

Freedom

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NOTES.

Irish Government and the Workers.

The signing of the Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland has been the signal for the outbreak of a quarrel in the ranks of the Republicans which had evidently been suppressed for some time owing to the stern necessity of presenting an unbroken front to the old enemy. The quarrel seems to be an extremely embittered one, accusations of treachery being hurled about like blackthorns in a Dublin street fight. We do not think this quarrel between the politicians will last very long, as now that the war with England is over, the Labour movement in Ireland is beginning to make itself heard; and as politicians usually represent the propertied classes, they will close up their ranks when Labour puts forward its demands. In politics there are two sides to every question, as there are two sides to every Government, the inside and the outside; and Ireland is the same as every other country in that respect. And, as in other countries, the Irish working class will find that economic concessions can only be wrung from their rulers by hard fighting. Already there have been clashes between the workers and the Republican Army in several strikes. In one instance, when a strike of municipal employees took place, and a water main was damaged, a number of the I.R.A. raided the strikers' headquarters, seized a number of men, and forced them to repair the damage. The Irish workers noticed quickly that although the English Army was leaving the country, Lloyd George had agreed that the Irish Government should have enough soldiers of its own to maintain "law and order"—that is, the privileges of the propertied class. However, now the question of Home Rule is settled, the Irish workers will be able to concentrate their attention on economic questions.

Parasites in the Labour Movement.

The workers of this country will look back upon the year just gone as the blackest of their generation. The tremendous amount of unemployment due to the falling off of foreign trade has brought suffering and starvation into many a home, and the outlook for the future is still black. But their leaders are thriving like fighting cocks, and a capitalist Government showers honours upon them for their assistance in keeping the workers quiet during these hard times. The workers, however, still worship their leaders and also shower honours and big salaries on them. In the *Daily Herald* of January 2 there is an advertisement of the National Union of General Workers, giving the names of its principal officials, as follows:—President, the Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P.; Vice-President, Mr. A. Hayday, M.P.; Secretary, Mr. W. Thorne, M.P.; General Organiser, Mr. J. Jones, M.P.; Organiser, Mr. E. Hallas, M.P. Five Members of Parliament in one Union! What a wealthy lot the members of that Union must be. But when we see the benefits they get there does not seem much to brag about. When they are on strike or locked out they get a paltry 16s. a week; but there are compensations when a member dies, for then the Union pays out from £2 to £5 in a lump sum to provide a nice funeral for him and to protect his widow and children from poverty. The advertisement says: "The unity of the wage-earner and wealth producer is the only way to bring about political and economic emancipation." Well, it has worked out all right for the officials, but the members' emancipation seems a long way off.

Washington and After.

By the four-Power Pacific Treaty signed at Washington and the financial Consortium agreed on for China, the Chinese realise that their hope of being protected from their Japanese exploiters was sheer illusion. The "high contracting parties"

who signed the Treaty will now proceed to exploit the undeveloped wealth of China, Japan being left in possession of the territory she has grabbed, although recognising "in principle" Chinese sovereignty. Clause 2 of the Treaty says: "If the said rights are threatened by the aggressive action of any other Power"—that is, should China show fight—the four Powers will decide on "the most efficient measures to be taken to meet the exigencies of the situation." Probably aeroplanes and poison gas for the ungrateful Chinese. Having settled the Pacific question, the diplomats are now tackling the mess in Europe. This is not quite so easy, as the Germans, Russians, and Turks have still got some teeth left. The invitation to the Bolsheviks shows that the Allies realise that they have a hard nut to crack in Russia. But where the soldiers have failed the diplomats hope to succeed. They still quibble about the recognition of the Bolshevik Government, but their demand for payment of the Tsarist debts implies recognition, because only a Government could guarantee payment. Thus we see that whilst the rich bankers of France are demanding the cancellation of their debts to England, and wealthy England is suggesting the cancellation of her debts to the United States, the Shylocks of both countries are insisting on their pound of flesh from poverty-stricken and starving Russia. The Bolsheviks have promised to recognise the Tsarist debts so as to get the much-needed economic assistance, but we are certain that as soon as they regain their strength the people of Russia will repudiate the debts incurred by their oppressors in the past. May that time come soon.

Revising the Peace Treaty.

The main work of Governments lies in attempting to remedy evils created by themselves. The Versailles Treaty is an example. Every one now realises that much of the unemployment in this country is due to the provisions of that Treaty. During the war the Allies were urged to destroy Germany commercially so that she could never raise her head again. The president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, speaking in July, 1918, said: "We must insist upon such terms being imposed upon the enemy that they would not only be annihilated militarily, but be absolutely crippled commercially beyond the hope of resurrection for the next fifty years." And that great statesman, Sir Edward Carson, speaking in October of the previous year, said: "We must destroy in every country every German business, and get those businesses for ourselves." As a result of these and similar speeches we had an election to the cry of "Make Germany pay!" Lloyd George declaring that he would search the Germans' pockets for the last farthing. Now it is discovered that this policy was a gigantic blunder. These great and wise statesmen could not see that if you prevent customers coming into your shop you will soon go bankrupt. But the cutting in half of their foreign trade has hit our capitalists in their pockets, and now they are ready to make friends with the Germans and even with the Bolsheviks if it will bring back their profits. Meanwhile the workers and their families have suffered untold misery and privation as a result of all this blundering. When will they get rid of all these rogues and learn to manage their own affairs themselves?

Goldman, Berkman, and Shapiro at Stockholm.

An Exchange telegram of January 7 states that our well-known Russian comrades Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, and Alexander Shapiro have arrived in Stockholm from Reval, and have obtained permission to stay there a month. Under the present damnable passport system, which closes frontiers everywhere, it is uncertain where they will find refuge eventually, but we hope they will soon find a way out of their difficulties.

A letter from Emma Goldman and Berkman appears on page 4.

ANARCHISM VERSUS SOCIALISM.

By WM. C. OWEN.

(Continued from last month.)

Before passing to a consideration of Socialism, let me refer, by way of prelude, to the Irish question. This seems to me desirable for two reasons. First, because in it we have a vivid illustration of the eternal conflict between Compulsion and Voluntaryism, Authoritarianism and Freedom, Imperialism and Anarchism. Secondly, because, in my opinion, the merits or demerits of Anarchism and Socialism respectively must be judged, not by comparative analyses of Marx or Proudhon, Bebel or Bakunin, but by their capacity or incapacity when confronted by the struggles now rending society. Books, however able, represent only their writers' views, whereas the struggles are Life itself. For example, to me it is of no importance whether what I write agrees with the teaching of some well-known Anarchist, but it is of the very greatest importance that I should be, as nearly as I can be, true to Life.

On the Irish question I confine myself to one established fact. We know that the Sinn Fein delegates signed the so-called "Treaty" under a threat of war. Mr. Barton, one of the five, reported to the Dail Eirann, December 20, 1921, as follows:—"Mr. Lloyd George claimed that we were plenipotentiaries, and must either accept or reject. The signature of every member of the delegation, he said, was necessary, or war would follow immediately. He gave us until ten o'clock to make up our minds. It was then half-past eight." Mr. Barton added that he and Mr. Gavan Duffy were for refusal, war or no war; but that, inasmuch as an answer which was not unanimous would have involved the country in war, they did not feel justified in standing out against the majority. "For myself," he said, "I preferred war; but for the nation, without consultation, I dared not accept that responsibility."

I am not criticising Mr. Barton or Mr. Lloyd George. I am simply pointing out that here again, as always, the governing organisation, brought to a final show-down, said: "We compel you to remain a part of our machine, whether you like it or not. We force you to remain in this partnership, however hateful it may be to you. We own you, and the proof of our ownership is that we refuse to allow you to become your own masters and set up in business for yourselves." It is an explicit declaration by the stronger that they consider the weaker their property, to be disposed of according to their will. In the opinion of every Anarchist it is an affirmation that human slavery is an institution to be defended by terrorism and maintained, if necessary, by the extirpation of the slave. I put the case as bluntly as I can, and say plainly that no honest mind can question the conclusion drawn. The slavery may be excused, as it is habitually, on the ground of necessity. It cannot be denied.

The stand taken by Mr. Lloyd George, as representing the British Empire, is the one all Governments take. No Government tolerates disruption of its machine, and secession means disruption. Great Britain fought against the secession of what is now the United States, and granted independence only when defeated on the field of battle. The United States Government in its turn fought the seceding Southern States. The ecclesiastical Government of Rome fought the seceding Protestants, just as the British Empire to-day puts down by force of arms would-be secessionists in India or Egypt. This is in the nature of things and, therefore, beyond the reach of argument. Every organism struggles with all the vitality at its command against extinction; and every Government, whatever it may call itself, is an organism composed of human beings. It exists, and can exist, only by compelling other human beings to remain a part of it; by exacting service from them; that is to say, by making them its serfs and slaves. The organism's real basis is human slavery, and it cannot be anything else.

This prelude will, I hope, enable the reader to examine more clear-sightedly the position of Socialism, which also declares that its mission is to free mankind. The first difficulty, however, lies in the fact that while the word "Anarchy," signifying "without rule," is exceedingly precise, the word "Socialism" is not. Socialism merely means association, and a Socialist is one who believes in associated life and effort. Immediately a thousand questions of the greatest difficulty arise. Obviously there are different ways in which people can associate; some of them delightful, some quite the reverse. It is delightful to associate yourself, freely and voluntarily, with those to whom you feel attracted by similarity of tastes and pursuits. It is torture to be herded compulsorily among those with whom you have nothing in common. Association with free and equal partners, working for a common end in which

all are alike interested, is among the things that make life worth living. On the other hand, the association of men who are compelled by the whip of authority to live together in a prison is about as near hell as it is possible to get.

To be associated in governmentally conducted industries, whether it be as soldier or sailor, as railroad, telegraph, or postal employee, is to become a mere cog in a vast political machine, and this also seems to us undesirable. Under such conditions there would be less freedom than there is even now, under the régime of private monopoly; the workers would abdicate all control of their own lives and become a flock of party sheep, rounded up at the will of their political bosses, taking what those bosses chose to give them, and, in the end, being thankful to be allowed to hold a job on any terms.

Let no one delude himself with the fallacy that governmental institutions under Socialist administration would be shorn of their present objectionable features. They would be precisely what they are to-day. If the workers were to come into possession of the means of production to-morrow, their administration under the most perfect form of universal suffrage—which the United States, for example, has been vainly trying to doctor into decent shape for generations past—would simply result in the creation of a special class of political managers, professing to act for the welfare of the majority. Were they as honest as the day—which it is folly to expect—they could only carry out the dictates of the majority, and those who did not agree slavishly with those dictates would find themselves outcasts. In reality, we should have put a special class of men in absolute control of the most powerful official machine that the world has ever seen, and should have installed a new form of wage-slavery, with the State as master. And the workingman who was ill-used by the State would find it a master a thousand times more difficult to overthrow than the most powerful of private employers.

The institutions, economic and political, of any set of people do not depend on written documents—witness the purely Anarchistic Declaration of Independence of the United States, which is the deadest of all dead letters—but upon the individual characters of the individuals who compose that set of people. They are human creations, and the Humanity that made them can unmake them. If the people are infused with the genuine revolutionary spirit, they will win freedom and so mould and simplify their institutions that tyranny will be impossible. Contrariwise, so long as they think they can enjoy all the inestimable blessings of freedom while remaining timid sheep, avoiding all personal danger and trusting to a few politicians to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them, they will be doomed to perpetual disappointment. Shakespeare says: "Alas, poor Caesar! Caesar would not be a wolf if Romans were not sheep." The sheep beget the wolves that prey on them.

Our quarrel with the Socialists, therefore, is largely over the spirit of the movement; for the spirit shapes the movement and directs its course. The Socialists declare loudly that the entire capitalistic system is slavery of the most unendurable type, and that landowning, production, and distribution for private profit must be abolished. They preach a class war as the only method by which this can be accomplished, and they proclaim, as fervently as ever did a Mohammedan calling for a holy crusade against the accursed infidel, that he who is not with them is against them. For this truly gigantic undertaking they have adopted a philosophy and pursue means that seem to us childish and inadequate.

To us it is inconceivable that institutions so deeply rooted in the savagery and superstitions of the past can be overthrown except by people who have become saturated to the very marrow of their bones with loathing for such superstition and such savagery. To us the first indispensable step is the creation of profoundly rebellious spirits who will make no truce, no compromise. We recognise that it is worse than useless to waste our breath on effects; that the causes are what we must go for, and that every form of monopoly, every phase of slavery and oppression, has its root in the ambition of the few to rule and fleece, and the sheepish willingness of the many to be ruled and fleeced.

It is self-evident to us that the real fight is against this double tendency, and that all authoritarianism hangs together and is of the same piece of cloth, however different may appear the figures into which it is cut. The superstition diligently taught by the priest—Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Protestant, or what not—is the lie that upholds the divine right of

(Continued at foot of next column.)

I.W.W. TURN DOWN MOSCOW.

Apparently one Labour organisation is now mastering the most elementary, but also by far the most important, of the many lessons it was the mission of the War to teach. The lesson is, of course, that the State is the great butcher and enslaver, for which reason it will be always the upholder of the parasite and the worker's bitterest foe. The organisation in question is the I.W.W. (Industrial Workers of the World), which has refused to affiliate with the Red Trade Union International formed by the State Dictatorship now ruling Russia.

That the I.W.W. should ever have wobbled on this subject has seemed to us past understanding. It is essentially the rebel organisation *par excellence*, being composed of those who pack their blankets while following the harvests; who toil in the woods and fisheries; who do, in short, the world's drudgery and get its proverbial kicks. The men about whom the American Federation of Labour, in its respectability, did not care to bother. The men who have fought like tigers for free speech, against conscription, on behalf of those few surviving liberties which Governments are now straining every nerve to extirpate. These men, therefore, have suffered every indignity and hardship the authorities could heap on them. The United States Government has imprisoned them by thousands. Policemen and gaolers have clubbed and beaten them up remorselessly. When all other measures have failed, the great exploiters of the Chambers of Commerce have set on them patriotism-intoxicated mobs and lynched their leaders. What the devil, therefore, we have asked ourselves repeatedly, has such an organisation got to do with the repressive forces of Government, except to war on them as best it may? Why on earth should it be in favour of any dictatorship which, devoted solely to the retention of its own imperial power, kills, tortures, and suppresses every rebel?

Well, men are easily deceived by words, and the I.W.W. are not the only ones whom the phrase "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" has taken in. The carefully staged receptions; the officially conducted trips for delegates; the misleading reports—that rendered recently by Tom Mann, for example—of visitors who, themselves professed Socialists, were determined to have only words of praise for what they regarded as a great Socialist triumph; all these cheap artifices have pulled the wool over the eyes of thousands whose sight is ordinarily keen enough. Add to this string of duplicities the Congresses packed with representatives of bogus organisations, and it is no wonder that even the most experienced have been duped.

The I.W.W. bases its decision on the report of its special delegate, George Williams, and on the resolutions adopted by the Moscow Congress. These latter practically anathematised the I.W.W. for having "a purely Anarchistic prejudice against politics and political action," censured it for its hostility to the American Federation of Labour, and announced frankly that it proposed to put out of business all organisations that refused to submit to the autocratic discipline of the political clique in power. That, of course, settled it; and on the top of all this came Comrade Williams's report declaring that the Congress had been stuffed with dummies and so rigged up "as to assure absolute control by the Communist Party," thereby showing themselves worthy followers of Karl Marx.

We are nearer Russia, and probably get much information that never crosses the Atlantic. For many months past we have been able to put our fingers on the names of gentlemen who figured grandly at these Russian Congresses as representing hundreds of thousands of revolutionary workers, when in reality they never represented any one but themselves. We have marked their departure penniless, and their return with well-lined pockets. From our personal knowledge we can endorse the I.W.W. statement about Moscow's "propagandists, plentifully supplied with money." The lying of these hirelings misleads and rots the entire revolutionary movement, and their vainglorious boasting of an authority and power existing only on paper seem to us childishness gone mad.

What is now being effected in the international revolutionary movement is a reconstruction of the thought-lines temporarily shattered by the War; a clearing up of the mental tangle into which the upheaval of the last seven and a half years had plunged us. What emerges is the realisation that the State, joining hands with High Finance and Land Monopoly, has created everywhere—including Russia—governing machines whose purpose it is to crush to powder all who will not tamely accept their autocratic rule. Against that we, in common with all the oppressed who dare to do their own thinking, are in revolt. As comrades in that revolt we naturally greet the I.W.W., because we know that its members have suffered as we have suffered, and that they are in dead earnest as are we. That gives surety of ultimate success. When the rank and file once make up their minds that the existing slavery is unendurable, the varied and many-sided means of overthrowing it will suggest themselves spontaneously and develop of themselves.

(Continued from previous page.)

the king and the privilege of the politician. The patience, humility, and submission to injustice taught from the pulpit are the sheet-anchor of the monopolist who corners the necessities of life while thousands starve, and justify the bayonet of the soldier and the club of the policeman.

(To be continued.)

THE VALUE OF SCIENCE.

(To the Editor of FREEDOM.)

SIR,—I like FREEDOM for its insistence upon the fact that "from the land all the good things come," and that until the dispossessed recover their native land from the dispossessors, liberty will remain a mockery and an illusion. But I do not understand your anti-clerical attitude and your faith in Science. If the tendencies of to-day be any criterion, Science is leading us, not towards the golden age, but towards extinction. The next war, we read, will be a chemical war, in which whole populations will be wiped out by poison gas and other inventions, not of priests or Jesuits, but of scientists. You speak of the barbarous past. I gather from Thorold Rogers' "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" that the working man of to-day is not so well off as he was in the 15th century. That period was, in fact, the Golden Age of the English labourer. It was a time of peasant proprietorship; of prosperity and plenty; when "food was so abundant and so cheap that it was no great matter to throw it in with wages." Also it was a time of Ecclesiasticism; of "priestcraft" and "superstition"; not of Science. It is possible that Science may give us a golden age in the future equal to or better than this one of the 15th century; but the signs that they are preparing a new and better world are not obvious. It appears our Scientists are preparing, not remedies for poverty, unemployment, overcrowding, or wage-slavery, but for the annihilation of mankind. Moreover, in this age of Science, never were there so many hopeless, homeless, destitute persons creeping about the land. The only cheap and abundant thing now is human life; note it in the gutters of Oxford Street and elsewhere. Science has not made food cheap and abundant, as our benighted forefathers did without the aid of Science; it does not make life happier, easier, more free, except for the rich. This being so, your faith in Science is rather sad. Far better have faith in something that gives more hope of improvement than Science.—Yours, etc.,

Thaxted, Essex.

HUGH SIMCOE.

[Our correspondent, it seems to us, confuses Science with those who at present are able to control it for the support of their own privileges. With the aid of Science a free people would be able to produce food and other necessities freely and abundantly. Even now food is produced cheaply, but it has to pass through the hands of many thieves before it reaches the people. And as long as the people tolerate the monopoly of Science by a privileged few, so long will it bring evil as well as good. That, however, is no reason for condemning Science in itself. Knives and ropes are sometimes used to cut off heads or to hang people, but no one would wish to discard them for that reason. As to our faith, we trust firmly in Freedom and Science, but Freedom first of all; and in the clergy of all creeds we find our bitterest and most unscrupulous opponents.—ED. FREEDOM.]

MORRIS AND MARX.

In "William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement," J. Bruce Glasier describes how Morris made his first appearance as a speaker in Glasgow, at which the author was present. A quibbling "comrade" asked Morris whether he "accepted Marx's theory of value." And touselled Morris, genial, exuberant, but always truthful, exploded:—

"To speak quite frankly. I do not know what Marx's theory of value is and I'm damned if I want to know. I have tried to understand Marx's theory, but political economy is not in my line and much of it appears to be dreary rubbish. But I am, I hope, a Socialist none the less. It is enough political economy for me to know that the idle class is rich, and the working class is poor, and that the rich are rich because they rob the poor. That I know because I see it with my own eyes. I need read no books to convince me of it. And it does not matter a rap, it seems to me, whether the robbery is accomplished by what is termed surplus value or by means of serfage or open brigandage."

SUICIDE IN THE TRENCHES.

I knew a simple soldier boy
Who grinned at life in empty joy,
Slept soundly through the lonesome dark,
And whistled early with the lark.

In winter trenches, cowed and glum,
With crumps and lice and lack of rum,
He put a bullet through his brain.
No one spoke of him again. . . .

You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye,
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

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BOLSHEVIKS SHOOTING ANARCHISTS.

We have just received the following letter from our comrades Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, who are now stranded in Stockholm. This letter gives us the truth about the terrible persecution of Anarchists in Russia. We ask all Anarchist and Syndicalist papers to republish this letter, and we hope comrades in this country will help us in pushing the sale of this issue, of which we have printed a much larger number than usual.

DEAR COMRADES,—The persecution of the revolutionary elements in Russia has not abated with the changed political and economic policies of the Bolsheviki. On the contrary, it has become more intense, more determined. The prisons of Russia, of Ukraina, of Siberia, are filled with men and women—aye, in some cases with mere children—who dare hold views that differ from those of the ruling Communist Party. We say “hold views” advisedly. For in the Russia of to-day it is not at all necessary to *express* your dissension in word or act to become subject to arrest; the mere *holding* of opposing views makes you the legitimate prey of the *de facto* supreme power of the land, the Tcheka, that almighty Bolshevik Okhrana, whose will knows neither law nor responsibility.

But of all the revolutionary elements in Russia it is the Anarchists who now suffer the most ruthless and systematic persecution. Their suppression by the Bolsheviki began already in 1918, when—in the month of April of that year—the Communist Government attacked, without provocation or warning, the Anarchist Club of Moscow and by the use of machine guns and artillery “liquidated” the whole organisation. It was the beginning of Anarchist hounding, but it was sporadic in character, breaking out now and then, quite planless, and frequently self-contradictory. Thus, Anarchist publications would now be permitted, now suppressed; Anarchists arrested here only to be liberated there; sometimes shot and then again importuned to accept most responsible positions. But this chaotic situation was terminated by the Tenth Congress of the Russian Communist Party, in April, 1921, at which Lenin declared open and merciless war not only against Anarchists but against “all petty bourgeois Anarchist and Anarcho-Syndicalist tendencies” wherever found. It was then and there that began the systematic, organised, and most ruthless extermination of Anarchists in Bolshevik-ruled Russia. On the very day of the Lenin speech scores of Anarchists, Anarcho-Syndicalists, and their sympathisers were arrested in Moscow and Petrograd, and on the following day wholesale arrests of our comrades took place all over the country. Since then the persecution has continued with increasing violence, and it has become quite apparent that the greater the compromises the Communist régime makes with the capitalist world, the more intense its persecution of Anarchism.

It has become the settled policy of the Bolshevik Government to mask its barbaric procedure against our comrades by the uniform charge of *banditism*. This accusation is now made practically against *all* arrested Anarchists, and frequently even against mere sympathisers with our movement. A mighty convenient method, for by it *any one* may be secretly executed by the Tcheka, without hearing, trial, or investigation.

Lenin's warfare against Anarchist tendencies has assumed the

most revolting Asiatic form of extermination. Last September numerous comrades were arrested in Moscow, and on the 30th of that month the *Izvestia* published the official statement that *ten* of the arrested Anarchists had been shot “as bandits.” None of them had received a trial or even a hearing, nor were they permitted to be represented by counsel or be visited by friends or relatives. Among the executed were two of the best-known Russian Anarchists, whose idealism and lifelong devotion to the cause of humanity had stood the test of Tsarist dungeons and exile, and persecution and suffering in various other countries. They were Fanny Baron, who had escaped from prison in Ryazan several months previously, and Lev Tchorny, the popular lecturer and writer, who had spent many years of his life in the Siberian *katorga* for his revolutionary activities under the Tsars. The Bolsheviki did not have the courage to say that they had shot Lev Tchorny; in the list of the executed he appeared as “Turchaninoff,” which—though his real name—was unknown even to some of his closest friends.

The policy of extermination is continuing. Several weeks ago more arrests of Anarchists took place in Moscow. This time it was the Universalist Anarchists who were the victims—the group which even the Bolsheviki had always considered most friendly to themselves. Amongst the arrested were also Askaroff, Shapiro,* and Stitzenko, members of the Secretariat of the Moscow section of the Universalists, and well known throughout Russia. These arrests, outrageous as they were, were at first considered by the comrades as due to the unauthorised action of some over-zealous Tchekist agent. But information has since been received that our Universalist comrades are officially accused of being bandits, counterfeiters, Makhnovtsy, and members of the “Lev Tchorny underground group.” What such an accusation means is known only too well to those familiar with Bolshevik methods. It means *razstrel*, execution by shooting, without hearing or warning.

The fiendishness of the purpose of these arrests and accusations is almost beyond belief. By charging Askaroff, Shapiro, Stitzenko, and others with “membership in the Lev Tchorny underground group,” the Bolsheviki seek to justify their foul murder of Lev Tchorny, Fanny Baron, and the other comrades executed in September; and, on the other hand, to create a convenient pretext for shooting more Anarchists. We can assure the readers unreservedly and absolutely that *there was no Lev Tchorny underground group*. The claim to the contrary is an atrocious lie, one of the many similar ones spread by the Bolsheviki against the Anarchists with impunity.

It is high time that the revolutionary Labour movement of the world took cognizance of the blood and murder régime practised by the Bolshevik Government upon all politically differently minded. And it is for the Anarchists and Anarcho-Syndicalists, in particular, imperative to take immediate action toward putting a stop to such Asiatic barbarism, and to save, if still possible, our imprisoned Moscow comrades threatened with death. Some of the arrested Anarchists are about to declare a hunger strike to the death, as their only means of protest against the Bolshevik attempt to outrage the memory of the martyred Lev Tchorny after they had foully done him to death. They demand the moral support of their comrades at large. They have the right to demand this, and more. Their sublime self-sacrifice, their lifelong devotion to the great cause, their unswerving steadfastness, all entitle them to it. Comrades, friends, everywhere! It is for you to help vindicate the memory of Lev Tchorny and at the same time save the precious lives of Askaroff, Shapiro, Stitzenko, and others. Do not delay or it may be too late. Demand from the Bolshevik Government the alleged Lev Tchorny documents they pretend to have, which “involve Askaroff, etc., in the Lev Tchorny group of bandits and counterfeiters.” *Such documents do not exist, unless they be forgeries.* Challenge the Bolsheviki to produce them, and let the voice of every honest revolutionist and decent human being be raised in world-wide protest against the continuance of the Bolshevik system of foul assassination of its political opponents. Make haste, for the blood of our comrades is flowing in Russia.

(Signed) ALEXANDER BERKMAN.
EMMA GOLDMAN.

Stockholm, January 7, 1922.

[In our next issue we will publish another letter from Emma Goldman, dealing with the bomb incident at Moscow, which was the subject of a letter in our issue of October last.]

* Not our London comrade, A. Shapiro, of *Golos Truda*.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

It has been a year of shattered illusions, and that is in itself an invaluable gain. Events have been busily at work teaching the masses as they could not otherwise be taught. With their own eyes they have seen, and in their own bodies they have felt, the worse than futility of these Governments in whose paternal benevolence they had put so blind a trust. All the grandiose schemes have broken down. Peace has not been restored, and the economic position of the people is worse than ever. The situation of the unemployed was never so desperate as it is to-day, and every one of the innumerable remedies advanced has proved itself almost immediately a hopeless failure. The great and influential middle class never felt itself so insecure. High Finance, marching hand in hand with Officialdom, is sweeping all before it.

This is the general lesson of the last twelve months, but Labour also has had its own particular schooling. Its own Governments, its own official machinery—patterned tamely after its master's models—have shown an impotence no words can measure. Not one effective blow can be recorded to their credit; and, as they never dared to seize the rod that smote them, they have now to kiss it in obedient submission. Everywhere Labour is beseeching its owners to give it work. In all those countries whose currency has been debased it is toiling—if it can get the chance to toil—exhaustingly for wages that barely keep body and soul together. In such other countries as Great Britain and the United States the fear of unemployment has killed whatever fighting spirit it once possessed. Faced by these conditions, and by the ruthlessly repressive measures of the modern State, trade organisations stand paralysed.

All along the line the failure of Socialism has been conspicuous. In Great Britain and in the United States its impress on the thought of the masses is imperceptible, and if it occasionally influences legislation that is because the governing machine is always willing to have the sphere of its activities enlarged. In Germany, where it is substantially in power, it has crushed remorselessly every manifestation of the spirit of revolt, and cajoled the workers into bearing patiently such a burden as they never hitherto have borne. Helpless Austria it has saddled with a bureaucracy that is completing the ruin capitalist Governments had wrought. Its record in Italy and Spain has been that of the wrecker whom all insurrectional movements have trusted to their sorrow. In Russia it has reached its logical and inevitable aim—the creation of an all-governing machine which resuscitates the military dictatorships of the Middle Ages.

These reflections come properly under the heading of "International Notes" because, as we believe, they give the pith of what is going on throughout the Labour world, and may serve to indicate the real forces now at work. Of strike news, which formerly monopolised the columns in most of our exchanges, there is now practically none; but much space is occupied by bitter complaints and internecine wrangles. In all that we take no interest, for we regard it as a confession of weakness and despair. On the other hand, fundamental principles and the tactics that spring from them are coming once more into their own, being discussed with an earnestness and intelligence that seem to us most promising. There is nothing in going it blindly. It is surely high time for the whole movement to shake off its war hysteria and come back to solid thought.

These points stand out in the general discussion. First a growing distrust of opportunisms, of all so-called leaders who lean toward opportunism, and of the transitory régimes for which they stand. As a sample of many similar articles we select a leader from *L'Emancipateur* (Belgium), which seems so excellent that we translate at considerable length. It runs as follows:—

"Ah! This famous Transitory Régime! It has a strong back. Already it has seen much use, but still it serves its turn. Always Governments have invoked this lie as an excuse for crimes they commit, and as a consolation for the miseries suffered by the governed. It was the transitory organisms that came into existence with the Revolution of 1789 which led to the Empire, by way of the transitory régimes of the Directoire and Consulate. Napoleon himself only made war as a transitory measure, that he might impose on Europe peace and make it permanent by means of a Confederation of States which the Empire's iron hand destroyed. Half a century later Napoleon III. climbed into power by a 'Coup d'Etat,' and got universal suffrage to clothe him with the authority that would enable him to realise the generous ideas of 1848. The chief result was the war of 1870. The bare recital of similar examples would more than fill a volume. . . . And finally, the régime of the transitory dictatorship, acclaimed by Marx and his apostles! People, make the Revolution! Then give us the power and we will give you Paradise, or, at least, show you the road to it! Well, we are no longer willing to be duped. We cannot admit that men learn liberty by being put in chains. We have no belief in Authority, of its own free will, letting go its grip and abdicating in favour of the governed. On the contrary, we believe it is natural for Authority to remain in power and to become more and more authoritative, violent, and despotic."

Le Réveil, of Geneva, points this moral by calling attention to a

resolution, proposed by the Central Committee, which the recent Congress of the Workers' Federation of Metallurgists and Watch-makers adopted. It calls for "the immediate expulsion of any member guilty of opposing the wishes of the Directors, and especially those belonging to the Communist Party." On this the editor makes bitter, and surely justifiable, comment. He remarks that for ten years past he has been criticised for his attacks on Syndicalist bureaucracy and centralisation of power, but that unhappily his attacks have been always more than justified. Looking back on an experience that now covers more than forty years, and recalling many instances of once-promising movements that were wrecked remorselessly by the ambitions of stupid leaders "dressed in a little brief authority," we think the protests of Bertoni and many other revolutionary editors more needed now than ever. Among our own railwaymen Mr. J. H. Thomas appears to be a god, and Mr. Havelock Wilson seems to be plenipotentiary for the seamen. The former is of His Majesty's Privy Council, and the latter's name is in the New Year's Honours List. "In the Labour troubles of the last few years he has exercised a moderating influence on the extremist section," says the report.

Another point comes into view—one on which the conduct of the whole revolutionary movement eventually will turn. The impotence of big organisations, such as the Social Democratic Party in Germany, the American Federation of Labour, and the Triple Alliance in this country, has been one of the most significant features of the last few years. The perception of this has resulted in a critical examination of the entire mass action philosophy—a philosophy naturally dear to organisers and politicians inasmuch as it secures them audiences, furnishes them with funds, and enables them to win elections. All this is grist for the official mill, but leaves the masses, if possible, more helpless than before. Finding themselves in the grip of huge machines over which they have not a particle of control, the rank and file sink into indifference, lose all initiative, and become, as it were, so much dead timber in a forest out of which the life is dying. Our exchanges begin to swarm with admirable articles upon this subject, and one of our most experienced American correspondents calls our attention to an outstanding fact which well may furnish food for thought. He points out that the present tidal-wave of unemployment is far greater than any the United States has ever known. Yet, for the first time in the country's history, practically no resistance has been shown!

From these reflections comes also the understanding that the crowd, as a crowd, is helpless against the forces the State to-day commands. Against machine guns no mob, however numerous, stands a chance. As shown by the records of past Revolutions, and by to-day's events, it is only when the people's individual indignation can be no longer held in check that action becomes fruitful. Kropotkin has many luminous pages on this subject, and perhaps Carlo Pisacane is even more instructive. He was a military expert, and he wrote, in the middle of last century, from personal revolutionary experience. In our exchanges translations from his writings now constantly appear.

The failure of the Russian Dictatorship has given a strong impetus to all this line of thought. A study of the European press will convince any one that the Anarchists, at least, regard that failure as complete. What their press generally emphasises is not so much the persecution of our own comrades, cruel though that has been, as the incompetence of the governing machine and its heartless sacrifice of the masses to its own lust for rule. Anarchist editors generally consider that the Dictatorship has merely ushered in a régime of State Capitalism, which they look on as being the most oppressive system yet devised. After all, that is precisely what Bakunin taught, more than half a century ago; that being, indeed, the basis of his great quarrel with Karl Marx. Bertoni is writing powerfully on this subject in *Le Réveil*. He considers that Bolshevism has brought Revolution, as a popular aspiration, into grave distrust; that Anarchists abstained from criticism far too long; that we are too prone to make alliances with those who seem to be going, for however short a distance, along our road. This he ascribes to weakness; to lack of faith in our own principles. In our opinion, he is unquestionably right.

Whether the revolutionary movement is better favoured by active or by passive resistance is a question on which opinions have differed widely, and round it controversy is again arising. This is most desirable and was inevitable. In the first place, a reaction against the brutalities of war was bound to come. In the second place, many are beginning to think that the passive resistance policy of Gandhi is more effective than the Bolshevik terrorism. We can lay our hands on more than one recent Anarchist editorial which insists that a large percentage of the Bolsheviks has come to worship violence for its own sake, and that many Anarchists, afraid of being considered lukewarm or cowardly, have followed them. That is always a great danger. Assuredly the progress of the revolutionary movement is the all-in-all, but if we are good workmen we shall attain the maximum result with the minimum of effort and the least possible expenditure of material.

We are delighted to find *Le Réveil* publishing an article headed "Why have we made the Revolution?" It is given in *Le Réveil* as having been translated from the Russian, but it was written by Ricardo Flores Magón, the noted Mexican revolutionist, some twelve years ago. The present writer then translated it, and it formed part of the "Land and Liberty" booklet published by the Mexican Liberal

Party in 1913. In the French translation the names of Lenin and Trotsky have been substituted for those of Madero, Gomez, etc., used by Magón. In all other respects the translation is word for word.

This reproduction delights us because it shows how widespread and enduring is the influence of really first-rate propaganda. Magón was always first-rate. We know of no revolutionary writer who has wielded a more poetical, powerful, or truthful pen. Invariably he went unflinchingly to the very heart of things, and in the person of Madero, riding into dictatorship on the crest of the revolutionary wave that swept Porfirio Diaz into oblivion, he crucified, twelve years ago, the Lenin of his day. What a pity that the Anarchist movement never troubled itself to study seriously the Mexican Revolution, for that in Russia has travelled almost the selfsame road! What a pity that a body of workers so earnest as is the I.W.W. forgot the lessons Ricardo Magón taught with a fire, an eloquence, and a perseverance no one could excel! At one time they admired him greatly, and they bought by thousands the booklet mentioned, selling it at their street meetings and giving it the widest circulation. Ricardo's brother, Enrique, is now at liberty, and he writes that Bolshevik agents have tried repeatedly, but vainly, to enlist his services. Ricardo is still in gaol. He could get a pardon at any moment if he would sue for it.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CONGRESS.

Forty-one delegates were in attendance at the opening of the Congress in Berlin on December 25. France sent four delegates, Holland and Norway each had two, and Sweden, Spain, England, and Bulgaria one apiece. A single delegate represented the United States and Canada. The remaining twenty-eight came from Germany. The expected Russian and Austrian delegates did not arrive owing to refusal of passports. Reports on the condition of the movement in the various countries were made, after which there was prolonged discussion on principles and on methods of organisation. The Congress found itself in unison with the bases accepted by the recent Congress at Lyons, France. Several urgent subjects were debated, the atrocities committed against Anarchists in the United States, Spain, and Russia receiving special attention. We hope to be in a position to give a detailed report in next month's issue.

SACCO AND VANZETTI.

The application for a new trial has been refused by the judge of the Central Criminal Court, Dedham, Massachusetts. The judge, in his decision, declared that the jury was most carefully selected and did not abuse its trust. We quite believe him. The evidence against Sacco and Vanzetti was so weak, and the evidence in their favour so strong, that only a "carefully selected" jury could have found them guilty. The judge also was so prejudiced that our comrades had no chance from the beginning.

The Defence Committee is taking the case to the Supreme Court. They are continuing the agitation against the verdict, as they rely more on that than on any legal decisions to save Sacco and Vanzetti from the electric chair.

Heard on a park bench and reported as representing a far from uncommon point of view:—"They takes me from my 'ome and shoves me into the army. They takes away my clothes and shoves me into khaki. They takes away my name and gives me a number. They takes me to church, and the parson he calls out my number, 275, and says, 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?' And I stands up and says, 'I am. I'm jolly well fed up with it all.' And then they gives me clinks."—*Middleton Guardian*.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF "FREEDOM."

The next Social Evening for the benefit of FREEDOM will be held at the "Workers' Friend" Club, 62 Fieldgate Street, Whitechapel, E. (back of St. Mary's Station), on Saturday evening, February 4. Our previous socials have been merry gatherings, and we are looking forward to another pleasant evening. Shall we see you there?

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"Chic wife? Oh, yes. Very dashing. She didn't shed a tear when I left in the train. Oh! they were all very dashing when we went off. Poor Dill's wife was, too, very plucky. She threw roses at him in the train, and she'd been his wife for only two months. Roses! He, he! See you soon again! They were all so patriotic!"

"Mine too! Mine too! She waved her handkerchief, just like the others."

"You want to know what was the most awful thing? To find out that women are cruel. That they can smile and throw roses; that they can give up their husbands, their children, the little boys they have put to bed a thousand times, tucked up a thousand times, have fondled, have created from their own flesh and blood. That was the surprise. That they gave us up—that they sent us; actually sent us."

—From "The Forerunners," by Romain Rolland.

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(December 15 to January 14.)

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