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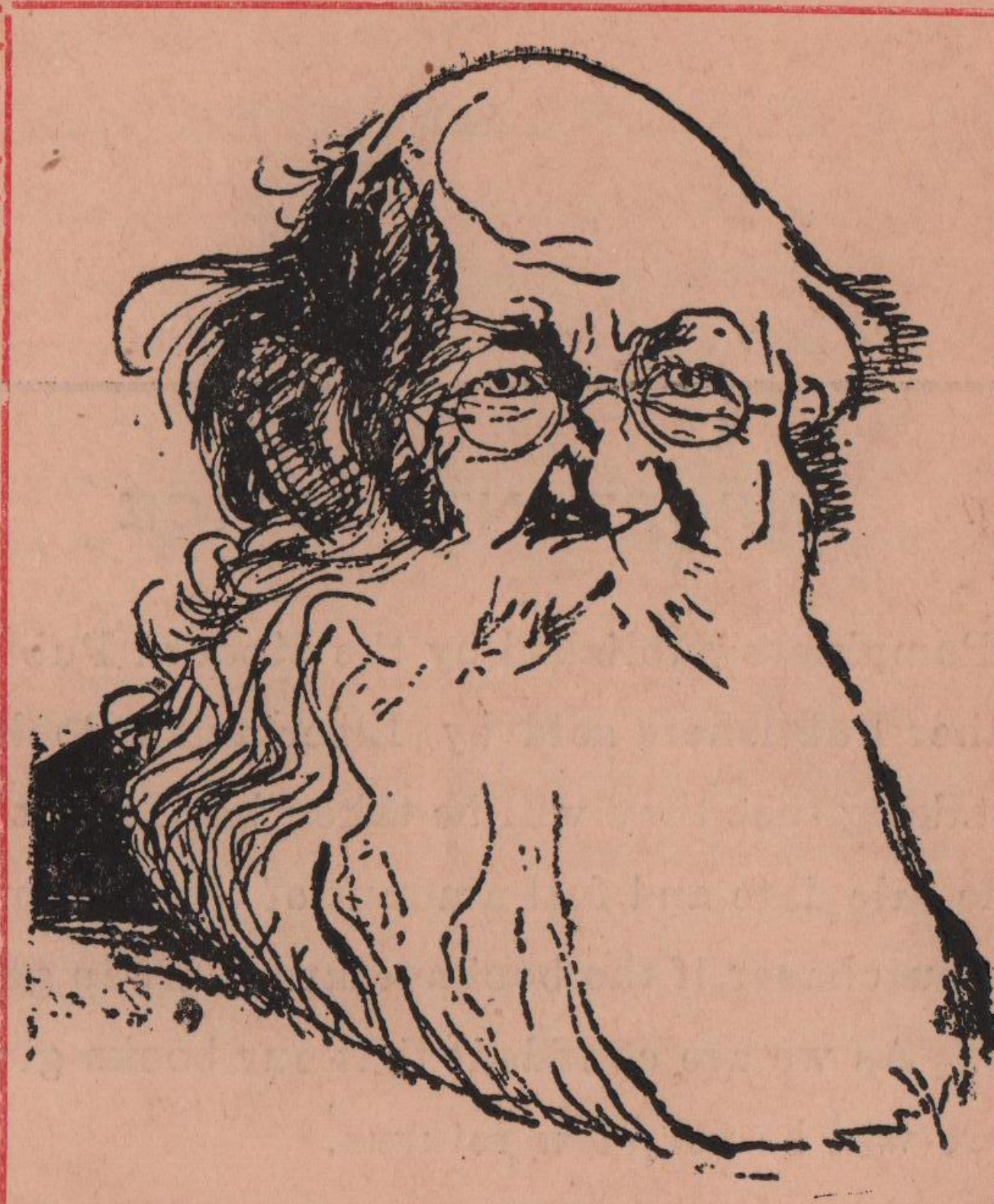
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meet

Kropotkin

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Bertrand Russell.

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RUDOLF ROCKER'S

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With thanks, once more, and my most respectful greetings,

Your very devoted,

Thomas Mann.

From a Historian and Man of Letters:

TRULY MONUMENTAL

Great books, like other great monuments, owe their publication as a rule to the generosity of a few enthusiasts. "Nationalism and Culture" comes to us through the generosity of the Rocker Publications Committee.

This book is truly monumental, the life-work of an unusual soul whose enormous learning has fed his artistic fires instead of smothering them. The author traces culture from its beginning down to now, and shows how incessantly mankind has permitted and encouraged its basest tyrants to crush the aspirations and destroy the achievements of its loftiest spirits. The tyrants climb to power by invoking racial prejudices, fallacies and patriotic fanaticisms; then use them to crowd the people back into barbarism servitude, while the deluded populace connives at its own degradation and cheers the very men who enslave it. Thus almost every hope of united action by all mankind has been nipped as soon as it blossomed.

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Rudolf Rocker is a recognised authority on this subject, and has written numerous books on Anarchism and anarchist theory. This, however, is his first book on the subject to appear in India.

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*"I am the people—the mob—the crowd—the mass
Do you know that all the great work of the world is done
through me?
The mob—the crowd—the mass—will arrive then."*

—Carl Sandburg.

KROPOTKIN - THE MASTER

by

HERBERT READ.

PRINCE PETER ALEXEIVICH KROPOTKIN was born at Moscow on the 9th December, 1842 (o. s.). His father, Prince Alexei Petrovich Kropotkin, is described by Kropotkin as "a typical officer of the time of Nicholas I", but he seems to have been an easy-going parent, content to leave his son's education to his French tutor until it was time to send him off to a military academy. Kropotkin's mother was the youngest daughter of the commander of a Cossack army corps, General Sulima, and a woman of great refinement and sensibility, qualities which her son must have inherited, for she died before she had time to influence him directly. Kropotkin was then only three and a half years old, and the first half-distinct reminiscence of his life was to be of "a high, spacious bedroom, the corner room of our house, with a wide bed upon which our mother is lying, our baby chairs and tables standing close by, and the neatly served tables covered with sweets and jellies in pretty glass jars—a room into which we children are ushered at a strange hour."

The Kropotkin family was of very ancient origin, and in the feudal period had been of great prominence in the principality of Smolensk. But latterly it had, like so many noble families in Russia, surrendered all of its power and most of its possessions to the centralized autocracy of the Czars, and Prince Alexei might perhaps be best described as a well-to-do country gentleman. He owned nearly twelve hundred male serfs, situated in three different provinces. He kept fifty servants at Moscow, and half as many more in the country, four coach-men to attend to a dozen horses, three cooks for the masters and two more for the servants and a dozen men to wait at dinner. He ran a private "scratch" orchestra of which he was unreasonably proud, and he entertained on an extravagant scale. He seems to have been a good landlord and a kind master. "Nothing, indeed, gave him more pleasure than to be asked for help... for instance, to obtain free education for a boy, or to save somebody from a punishment inflicted upon him by a law court. Although he was liable to fall into fits of rage, he was undoubtedly possessed of a natural instinct toward

leniency, and when his patronage was requested he would write scores of letters in all possible directions, to all sorts of persons of high standing, in favour of his protege."

Kropotkin's childhood was much the same kind of childhood as that enjoyed by two other aristocrats who were to become revolutionaries—Mikhail Bakunin and Leo Tolstoy. His autobiography reveals only one event which may have had deeper consequences than he cared to confess. Two years after his mother's death, his father married again, this time the daughter of an admiral—"a young lady with a classical Greek profile, said to have been very beautiful." The new Princess at once set about removing all traces of her predecessor: her portraits, her paintings, her embroideries, the furniture she had used and the servants who had known her. Kropotkin does not often mention his step-mother in his autobiography, and we may guess that a certain fidelity to the image of his real mother helped to determine his personality. He remarks of himself at the age of fifteen: "human character is usually settled in a definite way at an earlier age than is generally supposed."

At this age he entered the Corps of Pages at St. Petersburg. This was an institution which combined the character of a military academy and a select school for the children of the nobility attached to the Court. There were only one hundred and fifty places, so the nomination was coveted, and young Peter was set upon a career which, in the eyes of his father, should naturally lead to his being appointed aide-de-camp to one of the Grand Dukes, or even to the Emperor himself. The education Kropotkin received was serious, and remarkably liberal. In addition to mathematics and purely military subjects, he had excellent teachers in classics and in Russian and German literature. Few of us are lucky to sit under such an inspiring teacher as Klasovsky seems to have been (see pages 20-21 below).

Kropotkin's intellectual development was rapid during the five years he spent at St. Petersburg, and when he passed out in 1862 he had a mind of his own on many subjects—natural science and Russian politics among them. The members of the Corps had the prescriptive right of choosing the regiment to which they should be attached, and Kropotkin, to the consternation of his teachers and comrades, not to mention his father, chose "the mounted Cossacks of the Amur," a recently formed Siberian regiment. "The Amur region had recently been annexed by Russia; I had read (he relates in explanation of his strange choice) all about the Mississippi of the East, the mountains it pierces, the sub-tropical vegetation of its tributary, the Usuri, and my thoughts went further—to the tropical regions which Humboldt had described, and to the great generalizations of Ritter, which I had delighted to read. Besides, I rea-

soned, there is in Siberia an immense field for the application of the great reforms which had been made or are coming: the workers must be few 'there, and I shall find a field of action to my tastes."

For some time Kropotkin was aide-de-camp to the governor of Transbaikalia at Chita, and was later appointed attache for Cossack affairs to the governor-general of East Siberia at Irkutsk. Kropotkin describes the five years he spent in Siberia as a genuine education in life and human character. He became secretary of two committees—for the reform of the prisons and the whole system of exile, and for preparing a scheme of municipal self-government—and thus he "was brought into contact with men of all descriptions: the best and the worst; those who stood at the top of society and those who had vegetated at the very bottom—the tramps and the so-called incorrigible criminals." He worked with enthusiasm, reading all that there was to read about the historical development of these institutions in Russia and abroad. But his activity was by no means merely theoretical. "I discussed first the general outlines, and subsequently every point of detail, with practical men, well acquainted with the real needs and the local possibilities; for that purpose I met a considerable number of men both in town and in the province". This practical training in economic and political affairs should be emphasized: it was at the opposite pole to the purely academic education of Karl Marx, and if Marx had had some of Kropotkin's early experience he might not have placed so much of his faith in State administration.

In the summer of 1863 Kropotkin took charge of a geographical survey expedition to the Amur, the immense river which bounded the Asiatic territories recently annexed by Russia. It was proposed to establish a chain of self-supporting settlements along the whole length of the great river and its southern tributary, the Usuri—a stretch of some 2,500 miles—which would serve as a regular means of communication between Siberia and the Pacific Coast. The expedition completed and his report delivered at St. Petersburg, Kropotkin returned to Siberia and was then sent on another expedition, to explore an old Chinese trade route which cuts straight across northern Manchuria from Transbaikalia via Mergen to Blagoveschensk on the Amur. No European had ever visited the immense region and it was then totally unknown, even to Chinese geographers. This dangerous journey accomplished, in the autumn of the same year Kropotkin made a still more interesting expedition up the Sungari to Kirin, in the heart of Manchuria. All those expeditions produced very valuable results, and gave Kropotkin such an enthusiasm for geographical exploration that in 1867 he left the army and returned to St. Petersburg, where he joined the staff of the University and became secretary to the physical geography section of the

Russian Geographical Society. In 1873 he published a map and a paper in which he proved that the existing maps of Asia entirely misrepresented the physical formation of the continent, the main structural lines being in fact from south-west to north-east, and not from north to south, or from east to west, as had been previously supposed. In 1871 he explored the glacial deposits of Finland and Sweden, and it was while engaged on this work that he was offered the secretaryship of the Russian Geographical Society. He was now in his thirtieth year, and the offer represented the realization of his scientific ambitions. But "other thoughts and longings" had gradually pervaded his mind, and faced with the necessity of coming to a decision which would determine the future course of his life, he made that historic renunciation, the account of which must be read in his own words.

Kropotkin renounced a scientific career, but he remained a scientist. Deeply as he was moved by his sympathy for the poor and oppressed, and however visionary his conception of the future, he realized that the truth in sociology as in geography or any other science could only be established by inductive methods. When, in writing the article on Anarchism for the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1910), Kropotkin had to describe his part in the history of the movement, he did so in these words:

"As one of the Anarchist-Communist direction, the present writer for many years endeavoured to develop the following ideas: to show the intimate, logical connection which exists between the modern philosophy of natural sciences and Anarchism; to put Anarchism on a scientific basis by the study of the tendencies that are apparent now in society and may indicate its further evolution; and to work out the basis of Anarchist ethics."

Kropotkin succeeded in these aims, but he was not the type of man to be satisfied with a scholarly activity. His revolutionary activities between 1872, when he joined the International Workingmen's Association at Geneva, and 1886 when he was released from his second term of imprisonment, were of an extremely practical kind, and to the end of his days he was a militant revolutionary, believing that a new form of society would only be achieved by the revolt of the oppressed classes. But as his analysis of the lessons of the French Revolution shows, he was fully aware of the dangers inherent in revolution, and anxious to prevent the repetition of reaction in the future revolution.

Kropotkin was soon disillusioned with the factiousness and timidity of the International Workingmen's Association. It was a critical year in the history of socialism—indeed, in the history of the world. This is not the place to review the events which led to the wrecking of the International by Marx at the

Hague Congress in September, 1872, but from that moment it became evident, that all personal motives apart (and even his followers admit that these chiefly animated Marx) the socialist movement must henceforth take two diametrically opposed directions—one authoritative, collectivist, and dominated by a centralized party executive; the other libertarian, federative, devolving the widest possible autonomy to each nation, each region and each commune—indeed, to each individual. This latter tendency was represented in the International Association by the Jura Federation, which now became the centre of opposition against the authority of the general council. Kropotkin identified himself with this opposition. He did not get into personal touch with Bakunin, who was then living at Locarno and very much the inspiration of the opposition to Marx. He absorbed Bakunin's ideas, particularly his criticism of state socialism; but it was in long discussions with the clear-sighted independent Jura watchmakers that he worked out his own position. He never failed to pay the tribute due to Bakunin's personality and to the heroic example of that "colossal figure". But Kropotkin's personality was a very different one, not lacking in heroism and moral integrity, but patient rather than impulsive, penetrating rather than imaginative, constructive rather than destructive. Bakunin's dictum: *Destruction is also creative*, cannot have meant much to him.

Now firm in his convictions, Kropotkin returned to Russia to spread the truth among his fellow revolutionaries. But in 1874 he was arrested and imprisoned. He made a dramatic escape in 1876 (see pages 36-42 below) and found his way to England. He was never to return to Russia until the Revolution had been accomplished forty years later. He did not stay long in England but went to Switzerland, where he joined the Jura Federation. Bakunin had just died (July 1, 1876) but the Federation was now the mainspring of the revolutionary movement in the Latin countries, and its activities were intense. The next year Kropotkin went to Paris to organize the movement there, returning to Switzerland in 1878 to edit the Federation's newspaper, *Le Revolte*. The assassination of the Czar, Alexander II, in 1881 led to counter-revolutionary measures in Switzerland, and Kropotkin was expelled from the country. He settled in London for about a year and began his researches on the history of the French Revolution. It was a year of real exile: "for one who held advanced socialist opinions, there was no atmosphere to breathe in..... Burns, Champion, Hardie and the other labour leaders were not yet heard of and the Fabians did not exist; Morris had not declared himself a socialist; and the trade unions, limited in London to a few privileged trades only, were hostile to socialism." Kropotkin and his wife, despairing of awakening a socialist movement in this country, went to Paris to take part in a more vigorous socialist movement, saying to themselves: "Better a French prison than this grave."

A French prison it proved to be. Kropotkin settled at Thonon, in Savoy, and continued to edit *Le Revolte*, and to write articles for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the *Newcastle Chronicle*. France was in a state of unrest, and the police were active. Kropotkin and his wife, along, with other anarchists, were arrested at the end of 1882 and a grand public trial was staged at Lyons in January 1883, lasting about a fortnight. The charges were ridiculous, the self-defence of the arrested brilliant, and the main effect of the trial was to spread the doctrines of anarchism all over Europe. Nevertheless, Kropotkin, his wife and their comrades were condemned and thrown into prison. There they remained until 1885 or 1886, when the demand for their release became a major political issue. Kropotkin was set free in January, 1886 and went to Paris to stay with Elie Reclus—an other scientist, this time an anthropologist, whose science had made him an anarchist. But Kropotkin was not allowed to stay in France: he came to England again and found a very different atmosphere. "The socialist movement was in full swing, and life in London was no more the dull, vegetating existence that it had been four years ago." He took a cottage in Harrow, made his own furniture, and began to cultivate his garden—intensively.

The remainder of Kropotkin's life was devoted to the elucidation and exposition of the principles of anarchism. Only a systematic bibliography could give an adequate idea of his immense literary activity during the next thirty years. It began with *The Conquest of Bread*, 1888, and was uncompleted, when, at the point of death, he stopped in the middle of a sentence of his work on *Ethics*.

When the despotism of the Czars was finally overthrown in Russia, Kropotkin though then 75 years old, was one of the first of the exiles to return to help in the work of reconstruction. He settled at first in Petrograd, but he found the climate there too severe for him and went to Moscow. The conditions of living were no easier there, and he was compelled to retire to the remote village of Dmitrov, about 40 miles from Moscow, where he continued to work on his book on ethics. His life there and his last days have been movingly described by Emma Goldman in *My Disillusionment in Russia*, (London, C. W. Daniel and Co., 1925). She visited him twice in 1920, and hastened to his death bed, only to reach it one hour after his death on February 8th, 1921. Some quotations from her account will make, fitting conclusion to these notes on Kropotkin's life:

"Two things had particularly impressed me on my two previous visits to Kropotkin: his lack of bitterness towards the Bolsheviks, and the fact that he never once alluded to his own hardships and privations. It was only now, while the family was preparing for the funeral, that I learned some details of his life under the Bolshevik regime. In the early part of 1918 Kropotkin had

grouped around him some of the ablest specialists in political economy. His purpose was to make a careful study of the resources of Russia, to compile these in monographs and to turn them to practical account in the industrial reconstruction of the country. Kropotkin was the editor-in-chief of the undertaking. One volume was prepared, but never published. The Federalist League, as this scientific group was known, was dissolved by the Government and all the material confiscated.

"On two occasions the Kropotkin apartments in Moscow were requisitioned and the family forced to seek other quarters. It was after these experiences that the Kropotkins moved to Dmitrov, where old Peter became an involuntary exile. Kropotkin, in whose home in the past had gathered from every land all that was best in thought and ideas, was now forced to lead the life of a recluse. His only visitors were peasants and workers of the village and some members of the intelligentsia, whose wont it was to come to him with their troubles and misfortunes. He had always kept in touch with the world through numerous publications, but in Dmitrov he had no access to these sources. His only channels of information were the two government papers, *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. He was also greatly handicapped in his work on the new Ethics while he lived in the village. He was mentally starved, which to him was a greater torture than physical malnutrition. It is true that he was given a better *payok* than the average person, but even that was insufficient to sustain his waning strength. Fortunately he occasionally received from various sources assistance in the form of provisions. His comrades from abroad, as well as the Anarchists of the Ukraina, often sent him food packages. Once he received some gifts from Makhno, at that time heralded by the Bolsheviks as the terror of counter-revolution in Southern Russia. Especially did the Kropotkins feel the lack of light. When I visited them in 1920 they were considering themselves fortunate to be able to have even one room lit. Most of the time Kropotkin worked by the flicker of a tiny oil lamp that nearly drove him blind. During the short hours of the day he would transcribe his notes on a typewriter, slowly and painfully pounding out every letter.

"However, it was not his own discomfort which sapped his strength. It was the thought of the Revolution that had failed, the hardships of Russia, the persecutions, the endless *raztreks*, which made the last two years of his life a deep tragedy. On two occasions he attempted to bring the rulers of Russia to their senses: once in protest against the suppression of all non-Communist publications; the other time against the barbaric practice of taking hostages...."

".....But the protests had no effect. Thereafter Kropotkin felt that it was useless to appeal to a government gone mad with power.

KROPOTKIN

"During the two days I spent in the Kropotkin household I learned more of his personal life than during all the years that I had known him. Even his closest friends were not aware that Peter Kropotkin was an artist and a musician of much talent. Among his efforts I discovered a collection of drawings of great merit. He loved music passionately and was himself a musician of unusual ability. Much of his leisure he spent at the piano.

"And now he lay on his couch, in the little work room, as if peacefully asleep, his face as kindly in death as it had been in life. Thousands of people made pilgrimages to the Kropotkin cottage to pay homage to this great son of Russia. When his remains were carried to the station to be taken to Moscow, the whole population of the village attended the impressive funeral procession to express their last affectionate greeting to the man who had lived among them as their friend....."

"The funeral was a most impressive sight. It was a unique demonstration never witnessed in any other country. Long lines of members of Anarchist organizations, labour unions, scientific and literary societies and student bodies marched for over two hours from the Labour Temple to the burial place, seven versts (*nearly five miles*) distant. The procession was headed by students and children carrying wreaths presented by various organizations. Anarchist banners of black and scarlet Socialist emblems floated above the multitude. The mile-long procession entirely dispensed with the services of the official guardians of the peace. Perfect order was kept by the multitude itself spontaneously forming in several rows, while students and workers organized a live chain on both sides of the marchers. Passing the Tolstoy Museum the cortege paused, and the banners were lowered in honour of the memory of another great son of Russia. A group of Tolstoyans on the steps of the Museum rendered Chopin's *Funeral March* as an expression of their love and reverence for Kropotkin.

"The brilliant winter sun was sinking behind the horizon when the remains of Kropotkin were lowered into the grave, after speakers of many political tendencies had paid the last tribute to their great teacher and comrade."

Kropotkin gave fresh direction and coherence to a doctrine which, though as old as philosophy itself, still lacked a formulation in the terms of modern scientific thought. Kropotkin had great forerunners, even within the modern period—Godwin and Proudhon, to mention only two. But after Proudhon comes Marx, and it was very essential that at precisely this historical moment a thinker should come forward to point out the contradictions and dangers inherent in a theory of socialism which proposed to use the State as a means of abolishing the State. Marxism was to triumph in Western Europe, and to establish a

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working system over one sixth of the world. But no one surveying the obscure outlines of that world to-day would venture to assert that socialism had reached its final or even its typical form, even in Russia. The seventy years that have passed since Marx triumphed at the Hague, mark but a short phase in the revolutionary struggle which began more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and which may well continue for another century. Marxism, we can already see, has had its day: in their search for an alternative which promises more justice, more humanity, and more happiness, it is more than possible that men will return to Kropotkin's works and find there the fundamentals of a universally valid political faith.

They will find there, among many truths too numerous to be detailed here, a system of economics which places human values first. Kropotkin already in *The Conquest of Bread* (1888; English edition, 1906) demands that political economy should become "the study of the needs of mankind, and of the means of satisfying them with the least possible waste of human energy;" and the present talk of an economics of *consumption*, to replace an economics of *production*, which has at last penetrated even to the columns of the *Times*, was fundamental to Kropotkin's theory. His stress on the production of food as the basis of an economic system, his insistence on a sane balance of agriculture and industry, his suggestions for the location of industries—all the practical aspect of Kropotkin's work is astonishingly apt for the present day. Though written more than fifty years ago, a work like *Fields, Factories and Workshops* only needs to have its statistics brought up-to-date; its deductions and proposals remain as valid as on the day when they were written.

There was no aspect of sociology which Kropotkin did not study with scientific thoroughness—systems of land tenure, methods of cultivation, housing, public health, education, crime and punishment, the evolution of the state. *Mutual Aid*, possibly his greatest book,* shows how admirably he could master a mass of historical detail, as well as oppose, with brilliant success, a scientific dogma so universally accepted as "the struggle for existence." Kropotkin's concept of Mutual Aid as a factor in evolution is of tremendous importance in the ideology of socialism, for on that concept alone can we base any rational hope of human progress and happiness: without that concept socialism must inevitably develop into an authoritarian system of state control. But Kropotkin saw further and realized that upon the same natural fact must be based a necessary and valid system of ethics. It was to that subject he turned in his last years, and in my opinion, his *Ethics* would have been his masterpiece. The

*Mr. Beales in his introduction to the recent Pelican edition, describes *Mutual Aid* as "a book that may yet help to make an epoch".

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first volume, which was published posthumously in 1924, traces the origin and development of morality, and no better history of ethics has ever been written. But the second volume, which would have been the exposition of a system of naturalistic or realistic ethics, would have been still more important. It would have provided the communist movement with what it still lacks: a purely *human* ethics. Kropotkin left the notes for this part of his work, with a request that they should be made use of by a "continuator." It is to be hoped that these precious documents have not perished in the present holocaust, and that the days of peace will see the monument he would have most desired completed in Kropotkin's memory.

Anarchism is a rebarbative word, terrifying to those who have no first-hand knowledge of its real meaning. But Kropotkin, gentle and gracious, infinitely kind and nobly wise, was not a terrifying man: he was a seer, a prophet, but above all a scholar. Others have given anarchism the fervour of a revolutionary faith, the imaginative force of a social vision, Kropotkin did not despise these qualities, but when in his eightieth year his pen fell from his failing hand, he had given that faith and that vision, the dignity of a science and the scope of a philosophy of life.

WHAT KROPOTKIN MEANS TO ME

By Walter E. Holloway,
Author: "The Rubiyat of Today"

IT is a pleasant thing to do to pay tribute to the memory of a man whose life has had a powerful influence upon our own lives and to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for a clearer understanding of the world and of men and their ways than we could otherwise have had. Hence these few words of mine about Kropotkin.

The real significance of a man is to be found, I am sure, in his life—his activities, his accomplishments, what he did or tried earnestly to do—and the key to the understanding of a man's activities is to be found in his beliefs, his fundamental convictions. To be sure, the pattern of no man's life is consistently simple or all of one piece any more than is the pattern of history, the life-story of the human race, but the main outlines of Kropotkin's thoughts and purposes are remarkably clear in his life and in his writings. We radicals and libertarians are too prone, I fear, to lay emphasis upon our (differences of opinion rather than upon our) agreements. This springs naturally from our very earnestness of purpose and we would do well to remember that we ourselves may be wrong, and that in any event we all learn by mutual exchange of opinion and that out of conflicting opinions comes enlightened understanding. We may not always have agreed with Kropotkin's ideas but none of us, I am sure, can fail to appreciate the engaging simplicity of his character and the steadfast singleness of purpose of his long and useful life. We do well to remember him with affection and gratitude on this hundredth anniversary of his birth.

What then were the fundamental convictions of Kropotkin? What were the deep motivations of his activities? What made him live as he did, write what he wrote, and strive throughout his whole life to accomplish what, in his early manhood, he conceived would benefit his fellowmen? Surely, here we have an opportunity to discover the real man—the great and good man who left an indelible mark upon the minds and hearts of his own time and whose influence will extend into the limitless future. Kropotkin believed in the people, the common people who had been disinherited and despoiled all through the

ages. He loved them. He had confidence in their potential capacity to learn and in their courage to act upon this knowledge. He really believed they would in time establish a society upon earth in which mankind might live comfortably and happily together. To some of us his confidence may seem too naive, too ingenuous, in the light of the astounding stupidity and subserviousness of mankind, but it is none the less beautiful, and we may still hope that it will yet be justified. Kropotkin was a real democrat. He believed in the intelligence and courage of the common people. We see the same pattern of mentality and sympathy as in Jefferson and Lincoln. It is this identity of mind and heart that makes these great men brothers and will associate them in the minds of men as long as liberty is loved and justice respected.

Understanding this we can see why Kropotkin early in life cast aside the privileges of his princely station to devote himself to the education and emancipation of the common people.

To him the REVOLUTION was not merely a revolt against tyranny, a sudden passionate upheaval that would sweep away the accumulated debris of the past and build a new world but rather a process of social change for the better, forced upon the governing class by the common people whose knowledge of men and things was broadening and deepening through education and whose courage was growing through seeing their own growth and accomplishments. Sporadic revolts would come, of course, as the result of misery among the people, but a true revolution never without understanding among the people. How else could a real revolution come? How else could it win and endure? Would the privileged class ever actually abolish tyranny? Who would abolish it unless the common people did? What would enable the common people to do this except the ability on their part to understand the facts of exploitation? Otherwise they would forever be the gullible victims of their oppressors. Hence education! Kropotkin himself understood more clearly than most men of his time and even of this time the profound difference between a bread-riot on a little or big scale and a real revolution founded upon an enlightened understanding of the actualities of social and economic life. Democracy to him meant that the phrases of freedom must be translated into the concrete things of life—into houses, food, clothes and mental improvement for all the people. Otherwise the rose of democracy would smell as rank as the stink-weed of despotism. No one can read Kropotkin's "French Revolution" without seeing that he looked far beyond the horizon of the man of that day. With all due credit to them for their good intentions, we see now that they failed to accomplish as much as they might, had they been wiser. Merely to kill a king is not a revolution. Merely to change names and keep old wrongs is not a revolution.

Our libertarian philosophy is untrue and unsound unless it rests upon the facts of science, upon the laws of life and growth. There is a biological basis for freedom. Nature herself demands that men be free. Otherwise they cannot grow. Kropotkin was a scientist and understood this significant fact. He knew that sound growth comes to men only through doing things themselves and hence he sought to educate the common people along these lines. It may seem a small matter to many, but to me it is not without significance that Kropotkin gave much time and study to agriculture and to teaching the Russian peasants better methods of planting and cultivation. The land is under the people. He had little faith in governments of any kind that rest upon force and coercion but he had great confidence in mutually established cooperative endeavors of the people themselves. "As little government as possible," he said. "That government is best which governs least," said Jefferson—democrats both, with views quite in contrast from the views held by many democrats today who talk in fair terms of freedom but make no actual move to uproot old wrongs and robberies. Most of our politicians today remind us of Walt Whitman's remark in his old age: "The saddest sight I have seen in my life is false leaders of the people who themselves have no confidence in the people." Kropotkin really believed in the people. His life and his work were dominated by that belief.

When we look about us today at the horrible welter of blood and violence in the world, when we see the ignorance and arrogance among rulers and the ignorance and subservience among the masses, when we see the confusion of thought even among those who might be supposed to have learned the lessons of history, we are tempted to yield to despair and give up the struggle. Here emerges the VALUE OF THE LIFE AND EXAMPLE OF KROPOTKIN. No doubt he wondered in moments of weariness and discouragement if his ideals would ever be realized, but he never lost sight of his essential belief in the people, in their potential capacity to learn and their courage to act upon that knowledge. He counted upon them to become self-governing. Therein lay his hope of the future. He might have quoted Saint Paul: "If this hope be vain, then indeed we are of all men most miserable."

The world picture today is not encouraging. Force and violence and coercion are on the increase and the ability of men to be self-governing appears to be rapidly on the decline. We must use a long yard-stick for our measurements or we shall grow weary. But still our hope for the future must lie, as it did with Kropotkin, in the capacity and courage of the people. For, what is left to me of that hope, I pay tribute to him and in gratitude I remember that his example and his writings played no small part in actuating me throughout my life in doing what I could to democratize knowledge and to stimulate courage to act upon it.

KROPOTKIN AND TOLSTOY

By Romain Rolland.

I would have liked to evoke the saintly face of Kropotkin more contemplatively. I would have liked to express all that his book, "Autour d'une Vie" has meant for me and the radiant glow it has left in my heart. Always I think of it with filial gratitude.

You know that I have loved Tolstoy very much. But I have always had the impression that Kropotkin has *been* what Tolstoy has *written*. Simply, naturally, has he realized in his own life the ideal of moral purity, of serene abnegation, of perfect love of humanity that the tormented genius of Tolstoy desired all his life, only achieving it in his art (save during happy and rare moments, by flights, powerful and broken).

FROM PUPIL TO TEACHER

By Roger N. Baldwin,

Director: American Civil Liberties Union

Any anniversary of Peter Kropotkin would draw from me an expression of the indebtedness I owe to his social philosophy, to which I was introduced at so early an age that it made an enduring mark on my thinking. I have never worn a political label, but I subscribe to the essential ends of human freedom which Kropotkin taught. As a scientist he could not as clearly state his means, and like others I have improvised my own.

A childhood conditioning in New England to the ideas of Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman prepared me for the larger social philosophy of Kropotkin. Harvard College had given me no glimpse of the great social prophets. They were in disrepute among scholars. I achieved a recovery from Harvard in a St. Louis slum, where social work introduced me to the currents of working-class movements. Among them were anarchist exiles from the Russian Revolution of 1905. Though I was conscious of them, I avoided more than polite contact in the thought that they were too alien to enlighten me. But I got a rude jolt when Emma Goldman came to town to lecture and I was dared to go to hear her. She shook me out of social work complacency and reformism by her revolutionary fire.

She was my introduction to Kropotkin. For I read the anarchist literature to which she referred me and found him the most satisfying of all interpreters of freedom. His was the sole mind with the capacity to survey the whole field

of human struggle with the scientific training necessary to marshal facts and draw conclusions. He enthused me with what so many young men needed then and now—a basic philosophy of freedom without violence or coercion, and at least an indication of the institutional arrangements for achieving it.

It is commonly said of anarchism that it is a beautiful dream for a remote future when we shall all have become civilized enough to get along without governments or police. Or, according to the Marxists, when the class struggle is over. But I saw in Kropotkin's teaching an ever-present working principle to growth toward larger freedoms in all social activity, through the building up of voluntary association, increased individual liberty and group autonomy.

Personally I learned with Kropotkin as teacher the evils of participating in violence and compulsion. I have always since worked in voluntary associations dedicated to some aspect of freedom; I have resisted compulsion over my own life and services. When I have cooperated with those committed to the principle of power I have limited my participation to some specific liberty. Of course I have not always been consistent, as Kropotkin himself was not. But I have endeavored to maintain an integrity of purpose.

While I met many of those who share Kropotkin's philosophy, I found little opportunity for practical work with them. The scattered company of idealists, divided into sects, has never had much of an impact upon immediate issues. Kropotkin was not that kind of a teacher. He did not head or lead a movement, nor found a school. He expressed a principle too universal to be embodied in a program. Unlike most revolutionists, he was a man far larger than his revolutionary views. He was at once a scientist, a renowned geographer, a biologist ("Mutual Aid" his most notable work), an historian (his "Great French Revolution" a classic). He was famous in half a dozen quite unrelated fields; and held in respect by large numbers of men to whom the word "anarchist" could indicate nothing but the torch and bomb.

But anarchist that he was, he never wrote a book on anarchism. He published periodicals, he wrote articles, he made speeches. From these, pamphlets were made, distributed by the tens of thousand in practically every European language, and Chinese and Japanese as well. Written in a simple style and resounding with calls to action, these tracts appealed by their close reasoning and vivid illustrations. Their systematic treatment of social problems expressed a widespread need among the advanced section of the working class who rejected the appeal to political methods or the concept of a state dictatorship by a working class. They aroused both the spirit of freedom and of revolution. And they voiced the drama of combat against authority in the camps of capitalists and socialists alike.

I was so impressed with these pamphlets that I ventured to collect them in a single volume, published in 1928 by the Vanguard Press in New York, which was getting out a series of radical classics. What looked like a comparatively easy job of editing was an unexpectedly difficult chore, occupying spare time for almost four years. It was difficult to find all the pamphlets, to select, translate, edit and arrange them with historical notes. My labor of love, begun at the New York Public Library, took me finally to the British Museum and the National Library in Paris. The volume of 300 pages found a wide market—so wide that it has long been out of print.

The same trip to Europe which brought me to the libraries to complete the work of Kropotkin brought me also to the Soviet Union. In Moscow I was invited by Kropotkin's widow to occupy for my several months' stay her rooms during her absence in her country cottage. It was a privilege to find myself in the very house in which Kropotkin was born, located in the old nobles' quarter in Moscow, and now a State Museum, with a life tenure for his widow. The house stood in a garden and was apparently little changed since he left it. His furniture was about the same the room he used as his study after his return from exile in 1917; his books; and the inevitable room in Russia where the funeral testimonials to the great are kept,—the wreaths, banners and scrolls. His widow took me to the cemetery where he was buried in 1921, where, in Russian style, his photograph was mounted under glass on a headstone.

I made the pilgrimage to her country home thirty miles from Moscow where Kropotkin died. There again, in old Russian style, was the room just as he left it,—the bed, made up and turned down, his slippers under the bed, his writing materials on the table (he was working on his *Ethics*, published posthumously). His widow allowed me to play his Steinway grand, which I believe she said she had permitted nobody to touch since his death, an honor I cherish.

But I could not share the feelings of hostility to the regime which his widow quietly voiced, and which Kropotkin, with his hostility to all governments, put in restrained words. There was in 1927 too much encouraging along side the discouraging to arouse a sense of hostility. And the Soviet regime had, in its large view of the revolution, honored Kropotkin, though an opponent in principle, ahead of most men. It had made his home a museum, it had named a library for him, an avenue, a street and a town.

At that time Kropotkin's followers were comparatively free. A few anarchists gathered in a little group which met at the Museum more or less covertly. The anarchist bookstore was open and doing business opposite the main gate of the University. Most of the anarchists out of prison had government jobs! But that was yesterday.

Kropotkin's own view of the Russian Revolution was a large one. He deplored its "horrors" and "mad furore," holding that "we are powerless for the moment to direct it into another channel until such time as it will have played itself out," when constructive work is possible. And Kropotkin always saw constructive work in the trade unions, cooperatives and voluntary associations outside the reach of government.

The revolutionary teachings of Kropotkin have been merged in the democratic stream of thought all over the world, which is attempting to shape the social order coming out of the war. It is one of many views of freedom, one of the long line of prophets, basing his case on the two foundations of individual freedom and social responsibility. "By proclaiming our morality of equality or anarchism, he said, "we refuse to assume a right which moralists have always taken upon themselves to claim, that of mutilating the individual in the name of some ideal. . . . Struggle so that *all* may live a rich overflowing life, and be sure that in this struggle you will find a joy greater than anything else can give."

PETER KROPOTKIN ON MAN AND SOCIETY

By S. Alexander

Peter Kropotkin was one of the most all embracing thinkers of his time. Geographer and historian, scientist and philosopher, but revolutionist and anarchist above all and always, he opposed his conceptions to the current tendencies among his colleagues in the various fields of his activities.

Against the theory of Struggle for Existence, generally admitted at that time as the basic conception of life, he advanced Mutual Aid. Against the tendency of industrialization to the detriment of Agriculture, he brought forward in his "*Fields, Factories and Wyrkshops*" the idea of Agriculture and Industry going hand in hand. Against the capitalist idea of organization of industry and labor, he put forth the convergence of Manual Labor and Brain Labor. And against the current tendencies of a morality of war and conquest and State power, he advanced in all his revolutionary writings and in his posthumously published "*Ethics*" a morality of Statelessness and social well-being based upon liberty, equality and mutual solidarity.

But all this is well known to all, or almost all. Many have written about Kropotkin's activities in the various fields of thought, action, science and anarchism. Many will take the centenary celebrations as another occasion to write again on these well-trodden paths. So why not attempt to have a glimpse at some of his less known activities in fields less known to us?

This is one of the weaknesses of propaganda: it takes little or no heed at all of some of our teachers' manifold activities, keeping almost exclusively in the foreground just the externally revolutionary writings, and forgetting unfortunately that other problems and attempts at their solution may be more intrinsically revolutionary than propaganda pamphlets and leaflets.

It is interesting, for example, to follow Kropotkin's stand for the simultaneous study of natural sciences and of human science, thus making, as it were, Socialism not only a matter for propaganda but a field in which knowledge of Nature and knowledge of the human species must go in hand if it is to become a social driving force.

P. Kropotkin delivered before the Teachers' Guild Conference, held in Oxford, England, on April 19, 1893, the opening address on the "Teaching of Physiography." Let us quote a few passages:

"The present system of classical education was born at a time when the knowledge of Nature could be borrowed from the study of antiquity only. It was a sound and necessary reaction against monastic scholasticism. It was a return to our mother Nature. To return to the Greek spirit meant a return to Nature—to Natural Science, to scientific methods instead of verbal discussions, to natural art instead of conventional art, to the freedom of municipal life instead of the slavery of eastern despotical States. This made the force, the historical meaning and the inestimable merits of the medieval return to the study of antiquity.....But now the parts are reversed. Science can be studied in Aristotle no more; it must be studied in Newton and Mayer. And those who neglect Newton for Aristotle stand now in the same position as the adversaries of classical education stood 500 years ago. They are for Words against Science."

* * * *

"The ancient Greeks did not separate Man from Nature. And the divorce between human sciences—history, economics, politics, morals—and natural sciences has been accomplished entirely by ourselves, especially during our century and by that school which the student of Man in gross ignorance of Nature, and the students of nature in ignorance of Man.

"This artificial separation is, however, done away with every day. We return to Nature.Geographers have especially contributed to destroy the screens which separated the two branches of Science, isolated from each other by the University. Humboldt's "Cosmos" is the work of a geographer; and the geographical work which is most representative of our own times—the 'Geographic Universelle' of Elisee Reclus—gives a description of the Earth so

thoroughly intermingled with that of Man, that if Man were taken out of it the entire work would lose its meaning—its very soul."

* * * *

"I cannot conceive Physiography from which Man has been excluded. A study of Nature without Man is the last tribute paid by modern scientists to their previous scholastic education."

* * * *

"If Oxford had had 50 years ago a Ritter (*) occupying one of its chairs and gathering round him students from all the world (Elisee Reclus went on foot to Berlin to follow his lectures) it would be this country (England), not Germany, which would keep now the lead in geographical education."

It is this scholastic education of that time which brought Kropotkin's opposition to Darwin in the sense that Darwin opposed Man to Nature while Kropotkin united them. In "Mutual Aid, a factor of revolution" Kropotkin says:

"I could agree with none of the works and pamphlets that had been written upon this important subject [the relations between Darwinism and Sociology]. They all endeavored to prove that Man, owing to his higher intelligence and knowledge, may mitigate the harshness of the struggle for life between men; but they all recognized at the same time that the struggle for the means of existence, of every animal against all its congeners, and of every man against all other men, was a law of Nature. This view, however, I could not accept, because I was persuaded that to admit a pitiless inner war for life within each species, and to see in that war a condition of progress, was to admit something which not only had not yet been proved, but also lacked confirmation from direct observation."

Kropotkin fights this separatist idea of Man and Nature which, as a matter of fact, has led, through the ideology of the struggle for existence (against Nature and against co-Man) to that other idea of the War being considered as a "Law of Nature." Did not T. H. Huxley himself head that school of thought when he represented primitive man as "a sort of tigers or lions, deprived of all ethical conceptions, fighting out the struggle for existence to its bitter end, and living a life of continual free fight."

(*) Karl Ritter, 1779-1859, German Geographer, author of "The Science of the Earth in its relation to Nature and to the History of Mankind." Geography was, to use his own expression, a kind of physiology and comparative anatomy of the earth, in which the geographical structure of each country "is a leading element in the historic progress of the Nation."

Kropotkin finds of course that war has never played any good part in evolution and opposes to war, struggle for existence and centralization of power which is a direct resultant of both, the principles of mutual aid and, therefore, of federalism.

His ideas of federalism received a fresh impulse during his stay in Russia, where the strengthening of the Bolshevik State, derived from the Marxian centralized idea of a dictatorship, showed him, in real life, how Russia could have been happier under a federative regime similar, as he says, to the United States of America.

A "Federalist League" was organized in Russia soon after the Revolution, but its existence was very short-lived. Kropotkin was a member of that League, and on January 7, 1918, he gave in Moscow, a lecture at one of its meetings, on "Federation as a means to unity." Some of the things he said in that lecture, given in the midst of World War I, make useful reading today, with especial reference to the Allies in World War II; and the following quotations may unwillingly call out a smile of irony:

"The idea grows stronger nowadays as to the necessity for the Russian people to give up definitely its inclination towards hegemony over the peoples that surround them. The impossibility of directing from one single center 180 million people spread over an exceedingly checkered territory, considerably larger than Europe, becomes every day clearer. As it becomes daily clearer that the true creative power of these millions of men could only exert itself when they will feel they possess the fullest liberty to work out their own peculiarities and build their life in accordance with their aspirations, the physical aptitudes of their territories and their historical past. Thus the thought of a federative union of regions and people, which were part of the Russian Empire, grows steadily among thinking people. More than that: a conscious feeling is born that only through a federative agreement and union is it possible to found a union, without which the valleys of Russia risk to become the apple of discord between its fighting—present and future—neighbors. That the sure path to the unity of heterogeneous elements of which the Russian Empire is made up lies in this direction is proven by contemporary history. It is full of instances of how federation led to unity and how the opposite path of centralization has led to discord and to disintegration. Here are a few examples:

"The British Empire gives us a peculiarly striking lesson. Both methods were tried; federation and centralization, and the results in both cases are available. Dictated by the impulse given to the English people by the liberal party, the British colonies of Canada, Australia and South Africa received their

full freedom, not only of self-administration, but also of political self-administration with their legislative assemblies, their finances, their commercial treaties and their armies. As a result, these colonies not only developed brilliantly their economic life, but when hard times came for England, they hurried lovingly to bring heavy sacrifices for the sake of going to the aid of their metropolis, as if it was an elder sister or a mother. The same spirit was also shown by the small self-administered islands of Jersey, Guernsey and of Man, which are so far independent in their inner life that they still conserve, in matters of land ownership, the old Norman law, and in relations with foreign governments do not permit even those import duties which are still in force in England. Autonomy, so close to independence, and the federative link, thus proved to be the most solid foundations of unity.

"And side by side, what a contrast we find in Ireland, which lived all through the nineteenth century under the 'strong rule' of Dublin Castle, i.e., under the administration of Governors-General replacing its parliament and its internal organization!"

* * * *

"We find a similar situation in the United States in their relation to Cuba on the one side and to the Philippine Islands on the other. In 1898 the United States helped Cuba to throw off the truly unbearable yoke of the Spaniards and hastened to recognize liberated Cuba as an autonomous Republic, under the protectorate of the United States. At first, Cuba remained under the latter's military administration, but in 1909 it became fully independent and the friendliest relations between Cuba and the United States were established at once.

"On the contrary, misled by the first American Governor who was sent to the Philippine Islands after its liberation from the Spaniards in 1898, the United States were loth of giving to the inhabitants of these islands their full self-administration. It left them under the administration of Catholic monks and fully supported the latter's government. This gave rise to discontent leading to the insurrection led by Aguinaldo. Now the United States have understood the error of the islands' rulers. Full self-administration was granted to the Philippines, together with a widely spread net of public education. Since then, the relations between the population of the island and the United States became so friendly that the Filipinos organized an army of 25,000 volunteers who will join the American Army; and Aguinaldo, the former leader of the insurrection, has sent his son to camp for instructing officers in that Army. * * * "

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Kropotkin closes his lecture by giving further examples of the danger of centralization, especially with reference to Finland, which was never allowed to gain its independence under the Czars.

"So it went on until lately," continues Kropotkin. "*So it goes on now.* Centralization is the plague not only of autocracy. It ruined and ruins the colonies of France and of Germany while close to them are flourishing those British colonies which enjoy a large dose of autonomy transforming itself slowly into a federation of people."

Kropotkin did not live to see the "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics" constitutionally federated but in fact a highly centrally autocratic power, under Stalin, as it ever was under a Romanov.

Much could be learned from the Peter Kropotkin we know little of, and the above excerpts could be multiplied *ad libitum*.

Perhaps at another occasion more could be said on the physio-sociological foundations of Kropotkin's conception of the world order as it should be, *as it could be*.

Let us add—*as it will be*, when the people will, at last, understand that the organization of a new life, based on the true principles of freedom and mutual solidarity, depends upon two essential factors: that it will be the work of the people themselves, and that it will be carried out from below upwards, from the simple to the complex and not *vice versa*.

In this lies the whole difference between the Kropotkinian theory and the present centralized Statal system.

FIRST REVOLUTIONARY PAPER.

IN 1859, OR EARLY IN 1860, I began to edit my first revolutionary paper. At that age, what could I be but a constitutionalist?—and my paper advocated the necessity of a constitution for Russia. I wrote about the foolish expenses of the Court, the sums of money which were spent at Nice to keep quite a squadron of the navy in attendance on the dowager Empress, who died in 1860; I mentioned the misdeeds of the functionaries which I continually heard spoken of, and I urged the necessity of constitutional rule. I wrote three copies of my paper, and slipped them into the desks of three comrades of the higher forms, who, I thought, might be interested in public affairs. I asked my readers to put their remarks behind the Scotch grandfather clock in our library.

With a throbbing heart, I went next day to see if there was something for me behind the clock. Two notes were there, indeed. Two comrades wrote that they fully sympathized with my paper, and only advised me not to risk too much. I wrote my second number, still more vigorously insisting upon the necessity of uniting all forces in the name of liberty. But this time there was no reply behind the clock. Instead the two comrades came to me.

'We are sure', they said, 'that it is you who edit the paper, and we want to talk about it. We are quite agreed with you, and we are here to say. "Let us be friends. Your paper has done its work—it has brought us together, but there is no need to continue it. In all the schools there are only two more who would take any interest in such matters, while if it becomes known that there is a paper of this kind the consequences will be terrible for all of us. Let us constitute a circle and talk about everything; perhaps we shall put something into the heads of a few others.'

This was so sensible that I could only agree, and we sealed our union by a hearty shaking of hands. From that time we three became firm friends, and used to read a great deal together and discuss all sorts of things.

(*Memoirs of a Revolutionist.*)

"THANKS, CANNOT ACCEPT."

INSTEAD OF JOINING AN Arctic expedition I was sent out by the Geographical Society on a modest tour in Finland and Sweden, to explore the glacial deposits; and that journey drifted me in a quite different direction.

The Russian Academy of Sciences sent out this summer two of its members—the old geologist General Helmersen and Friedrich Schmidt, the indefatigable explorer of Siberia—to study the structure of those long ridges of drift which are known as *asar* in Sweden and Finland, and as *esker*, *kames*, and so on in the British Isles. The Geographical Society sent me to Finland for the same purpose. We visited, all three, the beautiful ridge of Pungaharju and then separated. I worked hard during this summer. I travelled a great deal in Finland, and crossed over to Sweden, where I spent many happy hours in the company of A. Nordenskjöld. Already then (in 1871) he mentioned to me his schemes of reaching the mouths of the Siberian rivers, and even the Behring Strait, by the northern route. Returning to Finland I continued my researches till late in the autumn, and collected a mass of most interesting observations relative to the glaciation of the country. But I also thought a great deal during this journey about social matters, and these thoughts had a decisive influence upon my subsequent development.

All sorts of valuable materials relative to the geography of Russia passed through my hands in the Geographical Society, and the idea gradually came to me of writing an exhaustive physical geography of that immense part of the world. My intention was to give a thorough geographical description of the country, basing it upon the main lines of the surface structure which I began to disentangle for European Russia; and to sketch in that description the different forms of economic life which ought to prevail in different physical regions. Take, for instance, the wide prairies of Southern Russia, so often visited by droughts and failures of crops. These droughts and failures must not be treated as accidental calamities: they are as much a natural feature of that region as its position on a southern slope, its fertility, and the rest; and the whole of the economic life of the southern prairies ought to be organized in prevision of the unavoidable recurrence of periodical droughts. Each region of the Russian Empire ought to be treated in the same scientific way, as Karl Ritter treated parts of Asia in his beautiful monographs.

But such a work would have required plenty of time and full freedom for the writer, and I often thought how helpful to this end it would be were I to occupy some day the position of secretary to the Geographical Society. Now, in the autumn of 1871, as I was working in Finland, slowly moving on foot

toward the sea coast along the newly built railway, and closely watching the spot where the first unmistakable traces of the former extension of the post-glacial sea would appear, I received a telegram from the Geographical Society: 'The council begs you to accept the position of secretary to the Society.' At the same time the outgoing secretary strongly urged me to accept the proposal.

My hopes were realized. But in the meantime other thought and other longings had pervaded my mind. I seriously thought over the reply, and wired, 'Most cordial thanks, but cannot accept.'



IT OFTEN HAPPENS THAT men pull in a certain political, social, or familiar harness simply because they never have time to ask themselves whether the position they stand in and the work they accomplish are right; whether their occupations really suit their inner desires and capacities, and give them the satisfaction which everyone has the right to expect from his work. Active men are especially liable to find themselves in such a position. Every day brings with it a fresh batch of work, and a man throws himself into his bed late at night without having completed what he expected to have done; then in the morning he hurries to the unfinished task of the previous day. Life goes, and there is no time left to think, no time to consider the direction that one's life is taking. So it was with me.

But now, during my journey in Finland, I had leisure. When I was crossing in a Finnish two-wheeled *karria* some plain which offered no interest to the geologist, or when I was walking, hammer on shoulder, from one gravel pit to another, I could think; and, amidst the undoubtedly interesting geological work I was carrying on, one idea, which appealed far more strongly to my inner self than geology, persistently worked in my mind.

I saw what an immense amount of labour the Finnish peasant spends in clearing the land and in breaking up the hard boulder clay, and I said to myself, I will write, let me say, the physical geography of this part of Russia, and tell the peasant the best means of cultivating this soil. Here an American stump-extractor would be invaluable; there certain methods of manuring would be indicated by science..... But what is the use of talking to this peasant about American machines, when he has barely enough bread to live upon from one crop to the next; when the rent which he has to pay for that boulder clay grows heavier and heavier in proportion to his success in improving the soil? He gnaws at his hard-as-a-stone rye-flour cake, which he bakes twice a year; he has with it a morsel of fearfully salted cod and a drink of skimmed milk. How dare I talk to him of American machines, when all that he can raise

must be sold to pay rent and taxes? He needs me to live with him, to help him to become the owner or the free occupier of that land. Then he will read books with profit, but not now.'

And my thoughts wandered from Finland to our Nikolskoye peasants, whom I had lately seen. Now they are free, and they value freedom very much. But they have no meadows. In one way or another the landlords have got nearly all the meadows for themselves. When I was a child the Savokhins used to send out six horses for night pasture; the Tolkachoffs had seven. Now these families have only three horses each; other families, which formerly had three horses, have only one or none. What can be done with one miserable horse? No meadows, no horses, no manure! How can I talk to them of grass-sowing? They are already ruined—poor as Lazarus—and in a few years they will be made still poorer by a foolish taxation. How happy they were when I told them that my father gave them permission to mow the grass in the small open spaces in his Kostino forest! 'Your Nikolskoye peasants are *ferocious* for work,' that is the common saying about them in our neighbourhood; but the arable land, which our step-mother has taken out of their allotments in virtue of the 'law of minimum'—that diabolic clause introduced by the serf-owners when they were allowed to revise the emancipation law—is now a forest of thistles, and the 'ferocious' workers are not allowed to till it. And the same sort of thing goes on throughout Russia. Even at that time it was evident, and official commissioners gave warning of it, that the first serious failure of crops in Middle Russia would result in a terrible famine—and famine came, in 1876, in 1884, in 1891, in 1895, and again in 1898.

Science is an excellent thing. I knew its joys and valued them, perhaps more than many of my colleagues did. Even now, as I was looking on the lakes and the hillocks of Finland, new and beautiful generalizations arose before my eyes. I saw in a remote past, at the very dawn of mankind, the ice accumulating from year to year in the northern archipelagoes, over Scandinavia and Finland. An immense growth of ice invaded the north of Europe and slowly spread as far as its middle portions. Life dwindled in that part of the northern hemisphere, and, wretchedly poor, uncertain, it fled further and further south before the icy breath which came from that immense frozen mass. Man—miserable, weak, ignorant—had every difficulty in maintaining a precarious existence. Ages passed away, till the melting of the ice began, and with it came the lake period, when countless lakes were formed in the cavities and, a wretched subpolar vegetation began timidly to invade the unfathomable marshes with which every lake was surrounded. Another series of ages passed before an extremely slow process of drying up set in, and vegetation began its slow

invasion from the south. And now we are fully in the period of a rapid desiccation, accompanied by the formation of dry prairies and steppes, and man has to find out the means to put a check to that desiccation to which Central Asia already has fallen a victim, and which menaces South-Eastern Europe.

Belief in an ice cap reaching Middle Europe was at that time rank heresy; but before my eyes a grand picture was rising, and I wanted to draw it, with the thousands of details I saw in it; to use it as a key to the present distribution of floras and faunas; to open up new horizons to geology and physical geography.

But what right had I to these higher joys, when all round me was nothing but misery and struggle for a mouldy bit of bread; when whatsoever I should spend to enable me to live in that world of higher emotions must needs be taken from the very mouths of those who grew the wheat and had not bread enough for their children? From somebody's mouth it must be taken, because the aggregate production of mankind remains still so low.

Knowledge is an immense power. Man must know. But we already know much! What if that knowledge—and only that—should become the possession of all? Would not science itself progress in leaps and cause mankind to make strides in production, invention, and social creation, of which we are hardly in a condition now to measure the speed?

The masses want to know: they are willing to learn; they *can* learn. There, on the crest of that immense moraine which runs between the lakes, as if giants had heaped it up in a hurry to connect the two shores, there stands a Finnish peasant plunged in contemplation of the beautiful lakes, studded with islands, which lie before him. Not one of these peasants, poor and downtrodden though they may be, will pass this spot without stopping to admire the scene. Or there on the shore of a lake, stands another peasant, and sings something so beautiful that the best musician would envy him his melody for its feeling and its meditative power. Both deeply feel, both meditate, both think; they are ready to widen their knowledge: only give it to them; only give them the means of getting leisure. This is the direction in which, and these are the kind of people for whom, I must work. All those sonorous phrases about making mankind progress, while at the same time the progress-makers stand aloof from those whom they pretend to push onwards, are mere sophisms made up by minds anxious to shake off a fretting contradiction.

So I sent my negative reply to the Geographical Society.

(*Memoirs of a Revolutionist*)

FIRST DAY IN PRISON.

THE CARRIAGE STOPPED AT the door of the military commander of the fortress, and we entered his reception hall. General Korsakoff, a thin old man, came in, with a peevish expression on his face. The officer spoke to him in a subdued voice, and the old man answered, 'All right,' looking at him with a sort of scorn, and then turned his eyes toward me. It was evident that he was not at all pleased to receive a new inmate, and that he felt slightly ashamed of his role; but he seemed to add, 'I am a soldier, and only do my duty.' Presently we got into the carriage again, but soon stopped before another gate, where we were kept a long time until a detachment of soldiers opened it from inside. Proceeding on foot through narrow passages, we came to a third iron gate, opening into a dark arched passage, from which we entered a small room where darkness and dampness prevailed.

Several non-commissioned officers of the fortress troops moved noiselessly about in their soft felt boots, without speaking a word, while the governor signed the Circassian's book acknowledging the reception of a new prisoner. I was required to take off all my clothes, and to put on the prison dress—a green flannel dressing-gown, immense woollen stockings of an incredible thickness, and boat-shaped yellow slippers, so big that I could hardly keep them on my feet when I tried to walk. I always hated dressing-gowns and slippers, and the thick stockings inspired me with disgust. I had to take off even a silk undergarment, which in the damp fortress it would have been especially desirable to retain, but that could not be allowed. I naturally began to protest and to make a noise about this, and after an hour or so it was restored to me by order of General Korsakoff.

Then I was taken through a dark passage, where I saw armed sentries walking about, and was put into a cell. A heavy oak door was shut behind me, a key turned in the lock, and I was alone in a half-dark room.

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THIS WAS, THEN THE terrible fortress where so much of the true strength of Russia had perished during the last two centuries, and the very name of which is uttered in St. Petersburg in a hushed voice.

Here Peter I. tortured his son Alexis and killed him with his own hand; here the Princess Tarakanova was kept in a cell which filled with water during an inundation—the rats climbing upon her to save themselves from drowning; here the terrible Minich tortured his enemies, and Catherine II. buried alive those who objected to her having murdered her husband. And from the time of Peter I. for a hundred and seventy years, the annals of this mass of stone

which rises from the Neva in front of the Winter Palace were annals of murder and torture, of men buried alive, condemned to a slow death, of driven to insanity in the loneliness of the dark and damp dungeons.

Here the Decembrists, who were the first to unfurl in Russia the banner of republican rule and the abolition of serfdom, underwent their first experiences of martyrdom, and traces of them may still be found in the Russian Bastille. Here were imprisoned the poets Ryleeff and Shevchenko, Dostoevsky, Bakunin, Chernyshevsky, Pisareff, and so many others of our best contemporary writers. Here Karakozoff was tortured and hanged.

Here, somewhere in the Alexis ravelin, was still kept Nechaieff, who was given up to Russia by Switzerland as a common-law criminal, but was treated as a dangerous political prisoner, and would never again see the light. In the same ravelin were also two or three men whom, rumour said, Alexander II. because of what they knew, and what others must not know, about some palace mystery, ordered to be imprisoned for life. One of them, adorned with a long grey beard, was lately seen by an acquaintance of mine in the mysterious fortress.

All these shadows rose before my imagination. But my thoughts fixed especially on Bakunin, who, though he had been shut up in an Austrian fortress, after 1848, for two years chained to the wall, and then was handed over to Nicholas I. who kept him in this fortress for six years longer, came out, when the Iron Tsar's death released him after an eight years' imprisonment, fresher and fuller of vigour than his comrades who had remained at liberty. 'He has lived it through,' I said to myself, 'and I must, too; I will not succumb here!'

My first movement was to approach the window, which was placed so high that I could hardly reach it with my lifted hand. It was a long, low opening, cut in a wall five feet thick, and protected by an iron grating and a double iron window-frame. At a distance of a dozen yards from this window I saw the outer wall of the fortress, of immense thickness, on the top of which I could make out a grey sentry-box. Only by looking upward could I perceive a bit of the sky.

I made a minute inspection of the room where I had now to spend no one could say how many years. From the position of the high chimney of the Mint I guessed that I was in the south-western corner of the fortress, in a bastion overlooking the Neva. The building in which I was incarcerated, however, was not the bastion itself, but what is called in a fortification a *reduit*; that is, an inner two-storied pentagonal piece of masonry which rises a little higher than the walls of the bastion, and is meant to contain two tiers of guns. This room

of mine was a casemate destined for a big gun, and the window was an embrasure. The rays of the sun could never penetrate it; even in summer they are lost in the thickness of the wall. The room held an iron bed, a small oak table, and an oak stool. The floor was covered with painted felt, and the walls with yellow paper. However, in order to deaden sounds, the paper was not put on the wall itself; it was pasted upon canvas, and behind the canvas I discovered a wire grating, back of which was a layer of felt; only beyond the felt could I reach the stone wall. At the inner side of the room there was a washstand, and a thick oak door in which I made out a locked opening, for passing food through, and a little slit protected by glass and by a shutter from the outside: this was the 'Judas,' through which the prisoner could be spied upon at every moment. The sentry who stood in the passage frequently lifted the shutter and looked inside—his boots squeaking as he crept toward the door. I tried to speak to him; then the eye which I could see through the slit assumed an expression of terror, and the shutter was immediately let down, only to be furtively opened a minute or two later; but I could not get a word of response from the sentry.

Absolute silence reigned all round. I dragged my stool to the window and looked upon the little bit of sky that I could see; I tried to catch some sound from the Neva, or from the town on the opposite side of the river; but I could not. This dead silence began to oppress me, and I tried to sing, slowly at first, and louder and louder afterwards.

'Have I then to say farewell to love for ever'—I caught myself singing from my favourite opera of Glinka, 'Ruslan and Ludmila.'

'Sir, do not sing, please,' a bass voice resounded through the food-window in my door.

'I *will* sing, and I shall.'

'You may not.'

'I will sing nevertheless.'

Then came the governor, who tried to persuade me that I must not sing, as it would have to be reported to the commander of the fortress, and so on.

'But my throat will become blocked and my lungs become useless if I do not speak and cannot sing,' I tried to argue.

'You had better try to sing in a lower tone, more or less to yourself,' said the old governor in a supplicatory manner.

But all this was useless. A few days later I had lost all desire to sing. I tried to do it on principle, but it was of no avail.

'The main thing,' I said to myself, 'is to preserve my physical vigour. I *will* not fall ill. Let me imagine myself compelled to spend a couple of years in a hut in the far north, during an arctic expedition. I will take plenty of exercise, practise gymnastics, and not let myself be broken down by my surroundings. Ten steps from one corner to the other is already something. If I repeat them one hundred and fifty times, I shall have walked one verst' (two-thirds of a mile). I determined to walk every day seven versts—about five miles: two versts in the morning, two before dinner, two after dinner, and one before going to sleep. 'If I put on the table ten cigarettes, and move one of them each time that I pass the table, I shall easily count the three hundred times that I must walk up and down. I must walk rapidly, but turn slowly in the corner to avoid becoming giddy, and turn each time a different way. Then twice a day I shall practise gymnastics with my heavy stool. I lifted it by one leg, holding it at arm's length. I turned it like a wheel, and soon learned to throw it from one hand to the other, over my head, behind my back, and across my legs.

(*Memoirs of a Revolutionist*)

THE ESCAPE

AT LAST THE DAY OF the escape was settled June 29, old style, is the day of St. Peter and St. Paul. My friends, throwing a touch of sentimentalism into their enterprise, wanted to set me free on that day. They had to let me know that in reply to my signal 'All right outside' by sending up a red toy balloon. Then the carriage would come, and a song would be sung to let me know when the street was open.

I went out on the 29th, took off my hat, and waited for the balloon. But nothing of the kind was to be seen. Half an hour passed. I heard the rumble of a carriage in the street; I heard a man's voice singing a song unknown to me; but there was no balloon.

The hour was over, and with a broken heart I returned to my room. 'Something must have gone wrong,' I said to myself.

The impossible had happened that day. Hundreds of children's balloons are always on sale in St. Petersburg, near the Gostinoy Dvor. That morning there were none; not a single balloon was to be found. One was discovered at last, in the possession of a child, but it was old and would not

fly. My friends rushed then to an optician's shop, bought an apparatus for making hydrogen, and filled the balloon with it; but it would not fly any better: the hydrogen had not been dried. Time pressed. Then a lady attached the balloon to her umbrella, and, holding the latter high above her head, walked up and down in the street alongside the high wall of our yard; but I saw nothing of it; the wall being too high, and the lady too short.

As it turned out, nothing could have been better than that accident with the balloon. When the hour of my walk had passed, the carriage was driven along the streets which it was intended to follow after the escape; and there, in a narrow street, it was stopped by a dozen or more carts which were carrying wood to the hospital. The horses of the carts got into disorder—some of them on the right side of the street, and some on the left—and the carriage had to make its way at a slow pace amongst them; at a turning it was actually blocked. If I had been in it, we should have been caught.

Now a whole system of signals was established along the streets through which we should have to go after the escape, in order to give notice if the streets were not clear. For a couple of miles from the hospital my comrades took the position of sentries. One was to walk up and down with a handkerchief in his hand, which at the approach of the carts he was to put into his pocket; another was to sit on a stone and eat cherries, stopping when the carts came near; and so on. All these signals, transmitted along the streets, were finally to reach the carriage. My friends had also hired the gray bungalow that I could see from the yard, and at an open window of that little house a violinist stood with his violin, ready to play when the signal 'Street clear,' reached him.

The attempt had been settled for the next day. Further postponement would have been dangerous. In fact, the carriage had been taken notice of by the hospital people, and something suspicious must have reached the ears of the authorities, as on the night before my escape I heard the patrol officer ask the sentry who stood opposite my window, 'Where are your ball cartridges?' The soldier began to take them in a clumsy way out of his cartridge pouch, spending a couple of minutes before he got them. The patrol officer swore at him. 'Have you not been told to-night to keep four ball cartridges in the pocket of your coat?' And he stood by the sentry till the latter put four cartridges into his pocket. 'Look sharp!' he said as he turned away.

The new arrangements concerning the signals had to be communicated to me at once; and at two on the next day a lady—a dear relative of mine

—came to the prison, asking that a watch might be transmitted to me. Everything had to go through the hands of the procureur; but as this was simply a watch, without a box, it was passed along. In it was a tiny cipher note which contained the whole plan. When I saw it I was seized with terror, so daring was the feat. The lady, herself under pursuit by the police for political reasons, would have been arrested on the spot, if anyone had chanced to open the lid of the watch. But I saw her calmly leave the prison and move slowly along the boulevard.

I came out at four, as usual, and gave my signal. I heard next the rumble of the carriage, and a few minutes later the tones of the violin in the gray house sounded through our yard. But I was then at the other end of the building. When I got back to the end of my path which was nearest the gate—about a hundred paces from it—the sentry was close upon my heels. 'One turn more,' I thought—but before I reached the farther end of the path the violin suddenly ceased playing.

More than a quarter of an hour passed, full of anxiety, before I understood the cause of the interruption. Then a dozen heavily loaded carts entered the gate and moved to the other end of the yard.

Immediately the violinist—a good one, I must say—began a wildly exciting mazurka from Kontsky, as if to say, 'Straight on now—this is your time!' I moved slowly to the nearer end of the footpath, trembling at the thought that the mazurka might stop before I reached it.

When I was there I turned round. The sentry had stopped five or six paces behind me; he was looking the other way. 'Now or never!' I remember that thought flashing through my head. I flung off my green flannel dressing-gown and began to run.

For many days in succession I had practised how to get rid of that immeasurably long and cumbrous garment. It was so long that I carried the lower part on my left arm, as ladies carry the trains of their riding habits. Do what I might, it would not come off in one movement. I cut the seams under the armpits, but that did not help. Then I decided to learn to throw it off in two movements: one, casting the end from my arm, the other dropping the gown on the floor. I practised patiently in my room until I could do it as neatly as soldiers handle their rifles. 'One, two,' and it was on the ground.

I did not trust much to my vigour, and began to run rather slowly, to economize my strength. But no sooner had I taken a few steps than the

peasants who were piling the wood at the other end shouted, 'He runs! Stop him! Catch him!' and they hastened to intercept me at the gate. Then I flew for my life. I thought of nothing but running—not even of the pit which the carts had dug out at the gate. Run! run! full speed.

The sentry, I was told later by the friends who witnessed the scene from the gray house, ran after me, followed by three soldiers who had been sitting on the doorsteps. The sentry was so near to me that he felt sure of catching me. Several times he flung his rifle forward, trying to give me a blow in the back with the bayonet. One moment my friends in the window thought he had me. He was so convinced that he could stop me in this way that he did not fire. But I kept my distance, and he had to give up at the gate.

Safe out of the gate, I perceived, to my terror, that the carriage was occupied by a civilian who wore a military cap. He sat without turning his head to me. 'Sold!' was my first thought. The comrades had written in their last letter, 'Once in the street, don't give yourself up: there will be friends to defend you in case of need, and I did not want to jump into the carriage if it was occupied by an enemy. However, as I got nearer to the carriage I noticed that the man in it had sandy whiskers which seemed to be those of a warm friend of mine. He did not belong to our circle, but we were personal friends, and on more than one occasion I had learned to know his admirable, draining courage, and how his strength suddenly became herculean when there was danger at hand. 'Why should he be there? Is it possible?' I reflected, and was going to shout out his name, when I caught myself in good time, and instead clapped my hands, while still running, to attract his attention. He turned his face to me—and I knew who it was.

'Jump in, quick, quick' he shouted in a terrible voice, calling me and the coachman all sorts of names, a revolver in his hand and ready to shoot. 'Gallop! gallop! I will kill you!' he cried to the coachman. The horse—a beautiful racing trotter, which had been bought on purpose—started at full gallop. Scores of voices yelling, 'Hold them! Get them!' resounded behind us, my friend meanwhile helping me to put on an elegant overcoat and an opera hat. But the real danger was not so much in the pursuers as in a soldier who was posted at the gate of the hospital, about opposite to the spot where the carriage had to wait. He could have prevented my jumping into the carriage or could have stopped the horse by simply rushing a few steps forward. A friend was consequently commissioned to divert this soldier by talking. He did this most successfully. The soldier having been employed at one time in laboratory of the hospital, my friend gave a scientific turn to their chat, speaking

about the microscope and the wonderful things one sees through it. Referring to a certain parasite of the human body, he asked, 'Did you ever see what a formidable tail it has?' What, man, a tail? Yes it has; under the microscope it is as big as that'. 'Don't tell me any of your tales!' retorted the soldier. I know better. It was the first thing I looked at under the microscope.' This animated discussion took place just as I ran past them and sprang into the carriage. It sounds like fable, but it is fact.

The carriage turned sharply into a narrow lane, past the same wall of the yard where the peasants had been piling wood, and which all of them had now deserted in their run after me. The turn was so sharp that the carriage was nearly upset, when I flung myself inward, dragging toward me my friend; this sudden movement righted the carriage.

We trotted through the narrow lane and then turned to the left. Two gendarmes were standing there, at the door of a public-house, and gave to the military cap of my companion the military salute. 'Hush! hush!' I said to him, for he was still terribly excited. 'All goes well; the gendarmes salute us!' The coachman thereupon turned his face toward me, and I recognized in him another friend, who smiled with happiness.

Every where we saw friends, who winked to us or gave us a God-speed as we passed at the full trot of our beautiful horse. Then we entered the large Nevsky Perspective, turned into a side street, and alighted at a door, sending away the coachman. I ran up the staircase, and at its top fell into the arms of my sister-in-law, who had been waiting in painful anxiety. She laughed and cried at the same time, bidding me hurry to put on another dress and to crop my conspicuous beard. Ten minutes later my friend and I left the house and took a cab.

In the meantime the officer of the guard at the prison and the hospital soldiers had rushed out into the street, doubtful as to what measures they should take. There was not a cab for a mile round, every one having been hired by my friends. An old peasant woman from the crowd was wiser than all the lot. 'Poor people,' she said, as if talking to herself, 'they are sure to come out on the Perspective, and there they will be caught if some body runs along that lane, which leads straight to the Perspective.' She was quite right, and the officer ran to the tramway car which stood close by, and asked the men to let him have their horses to send somebody on horseback to the Perspective. But the men obstinately refused to give up their horses, and the officer did not use force.

As to the violinist and the lady who had taken the gray house, they too rushed out and joined the crowd with the old woman, whom

they heard giving advice, and when the crowd dispersed they quietly went away.

It was a fine afternoon. We drove to the islands where the St. Petersburg aristocracy go on bright spring days to see the sunset, and called on the way, in remote street, at a barber's shop to shave off my beard, which operation changed me, of course, but not very much. We drove aimlessly up and down the islands, but, having been told not to reach our night quarters till late in the evening, did not know where to go. 'what shall we do in the meantime?' I asked my friend. He also pondered over that question. 'To Donon's!' he suddenly called out to the cabman, naming one of the best St. Petersburg restaurants. 'No one will ever think of looking for you at Donon's' he calmly remarked. 'They will hunt for you everywhere else, but not there; and we shall have a dinner, and a drink, too, in honour of your successful escape.'

What could I reply to so reasonable a suggestion? So we went to Donon's, passed the halls flooded with light and crowded with visitors at the dinner hour, and took a separate room, where we spent the evening till the time came when we were expected. The house where we had first alighted was searched less than two hours after we left, as were also the apartments of nearly all our friends. Nobody thought of making a search at Donon's.

A couple of days later I was to take possession of an apartment which had been engaged for me, and which I could occupy under a false passport. But the lady who was to take me in a carriage to that house took the precaution of visiting it first by herself. It was densely surrounded by spies. So many of my friends had come to inquire whether I was safe there that the suspicions of the police had been aroused. Moreover, my portrait had been printed by the Third Section, and hundreds of copies had been distributed to policemen and watchmen. All the detectives who knew me by sight were looking for me in the streets; while those who did not were accompanied by soldiers and warders who had seen me during my imprisonment. The Tsar was furious that such an escape should have taken place in his capital in full daylight, and had given the order, 'He *must* be found.'

It was impossible to remain at St. Petersburg, and I concealed myself in country houses in its neighbourhood. In company with half-a-dozen friends, I stayed at a village frequented at this time of the year by St. Petersburg people bent on picnicking. Then it was decided that I should go abroad. But from a foreign paper we had learned that all the frontier stations and the railway termini in the Baltic provinces and Finland were closely watched by detectives who knew me by sight. So I determined to travel in a direction where I should

be least expected. Armed with the passport of a friend, and accompanied by another friend, I crossed Finland, and went northward to a remote port on the Gulf of Bothnia, whence I crossed to Sweden.

After I had gone on board the steamer, and it was about to sail, the friend who was to accompany me to the frontier told me the St. Petersburg news, which he had promised our friends not to tell me before. My sister Helene had been arrested, as well as the sister of my brother's wife, who had visited me in prison once a month after my brother and his wife went to Siberia.

My sister knew absolutely nothing of preparations for my escape. Only after I had escaped a friend had hurried to her, to tell her the welcome news. She protested her ignorance in vain: she was taken from her children, and was kept imprisoned for a fortnight. As to the sister of my brother's wife, she had known vaguely that something was to be attempted, but she had had no part in the preparations. Common sense ought to have shown the authorities that a person who had officially visited me in prison would not be involved in such an affair. Nevertheless, she was kept in prison for over two months. Her husband, a well-known lawyer, vainly endeavoured to obtain her release. 'We are aware now,' he was told by the gendarme officers, that she has had nothing to do with the escape; but, you see, we reported to the emperor, on the day we arrested her, that the person who had organized the escape was discovered and arrested. It will now take some time to prepare the emperor to accept the idea that she is not the real culprit.

I crossed Sweden without stopping anywhere, and went to Christiania, where I waited a few days for a steamer to sail for Hull, gathering information in the meantime about the peasant party of the Norwegian Storthing. As I went to the steamer I asked myself with anxiety, 'Under which flag does she sail—Norwegian, German, English?' Then I saw floating above the stern the Union Jack—the flag under which so many refugees, Russian, Italian, French, Hungarian, and of all nations, have found an asylum. I greeted that flag from the depth of my heart.

(Memoirs of a Revolutionist)

EVOLUTION IS REVOLUTION

IN THE HISTORY of all nations a time comes when fundamental changes are bound to take place in the whole of the national life. Royal despotism and feudalism were dying in 1789; it was impossible to keep them alive; they had to go.

But then, two ways were opened out before France: reform or revolution.

At such times there is always a moment when reform is still possible; but if advantage has not been taken of that moment, if an obstinate resistance has been opposed to the requirements of the new life, up to the point when blood had flowed in the streets, as it flowed on July 14, 1789, then there must be a Revolution. And once the Revolution has begun, it must necessarily develop to its last conclusions—that is to say, to the highest point it is capable of attaining—were it only temporarily, being given a certain condition of the public mind at this particular moment.

If we represent the slow progress of a period of evolution by a line drawn on paper, we shall see this line gradually though slowly rising. Then there comes a Revolution, and the line makes a sudden leap upwards. In England the line would be represented as rising to the Puritan Republic of Cromwell; in France it rises to the *Sans-culotte* Republic of 1793. However, at this height progress cannot be maintained; all the hostile forces league together against it, and the Republic goes down. Our line, after having reached that height, drops. Reaction follows. For the political life of France the line drops very low indeed, but by degrees it rises again, and when peace is restored in 1815 in France, and in 1688 in England—both countries are found to have attained a level much higher than they were on prior to their Revolutions.

After that, evolution is resumed: our line again begins to rise slowly; but, besides taking place on a very much higher level, the rising of the line will in nearly every case be also much more rapid than before the period of disturbance.

This is a law of human progress, and also a law of individual progress. The more recent history of France confirms this very law by showing how it was necessary to pass through the Commune to arrive at the Third Republic.

The work of the French Revolution is not confined merely to what it obtained and what was retained of it in France. It is to be found also in the principles bequeathed by it to the succeeding century—in the line of direction it marked out for the future.

A reform is always a compromise with the past, but the progress accomplished by revolution is always a promise of future progress. If the Great French Revolution was the summing up of a century's evolution, it also marked out in its turn the programme of evolution to be accomplished in the course of the nineteenth century.

It is a law in the world's history that the period of a hundred or a hundred and thirty years, more or less, which passes between two great revolutions, receives its character from the revolution in which this period began. The nations endeavour to realise in their institutions the inheritance bequeathed to them by the last revolution. All that this last could not yet put into practice, all the great thoughts which were thrown into circulation during the turmoil, and which the revolution either could not or did not know how to apply, all the attempts at sociological reconstruction, which were born during the revolution, will go to make up the substance of evolution during the epoch that follows the revolution, with the addition of those new ideas to which this evolution will give birth, when trying to put into practice the programme marked out by the last upheaval. Then, a new revolution will be brought about in some other nation, and this nation in its turn will set the problems for the following century. Such has hitherto been the trend of history.

Two great conquests, in fact, characterise the century which has passed since 1789-1793. Both owe their origin to the French Revolution, which had carried on the work of the English Revolution while enlarging and invigorating it with all the progress that had been made since the middle classes beheaded their King and transferred his power to the Parliament. These two great triumphs are: the abolition of serfdom and the abolition of absolutism, by which personal liberties have been conferred upon the individual, undreamt of by the serf of the lord and the subject of the absolute king, while at the same time they have brought about the development of the middle classes and the capitalist regime.

(The Great French Revolution)

TO EACH HIS NEEDS

SERVICES RENDERED to society, be they work in factory or field, or mental services, *cannot be valued in money*. There can be no exact measure of value (of what has been wrongly termed exchange value), nor of use value, in terms of production. If two individuals work for the community five hours a day, year in year out, at different work which is equally agreeable to them, we may say that on the whole their labour is approximately equivalent. But we cannot divide their work, and say that the result of any particular day, hour, or minute of work of the one is worth the result of one day, one hour, or one minute of the other.

We may roughly say that the man, who during his lifetime has deprived himself of leisure during ten hours a day has given far more to society than the one who has only deprived himself of leisure during five hours a day, or who has not deprived himself at all. But we cannot take what he has done during two hours, and say that the yield of his two hours' work is worth twice as much as the yield of another individual, who has worked only one hour, and remunerate the two in proportion. It would be disregarding all that is complex in industry, in agriculture, in the whole life of present society; it would be ignoring to what extent all individual work is the result of the past and the present labour of society as a whole. It would mean believing ourselves to be living in the Stone Age, whereas we are living in an age of steel.

If you enter a modern coal-mine you will see a man in charge of a huge machine that raises and lowers a cage. In his hand he holds a lever that stops and reverses the course of the machine; he lowers it and the cage reverses its course in the twinkling of an eye; he sends it upwards or downwards into the depths of the shaft with a giddy swiftness. All attention, he follows with his eyes fixed on an indicator which shows him, on a small scale, at which point of the shaft the cage is at each second of its progress; and as soon as the indicator has reached a certain level, he suddenly stops the course of the cage, not a yard higher nor lower than the required spot. And no sooner have the colliers unloaded their coal-wagonettes, and pushed empty ones instead, than he reverses the lever and again sends the cage back into space.

During eight or ten consecutive hours every day he must keep the same strain of attention. Should his brain relax for a moment, the cage would inevitably strike against the gear, break its wheels, snap the rope, crush men, and put a stop to all work in the mine. Should he waste three seconds at each touch of the lever,—the extraction, in our modern perfected mines, would be reduced from twenty to fifty tons a day.

Is it he who is the most necessary man in the mine? Or, is it perhaps the boy who signals to him from below to raise the cage? Is it the miner at the bottom of the shaft, who risks his life every instant, and who will some day be killed by fire-damp? Or is it the engineer, who would lose the layer of coal, and would cause the miners to dig on rock by a simple mistake in his calculations? Or, is it the mine owner who has put his capital into the mine, and who has perhaps, contrary to expert advice, asserted that excellent coal would be found there?

All those who are engaged in the mine contribute to the extraction of coal in proportion to their strength, their energy, their knowledge, their intelligence, and their skill. And we may say that all have the right to *live*, to satisfy their needs, and even their whims, when the necessities of life have been secured for all. But how can we appraise the work of each one of them?

And, moreover, is the coal they have extracted entirely *their* work? Is it not also the work of the men who have built the railway leading to the mine and the roads that radiate from all the railway stations? Is it not also the work of those that have tilled and sown the fields, extracted iron, cut wood in the forests, built the machines that burn coal, slowly developed the mining industry altogether, and so on?

It is utterly impossible to draw a distinction between the work of each of those men. To measure the work by its results leads us to an absurdity; to divide the total work, and to measure its fractions by the number of hours spent on the work also leads us to absurdity. One thing remains: to put the *needs* above the *works*, and first of all to recognize *the right to live*, and later on *the right to well-being* for all those who took their share in production.

(*The Conquest of Bread*)

ECONOMICS OF CONSUMPTION

IF YOU OPEN the works of any economist you will find that he begins with PRODUCTION, *i. e.*, by the analysis of the means employed nowadays for the creation of wealth: division of labour, the factory, its machinery, the accumulation of capital. From Adam Smith to Marx, all have proceeded along these lines. Only in the latter parts of their books do they treat of CONSUMPTION, that is to say, of the means resorted to in our present Society to satisfy the needs of the individuals; and even there they confine themselves to explaining how riches *are* divided among those who vie with one another for their possession.

Perhaps you will say this is logical. Before satisfying needs you must create the wherewithal to satisfy them. But, before producing anything, must you not feel the need of it? Was it not necessity that first drove man to hunt, to raise cattle, to cultivate land, to make implements, and later on to invent machinery? Is it not the study of the needs that should govern production? To say the least, it would therefore be quite as logical to begin by considering the needs, and afterwards to discuss how production is, and ought to be organized, in order to satisfy these needs.

This is precisely what we mean to do.

But as soon as we look at Political Economy from this point of view, it entirely changes its aspect. It ceases to be a simple description of facts, and becomes a *science*, and we may define this science as: *The study of the needs of mankind, and the means of satisfying them with the least possible waste of human energy.* Its true name should be, *Philosophy of Society.* It constitutes a parallel science to the physiology of plants and animals, which is the study of the needs of plants and animals, and of the most advantageous ways of satisfying them. In the series of sociological sciences, the economy of human societies takes the place, occupied in the series of biological sciences, by the physiology of organic bodies.

We say, here are human beings, united in a society. All of them feel the need of living in healthy houses. The savage's hut no longer satisfies them; they require a more or less comfortable solid shelter. The question is, then: whether, taking the present capacity of men for production, every man can have a house of his own? and what is hindering him from having it?

And as soon as we ask *this* question, we see that every family in Europe could perfectly well have a comfortable house, such as are built in England, in Belgium, or in Pullman City, or else an equivalent set of rooms. A certain number of days' work would suffice to build a pretty little airy house, well fitted up and lighted by electricity.

But nine-tenths of Europeans have never possessed a healthy house, because at all times common people have had to work day after day to satisfy the needs of their rulers, and have never had the necessary leisure or money to build, or to have built, the home of their dreams. And they can have no houses, and will inhabit hovels as long as present conditions remain unchanged.

It is thus seen that our method is quite contrary to that of the economists, who immortalize the so-called *laws* of production, and, reckoning up the number of houses built every year, demonstrate by statistics, that as the number of the new-built houses is too small to meet all demands, nine-tenths of Europeans *must* live in hovels.

(*The Conquest of Bread*)

LESSONS OF SIBERIA

THE YEARS THAT I SPENT in Siberia taught me many lessons which I could hardly have learned elsewhere. I soon realized the absolute impossibility of doing anything really useful for the masses of the people by means of

the administrative machinery. With this illusion I parted for ever. Then I began to understand not only men and human character, but also the inner springs of the life of human society. The constructive work of the unknown masses, which so seldom finds any mention in books, and the importance of that construction work in the growth of forms of society, appeared before my eyes in a clear light. To witness, for instance, the ways in which the communities of Dukhobortsy (brothers of those who are now settling in Canada, and who found such a hearty support in England and the United States) migrated to the Amur region; to see the immense advantages which they got from their semi-communistic brotherly organization; and to realize what a success their colonization was, amidst all the failures of State colonization, was learning something which cannot be learned from books. Again, to live with natives, to see at work the complex forms of social organization which they have elaborated far away from the influence of any civilization, was, as it were, to store up floods of light which illuminated my subsequent reading. The part which the unknown masses play in the accomplishment of all important historical events, and even in war, became evident to me from direct observation, and I came to hold ideas similar to those which Tolstoy expresses concerning the leaders and the masses in his monumental work, '*War and Peace.*'

Having been brought up in a serf-owner's family, I entered active life, like all young men of my time, with a great deal of confidence in the necessity of commanding, ordering, scolding, punishing, and the like. But when, at an early stage, I had to manage serious enterprises and to deal with men, and when each mistake would lead at once to heavy consequences, I began to appreciate the difference between acting on the principle of command and discipline, and acting on the principle of common understanding. The former works admirably in a military parade, but it is worth nothing where real life is concerned and the aim can be achieved only through the severe effort of many converging wills. Although I did not then formulate my observations in terms borrowed from party struggles, I may say now that I lost in Siberia whatever faith in State discipline I had cherished before. I was prepared to become an anarchist.

From the age of nineteen to twenty-five I had to work out important schemes of reform, to deal with hundreds of men on the Amur, to prepare and to make risky expeditions with ridiculously small means, and so on; and if all these things ended more or less successfully, I account for it only by the fact that I soon understood that in serious work commanding and discipline are of little avail. Men of initiative are required everywhere; but

once the impulse has been given, the enterprise must be conducted, especially in Russia, not in military fashion, but in a sort of communal way, by means of common understanding. I wish that all framers of plans of State discipline could pass through the school of real life before they begin to frame their State Utopias: we should then hear far less than at present of schemes of military and pyramidal organization of society.

(Memoirs of a Revolutionist)

CRIME

FROM YEAR TO YEAR thousands of children grow up in the filth—material and moral—of our great cities, completely abandoned amidst a population demoralized by a life from hand to mouth, the incertitude of to-morrow, and a misery of which no former epoch has had even an apprehension. Left to themselves and to the worst influences of the street, receiving but little care from their parents ground down by a terrible struggle for existence, they hardly know what a happy home is; but they learn from earliest childhood what the vices of our great cities are. They enter life without even knowing a handicraft which might help them to earn their living. The son of a savage learns hunting from his father; his sister learns how to manage their simple household. The children whose father and mother leave the den they inhabit, early in the morning, in search of any job which may help them to get through the next week, enter life not even with that knowledge. They know no handicraft; their home has been the muddy street; and the teachings they received in the street were of the kind known by those who have visited the whereabouts of the gin-palaces of the poor, and of the places of amusement of the richer classes.

It is all very well to thunder denunciations about the drunken habits of this class of the population, but if those who denounce them had grown up in the same conditions as the children of the labourer who every morning conquers by means of his own fists the right of being admitted at the gate of a London dockyard,—how many of them would not have become the continual guests of the gin-palaces?—the only palaces with which the rich have endowed the real producers of all riches.

When we see this population growing up in all our big manufacturing centres we cannot wonder that our big cities chiefly supply prisons with inmates. I never cease to wonder, on the contrary, that relatively so small a proportion of these children become thieves or highway robbers. I never cease to wonder at the deep-rootedness of social feelings in the humanity of the nineteenth century, at the goodness of heart which still prevails in the

dirty streets, which are the causes that relatively so few of those who grow up in absolute neglect declare open war against our social institutions. These good feelings, this aversion to violence, this resignation which makes them accept their fate without hatred growing in their hearts, are the only real barrier which prevents them from openly breaking all social bonds,—not the deterring influence of prisons. Stone would not remain upon stone in our modern palaces, were it not for these feelings.

And at the other end of the social scale, money that is representative signs of human work, is squandered in unheard of luxury, very often with no other purpose than to satisfy a stupid vanity. While old and young have no bread, and are really starving at the very doors of our luxurious shops,—these know no limits to their lavish expenditure.

When everything round about us—the shops and the people we see in the streets, the literature we read, the money-worship we meet with every day—tends to develop an unsatiable thirst for unlimited wealth, a love for sparkish luxury, a tendency towards spending money foolishly for every avowable and unavowable purpose; when there are whole quarters in our cities each house of which reminds us that man has too often remained a beast, whatever the decorum under which he conceals his bestiality; when the watchword of our civilized world is: "Enrich yourselves! Crush down everything you meet in your way, by all means short of those which might bring you before a court!" When apart from a few exceptions, all—from the landlord down to the artisan—are taught every day in a thousand ways that the *beau-ideal* of life is to manage affairs so as to make others work for you; when manual work is so despised that those who perish from want of bodily exercise prefer to resort to gymnastics, imitating the movements of sawing and digging, instead of sawing wood and hoeing the soil; when hard and blackened hands are considered as a sign of inferiority, and a silk-dress and the knowledge of how to keep servants under strict discipline is a token of superiority; when literature expends its art in maintaining the worship of richness and treats the "impractical idealist" with contempt—what need is there to talk about inherited criminality when so many factors of our life work in one direction—that of manufacturing beings unsuited for an honest existence, permeated with anti-social feelings!

Let us organize our society so as to assure to everybody the possibility of regular work for the benefit of the commonwealth—and that means of course a thorough transformation of the present relations between work and capital; let us assure to every child a sound education and instruction, both in manual labour and science, so as to permit him to acquire, during the first twenty years of his life, the knowledge and habits of earnest work—and

we shall be in no more need of dungeons and jails, of judges and hangmen. Man is a result of those conditions in which he has grown up. Let him grow in habits of useful work; let him be brought by his earlier life to consider humanity as one great family, no member of which can be injured without the injury being felt by a wide circle of his fellows, and ultimately by the whole of society; let him acquire a taste for the highest enjoyments of science and art—much more lofty and durable than those given by the satisfaction of lower passions,—and we may be sure that we shall not have many breaches of those laws of morality which are an unconscious affirmation of the best conditions for life in society.

Two-thirds of all breaches of law being so-called "crimes against property," these cases will disappear, or be limited to a quite trifling amount, when property, which is now the privilege of the few, shall return to its real source—the community. As to "crimes against persons," already their numbers are rapidly decreasing, owing to the growth of moral and social habits which necessarily develop in each society, and can only grow when common interests contribute more and more to tighten the bonds which induce men to live a common life.

Of course, whatever be the economical bases of organization of society, there will always be in its midst a certain number of beings with passions more strongly developed and less easily controlled than the rest; and there always will be men whose passions may occasionally lead them to commit acts of an anti-social character. But these passions can receive another direction, and most of them can be rendered almost or quite harmless by the combined efforts of those who surround us. We live now in too much isolation. Everybody cares only for himself, or his nearest relatives. Egotistic—that is, unintelligent—individualism in material life has necessarily brought about an individualism as egotistic and as harmful in the mutual relations of human beings. But we have known in history, and we see still, communities where men are more closely connected together than in our Western European cities. China is an instance in point. The great "compound family" is there still the basis of the social organization: the members of the compound family know one another perfectly; they support one another, they help one another, not merely in material life, but also in moral troubles; and the number of "crimes" both against property and persons, stands at an astonishingly low level (in the central provinces, of course, not on the seashore). The Slavonian and Swiss agrarian communes are another instance. Men know one another in these smaller aggregations: they mutually support one another; while in our cities all bonds between the inhabitants have disappeared. The old family, based on a common origin, is disintegrating. But men cannot live in this isolation, and the elements of new social group—those ties arising between the inhabitants of the same spot

having many interests in common, and those of people united by the prosecution of common aims—is growing. Their growth can only be accelerated by such changes as would bring about a closer mutual dependency and a greater equality between the members of our communities.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, there surely will remain a limited number of persons whose anti-social passions—the result of bodily diseases—may still be a danger for the community. Shall humanity send these to the gallows, or lock them up in prisons? Surely it will not resort to this wicked solution of the difficulty.

There was a time when lunatics, considered as possessed by the devil, were treated in the most abominable manner. Chained in stalls like animals, they were dreaded even by their keepers. To break their chains, to set them free, would have been considered then as a folly. But a man came—Pinel—who dared to take on their chains, and to offer them brotherly words, brotherly treatment. And those who were looked upon as ready to devour the human being who dared to approach them, gathered round their liberator, and proved that he was right in his belief in the best features of human nature, even in those whose intelligence was darkened by disease. From that time the cause of humanity was won. The lunatic was no longer treated like a wild beast. Men recognized in him a brother.

The chains disappeared, but asylums—another name for prisons—remained, and within their walls a system as bad as that of the chains grew up by-and-by. But then the peasants of a Belgian village, moved by their simple good sense and kindness of heart, showed the way towards a new departure which learned students of mental disease did not perceive. They set the lunatics quite free. They took them into their families, offered them a bed in their poor houses, a chair at their plain tables, a place in their ranks to cultivate the soil, a place in their dancing-parties. And the fame spread wide of "miraculous cures" effected by the saint to whose name the church of Gheel was consecrated. The remedy applied by the peasants was so plain, so old—it was liberty—that the learned people preferred to trace the result to Divine influences instead of taking things as they were. But there was no lack of honest and good-hearted men who understood the force of the treatment invented by the Gheel peasants, advocated it, and gave all their energies to overcome the inertia of mind, the cowardice, and the indifference of their surroundings.

Liberty and fraternal care have proved the best cure on our side of the above-mentioned wide borderland "between insanity and crime." They will prove also the best cure on the other boundary of the same borderland. Progress

is in that direction. All that tends that way will bring us nearer to the solution of the great question which has not ceased to pre-occupy human societies since the remotest antiquity, and which cannot be solved by prisons.

(*In Russian and French Prisons*)

ANARCHISM.

SO LONG AS SOCIALISM was understood in its wide, generic, and true sense—as an effort to *abolish* the exploitation of Labour by Capital—the Anarchists were marching hand-in-hand with the Socialists of that time. But they were compelled to separate from them when the Socialists began to say that there is no possibility of *abolishing* capitalist exploitation within the lifetime of our generation: that *during that phase of economic evolution which we are now living through* we have only to *mitigate* the exploitation, and to impose upon the capitalists certain legal limitations.

Contrarily to this tendency of the present-day Socialists, we maintain that already now, without waiting for the coming of new phases and forms of the capitalist exploitation of Labour, we must work for its *abolition*. We must, already now, tend to transfer all that is needed for production—the soil, the mines, the factories, the means of communication, and *the means of existence, too*—from the hands of the individual capitalist into those of the communities of producers and consumers.

As for the *political* organisation—i.e., the forms of the commonwealth in the midst of which an economic revolution could be accomplished—we entirely differ from all the sections of State Socialists in that we do not see in the system of *State Capitalism*, which is now preached under the name of Collectivism, a solution of the social question. We see in the organisation of the posts and telegraphs, in the State railways, and the like—which are represented as illustrations of a society without capitalists—nothing but a new, perhaps improved, but still undesirable form of the Wage System. We even think that such a solution of the social problem would so much run against the present libertarian tendencies of civilised mankind, that it simply would be unrealisable.

We maintain that the State organisation, having been the force to which the minorities resorted for establishing and organising their power over the masses, cannot be the force which will serve to destroy these privileges. The lessons of history tell us that a new form of economic life always calls forth a new form of political organisation; and a Socialist society (whether Communist or Collectivist) cannot be an exception to this rule. Just as the

Churches cannot be utilised for freeing man from his old superstitions, and just as the feeling of human solidarity will have to find other channels for its expression besides the Churches, so also the economic and political liberation of man will have to create new forms for its expression in life, instead of those established by the State.

Consequently, the chief aim of Anarchism is to awaken those constructive powers of the labouring masses of the people which at all great moments of history came forward to accomplish the necessary changes, and which, aided by the now accumulated knowledge, will accomplish the change that is called forth by all the best men of our own time.

(*Modern Science and Anarchism*)

THE REVOLUTION

OUR CONCEPTION OF the coming social revolution is quite different from that of a Jacobin dictatorship, or the transformation of social institutions effected by a Convention, a Parliament, or a dictator. Never has a revolution been brought about on those lines; and if the present working-class movement takes this form, it will be doomed to have no lasting result.

On the contrary, we believe that if a revolution begins, it must take the form of a widely spread popular movement, during which movement, in every town and village invaded by the insurrectionary spirit, the masses set themselves to the work of reconstructing society on new lines. The people—both the peasants and the town workers—must themselves begin the constructive work, on more or less Communist principles, without waiting for schemes and orders from above. From the very beginning of the movement they must contrive to house and to feed every one, and then set to work to produce what is necessary to feed, house, and clothe all of them.

They may not be—they are sure not to be—the *majority* of the nation. But if they are a respectably numerous minority of cities and villages scattered over the country, starting life on their own new Socialist lines, they will be able to win the right to pursue their own course. In all probability they will draw towards them a notable portion of the land, as was the case in France in 1793-94.

As to the Government, whether it be constituted by force only or by election; be it “the dictatorship of the proletariat,” as they used to say in France in the “forties,” and as they still say in Germany, or else an elected “Provisional Government,” or a “Convention”; we put no faith in it. We

know beforehand that it will be able to do nothing to accomplish the revolution, so long as the people themselves do not accomplish the change by working out on the spot the necessary new institutions.

We say so, not because we have a personal dislike of Governments, but because the whole of history shows us that men thrown into a Government by a revolutionary wave have never been able to accomplish what was expected from them. And this is *unavoidable*. Because in the task of reconstructing society on new principles, separate men, however intelligent and devoted they may be, are sure to fail. The collective spirit of the masses is necessary for this purpose. Isolated men can sometimes find the legal expression to sum up the destruction of old social forms—when the destruction is already proceeding. At the utmost, they may widen, perhaps, the sphere of the reconstructive work, extending what is being done in a part of the country, over a larger part of the territory. But to impose the reconstruction by law is absolutely impossible, as was proved, among other examples, by the whole history of the French Revolution. Many thousands of the *laws* passed by the revolutionary Convention had not even been put into force when reaction came and flung those laws into the waste-paper basket.

During a revolution new forms of life will always germinate on the ruins of the old forms, but no Government will ever be able to find their expression *so long as these forms will not have taken a definite shape during the work itself of reconstruction* which must be going on in thousands of spots at the same time. Who guessed—who, in fact, could have guessed—before 1789 the role going to be played by the Municipalities and the commune of Paris in the revolutionary events of 1789-1793? It is impossible to legislate for *the future*. All we can do is to vaguely guess its essential tendencies and clear the road for it.

(*Modern Science and Anarchism*)

ETHICS

THE CHIEF DEMAND WHICH is now addressed to ethics is to do its best to find through the philosophical study of the subject the common element in the two sets of diametrically opposed feelings which exist in man, and thus to help mankind find a synthesis, and not a compromise between the two. In one set are the feelings which induce man to subdue other men in order to utilize them for his individual ends, while those in the other set induce human beings to unite for attaining common ends by common effort: the first answering to that fundamental need of human nature—struggle, and

the second representing another equally fundamental tendency—the desire of unity and mutual sympathy. These two sets of feelings must, of course, struggle between themselves, but it is absolutely essential to discover their synthesis, whatever form it takes. Such a synthesis is so much more necessary because the civilized man of to-day, having no settled conviction on this point, is paralyzed in his powers of action. He cannot admit that a struggle to the knife for supremacy, carried on between individuals and nations, should be the last word of science; he does not believe, at the same time, in solving the problem through the gospel of brotherhood and self-abnegation which Christianity has been preaching for so many centuries without ever being able to attain the brotherhood of men and nations nor even tolerance among the various Christian sects. As regards to teaching of the Communists, the vast majority of men, for the same reason, have not faith in communism.

Thus the principal problem of ethics at present is to help mankind to find the solution for this fundamental contradiction. For this purpose we must earnestly study what were the means resorted to by men at different periods of their evolution, in order so to direct the individual forces as to get from them the greatest benefit for the welfare of all, without at the same time paralyzing personal energies. And we have to study the tendencies in this direction which exist at the present moment—in the form of the timid attempts which are being made, as well as in the form of the potentialities concealed in modern society, which may be utilized for finding that synthesis. And then, as no new move in civilization has ever been made without a certain enthusiasm being evoked in order to overcome the first difficulties of inertia and opposition, it is the duty of the new ethics to infuse in men those *ideals* which would provoke their enthusiasm, and give them the necessary forces for building a form of life which would combine individual energy with work for the good of all.



THE ELEMENTS FOR SUCH A new conception of morality are already at hand. The importance of *sociality*, of *mutual aid*, in the evolution of the animal world and human history may be taken, I believe, as a positively established scientific truth, free of any hypothetical assumptions. We may also take next, as granted, that in proportion as mutual aid becomes an established custom in a human community, and so to say instinctive, it leads to a parallel development of the sense of *justice*, with its necessary accompaniment of the sense of *equity* and equalitarian self-restraint. The idea that the personal rights of every individual are as unassailable as the same

rights of every other individual, grows in proportion as class distinctions fade away; and this thought becomes a current conception when the institutions of a given community have been altered permanently in this sense. A certain degree of identification of the individual with the interests of the group to which it belongs has necessarily existed since the very beginning of social life, and it manifests itself even among the lowest animals. But in proportion as relations of equity and justice are solidly established in the human community, the ground is prepared for the further and the more general development of more refined relations, under which man understands and feels so well the bearing of his action on the whole of society that he refrains from offending others, even though he may have to renounce on that accounts the gratification of some of his desires, and when he so fully identifies his feelings with those of others that he is ready to sacrifice his powers for their benefit without expecting anything in return. These unselfish feelings and habits, usually called by the somewhat inaccurate names of *altruism* and *self-sacrifice*, alone deserve, in my opinion, the name of morality, properly speaking, although most writers can find them, under the name of altruism, with the mere sense of justice.

Mutual Aid—Justice—Morality are thus the consecutive steps of an ascending series, revealed to us by the study of the animal world and man. They constitute an *organic necessity* which carries in itself its own justification, confirmed by the whole of the evolution of the animal kingdom, beginning with its earliest stages, (in the form of colonies of the most primitive organisms), and gradually rising to our civilized human communities. Figuratively speaking, it is a *universal law of organic evolution*, and this is why the sense of Mutual Aid, Justice, and Morality are rooted in man's mind with all the force of an inborn instinct—the first instinct, that of Mutual Aid, being evidently the strongest, while the third, developed later than the others, is an unstable feeling and the least imperative of the three.

Like the need of food, shelter or sleep, these instincts are selfpreservation instincts. Of course, they may sometimes be weakened under the influence of certain circumstances, and we know many cases when the power of these instincts is relaxed, for one reason or another, in some animal group, or in a human community, but then the group necessarily begins to fail in the struggle for life; it moves towards its decay. And if this group does not revert to the necessary conditions of survival and of progressive development: Mutual Aid, Justice, and Morality—then the group, the race, or the species dies out and disappears. Since it did not fulfil the necessary condition of evolution—it must inevitably decline and disappear.

(*Ethics*)

JUSTICE.

THE HIGHEST MORAL AIM of man is the attaining of justice. The entire history of mankind, says Proudhon, is the history of human endeavour to attain justice in this life. All the great revolutions are nothing but the attempt to realize justice by force; and since during the revolution *the means*, i.e., violence, temporarily prevailed over the old form of oppression, the actual result was always a substitution of one tyranny for another. Nevertheless, the impelling motive of every revolutionary movement was always justice, and every revolution, no matter into what it later degenerated, always introduced into social life a certain degree of justice. All these partial realizations of justice will finally lead to the complete triumph of justice on earth.

Why is it that in spite of all the revolutions that have taken place, not a single nation has yet arrived at the complete attainment of justice? The principal cause of this lies in the fact that the idea of justice has not as yet penetrated into the minds of the majority of men. Originating in the mind of a separate individual, the idea of justice must become a social idea, inspiring the revolution. The starting point of the idea of justice is the sense of personal dignity. In associating with others we find that this feeling becomes generalized and becomes the feeling of *human* dignity. A rational creature recognizes this feeling in another—friend or enemy alike—as in himself. In this, justice differs from love and from other sensations of sympathy; this is why justice is the antithesis of egoism, and why the influence which justice exerts upon us prevails over other feelings. For the same reason, in the case of a primitive man whose sense of personal dignity manifests itself in a crude way, and whose self-aimed tendencies prevail over the social, justice finds its expression in the form of supernatural prescription, and it rests upon religion. But little by little, under the influence of religion, the sense of justice (Proudhon writes simply "justice," without defining whether he considers it a *conception* or a *feeling*) deteriorates. Contrary to its essence this feeling becomes aristocratic, and in Christianity (and in some earlier religions) it reaches the point of humiliating mankind. Under the pretext of respect for God, respect for man is banished, and once this respect is destroyed justice succumbs, and with it society deteriorates.

(*Ethics*)

SELECT
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of
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