

F R E E D O M B U L L E T I N

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THE "NATIONAL" GOVERNMENT SWINDLE.

When the Labour Government got the sack during the panic last August and the National Government was formed, with MacDonald, Snowden, and Thomas, the Labour renegades, to act as confidence men, we were told that the necessity of remaining on the gold standard and of balancing the Budget was the cause of this sensational change. MacDonald and Snowden scared the country with dramatic forecasts of the terrible things that would happen if we went off the gold standard. Everyone must make a sacrifice in order to balance the Budget and maintain the sanctity of British financial credit. The Press enlarged on this theme and painted, in even gloomier shades, the perils threatening us. After about three weeks under a National Government the horrible event happened. We went off the gold standard and the value of the pound sterling dropped at once to about 15s. Everyone shuddered at the thought of the terrible things that would surely happen. But overnight the Press and the politicians turned a complete somersault. The event which was to bring ruin and misery in its train was represented as being a real God-send to our export trade. Foreign money would now be worth more here, and foreign buyers would rush orders in at once, unemployment would drop, and the great calamity prove a blessing in disguise. And the simpletons who read our veracious Press swallowed it like mother's milk.

After this exhibition of the gullibility of the great mass of the people it was mere child's play to persuade them of the necessity of "equality of sacrifice" in order to balance the Budget. A few of the sailors in the Navy "got the wind up," but the rest of the victims willingly submitted to the operation of having their pockets picked by their kind rulers. The Labour men who had lost their jobs worth thousands a year denounced MacDonald and Snowden as traitors and tricksters, and Ramsay and Philip replied in a similar strain. It was a delightful exhibition of the dignity of the "Mother of Parliaments," but it did not help much in the solution of the financial and economic chaos.

The immediate cause of the financial crisis was the fact that bankers in this country had borrowed money from France at a low rate of interest and lent it to Germany at 8 and 10 per cent. When Germany's financial collapse came, French bankers withdrew their loans in gold in such quantities that there was no hope of saving the blessed gold standard. In all the attempts to bolster up the German capitalist system France is depicted as the villain of the piece, wanting to keep Germany down so that she herself can dominate the Continent. But she is merely following the advice of

Mr. Runciman, who in December, 1915, said: "I think so far as commerce is concerned Germany is a beaten nation, and it is our business to see that she does not get her head up after the war." Now our rulers are trying to revive Germany, not because they love her, but because they want to break down the French military domination of Europe.

The amazing thing about the "National" Government is that it is composed of representatives of all the political parties, each of which has been guilty of gross blunders and miscalculations, and all of them are equally responsible for the fearful mess we are in. Yet it is supposed that somehow or other these bunglers and ignoramuses, acting together, will be able to clear up the mess they have made and bring peace and prosperity to a trusting and deluded country. To ease the unemployment problem they have compelled the municipalities to stop building, road-making, and many other schemes to the extent of £50,000,000, and to help us to increase trade at home they are taking every spare shilling the poor income tax payer possesses. Taxes on food have already started and more are now promised us. We are not to buy foreign goods, but we must export more! Keep the damned foreigners' products out but boom the cry, "Come to Britain"! These are the supermen whom the hard-headed business people of Britain are looking to for their salvation, and for whom the intelligent British electors, male and female, voted last October.

We never expected any miracles from the Labour Government, but the millions of men and women who voted it into office put their faith in it and hoped for a fighting policy. Long before the massacre at the polls last October the timid and futile attitude of their leaders in Parliament had brought disillusion and disappointment to them; and to-day many of those who hoped to see, if not "Socialism in our time," at least some of the fortresses of their exploiters and oppressors battered to the ground, have given up the struggle, weary and sad at heart. If the Labour Party ever get back into office it will mean that they have compromised more than before and trimmed their sails to catch every electoral breeze, but it will never be of any use to the workers in their struggle for freedom.

We think the Co-operative Movement and the Trade Unions could spend their time far more profitably in formulating a scheme by which they could employ their members, not for wages or dividends, but on a truly co-operative basis as free and equal partners, and thus form an economic nucleus of the Co-operative Commonwealth which they proclaim to be their aim and object.

VIOLENCE AND LIBERTY.

Anyone who observes the world of to-day, who reads the works of political theorists or converses with their followers, must have noticed the extraordinary increase in the belief in force and violence. I say "belief" intentionally, for often the advocacy of violence seems to rest finally on a basis of mystical faith. And this faith may take the form of a belief that the "good life" can only be achieved through violence, or it may even take the extreme form that violence is itself a good. This so flagrantly contradicts all the ideas and principles of "Liberty" for which generations of Englishmen and Frenchmen have struggled that it seems worth asking whether this faith in violence does not rest upon a fundamental fallacy, whether it is not the product of too hasty a despair.

Revolution, says a French philosopher, is the proof of the vitality of nations. But it does not follow that every revolution or that any revolution is necessarily one of physical violence. Nor is it necessarily true that a revolutionary society is more vital than a static civilisation like that of ancient China—which did, indeed, have its revolutions. But the true revolution occurs in the minds of superior men, and violence only occurs when mass passions are aroused or when new ideas are forcibly imposed against the will of the majority. Thus, it is not wholly false to say that the violation of liberty must lead to violence. But if we go a step further, and imagine an obstinate, powerful and selfish minority mulishly opposing a vast current of new ideas and thereby causing much suffering to very many people—how then? Well, I should say that violence, if it then occurs, is produced by the "hubris" (the excess) of the opposition. Nevertheless, the violence is a misfortune, because right reason inevitably loses some of its purity and rightness when allied with violence.

The case I am considering, however, is not that of men who adopt violence with extreme reluctance, as a last resort, as the only alternative to destruction, but the now common state where violence is held as something to be preferred. Having witnessed scenes of unparalleled violence in my youth and having pondered very much upon European history, I have come to think that violence, while extremely potent for evil and destruction, is utterly feeble for good. Whatever else violence may achieve, it does not further the attainment of the good life. Nor does it even achieve its end of obliterating opposition, since the greatest Empires at last dissolve and the most savagely persecuted ideas remain and germinate in men's minds, even against their will and consciousness. The attempt to obliterate all pre-Christian culture in Europe was made by an alliance of every kind of authority over many centuries with pertinacious zeal. And the result was failure. The very tombs and ruins protest that there was a wonderful life in the world long before Bishops and Councils were even thought of.

Let me try to state fairly the case of those "advanced" thinkers who believe in violence, and therefore disbelieve in liberty. It is important to notice first of all the things they take for granted, because axioms are the real crux of every argument. They assume that what we might call "the problem of humanity" is essentially and perhaps entirely

economic. They also assume that everyone must want the same thing, as if the world were not peopled by many kinds of men and women, but by innumerable replicas of a standard Man and standard Woman. They are also convinced that their solution of the problem is the only right one, convinced also that their motives are impersonal and that the future of the world is with them. These are large assumptions, and, when held with complete obstinacy, are quite indistinguishable from militant religious fanaticism—an evil which has so often been exposed, particularly by the best minds of the eighteenth century.

They also assume—and this is particularly worth noting—that although right reason is entirely with them and that there is no other possible solution but theirs, mankind can never be persuaded to adopt their solution peacefully and reasonably, but must be compelled to do so. Why? Because (they say) you have a vast mass of inertia and stupidity, you have small but very active, powerful and violent groups whose interest is opposed to the real interests of humanity, and you have all sorts of strong prejudices which can never yield to argument. Therefore (they continue) we must take advantage of any temporary state of confusion and seize on power, which must be used with the utmost ruthlessness. All opposition must be violently obliterated—even to the extent of millions of lives—and since it is hopeless to expect anything from men as they are, we must educate an entirely new generation to our conceptions, taking care that they know nothing of the world we have destroyed. Then the world will be, if not happy (they rarely speak of happiness) at least properly organised.

This seems to me fantastic, and making the crime fit the punishment with a vengeance. In other words, government (or human organisation) is not to be adapted to the needs and desires of humanity, but humanity is to be in part extirpated and the survivors entirely changed in order to fit the needs and desires of government. This is, indeed, changing King Log for King Stork. What strikes me with real consternation is the naïveté of people who can persuade themselves that this programme is either desirable or ultimately possible. I should say that the evolutionary hope of humanity lies precisely in its variety, and that if a stereotyped Man and Woman could be produced, that very success might most probably be the prelude to the total extinction of the species. Society now does its best to mould us to a type, but it has not yet reached the point of murdering us if we refuse to conform. This self-confident belief in the artificial creation of an entirely new type of man is surely the delirium of power-worship.

Again, it seems to me naïve to suppose that all memory of former times and other ways of living can be entirely obliterated. The religious history of Europe shows that much can be done in this direction, but not everything. Even Islam failed. Is it really supposed that there is no attraction in forbidden fruit, or that the "advanced" thinkers of three or five or ten generations hence may not discover as the panacea of human ills the very thing which their ancestors laboured so strenuously to extirpate? Native races die of sheer boredom when their culture is destroyed by white invaders. Why should a nation or the white race or the whole human race not die of boredom if

organised into a condition where it has nothing to hope for and life itself was a mere monotony of economic perfection?

I am inclined to think that the greater the stress laid upon the necessity for violence, the greater the hidden sense of weakness in its advocates. And I believe this is inherent in every conception of human life where the means are more important than the end, and where the end fails to take into account that variety is more desirable than uniformity. In other words, to me (and I think to most Englishmen) the ideal to be pursued is the state where, with a minimum of injustice, there is made possible the maximum of opportunity for individual variety. And how is this possible without liberty? True liberty is not envious,

and abhors violence. It is essentially optimistic, because it believes that free men, sooner or later, will freely choose to be just rather than unjust. It desires that every man and every woman shall be happy in his or her own way. It does not, for instance, propose that everybody must go fishing on Saturday afternoon; nor does it propose that nobody shall ever be allowed to go fishing. Yet that sort of absurdity is common sense beside the tyranny of the perfect economic state. For my part I say to these gentlemen with their violent road to perfection and economic certainty: "Let me be poor and imperfect, but let me enjoy my few years of consciousness as I want to enjoy them—with liberty."—(Copyright of the Freedom Association.)

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THE IMPOTENT LEAGUE.

How much longer can the farce at Geneva be kept up? The League's attitude to Italy's action in Corfu and also to the dispute about the proposed Customs Union between Germany and Austria surely killed any claim it may have had to be of use in settling international disputes, but after its timidity and its apologetic inactivity in face of the war in Manchuria all sensible people will regard it with derision. Since Japan's first war with China she has had as her objective the seizure of Manchuria. Checked at that time by Russia and other powers, she released some of her gains; but after her successful war with Russia she boldly seized and held Port Arthur and a large portion of the adjacent territory. When 1914 came and the Christian powers were blowing each other to pieces, Japan made her notorious twenty-one demands on China, which, if granted, would have made that country her vassal. The United States, however, not yet in the war, was able to persuade Japan to modify her demands, but sufficient were granted to enable her to gain a firmer footing in Manchuria. Now, when all the big Powers are up to their necks in their own internal troubles, it was an opportunity not to be missed. Japan seized it with both hands and is now dominating the whole of Manchuria, a country rich in mineral wealth and as fertile as any part of China, with a population of twenty million Chinese. She has gained her object and there seems little likelihood of anyone forcing her to release her hold. In fact, to-day she is attacking Shanghai. Whilst Japan was driving a wedge between Soviet Russia and China the Powers were inactive; but to endanger the safety of many millions of pounds controlled from Shanghai is another matter.

When China appealed to the Council of the League these gentlemen handled the subject with great care and delicacy. They heard both sides and then deliberated; they heard their advisers and again deliberated; they received reports from their "observers" in Manchuria and they received "assurances" from Tokyo, and again they deliberated. The Japanese troops in the meantime were chasing the "bandits" as they termed the Chinese soldiers. North they went and South they went, smilingly handing out "assurances" to the League as they went along. The Chinese delegate continued with frantic appeals. "Wait and see," said the League. As everyone knows, Japan continued to enlarge her sphere of operations and eventually cleared

the bulk of the "bandits" out of the country and has now sat down to digest her big bite. The Council and the U.S. sent the Covenant of the League to her, they sent the Kellogg Pact and they sent the Nine-Power Pact, and Japan, with a bland smile, said she was too busy to read them. The Chinese delegate is still appealing to the League.

Another farce is now about to be staged—the "Disarmament Farce; or, How they Lie to their People." Five years have been occupied in getting together the "props," and the *dramatis personae* includes all the principal actors on the international stage. The Archbishop of York is to preach a sermon at Geneva and offer prayers for the success of the Conference, but probably when he looks at the delegates he will offer a silent prayer for the people they are supposed to represent.

There is not a ghost of a chance of disarmament at present. Owing to the fearful taxation in every country they may agree to, say, a 5 per cent. reduction all round. But disarmament? Never. It is like asking Capitalism to commit suicide. Everyone demands "security," though none of them would say openly which other country it is afraid of. Britain wants security for her investments in India and other parts, France seeks security for her frontiers, and the others repeat the same tale.

The world of Labour looks on helplessly. It also seeks security—security for its daily bread, for its homes, for its wife and children. In a world glutted with food and the means for a happy and prosperous life there is more insecurity for the workers than they have ever known. All the means of life are owned and controlled by their masters, yet they fondly imagine the masters have gone to Geneva to find ways and means of disarming. Could anything be more childish? If we want security we must disarm our masters. Refuse to make armaments, refuse to make all the deadly weapons with which they guard their monopoly of the means of life, and refuse to serve as soldiers, sailors, airmen, or police, who are mostly workers or sons of workers. That is where disarmament should start—not at Geneva.

WHAT IS COMMUNIST ANARCHISM?

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

Price, Half-a-Crown; postage, 3d.

many more died untold with the old comrades whom this cruel year took away. There was Teresa Claramunt, the old Spanish Anarchist orator, broken in health, but with us in spirit up to the last, expiring three or four days before the Spanish Republic was proclaimed—the same Republic, with Socialist Ministers, which in September imprisoned her brother José on a prison ship in Barcelona Harbour and nearly killed him by humidity and exposure. Then Emile Pouget, the *Père Peinard* of 1889-1900, and with Pelloutier the real brain of French revolutionary Syndicalism (1900-1908). Dr. José Garcia Viñas, born 1848, was one of the most devoted militants of the Spanish International and secret Alianza in the 1870-1880 period. Gustave Brocher, born 1850, many years active in London, the principal organiser of the Inter-

national Revolutionary Socialist Congress of 1881. François Dumartheray, born 1842, was perhaps the oldest Anarchist and the first one who used the term “Anarchist Communism” in print (in February, 1876). Then Luigi Galleani expired, the most fiery Anarchist orator in Italy and for many years in the United States, martyred whilst broken in health in Mussolini's prisons and on the deportation island, finally allowed to die in an out-of-the-way village.

There are others, less known, besides these, and there are the young martyred comrades in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Cuba, the Argentine Republic, etc., and the victims of Bolshevism in Russian and Siberian prison hells.

December 23rd, 1931.

M. NETTLAU.

EMMA GOLDMAN'S MEMOIRS.*

Russia has given many notable women to the revolutionary movement, but few whose names are more widely known than Emma Goldman. For thirty years she was one of the most active propagandists in the Anarchist movement in the United States. Loved by the great majority of the comrades, hated and feared by all the authorities, she devoted herself unstintedly to the cause of freedom and the sovereignty of the individual. From the day when she arrived in New York in August, 1889, till December, 1919, when she was deported to Russia by the United States Government, she spoke and worked strenuously on behalf of Anarchism, and her deportation was a tribute to the power of her influence as an agitator.

Emma Goldman was born of Jewish parents on June 27th, 1869, in the Russian province of Kovno. In December, 1885, she emigrated to the United States with her sister Helena, but she soon found that the “land of the free” was not the Promised Land she had imagined it to be. She worked in factories in Rochester, N.Y., where she met Jacob Kershner, a Russian, whom she married, divorced by agreement, remarried, and finally left definitely. During this period the trial and execution of the Chicago Anarchists took place, and the tragedy so moved her that she determined to devote herself to the cause of her martyred comrades. With a few dollars and the address of the *Freiheit* (John Most's paper), she went to New York in 1889, her old life left behind, “cast off like a worn-out garment.”

On her first day in New York she met Alexander Berkman and John Most, and at once she was drawn into the storm and stress of the Anarchist movement and the struggles of the workers.

Her baptism of fire was a short lecture tour planned for her by Most, who prepared some notes for her. Those who know Emma as the confident and eloquent speaker cannot imagine her as being nervous; but of her first public meeting she says that when she faced the audience her mind was a blank and she could not remember her notes. But she soon gained confidence and finished the tour without further trouble. Quickly gaining fluency in both English and German, she was in great request in strikes and similar activities.

Alexander Berkman (“Sasha”) impressed her

with his earnestness and rigid sense of sacrifice for the cause and it was a case of love at first sight. Ever since that day their lives have been linked together as comrades. This comradeship was shown in 1892 when Berkman shot Frick, the manager of the Carnegie Steel Works at Homestead, who they held responsible for the shooting down of some steel workers on strike by Pinkerton thugs. Emma helped Berkman by raising money necessary for carrying out the deed of vengeance, as they considered it. Berkman only wounded Frick, for which he was sentenced to twenty-two years' imprisonment. After serving fourteen years he was released.

The following year Emma was sent to prison for twelve months for a speech to the New York unemployed, in which she quoted Cardinal Manning's declaration that “the starving man has a right to a share of his neighbour's bread.” The Press said that “Red Emma's vitriolic tongue was just what the ignorant mob needed to tear down New York.” Although New York was left standing, she had to go to prison, which she says proved a good school—“a more painful, but a more vital, school.”

In prison she had gained a slight knowledge of nursing, and as she wished to learn a profession which would make her independent, she went to Vienna to study and gained diplomas for midwifery and nursing. Here she came in contact with the new literary spirit in Europe, eagerly devouring the writings of Nietzsche, Ibsen, Hauptmann, and others, which were the subject of many of her best lectures on her return to the United States.

When she resumed her work as a speaker she found her activity checked by the police, who frequently broke up her meetings and sometimes arrested her. Once she demanded by what right she had been interfered with. The sergeant replied: “Because you are Emma Goldman. Anarchists have no rights in this community.” But it was not easy to suppress her. If she could not speak in one place she spoke in another, steadily increasing her range of subjects. She made several trips to England, meeting Kropotkin, Tcherkesoff, and other comrades, on one occasion in 1900 speaking at the old Athenæum Hall in Tottenham Court Road, where as a new recruit to the movement I first heard her speak.

In September, 1901, Leon Czolgosz shot President McKinley at the Pan-American Exhibition held at

* “Living My Life,” by Emma Goldman. 2 vols., 993 pp., \$7.50. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Buffalo. Immediately the Press and police denounced Emma Goldman as having incited him to commit the deed. When she heard that comrades in Chicago had been arrested and would be held prisoners until she was found, she decided to go to Chicago and face the music. The police tortured her with the third degree and threatened her with the fate of the Chicago Anarchists in order to make her confess her complicity in the assassination, but without success. Her fate was in the balance. "Anarchists must be exterminated," raved the Press. "Emma Goldman has been allowed to ply her trade of murder too long." In spite of the panic, however, the police had to release her as there was no evidence whatever against her, and the papers which had filled their front pages with denunciations of her put a few lines in a corner announcing her discharge. Czolgosz was sentenced to death and electrocuted. His last words were: "I did it alone. I did it for the American people."

Deeply disappointed by the lack of courage shown by many of her comrades during the panic, she dropped out of the movement for a long while, working as a nurse in the name of Miss E. G. Smith. Gradually, however, she was drawn back to the old battle ground and was soon in the thick of the fight again. In March, 1906, in co-operation with a number of comrades, she started *Mother Earth* and then went on a round of lecture tours to raise money for its support. She always had to fight hard for the right of free speech, the police being hostile almost everywhere. The name of Emma Goldman was like a red rag to a bull to them. Her courage and her sense of humour carried her through, and she found many good friends everywhere. She seems to have thrived on free speech fights; the more the Press raved, the larger became her audiences, and many thousands heard Anarchism explained for the first time. Her eloquence carried all before her. Even the banned topic of free love gained a hearing. In 1909 Ben Reitman became manager of her lecture tours and greatly increased the scope of Emma's activities. On the first tour of that year she visited thirty-seven cities in twenty-seven States, lectured one hundred and twenty times to vast audiences, of which twenty-five thousand paid for admission, many being admitted free. Ten thousand pieces of literature were sold and five thousand given away. We cannot wonder that she was disgusted with her sparsely attended meetings in England.

Berkman was released in May, 1906. For some

time he suffered from fits of depression, but eventually rallied and became one of the most active comrades in the Anarchist movement. In 1914 he published the *Blast* in San Francisco, but it was suppressed because of its anti-war articles. When the United States declared war against Germany in 1917 and conscription was enforced, Emma Goldman and Berkman, with many other comrades, carried on an intensive campaign against it. On June 15th they were both arrested and charged with "conspiracy against the draft," and committed for trial, bail being fixed at \$25,000 each. Friends raised the money, and until their trial on June 25th they spoke at many anti-war meetings. At the trial they were each sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$10,000. They appealed against their sentence, but their appeal, of course, was refused, and in February they went to prison. On their release they were both ordered to be deported to Russia, and on December 21st, 1919, they sailed on the "Buford" with about 250 other deportees.

Both Emma and Berkman have written the story of their experiences in Russia in "My Disillusionment in Russia" and "The Bolshevik Myth," so nothing need be said here about them. Sufficient to say that their disillusionment was complete, the slaughter of the sailors at Kronstadt being the last straw. On December 1st, 1921, they left Russia. Emma says: "My dreams crushed, my faith broken, my heart like a stone." A sad ending to a deportation welcomed so joyously and hopefully.

Many details of her life since that day are given in the book, but sufficient has been said to show the spirit of it. Always an advocate of freedom in sexual relations, she gives the story of her many love affairs with the same frankness as Isadora Duncan did in "My Life." On one occasion Emma told me that before she lectured on an author's writings she read everything she could about him—"to get under his skin," as she termed it. When the reader has got to the last page of "Living My Life," he will feel he has got "under the skin" of Emma Goldman.

One slight error may be corrected here. On p. 963 our old friend, Wm. C. Owen, is spoken of as the editor of *Freedom*. All the blame for the sins of omission and commission of that paper must be laid on the shoulders of the present writer.

We have only one regret—that the price of the book almost puts it out of the reach of the slender purses of to-day. T. H. K.

THE JOB FOR ANARCHISTS.

In one of his characteristic sketches, Mark Twain says that if, being desirous of recovering one's lost or stolen property, one should seek the assistance of the police and explain to them the nature of the loss, the circumstances pertaining to it, the size, shape, weight, sex, or any other identifying features, and if and beyond explaining all such many and varied items one should inform the police of the whereabouts of the said loss, then—and usually only then—that august body will recover—dead or alive—the property in question. This astounding (?) and scientific fact holds good with anything from a pin to an elephant.

The inference to be drawn from this story is that

when at any time the assistance of the policing institution is sought, that body will weave the fabric of the case in such a way that whilst the applicant is induced to solve his own conundrum, yet it will appear that without their aid no solution would be possible.

That is their job.

Analogous to this, and of paramount importance to the workers of this country, is the function of the State. Theoretically, this institution is the embodiment of democratic justice. Through its many and varied channels—so it is argued—the workers may attain all their desires. In support of this theory one can see even yet hosts of workers pandering to the

ideology of this particular theory. Nor can one deny that for many this theory has proved a profitable investment. But can this be argued for the workers generally? To affirm so under present conditions would be to mortgage one's sanity.

The dilemma, however, is not without its solution. The acquired experience of several generations has taught the workers that to wring from Mother Earth an abundance of everything that is needed for human comfort is child's play with modern technique. So simple indeed has it become that millions of willing workers the world over have, against their wish, been deprived of the opportunity of rendering their social services. And yet, amidst a riot of abundance, and a capacity to augment the supply to an immeasurable extent, hunger, want, and destitution stalk the land.

Industrial development has solved the problem of production; the problem of distribution with the available means of transport is one that should not give any worker a moment's uneasiness. Indeed, the wag who said that somehow or other the provision carts that come along his street omit to stop at his door was only emphasising an error that can easily be remedied.

But what efforts in the readjustment of social relations have the institutions of the State made? The workers have been asked to produce more, and they have produced more; they have been urged to be patriotic, and they have been patriotic; they have been told to trust their leaders, and they have trusted their leaders. But leaders, patriotism, and a glut of commodities have only resulted in a mania for economy; an economy which would be humorous were poverty a joke. But poverty isn't a joke, and the rising wave of indignation is likely to emphasise the fact.

"Deliver the goods!" must no longer be a slogan to hurl at a decadent institution. It must be a self-realisation on the part of the masses. "They will tolerate the injustices of a bygone age," said Ruskin of the powers that be, "every time they work in their favour." Nothing was ever more prophetic.

The sacred sovereignty of the State and its hierarchy is a fiction that must be destroyed. The idea that Disarmament, Inter-Aligned, Reparation, and other Conferences are proofs of the desire for a freer world is a myth that must be exploded. The sum total of all such phenomena is solely designed to harmonise capitalist contradictions, and to clothe in legal robes the stark naked reality—the further exploitation of the workers by the privileged few.

To convince the workers of their ability to distribute the commodities which they can so abundantly produce, to prove that world peace is only possible in a world of free producers with a co-operative outlook, and to explain that the monetary system which now bewilders mankind can be replaced by scientific labour-notes, these are the facts which we must propagate.

This is our job!

H. MACE.

OUR GUARANTEE FUND.

The following donations have been received to date (January 27th), since the publication of our last issue: H. A. Bertoli, 4s.; H. Mace, 1s.; A. J. R., £1; S. C. Potter, 1s.; J. H. Naylor, 5s.; R. Jones, 10s.; J. D. Winton, 1s.; Gipsy, 1s.; Cleveland Libertarian Group, £1 0s. 6d.; Elizabeth, £4 13s. 8d.; J. Petrovich, 5s.; T. K. Wolfe, 5s.; A. O. P., 5s.

LABADIE COLLECTION.

This Collection, saved and cared for by Jo Labadie and his wife, was presented to and accepted by the University of Michigan Library, Ann Arbor, Mich., U.S.A. It is the result of many years' labour, and contains thousands of early and scarce books, papers, and pamphlets published by Labour organisations, besides a very large assortment of Socialist, Anarchist, and other publications. On account of the rarity of many of the items, it is one of the most valuable collections in the United States. Complete sets of papers have been well bound by the University, and everything is being arranged, tabulated, and indexed by our friend, Agnes Inglis, who is very enthusiastic and in love with the work. The Collection is open to students and scholars. Since it was first taken over by the University, many comrades have made welcome additions. Further donations of literature, new or old, are invited, but before they are forwarded, particulars should be sent to Miss Agnes Inglis, at the Library, to avoid duplication.

JUST A HINT.

Dear Reader,—Are you one of the many who have been receiving the paper regularly for some time without contributing anything towards our funds, either as a subscription, or a donation? Yes? Well, that is hardly fair to those who do the work or to the other comrades who help financially, is it? We do not expect much, and therefore are never disappointed, but if you will send us along a shilling or two or even more your name will be kept on our mailing list. What, you forgot our address? Here it is—Freedom Press, Whiteway Colony, Stroud, Glos. Now you have no excuse.—Yours hopefully,
FREEDOM PRESS.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

The following books and pamphlets have been given us to sell for the support of FREEDOM BULLETIN.

- The Bolshevik Myth. By Alexander Berkman. 4s.
- God and My Neighbour. By Robert Blatchford. Cloth, 1s. 3d.
- Not Guilty. By Robert Blatchford. Cloth, 1s. 3d.
- Bound volume of 30 rare Socialist Pamphlets, by Hyndman, Tom Mann, Keir Hardie, Snowden, Tillet, Debate between Hyndman and Bradlaugh, Elihu, etc. 3s.
- The Fallacy of Marx's Theory of Surplus-Value. By Henry Seymour. 6d. A number of these for sale.
- The Monomaniacs. A Fable in Finance. By Henry Seymour. 2d. A number of these for sale.

All the above are in good condition, and will be sent post free on receipt of cash.

NOTICES.

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