

Freedom

A JOURNAL OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

VOL. XXI.—No. 220.

AUGUST, 1907.

MONTHLY; ONE PENNY.

Enough of Illusions.

(Translated from *Les Temps Nouveaux*, July 20.)

The dissolution of the second Duma marks the close of the first period of the Revolution in Russia,—the period of illusion.

These illusions began from the day when Nicholas II., terrified by the general strike of October, 1905, signed a manifesto in which he promised to summon representatives of the people and to govern Russia with their help.

It will, no doubt, be remembered under what conditions these promises were wrested from the autocrat. The whole life of Russia, industrial, commercial, and administrative, had been brought to a standstill by the general strike. It was not the revolutionists, and still less was it the political parties, who called forth this grand manifestation of the people's will. The strike began in Moscow, and spread spontaneously throughout all Russia, with one of those great popular thrills which sometimes rouse up millions of men, making them act with a single purpose and with a striking unanimity. In this way even miracles are accomplished.

The mills and factories were silent. The railways were idle and provisions of all kinds were heaped in the station yards, while in the towns the bulk of the people were without food.

The total darkness and deathly silence of the streets sowed terror in the hearts of the ruling classes, who were left without news from the interior of Russia, for the post and telegraph offices also had ceased to work.

Nothing but fear for himself and his family led Nicholas II. to consent to de Witte's proposals, and to summon the National Assembly—the Duma. And it was sheer fright at the sight of the crowd of 300,000 men flooding the streets of St. Petersburg, preparing to attack the prisons, that decided him three days later to sign the amnesty.

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As can be imagined, no confidence was to be placed in these first feeble signs of constitutional freedom extorted from an autocrat in this manner. The history of 1848 proved that such constitutional rights are worth nothing unless the people, even at the price of blood, change the paper concessions into real concessions—unless the people themselves extend their rights by beginning the reconstruction of the whole of society on principles of communal independence.

If this is not done, the rulers let the spirit of the people wear itself out in rejoicings, and in the interval they get ready the loyal troops—they make lists of the names of agitators to be arrested when convenient, or simply exterminated within a year or a few months—they retract their promises and shoot down the people, thus avenging upon them the terror and humiliations they have undergone.

But Russia suffered so much during this last half century from hunger and all kinds of Governmental oppression, and the intellectuals were so severely tried during those long years of unequal struggle, that the first concessions of the crafty Romanoff were accepted in good faith. Russia rejoiced, and celebrated a new era of liberty.

And yet, the same day that Nicholas II. signed the manifesto of October 30, and endorsed the Liberal programme of the Ministry, he appointed a secret Government under the orders of Trépoff, with the purpose of paralysing these same reforms. We have told elsewhere how in these same days, while the people, assembled in crowds in the streets, accepting in good faith the Czar's promises, the secret police printed with all speed, by order of the secret Government, proclamations in which it invited the hooligans of the larger towns to exterminate the intellectuals

and the Jews, and sent its agents to organise the pogroms on the spot. We have told how these agents armed their men with revolvers paid for by the State, how at Tver and at Tomsk they set fire to the houses where Radical meetings were held, and how they made the troops fire on the crowd of demonstrators, on their wives and children. And lastly, we know how Trépoff—the right hand of the Czar—ordered the troops “not to economise in cartridges” when they attacked the popular demonstrations.

One had a shrewd suspicion of the origin of these pogroms, yet at this point our Radicals again found themselves in a familiar position. They knew so little of what was going on in Government circles (they know no more to-day) that the policy of the crafty Nicholas II. did not begin to disclose itself until seven or eight months later, at the time of the statement made by Ourossoff in the first Duma. But even then the simple good nature of Russia continued to say that it was not the fault of the Czar, but of his counsellors. “He is too weak to be so cunning as that,” they said; when in reality—and we begin at last to perceive it—he is too wicked not to be cunning.

And so while the secret Government of Peterhoff sent agents into the towns, and hordes of Cossacks into the villages to flog and shoot the peasant, our Radicals and our Socialists were talking of a “Parliament.” They formed Parliamentary parties, with all the inevitable intrigues of party politics, and already regarded themselves as living under constitutional forms such as England has elaborated by centuries of work.

Only here and there on the outskirts of Russia was it understood that advantage should be taken of the disorganisation of the Government to rise in insurrection and break up the local institutions that help to maintain the Imperial authority.

The Baltic provinces, Gouria with western Georgia and a part of the Transsiberian Railway, rose in this way. The Gourians and the Letts showed then how a popular insurrection should proceed. They began to introduce at once, on the spot, their new revolutionary autonomous organisation.

Unhappily, these outbreaks were not supported by their immediate neighbours, and still less by Central Russia and Poland. There, even where the Russian villages revolted, the towns gave them no support. There was nothing similar to what happened in France in July, 1789, especially in the West, where the villages rose in insurrection, broke up their old municipalities, and, beginning from the bottom upwards, organised their “sections,” and proceeded to reconstruct the whole municipal administration without waiting for the decrees of either the King or the Assembly. But the attempted insurrection in Moscow did not find enough support in the mass of the people, and the organisers could not proclaim what has always been the strength of revolutions—the independent Commune.

During the preceding years the German ideas of Governmental centralisation and of discipline had been actively propagated among the Russian revolutionists, while at the same time the ideals of the Socialists dwindled to a disheartening commonplaceness. The result now made itself felt. Our revolutionists knew how to march heroically to death, but they did not know how to extricate and uphold the ideas of the revolution. If these ideas were germinating among the people, no one knew how to formulate them.

These outbreaks were crushed out. The trains that transported the Semenovskiy regiment from St. Petersburg to Moscow rolled on, and were allowed to pass by those who were waiting for directions from no one knows where! The punitive expedition of Meller-Zakomelski crossed the whole of Siberia and arrived without hindrance as far as Tchita, even when the whole of the Transsiberian line was on strike. It was allowed to pass! The expeditions of Orloff behaved like hordes of barbarians in the Baltic provinces, but neither Lithuania nor Poland came to the aid of the peasants in revolt. Gouria was sacked by the soldiers of the Czar, and there, where the Russian

peasants revolted, the Cossacks behaved like the minions of John the Terrible in former times.

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And yet the all too naive faith in the Duma was maintained. Not that it was regarded as a possible obstacle to the arbitrariness of the Czar's minions—as an institution which, in its limited sphere of action, might also help to curb those gentlemen of Peterhoff. No, it was rather considered as the future bulwark of legality.

And why? "Because," said our intellectuals, "the autocracy could not be maintained without raising loans from foreigners, and the banks would not lend unless the loan was confirmed by the Duma." And this was said at the very moment when the French and English Governments were guaranteeing a new loan, simply because they wanted the support of Russia in the war they were contemplating against Germany.

As if Turkey, bankrupt ten times over, has not always been able to raise new loans, even for war purposes. As if the Western bankers themselves do not try to lead the greatest possible number of States into the present position of Greece and Egypt,—that is to say, where a committee of bankers seizes, in guarantee of its loans, the administration of a part of the country or of the national revenues. And as if, lastly, the crowned pilferers have any objection to pawning the revenues or selling the State railways, the gold-mines, the brandy monopoly, and so forth!

Even the closing of the first Duma and the horrors of the courts-martial, through which more than 2,000 men were executed in seven months, did not open the eyes of our politicians. They continued to believe in the magic power of the Duma, in the possibility of obtaining constitutional liberties by means of it. The whole work of the representatives in the two Dumas goes to prove this.

* * *

There are some words, great words, that have gone round the world and inspired men, giving them strength to fight and to die if necessary. If the Duma could not make any law capable of changing the life of Russia, it could at least have uttered those words. In times of revolution, when everything has to be broken down and nothing constructive can be attempted, enthusiasm is more powerful than anything else. And principles and words of inspiration are then of greater import than a stupid little law passed by Parliament,—for a law cannot be more than a compromise between the spirit of the future and the mouldiness of the past.

The National Assembly of 1789 was one in spirit with Paris. They acted and reacted upon each other. Would the wretched people of Paris have revolted on July 14 if the *Tiers-Etat* had not, three weeks earlier, taken the oath of the Tennis Court? Granted that there was something theatrical in this oath, granted that, if Paris had not risen in insurrection, the representatives of the people gathered at Versailles would have separated as quietly as those of the Duma; granted all that, yet the words uttered on that day gave an impulse to the whole of France. And when the Assembly had proclaimed the rights of man, the revolutionary spirit of the new era spread over the whole world.

To-day we know that Louis XVI. would never have passed a law for the expropriation of the nobles' feudal rights, even with powers of repurchase; we know that the Assembly itself (just like the Russian Cadets) did not desire such a law. Nevertheless, the Assembly threw out this watchword as the first article of its resolution of August 4, *the feudal rights are abolished*; but the peasants, readily confusing a resolution with a law, decided never again to pay any feudal tenure.

These were words, but they gave a shock to the revolution and pushed it forward.

But they were not only words, for the French representatives, taking advantage of the confusion of government, began also to break down the old institutions, and, urged by the people, they substituted the old royal judges and the "rotten magistrates" by a communal and municipal organisation which became a real force in the revolution.

"Other times, other conditions," it will be said. It is true. But it is by illusions that Russia has been prevented from grasping the true situation.

Our politicians believe to such an extent in the magic power of the words "Representatives of the People," and they so little understand the strength of the old régime, that no one has asked himself the question: "What, then, ought the Russian Revolution to be?"

To tell the truth, they have not been the only ones to deceive themselves. Our Anarchist comrades fell into the same error when they believed that the heroic acts of a little handful of

men would be enough to rouse the people to insurrection and to demolish the fortress of the old régime. Thousands of these heroic acts have been accomplished, thousands of heroes have perished, but the old order stands firm and continues to crush us.

* * *

Yes, the age of illusions has come to its end. The first assault is driven back; the next one must be prepared, but with a full realisation of the strength of the old order, and on a broader basis than before.

Without the pressure of the people, no revolution! Every effort should now be made for the mass of the people to throw themselves into the struggle, for they alone can paralyse the armies of the old world, and dismantle its fortresses.

In the whole of Russia, in each of its smallest parts and over its entire breadth, this work must be done. Enough of illusions, enough of hopes, whether in the Duma or in a handful of hero-saviours. The work of demolition can only be accomplished by the direct participation of the whole of the people. And they will only act in the name of their immediate and popular needs.

The land—to the peasant; the factory, the workshop, the railway and the rest—to the worker. And everywhere the Commune, free and revolutionary, taking into its hands the economic life of the people.

And all this, not managed up there at St. Petersburg by the bureaucrats or by the deputies, but at home, in every town and village by the people themselves,—such should be the watchword for the second period of the revolution now beginning.

PETER KROPOTKIN.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

We print the following verses of this spirited poem, by Alice Stone Blackwell, which appeared in *The Woman's Journal*, Boston, Mass., June 8, 1907:—

From earth's harassed bosom it springs, that strange blossom—

The red flower of courage heroic, that blooms

Yet redder and brighter where falls some brave fighter;

It wreathes the grim scaffold, it blossoms on tombs.

Those flowers ruddy-shining we yet shall see twining

A chaplet triumphal for Liberty's brow,

For ever victorious she rises, and glorious

At last, although darkness encompass her now.

No tyrants can crush her, and some day vast Russia

From mountains to sea-shore shall harbour no slave;

Her fears will have vanished, white famine be banished,

And o'er her wide plains the deep harvests will wave.

The thought of to-morrow shall soften our sorrow—

A morrow when hunger and hatred shall cease,

The weak be no longer oppressed by the stronger,

And Christian and Jew dwell together in peace.

Then Tartar, Armenian, Esthonian, Ruthenian,

The Jew and the Cossack, the Pole and the Finn,

Escaped from disaster, not slaves of one master,

But brothers and free, a new life shall begin.

Larger freedom than ours may yet bloom in her bowers,

Young Russia, new born! In her wreath will be set,

Without cavil or quarrel, one bright leaf of laurel

That in our own land has but budded as yet.

The women there fight to bring in the new light,

Amid dangers so dread that the tale takes our breath;

Their hearts' blood is flowing; each day they are going

To chambers of torture, to exile, to death.

No fighters are bolder, and shoulder to shoulder

They toil with their brothers; when past is the fray,

In the new, happy nation they'll hold equal station,

As women in Finland possess it to-day.

They call him unlettered, this Russian, long fettered;

"He is not yet fitted for freedom," they cry.

He has gained deeper knowledge than men learn in college—

He knows how to suffer, he knows how to die.

When darkness and error, and black, haunting terror,

Are banished by Liberty's light, we shall see

That, in spite of long trial and bitter denial,

He knows how to live, and be happy and free.

* * * Any books on Anarchism, Socialism, or kindred subjects forwarded (if obtainable) on receipt of order and cash. Inquiries answered on receipt of stamped envelope.

THE POSSIBILITY OF ANARCHISM.

The prophet of despair is ever with us, and to him there is no silver lining to any cloud, no promise of sunshine after the storm, no people so fair and upright as to be able to act honourably without force or fear are brought to bear upon them. To him the whole social horizon is shrouded in darkness, and not a ray of freedom's sun is there to separate cloud from cloud. Humanity is inherently bad, and is for ever doomed to be divided into dominated and dominators. Governments based on fraud and coercion, a representative system founded on legislative corruption, a poverty to offer the contrast to an equally immoral bestial luxury; these things are the ends of all being, the tombs of all aspirations, the alpha and the omega of the social serf's existence. And to dream of a society not founded on the "law of constructive murder," of a social state in which all are brethren and peace and good fellowship prevail, of a society founded on truth and freedom, is to become an enemy of the society that is, and to be regarded as a dreamer of the most fanatical type. And in the eyes of your "practical" and "business man," no less so than in the eyes of any other prophet of despair, to dream of anything other than of personal success or mammon is an unforgivable offence, socially like unto the theological sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

What these deprecators of idealism fail to realise is that all social progress turns upon the continual striving of the individual and the community after something better, the continual being and becoming of the whole of Nature, the eternal discontent underlying the most practical of human endeavour. It follows, therefore, from a recognition of this fact that no serious argument can be urged against the propaganda of the Anarchist Communist on the score of his idealism; for if by idealism be understood the yearning after some state of society or of individual being, and the moulding of the present to realise your dream in the future, then surely there is a touch of the impracticability of idealism about the operations of Wall Street and Stock Exchange financiers. And yet they realise their dreams. Why, then, if the socially maleficent dream of the millionaire can be realised, cannot the socially beneficent dream of the Communist be realised? Is it that behind the forces of Nature there exists an omnipotent power for evil, and that not God, but Devil, reigns o'er all? If so, whence the sweet fragrance of the flowers, the artistic culture of the race, the rich verdure of the fields, the impressive heights of mountain ranges, the beauties of the undulating plains, the luxury of Nature's foliage? Does not the evil in Nature counteract the good? Is it not obvious to the student that the whole of being is reducible to no explanation that turns upon the existence of either moral or immoral conscious sources of being, but that the basis of all physical and social activity is an *un-moral* tendency to be.

If this be granted, as needs it reasonably must, then we are faced with the fact of man not merely being a social animal, but also a selfish one; the development of the selfish instinct being of such a kind as to increasingly occasion the production of those types of character which serve to give an ethical turn to the survival of the fittest, and to make for a state of society in which the purest and ethically fittest can survive. This assertion is founded on no mere Anarchist's dream, but is the substance of the well-reasoned address on "Evolution and Ethics" which Professor Huxley delivered as the Romanes Lecture for 1893. And even though this distinguished scientist and veteran philosopher confessed that "strict Anarchy may be the highest conceivable grade of perfection of social existence," no one will accuse him of basing his expositions of ethical evolution on romantic musings, or on data other than that which he had submitted to severe analysis. Nor is it necessary to rely on Huxley's testimony; it is but sufficient that we trace up the evolution of species, watch the development of the social spirit in man, examine the basis of "duty," and read the pages of history. All these studies will but serve to vindicate the truth of Huxley's contention.

What, then, is man as we know him in the highest stage of actual and potential development? What is his relation, as actual or potential being, respectively to his present environment and an Anarchist Communist state of society? Let us see.

Man, as we know him, in the highest actual stage of development, loves learning, yearns after truth, and identifies his personal happiness with the realisation and maintenance of his ideals. The vast number of artists, poets, philosophers, and scientists who have suffered penury and persecutions for their principles prove this; the numerous pioneers of Free-thought and social liberty who have been burned at the stake,

murdered by the Inquisition, racked, tortured, hanged, and strangled, bear a like testimony; the willingness of the mother to suffer for her children lends further testimony to the inherent social idealism of the individual; whilst the fact that those who would prey on their fellows do so in the name of justice, of spirituality, and of truth, supplies the final emphasis. Hence we see humanity is not ruled, at bottom, by coercion, nor by fear, nor yet by injustice. That these things should exist but means that ignorance abounds; let that be removed, and it will be seen that neither justice, nor freedom, nor happiness can exist where the many are dominated by the few. For, self-contained as each individual should be, loyal unto the internal canons of thought, as opposed to external authority, man is, nevertheless, so far as his sense impressions and social existence is concerned, a part of the social organism, an ethical unit, and an intellectual cellular activity acting and reacting upon the society of which he is a part, and upon the cellular activities to which he is related. Each of these activities or social atoms is dominated by the will to be, adaptation being the order of being. Hence we find that adaptation to and of the environments is continual, those organisms surviving longest which adapt themselves the more readily to their environment. If, then, as has been shown, the environment be favourable to this ethical development—intellectual and economic forces demanding that each organism should perform certain social functions in order to maintain its own right to existence—the logical social expression of this selfishness of the individual is the doing of the good because it is good, the abolition of suffering because pain in others occasions agony for ourselves, the producing of the best of which we are capable because our natures demand thoroughness in the doing of that for which our organisms are fitted, the taking from the community of that necessary to the maintenance of our being because the welfare of all as also of the individual requires it. And as idiosyncracies vary, since men and women find hobbies with which to amuse themselves after having sweated for a master, it follows that in a free society not only would each work for all, but each working at that which best suited his or her temperament, there would exist not only happier individuals, not merely a purer and freer society, but likewise individuals living in a society in all forms and modes of productivity tended to good food, healthy living, and decent clothing for all. Hence the thoroughness of production would be co-existent with a minimum of labour and a maximum of social pleasure.

But I shall be told, this is but theory? Quite so; but what of that? If the theory be but a logical reasoning from data scientifically collected, if all data has been considered and none been left out of consideration, if there be no facts that militate against either the basic assumptions or main contentions of the theory, it is but an equivalent in thought of what will inevitably occur in reality. In other words, the theory must of necessity be a correct anticipation and outlining of the future.

If, therefore, the Anarchist theory be not a correct anticipation of the future state of society, if it be impossible of realisation in the not far distant future, it can only be because there have been no pioneers who died for Truth, none who have been burned for Liberty; because there exists no mother love, have been no Brunos, no Spinozas, no Chicago Martyrs; because behind the most depraved breast there exists no spark of chivalry, no virtuous inclination, nothing above the sordid criminality on which modern society thrives.

Yet we know that these things do and have existed. Then let us be logical, and recognise likewise that the Free Society of which we dream is not only a possibility, not merely a dream of better things which might be, but the inevitable goal to which we are rapidly nearing, and which in the course of our social evolution we shall ere long have attained.

GUY A. ALDRED.

Communist Propaganda Group.

Excellent educational work is being accomplished by this group, with its classes in elocution and industrial history. Although but a few weeks old, several of the comrades who attend its meetings are beginning to lose that disease so fatal to effective platform propaganda—self-consciousness. Meetings are held at Comrade Aldred's place of residence, 133 Goswell Road, E.C., every Tuesday and Friday evening, whilst an excellent library for the use of comrades is situate at Comrade Ramage's abode, 23B Peabody Buildings, Farringdon Road, E.C. Further particulars of the group's aims and policy may be obtained from the first-named comrade, who is acting *pro tem.* as general secretary.

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Monthly, One Penny; post free, 1½d.; U.S.A., 3 Cents; France, 15 Centimes.

Annual Subscription, post free, 1s. 6d.; U.S.A., 36 Cents; France, 1fr. 80c.
Foreign subscriptions should be sent by International Money Order.

Wholesale Price, 1s. 4d. per quire of 27, carriage free to all parts.

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NOTES.

BRIGANDS AND BUTCHERS.

All modern States have these two features in common—they are skilled in the twin acts of robbery and butchery. The revolting scenes that are now taking place at Casa Blanca cannot but remind us of the bombardment of Alexandria by the "grand old man," Gladstone. But yesterday something almost similar happened in Korea. A few years previously we had the "expedition" to Peking, in which instance the "civilised" butchers had vied with each other in a horrible massacre that made one despair of humanity. We can add to this list Spain's butcheries in Cuba, America's in the Philippines, and our own virtuous and Christian selves in South Africa.

No Peace Conferences, no expressions of "advanced" opinions, no pious resolutions have any effect in clipping the claws of this monstrous anomaly, the State. The fiendish acts perpetrated on a whole people by these armed bullies we would not stand by to see inflicted on one individual in the streets. Why do we stand so tamely by while these horrors are suffered by Egyptians, by Moors, and the rest?

THE TRUE ANTIDOTE.

In nearly all the countries that have been guilty of the crimes above enumerated there exists a strong Socialist movement, and at the back of that a Labour movement more or less well organised. In England, France, and Germany these movements are strong enough to be used as a check, or at least a hindrance, to the ravages of the capitalist States. To be effective it is necessary that the idea of the General Strike should be thoroughly understood by the workers of each nation. At the same time, every means should be taken to ensure international action at the moment of a crisis. Now let me suppose that all now engaged in furthering the interests of Socialist political parties, as well as the leaders of these parties themselves, had determined to use the General Strike, in all its forms, for the maintenance of peace and the prevention of capitalistic filibustering expeditions. In that case, these enemies of mankind would have to think twice before they send their ironclads to throw shells amongst innocent women and children. All sorts of calamities might await them at home, and the fear of the revolution would be for ever in their hearts. When will steps be taken to organise Labour internationally in the interest of peace?

A WORD IN SEASON.

Robert Blatchford has spoken a word in season in calling upon true Socialists to come back to a reconsideration of first principles. His article in the *Clarion*, August 2, was answered the following week by F. H. Rose, who seems to forget for the moment his own dissatisfaction with "the Party" in the past. His reply to Blatchford is that the politician's work is "to-day's work." Rubbish! The point is that the Labour politician does not work, cannot work, in the sense here meant. He can vote and he can compromise, and so can any fool, and that is an end of it. But when it comes to the "bettering of the conditions of the working classes," for which reason he was elected, he can do nothing. He can, however, look after his own interests, pocket his salary, and keep a keen eye open for other emoluments. He can also have a good time going to Switzerland, to study the blessings of conscription under the ægis of that devoted friend of humanity and progress, Lord Roberts. That is the work of to-day, friend Rose. Happily for the future, the cause of true Socialism is in the hands of those who will never betray the

workers with the juggle of politics. The politician of any party is first and last a self-seeker, and Labour might as well build its house on sand as on the hopes held out by those who live on the political lie.

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!

Mr. Henry Vivian, M.P., must be possessed of more assurance than logic. Being called to account for supporting the Liberal cause at Jarrow as against Labour he sends, in reply to the secretary of his Union, a copy of J. S. Mill's work *On Liberty*. Now Mill's famous essay contains some fine reasoning, but it has its limitations. Still, for a party politician to use it as a text book on human liberty requires a deal of what is vulgarly called "cheek." Let us apply one test to the would-be champion of liberty. In a note to his chapter on "Liberty of Thought and Discussion," Mill says: "If the arguments of the present chapter are of any validity, there ought to exist the fullest liberty of professing and discussing, as a matter of ethical conviction, any doctrine, however immoral it may be considered." Good. But this liberty has been grossly and barbarously outraged by a Liberal (?) Government in dealing with its Indian "subjects." Has the protesting voice of Vivian been raised against this crime? If not, why not? Perhaps we can answer this question for him. It is because Vivian is a party politician, and a party politician cares as much about liberty as a cheap Jack cares about the truth. He might be brought to judgment in a hundred similar ways. But why waste words over him? He is a politician and consequently hopeless. Only he must not expect to escape the ignominy of his profession.

ANARCHISM v. POLITICAL ACTION.

It is simply astonishing to observe the blind faith of the average Trade Unionist in the pie-crust promises of the politician, Labour or other. And this, too, whilst the cry rises on every hand that nothing is accomplished, nothing done by these worthies. The only explanation of this state of things is, we feel sure, that the leaders know that unless the rank and file are kept busy with electoral campaigning they may become interested in Anarchism and adopt anti-parliamentary ideas. But, then, again the question arises, How long is this conservative faith in their leaders going to last? Does the average Trade Unionist read his own papers, or does he simply fail to understand the meaning of words? Why even that hardened political sinner, Ramsay MacDonald, in the *Labour Leader* for August 2nd, in reviewing Flinders Petrie's work, "Janus in Modern Life," says he feels "sometimes how much better are the deserts of Sinai than the green benches of the House of Commons, how much richer is the harvest one reaps from effort spent in one than in the other." It isn't often a person like this speaks the truth so frankly. But we doubt if his readers will take it to heart. Well, then, let them read Robert Blatchford's splendid appeal in the interest of true Socialism in the *Clarion* of same date. If this does not awaken Labour men to a sense of their neglect of principle, it is doubtful what will. If they would but reflect, they would see that their prejudice against Anarchism and their preference of politics to Direct Action will cost them years of misery and disappointment.

Anarchist Conference in the Midlands.

At Haddon Hall (Derbyshire), on Bank Holiday, a very successful Conference was held by comrades who gathered from Leicester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, and other centres. From all sides comrades brought news of renewed activity, and in Liverpool especially the movement has lately been forging ahead. Some interesting discussions took place, and the general feeling was that the Conference of next year (to be held at the same place) would show how far the movement had advanced, and promised to be one of the largest and most interesting of any that had been held. The climatic conditions were perfect, and we parted full of hope for the future.

THE BATH HOUSE, 96 DEAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

On WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, at 8 p.m.,

E. MALATESTA

will speak (in English) on

The Labour Movement from the Anarchist Standpoint.

The proceeds will be given to the "VOICE OF LABOUR" Fund.

THE MORAL OF THE BELFAST STRIKE. INTERNATIONAL LIBERTARIAN AND COMMUNIST CONGRESS.

August 24—31, 1907.

In "Plancius," Plantage Kerklaan 61, Amsterdam.

AGENDA.

1. *Anarchism and Trade Unionism.* Reports by Pierre Monatte (Paris) and John Turner (London).
2. *General Strike and Political Mass Strike.* Reports by Enrico Malatesta (Italy) and Dr. R. Friedeberg (Berlin).
3. *Anarchism and Organisation.* Reports by Georges Thonar (Liège), Amédée Dupois (Paris), and H. Croiset (Amsterdam).
4. *Anti-militarism as Anarchist Tactics.* Reports by R. de Marmande (Paris), and Pierre Ramus (London).
5. *Integral Education of Children.* Report by Léon Clément (Paris).
6. *Productive Association and Anarchism.* Reports by Em. Chapelier (Belgium) and I. I. Samsom (Hague).
7. *The Revolution in Russia.* Reports by a comrade to be designated by Russian groups.
8. *Alcoholism and Anarchism.* Report by Prof. Dr. J. van Rees (Holland).
9. *Modern Literature and Anarchism.* Report by P. Ramus (London).
10. *Anarchists and a Universal Language.* Reports by Em. Chapelier and Gassy Marin.
11. *Anarchism and Religion.* Report by G. Rijnders (Amsterdam).
12. *Anarchism as Individual Life and Activity.* Reports by E. Armand and Mauricius (Paris).

"THE INTERNATIONAL."

The morning sittings of Wednesday, the 28th, and Friday, the 30th of August, are appointed for those organisations and comrades who intend to organise a "Libertarian International Association." In these sittings the following points will be discussed:—

1. The Organisation of the Libertarian International Association. Proposal of the "Groupement Communiste-Libertaire" of Belgium.
2. A Declaration of Anarchist Communist Principles. Proposal of the German Anarchist Federation.
3. The Publication of an International Bulletin. Proposal of the paper *Terra Livre*, Brazil.
4. The Task of the New International Association. Proposal by Hans Peter (Austria), who will open the discussion.

STANDING ORDERS FOR THE CONGRESS.

Saturday, August 24, at 8.30 p.m., reception of delegates and comrades in the Plancius Hall, Kerklaan 61, Amsterdam.

Sunday, August 25, at one in the afternoon, an international mass meeting in the Plancius.

Monday, August 26, at 9 a.m., opening of the sittings, which will take place every day from 9 till 12 and from 2 till 5. The public meetings, where the speakers will deal with the questions discussed during the day at the Congress, will take place from 7 till 10 in the evening.

After Wednesday, August 21, there will always be somebody present in the Hotel Restaurant Concordia, Rembrandtplein 8, Amsterdam, to help the comrades in every way.

The cost of a good room and breakfast in Amsterdam is between 2s. and 3s.; daily expenses, all included, will be about 4s. or 4s. 6d.

If requests for lodgings are sent early to Joh. J. Lodewijk, the committee will try to take a hotel entirely or partially, which will diminish the cost. Comrades unable to pay these expenses will stay with Dutch comrades as far as possible.

You are requested not to pay attention to possible information in the bourgeois press to the effect that the Congress will take place not at all or elsewhere, because

The Congress will be held in any case!

The paper, *De Vrije Communist*, will appear daily during the Congress, if possible in French, German, English and Dutch. The price of these Congress numbers (at least six numbers) is for Belgium 30 cents. and for other countries 35 cents. (six pence). The paper will be sent off immediately after publication. Address of administration: J. L. Bruyn, Kepplerstraat 170, Hague, Holland, where also financial help for the Congress can be sent.

Read the gratis *Bulletin de l'Internationale Libertaire*, address Georges Thonar, Rue Laixheau 97, Herstal-Liège, Belgium.

For the Organisation Committee,

JOH. J. LODEWIJK, Secretary.

Cornelis Anthoniszstraat 49, Amsterdam.

Our political friends are very much mistaken if they imagine the chief interest in Labour questions will be centred in the House of Commons. We venture to predict that precisely the reverse will be the case. Even those who have actively supported the election of Labour Members begin to look very grave at the barren results of all their efforts. When, however, we turn to the Labour struggles that are in progress on other lines than political ones, a very different lesson is to be learned. In the case of the Belfast strike, which for the moment claims primary attention, we find a spirit developing amongst the organised workers that is most encouraging for the future of the strike movement. It is quite evident that the Belfast men are worth their salt. Their solidarity, their pluck and pertinacity, are admirable. One feels they know what they want and are ready to fight to get it.

The *Star* in its defence of the Government's action in pouring troops into Belfast trots out the old formula that "law and order must be maintained." This is the great bourgeois lie that is used again and again to cover and excuse the crimes of Governments when the "classes" are thirsting in the depths of their respectable souls for a little of the worker's blood. This sounds extreme, you will say. Nothing of the kind. It is simply a plain, unexaggerated statement of fact. For remember, that never do the workers show the spirit of revolt against the injustice of the exploiters, never is the sacred "property" of those eternal thieves, the capitalists, in danger from the "mob," than the cry is for force—for bayonets and machine guns—for the "maintenance of law and order."

Hear the silk-hatted, frock-coated bourgeois talk when his wealth—stolen wealth, as everybody knows—is in danger! Why he is the most bloodthirsty animal on the face of the earth. A man-eating tiger is reasonable by comparison. He at least is satisfied with one victim at a time. Not so our man-devouring bourgeois. He would decimate humanity in his lust for profits, dividends, and the rest. No one has estimated how many human beings are done to death every day to keep him contented. The toll of life he exacts every year on railroads and in coal mines makes a fairly bloodstained total. But this is his usual repast, and hardly counts by the side of the orgies he indulges in when he has his South African wars, his concentration camps, his Chinese compounds, and other little peccadilloes such as occasional massacres, all of which whet his appetite for gold.

So there is no exaggeration in putting the case as we have done. It is in reality understated. But we speak plainly, because if anything should happen in Belfast the workers may understand that it is not the justice of *their* class the Government is concerned to defend, it is not their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness the troops are there to protect, but the "maintenance of law and order," or, in other words, in the defence of capitalist robbery. If blood should flow it will be for this reason.

Poor working man, who creates the wealth you are forbidden to enjoy! When you ask for a little more butter on your bread, a little more respect for your rights as a man, it is the guns of those you have elected to "protect" you that you must face.

The Belfast strikers will win concessions: that is undoubted. We hope they will win all, for it is little enough. But the spirit they have shown will ensure they are not treated in the dog-like fashion of the Erith strikers. There is a moral in all this. The workers should learn that tameness and submission breed greater contempt in their masters.

One great feature of the strike is that it *tends* to breed courage, dignity, manhood in the workers even when it fails in other ways. Look, for example, at the revolt of the Belfast police. At the bidding of the British Government, the Irish Constabulary have done the most detestable things men could do. They have turned helpless women and children on to the road-side in winter weather, and this in support of one of the cruellest systems of landlordism the world has known. Our Liberals (in opposition) have told us this and denounced it. They have done worse. They have "created crime" by the most revolting "detective" methods ever employed, and Barrett deserves the moral support of all honest folk when he cries "No more Sheridanism!" He places himself at once on the side of justice and humanity as against government and crime. Let the world judge between them.

So that the struggle in Belfast holds our attention, teaches us something, lifts the Labour question out of the slough of politics into the light of truth. It puts the vital issues between Labour and Capital in their true proportions and significance. That is why strikes carry us forward, while politics elbow us back.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Italy.

The first Congress of Italian Syndicalists, at which it was announced that 100,000 men were with them, is an event of many-sided importance. It is primarily an expression of the necessity for Direct Action. It is also a child of the Socialist Party, and that party displayed its degeneration by cursing its offspring and doing all it could to discredit the new movement. It is hardly necessary to say that the curses came from the pens of the party's most popular leaders. Ferri, who at one time had the name and reputation of a revolutionist, is now entirely a party man: the importance of party unity is for him greater than Labour unity. It is more or less the same with all those who remain members of the old party.

But of greater significance than that the Italian people can organise, disorganise, and reorganise, according to the evolution of the revolutionary spirit, is the fact that the Syndicalist movement is largely built up on their innate distrust of leaders. Anarchist Socialism is not, like most of the Socialism of these days, a leader factory; it is essentially a democratic movement, and makes a continuous and increasing call on the initiative of each individual. If it is ever led by anything but the collective action of individuals, it will go the same way as the State Socialist movement. But in Italy the Anarchist Socialists are quite sure that they do not want leaders, and they will be the first to break up the Syndicalist Party (as they broke up the Socialist Party) if that movement shows a tendency towards creating leaders. To be quite fair to them, it must be confessed that even at the first Congress that tendency was not entirely absent. But it was only a survival, possibly, in the minds of those who had so long been accustomed to being led. There was none of the falsely modest and entirely snobbish desire for leaders that is so common in England.

The recent peasant strikes, which were almost boycotted by the Socialist officials, did not produce leaders. The Socialists even point to that fact as being a justification for their indifference. They think that unless a movement at once produces men with the taint of authority on them, it cannot be worth their consideration. In some ways it is not worth their consideration. Peasants who can act as the peasants of Argenta and Parma acted do not need and could not accept leaders. They did not keep the blacklegs out—and they did it in a country flooded with troops!—by the management of wisdom-laden leaders. They were ready to act for themselves, and their scouting system, founded on personal initiative, was in a few days more than the equal of the military scouts. The stonemasons of Padua, who quitted work to keep away those blacklegs who were lodged in their own town (and without consulting any strike committee—what reason could there be for consultation?) did not do so under orders. Not one of their names was mentioned in the papers. Nevertheless they will not be forgotten.

The inspiration of the Italian Syndicalists comes from their perception of the necessity for action such as this. Their principles are incompatible with leadership, and it was for that reason as much as for any other that they stood out almost unanimously against Parliamentary action. The cloud on the horizon is Enrico Leone, a man of intelligence and sincerity, but a man who appeals to the please-lead-me instincts of sleepy humanity.

K. W.

Germany.

The thirty Anarchists who were recently brought to trial at Mannheim for taking part in the Anarchist Congress forbidden by the police, have all been acquitted. The congress was held at Easter, and mention has already been made of the way the meetings were held in spite of the delegates being hustled from one point to another by the police. To be an Anarchist in Germany is no joke, and the comrades deserve credit for their courage and tenacity.

The lock-out of dock men and stevedores at Königsberg is ended, having lasted six weeks. Piece work is abolished, except for coal porters; while grain porters gained nothing by the strike, but have to resume work on the old conditions. On the other hand, the strike in Berlin of masons' labourers continues, and shows little sign yet of collapsing, though its directors are inclined to become less energetic and counsel the men to return to work under the builders' conditions. So much depends on the psychological moment of a strike! Generally speaking, the "leaders" everywhere let this slip in their desire to win popular sympathy by a more or less conciliatory attitude towards the masters. The engineers and stokers of the Rhine steamers struck work the moment the river season began, with the result that within one week every demand was satisfied; for the future, the hours of labour are shortened and their wages increased. Had they not seized the right moment when loss stared the companies in the face, they would have got nothing out of them. Meanwhile branches of the new anti-Socialist Labour Union are forming throughout industrial centres. Last spring there was a meeting of delegates from this so-called patriotic association, who stated Socialism to be the real enemy of Labour, and that the association's aims were the improvement of the conditions of the workers and better relations with the employers. Naturally, this is an effort to capture unorganised Labour, and to raise a force that one day organised and Socialist workers will have to grapple with. The Kaiser and his ministers have given the new movement their blessing—just as the Czar has become one with his Unions of Black Hundreds.

Portugal.

Slowly this country is awakening to the cry of more liberty. For years every outlet of the people's aspirations has been choked by order of Dom Carlos, but at last the cauldron seethes and Carlos is not happy as he sits on the heaving lid. From the first every Anarchist became a marked man, and was hunted out of the country or back into servility—although none were of a militant type. The Socialists were similarly treated, while one by one the few libertarian journals were suppressed and their editorial staff fined or imprisoned. But the democratic and libertarian wave sweeping over the universe is not to be stayed by kings. Threats of riot and rebellion are muttered in the sunny streets, in the open fields—a republic, by the optimists, is in sight within three years. And stones were thrown at the Queen and her apparent lately when they took a country drive. This does not happen to a royal family when it is loved. Like another Charles, the King is playing with fire, and seems reckless of consequences. His intention is to found an absolute monarchy, to defy republicanism, to browbeat his ministers, and get all the money under his sign-manual. One of the richest royalties in Europe, he has issued a decree by which twenty million francs are to be added to the treasury of the royal house, with a permanent increase in the Civil List. When his ministers ventured to complain of the danger and unpopularity of such mandates, he authorised the Premier to proclaim martial law whenever he considers it necessary. For a year past the situation has been growing more tense. Well would it be if a republican form of Government could rise as bloodlessly as did that of Brazil, but so far one has not heard what the army thinks of it. Part of the fleet mutinied last year and was ruthlessly punished. Vengeance never begets conciliation, so one may be certain minds are busy still on shipboard. Then came the great student strike, likewise violently suppressed. Next followed the dissolution of Parliament, and the proclaiming of something like indefinite dictatorship by the premier, Yoas Franca. It was after this *coup d'état* that real agitation began, and although it only took the form of speech, all parties seem to have joined in protest against Government as carried on by King and Premier. At present the visit of the Premier to any of the cities means riot, disorder, and protest meetings. These in turn are brutally suppressed by police and the National Guard; every Liberal newspaper is seized, and every prisoner interned—as many as 400 in the recent disorders at Lisbon. What the outcome will be none can say as yet. The people have not the fiery spirit of the Spaniard, and a cruel and determined Government may once again head back the libertarian aspirations of the nation; but while our comrades of *A Vida* and *A Conquista do Pao* remain at liberty, we may be sure the spirit of revolt will be kept alive.

Russia.

On July 15 General Alikhanoff was killed by a bomb when driving home from his club at Alexandropol. He is the man who, as former Governor-General of Tiflis, commanded the punitive expedition in the Province of Kutais, the people having ceased to pay taxes and formed an autonomy. He found the country a garden and left it a wilderness. The people he either massacred, imprisoned, or drove on the eve of winter into the mountains, where many women and children perished. His familiar title was "the wild beast," and as such his death was long decreed; only a year ago he was wounded, but this time Nemesis overtook him, and he lost his life for his crimes. The Czar, in gratitude for Kutais having been crushed, gave him one of the highest military appointments. His executioners have escaped. In June there were 110 death sentences by ordinary courts-martial, in spite of which the Ministry is reviving the field courts-martial condemned by the late Duma. Nearly fifty newspapers were suspended during the same month, and the censorship is to be restored. The Government has refused to allow the Constitutional Democratic Party—the mild Liberals of Russia—to hold their proposed congress at St. Petersburg, but it will take place in August at Helsingfors instead. Finland still enjoys national rights to a certain extent, and the congress cannot be suppressed there—but what a storm will burst over the Grand Duchy once Nicholas feels his arm stronger! How revolt has permeated every circle is shown by the fact that the following resolution has just been passed at a congress of teachers in the popular schools in respect to the new Duma: "This congress decides to boycott the elections, and to spread this boycott by all means among the masses, in order to open the eyes of the nation to the treacherous and criminal acts of the Government against the people." Since the dissolution of the Duma over a thousand political prisoners have been sent into exile, and the prisons and fortresses still remain full. Poland lies as usual under the harrow, and such is its Governor-General's dread of bombs that he has forbidden women to carry muffs!

The Canadian Doukhobors have apparently lost the reservation granted them by the Dominion, and seem again to be disintegrating. The land was given them on condition that it should be cleared and cultivated. This has been done in the vicinity of each village, and the colony, numbering nearly a thousand persons, had won its way to peace and prosperity under the able management of its leader—Peter Veregin. No precise details are to hand, but evidently the colonists failed to keep their contract as regards clearing the main portion of their reserve—upon which the Government stepped in and threw the lands open to the general public. There was a wild rush for holdings and nothing remains to the Doukhobors but their villages and the land on which they stand. It would seem that under new conditions the

taste for agriculture has left the community; nearly all the men are contracted out by their leader on railway works at remunerative wages, and as a perfect system of Communism reigns, all goods and money being held in common, the colony soon waxed prosperous. Whether it will remain so now that strangers have invaded their domain and keen competition is possible, is uncertain. Already many of the younger men are drifting into the towns with a view to independent life and labour, while there are rumours of a band of women having started on a proselytising expedition, without food or money, and clad in little but their faith.

THE WAR AGAINST TYRANNY.

Civil war? What does this mean? Is there any foreign war? Is not every war between men war between brothers? War is modified only by its aim. There is neither foreign war nor civil war; there is only unjust war and just war. Until the day when the great human concordat shall be concluded, war—that at least which is the struggle of the hurrying future against the lingering past—may be necessary. What reproach can be brought against such war? War becomes shame, the word becomes a dagger only when it assassinates right, progress, reason, civilization, truth. Then, civil war or foreign war, it is iniquitous; its name is crime. Outside of that holy thing, justice, by what right does one form of war despise another? By what right does the sword of Washington disown the pike of Camille Desmoulins? Leonidas against the foreigner, Timoleon against the tyrant, which is the greater? One is the defender, the other is the liberator. Shall we brand, without troubling ourselves with the object, every resort to arms in the interior of a city?

Then mark with infamy Brutus, Marcel, Arnold of Blankenheim, Coligny. War of the thickets? War of the streets? Why not? It was the war of Ambiorix, of Artaveld, of Maruix, of Pelagius. But Ambiorix fought against Rome, Artaveld against France, Maruix against Spain, Pelagius against the Moors; all against the foreigner. Well, monarchy is the foreigner, oppression is the foreigner, divine right is the foreigner. Despotism violates the moral frontier as invasion violates the geographical frontier. To drive out the tyrant or to drive out the English is, in either case, to retake your territory. There come an hour when protest no longer suffices; after philosophy there must be action; the strong hand finishes what the idea has planned; *Prometheus Bound* begins, *Aristogeiton* completes; the *Encyclopédie* enlightens souls, the 10th of August electrifies them. After Æschylus, Thrasybulus; after Diderot, Danton. The multitudes have a tendency to accept a master. Their mass deposits apathy. A mob easily totalises itself into obedience. Men must be aroused, pushed, shocked by the very benefits of their deliverance, their eyes wounded with the truth, light thrown them in terrible handfuls. They should be blinded a little for their own safety; this dazzling wakens them. Hence the necessities for toesins and for wars. Great warriors must arise, illuminate the nations by boldness, and shake free this sad humanity, which is covered with shadow by divine right.

Cæsarean glory, force, fanaticism, irresponsible power and absolute dominion, a mob stupidly occupied, with gazing in their twilight splendor, at these gloomy triumphs of the night. Down with the tyrant! But what? of who do you speak? do you call Louis Philippe the tyrant? No; no more than Louis XVI. They are both what history is accustomed to call good kings; but principles cannot be parceled out; the logic of the true is rectilinear; the peculiarity of truth is to be without complaisance; no compromise, then; all encroachment upon man must be repressed; there is divine right in Louis XVI., there is *parce que Bourbon* in Louis Philippe; both represent in a certain degree the confiscation of the right; and to wipe out the universal usurpation it is necessary to fight them; it is necessary, France always taking the initiative. When the master falls in France he falls everywhere. In short, to re-establish social truth, to give back to liberty her throne, to give back the people to the people, to give back sovereignty to man, to replace the purple upon the head of France, to restore in their fullness reason and equity, to suppress every germ of antagonism by restoring every man to himself, to abolish the obstacle which royalty opposes to the immense universal concord, to replace the human race on a level with right, what cause just, and, consequently, what war more grand? These wars construct peace. An enormous fortress of prejudices, of privileges, of superstitions, of lies, of exactions, of abuses, of violence, of iniquity, of darkness, is still standing upon the world with its towers of hatred. It must be thrown down. This monstrous pile must be made to fall. To conquer at Austerlitz is grand; to take the Bastille is immense.—VICTOR HUGO.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

(From "*The Conventional Lies of Our Civilisation*," by Max Nordau.)

We have now seen that we are surrounded on all sides by lies and hypocrisy; that we take part in a deeply immoral comedy when we enter the church, the royal palace, and the halls of Parliament, or when we procure a marriage license; that our reason and knowledge, our sense of truth and justice, revolt against all the existing political and economic institutions, against all the forms of the present systems of society and the relations between man and woman; we have long been wandering in a dismal darkness amid gloomy ruins and absurd theatre properties—it is time that we were at last strengthened and encouraged by the distant prospect of light and a habitable, inviting shelter.

The conflict between the new conceptions of the universe and the old institutions rages in the heart and mind of every civilised human being, and every one longs most sincerely for liberation from this internal tumult. It is almost universally believed that there are only two ways of finding again our lost peace of mind, and that mankind has the alternative of adopting either one of them. One is a decisive retrograde movement, the other is a decisive forward movement. We must either give back the substance to those forms which have lost their substance, or we must tear down the forms completely and clear the rubbish away. The people must be taught to believe again; they must be enticed or driven back into the church; the power of the king must be strengthened; the position of the priest must be elevated; the memories of revolutions must be wiped out of the minds of the people; the books of free thought must be burned, and while we are about it, a few of the Free-thinkers had better be burned also; the professors' chairs must be destroyed and pulpits erected in their place; we must all pray, fast, sing psalms, and obey our superiors; we must find our pleasures in church festivals and our recreation in reading the lives of the saints; we must seek our edification in miracles; the rich will give the poor sufficient alms, and if the poor man is not completely satisfied, he must wait until he gets to Heaven, where he will have roast meat and wine every day—in this way happiness will again prevail upon earth. He who is somebody and has something can enjoy what he has in peace, he who is nobody and has nothing can have a hope of a better life hereafter, and the discontented are at liberty to emigrate to an uninhabited island, provided that they can find such an one in any ocean. This is one way. The other is to sweep out the whole rubbish of mediæval institutions; to treat the priests, parsons and rabbis like medicine men, if we consider them such inwardly; to bow the kings out of their palaces, if we look upon them as puppets or usurpers; to abolish all laws which cannot stand the criticism of natural science, and to have reason and logic govern all the relations between man and man. These are the two methods, and the adherents of the former oppose those of the latter, and their desperate struggles form the sole import of the political and intellectual life of our age.

Now then, the point at issue between the two parties, each one of whom claims that it can restore to man his lost peace of mind, is a mistake. There are not two ways, there is only one. Retrogression is impossible; standing still is also impossible. We can only go forward, and the quicker we go, the sooner can we reach the goal where we can rest. It may indeed be possible that the arrangements of the past would promote the happiness of man; it might even be imaginable that the world would be better off subjectively if it could be placed again on the intellectual plane of the Middle Ages or of the ancient world; but what good will this concession do the Reactionists, as their system is utterly beyond all capability of realisation? It is not within the limits of human power to prevail upon the human intellect to relinquish acquired truths. This is a matter of natural development and organic growth. The child in its innocence and lack of responsibility is indeed much happier than the adult; it is more beautiful, blithesome and gay; the man, the grandfather, may yearn for the pleasures of childhood, but if they are once past, they are past for ever, and no effort of the will can recall them. We can strike a man dead, but it is beyond our power to make him again the pretty, merry, happy child of his earliest years. In the same way it is impossible to make the men of to-day the men of one or two thousand years ago. All our knowledge, all our enlightenment, has come to humanity in the course of its natural development and as the results of its internal vital energies. To attempt to oppose the operation of these elementary forces is as objectless a task as to attempt to prevent the earth from revolving on its axis. It is not so arranged that the truths of science are discovered by chance, and that they might not have been discovered if chance had not been propitious; they are the accompanying phenomena of growth; they are discovered as the civilisation of mankind attains to a certain stage of development. Their discovery and generalisation can perhaps be delayed, they can perhaps be hastened, although the latter is far more improbable than the former—but they can never be prevented completely. This is so plain that it is hard to understand how one can come to a position in which its demonstration or even its reiteration becomes necessary. . . .

What renders the present so intolerable is, as we have seen, the internal conflict which tortures every human mind of the civilised world; it is the opposition between our thoughts and our actions, between our convictions and our outward life; it is the incessant mockery of all substance by all form, the perpetual denial of all form

by all substance. The necessity of carrying on two existences, an outward, visible one, and an inward one, which are at eternal variance, caricaturing and denying each other, leads to an expenditure of moral energy which is in excess of man's supply, and is followed by the pains of exhaustion. The lack of truth in our life makes us moral beggars. As we can give no reasonable answer to the voice within us which asks "Why?" at everything we do, owing to the nature of our thinking apparatus, we become restless and wretched, all the more so because it is impossible to impose silence upon this internal voice. The noisy dissension constantly going on between our convictions and our hypocrisy in action accompanies us everywhere, and robs us of rest and peace. This is our situation. . . .

That which mankind needs first of all is to make it possible for it to live according to its convictions. The old forms must go; they must make way for new ones which will satisfy the reason; the individual must be cured of his internal malady, he must become true and sincere again. Man even then will not have attained to the complete happiness of the Nirvanah, the rest without effort, the content without desire; for he is debarred from this absolute happiness by his organic life. Organic life is synonymous with development. But this is the impulse to attain to a standard which the organism has not yet reached. Development is thus a striving towards that which is not yet attained—consequently a dissatisfaction with what is already attained, but dissatisfaction is incompatible with a sensation of absolute happiness. The single individual experiences this satisfaction the more keenly as he is a fragment of a great whole, the race, and as in his own development he is working less for himself than for this whole. The results of his efforts towards perfection do not benefit him, but his descendants; every generation toils for the next, every fragmentary, individual organism for the race; the individual can therefore never attain to a sensation of completion, of perfection, of having realised his own ideal and of feeling recompensed for his efforts. This sensation, if such a thing can be imagined at all, can only be experienced by the race, which is a whole, but never by the individual, the incomplete fragment. . . .

Thus much can be obtained. All that is needed is to see that no artificial hindrances are in the way of this onward impulse of civilised peoples, and that their development is not made more tedious and painful by the preservation and defence of the restricting and impeding institutions which they have long since outgrown. They can not be protected from destruction; they will be demolished sooner or later, and it would surely be a blessing to have the things predetermined to demolition removed at once, and thus shorten as much as possible the uncomfortable period of tearing down, during which time we will be surrounded by formless ruins, forced to wade through mud and dust, stumbling over blocks and threatened by falling beams. Besides, we are now in the very midst of this period of demolition, and suffering all its inconveniences. Perhaps one more, perhaps several generations, will be condemned to this dreary sojourn amid these ruins with no effectual shelter over their heads. But that which will succeed will be surely comfort and convenience. We are doomed; the magnificent halls of the new palace for which we are preparing the ground will not be ready for occupancy in our day; but the coming generations will enter and dwell in them, proud, peaceful and happy as none of their predecessors on earth have ever been.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

"A long informal talk on th' reintroduction iv scalpin' followed. At last th' dillygate fr'm Chiny arose an' says he: 'I'd like to know what war is. What is war annyhow?' 'The Lord knows, we don't,' says th' chairman. 'We're all pro-fissors iv colledges or lawyers whin we're home,' he says. 'Is it war to shoot my aunt?' says th' dilligate from Chiny. Cries iv 'No, no.' 'Is it war to hook me father's best hat that he left behind whin he bashfully hurrid away to escape th' attintions iv Europeen sojery?' he says. 'Is robbery war?' says he. 'Robbery is a nicissary part iv war,' says th' English dillygate. 'F'r th' purpose iv enfoorc'in' a moral example,' he says. 'Well,' says old Wow Chow, 'I'd like to be able to go back home an' tell thim what war really is. A few years back ye sint a lot iv young men over to our part iv th' wurruld, an' without sayin' with ye'er leave or by ye'er leave they shot us an' they hung us up be our psyche knots an' they burned down our little bamboo houses. Thin they wint up to Pekin, set fire to th' town an' stole ivry-thing in sight. I just got out iv th' back dure in time to escape a jab in th' spine fr'm a German that I never see before. If it hadn't been that whin I was a boy I won th' hundred yards at th' University iv Slambang in two hours an' forty minyits, an' if it hadn't happened that I was lightly dhressed in a summer overskirt an' a thin blouse, an' if th' German hadn't stopped to steal me garters, I wudden't be here at this moment,' says he. 'Was that war, or wasn't it?' he says. 'It was an expedition,' says th' dillygate fr'm England, 'to serve th' high moral jooties iv Christyan civvyllization.' 'Thin,' says th' dillygate fr'm Chiny, putt'in' on his hat, 'I'm f'r war,' he says. 'It aint so rough,' he says. An' he wint home.

"But is the navy goin' to the Passyfic?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"If ye took a vote in th' navy on it ye bet it wud," said Mr. Dooley. "That's th' throuble about these here movements f'r peace. We use th' wrong kind iv people to stop war. Instead iv usin' pro-fissors and lawyers we ought to use sojers. A peace movement that cud get th' support iv th' United States navy wud be worth while. Let ivry man do what he can in his own way. Let him attend to th' thing he knows most about. Let th' sojers stop war, an' th' pro-fissors stop talkin'."

I.U.D.A. Meetings.

Monday, August 19—Church Hill, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, 8.30.

Tuesday, August 20—Packington Street, Essex Road, N., 8.30.

Thursday, August 22—Hammersmith Bridge, 8.30.

Friday, August 23—Workers' Friend Club, Jubilee Street, Mile End, 8.30, International Meeting of Direct Actionists; speeches in English, Polish, German, and French.

MONTHLY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(July 1—August 10.)

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Printed and published by J. TURNER, 127 Ossulston Street, London, N.W.