hearts proves beyond any possible doubt that a new conception of justice is plowing its way in the soul of mankind; a justice that centered on man as man. For as I have already said, you, they are doing for us what once could only have been done for saints and kings. This is real progress.

I too, am surprised by such protest from the students and the *Intelligentia*. Well, you have done a great thing in saying to the Governor that he shall either give us freedom or death, but I refrained for the only reason that I judged it a little too imposing on him. I managed to say so by—I mean that he should have had to understand it by inference—but also the directions of this was weakened. Yet, in spite of all I hope that that is clearly readable between the lines and beyond the words of the petition. Your letter to the Governor is certainly a great writing that I would like to read. . . .

I am dissatisfied that the Governor does not appoint

a commission. For it is true that he can do also alone what he could do with a commission—but I counted on a public investigation and a tangible report which would have been unrefutable and undeniable. But, like this—in secret, who can know what is passing on, it is not a trial and if he will answer negatively, the reasons that he will give are unanalyzable, uncontrollable. . . .

My point is that Fuller did not order a public investigation on all the facts of the double case, because it would have revealed a judiciary scandal, and so he chose to save the face of Thayer and the other Justices rather than vindicate us. And I further doubt that he may be interested to give us life imprisonment and knows that only without a public inquiry on the case is it possible. For nothing yet has changed my mind. The State of Mass. wants to kill us and it will give us just that. . . .

June 10, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WINSLOW:

Well, I have just finished my morning exercise (I began to do it since my sickness) and my hand is still trembling for its recent efforts but my heart is steady and glad in answering to your good letter of June 3. Do you know that when the doctor visited me he wonder again and again at the strength of my heart.

It was good to me to see you last Wednesday. This age finds a refuge for its uncertainties, disillusion, and going from bad to worse, in a semi-philosophical meta-

physic voiced by most ancient believes, dressed and presented in another ways by new and florid religious groups thriving fat and well on human credulity, unhappyness, misfortune and longings. As one of my friends of the West tells me: "The farmers and small middle-men has an hard time here with a worst propect before them and they look for cheerfulness to Christian Science!" Which, I say, tells you how to change a bad thing in a good one by cheating yourself in believing it good in spite of its bad effect upon you; in spite of your senses, reason and understanding which, though poor things in us all, are never-the-less the only means to judge given us by the All.

It works well for awhile, just as long as your auto-suggestion lasts and the troubles do not get worse. But it is a wonderful means of stagnation which means regress. It appear most clearly and unrefutably so when you think of the poor farmers induced by it to believe that by thinking that everything will be O.K. it will be so—while the banks, the trusts, the Railroad Corp. and the greedy variety of parassites living off the farmers' sweat and the consumers' need are sharpening their teeth and their robbery; and the Government, by other force of things becomes always more costly and tyrannical. . . .

This long sermon was inspired by your letter, not by my friend of the West who laughs at Christian Scientist and believes in other quite merry things—merry things to me but very serious for her. For since I began to exercise a little in my room and to play balls in the yard I am another man: it was better

to me than hundreds of sermons and of speculation. So that yesterday I was able to write seven passable letters and, the day before, to talk with you.

You say that I have no reason to despair. Victor Hugo said that hope would be the last goddess were not for despair. When one has reason to despair and he despairs not, he may be more abnormal than if he would despair. At any rate, when one can help himself not even desperately, it is better to save the trouble of it. I am overwhelmed by the physical superior force of the State, so—! . . .

It is not that I distrust the men appointed to investigate the case or the Governor himself nor because I believe that the master classes are deprived of the sense of justice that I am pessimist on the outcome of the case. No indeed, for I do not know those four men² and I know that nature breaths the same instincts and sentiments in the breast of each born of woman—though they are perverted by bad environment, exercise of authority, ruling, privileges, extreme wants and plenties, idleness and overwork etc etc. But I have my opinions and previsions on different and more sure facts and dates than the above mentioned. Thayer has did his best to murder us for class hatred, for personal career and honors, to be appointed Judge of the State Supreme Court. The supreme justices have wickid with him terribly and they are presently mov-

² Joseph A. Wiggin, Governor Fuller's personal attorney, who was at the Governor's elbow throughout the investigation, and the Governor's committee composed of President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Judge Grant.

ing third persons to urge our killing. No doubt that both the judiciary and the legislative of Massachusetts would like to kill us by their own hands. (See the State Congress behavior at the Rep. Sawyer resolution.) Now, the records of the case would impose a tardy liberation of us if we were scorpions instead of men; but do you believe that the four men have nerves and will enough for it? That they will free us? I would like you to be right, but I cannot see any reason, any precedent, any factor authorizing me to believe it. Almost seven years ago I clearly perceived that the State of Massachusetts would have done its best to kill us and that if it would have become too shameful and dangerous, the State will bury us alive in Charlestown, as the State of California did with Mooney whose case is like ours as two drops of water are alike. That case is a terrible precedent and it must be stricken off from the judiciary record by those who have the right and the might to do it—and the duty.

Then, once burried in Charlestown Prison, we will come out when we will come out; either two dead bodies or two shadows of men—but men no more. I like to look truth and reality in their face, eyes into eyes—and give me one man out of every ten males, and you would see what a job the world over I would do!

But, let go this raveing. You are good to me and you are doing very much to us—and I like to believe, as it seems so (because it seems so) that you together with all our friends have won an half victory already. . . .

June 20, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WINSLOW:

In the hope to see you to-morrow, I have just finished my letter presentation for you and my family.

Now, just few words on your trip. I really believe that your plan to go first to see my family and then to go to see the one of Nick—by the Adriatic line—is the better one were not for the reason that you will avoid to be brought suddenly from a cold to a hot climate.

From here to Paris, you are more acknowledged than I, in traveling. If there is a direct [train] from Paris to Turin that would be O.K. If not, you should take a ticket from Paris to Modane; then from Modane to Torino. From Turin you will take a ticket to my famous mocropolis—known by the whole universe and other places as well, under the name of Villafalletto. (For this I will provide you of a written request.)

Now, when you will reach my native home—just think to be at your own. You will be tired by the long trip and that is a good place for rest and restor. To went and left in a day, would be a senseless fatigue and there would not be time enough to explain things to my people. Besides that, the interpreter could be out of home or busy—while if you can stay there longer, all of you will have time to understand and explain one another. My sisters will be happy to have you there—they love all who help us and are proud of

them. So, please, just think to be at home and don't leave the place until you feel well.

If when you arrive in Turin (you will have to take the train to Villafalletto at the same station) you have time to go to the American Express office there and get informations on the times and lines to go to Nick's home, so much the better—if not, you will find out it at your return to Turin. Try to avoid a night in Turin, but if you will be compelled to it, just remember what I said to you about it.

Well, I wish you a good trip and I will accompany you in thought and good wishes.

I am not too optimist in the case outcome—and I see the possibility to be unable to see you and greet you on your return home. Though it seem to be sure that the Governor will postpone the date of the execution to next September—I don't see neither justice or good ahead; the force of darkness and tyranny are rapidly strifing to our doom.

But be of brave heart—and please, tell to my one all what you have in your heart.

June 22, 1927. Dedham Jail

MRS. SARAH ROOT ADAMS:

Thank you for your good reply of June 17—and for *Words of Truth*. I believe with you that the Judges can be good men, maybe some are, but not the ones who murdered me so directly and cold-bloodly. The judges as judges are, were, and will always be bad as long as mankind will be divided in fools and knaves

and will have judges, police, spies, informers, hangers, prisons and prison's guards, prosecutors, soldiers, prostitutes, thieves, oppressed and oppressors, exploited and exploiters—which is why we have judges and vice-versa.

As a man who I really love and admire as a good and great man, Malatesta, has said—"every new idea, in history, that menaces established interests and disturbs the mental laziness, ignorance and false pride of the more, has always arised three bad enemies against it; the calumny, the ignorance, and the falsehood." I rather believe to be in prison because I fought to eliminate the exploitation and oppression of man by the man, than on account of my past thought.

Well, dear Mrs. Adams, I will try to broadcast as many and big, and as far and high as I can, great message of love to everybody, since I cannot prevent and stop "evil acts in action."

Governor Fuller has not yet said to postpone our execution, and if he will keep quiet other eight days, we will be brought to the death house of the State Prison, and soon burnt to death, or, or—who can tell—Yet, things seem very tough, anyway.

We will remember you with love.

June 22, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR, DEAR FRIEND MRS. EVANS:

It was good of you to write me such a good and beautiful letter as yours of last, amid the troubles and botherings of a begining at a summer house.

Oh! that sea, that sky, those freed and full of life winds of Cape Cod! Maybe I will never see, never breathe, never be at one with them again. . . .

The two volumes of *The Rise of American Civilization* came with your letter. . . . Well, I reached page 136, first volume, reading almost exclusively at bedtime after 9 o'clock, when the nearest of the two electric lamps is extinted. Then I sit on the end of my bed, place a pillow against the wall, a blanket on my shoulder, and, in the corner of my room beside the window, I enjoy that history at the light of one lamp, managing to avoid the window's bars shadows.

I like the style and temper of the authors—and quite well their criterions. Of course, for people of my little education, and not helped by a long past of researchs and meditations, not enlighten by a Proudhon, a Michelet, Marx, Malatesta and other, these books will make the effect like the effect that a man ignorant in arithmetic would receive in seeing a foreigner-speaking man in an ununderstood language and resolving an algebratic problem on a black board. Those lines and letters and number, reductions and operations would explain nothing to the unlearned foreigner. This history as far as I reached it, would tell plenty of cronicles and of contrasting interests, almost exclusively between a ruling class and another seamy-ruling class inspiring to the liberty of a full and sovereign ruling—and thus it would left, at the end of its reading, a bourgeaus worker or little fellow as bourgeaus as at the beginning.

Nothing, I found in it till now of the instinctive and

intuitive aspirations of the poor, of the hardly articulated but incommensurable souls of the humbles—except if I must believe that they are like the master—which, at least now day, it does not seems so to me.

Maybe I am wrong and unjust in my judgment of this work, because I know just its begining now. And my criticism, it may be acid, does not mean that I am not greatly enjoying and learning from the book. I read it in the light of Proudhon; and to my mind, contrary but learned doctrines are salutary. The only great trouble is that Massachusetts' hanger may not give me time to finish the lecture. All the rest is O.K.

I noticed that, in the begining, the authors affirm that though the economical factor is very dominant it is not alone in history; but they fail badly in showing the other historical factor, while they show that politics, religion, legislature and magistrature, are historically subservient to all for economic aim (power and rule) of master classes or classes aspiring to mastering. I have something on this matter in my phylosophical sack, and some day I am going to send you a sample of it.

Humily and humble I belong to those anty-marxist socialist who affirm that though economy be a base of life it is not the only, and maybe neither the greatest of the historical factor. Proudhon declare that the cause prima of all war, strife and revolution is pauperism—which is not poverty—that poverty, work, whiety, study and the steadfast passion of phylosophy (search of the truth) is the destiny of men in earth. Whereas we seek dominion, idleness, materialism, and

hence our misery; the war will destroy mankind if we will not be heroic enough to destroy war in its causes and in ourselves. And what pages he wrote—pages that make you think of a titanic—of a forehead large as the State Prison cursed dome. I think that it is by drinking at that genius' source that Malatesta, a wondrous synthesist, if your intelligence caught the spirit of his simple sentences, says "that after all the life's problem is a moral problem." . . .

Well, when my traduction of Proudhon *Peace & War* will be published by Vanguard, I send you a copy if—if—if Fuller will give me his *benepiacido* instead of its contrary. . . .

Is this double investigation going to be another mockery? spitting on our faces? sponge of vinager and bitterness on the top of a lance? the last stubbing between our ribles? Alas I have been treated by all so meaningly and bestially, that I can trust no one of the other side of the barricade—though knowing to be wrong.

The light is gone, I am closing this letter to go to prepare my corner for the reading of your American History. Good night, dear Mrs. Evans, and be well.

June 25, 1927. Dedham Jail

DEAR ABBOTT:

Good as all of your letters are, the one of June 22nd reached me on the next day. Though you had been silent for a while, I often thought of you as one of our

best friends—for I know your heart and your good will. . . .

My keepers kept for themselves the hand-bill and the circular which you enclosed in your letter, and I am going to ask them if they are sending them to the District Attorney, as they did with one of my writings sent to Nick; or else to make an affidavit, as they did with the "General Account of the Sacco-Vanzetti Committee."

Oh yes! Mr. Bruce Bliven is a nice youth. He was here and promised to send us a copy of the *New Republic* containing the interview; he sent it to my keepers who kept it for themselves. They are so fine and so interested in our—doom! . . .

The Defense and the Committee have asked a reprieve to be given before the 1st of July, on two grounds: 1. To give sufficient time to the appointed commission; 2. To avoid our being carried to the death-house of the State Prison on July 1st. Two good reasons, these.

The commission appointed by the Governor has just begun its reading of the case some days ago, and except a reprieve, we shall be executed on the second or third week of next month. Is it humanly possible to study, duly, thoroughly and complete in three weeks, a case which two trials have lasted ten weeks, and which five appeals and two motions for a new trial are very voluminous, and which participant are over 100 persons?

Now, if the respite is ordered before July 1st, we would be kept here until the Governor's decision an-

nouncement, or until ten days before the ending of the time fixed by the reprieve. And here we have at least some air, light, a slice of land and of sky to contemplate, and a daily bliss of an hour of sunshine and free air in the yard, and also some weekly visitors. But if the respite is not given before July 1st, on that day we would be brought to the death-house in Charlestown Prison. The death-house is a bad place in all seasons, but windowless, airless, lightless as it is, it is a terrible place in hot weather.

One summer, I remember, a doomed waiting for his doom was kept there—and we heard that some guards fainted from the heat and suffocation of the place. If we remain here, we will not suffer so much until ten days before our execution, if the Governor will finally doom us. But if we will be carried there on July 1st we will agonize at once from the heat and want of air. Then, if a reprieve would be given, we would be removed in Cherry Hill Wing where we would be kept in solitary confinement until the Governor will have decided our fate.

As you see, I am not concerned in a reprieve, but in the date of it. If before July 1st, alright; if after, I prefer no reprieve at all;—for if I have to be executed better in July than in September, after two months more of torture. It seems sure that the Governor will order a reprieve. He will discuss this matter on the 28th with his Council of lawyers. But if he will refuse it, or keep silent until after we will be taken in the death-house—this would mean to me that he is now decided to send us to the electric chair, or to burn

us alive and forever in the malebolgic of the State Prison, and for this reason he wants to have us safe and sound in the death-house before to announce his decision.

I hate to advance doubts, suspicions and temerity judgement on things and persons—but my atrocious experiences, the way I was dealt by Massachusetts State, my phylosophy itself authorizes and justifies my pessimism and the blackest hypothesis.

Yet, I am confident, my heart is steady and I will and hope—in spite of all.

Friend Abbott, Sacco and I pray you to extend our greetings and regards to all our friends whom you will meet, and hoping to find you in good health, we send you all that is good in our heart.