

# RESISTANCE

It is as though the death of the Chicago anarchists in 1887 marked the beginning, and the death of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927 the end, of an era when certain basic human feelings were relevant to radicalism.

The Haymarket anarchists went to the gallows, November 11, 1887, amid hatred and silence. (The mass of self-styled liberals were still unborn; professional "labor men" knew the men were dangerous to the nation and the cause of Labor; the lynching middle classes, the bloody press, cried Anarchy and loosed the dogs of law.) But the lives of American rebels and radicals—people anonymous in 1887, and silent—assert the truth of a dead man's prophecy that their silence would be more eloquent than the voices stilled. The cruel and criminal social order was Haymarket, there was a wrong that sober serious men and women went to work to right.

The seven-years-impending execution of Sacco and Vanzetti stirred angry protest as America had never made. (The men were innocent, but the Chicago anarchists were also innocent.) But the mood, after the men were dead, the mood was not outrage, passionate indignation, demand for the vengeance of social justice—the mood was loss and helplessness.

A State—a monster—a thing—a machine of impersonal frameups and unthinking murders—it chose an appropriate means, electrocution—a hurricane of protest could barely disturb it. Honest men, hope burned out, tried to close the shutters of their eyes and minds. Cynical, pragmatic or stupid men lacked that dignity, chose the evil (and enslaved themselves, as well). Liberals embraced a system, the Russian system, that accepted, exaggerated and finally glorified the man-destroying State; power, and murder, were judged by the name which they were done in. Their eyes created "the case" in the image of their theories; they told the legend of the good shoemaker and poor fishpeddler, pathetic victims, and so did not hear the clear eloquence of two anarchists (anarchists had been wearying people with warnings of the State, a century ago). In forty years minds had become dense. A little later, some very intelligent men, college-educated scissor-bills, would find a way to create destruction out of the unknown itself.



## "Tolerance"

It has now become a part of the credo of every good American that Tolerance is a Good Thing. We ought not, we are reminded by liberals, conservatives and reactionaries, send people to concentration camps because they are Jews or Catholics, Negroes or Hindus. An American is Tolerant.

Now there is a weasel clause in this. Namely: It is all right if you are a foreigner (or a Negro) as long as you are an American. But if you are a Japanese (they're not quite as bad as they used to be, but you never can tell) you are not an American, and it might be a good idea if you set in a concentration camp after all. Or if you don't believe in war. Tolerance doesn't do you any good.

(The signs in the subways are not one bit ambiguous: They DO NOT say: "Don't let anybody make any nasty cracks about Joe Dragumovich, he is a *human being* just like you (and possibly a little better)"; they say: "Don't let anybody, etc., about Joe Dragumovich, HE IS AN AMERICAN JUST LIKE YOU.")

Just as those Russian politicians tell their future soldiers: Let's not have any of this bourgeois cosmopolitanism, this is Russia, and if you don't like it, get the hell back to Siberia.

So there is the fact: Tolerance is the new name for Nationalism and Patriotism. Not very surprising, indeed; except for groups singled out for a scapegoat role, the unity of all citizens is regularly affirmed by aggressive nationalisms. Before long—it takes a certain undue confidence to believe it will be before long, but so be it—before long Tolerance will be a word as odious as Nationalism.

But this righteous, condescending Tolerance toward "races" and religions (for the implication of Tolerance is also superiority) is not the half of it. It seems that while we are being 100% Tolerant to every last fellow American (if, that is, he proves he is a Good fellow American), we are supposed to be Tolerant to a lot of other things too (including politicians and generals and college presidents).

There is a piece of logic, for example, that runs this inexorable course: Catholics are to be especially Tolerated, because they cannot be suspected of being Russian spies. The awful weight of logic then requires that we also be Tolerant of the Catholic Church (for if they do not have a Church, how can they be Catholics?); and so, among the beneficiaries of our Tolerance are the politicians of Religion. Namely, Cardinal Spellman.

(Anarchists—let us say immediately, because by saying this much we have undoubtedly proved our "bigotry"—anarchists believe that every man, woman and child is entitled to respect, dignity and freedom by virtue of being a human being. Anarchists also think that those who worship a Catholic or Protestant or Jewish god, or none, or have a darker skin or a lighter, or were born in Europe or America or wherever, are all of us people of equal stature and with equal rights. But deference to a politician of religion is another matter.)

Now, as the American-Vatican alliance in Europe makes clear, Spellman is a perfectly good American,

with the welfare of the Catholic Church perfectly at heart.

He has, it is true, gained a certain notoriety as a professional gravedigger, indicating how even such a princely being is not above staining his hands with soil. (It is true that this was highly offensive in the nostrils of certain Catholic laborers, also gravediggers, who happened to be on strike for a raise in pay at the place the Cardinal went scabbing. But there is no perfection on earth.)

He has also, it would appear, earned a notoriety no other public figure would dare toy with, by denouncing the ex-first lady as an Intolerant on the mere and only evidence that she upheld the most Traditional of American Traditions, namely, that Church is one thing and State another, and the State shall not subsidize religion. Well!

(Of course, Catholic parochial school pupils have received their share of federal money for school-lunches; Catholic universities have received their share of federal money for research and their share of GI tuition money. But the parochial schools are currently engaged in an all-out drive for pupils, and not only for Catholic children.)

But this notoriety the Cardinal did so well to earn—for what could be more American than the Tradition Mrs. Roosevelt was upholding?—it did not happen. The Cardinal could not have received a more friendly reception from daily press and political figures if he had said he was against Atheism. Is the eminent one rebuked for unjust and slanderous accusations? for such they certainly were. No, for it is part of Tolerance to be tolerant to Spellman. Mrs. Roosevelt's friends, grieved, came timidly to her defense—there must be some misunderstanding!

The political fact is that Spellman's little coup, if it did not gain its first objective, accomplished its second: sidetracking of the education bill. If that bill was itself, by proposing to subsidize education and therefore give Congress the chance to meddle in it, an undesirable thing, this power in the hands of the eminent Cardinal is also an undesirable thing.

Meanwhile, Spellman's political party is practicing some of its own Tolerance—toward its loyal membership. The censorship of the Catholic Church, so we have been hearing for years, is a Thing of the Past. Now Spellman's boss has said it, and every little churchman down the line must say it after him.

Where does this leave the Catholic liberals and the Catholic Workers?

When tolerance becomes a mask for patriotism and nationalism, when it becomes a mask for a power-politics alliance with the Vatican, the concepts of freedom, equality and human dignity have indeed been mocked. d.w.

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## ANARCHISM, CAPITALISM AND MARXISM

by Marcus Graham

Anarchism, as an idea and movement, has aroused far more antagonism and hatred, vilification and legal persecution, than any other social idea aimed at man's liberation from economic and political slavery.

According to the picture painted by the intellectual hirelings of capitalism, the philosophy of anarchism is but one of assassination, bomb throwing and violence. To strengthen this belief, capitalism's governments have everywhere enacted special legislation singling out for persecution all those who entertain anarchist ideas. The so-called "democracies" are no exception. In the "greatest democracy on earth," as the ruling powers of the United States advertise themselves, no one is granted citizenship unless he takes an oath that he is not a believer in anarchism. And all those who happen not to have been of the original tribes that robbed the Indian of his land and wealth are subjected to imprisonment and deportation if found to entertain anarchist ideas.

On the other hand, the socialist school of thought, from Karl Marx down to Nicholas Lenin, has opposed the philosophy of anarchism on the ground it is too good for oppressed mankind!

How can such a paradox be untangled or explained? It is by no means as difficult as it appears.

Exploitation of any human being's labor for the sake of profit is viewed by the anarchist as unjust and indefensible, whether carried on under the protection of monarchy or democracy, fascism or bolshevism. The anarchist idea declares itself the deadly foe of every form of human exploitation.

Anarchism likewise challenges the rulership exercised by the State (government). The State originated as a brigand, and has remained such up to this very day. What changes have occurred in its makeup have served only to cloak its evil purposes more deceitfully. Its sanctification of the "rights of private property" is nothing other than legalization of capitalism's exploitation and robbery of the toiling masses. Thus the State serves only as the strongarm protector of capitalism's system of human exploitation—a strongarm fully revealed in every strike and social upheaval. The height of its criminal activities is reached in the wars that capitalism's profit-interests prompt it to force the people to fight and die in.

In the State the anarchist sees, in every sphere of human endeavor for truth, justice and brotherhood, the archenemy of mankind. By setting itself up as the holy guardian over man's morals, it commits the worst of insults on the intelligence of men.

Assuming the right to dictate what is to be thought in every school of learning, the State sees to it that nothing thought should endanger or undermine the unjust reign of the capitalist system. From childhood on, it inoculates the mind of man with the most bigoted chauvinism, disguised as "patriotism"; it cultivates race hatred under the cloak of nationalism; it holds up one country as superior to all others. By such deceitful methods, cannon fodder for future wars is being prepared.

Over every cultural activity, the State assumes full control. No theatre, motion picture or radio station can be operated without license from its censorship machine, subject to revocation any time the State sees fit. Every issue of every magazine or newspaper mailed under the low newspaper-postal-rates must first be submitted to the State for censorship.

This is the State in so-called peacetime. In wartime its censorship powers make expression of a dissenting opinion or a truth the highest of treasonable crimes. The theatre becomes the platform for sanctifying the wrongs of one country and vilifying to the utmost the supposed-to-be enemy country. The schools of learning become mills for the corruption of minds. The radio, the supposed "crown" of man's achievement, is turned into the most effective poisonous instrument ever devised for furthering lies and false concepts; more subtly, the press trails along.

Church and Synagogue serve the State and capitalism so devotedly in time of peace that no one need be surprised that the spokesmen of all religions appeal to the same "god" to bring victory to the particular country they happen to be living in, and to heap destruction on the supposed "enemy" countries.

Amelioration of the want and misery, disease and destitution, caused and abetted by capitalism, the State and their tools, becomes an act of generosity, called charity. The very class most guilty of these evils is raised to the role of benefactor!

In short, the State, when unfrocked, reveals itself as the devil par-excellence, the most horrifying monstrosity ever conceived by the depravity of Mammon—whom it serves so faithfully by keeping mankind in fetters. In man's unceasing struggle for social and political emancipation, the State is the most formidable enemy. When its power shall be cast over, capitalism's entire system will collapse as would a house built of cards.

Yes, anarchism admits to being the deadly foe of the State and its creator, capitalism.

Capitalism's enmity, through its chief instrument the State, toward the idea of anarchism and its movement becomes then self-explanatory. In this idea and movement it faces the most uncompromising enemy. No vilification and no conceivable "legal" persecution is overlooked in attempting to eliminate such a foe.

### Assassination and Violence

The basic philosophy on which the anarchist theory stands or falls is: *man's inviolable right to voluntarily cooperate with his fellow man in any endeavor or experiment to further an equal and just way of life—as only free men can conceive and are capable of.* Thus, to attribute to the idea of anarch-

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# CHILDHOOD AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION

Note: An extremely thoughtful and provocative article has recently appeared in the London anarchist paper *Freedom*, titled *Childhood and Social Revolution* (signed "G."). Too long for re-printing, it nevertheless seems to us worthwhile to summarize. This is not to say, of course, that the editorial group agrees with all the ideas expressed.

## I. The Nature of a Rebel

The writer takes up the common assertion that "the anarchist is merely a person who cannot face the realities of adult life, and projects his childhood rebellion against parents, schoolteachers and other adults in authority, on to the institution of the State . . . the whole of anarchist theory becomes merely a structure of *justification* to make childish revolt acceptable to adults, the libertarian society which anarchists envisage being a wishful fantasy of a world free of adult control." Indeed, he observes, the ideologies which "seek to overthrow the present 'corrupt' authority and set up a new 'righteous' authority in its place are more closely akin to childhood fantasies." But in any case, if anarchists are "carrying over childhood revolt into adult life, it behooves us to study the nature of childhood revolt rather closely."

## II. The Dispossessed

First of all, the writer sketches the position of children in the society. He points out that adult thinking is based on the idea of a Normal Child—who does not exist, and whom they attempt to foster among children as an ideal.

Children are in a grossly inferior and unjust position: "In our society the adults as a class own everything both natural and manufactured, and children as a class have access to anything on sufferance. Adults blatantly and selfishly reserve many pleasures to themselves: they smoke, yet deny this to children; adults copulate, yet suppress all the sexual pleasures of children; adults indulge huge orgies of violence in war, yet suppress hooliganism in children; adults rob and cheat one another in their everyday dealings, yet sternly suppress minor pilfering among children; adults lie as matter of course whenever convenient, yet demand that children shall tell the truth." However adults may explain these facts away, the children "know beyond all intellectual reasoning that adults as a class are gross hypocrites and enemies of their freedom." "Never was a revolt more justified than the spiritual revolt of children against adults."

The child does not revolt openly: "The child-revolutionist knows pretty well that it has no chance of overthrowing the tyranny of the adult class; it can only seek some degree of freedom by preserving within itself an independence of spirit." By truculence, docility, coquetterie, timid respect, open frankness—the child conceals "its innermost self from the invading inquisitiveness of the adult class."

Even if particular parents are different from the whole class, it is the class as a whole which conditions the child. And, "Indeed, the loving and un-

selfish adult may prove a real tyrant to children if, loving the false facade which children present, this adult resolutely sets out to foster this 'better side' of their natures, and thereby strangles their genuine modes of self-expression."

## III. Man and the Dragonfly

Adults misconceive the child "as beings of their own species with mental and physical powers in a merely *immature* state." Adults were once children, but their mental record is dim and distorted, and they have recourse to the "traditional adult misunderstanding." "The process of 'bringing them up' is therefore interpreted as conditioning them to accept adult social values so they will become adult beings well fitted to play their part in society." This, the writer believes, is the colossal root misunderstanding.

Is the child, after all, merely an immature adult? But which is the essential Dragonfly—"the long-lived crawling larva, or the ephemeral winged *imago*?" In the first case, it is a "solitary slow-moving creature living for a year or more under water with no other interest in life than to hunt and eat." In the second, "a winged creature living with a crowd of its fellows a short and brilliant life devoted almost entirely to lovemaking." The problem is not to define which is the essential animal—though, that way, one might dismiss the adult "as a degenerate modification in the latter part of life to reproduce and do necessary work." What is important is that in many animals the instinctual nature of the young and old is clearly different.

Physically, the human merely grows larger; but what change, if any, takes place in instinctual life we do not know: our assumption prohibits knowledge, since we try to train the child toward adult ways: "The old-fashioned moralist had a good inkling of what were the instincts of children; he called them 'evil,' and set about with rod and hell-fire threats to beat down the natural instincts. The 'progressive' educator of our time deplores the brutality of these methods, yet nevertheless wants the child to grow up into a peaceful and socially-minded adult, and so he tries reason, persuasion and propaganda-for-Utopia on the child."

The more scientific approach would not begin with such a bias about what a child ought to be. It would try to find out what it *is*—a difficult problem, as things are. To this, the writer brings a hypothesis, based on experience: "The child is a gregarious but not a truly social animal; when in mental and physical health, it is aggressive to the point of ferocity, and capable of ruthlessness which normal adults do not possess. It is entirely self-centered, and its love for other persons is of an essentially different nature to the affection which an adult may feel for another person. Richard Hughes has likened the psyche of a child to that of an insane person; within certain well-defined limits this must be admitted as true—in that an adult with the psyche of a child would be not only 'simple' but *insane* by

adult standards." And another important characteristic, likewise for self-defense in a physically weak state, is its "supreme power of adaptation," so that it seems all things to all adults.

## IV. The Roots of Cruelty

Adults, shocked by the cruel bullying of children, are all the more convinced of the need for training in humanity and justice. But why do children hate some timid children, and behave protectively toward others? This is explained if we understand that children despise the "police nark and class traitor" who has succumbed to the adult counter-revolution; whereas the child who, "though badly scared by the adult counter-revolution, has not given in to it," evokes protectiveness. "The cure for bullying, therefore, would appear to be less and not more adult interference in children's affairs. Those who have the care of a bullied child have a sure indication that they have been all too successful in imposing their adult standards on the child."

## V. Avoidance of Conflict

Assuming that children have different instincts than ours, and are naturally in revolt, "how to control these aggressive animals so that they do not render adult life acutely uncomfortable" and how to prepare them for adult life?

For the first, the writer recommends honest terms of peace, granting the child inalienable rights; children can be expected to keep their side of the bargain "at least as well as the adults." Punishment is "always a grossly foolish mistake"—especially the thin sham of "natural retribution." Thereby the revolt, though not eliminated, "will not loom so large in their lives."

Preparation for later life is a more difficult problem; we can hardly reject coercion altogether, for a sometimes brutal training is part of the education of some of the higher animals (otters, seals, etc.). But human education has gone too far: "The danger is that if we try to make the child live in a manner too much at variance with its natural instincts, it will never live a proper instinctive life in childhood, and therefore it will retain in its adult life a certain amount of the a-social and ferocious instincts of childhood"—as, for example, "The nice young men who light-heartedly fly bombers and devastate towns . . . neurotic beings who have had to wait until their twenties to give proper expression to the instincts of infancy."

In explanation of the fact that children from "progressive" schools join the armed forces like those from more conventional schools, G. points out that the pacifist propaganda directed against war-games and the child's self-glorification merely makes the child a little shamefaced and delays and warps its natural expression. These instincts cannot be eradicated; if the adults cannot stand it, they should avoid children rather than interfere and suppress. "The children who grow up with a satisfactory gratification of their instinctual life in the various phases of their development, are more likely to have sound adult instincts at a comparatively early age, and

therefore resist the fantastic demands of the State in the matter of military service."

The vicious circle is not to be broken in one generation. But moral training has "direct results quite other than is intended."

## VI. Adolescence

Adolescence is a time of great confusion, as the child attempts the crossing. They are "rendered unstable by the shock of the new emotional drives that they can neither understand nor control." Sexual potency, and imposed frustration, upset the personality; the adolescent "hates its own youngness," strives desperately to mature, despises childhood, easily is used by the adult counter-revolution (as boy scouts, patrol leaders, bossy elder child) against younger children. "In our civilization we utterly reject the idea of a sexually potent child enjoying a full sex-life—we insist that copulation is the prerogative of adults. Yet is it not possible that full sex experience should naturally be achieved before the child-adult metamorphosis takes place in the psyche?"

## VII. The Adult Anarchist

"The individual achieves maturity. All the abuses of power, the unfair privilege, the humbug, the senseless repression of joy, that he experienced from adults as a class, he now sees going on around him in adult society in exactly the same manner. The Many are being repressed, cheated, humbugged and emotionally starved by the action of the Few—just as if the masses were children and their rulers adults. The parallel is strikingly exact. The State in its drive towards totalitarian dominion, assumes more and more the aspect of a hypocritical and repressive adult controlling a lot of children. In all the aspects of State interference with individual liberty we see the nasty schoolmarm, the pompous father.

"If the individual has retained something of his childhood independence of spirit, it will serve him in good stead in adult life. He will not become the stooge of the exploiters, he will react *childishly*, that is he will revolt as and when he can. But now that his childhood instincts have given place to adult instincts, he will think and act along social lines. He will act in the consciousness that his personal freedom is bound up with the freedom of his fellows. Thus the drive to social revolution is logically founded on childhood revolt. There is nothing derogatory to the revolutionary urge in the fact that it has its roots in childhood. Experience teaches us that those people whose anarchism is entirely a matter of intellectual conviction often do not stay the course. If they have been beaten down by the adult counter-revolution in childhood—beaten down so that they no longer own themselves, but submit to the 'rightness' of being owned by some person, institution or abstract idea, they will fear freedom in adult life. The prospect of freedom means giving them back the ownership of themselves. Such people, however convinced they may be in their conscious minds by the hard logic of anarchism, will reject freedom in their innermost being, and dread the advent of social revolution."



# RELIGION: A DISCUSSION

## Religion and Education

And why the walls of 'stricting steel  
Shut self from self and all from love?

It's Love! garrisons the forts of hate,  
wears the dull colors of apathy  
and bars each cell from flowing  
unity.

Running through Western Culture like  
a deep crack in the Earth or in the  
atmosphere surrounding us is the split  
between soul and self and their anti-  
thetical functioning (in other language,  
the battle between id and ego).

The *soul* is the creative life energies  
animating man; it surges in harmony  
with the energy pulsing in all things  
animate and inanimate, and is part of  
the Great Energy (God) running elec-  
tric thru the universe. The *self* is the  
part of the soul which relates (as "in-  
terpreter, defender, purveyor") the in-  
ner energies to the world energies. Yet,  
in Western society the ego, the self, is  
set against these energies and is not con-  
tinuous with them, thereby preventing  
full orgasmic release (the flight into  
heaven), and on the other hand to hold  
off the world energies lest they too much  
excite the soul. In order to accomplish  
this the ego must absorb the energies  
continuously being put out toward the  
world; thus it becomes erotized, must  
defend itself even more closely, cast  
about the man a stricturing armor pre-  
venting expansion and perception, and  
must further fritter away these energies  
in solving the secondary problems thus  
raised. This is why we can't simply  
gather our food, live in community, and  
love.

*Natural religion* lies in the contact of  
the soul with the Universal energies,  
in the ritual celebration of this contact  
and of the mysteries of birth, sex, and  
death. *Natural politics* lies in the main-  
tenance of a society which satisfies,  
*promotes!* the survival and soul-contact  
of all men. *Natural education* lies in  
fostering the growth of an ego which  
facilitates the movement of energies into  
and out of the man. *Art* is the celebra-  
tion of the movements of the soul (as

in tragedy and song), and of the politi-  
cal world (as in satire). These func-  
tions, it's clear then, are continuous;  
in fact, *unitary!*

Primitive Christianity abounded in  
the affirmative celebration of the mys-  
teries; as did 18th century Chassidism, in  
which, moreover, the path to heaven  
was the multitude of daily acts of love,  
cultivation, and communal brotherhood.  
Modern Western religion suffers, how-  
ever, the fatal split. Church morality  
demands the suppression of the soul  
energies, and offers ecstatic flight only  
at the price of renouncing the world  
and the natural outflowings of the soul;  
church organization, operating on the  
state-principle, demands renunciation of  
the responsibility of the self *even in re-  
lations with God!* and functions as a  
typical capitalistic competitive concern.  
Western God is no longer the shimmer-  
ing cosmic energies, but a bogey-man, a  
state-policeman. *Yet, natural religion is  
not the renunciation of the world but  
its full acceptance; it is the celebration  
of the mysteries and of the daily acts.*

And what of education? It functions  
to further harden the repressive ego, to  
split off ethics from "actualities," "sci-  
ence" from personal responsibility, and  
the child from the man. And so it is,  
quite logically, that the religions seek  
to impress their soul-stultifying moral-  
ity upon the child while he is in school  
and attempt, by teaching the various  
special customs, to gain—the rivalry of  
it!—more members for themselves.  
(The undue concentration on the spe-  
cial customs, rituals, and revelations  
common to most Western religions has  
another meaning; they draw their great  
energies as symbols from the souls of  
men who do not daily experience revela-  
tion and release.)

And they pretend that they are teach-  
ing the soul! But one doesn't teach the  
soul—one recognizes it, is taught by it,  
thanks God for it! To teach the soul  
one can only leave it to itself, leave it  
flow out as it naturally chooses; one  
can only refrain from constructing a  
hotsh, armored, soul-constricting self.

This is the function of education.

—Irving Feldman

## Philosophy and Religious Thought

*It is the impatient habit of some  
atheists and materialists to reject a sig-  
nificant area of human thought simply  
because it has been made part of the  
subject matter of religion: first prin-  
ciples, ethics, the relation between man,  
his environment and his universe, the  
relation between man and man, the na-  
ture of human instincts, etc. It has often  
been thought that these things are "di-  
versionary" to concentration on the  
manifest, and not doubtful, economic  
and political goals. There is nowadays  
more tendency to imagine that our prob-  
lems are more complicated and inter-  
related (which does not imply unitary).*

*It would appear, however, that in try-  
ing to deal with these fundamental hu-  
man problems we would utilize what  
tools of knowledge we have—that is, the  
methods by which we arrive at the true  
and the false, within the limits of the  
definitions we can make. It is possible  
to construct many an "as if" to describe  
the appearance of things; but if we  
take these "as ifs" literally, we have no  
means of choosing among them, because  
each has its poetic plausibility. In the  
end it is not an "as if" on the basis  
of which we can proceed in daily life,  
or in understanding cause and effect,  
but on the basis of best ascertained  
knowledge.*

*The central failure of all religious  
systems as useful explanations of fact  
is their invariable attempt to formulate  
universal explanations, a central idea to  
explain all the phenomena of the uni-  
verse and afford a guide for living.  
This central characteristic is the practi-  
cal failure and evil of all religions, how-  
ever hostile to supernaturalism or  
churchification; they are running ram-  
pant in a field where we just do not  
have the factual knowledge to guide us.*

*That is, our definite knowledge does  
not begin with universe-central pheno-  
mena, it proceeds from our bits of in-  
formation and inferences about the  
small facts we, or scientists or thinkers  
of any kind, are able to observe. All*

*the sciences and fields of knowledge  
progress warily from fact to fact, build-  
ing toward ever-wider interpretations of  
facts. So physics, so sociology, so psy-  
chology (so also, to the extent it is  
based in fact and not merely wish, an-  
archism); and one is not aware that  
religious concepts, that is, a concept of  
the order and purpose of the universe,  
have been of value in extending such  
knowledge.*

*So, instead of plunging into poetic  
statement or wild speculation, instead of  
constructing absolute ethics and an ab-  
solute psychology, the method of science  
(not invalidated by the misuse of sci-  
ence) is to discover, and combine reason-  
ably, more and more discoverable  
facts: that such and such behavior, or  
forms of social relations, have such and  
such effects (and we may say then that  
we do not like this, and we may try  
to alter it); so we are able to analyze,  
evaluate, economic institutions, family  
or political institutions, etc.*

*Now this is not the method of reli-  
gion, which claims that its "as if" state-  
ments are to be taken as literal truth.  
If we wish to learn something about  
education, therefore, we do not well to  
ask, what would one infer about educa-  
tion from a particular religious bias;  
but rather, what would one infer about  
education from what we see in the  
schools, what we can infer about the  
causes why people educated so and so  
do so and so. This way there are no  
very quick answers, the reasoning is  
much more painful, ordinarily incon-  
clusive; we are required to live amid  
doubt and tentativeness. Since we live  
each day and each year, and cannot  
solve today's problems with the de-  
veloped knowledge of a century from  
now (by when our problems will have  
changed character), we are compelled to  
act anyhow, on the basis of our very  
partial understanding, choosing our ex-  
periments on anticipation of greatest  
benefit and least damage, aware that we  
may be wrong and that certainty is not  
possible.*

*For this reason it is false to intrude  
religious notions into serious discussion  
of education. Irving Feldman, however,  
proposes to cut across all these appa-  
rent difficulties, by proposing that the  
psychology and physics of a certain  
school be assumed to be true, that this  
be translated into religious terms—or  
that religion in harmony with the psy-  
chology and physics be accepted—and*

*then the proper inferences drawn. In a  
significant respect, Irving is making  
an argument from a psychological-physi-  
cal basis, which is given a religious  
adornment.*

*(The question is permissible why a  
psycho-physical system must then be so  
adorned, especially since the vagueness  
and ambiguity of religious terminology  
is sure to cause more rather than less  
confusion; but this would take us into  
the psychology of religion, and here the  
point is: is religion of objective value  
(does it state the case, does it permit  
useful inferences), not whether and how  
it is of use to particular individuals in  
arranging their own thoughts in some  
fashion pleasing to them.)*

*The specific notions Irving presents  
are those of the psychology and physics  
of Wilhelm Reich. In large part these  
are questions of scientific fact, upon  
which not ourselves are competent to  
pass. Some of Reich's statements have  
gained wide support from psychologists:  
his statements about formation of char-  
acter, the physical expression of char-  
acterological facts, the possibility of  
psychiatric treatment by such an ap-  
proach. For his effort to pose the prob-  
lem of the relation between character  
and politics in libertarian terms, Reich  
has an especial interest for anarchists.  
Other of his statements have little sup-  
port from other scientists, and while  
some of this may be assumed to be the  
fault of the other scientists, Reich's  
excursions into the nature of the uni-  
verse, the essential nature of life, or-  
gone energy, and so on, must be con-  
sidered mainly speculation until a body  
of evidence is arrayed behind it.<sup>1</sup> Our  
knowledge of the fate of universal sci-  
entific explanations would lead us to  
doubt Reich's: for it is a long step from  
the facts of sexuality, genitality and the  
orgasm, which have been the data of  
psychology for some years, to transla-  
tion of such facts and inferences into  
a cosmology.*

*What we have here, in fact, is the  
instant realization of science into reli-  
gion. Unwilling to wait for the unfold-*

<sup>1</sup> Reichians reject all such demands  
for evidence with the remark that it is  
the "character structure" of "mechani-  
stic scientists" that blinds them to the  
true physics. However pleasing such cir-  
cular defenses may be to a Reichian,  
scientific discussion cannot proceed with  
such assumptions.

*ing of scientific fact, unwilling to act  
upon the knowledge we can ascertain  
and verify and learn, all caution is dis-  
carded, a particular theory of psychology  
and physics is chosen out of all existing  
theories, and here we have an explana-  
tion—unitary!—of the arts, politics, edu-  
cation, etc.*

*It would be enough to say—let us  
speak only of what we are competent  
to speak of, let us not deduce the con-  
sequences of Reich's system till there is  
evidence for it. But let us for a little  
moment assume that these assertions  
about the energies of the universe and  
the central role of the orgasm in human  
and other life, and so on, are so. Then  
what do we have?*

*Irving defines god as the energy of  
the universe. That the universe is a kind  
of dynamic equilibrium of matter and  
energy is not a new notion: to give  
this energy new names, or define its  
properties more exactly, is not to give  
it the metaphysical shape of god. What  
is there so special about this cosmology  
that requires a god?*

*This becomes clear if we investigate  
the meaning of the term "natural," so  
freely employed here. It is apparent,  
first of all, that it is used as a charged  
word, to do the work of the discredited  
"true" and "good." Now, what is nat-  
ural to the universe? but an atomic  
bomb and a community of loving friends  
are alike in harmony with the order of  
the universe! Unless!—one assumes a  
consciousness and purpose in this uni-  
verse—that is, a god. But then we have  
outleapt even Reich, and by many light  
years.*

*In substance, "natural" is the lan-  
guage of religion. We prefer to rest on  
the reasonable basis that there are  
things demonstrably good and bad for  
ourselves and all human beings: condi-  
tions and relations in which people  
are and are not happy (we have no  
difficulty judging between an atomic  
bomb and a community of loving  
friends!). To project our values into the  
order of the universe does not help.  
We prefer to remain with our knowl-  
edge, such as it is, made as sure and  
full as we can make it. In this work,  
god-speculation and religious types of  
thought have no value.*

—David Wieck



# Anarchism: Further Comments

In the June *Resistance* we printed a summary of the comment of the Freedom Press group of London on the statement "Anarchism" in the November-December issue of *Resistance*. For lack of space it was not possible for us to comment on this.

The essential difference between the outlook of *Resistance* and *Freedom* seems to do with evaluation of possibilities of a revolutionary situation in the near future, and with the obstacles to communicating anarchist ideas to numbers of people. The question of optimism—if this is in fact a question of optimism—does not appear to us as overwhelmingly important. We are concerned to attack a facile optimism that postpones all problems and action until a patiently-awaited revolution; what matters is to be alive to what is possible and necessary now, and the future, whatever it is, will be the better for it. The Freedom Press group is obviously of much the same mind.

Particular points should be cleared up.

It seems unfair to heap on Kropotkin responsibility for a carelessly easy conception of revolution that has in fact been widespread. Anarchism has embraced a tremendous variety of thought, but there is a specific tradition associated with the names of Bakunin, Kropotkin, Reclus, and less Malatesta, that has had, with many anarchists, the form of a concrete ideology. This ideology rises in protest against "innovations" and discussion of subjects not always regarded as bearing on anarchism and revolution. This tradition contains a wealth of experience and learning; it also, like all traditions, tends to the thought that all the questions that need answering have been answered.

The *Resistance* article did not make it sufficiently clear that it was especially the American situation and future that we were analyzing. In European countries conditions are obviously different, and what can be accomplished is probably of a different kind. It is important, however, that European anarchists appreciate the situation in America, for Spain was only one of a tragic series of "interventions" that emphasize the world-influence of such a fortress of reaction as America.

*Freedom* rightly points out that the ideas of 19th century anarchists were, in their context, much more relevant than many critics have admitted. It was not our intention, moreover, to deprecate the value of the Ferrer schools in Spain as an attack on the education-monopoly of the Catholic church. What we intended to emphasize was that anarchists often expected much greater results from such schools—results of an order we think might possibly be accomplished by using more modern knowledge and methods.

Our references to the Spanish revolution were brief, and depend on a more complicated view. Too little information on significant phases of the revolution is available; the anarchist movement has been slow to turn its attention inward, to find the true and false in our own actions. For a lengthy treatment, see *Resistance*, July-August, 1948, *Spain, The*

*Strength that is in the People*, an interpretation of the revolution. Tremendously suggestive, and of a very useful order, is the series of articles in the Spanish paper *C.N.T.* in Paris, May 13 and 27 and June 3 of this year, by Felipe Alaiz, titled "Tres Generaciones de la C.N.T.": a penetrating discussion of the development of the C.N.T., the relation between militants, masses and leaders.

*Freedom* points out the development among continental anarchists of a different concept than the traditional "direct action": that of "gestion ouvrière," as the French anarchists call it. The stalinist capture of the labor movement, the stalinoid politicalization of strikes, the futility of wage-struggles amid inflation, and a revolutionary perspective, have combined to lead anarchists to think in constructive rather than defensive-combative terms. Workers in a particular locality themselves undertake, cooperatively, reconstruction that would otherwise be State enterprise; instead of State-sponsored cradle-to-grave security, the workers of a locality undertake to federate mutual aid societies, etc.; against unemployment, cooperative work; in the last analysis, instead of the general strike, occupation and operation of the factories under workers' control.

These tactical conceptions represent a remarkable effort to meet present situations. The possibility of their large-scale application in America is remote, but they indicate the road that thinking about positive actions must take.

R.

NOTE: In the June *Resistance*, *Freedom* was incorrectly identified as published by the Union of Anarchist Groups of Great Britain. The Freedom Press group has sole responsibility for the paper.—R.

## On The Belvedere

where there was no sound except  
a small fly scratching up a blade  
of cat tongued grass, no sound that is  
until the coherent box no larger than a skull  
spoke, you drank your tea.

In the huge expanse strange  
(although you did not think it strange)  
to hear the cage of wood  
impose upon the air its cry  
ATTACK SATURATES WAR PLANT  
You ate your lunch hearkening then, to be free  
to not heed.—The harm  
had only to be said, to be laid.  
Words rescued you from thought,  
taking them blandly as tannin.  
The announcer's voice fell  
hard.—A shy slave of the lamp  
yet his speech clanged sure,  
gave sounds that dissipated in the day  
scant and dim in the domain of blue.

HOWARD GRIFFIN.

## IMPRESSION OF PISSARRO

by Michael Grieg

An effort has been made in recent years to do some justice to Camille-Jacob Pissarro. Still few people know anything about him. So easy to confuse him with Pizzaro, the conqueror of Peru, or Picasso. He hardly resembled either. Particularly the conqueror.

Yet he was a conqueror in his own way. Yes—and someone to know.

But how can I introduce Pissarro to you as I know him. I myself don't know Pissarro very well, only for a short time. What I know of him, however, makes me feel good that I know of him.

The facts tell something. Just something, however.

Pissarro was an internationalist from the very beginning. He was born 1830 in St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands, then under the Danish flag. His mother was a Creole, his father a French Jew of Portuguese descent. Pissarro liked to draw coconut trees rather than busy himself in his father's general store. His father had other ideas, and Pissarro once ran away from home, as far as Venezuela, so he could draw. His father relented and let him go to Paris to learn, at least, to draw well. France was his home from then on, though he lived in England for a time and later in other lands.

But Paris and the surrounding countryside was his true element.

Here he became a pupil, an informal one, of Corot and an admirer of Courbet. From Corot he learned the basic elements of form and values. But Courbet's influence seems to have been traumatic. Courbet had helped clear the way for picturing French nature more naturally, clear of fauns and pale shepherdesses. Courbet opened the eyes of Pissarro to the poetry of the actual, even to the gracefulness of a cabbage. And Pissarro, who thought of himself as a peasant rather than an aesthete, has probably done the most wonderful portrayals of common garden vegetables in the history of art. But those who collected paintings, in his day as in ours, were more interested in a false surface than an inner truth, and certainly not in the poetry of a cabbage—at least until the artist became a recognized investment. That was why during his life, until the last few years of his seventy, most of his work went for absurdly low sums, if at all. That was why Courbet, who further enraged the leisure class by taking part in the Paris Commune, died destitute.

Pissarro lived destitute. The wonder is how he was able to buy all the materials for the thousands of paintings and drawings he made. Pissarro had a harder time selling his work than his fellow Impressionists who were more acceptably romantic. He was not a bachelor like Renoir. He had seven children with the French peasant woman with whom he lived. And Pissarro, who remembered his own youth, didn't believe in sending his children off to work, a common practice then, though this would have made life a little easier and, more important, would have given him more peace with Madame Pissarro. She was embittered by years of want. She couldn't un-

derstand Pissarro's ideas and work. He wanted his children to flower like works of art. Meanwhile, they were noisy, if pleasant, flowers, and home was hardly a place to work. Perhaps this is one reason why, of all the Impressionists, Pissarro most favored working outdoors.

How the Pissarros lived through those years is a wonder. Consider those dealers who were Pissarro's only source of income for a long time: Pere Martin, a stonemason before he became an art dealer; Pere Tanguy, a color-grinder who had been condemned to death for his part in the Commune; Eugene Murer, a pastry cook and owner of a small restaurant.

A story that concerns Murer is worth repeating. He decided once that the only way Pissarro's works could be sold would be by raffling them off. So he had tickets made and sold them to those who came to his place. One of the neighborhood's servant girls, who all bought tickets, drew a lucky number. She rushed up to see what she had won, and her face fell when she saw the prize: perhaps (the fact hasn't been recorded) a Pissarro field of cabbages, propped up amid Murer's array of pastries. As Murer later told Pissarro, the girl, after a long and mournful look, finally blurted out: "If it's all the same to you, I'd rather have a cream bun."

But Pissarro's spirits and ideas weren't soured by such incidents. He didn't share that terrible need of scorn for the poor tastes of ordinary people, which possessed such friends as Gauguin and Degas, or even Millet, the painter of *The Man with the Hoe*, who had very little sympathy with either peasants or servant girls. At the Cafe Guerbois, a hang-out for the Impressionists, one of Degas' favorite topics was, indeed, "the unsuitability of making art available to the lower classes and allowing the production of pictures to be sold for 13 sous."

Pissarro wasn't tied up inside like Degas or Gauguin. He knew the poor, he understood his wife. He realized how the pursuit of needs by the poor, how the pursuit of luxuries by the rich, dulled and perverted in most a joy in art.

Pissarro was an anarchist, instinctively and intellectually. He was an anarchist through and through, of the here and now and the hereafter. An anarchist mostly unknown by most anarchists. Yet he knew Reclus in Belgium. He was part of the anarchist circle that met informally, that included that other unique anarchist, Bernard Lazare, and Octave Mirbeau, who wrote some bad novels with some good things in them. He was never too poor to show his solidarity (careful to hide the fact from Madame Pissarro) with comrades hounded by the law, like Pouget, the anarcho-syndicalist.

Pissarro was an anarchist of Proudhonian dimensions, though he would say that Proudhon's anti-authoritarianism was still too authoritarian for him. It is Proudhon's sensibilities which responded to Pissarro. Significantly, Proudhon was a close friend of Courbet. One of Courbet's best portraits was of Proudhon, and Proudhon's book, *The Principle of Art and Its Social Purpose*, was inspired by Cour-



bet. What really binds the three of them together is an unsentimental love of nature, a feeling quite prevalent in anarchism, which has probably received its purest expression in the paintings of Pissarro.

Of course much of what makes me feel good about Pissarro is in his paintings. Unfortunately, little of his work is available, except in a few reproductions of a few paintings, mostly black and white, which is death to a colorist like Pissarro. Besides, to a city-bred person, much of his work has a certain monotony, a monotony which belongs to nature also. Much of this work is all in an even spirit, the calm and integrated spirit of the man. None or little of that tension and contrast found in Cezanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh, all of whom worked by his side and valued Pissarro, and whose landscapes are much more exciting than his to a city-bred person of today. Still, an early landscape of Pissarro's, his one famous painting, *Red Roofs*, has a magic of sensation, of rhythm and color, rarely equalled by the others.

However, what is most wonderful to me about Pissarro's art is the work he did in the last years of his life, after returning to impressionism from his championing of the new current represented by Seurat and Signac, a period in which theory cramped Pissarro's sensibility. In these later works, painted from hotel windows because he was too old to stand the rigors of outdoor painting, the city becomes alive in a splendid spontaneity of sensation, an imaginative world which too often eluded all the Impressionists in their emphasis on the problems of light and a rather superficial view of the actual. Pissarro's later paintings glow with all that he and the others had discovered, and yet penetrate more deeply into the mystery and joy of things. His *Boulevard des Italiens at Night*, his *Avenue de L'Opera*, even in poor reproductions, are revelations of that age, now when the too familiar Renoirs and Monets begin to bore.

Yet what is most wonderful about Pissarro is the man himself. As someone has remarked, the most splendid fact about our social order are the few remarkable individuals who manage to survive its rottenness. How they did so would be worth exploring.

Pissarro did so. He survived destitution, official art juries, a wife who didn't understand him, near blindness and old age. He wasn't wonderful on principle. His freshness of vision and grandeur of spirit didn't come from any copybook. It came from an inner need to be himself and to permit others to be themselves. He was a living example of Martin Buber's concept of I and Thou years before it was formulated. It permitted him to form rich associations with Cezanne, who was moody and suspicious, with Van Gogh, who was near mad, and Degas, who was an anti-Semite. Of course, for the most part, he was more I than they were thou. When Pissarro died, Degas could write to his friend Rouart: "So the poor old wandering jew is dead . . . He will never know how embarrassed we were in his company . . . that horrible race." But Pissarro knew the despair after perfection which twisted Degas, particularly when, with approaching blindness, Degas could only work with bright pastels and then only sculpture. Though after the Dreyfus affair, he and Degas, who had allied himself with the mili-



Portrait of Camille Pissarro  
by Lucien Pissarro

tarists, didn't see one another, Pissarro continued to praise Degas as the greatest artist of the decade. That was typical of Pissarro.

But the full record of what Pissarro attained as a human being is in the letters to his son Lucien. A book of them has been collected by John Rewald, one of the few historians of impressionism who has done justice to Pissarro. Published during the last war, forgotten in the madness, these letters deserve a place beside the letters of Sacco and Vanzetti, the *Prison Memoirs* of Berkman, as the most moving expressions of anarchism.

A few excerpts are more revealing of the man than anything I can say. Remember this is father to son. It is hard to believe feeling as some of us do that fathers and mothers are inevitably noxious.

"Scorn my judgment," Pissarro writes his son who was learning art in London where he was sent, one imagines, to escape conscription. "I have such a longing for you all to be great that I cannot hide my opinions from you. Accept only those that are in accord with your sentiments and mode of understanding. Although we have substantially the same ideas, these are modified in you by youth and a milieu strange to me; and I am thankful for that; what I fear most is for you to resemble me too much . . ."

"Don't bother your head," he says, "about those who can't understand your type of drawing, let them put themselves in your shoes. Your drawing is actually quite correct, when you have studied and understood it . . . Only keep your personality intact! Each of us has his qualities and faults, the important thing is to have many qualities."

And when Lucien, despairing over finances, wrote his father that he probably would have been better off if he had gone into business, rather than art, the old man wrote: "The fact that I can't sell my own works does not at all prove that I would have been a successful businessman; damn it all, I know how I would have made out: I would have gone bankrupt two or three times; in this I would have been

blameless; bankruptcy would have resulted, perhaps, from too great trust in my dear competitors, and hence be come by honestly. Into the bargain, I would not even have had the satisfaction of living by my ideas; what regrets! Besides, it was not possible. I would much rather be a worker than a businessman who is actually nothing but a middleman or intermediary, and should properly conduct his business for the worker's profit . . . No, it is too idiotic."

And this reflection on the artist's life:

"I have just concluded my series of paintings, I look at them constantly. I who made them often find them horrible. I understand them only at rare moments, when I have forgotten all about them, on days when I feel kindly disposed and indulgent to their poor maker. Sometimes I'm horribly afraid to turn round canvases which I have piled against the wall; I am constantly afraid of finding monsters where I believed there were precious gems! . . . Thus it does not astonish me that the critics in London relegate me to the lowest rank. Alas! I fear that they are only too justified! However, at times I come across works of mine which are soundly done and really in my style, and at such moments I

find great solace. But no more of that. Painting, art in general, enchants me. It is my life. What else matters? When you put all your soul into a work, all that is noble in you, you cannot fail to find a kindred soul who understands you, and you do not need a host of such spirits. Is not that all an artist should wish for?"

And, finally, these words:

"See then, how stupid the bourgeoisie, the real bourgeoisie, have become, step by step they go lower and lower, in a word they are losing all notion of beauty, they are mistaken about everything. Where there is something to admire they shout it down, they disapprove! Where there are stupid sentimentalities from which you want to turn with disgust, they jump with joy or swoon.—Everything they have admired for the last fifty years is now forgotten, old-fashioned, ridiculous. For years they had to be forcibly prodded from behind, shouted at: This is Delacroix! That's Berlioz! Here is Ingres! etc., etc. And the same thing has held true in literature, in architecture, in science, in medicine, in every branch of human knowledge . . . They are like the falling, rolling rock which we must ceaselessly roll back in order to escape being crushed."

## Notes of a Mariner

by Lead Line

The chipping hammers cease their deafening noise and the housing of the vessel is spotted with red lead, giving the appearance of a chicken-pocked face. It is Monsoon, but a sticky heat envelops the port of Bombay, suffocating and bone melting. The sky is overcast, which makes it more depressing, for it appears that all channels of escape of the hot humid air are locked. The sweat is traveling from the neck downward toward the vital parts. The native watchman, apparently of Moslem faith, lays his staff aside, spreads out a burlap sack, and on his knees turns his face toward Mecca. He begins his "Allah Ahckbar" followed by what appear to the eye as setting up exercises. On the dock, on naked cobblestones, lie groups of stevedores trying to fall into the arms of Morpheus. Every so often a tubercular cougher sounds off in a sort of Allegro Moderato, better known as a rust scraper. The first cougher is rapidly joined by a few others of a different sound who form a regular coughing cadenza. Such is the lodging of these stevedores who come from India's hinterland villages to work in the ports, and eat and sleep wherever they can.

Oh India, you are free from the British, but the disinherited millions live or rather exist in wretchedness and squalor. And like the Goddess "Kalli" with her many hands which deal out death . . . so India's upper classes. . .

Poor Hindu, you do not rejoice, nay or even comprehend your new won freedom . . . not many ruppees or bowls of

rice are you receiving for your toil on the docks or in the Jute Mills along the banks of the Ugli River. But again, if you, Poor Hindu Slave, should have your rice bowl replenished today, and should you happen to have a bed with a roof over it, you would drain your vigor into the womb of your wife, and add more to the millions of slaves. And when your wife's womb should bear a girl she may be sold into one of the haunts on Grand Road in Bombay. When she reaches nine summers you may get a good price for her.

Grand Road is a street in Bombay where in barred cages sit girls in their very early teens, with painted faces. Behind a curtain on a dirt-worn mat, for the meager price of one rupee, they spread their legs or buttocks for the customer who comes there to satisfy his desires of the flesh. Then again she may reach a higher "Nirvana" by giving herself into one of the rare ancient temples where with her naked body she will serve Kalli and Sivah, where the old priests take her innocence in the name of the gods without even rendering the silver coin which is obligatory on the Grand Road.

Oh, India, you are eternal with your hundreds of teeming millions who like maggots are swarming over your body. But you are a transparent land. In Bombay and Calcutta the carcasses of your sons are flaked out on the street pavements and gutters, licking the dung dust of the water buffalo and the holy cow amidst shining limousines. Per-

haps these villagers of Ujjain or Karnata country are dreaming of Sri. Krishna playing on his flute, he must have been a great flutist, the pastoral shepherd of love. But all I can hear in this accursed suffocating monsoon night is the infernal chant of gangs of stevedores stacking tin bricks on the pier astern of our vessel. It sounds something like "Unga pa, unga pa," followed by a convulsive voice like that of a Moslem Mozain calling the faithful to Allah.

Lightning streaks across the sky, followed by thunder. It is raining like brickbats. A long blast on the steam whistle is sounded by some lonely ship leaving her berth; the sleeping stevedores on the pier, aroused by the rain, skelter under pier sills for shelter, some are taking a free bath and wringing out their loin cloths. The rain stops, short intercourse between heaven and earth.

Out by the seashore, in the vicinity of the monument, the gateway to India in the port of Bombay, stands Taj Mah. Taj Mah, a rendezvous for foreigners or Mlechchas as the natives call them. Also Oxford accented natives. Here they come for tea or cold drinks and here they are attended by waiters magnificently dressed in exotic splendor.

It is here and other like places in India where the elements of the better classes come to indulge in a bit of "Dharma" which means happiness in this world. Here like the world over the idling sons talk about the great Mission their Nation has to perform for humanity. Out of these Occident-tarnished Youth the Nationalist movement was forged. These youngsters from wealthy families were sent into foreign lands, especially England, to acquire the wisdom and the polish of their rulers. While studying in England they were



not accepted as equals in the wealthy Social Set—being of dusky color, and being colonial subjects to the crown. These youths of India, filled with an inferiority complex, seeing the apathetic conditions of the millions of the land, the nationalist elements turned their wrath into resolution to take the whip out of the hands of the foreign master in order to crack it themselves over the backs of their own toiling brethren.

The toiler's rice bowl has not been replenished, yea not even a few rupees added to his purse. The least assertion on his behalf is countered with the "Mukti" teachings which say that life's happiness is an enchanting slavery and that the joys of life, being within the laws of nature, are not to last and are subject to death.

A strange land is India, her ways are contrasting; parallel to the ways of a Mukti's teachings of negation runs "Kama Sutra" with its 64 accessory arts of love for women to please their men.

My night watch is coming to an end and I shall hope to sleep a dreamless

sleep—but I anticipate dreams of oceans of human sweat and tears, out of the ripples and whitecaps shapes of humans blossom and from the mighty misty mountains of the land mighty rivers flow into the sea. And where the rivers fall into the great main water they lose their identity into what Percy Shelley called "The unfathomable sea."

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,

Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe

Are brackish with the salt of human tears!

Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow

Claspest the limits of mortality, And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,

Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;

Treachurous in calm, and terrible in storm,

Who shall put forth on thee, Unfathomable Sea?

## BOOKS IN REVIEW

**FREEDOM IN EDUCATION**, by Elizabeth Byrne Ferm. N. Y.: Lear Publishers; by Modern School, Stelton, N. J. \$2.75. 188 pp. and biographical note.

For a number of years after 1920, Elizabeth Ferm (1857-1944) was, with her husband, co-head of the Modern School, an educational experiment in which anarchists were deeply interested.

This book, which contains her philosophy of education, perhaps sheds some indirect light on the reasons why the child-education efforts of anarchists have sometimes been disappointing. These experiments did provide a substitute for flag-waving, regimented public schools; yet the exceptional freedom of these schools does not seem to have had perceptible effects on the personalities, and even political and social ideas, of the adults these children became. The challenge of this fact cannot be ignored, for it serious threatens the anarchist's confidence in the latent abilities of people.

Elizabeth Ferm's method was to allow children to develop themselves, as individuals, at their own speed and in the directions they chose; among a group of children and with the cooperation of educators (not pedagogues); with the aim of achieving self-expression rather than a quantity of knowledge. Her ideas, it is clear, were much bolder than those of the generality of "progressive" educators. A major point of her method was to allow aggression to be expressed, so that, for example, a child would not, out of fear (or love)

of his elders repress his rages and then continue throughout life to master situations by disguised tantrums.

But this philosophy has clear limits. Aggression is tolerated, it is apparent, because it is considered a lesser evil than sexuality. That is, the fully active child does not practice "self-abuse" (it says here), and all pre-adult sexuality is labeled "unhealthy indulgence," "mischief," "such practises," etc. (masturbation is apparently a tabu word). But sexual feelings, impulses, desires and expressions, just as much as aggression, are a fact of infancy and childhood. Freud has supplied analytical data, Kinsey statistical data, child psychologists direct observation. But beyond this, an education based on an unprejudicial encouragement of self-expression and development must reckon with the anthropologists' information that in certain cultures pre-adult sexuality is understood and accepted as a part of the growth of the child. And it must reckon with the demonstrated role of sexual repression (whether accomplished by diverting the child's attention or tying its hands) in formation of neurotic character; or, to make the political (and educational) point clearer, between repression and psychological readiness to accept an authoritarian society.

One would expect freedom of aggression to produce exceptionally healthy children, and the sexual tabu to produce somewhat less healthy adults. In fact, this is suggested by Elizabeth Ferm's confused and disturbing discussion of adolescence, compared with her forceful, concrete discussion of the problems

of childhood. She believed that in the healthy child the onset of adolescence meant the end of the period of aggression, the beginning of abstraction, the evolution of the child into our rational adult world. The adolescents she describes—shy, sensitive, serious, sex-terrified—are in fact pretty sad individuals.

An equally basic error in philosophy and psychology is the notion that each child has a unique personality which, with the care of a good educator, unfolds itself. Now, each child is born with a more or less unique endowment; but what the child's personality is at 1 or 3 or 5 years of age is conditioned largely by the kinds of "institutions" the child lives among—the conditions under which the child obtains food, the disciplines it must submit to, the choices allowed, the care and attention received, the relations among children, the status of children in society, the parents attitudes toward sex, aggression, individuality, and so on. Cultural studies have revealed that within a particular society these character-molding institutions are remarkably uniform; even in our mixed culture, the individual groundwork of the dominant values and types of behavior of our society may be seen in these early-childhood institutions.

The most totalitarian family (or state) cannot abolish human individuality. But the institutions of childhood do tend to fix the limits of personality, and therefore the limits of education.

But the institutions of childhood can be modified or substituted. It is true that a stupid meddling with these institutions has not had happy issue (for example, the generation of "scientifically" nurtured babies, and the present reaction against this application of machine-technology to human beings). What marvels a consistent application of libertarian principles might achieve, we can only guess. But we need not wonder that miracles are not produced by a policy of *laissez-faire*.

**MICHAEL BAKUNIN AND KARL MARX**, by K. J. Kenafick, Melbourne, Australia, 373 pp. and index.

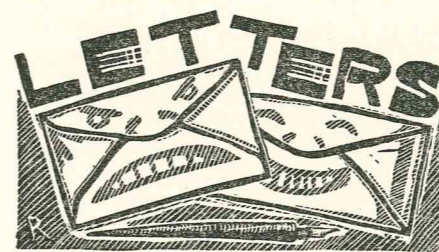
Until we have Maximov's translation of Bakunin's complete works, this new book will stand as the most useful source on the thought and activity of the great anarchist. (As biography it is sketchy; anarchists tend to sidestep personality-and-psychology in writing of anarchist figures; but we can be sure the facts, probed deeply enough, would not justify our timidity.) Through copious quotation and thoughtful arrangement of the material, Kenafick presents a portrait of Bakunin that the hostile Carr and Nomad do not.

In the end, nevertheless, Bakunin is as puzzling as ever.

Kenafick believes Bakunin is best understood as a "Revolutionary Socialist" (Kenafick's own conception of anarchism). He is at pains to differentiate

Bakunin's anarchism from the idealist-utopian Proudhon, the individualist Stirner, and from later non-syndicalist anarchism (he accepts Marx's and Bakunin's characterization of Proudhon's anarchism as *petit-bourgeois*). Bakunin and Marx are presented as men of parallel goals and points of departure: but that Bakunin had broader understanding, of people especially, the less erudition; that Bakunin recognized (as Marx, who tended that way, did not) the implications of authoritarian communism; that Bakunin put forward the Proudhonist idea of federalism as the practical alternative to the state communism implicit in Marxism, and the federalist idea in the International as the alternative to the authoritarianism and centralism Marx practiced; that Bakunin was a deeper philosopher, more consistent materialist, than Marx; etc.

Is the picture a true one? The evidence for it is that Bakunin believed it. Against Kenafick's point of view is the evidence that most present-day anarchists regard the gap between Marxism and anarchism as a gulf, and the effort to collaborate in the First International a great misunderstanding. In any case, Bakunin seems a man far too complex



The day after the terms of the Atlantic Pact were made known I visited the little wooden church at Greensted, Essex, built about the year 950, of split oak trunks from the forest in which it stood. The forest has receded, and for hundreds of years the church has been surrounded by farming country. A long tentacle from the Central London tube will soon pass only a quarter of a mile away. New housing estates are closing round, but are still out of sight.

On that cold wintry Saturday afternoon a coachload of visitors arrived. They walked disinterestedly about, they heard the vicar talk about the murdered king whose body was rested there awhile, they used the building as a background for snapshots of each other. I caught their infectious apathy and put down my sketchpad.

I heard the organizer for the outing tell the vicar they were going to make a 'geological study' of the chalk hills in Buckinghamshire before tea. A group of young people strolling back to the

to fit exactly Kenafick's clear-edged description. In the single fragment *God and the State* one may, I believe, find more contradictions than in the many passages Kenafick quotes from many works. The thought urges itself that Bakunin is not so easily classified. Considering the slander—beginning and not ending with Marx—of which Bakunin has been victim, a downright plea on his behalf is most appropriate; but a more balanced view might serve better (Kenafick admits little more than that Bakunin was excessively trusting).

By no means let such criticism discourage reading of the book. It does much to correct the notion that Bakunin (and his anarchist contemporaries) were merely barricades-revolutionaries too preoccupied to probe questions relevant today. Bakunin's analysis of Marxism and state socialism, of the problems of liberty and a revolutionary movement, of the forces at work in the period of the Paris Commune, of the consequences of reaction and increasing centralization—these offer material and thought parallel to today, insights sharp enough to be written tomorrow.

d.w.

coach, having completed their 'architectural study,' were saying bitterly, "At least they can't take this away from us."

This is an increasing attitude which could have only one meaning. Britain feels it has been bought out. Pacts are made, dollars loaned. Britain's own ill-gotten wealth has been squandered away. A dissipated parent cringes on its children for food and protection; the children conditionally, reluctantly, but faithfully respond.

The parent encourages the children's nightmares of the ogre scheming to destroy, and in their common hate and fear they find a bizarre hope of security, like two men standing back to back as protection from the fear that springs within themselves.

The children give and the parent receives, without grace or gratitude, each afraid of what the other may take away.

America is afraid that Britain may become competitive again: Britain is afraid of the workhouse. They sharpen swords to fight, they say, the nightmare ogre.

Before I left Greensted church I read the inscription on a little oaken cross, time and weather worn.—

"In memory of Edward Edwards who died whilst in the act of sharpening his scythe.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not at what hour your Lord doth come."

Who will write "In memory of Homo Sapiens who died whilst in the act of sharpening his hate-blade"?

George Sneed

## Int'l Notes

The French anarchist weekly *Libertaire* reports that it has been prosecuted for supporting the miners' strike and urging revolutionary action.

*Libertaire* had pointed out that the miners' protest against a continually-diminishing purchasing-power must not be used as part of the manoeuvres of power-blocs. The same Communists who were now exploiting the miners' resentment against a reactionary government had been responsible, when the party was in power, for forcing on the miners such high production-standards that ultra-dangerous mining methods were introduced; the same Communists, when Thorez was a friend and colleague of deGaulle in 1945, had disarmed the militias and left the miners helpless against the fusillades of the police. Instead, *Libertaire* urged the miners to go beyond the simple strike, to expropriate the state-owned mines, and run them themselves. At the same time, *Libertaire* assured the miners of their complete sympathy and fraternity, and circulated subscription lists to help their struggle.

The editor of *Libertaire*, Joyeux, has been sent to prison by judges who were giving their word to serve Pétain faithfully—at the same time Joyeux was condemned to death under the German occupation. *Libertaire* has received a heavy fine, a severe blow to a paper already hard-pressed for money. But *Libertaire* promises that they will not be suppressed so easily.

\* \* \*

Reports from Spain indicate that the resistance continues despite increasingly ferocious repression. The American press has given some little attention to the bombings of the Barcelona consulates of three nations which had demonstrated their support of Franco in the United Nations, and the protests by dynamite during and after Franco's visit to that city. Of the violent persecution and repression that stirs these protests the papers give little news.

Among the liberal French press a considerable campaign is underway for the release of Jose Lopez, a member of the anarcho-syndicalist CNT, who is facing trial almost certain to result in a death verdict (he has been denied even the right to choose a lawyer). When the police surprised and besieged a secret CNT meeting in the Barcelona suburb of Hospitalet on March 9, a battle ensued, in which one police official was killed, Lopez seriously wounded, and most of the CNT people arrested. A fighter in the anarchist Durruti column during the revolution, active in the Maquis during the German occupation of France, Lopez had recently crossed the border from France to work in the underground movement. After capture, he was repeatedly "interrogated in the fascist manner," and is charged with "conspiracy against the Franco regime



and attentat against the agents of authority."

The Spanish anarchist press-in-exile reports almost weekly trials and executions. On July 1 a Council of War in Madrid condemned 8 members of the CNT, including 2 women, to 10 to 30 years for "illegal association and conspiracy against the form of government" (there is no legal association in Spain); in Bilbao 19 anti-fascists were sentenced to 3 to 20 years for having a radio transmitter; 15 members of the Socialist Party, including 4 members of the Executive Committee, were sentenced in early July to 5 to 20 years for "subversive propaganda"; 3 anti-fascists were executed in Madrid for "activities against the regime," in another case sentences of 6, 12 and 25 years were imposed; in Bilbao 2 anti-fascists were executed (a third, arrested with them two years before, died in prison from torture); the CNT France-Spain courier, Francisco Denis (Català), arrested in a border-crossing, committed suicide to avert further torture. And so on.

The heroic men of Spain die, a single bomb or a single illegal paper brings

hundreds, perhaps thousands, of arrests. What is the use of it? . . . But the Spanish anarchists, the spearhead of the anti-fascist resistance, will not let the Spanish people sink into apathetic acceptance of Franco's Christian state. It is just such a stubborn and hopeless resistance that has always maintained among the Spanish people the spirit that led to the great achievements of 1936—which nearly changed the history of Europe.

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Upon the initiative of Italian-speaking anarchists in America, the editorial group of the Italian review *Volontà* has developed plans for publishing an "Anarchist Encyclopedia." It was originally suggested that the "Anarchist Encyclopedia" published in French more than 20 years ago by Sébastien Faure be merely revised, but the plans of *Volontà* have gone much further.

The work is planned in four volumes, each to be a complete section, so that possible interruptions will not make the work useless. The volumes are tenta-

tively outlined: 1) an exposition of existing ideologies, including a copious exposition of anarchist thought; 2) the existing facts of our life and world, with up-to-date information, statistics, etc.; 3) social history of the peoples of various cultures, to present a panorama of human achievements, the libertarian and anti-libertarian forces, etc.; 4) toward the future: an exposition of the social tensions of the present world, "the great social movements and the action of the little groups and isolated individuals." The volumes are projected as 1500 pages each. The necessary money is being raised. The possibility of parallel Italian and English editions is being discussed, as also the parallel publication of pamphlets from the Encyclopedia.

*Volontà* has distinguished itself by the calibre of thought and its earnest probing of all problems relevant to anarchism. The collaboration of anarchist writers from all countries is being obtained, and this project promises to be the most important statement of anarchist thought and its relation to the present and future.

## Anarchism, Capitalism and Marxism

(Continued from page 3)

ism force of any sort is the greatest of possible vilifications.

Some will nevertheless ask: what about certain acts of assassination or attempted acts of violence that anarchists have proudly admitted? How explain these?

There have been such instances, the traducers of anarchism have made the most of them. But were they sincere? Have they presented the true background? We believe not. In 1941 a man shot at Pierre Laval and Marcel Déat, collaborators of Nazism. He proclaimed himself a devoted patriot of outraged France. The entire press of the "democracies" openly applauded his deed. We shall cite but one of the many eulogies, part of an editorial in the daily *Portland Oregonian* of August 29, 1941, carrying the significant heading "They Shall Die by the Sword!":

Whoever seeks authority over his fellow men by the employment of force should expect to encounter force from those who object. And whoever wins in such struggle, and actually establishes authority over his fellows, should be reconciled to sleeplessness, because those who would undo them will never sleep. It is a timeless reality that he who lives by the sword is marked to die by it . . . So with Pierre Laval and his henchman Marcel Déat. . . . All of which is said in explanation rather than justification. . . . We only point out that it is a law of life, as ancient as the cave, that the weapons such men employ shall be turned against them.

(Since no form of government known to man functions without every conceivable form of force and violence, application of the reasoning of the *Oregonian* would justify the destruction of all governments.)

Toward an act of assassination by an anarchist, no anarchist organ has ever taken a different attitude.

Furthermore, it must be pointed out that the causes motivating any act committed by an anarchist were always far different than that which prompted the act against Laval and Déat. Not a bigoted patriotism, but an ideal that transgresses the narrow boundaries of a country, invariably motivates such acts by anarchists. These are usually acts of protest against the great injustices of a tyrant or exploiter—attempts to call the attention of mankind's conscience to unbearable acts of oppression against the people. When they determined by themselves to carry out such acts, these men and women knew their lives were forfeited. But the injustice surrounding them was too strong, their emotions so deeply affected, that they didn't hesitate to risk their lives. And that is why liberty-loving people have unreservedly viewed such acts with sympathy, understanding and admiration. They knew that such men and women are idealists in the truest sense.

The attitude of the *Oregonian* and its brethren contemporaries is insincere, for they would have damned and vilified to the utmost anyone who perpetrated such an act for the kind of idealistic motives just pointed out.

Furthermore, if there are any who ought to be charged with deliberate assassination of millions of human beings, in peace as well as war, it is the system known as capitalism and its protector the State. What else does the profit system bring the exploited but misery, disease, want and untimely death? In so-called peacetime, this unending process of assassination proceeds at a slow pace. In war it is accelerated by every invention capable of bringing wholesale destruction, death and maiming to the oppressed people throughout the world.

In peacetime this wanton assassination is carried on under the cloak of the "sacred rights of property." In war-time the assassins don the hypocritical robes of patriotism to shield their none the less guilty crime of wholesale murder—to further and

perpetuate their unjust, unethical and inhuman system of exploitation and rulership.

## Socialism and Anarchism

What motivates the opposition of socialist schools of thought towards anarchism?

The anarchist has, first of all, an indefatigable faith in the people. The socialist does not. He views the people as the shepherd does his sheep—a flock that must be led. The anarchist trusts in the intelligence of the people. The socialist makes no secret of lacking such trust: that is why he sets himself up as the vanguard—with complete ready-made plans to lead the masses into his socialist commonwealth.

The anarchist trusts in the goodness of man—if and when his dormant spirit and inherent longing for freedom will awaken and give it opportunity to reveal itself in all glory and beauty imaginable. The socialist believes that nearly every fiber in man denotes evil; he must therefore be cajoled into goodness.

The anarchist understands that once the people rid themselves of capitalism and the State, they would, in rebuilding society, be apt to make many errors. The socialist is convinced that by setting himself up as the guardian, the day after the revolution begins, he can prevent the people from making any errors at all.

To the anarchist the life of man implies freedom to grow, explore and experiment unceasingly in every sphere the mind directs. To the socialist there exists no such inherent spirit of freedom in the soul of man; he must be commanded and directed, given a blueprint to guide his every move.

The anarchist sees in the socialist approach a fatal method that can result only, as in Russia, in exactly the same economic and political slavery as prevails wherever capitalism and its governments function. True, capitalism, as such, has been eliminated under bolshevism in Russia. But the socialist state has taken over the exploitation role of capitalism, incorporating it into the government. That phrase "the state will wither away," by which Engels and Lenin tried to console those critics who foresaw exactly where capturing the State would lead, is no longer repeated by any of the bolshevik spokesmen. In fact the bolsheviks, in the role of State officials, wield today far more power over the life of the people than does any capitalist rulership.

Although the socialist takes the position that anarchism is too good for mankind, he does so only in theory. When the socialist captures the reins of State, he opposes anarchism in a manner that outdoes the capitalist State. In bolshevik-ruled Russia, anarchists have been secretly murdered by the State, secretly sentenced to exile and imprisonment. To be known as an anarchist is to be the object of constant persecution. The libraries of Russia have been cleansed of the books of Bakunin, Kropotkin and other anarchist thinkers. Freedom of thought and of expression in art, literature and science is looked upon as a crime by the marxian State. In Bulgaria the cries of the once-influential anarchist movement, reaching the world from jails and concentration camps, emphasize what can be expected of any new marxian State. And who does not recognize how

closely the fascist, as well as the democratic, régimes are following the pattern set by the bolshevik reign in dealing with the anarchist idea and its movement?

## Revolution and Freedom

According to the pen-slaves of capitalism, social revolt is instigated and brought about by radicals, socialists, bolsheviks and anarchists. If this were true, or rather if it were possible, the world would have witnessed many more revolutions.

Revolutions cannot be made to order by any individual or party. The few so inspired have proved to be of the most abortive type. Real social upheavals have their origin in the suffering masses. No one can stop such outbreaks any more than one can a flood or ravaging disease. Revolutions are not a sign of a healthy society whose inhabitants live in justice, equality and happiness—just the very opposite. And no society that denies its inhabitants these three basic human cravings will ever prove itself immune from Revolution.

The same lying tongues of capitalism love to picture revolution as an orgy of bloodshed which revolutionists of all social school just love to revel in. No greater falsehood could ever be invented. Those great teachers and disciples of social ideas that hold forth new hopes for an emancipated mankind have been led to expound these ideas just because they detest bloodshed and strive to bring about its end the world over.

Every social upheaval has been accompanied by bloodshed. But who is to be blamed? The people who rise in revolt? the idealists expounding the philosophy of economic and political freedom?

When one studies more closely what really happens during a revolution, the answer is not difficult to find. A given people has risen in revolt against unbearable conditions. Usually this is preceded by setting forth grievances and demands. And how do those answer, upon whom these demands are served? Do they peacefully accede to the just demands? History has not yet recorded it. Instead they respond with the armed force of the police, the army, the courts and the jails, and very often the gallows as well. What stronger proof can there be of the State *not* being, as it pretends, the servant of the people, but in reality its worst enemy?

The manner in which the reactionary government of France, aided by the German government, drowned the Paris Communards in blood; the manner in which the Kronstadt rebellion was likewise drowned in blood by the marxian State of Russia fully attests the truth of this axiom.

Unfailingly, the first and sole guilt for bloodshed in social revolution can be traced back to those evil institutions against whom the people have risen in revolt. Without the armed might of the State, capitalist or socialist, to protect and perpetuate the reign of these evil institutions, they could not last long. Then we would witness peaceful revolutions indeed—revolutions by persuasion based upon logic and truth.

## The Road Toward Freedom

Is the "civilization" we now live under deserving of such a name? Hardly. Wars are no doubt the



strongest proof how far mankind still is from living under a true civilization. And equally demonstrative of our uncivilized life are the systems we are subjected to in peacetime.

Capitalism, bolshevism—are both these systems not dependent on and interlocked with the uncivilized evils of markets and competition, greed and profits, rulership and exploitation? And are not both equally bent upon regimenting every human being into an automaton, almost a mechanical robot? Do these systems not vie with each other in industrial mechanization of man's whole life? Such are the principal bases of these systems. And what sane logical person can call any of them civilized?

The true civilization will have as its basis totally different guiding concepts. First of all, man will discard the insane and suicidal mechanization of human life. He will learn that nature has placed before him the most glorious possibilities for building an earthly civilized paradise—through the use of mother-earth. The bounties man could supply himself with, by working in a spirit of love and cooperation with nature, would dispel for all time that greatest of falsehoods—that man cannot become self-sufficient wherever he finds himself.

The road toward real freedom is not insurmountable. The oppressed need but awaken to full realization of those great powers latent and stifled within each of them. They need to begin breathing freely, think freely and act freely. Having begun to trust themselves, they will begin to free themselves from the mental and physical fetters of those manifold evil forces that have held them down for ages. Only then will they no longer be the victims of the lying school system, the lying religion, the lying press, the lying theatre, movie and radio, the lying politician, the lying exploiter, and, last but not least, the lying labor leaders.

When the oppressed will have begun to act in such a spirit, they will have started for the first time on the road toward real freedom. All the evil and deceitful forces will no longer hold sway over

them. Instead, they will stake their future upon their own ingenuity and resourcefulness. The gates toward a new horizon will then open wide. Cooperation between man and man will evolve into that great fellowship whose glory mankind's outstanding sages have envisioned and foretold: Freedom and Justice, Equality and Happiness.

The dawn of mankind's emancipation will bring about the birth not only of a new society, but of a new culture as well. The poets will no longer have to weave out songs of sorrow and despair, misery and want, sufferings and oppressions. Instead the air will reverberate with songs inspired by joy and happiness, the true spirit of freedom, and the great gladness of living and laboring in such a society.

Of such stuff is made the dream of the free society that the anarchist envisions and unceasingly labors to bring about. Only the oppressed people themselves can make this dream of a true civilization come true.

## The Anarchist Bookshelf

### • THEORY

ABC of Anarchism (Now and After abridged), by Alexander Berkman .....	25c
The State, by Peter Kropotkin .....	25c
Revolutionary Government, by Peter Kropotkin .....	10c
The Wage System, by Peter Kropotkin .....	10c
A Talk Between Two Workers, by E. Malatesta .....	10c
Vote—What For?, by E. Malatesta .....	10c
Anarchy or Chaos, by George Woodcock .....	35c
Anarchism and Morality, by George Woodcock .....	10c
What is Anarchism?, by George Woodcock .....	5c
The Philosophy of Anarchism, by H. Read .....	25c
What's Anarchism?, by H. Havel .....	10c
The Basis of Communal Living, by George Woodcock .....	25c
Anarcho-Syndicalism, by Rudolf Rocker .....	\$1.25
Anarchy, by E. Malatesta .....	10c

### • HISTORICAL

Workers in Stalin's Russia, by M. L. Berneri .....	25c
The Russian Enigma, by Ciliga .....	\$1.00
Anarchism and American Traditions, by Voltairine De Cleyre .....	10c
The Guillotine at Work, by Maximov .....	\$1.50
Three Years of Struggle in Spain .....	5c
The Truth About Spain, by Rudolf Rocker .....	10c
The Wilhelmshaven Revolt, by Icarus .....	10c
La Revolution Inconnue, by Voline .....	2.00

### • GENERAL

Cooperative Decentralization, by J. P. Warbasse .....	10c
Railways and Society, by George Woodcock .....	10c
New Life to the Land, by George Woodcock .....	10c
The British General Strike, by Tom Brown .....	10c
Mussolini: Red and Black, by Armando Borghi .....	50c
Italy After Mussolini, by John Hewetson .....	10c
Does God Exist?, by Sebastian Faure .....	10c
Place of the Individual in Society, by E. Goldman .....	10c
Art and Social Nature, by Paul Goodman .....	\$1.05
Reflections on art and libertarian ethics.	
Nationalism and Culture, by R. Rocker .....	\$3.50
Peter Kropotkin: His Federalist Ideas, by C. Berneri .....	10c
Selections from Kropotkin's Writings, Selected by Herbert Read .....	1.75
Education of Free Men, by Herbert Read .....	25c
Homes orhovels—The Housing Problem, by G. Woodcock .....	15c
Trade Unionism or Syndicalism, by Tom Brown .....	10c
Struggle in the Factory, by Equity .....	10c
The French Cook's Syndicate, by W. McCartney .....	10c
Now, Nos. 6, 7 and 8 .....	each 50
The March to Death, by John Olday .....	35c
The Life We Live, by John Olday .....	35c
Ill-health, Poverty and the State, by John Hewetson .....	30c
Mutual Aid & Social Evolution, by John Hewetson .....	15c
The Roman Catholic Church and the Modern Age, by F. A. Ridley .....	5c
A Handbook on Hanging, by Charles Duff .....	30c
Retort .....	40c
The Ark .....	50c
Poetry and Anarchism, by Herbert Read .....	\$1.25
An Appeal to the Young, by Peter Kropotkin .....	10c
Bulgaria, a New Spain .....	25c

Free and available on request are Randolph Bourne's "The State," "War or Revolution" and "Freedom" from England.

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AUGUST 1, 1949

CALIFORNIA: Los Angeles: A. S. 2.00, Italian Group 25.00; San Jose: Alum Rock Picnic 10.00, Alum Rock Picnic (July 17) 20.00; San Francisco: Potrero Hill 57.05, Figaro 5.00 Hoyle 6.50, R. J. 5.15 .....	\$130.70
COLORADO: Denver: R. B. 2.00 .....	2.00
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: L. K. 4.00 .....	4.00
ILLINOIS: Chicago: M. K. 2.00, J. L. S. .52 .....	2.52
KANSAS: Hutchinson: P. T. M. 1.00 .....	1.00
MICHIGAN: Cloverdale: L. G. 1.00 .....	1.00
NEW JERSEY: Newark: L. R. 2.00; Phillipsburg; c/o G. M. 15.00 .....	17.00
NEW MEXICO: Taos: J. C. C. 5.00 .....	5.00
NEW YORK: New York City: H. J. 1.00, R. F. 1.00, D. R. 5.00, S. S. 1.00, S. D. 20.00, Anon. .71 .....	28.71
OHIO: Kent: J. J. 2.00 .....	2.00
OREGON: Portland: R. G. 5.00 .....	5.00
PENNSYLVANIA: Pittston: S. L. 10.00 .....	10.00
UTAH: Logan: B. McC. 1.00 .....	1.00
VERMONT: Jamaica: S. N. 3.00, Anon. .50 .....	3.50
WASHINGTON: Spokane: I.W.W. 4.00 .....	4.00
Australia: Mareeba: A. N. 4.00 .....	4.00
	\$221.43
Balance, May 10, 1949 .....	202.32
	\$423.75

#### EXPENDITURES

Stamps, Vol. 8, No. 1 .....	\$ 51.57
Wrapping paper .....	4.59
P. O. Box .....	4.00
Stamps, Vol. 8, No. 2 .....	51.50
Printing, Vol. 8, No. 2 .....	300.07
	\$411.73
Balance, August 1, 1949 .....	\$ 12.02