Anarchism in Literature.

In the long sweep of seventeen hundred years which witnessed the engulfment of a moribund and dilapidated, together with its borrowed Greek ideals, under the red tide of a passionate barbarism that leaped to embrace the idea of Triumph over Death; and spot upon the Grecian Joys of Life with the superindubt of the Norese Savage, there was, for Europe and America, but one great animating Word in Art and Literature—Christianity. It boots not here to inquire how close or how remote the Christian ideal as it developed was in comparison with the teachings of the Nazarene. Disgusted, blackened, almost effaced, it was yet some faint echo from the hillsides of Olivet, some indistinct vision of the Cross, some dull perception of the white glory of remissiveness, that shaped the dreams of the evolving barbarism, and moulded all his work, whether in stone or clay, upon canvas or parchment. Wherever we turn we find a general faintness of case, an insomnic callidity of orders built upon orders, an unquestioning submission of the individual, ruling every effort of genius. Ascetic shadow upon all; nowhere does a sense of self-expression creep, save as to water, thin and perturbed. The theoretic pessimism which appealed to the

fighting man as a proper extension of his own superstition—perhaps hardly that, for Heaven was but a change of name for Valhalla, all heavily upon the man of dreams; whose creations must come forth, Hilde, after the uniform model, who must bless and ban not as he saw before his eyes but as the one eternal purpose demanded.

At least, the barbarian is civilized; he has accomplished his own refinement, and he own rottenness. Still he preaches (and practices) contempt of death—when others do the dying! Still he preaches submission to the will of God—but that others may submit to him! Still he proclaims the Cross—but that others may bear it. Where Rome was in the glat of her variety and her blood-thirstiness—here is found in cloth of gold suppurating with crimes so beautiful as to be jove and feet robbing upon slipping slime—there stand the Empires and Republics of those whose forefathers saw Rome.

And now for these three hundred years the Men of Dreams have been watching the Christian Ideal go bankrupt. One by one as they have dried and and each according to his mood, they have spoken their minds; some have reasoned, and some have laughed, and some have appealed, logician, satirist, and exhorter, all feeling in their several ways that humanity stood in need of a new moral ideal. Conscious or unconsciously, within the pale of the Church or without, this has been the spirit moving upon the face of the waters” within them, and at last the creation is come forth; the dream that is to touch the heart-strings of the World anew, and make it sing a stronger song than any it has sung of old. Mark you, it must be stronger, wider, deeper, or it cannot be at all. It must sing all that has been sung, and something more. Its mission is not to deny the past but to refurnish it and explain it, all of it; and today to, and tomorrow too.

And this Ideal, the only one that has power to stir the moral pulses of the world, the only Word that can quicken “Dead Souls”-who wait this moral resurrection; the only Word which can animate the dreamer, poet, sculptor, painter, musician, artist of chisel or pen, with power to fashion forth his dream, is ANARCHISM. For Anarchism means fullness of being. It means the return of Greek radiance of life, Greek love of beauty, without Greek indifference to the common man; it means Christian earnestness and Christian Communism without Christian fanaticism and Christian gloom and tyranny. It means this because it means perfect freedom, material and spiritual freedom.

The light of Greek idealism failed because with all its love of life and the diversity of beauty, and all the glory of its free intellectual, it never conceived of material freedom; to it the Helot was as eternal as the Gods. Therefore the Gods passed away, and their eternity was an eternal error. The Christian Ideal has failed because with all its sublime Communism, its doctrine of universal equality, it was bound up with a spirit which was seeking to mould into one pattern the thought and work of all for which man should be ; and it was a spirit of idolatry, which was using man to worship God.

Anarchism will succeed because its message of freedom comes down the rising wind of social revolt first of all to the common man, the material slave, and bids him know that he, too, should have an independent will, and the free exercise thereof; that no philosophy, and no achievement, and no civilization is worth considering or achieving, if it does not mean that he shall be free to labor as he pleases, the blame is his, and he should share all that free man choose to produce; that he, the drudge of all the ages, is the corner-stone of the building without whose sure and safe position no structure can stand. Likewise it comes to him who sits in fear of himself, and says: “Fear no more, neither what is without or within.” Search freely and freely your Self; hearken to all the voices that rise from that abyss from which you are commanded to shrink. Learn for yourself what these things are. Be like what they have told you is good, is bad; and this shall mould of goodness, and the denial of all destruction. Value for yourself the merits of selfishness and unselfishness; and strike you the balance between these two; for if the first be all credited you make the error of others, and if the second your own abasement tyrants over your; and none can decide the matter for you as well as you for yourself, for even if you err you learn by it, while if you finance in the blinding due to his, if he advises you will be to the good; if you are anything Be yourself; and by self-expression learn self-restraint. The wisdom of the ages lies in the reassertion of all past positivism, and the denial of all negation, that is, all that has been claimed by the individual for himself is good, but every day of the freedom of another is bad; whereby it will be
seen that many things supposed to be claimed for oneself involve the freedom of others and must be surrendered because they do not come within the sovereign limit, while many things supposed to be evil, since they in no way infringe upon the liberty of others are wholly good, bringing to dyed bodies and narrow souls the vigor and full growth of healthy exercise, and giving a rich glow to life that had else pulsed out like a lamp in a garret.

To the "sybarite" it says, Learn to do your own share of hard work; you will gain by it; to the "Man with the Hoe," Think for yourself and boldly take your time for it.

Thus, one of Lord Macaulay's maxims that "the brain of one man is evil. Away with it.

This is the ethical gospel of Anarchism to which thirty-three hundred years of intellectual thinkers have been leading. He who will trace the course of literature for three hundred years will find innumerable bits of drift here and there, indicative of the moral and intellectual revolt. Protocols in themselves, in asserting the supremacy of the individual conscience, fired the long train of thought which inevitably leads to the explosion of all forms of authority. The great political writers of the eighteenth century were in asserting the right of self-government, carried the line of advance one step further.

America had her Jefferson declaring:

"Societies exist under three forms: 1. Without government as among the Indians. 2. Under governments wherein an every man has a just influence. 3. Under governments of force. It is a problem not clear in my mind that the first condition is not the best."

The old, of England and France, and the new, of America and Russia, I will therefore very meekly add:

"Governments are, at best, a necessary evil."

And England had also Godwin, who, the student of Locke in manner and consequently less effective during the troubous period in which he lived, was nevertheless more deeply radical than either, presupposing that application of the political ideal to economic conditions was incomplete;

"My neighbor," he says, "has just as much right to put an end to my existence with dagger or poison as to deny me that pecuniary assistance without which I must starve."

Nor did he stop there: he carried the logic of individual sovereignty into the chiefest of social institutions, and declared that the sex relation was a matter concerning the individual alone, and it only. Thus he says:

"The institution of marriage is a system of fraud. . . . Marriage is law and the worst of all laws. . . . Marriage is an affair of property, not of all properties. . . . So long as two human beings are forbidden by positive institution to follow the dictates of their own mind prejudice is alive and vigorous. . . . The abolition of marriage will be the actual introduction of all properties. We are apt to consider it to ourselves as the harbinger of brutal lust and depravity; but it really happens in this, as in other cases, that the positive laws which are made to restrain our vices, irritate and multiply them."

The grave and judicial style of "Political Justice" preserved its attenuating the great popularity of "The Rights of Man," but the indirect influence of its author bloomed in the rich profession of Shelleyan fancy, and in all that coterie of young litterateurs who gathered about Godwin as their revered teacher.

Nor was the principle of no-government without its vindication from one who moved actively in official centers, and whose name has been alternately quoted by conservatives and radicals, now with vexation, now with exultation. "On Government!" Edmund Burke, the great political weathercock, aligned himself with the germinating movement towards Anarchism when he exclaimed: "They talk of the abuse of government; the thing, the thing itself is the abuse!"" This apothecary utterance will go down in history on its own merits, as the sayings of great men often do, stripped of its author's context. Men have already forgotten to inquire how and why he said it; the words stand, and will continue a living message, long after the thousands of sheets of rhetoric which won him the epithet of "the prating of the House" have been relegated to the dust of museums.

In later days an essayist whose brilliance of style and capacity for getting on all sides of a question, such as John Milton, Burke, in some manner as his spiritual offspring, has furnished the Anarchists with one of their most frequent quotations. In his essay on "John Milton," Macaulay declares, "The only care for the tendency of acquired liberty is—more liberty." That he nevertheless possessed a strong vein of conservatism, sat in parliament, and took part in legal measures, simply proves that he had his tether and could not go the length of his own logic; that is no reason others should not. The Anarchists accept this fundamental declaration and proceed to its consequences.

But the actual thought was making way, not only in England, where, indeed, constitutional and anti-socialism, that stirred beyond its wont by the events of the close of the last century, acted frigidly upon it, but thronged Europe. In Russia, as in France, the cry of the "Athenians," a community of persons agreeing to practice complete individual freedom among themselves.

Rousseau, however erroneous his basis for his "Social Contract," was to be touched with his belief that humanity was innately good, and capable of so manifesting itself in the absence of restrictions. Furthermore his "Confessions" appears the most famous instance of the ingenuity now shaping itself in literature—that of the free expression of a whole man—not in his stage-character only, but in his dressing-room, not in his decent, scrubbed and polished moral clothes alone, but in his very presence, his meanness and his folly, too, these being indisputable factors in his moral life, and no solution but a false one to be obtained by hiding them and playing they are not there. This truth, acknowledged in America, in our own times, by two powerful writers of very different cast, is being approached by all the manifold paths of the soul's travel. "I have in me the capacities of the transvestite and the transsexualist. And Whitman, that prophet of blackness and sinew, and the gospel of the holiness of the body, makes himself one with drunken revelers and the creatures of debauchery as well as with the anchorite and the Christ-soul, that falseness of being may be declared. In the beginning of these dedications we shall find the "Frees.

It is not the Social Contract alone that is open to the criticism of having reasoned from false premises; all the early political writers, we have numerous instances taken, suffering from a like insufficiency of facts. Partly this was the result of the habit of thought fostered by the Church for seventeen hundred years—which habit was to accept by faith a sweeping generalisation and fit all future discoveries of fact into it; but partly also it is in the nature of all idealism to offer itself, however vaguely in the specious fragment of his grandiose project, to correct and sharpen the detail. Probably initial steps will always be taken with blunders, while those who are not imaginative enough to perceive the half-shapen figure will nevertheless accept it later and set it upon a firm foundation.

This has been the task of the modern historian, who, no less than the political writer, consciously or unconsciously, is served by the stylistic ideal of his predecessor towards it. It is understood that when we speak of history we do not allude to the unsearchable trash contained in public school text-books (which in general resemble a cellar jumble of choice slips of old newspapers, bad drawings, and silly tales), and are a striking instance of the corrupting influence of stage-management of education, by which the mediocre, say the absolutely empty, is made acceptable, but having been undertaken with the purpose of discovering the real course of the development of human society. Among such efforts, the broken but still uncollected fragments of his grandiose project, is Buckle's "History of Civilization," as a work in which the author breaks away utterly from the old method of history writing, viz., that of recording court intrigues, the doings of individuals in power, as a matter of personal interest, the processes of military pageant, to inquire into the real lives and conditions of the people, to trace their great upheavals, and in what consisted their progress. Gervinus in his "History of the Last fifty years," a history of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" age, only recent years, drew upon himself a prosecution for treason, took a like method, and declared that progress consists in a steady decline of centralised power and the development of local autonomy and the free federation.

Supplementing the work of the historian proper, there has arisen a new class of literature, itself the creation of the spirit of free inquiry, since, up till that had asserted itself, such writings were impossible; it embraces a wide range of studies into the conditions and psychology of prehistoric Man, of which Sir John Lubbock's works will serve as the type. From these, dack as the subject yet is, we are learning the true sources of all authority, and the agencies which are rendering it obsolete; moreover the nervous cycle of development reveals itself; namely, that starting from the point of no authority unconsciously accepted, Man, in the several manifestations of his stupendous project, evolves this stage of belief in many authorities to one authority, and finally to no authority again, but this time conscious and reasoned.
FREE SOCIETY.

Crowning the work of historian and prehistorian, comes the labor of the sociologist. Herbert Spencer, with infinite patience for detail and marvelous power of classification and generalization, takes up the facts of the others, and deduces from them the giant Law. He believes that man has the freedom to do whatsoever he wills, provided that in the doing thereof he infringes not the equal freedom of every other man. This belief is a logical, scientific, and bold statement of the great fundamental freedoms which Anarchists demand.

From the rather taxing study of authors like these, it is a relief to turn to those intermediate writers who dwell between them and the pure idealists, whose writings are occupied with the facts of life as related to the affections and aspirations of humanity, among whom, "representative men" are immediately selected Emerson, Thoreau, Edward Carpenter. Now, indeed, we cease to reason upon the past evolution of liberty, and begin to reach out ahead for what it shall mean. None who are familiar with the thought of Emerson can fail to recognize that it is spiritual Anarchism; from the serene heights of self-possession, the Ego looks down on the impossibilities, mocking them with laughter. And he who has dwelt in dream by Walden, charmed by that pure life he has not himself led but wished for, that, though he might lead, has felt that of the aspirations which pleases with man to renounce the worthless luxuries which enslave them and those who work for them, that the buried soul which is doomed to remain mummied through the rush and jungle of the physical world, may answer the will of the Resurrection, there, in the silence, the solitude, the simplicity of the free life.

A similar note is sounded in Carpenter's "Civilization. Its Cause and Cure," a work which is likely to make the "Civilians" see themselves in a very different light than that in which they usually behold themselves. And again the same vibrations spread out through the book. "The City and the Night," the masterpiece of an obscure genius who was at once essayist and poet and too high and rare a quality to catch the ear strained by strident commonplace, but loved by all who seek the violet of the soul, one Thomson, known to literature as "B.V." Similarly obscure, and similarly sympathetic is the "English Poet," by Richard Heath, a collection of essays so redolent of absorbing love, so overflowing with understanding for characters utterly contradictory, painted so tenderly and yet so strongly, that none can read them without realizing that here is a man, who, however he believes, he believes, in reality desires freedom of expression for the whole human spirit, which implies for every second unit of it.

Something of the Emersonian striving after conventionalism one finds in a remarkable book, which is too good to have obtained a popular hearing, entitled "The Story of My Heart." No more damaging utterance were ever given than this: "I pray to find the Highest Soul,—greater than deity, better than God." In the concluding pages of the tenth chapter of this wonderful little book occur the following lines:

"Is there, any one, nothing higher? Nothing, God save us, that transcends Laws of cotton texture were by vulgar men for vulgar ends! Law is holy: but not your law, ye who keep the tables whole. While you dash the Law in pieces, shatter it in life and soul."

"One faith against a whole world's unbelief, One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

Nor do the master dramatists lag behind the lyric writers; they, too, feel the intense pressure within which is, quaking the heart, word of a man of far other stamp, "germane." Then's drama, intensely real, common, accepting none of the received rules as his own. But having to do with serious questions of the lives of the plain people, holds ever before us the supreme duty of truth to one's inner being in defiance of Custom and Law; it is so in Nora, who renounces all of her family duties to "find herself"; it is so in Dr. Stockman, who maintains the rectitude of his own soul against the authorities and against the mob; it should have been so in Mrs. Alving, who learns too late that her own Custom has brought a foreboding life into the world besides wrecking her own; the Master Builder, John Gabriel Berkman, all his characters are created to vindicate the individual spirit within which is, quaking the heart, those that are miserable and in evil conditions are to be because they have not lived true to themselves but in obedience to some social hypocrisy. Gerhard Hauptmann like Ibsen is, however, one of the few in the realm of the drama to which the drama of the bad woman, as a distinct figure in social creation, with a right to be herself. Have we not the "Second Mrs. Taintner," who comes to grief thru an endowment to conform to a moral standard that does not fit? And have we not Zara, who is worth a thousand of her respectable lover and his respectable wife? And does not all the audience go home in love with her? Ibsen has been called the "liberal" for literary justifications of her preference.

And these are not hard to find, for it is in the novel particularly, the novel which is the special creation of the last century, that the novel ideal becomes. In a recent essay in reply to Walter Besant, Henry James pleads most Anarchistically for this freedom in the novel. All such pleas were made at home as justifications, for as to the freedom it is already won, and all the formalists from Besant to the end of days will never ripen the literatures into chains again. But the essay is well worth reading as a specimen of right reasoning on art.
FREE SOCIETY
Formerly The Freedman.
Published Weekly by A. ISRAEL.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all communications and make all money orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago.

Entered at the Chicago Post-office as second-class matter, October 29, 1901.

The publishers ask that they are necessarily in agreement with any opinions expressed by the contributors.

Anarchy—A social theory which regards the union of individuals under the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty. —Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1902.

365

If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

Notes.

Comrade Mary Hansen of Philadelphia, to whom some have attributed the authorship of "A Catechism of Anarchy," requests us to state that it is in a Communist production, belonging to the Anarchists of the Social Science Club. She wrote the original draft of it, and was then gone over by members of the club, and discussed, and revised and altered. The name of the club was not inserted on the leaflet for the reason that all the members of the club are not Anarchists.

Privacy of the Mails.

The mail is carried by the postoffice is supposed to be absolutely private and invariable. As an instance of how the government follows its own laws, we received a letter from Comrade A. Klemens of Manilla (published in this issue), which was opened. The Manila date of the postoffice is February 15, 12:30 a.m., that of Chicago March 22, 11 a.m. (indistinct). The front of the envelope bears the stamp, "Received at Sta. C, Chicago, Ill. [unread];" on the back the postoffice department official seal, "Post Office Department, Officially Sealed, United States of America." There is an unmistakable trace of the fact that the letter had been properly sealed, but was carelessly opened afterward. Who is responsible?

The Home Case.

The last issue of Discontent reports a complete victory for the comrades there. The case was postponed from March 4 to the 11th. The grand jury reindicted them, as the first indictments were found defective. The name of Cuss, L. Grinn, was left out on this. When the trial had proceeded half a day, the judge declared that he had read the indicted articles in Discontent, and that they were not obscene. The judge was in a temper to acquit, and the case was practically thrown out of court. The judgment being the position of the defense in his decision.

The grand jury has also indicted Lois Waisbrooker and Mattie Pennington, on the same charges that the trial was set for the July term. Inacquiring to popular prejudice and newspaper howling the grand jury went so far as to recommend the abolition of the postoffice at Home, which they sent to the postmaster general.

We congratulate the comrades on their splendid victory for the press and free mail.

Phantoms.

Very little has been heard about Senator Hoar's "Anarchy Bill" now. The terror and fright which the idea was to strike into the hearts of the Anarchists did not materialize. Perhaps our willingness made Papa Hoar suspect there was a joke in it. At any rate he seems to have backed down.

Recently it was announced that the writing on the original Declaration of Independence had entirely faded, so that it was a mere blank parchment. Now the light of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor has been extinguished. This is entirely appropriate. There is no use in continuing the empty forms of what has disappeared in spirit.

The Senate has passed a measure which is called the "Anarchist bill," that the way it can affect the Anarchist in America is hard to see. The bill provides that those who advise the killing of the president, shall be guilty, etc., and receive various dire penalties. Harmless individuals who occasionally lose their temper and say things can be the only sufferers under this law. The slayers of rulers do not go on the house tops to advertise their intentions.

Senator Hawley of Connecticut, in the debate on the "Anarchist bill," stated that he had such an utter abhorrence of Anarchy that he would give $1,000 for a good shot at an Anarchist. The honorand gentleman does not seem to be aware that probably on the every Monster Slayer has reasoned on the same line. But, having more courage, and being less mercenary, he is willing to give his life for a shot at the incarceration of a system which has caused his abhorrence.

Others.

Some Freethinkers are still agitated over the fact that Roosevelt has styled Thomas Paine "a filthy little Atheist," and promises to spend energy in an effort to get Roosevelt to retract. Thomas Paine's place among the liberators of mankind is secure. No such intellectual pinions and foes of liberty as Roosevelt can extract from the lustre of his name. Indeed, it is an honor for Thomas Paine to be abused by such as the present incumbent of the presidential chair. "Wee unto you when all men speak well of you."

The constituted authorities anticipate imperial legislation, and carry out proposed laws before the people are pressed. All too leniency has not yet been a made a legal offense in America, it is nevertheless punished. A drunken soldier in Portland, Ore., uttered some uncomplimentary remarks about McKinley and made this charge against Roosevelt. He was forthwith court-martialed, branded as an Anarchist, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. That he was probably insane, as reported, cuts no figure to the authorities.

John Peter Altgeld.

John Peter Altgeld is dead. Plutocracy and privilege draws an easier breath, while over his grave Hypocrisy sheds its tears, as it always does—its way of catching gudgeons.

Born in a distant land of plebeian parentage, he came to the new world at the tender age of eight; went to a country school and worked to help his farm until he was sixties; when he was a Union soldier in the rebellion, after which he became a lawyer and studied law; then became a praetor, attorney, and finally drifted to Chicago, where he embarked in land speculation; made a million dollars; turned his attention to politics, was elected a judge on a combination Labor and Democratic ticket; made a reputation for legal scholarship and friendship towards the toiler; was nominated and elected as the Democratic party of Illinois in 1899; and from that time to the night that nature cancelled his earthly existence he filled the public eye.

His first notable official act as chief executive of the State was the re-enactment of the Anarchists—Frieden, Neche, and Schwab, and his vindication of their murdered comrades—Farrens, Spies, Engels, Fischer, and Linnig. He then threw open the doors of jail; and set the convicts free, pluckitude and eloquence the man and his motives. He could not have expected anything else from them. Had he not rounded up the bloodhounds of commerce and placed them in the public pillory, burned them together with merchant princes, the captains of industry, the judges, the prosecuting attorneys, the police, the people, the editors, the professors, the other respectable wino, go to make up that reptilian combination known as officialdom—and wrote across their brows in indelible letters mar-a-dere? For more than eight years they have vainly tried to make the bloody stain which he was only made more plain. It was their power under prevailing conditions to retire him from public office, and they did it. It was in their power to break him financially, and they did it. He lost his office and his bank account, but he retained his character. The minister fell, but the sullen's chain could not bring his proud soul under.

Space will not permit a reference to his other official acts. He died under circumstances that are bound to keep his name fresh and green in the hearts of liberty lovers for many years to come; but the one act which gave his way to immortality was his pardon of the Anarchists. T. W. QUIN.

To Poverty.

Poverty! Miserable curse of a pleasant earth; what horrors are conjured at your name! Shemal shadow, falling like a pall over the bright glow civilization would bestow upon him, and send forth, you darken every dream of beauty and purity that mantles darkes to dawn upon. You drive him to despair, you hound him to the prison door, you call forth the evil within yourself
encroachments, and you crush to earth his aspirations, his genius. Needless, hideous phantom that you are—thing created, not of nature but of men—what mystical words will banish you forever? Has the whole race lost the key to your existence? If there is no “Presto, change!” in the vocabulary of suffering humanity that will change you into something less like the fantasma of black art? You! You excuse for being! You! You push your ugly shadow around under the eaves of palaces, beneath the richest storehouses and thru the grandest, wealthiest streets, with the audacity of Satan! You go and brood like a great bird of prey over the green, fertile fields of the farmer! You sit like a great grim specter on the hearth of the man who digs more wealth than a hundred like him can use! You are the hated but familiar acquaintance of desolate, tired, work-worn women; and you make little fends, and idiots and automatons of the children to be so frightened and laughing all day long and making a jaded sunshine. You are the most brazen-faced curse the world knows: you act as tho we wanted you and there was no such thing as proceeding without you.

You have no business here! Nature planned her arrangements with the express purpose of keeping you out of her domains. Man is strong enough to crush your wicked shadow—only if he will but grasp you.

But you see that he does not do this. You are the evil genius called up by many methods and in so many different shapes that neither you, nor your conjurors can be seized or changed. No individual will not assume a definite form, nor tell within his master summoned you; and thus you elude while you haunt and torture as well. Where you cannot creep, you send a dim, terrible resemblance in the specter that can go where it will—in the palace, in the quiet home, in the counting rooms where gold is heaped; that can drive men to deeds even more frightful than murder which can crush love, affection, beauty and truth from the soul of man.

It is the FEAR of you!*

We spend much time in studying you, you monster! We puzzle over the problem of you, you* from heaven, and how you came, and how we can annihilate you as we never puzzled over our schoolboy problems. We devote a great deal of thought and learning to you; we analyze, pick you to pieces, turn you over and over; and some of us, seeing how inevitable you are, try to make out you are not so hideous after all, probably a blessing in disguise—always for somebody else however, never for ourselves. No individual ever gave you a welcome for himself. Oh, you an important monster, you get notice enough—and that with your impudence, is what you need. You have an idea of how to torment and how to keep your grip here so well. And we will go on until we find a way to kill you. Some believe they can conquer you in their own estimation, and only drive away from themselves, you will exist yet you torment other poor wretches all the more for escaping the few.

Nothing: lift your utter destruction will answer, we will not be satisfied without temporary banishment—we must have your action! We have de-

sires on you. Wait until we——no, you know better! We know you are ready now well, but until we learn all your weak points, and what pulls the strings which direct your baseless creations. When most of mankind are awakened, your doom is sealed!

We are very philosophic about you—we who have studied you. We can discuss you in the abstract with great composure. But the miserable little details of every day life, where you creep about and pinch and annoy and distract us—all there you have us yet! The mean way you have of crowding in calculations of the grocer’s bill and the contents of one’s stationer’s basket among the lines of one’s best literary efforts; of mixing up plans, of making our clothes last thru another season with the constructive elements of an elaborate essay; of leaving away the halo which a feebly growing re-

nomen is building up about one’s common plauseness,—here is where your power over us never wanes.

I used to imagine as a child, a king always sitting in State on his throne with a crown on his head and a scepter in his hand; I could not imagine him in any other situation.

I think most people never give a thought to the personality of man—no, not a speck of halo of glory or blessedness, and imagine him as he always is he always sitting at an elegant rosewood desk, in fine costume, ready at a moment’s notice to receive visitors and be able to talk as well as they do; you miser-

able descantor of all beautiful fancies, you tear away the halo with feebish laughter; you will show him up to some admiring vis-

itor splitting at the back door in a ragged coat, or sitting, the dustiest, shabbiest, forlornest object in the world. And your hateful, unhonorable ghost stalk-

ing at his side makes him forget his own powers and ability, and talk like an idiot.

To a woman, your personality is heavier and darker. She may succeed in weaving many sweet fancies about her personality in others’ minds; she exists in a golden atmos-

phere to others. When you give her, you ghouls, hover around her, let her down, and she is so close to be only a pale, shabby, stum-

mery woman scratching the floor as stu-

upid as your stupidest victim.

Not always do you cause the greatest suf-

fering where you do your worst work. Your victims starve and freeze to death; they pine in prisons and die in gaols; but often they feel no more exquisite pang of pain than do those spirits who rendered sensitive by that civilization which prevents it cannot do without you, are made to feel by your modi-

fied, faceless presence.*

No, you have no acceptable excuse for crowding among us as you do. The world is abominable, labor is generous, crying aloud for opportunity, yet here you come, tagging along after wealth as tho you were its shadow. Tho of itself it would, must be piled into enormous heaps, cannot exist such hideous shadows. But you’re not wanted! And when enough of us realize that you do not belong here, and that even wealth does not count you—REMEMBER! OUT YOU GO!!

* By J. M. Holmes.

Superstition, the mother of crimes.—Henry Hallam.

The General Strike.

For having said a few words in favor of a general strike, not as and only as a means —the end being the Social Revolution—I am very cleverly picked up by two different crit-

ics, who think I have wandered into error, and would have me set right. As some good points were brought out by two foes, I feel myself obliged to add a word further to the discussion.

Tubbing them in order, I will reply first to James.

This comrade denies the existence of a “class struggle.” And yet in the same ar-

ticle he refers to “a few unscrupulous scoundrels . . . who live in idleness and luxury”

due to “the labor of the working classes.” Here he has named the two classes, between whom there is and must be a struggle, since the one be-

ing the beneficiaries of the existing system, which, for that reason desire to maintain it, while the other class, as exploited victims, must as soon as they become conscious of their position as an exploited class, desire its destruction. Hence, the effort to turn the present order must produce a conflict, a conflict between the beneficiaries, the ruling class, and the exploited class, who desire to emancipate themselves from the kind of social condition in which they find themselves.

Interloper ridicules my suggestion that Anarchists, Socialists, and Single Taxers combine with the Trade Unions to inaugurate a real strike. This is impossible, he says, because Socialists and Single Taxers believe in the State. My contention was not that the different schools of economic thought should “shelve” their differences and join hands in a campaign of economic policy, in order to make the general working class look like a single issue. My idea was and is that the social reformers are but a handful, and as such will always be powerless at the ballot, while it is as important and efficacious an action on any line. We, as intellectuals, from our position must move the masses to action as a blind force, trusting to right leadership and the chance of circumstances to direct them to the goal.

Interloper, when he ridicules the possibility of this union of effort, displays considerable ignorance of history. I will remind him that the American Revolution* was brought about by the combined efforts of men like Jefferson and Hamilton, who, in their ideas of what was to result from the revolution, were as wide apart as the poles. Also, he should remember that these men moved the people to revolt, not by telling them of the beauties of the republic to be established, but simply by directing their attention to a public side issue—the stamp tax—and no one will deny that the American people never dreamed of independent nationhood until the revolution had made this result inevitable.

I believe that the general strike, once inaugurred, will add the unawakened masses into the Social Revolution, before they realize its real import.

The French Revolution was also the result of the united efforts of men of divergent views—such as Lafayette and Marat. Certainly such a two extreme of thought, yet they combined their efforts for
a common purpose, viz. the overthrow of the aristocracy—and they succeeded. I think this answers all of Interloper's objections.

Kate Austin does not believe that the workers' movement was a monotonous series of unorganized strikes. If one did, she is sure they would not be inactive as at present.

If the workers were not dissatisfied with their industrial condition, there would be no labor unions. If these people were in any way satisfied with existing arrangements, there would be no strikes. She assumes that, because they do not strike unitedly at the cause of their enslavement, they are not therefore dissatisfied.

But if she will take the trouble to question the workers themselves, she will hear a different story. They state that the only reason why they do not act as a body is, that they are as widely divided upon the subject of action as the social relations are themselves. The working men who vote the Republican ticket do hope to better their condition. Others, honestly mistaken, vote the Democratic ticket, or the Populist ticket, or the Socialist ticket, and all of them are actuated by very similar motives. The fact that the workers themselves among anarchists, should not induce any Anarchist to think that they are satisfied with things as they are.

We, the social reformers, alone are responsible for the omission of the mass. We, who cannot agree among ourselves, have no right to call the workers fools because they do not act. They will not if we do not act, but the trouble in we do not act. We talk. If we would only set about for a common purpose, viz., the destruction of the capitalist class oligarchy, and if we would present a single objective point, something to be easily grasped by the workers, we could move the countless millions of the dispossessed proletariat to action, and trust to the logic of events for the result of this action.

And the general strike is the feasible means to that end. The French Revolution began with a demand for bread. The American Revolution was inaugurated as a protest against a tax. The local revolution might be the logical issue of a general strike. I am weary of talk. I want ACTION.

Rex Webster.

Letter from the Philippines.

Since Mr. Pinkerton and his ilk of advocates so prominently advertise their desire to banish Anarchists to some island of the Philippine group, I thought I would place the subject outside of the reach of the public sphere. And to send word from the other end of the line.

We anarchists know the universal melody of the beautiful and its overpowering magic, and therefore can afford to be generous in regard to their common doings; such as the gold lovers, which put them in perilous hispanism, mining excitement, city lot booms, stock gambling, concert hall cruises, Anarchist scary stories, etc., just according to the spirit of the times.

In these times, they seem to suffer from the Anarchist scare, but as they are in delirium, we need pay but the same attention to their ravings as to a drunken maniac.

However, if American politicians want to join the Russian knoutocrats, the Italian Mafia, and the French and Spanish Jesuits into the labyrinth of persecution to freedom in association, perhaps it logically follows that the same methods will produce the same results. I am ready to change front and tackle as necessary, but not to break my soul in undertaking that fatal, enigmatical sphygmatic authority, on whose account all the sufferings and crimes against human soul and society are increased.

It is the ambition of my life to know and to combat this monster in his various forms and climes. It is a big job I admit, but I think it worth a man's life.

On my arrival here, the atmosphere was rather heavy on my lungs for about two weeks, but since then I feel light and strong again. Most of the soil is of rich volcanic decay, with a profuse abundance of rain, which gives a luxuriance of growth of almost everything planted. The sun of course is rather warm, but as the soil is well and gives way to evaporation, it is more than the one may under cloudy if not rainy. Northwester turns furnish fresh air from Alaskan waters, which makes life pleasant, healthy, and comfortable. There are no such extremes of heat and cold as in the American northeast. The scenery in its various is very conspicuous and imposing in its beautiful combinations. The most impressive of scenic recreation are as yet "rebel territory" or "military rule," and would cost me more trouble and money than I can afford just now for a visit. Manila is not dangerous to health because of the climate, but on account of an aggravation of about 1,000,000 inhabitants on the antiquated Spanish plan of centuries ago, at the curve of rice fields and low land. Mosquitoes and miasms are bothersome to some people—not to me.

The average of inhabitants are about the same in quality as the average of Europe. In fighting the Spanish outfit, some prefer the free life in the mountains. Those on the shores and along navigable rivers could not so easily defend the cross and the bayonet. The most intelligent and influential of these were rewarded with a Jesuit education. The sons and daughters of those janissaries privileged form the backbone of the present Philippine bourgeoisie. The common people, lacking scholarly knowledge, had to work for a pittance or join the mountaineers.

Major Valley of the "marching corps," with 105 officers and men, also fifteen native carriers, with four days rations, early in January undertook to "break record" chasing apo chiefs (accounted for natives) in Samar. It turned out to be an almost two weeks' crop in the woods; and was finally saved from total perishing at the point of admittance, after a few weeks, by a native boy, who showed them back to Bayeux, whence they came.

Result: A dozen or more skeletons breathing in the jungle; the rest will be finished up in the hospital or hortus asylums as cripples for life, with a few exceptions.

So a San ruminator member of the expedition to a Times reporter in the hospital at Catbalog, but for superior reason his name in withheld from publication. February 9 was payday in Caviite, which is garrisoned by the 28th Infantry. Some of the boys visited saloons, and got noisy when they came to the barracks, so they were transferred to the guardhouse. Private, they say, the paymaster said that he would not account on account of some other trade, but had nothing to do with the joyous convalescents, according to the modern American. The lieutenant of the guard commanded silence. This was obeyed for the time being, but soon the crowd began talking again, tho not louder than in common usage. Unfortunately for Richter, the "commander" recognized his voice, and ordered the sergeant to bind him to the Richter object, so he was gagged and given five baskets full of ice water slowly poured over his face with a dipper, while he was struggling and bleeding thru nose, ears, and eyes. When the "job" was nicely done, the surgeon was sent for, who declared to the loyal patriots present that their victim was dead about a go. Consequently he was buried next day, and that was the end of it, unless promotion for the lieutenant and the sergeant.

General Whyte, it seems, is doing "good work" in "concentration" camps around here in Laguna and Batangas, to say nothing about provoking in Sampaloc and the like. The result is much sympathy for Cagolot, but little for McKinley.

What I could gather from the daily press, it seems that Generals Whyte and Hardware have forty-two men in jail in provinces, the "boys in blue" to stem the tide of Cagolot sympathies. Private Manning, 9th Infantry, got ten years. On the other hand for our beloved McKinley, sympathizers are faring much cheaper that way. Such is the echo around here from that fateful shot in Buffalo.

A. KLEEMEN.
FREE SOCIETY.

A copy of FREE SOCIETY of September 8, 1901, has just reached me with a "blue pencil" mark on p. 8 around my challenge to Mr. James to name one single advance in science for which we are indebted to vivisection, and his reply "Liberation.

When I said in my letter of challenge "I assert positively that he cannot prove a single one," I did not challenge him to assert, but to prove; for I know how recklessly some people are in their assertions.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the character of surgery I will point out here, that vivisection had no more to do with that small amount of truth which is involved in "Liberation," than it had to do with the death of Henry George: the latter is certainly an example of how some influence in leading the people to endorse the perjury and cruelty of McKibben to the Filipinos, and the tyrannical upon the Constitution of the United States and reputation of the doctors of the Declaration of Independence by that criminal and the "gang of woucdards" (vide the Evening Post) which surrounded him.

Liberation was an exaggeration of the doctrine of cleanliness taught and practised by every good surgeon; but neglected by the majority of practitioners until reduced to a system by Lister.

I know of no other good that has come out of the absurdities of the bacterialists, than that they gave a scientifically scientific support to the methods of Lister; which apart from the doctrine and practice of strict cleanliness did them in the long run their hold upon the surgical profession.

Vivisection had nothing to do either with the practise of cleanliness or its exaggerations.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

RIP.

Does Dr. Levenon mean to deny that twenty years ago the mortality after amputation was some twenty-five per cent, or that Lister has brought it down to less than three? Does he deny that operations on the brain and bowels which would then have been thought wholly impossible are now performed daily with growing exactness? Does he deny that a compound fracture was then about as bad as a shot through the body, and is now little worse than a simple one? If he does, he knows less about surgery than I, a layman. If he admits these propositions, what does he mean by calling the method of this completely hygienic revolution an exaggeration of the cleanliness known to every good surgeon twenty years ago, thought it generally possible to heal wounds of his own making with the first intention. As to Lister's basilic wound, or visceral wound, as much as to do with it as with Henry George's death, these are assertions too absurd for anything but contradiction, even before the ignorant dupes of an anti-vivisector movement. As for his latter, we shall leave the value of Dr. Levenon's authority, that he ask the first half dozen surgeons can he make how the antiseptic treatment came to be understood, and whether it is going out of fashion.

C. L. JAMES.

Appeal.

The National Labor Bureau, of Holland, has sent us the following appeal, addressed to the Workers of the United States:

"A labor dispute, of about the same character as that of Denmark in 1899, has broken out in Holland. At least this is the opinion of those who understand the situation. The delegates of the National Labor Bureau met February 7, 1902, and passed the following resolution:

"Whereas the United Employers are doing away and are about to destroy themselves by the economic methods of those who are not in the dispute of employers and employees, and thus create a "generation among them, and therefore they and their employers will ultimately be broken down. Holland is the only country in the world in which the employers are not able to overcome the injustice of the employers by combination, therefore be it resolved that everything available must be done to assist the workers in the holding out, the strikers in Amsterdam, and the workers in England in their stubborn fight against the employers.

"Comrades,—the lockout includes about 60,000 workers. Since five weeks 5,000 di"..."
MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.
BY PETER KOECHLIN.

This interesting autobiography of the well-known Anarchist and political prisoner, is one of the most important books of the Anarchist movement, as well as one of general interest. "He is more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries than of himself." says the noted European cricketeer, "and finds in his book the psychology of official Russian liberalism and the masses underlying it, thus giving a picture of the struggle of the masses against the autocracy."

The book contains two portraits of the author, and one of his mother. It is excellently printed and well bound. The work is of great interest and is a capital addition to the literature of the Anarchist movement.

Price $2.

Send orders to FEEK SOCIETY.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.
THE TRUE STORY OF THE EIGHT ANARCHISTS IN CHICAGO.

Altgeld's Order for Parochial FIelds, Pylons, and Ashnab.

This book contains the most authoritative and detailed account of the trial and imprisonment of the eight anarchists in Chicago. It is a valuable addition to the literature of the Anarchist movement and is a must for any collection.

Price 25 cents.

Send orders to FEEK SOCIETY.

BOOK LIST.
ALL ORDERS FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKS MUST BE RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

1. The New Heterodoxy—Grant Allen
2. Elusive Words on the Woman Question—Grant Allen
3. God and the State—Robinson
5. The Protestant Revolt, History of the Paris Commune of 1871—A. R. Benham
6. Prodigal Daughter; or, The Price of Freedom—Ralph Waldo Emerson
7. The World Turned Upside Down—V. de Certe
8. The Emancipation of Society and Government: A Plea for the Rights of Man—Dallas Doyle
9. Hilda's Home—John Galsworthy
10. The Gods of the Commercial World—Harford
11. Government Analyzed—Kebbe
12. How to Dispose of Superfluous Products and Enjoy Simplicity Abroad—John Kingsley
13. Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideals—Peter Kropotkin
14. An Appeal to the Young—Peter Kropotkin
15. Anarchist Morality—Peter Kropotkin
16. Field, Factory and Workshop—Peter Kropotkin
17. Law and Authority—Peter Kropotkin
18. Memoirs of a Revolutionist—Peter Kropotkin
19. Paris Commune of 1871—Peter Kropotkin
20. The State: Its Historic Role—Peter Kropotkin
21. The Wage System—Peter Kropotkin
22. Revolutionary Government—Peter Kropotkin
23. Social Democracy in Germany—Peter Kropotkin
24. My Years—Peter Kropotkin
25. History of the Communist League—Peter Kropotkin
26. The Anarchists of America—Peter Kropotkin
27. Is It All a Dream?—James P. Morton, Jr.
28. A Talk on Anarchist Communism between Two Workers—Peter Kropotkin
29. A Chamberlain's Diary—Peter Kropotkin
30. A Century of Mutiny—Peter Kropotkin
31. The Paris Commune of 1871—Peter Kropotkin
32. The Pyramids of Tyranny—Peter Kropotkin
33. Edward R. Deneau's New Home—Peter Kropotkin
34. A City's and a Country's Clergy—Peter Kropotkin
35. A Chronicle of the Comstock Movement—Peter Kropotkin
36. The Struggle of the Times—Peter Kropotkin
37. Huxley's Science and Religion—Peter Kropotkin
38. Mating or Marriage?—Peter Kropotkin
39. Evolution and Revolution—Peter Kropotkin
40. Direct Action vs. Direct Legislation—Peter Kropotkin
41. The Necessity of Violence—Peter Kropotkin
42. Helen Harwood's Women of the World—Peter Kropotkin
43. Last Words of the Martyrs—Peter Kropotkin
44. Perfect Motherhood—Peter Kropotkin
45. The Temperance Duty—Peter Kropotkin
46. Wherefore Investigating Courts—Peter Kropotkin
47. Our Worship of Primitive Society—Peter Kropotkin
48. The Temperament and Religion of the People—Peter Kropotkin
49. The Debate on the Evolution of the Race—Peter Kropotkin
50. Life Without a Master: 335 pp. Cloth $1.00
51. The Coming Woman—Ellie White
52. The Chicago Martyrs: The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court, and Altgeld's Season for Pardoning Fields, Selich, and Schwab—Peter Kropotkin

Price, paper cover, 25 cents; bound 50 cents. Five copies $1.

Send orders to FEEK SOCIETY.

FIELD, FACTORY, AND WORKSHOP.
BY PETER KOECHLIN.

This interesting work on field, factory, and workshop has been published in a popular edition. It is a valuable addition to the literature of the Anarchist movement and is a must for any collection.

Price 25 cents.

Send orders to FEEK SOCIETY.

ANARCHISM AND ANARCHY.
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN GRAY
BY VOLTAIRE DE CLAVER.

Contents:

This work is printed in large type, and consists of 176 pages.

Price, paper cover, 25 cents; bound 50 cents. Five copies $1.

Send orders to FEEK SOCIETY.

HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE 1871.
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF P. O. LISSACARRAT

The above book is the most reliable history of the Commune of 1871. It is a valuable addition to the literature of the Anarchist movement and is a must for any collection.

Price 25 cents.

Send orders to FEEK SOCIETY.