

# FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

VOL. V. NO. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 196.

## THE CRUEL ARTIST.

I stood before a massive frame  
In gold and splendor dressed,  
That held the pictured face of one  
By fickle tongue caressed,  
And questioned if the painted screen  
Would ere repay in worldly fame  
The loss of such a heart as this—  
Sweet sacrifice to golden gain.

Before me shone the grandest prize  
His brush ere yet had won;  
Three frames there were, and pictures three,  
And yet the three were one.  
What master hand, I heard one say,  
That stood before the life-like scene:  
'Twas gift of gods to this portrait:  
Such after glow in nature's dream.

The first was called sweet innocence,  
Not like unto the next,  
A lovely form attired in white  
In dreamy thought perplexed,  
As though maturity and youth  
Were blended in so rich and rare,  
That jealous of each other's charms  
They feared their jewels to compare.

A face as bright as summer sky,  
No shade of coming gloom;  
With smile to tempt the coming dawn  
Of love's enticing bloom,  
She stood arrayed in spotless white,  
Most dainty robe of purity,  
Alas how soon would passion's kiss  
Dispel that dream of maturity.

Her golden hair now careless tossed  
By sportive winds provoked,  
As though to flirt with watching cheeks  
Kissed ambuster throat  
And from her lips a lily white  
Suspended low in seeming quietude,  
Of new born hope in throbbing breast.

The sketch was true as life itself,  
No harshness art revealed;  
A masterpiece of art indeed,  
With bitter drugs concealed;  
No cloud of doubt reflected there  
That worm-wound sting would leave its trace,  
Or heart now light would burn with pain,  
And mar that happy girlish face.

I felt a world of wonder one,  
So pure, and fair, and low,  
But richer still do charms unfold  
In picture number two:  
Its name is love, a golden dream,  
To those who float on gentle tides,  
But alas for them who meet the shoals  
That hidden lie on either side.

In number two the bud had bloomed,  
Itself almost unveiled,  
'Twas nature's promise at its best,  
Now fully verified;  
She stood in robes of shining silk  
With soft white band on bosom pressed,  
As if to hide the pulsing thrill,  
That waking love with hope obsessed.

No girlish dream in thought perplexed,  
Both now in frame appear,  
No saintly face with hope suppressed,  
On canvas painted here;  
But throbbing, pulsing, flesh and blood,  
With passion, eyes that so become,  
And lips that seemed almost to feel  
The secret of her witching smile.

A woman's soul shone in her eyes  
With winning gladness light,  
And seemed to cast a winning spell,  
O'er all like a spell of life;  
And as I stood and gazed thereon,  
Too well I felt, he found a grace  
By pleading love with four false bangles,  
Betrayed the heart, to paint the face.

A love like this would hold a saint  
From showing such denial;  
Her lips—ye gods—they almost breathe,  
In that proud queenly smile;  
Art, flesh and blood in earthly guise;  
Or spirit form in floating air?  
That comes as temptress here below,  
To teach the creeds of worlds more fair?

But why prolong the bitter truth,  
Since truth must bitter be.  
Let us now view the last of all,  
'Tis picture number three:

The work's complete, with name below,  
Why need a name the margin share?  
With this most perfect price of all!  
Too well it writes itself, despair.

Oh why must art debauch itself,  
To wear a gilded name,  
And seek through slaying nature's gifts,  
A mecca built on shame:  
Sad, sad despair, poor blighted love,  
The name too well, her looks betray:  
Her eyes too full of pain to weep,  
Tells in advance the heart's decay.

Too soon alas thy life has flown,  
So gentle and so pure;  
Too young in years for tender heart,  
Such anguish to endure;  
With perjured tongue he won thy love,  
Then broke thy heart to air his name,  
He carried with the lips of hell,  
To gain, poor fool, a guilty fame.

What gift of tongue can span the crime,  
On canvas here arrayed?  
Thou devil's fiend, guard well thy prize,  
Of innocence betrayed.  
Note how the anguish on her face,  
Reflects the black despair within,  
Bedewed with tears, the path ye trod,  
To reach the zenith of thy sin.

With oily tongue ye gently urged,  
The child that knew thee not,  
To test the heart he and its strength,  
Small wonder it was so;  
As serpent winds his slithering coil,  
So would ye yours, round trusting heart,  
And then when charmed he and recoiled,  
Revealed to her, the dashed part.

Ye saw her throat weak, stitch by stitch,  
Without a throb of pain;  
Ye saw her tears fall, one by one,  
To think no more of pain;  
Thus reared thy castles high in air,  
And watered false in found of tears;  
The prize for this, a worn-out girl,  
Most cheering thought for coming years.

In spite, indeed, most fitting name,  
For this portrait uttered heart;  
I grasped my pencil with the thought,  
And wrote on margin page,  
She has gone to a silent grave,  
A sacrifice to selfish art.  
This picture brought its master home,  
To paint a pair he broke her heart.

Maywood, Ill.

L. S. OLIVER.

## "MEN OF LETTERS AND ANARCHY."

This is the headline of an article which appeared in a September number of *The Criterion*. The writer of that article seems to be annoyed at the fact that "most of the young writers of France are Anarchists." He does not approve of so painful a fact and in his frantic effort to say something discreditable to the "greatest men of letters" he sheds tears which, upon examination, turn out to be crocodile tears. At first he pities the great Anarchists; then he makes an effort to reduce their greatness, and finally he accuses them of being dangerous men, men who educate the average person to assassination.

Generally speaking, the author of the article fails in all his efforts. In pitying men of superior intellectual strength he makes himself ridiculous. In trying to belittle men who do and of themselves are intrinsically great, the author makes an effort at the impossible and succeeds only in showing how small he is himself, and in his accusation we find the harsh stupidity which truly characterizes the scoundrel and the ass.

For example, he tells us what a pity it is that "poets and philosophers, song writers and novelists are inspired by dreams of Anarchy." Too bad, Mr. Vance Thompson, that "behind the dark and dangerous fanatics" there is Elise Reclus, one of the most learned men of the day, a geographer of excellent repute; Prince Kropotkin, a scientist and a renegade to the obligation of his royal descent; Louise Michel, a poetess whom Victor Hugo praised, and Comte Malatesta. Yes, Mr. Thompson, it is too bad indeed that "these and a score of the most influential men of letters in France and in Germany are the red apostles of

Anarchy." Yes, Mr. Thompson, these men are too great to propagate an idea which means "chaos, disorder, murder, rape" and many other hard names borrowed from the extensive vocabularies for the purpose of darkening the true meaning of Anarchy. You can't knock them down with hard names. It takes something stronger, something greater than these men are to undermine the soundness of their ideas, or as Mr. Thompson himself puts it, "the ideas of which they are the apostles." These men are too great, their conceptions are too lofty, their hearts too civilized to be captured by the madness to assassinate, to murder and to destroy. And right here our friend, the enemy, promptly retorts by saying "these men whose Anarchy is not that of despair, but the Anarchy of an even more fatuous optimism, that they it is who have built the house, but who no longer sit at the head of the table." This is the way our friend seeks to score a point. Instead of finding fault with Anarchism, as an idea, a philosophy, which might require the serious efforts of a serious man, our friend, the enemy, simply resorts to dodging the point at issue. He does not meet Anarchism squarely, but instead of that he runs away from it. This gives him a chance to find fault with Anarchism without giving any substantial reason for it. Having accomplished this, Mr. Thompson gives vent to his crocodile tears and oh! how he pities these great men. To such men need your pity, Mr. Thompson? From your own outline of their greatness, it would seem that they do not, but then there is a purpose in Mr. Thompson's overflow of pity, as we shall see later. So much for his effort to pity.

Mr. Thompson then tells us that these great men who are vastly his superiors. Says Mr. Thompson: "Within the last eight years the literature of Anarchy has swelled to a gross flood. It has swept along with it scores of earnest and hardy young men of the day. Mr. Leo Desclaux, the editor of *La Phosphore* magazine that stands for the new age and literature of Paris—said the other day that Anarchy has no longer a social formula, but a complete philosophy. He and his fellows are preaching absolute individualism. If Nietzsche is not their saint, it is merely because they cannot read German."

This last part of what he says seems to have nothing to do with the purpose of the article. Indeed what matters it whether these men can read German or not? Is there no translation of Nietzsche? Besides, what if Nietzsche is or is not their saint? In short, it seems to prove nothing either against them or in favor of them. Why, then, did Mr. Thompson say it? He said it for the purpose of saying that they do not know German, and that for the purpose of killing the good impression made by saying that they were great men. He simply wanted to say that there was something that these men did not know. But had he said that these men do not know the Greek or the Chinese languages, he might have done just as well, if not better, for he would have enumerated two languages they do not know. I make a point of this not because of its importance as an individual statement, but because it clearly illustrates the kind of evidence to which all great men have been and are still subjected. A critic is bound to find fault with anything. If a love story is a good love story, the critic will tell us that it is not a good treatise on sociology. And if you tell him, "Why of course it is not a good work on sociology, no one intended it as that," he simply says, "Well, then I am right." To this extent does the average critic go and Mr. Thompson is no exception.

Says Mr. Thompson again: "As far as the young writers of France are concerned, Anarchy is merely the development of the idealism of the day. Their revolt is abstract and largely sentimental. When M. Gabriel Randon sang 'Litanies Dynamite' he was in reality inspired by as pure a love for humanity as that of the young Shelley." Andre Ibels, the French anarchist,

(Continued on page 1)

# FREE SOCIETY.

FORMERLY "THE FIREBRAND."

Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Co.

50 CENTS A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 43 Sheridan St., San Francisco, California.

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

## NOTICE!

At last our hopes will be realized. "The Famous Speeches of the Eight Chicago Anarchists in Court" and "Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe and Schwab" by John P. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois, will be republished in one volume. Some comrades of Chicago have sent us fifty dollars to begin the work with at once and promise to send fifty dollars more in three or four weeks, suggesting to appeal to other cities for liberal contributions toward this publication fund.

We want to call attention of those who would like to see this book circulated broadcast to the fact that the cost of this book depends largely upon the number printed; so groups and individuals will please respond AT ONCE and state the amount they are able and willing to contribute for this purpose, giving us thus an opportunity to determine the number to be published. To those making contributions in advance books will be furnished at cost for the amount received.

The Chicago comrades have also suggested to publish the splendid book "Moribund Society" by Jean Grave, and we hope the comrades all over the land will do their utmost to enable us to publish these books in vast numbers. FREE SOCIETY.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

An annual set (52 numbers) of Free Society will be sent to applicants for \$1. We have also some volumes (consisting of 34 numbers) of The Firebrand, Vol. III, on hand. These with an annual set of Free Society can be had for \$1.50. To Public Libraries both volumes will be sent free of charge if such will bind and keep them on file.

"Russian Life" is the name of a new weekly in the Russian language. Address: Russian Life, 28 E. Fourth St., New York City. Price \$1. per year.

A friend from New York writes: "There is some idea of holding a meeting here—in January—in criticism of the anti-Anarchist conference at Rome. I suppose you know that Malatesta is confined on an island in Italy. He was seized and sent there without trial or any formality of law, AND WITHOUT ANY CHARGE BEING SPECIFIED! What more do they expect to be able to do through their 'police' conference?"

Since Samuel Gompers has been re-elected as president of the American Federation of Labor some of our exchanges portray him as an ignorant and stupid wishy-washy man. This is doing him an injustice, as can be seen from the following paragraph:

We are conscious of the wrongs which labor men, the many, needless, idle workers, the hopeless men and women and children. The injustice with which modern society pays its mainstay, its foundation, its wealth producers, is a poor requital for our toil. We recognize the wrong and clearly perceive the rights which are justly ours. With clear vision, heads erect and stout heart bearing in us on, fraternity and solidarity labor will be free, humanity disinterested and enabled.

And his proposition to free labor from its thralldom shows clearly that he is well up-to-date in the labor movement. He advocates "legislation in the interest of labor," opposing at the same time "political action," i.e. he proposes to petition congress to enact laws in favor of the laboring men. This is, of course, a very slow process to achieve freedom, for the oppressors are in the average not inclined to cut their own throat, but such policy is the safest to adopt for a shrewd labor leader. It does not jeopardize his fat position at present so long as the majority of his constituents hail such methods, and promises a fat secure should the radical element walk over his head. Powderly went through the same mill and the politicians in places have been grateful to him.

to imagine that the mission of to regulate hours and wages.

Its efforts in the above direction are at the best temporary and simply for the purpose of alleviating present conditions. The true mission of trade unionism is to bring about the complete industrial emancipation of the toiling masses. Only by evolutionary methods can this emancipation be achieved. Freedom cannot be secured in a day, and all great movements in the past that have tended to secure for the people greater privileges and recognition of their rights have been achieved only after the most painstaking efforts. The regulation of hours, wages and conditions of employment for the people at the present is absolutely imperative to enable them to secure the time essential for intellectual development and a leisure for themselves more of the necessities of life and, if possible, a few of the comforts. Their appetite will then be sharpened and they will be spurred on to increase their demands until by the laws of evolution they secure a degree of freedom that will raise them socially to a standard that many of our so-called friends desire to see achieved by what they are pleased to term a social revolution.

The above view in regard to the Trade Union movement, quoted from the International Wood Worker, cannot be disputed, but as long as the different labor leaders and their organs fail to point out the solution, for fear that it is not good policy to do so, they will arouse but very little enthusiasm. The battle for shorter hours and higher wages has lost much of its charm and significance since the rapid increase of improved machinery has disappointed the laboring men in their hopes of an immediate relief. The trouble is, however, that most of the labor leaders have not the slightest idea of a true remedy, and that those better informed are knaves or faint-hearted men. A. L.

## "MEN OF LETTERS AND ANARCHY."

(Continued from First Page.)

Libertaire, is a mystic who dreams of absolute freedom for all—that beautiful and dangerous dream. One and all they are victims of an altruism that is neither to hold nor to hold. Not one of them is a serious student of economics." Good boy, Thompson. A great idea. What is the good of meeting your opponent? In his presence there may be blows to give, but there are also blows to take, which is not a very desirable thing for men to indulge in. In the presence of Kropotkin he did not speak of economics. In the presence of Reclus he did not speak of earnest students; these men are famous as such and were speaking of them. Mr. Thompson showed a disposition to be kind rather than harsh. He seems to pity these men rather than to criticize them. It is only now, when speaking of brilliant writers, of the song writer and the poet, the novelist and the dreamer, that he seems anxious to walk upon economic and otherwise scientific ground.

He picks out a sentence from a novel or two lines from a poem and asks with the air of a scientist, "Where, gentlemen, where is the science?"

How wonderfully clever. Painters shall hereafter be asked, Where is your science? The sculptor shall be blamed for not being a philosopher. In this manner we shall have no difficulty in belittling the greatest men.

Had Mr. Thompson remained with this melodramatic exclamation which is similar to "Poets, where is your science?" we did not have thought him a serious student who cannot be impressed by reeds and poses. But he ventured to step upon economic ground, he mentions a specific name and accused that man of not knowing that which every body knows that he does know, and there's the rope. So long as he tells us that the French Anarchists are dreamers, we may say, Well, perhaps they are, what of it? But when he tells us that Jean Grave and Z. D'Axa go calmly to prison for preaching ideas they do not understand, then we know how much he knows of Jean Grave. Who can fail to see that stern logic, that terse and crushing argumentation which characterizes the writings of Jean Grave? Those who have read Jean Grave's "On the Morrow After the Revolution," those who have read any of the works of Grave cannot help admitting his firm conviction, his broad knowledge of the philosophy of Anarchism. To say that "Jean Grave goes to jail for preaching an idea he does not understand," is either to profess ignorance of the writings of Jean Grave, or to know nothing of "serious" learning. And such men are our critics—such trash is offered as criticism in a magazine which was "founded for the purpose of establishing an independent theatre and the encouragement of the production and the publication of best and most modern works of literature."

"Sentimentalists and dreamers," says Thompson, speaking of Z. D'Axa, who, though one of the most

famous men of letters in France, "gave his fortune for the cause." He is a sentimentalist and a dreamer, because he gave up the building he owned in the Avenue de l'Alma to publish a paper the contributors to which are Anarchists like Malato, the renegade priest, Abbe Junet, Sebastian Faure, Henri de Regnier, Viele-Griffin (he is a son of General Viele of New York), Nevold, Bernard-Lazare, Paul Adam and Quillard, all of whom are conspicuous in French literature. He is a dreamer because he eventually crowned his efforts by going to prison for the cause. Well, Mr. Thompson, if it takes a dreamer to do all this then our greatest men, in the past as well as in the present, were dreamers. If it takes a sentimentalist to abandon wealth and station and to maintain the justice of his position, in spite of all the hardships placed in his way, then Voltaire, Bruno, Galileo, Darwin, Spinoza and the greatest of all men were sentimentalists, and it is with pride that we can speak of that score of men of letters whom Mr. Thompson abhors. And if it takes Anarchists to do that which Z. D'Axa and Octave Mirabeau have done in the literature of France, then let me say together with Mercur de France—the oldest and best literary review in France—"We are all Anarchists, thank God!"

Neither the greatness of the men, nor the sublimity of their work can be belittled and Thompson begins to realize that and so must harp on another string.

A time there was when Anarchism could be ignored, but that time is gone. Anarchists may not be given any honorary degrees, nor may they be classed among the semi-idiotic academicians who never weary of adorning each other, but they have achieved a place in science, in literature and in art which may well kindle the enthusiasm of the Anarchist and provoke a feeling of discontent in all of Mr. Thompson's class.

After the quotation from Mercur de France—"We are all Anarchists, thank God!"—Mr. Thompson adds: "It is almost true. Hardly one of the young writers of France has not shot his arrow at society. The strongest prose writer of them all, Paul Adam, has taught Anarchy in a dozen volumes." Then, again, after quoting from some of the latest writings of that great Frenchman, he says: "Now I know M. Adam. He is a brilliant writer, a student (mark the word), a philologist, an art lover, and a lover of life. Here there seems no lack of knowledge that is at fault. Mr. Thompson can't harp the same string, but he has another and here it is: "In elegant Paris he lives elegantly; and I know that all this revolutionary eloquence is merely a fall. He is a victim of the vocabulary. There are so many fine things to be said about Anarchy that he, no more than Stuart Merrill and Maurice Barres, can resist the temptation to turn Anarchist for the sake of saying them." When you can't find fault with anything your opponent says, then it is time to begin to doubt his sincerity. This is just what our Thompson does. Who will believe that there is contempt in Anarchism for the man who does not believe in it? Does Mr. Thompson believe it himself? There is no temptation in a prison.

And now we reach his finishing touches. He has made an ass and a liar of himself and he will not stop until he has convinced us that he is also a scoundrel. In his concluding lines he admits the greatness of the Anarchist men of letters; he admits their sincerity; he assures us of the purity of their motives. Here is what he says in praise of those whom he tried to down throughout the length of his article, and whom he accuses of being "the most dangerous men of the day": "They are young men and ardent. They are poets, painters, novelists or critics. Most of them are men of fortune and family. All of them are successful men. Their art has brought them fame. They are idealists, dreamers and philanthropists. They turn from a dark and troubled present to a future all ray. In a tragic night they await the sunrise of fraternal love. Their Anarchic works are inspired by altruism, by pity for the oppressed, whom they consider the just. The shining poets and publicists are neither rogues nor assassins." In this outburst of kindness the scoundrel has method, like that which is characteristic of Hamlet's madness. "We must be cruel to be kind," is reversed in this case. Mr. Thompson must be kind in order to be cruel. He said all this that he might be able to say: "And yet by reason of their very sincerity and their eloquence they are the most dangerous men of the day. They have made Anarchy a splendid ideal—instead of the bristled and meaningless discontent that it was. . . . But what of the feather-brained wretches who believe in these fine

phrases and carry out the doctrine to its logical and bloody conclusions? Whose is the responsibility? Who is the greater criminal Caserio or the silken poet who set him on? The books of Bernard Lazare, Hammon, Mirabeau, Adam, are scattered broadcast through France and Italy. They are the text books of Anarchy. They are firebrands in the hands of the weak-minded fanatics and epileptic egoists." In this outburst of a venomous accusation, one can easily see the purpose of the beautiful thing which Mr. Thompson said about the Anarchists of France. He endowed them with great abilities that he might be able to say, "they have educated the weak-minded to assassination."

Anarchists are not the only assassins in the history of civilization. There have been Christians as well as heretics, monarchists as well as Democrats among the assassins in the history of mankind. Where there is oppression there is resistance. The one grows in proportion with the other. Resistance is the shadow of oppression. Those who were oppressed have from time to time risen from the ground to strike a blow at their oppressors. As the oppressed felt the burden and knew not whence it came they resisted blindly striking at the wrong source. But as they became intelligent and were able to see their oppressors plainly, their strikes grew more numerous, more intelligent and, therefore, more effective.

and, therefore, more effectively.

The oppressors were safe as long as the oppressed were ignorant. But with the growth of intelligence among the oppressed the safety of the oppressor passed away. When the Christians were the oppressed, Christianity bred assassins. When Democrats were oppressed, Democracy bred assassins. When the Freethinkers were oppressed, freedom of thought bred assassination. Now that Anarchists are oppressed, Anarchy breeds assassination.

In reality it is neither Christianity nor Anarchy that is responsible for the assassins of different ages, but oppression, the ever existing mother of discontent.

Mr. Thompson may know that as well as every body ought to know. He may have read of assassinations in olden times and if so, he knows perfectly well how absurd it is to ascribe assassination to a philosophy which is based upon evolutionary science and aims at the happiness of all by rendering it possible for each individual to be happy. He knows—and if he does not, he should have made it his business to find out—that Anarchism as a social ideal, as an established philosophy, is the result of human progression which must eventually so adjust itself that by gratifying his own wants one will minister to the wants of others.

But he had to make his case and, as I said, he did not stop until he has proved himself an ass, a liar and a scoundrel. When he pitied he was an ass; when he belittled he was a liar; when he accused he was a scoundrel.

DALLAN BOYLE.

## EGOISM IN HISTORY.

I agree with "An Easterner" in thinking that chological debates generally leave both parties of the same opinion as before. It is knowledge of positive facts which is needed to clear the mental atmosphere. With a view to promoting the same, I will state that Egoism is not at all "a new theory." The first philosophic Egoist mentioned in history was Aristippus, a pupil of Socrates. He was a native of Cyrene in Africa, then extensively colonized by Greeks; and his followers, accordingly, are known as the Cyrenian school. His sayings are said to have been published by his daughter Arete; and fragments attributed to him, or perhaps his grandson and namesake, are extant in Mullach's *Fr. Phil. Græc.* There is also a good deal about his doctrines in Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon, Diogenes Laertius, and Sextus Empiricus. H. von Stein has published a monograph on the Cyrenian philosophers in our own time. Aristippus taught that pleasure is the chief good, and (contrary to the more celebrated Epicurus) that it does not consist in any habitual state of mind, but in particular pleasurable sensations. He depreciated logic, mathematics, and physics, on the ground that they did not serve the end of promoting happiness; but only at best some supposed means of happiness (such as victory in debate, gratification of curiosity, or appliances for convenience), whose conduciveness to the end, he, a disciple of Socrates, could easily see might be unreal.

The true philosophy is that "savoir vivre" which enables a smart man to get the sweet and shirk the sour wherever he finds himself, all of which Aristipus is said to have illustrated in his life. To this wisdom, self-control, temperance, and "culture" really

are conducive, knowledge may be so in a measure, and to that extent it is worth acquiring. When the blazing celebrity of Epicurus overspread the philosophic world, Theodorus, like him, asserted that happiness consisted in tranquility of mind alone; and Hegesias crowned the decay of Cyrenianism by preaching doctrines so decidedly pessimistic that Protrepius closed his school, declaring it the hot-bed of suicide.

The war of Egoism (Epicureanism) against Altruism represented by the Platonists and Stoics, continued until Christianity, in a measure, took away the ground from the feet of the combatants by making familiar the idea that un-chishness and happiness go together. After the Reformation, Locke revived the doctrines of Aristippus. Bentham made them a subject for popular controversy, and Danton tried reducing them to a method of securing pleasure in the maximum degree, with the result, as it appears to me, of showing that this problem is insoluble. But the grand "reductio ad absurdum" is in Schopenhauer's demonstration that every road along which pleasure can be tracked terminates at a disappointment. Alas! vanity. Egoism results in pessimism now, as with Hegesias. But pessimism is quite the reverse of Avaricism. Happiness is a capricious beauty. I think those who disdain to seek her may sometimes be lucky enough to catch her hiding, like Leda, not too carefully, among the rushes of the Eurotas. But I am sure those who pursue her till they seize what they take to be her garment, will have Ixion's fortune. The goddess turns out to be a cloud; the offspring of her embrace are monsters; and the portion she brings is a metaphysical wheel to spin upon.

I will state that I have read Kropotkin's "Anarchist Morality," and find nothing Egzotic in it. As told H. M. he must think walking fifty miles a day is more difficult than walking twenty, because it is more painful. I think it is more painful because it is more difficult. I am also of opinion that many a man has tried to tell a lie who was too honest to be persuasive, and, giving it up for a bad tale, has called a matter—the difficulty—after all.

C. L. J.ours

### PHYSIOLOGIC IMAGINATION.

Lois Waisbrooker, in *Free Society*, December 11, 1898, begins an article with these words: "What is it we imagine with, the mind or the body?" Presently it is postulated that to imagine is an attribute of the mind. The writer also accuses spiritualism of being the privilege

Every science has its facts. If it can be shown that what was formerly taught as the science of mind, and since spiritualists entertain that theory, then it might be held that spiritualism had its facts like a physical science.

The old theory of mind is that it can do something, that it does do several things, among them are to think, to reason and to bargain. This implies that mind is a machine like a reaper, clock or windmill.

The physiologists have discovered that every important organ in the body, like the liver, stomach or pancreas is a machine that makes its special product out of the blood. By analogy at first, and later by experiments on living animals, they discovered that the senses and brain were also machines capable of doing certain work, just as much as was the liver. The power that runs the senses and brain and keeps them in repair, is the same as runs and maintains the rest of the body, namely, the blood. There is a difference in the source of the raw material which the liver converts into bile, and the raw material which the senses and brain transform into ideas of things. The former obtains its raw material from the blood, the latter, from phenomena. The meaning of phenomenon in this writing, is that much of the continuously moving particles escaping from all objects in nature, that chance to enter sense-organs when alive. That is, a part of the force that are assumed to give content to the law of conservation of energy.

Man does not know of mind—ideas of things and events, thought, reason, or even imagination—excepting as the product of the mechanics of brain cells. Such mechanics are processes of the five senses and gray matter of the brain as an organ which transforms the phenomena of things into ideas of those things. That this organ is not an instrument for mind to manifest itself through is based on the following facts:

Phenomena, commonly called sense-stimuli, after entering sense-organs are by them sensed, and is sen-

sation. Sensations are conducted by nerve-fibres to the cells in the gray matter of the brain, where they—sensations—are made into ideas. To prove this, intercept a phenomenon and no sensation will ensue, e.g., place an opaque screen between the face of a sitter for a photograph and the camera, and the negative will be that of the screen, and not of the face. The camera in some respects represents the sense-organs. Destroy the sense-organs even though the object confronts it, you will get no sensation. Or, break the nervous pathway between the sense-organ and brain cells, these latter bodies will have nothing to do. This fact is shown by cutting both optic nerves in new born animals, which has in other years been found that the cell-bodies in the visual areas of the occipital lobes have not developed as have the other portions of the brain.

That the brain centers have to do with producing pleasure has been proven by experiment. Golitz succeeded in keeping a dog alive for eighteen months, after washing away nearly all of the gray matter of the brain. This dog was stupid—in fact was idiotic. It had lost all of its stored experiences—memory—knew not that food was food, nor did it fear an upraised whip. But the dog would moan when the skin was pinched, restless when hungry, turn a side to gaze at an object which would chance to be across its path, and eat, if the food was put in its mouth. The sense-organs remained; and this clearly proves that the senses sensed phenomena, but since the brain cells—store-house and machine shop for ideas—were removed, he could not comprehend anything, nor recall anything it had learned previously. Coming now to a direct issue, imagination is done in the following way:

Attention, full, complete and close attention, is simply fixing a sense-organ, such, for instance, as the sight, on a given phenomenon, task or undertaking, to the exclusion of all others. It is earned by such attentive effort, which they are opened upon by the central group of cells, the sensory roots. The brain has three groups of cells, those at the outer ends of sense-organs (receiving either the motor as out-going cells), and a group intermediate between the two, a set of central cells.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

THE ANTI-ANARCHIST CONFERENCE AT  
ROME.

The London Daily News of Friday, November 27, contained a letter upon the attack and its consequence at Rome, in which it was stated that a protest had been sent to the president of the senate, in the name of "the Italian Anarchists." The correspondent added: "I have been so fortunate to be able that this protest is the work of the Russ an Prince Kropotkin, of Jean Genie, a French Anarchist writer, of the Spaniard Silvix and an Italian Anarchist whose name must not be mentioned."

Kropotkin immediately wrote to the Daily News saying: "It is evident that I have not addressed any communication of any sort to the said conference, and I have absolutely no idea as to who could have sent it. I am also certain that my friend Jean Grave has taken absolutely no part in it."

As for myself, the labors of this, their day, are of very little consequence to me, and do not, to have any relation with.

not to have any relation with  
in Les Temps Nouveaux, Page

the  $\mathcal{O}(1)$  term in the asymptotic expansion of  $\mathcal{F}_\varepsilon$  is given by

## 196

The number printed or written on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

## REPLY TO S.D.'S "SUPERSTITION."

A group of friends were sitting on the lawn admiring a lovely sunset. All but one and he was blind from early childhood. A friend thinking to give him some pleasure described the glowing colors, told him of the bright red fading out to the most delicate pink, the banks of clouds, white as snow and the deep blue of the sky with the fiery orb disappearing over the hill. He listened with an incredulous smile, and said, "I do not understand how there can be such picture of glory in the sky; I can not see anything of the kind mentally and it surely does not exist." "But, my friend, never having seen it, you do not understand it; I see it and know it exists." "Yes, but I have studied and read my books for the blind and I never read any such a description, so you are surely mistaken."

When I read S. D.'s article "Superstition" I thought of this man and in the words of an old German friend, "I was astonished at him." Surely S. D. does not belong to the class of whom a prominent writer said, "They entirely sweep everything away with the knock-down argument. What I don't know isn't true, and what I cannot explain has no existence." Ridicule and fault-finding are not arguments. It is easy to say, "I do not believe it; it is nonsense and my superior mind is above such superstition," very much easier to say that than it is to investigate and find out the truth.

Every step of evolution must be taken slowly, painfully and we must needs find some dress with the gold, but sooner or later the gold truth will be found. That there is fraud mixed with the so-called "science," we all know and regret very much, but because that is the case we need not throw it all away and so lose much good. Now, S. D. being an intelligent man and of sound mind, of course, would not deny the truth of anything unless he knew it to be false. So he must know all there is to know regarding "spiritualism, theosophy, christian science, mental science, mesmerism, hypnotism, telepathy and phrenology." I am glad he has his brain so well stored. I know so little of these so-called "sciences" that I really do not feel capable of discussing them, but will state this fact that years ago when England was subduing India it was noticed that after every battle the natives knew the result before the English residents received the news by telegraph; not only once or twice was this so but always. Hundreds of miles from the scene of battle the natives were either jubilant or downcast, according to victory or defeat, long before the English could in any way find out the result. This was telepathy. No superstition about it. They knew how to use one of nature's forces—the invisible ether, that even now scientists are only beginning to understand.

Suppose that Franklin had been content to do as S. D., and had "observed some of nature's force and workings and what he could not understand he let rest," would he have discovered the then "unknown reality"—electricity? Would there have been any progress if all had "have done so and "leave Galileo, Columbus it that is "con- who are the

"rational observers and investigators?"

We know that light travels 186,000 miles per second. Can S. D. explain how it travels? Can he explain how each ray of light reaches our earth? We see what seems to be tiny stars in the milky way and yet that seeming star may have disappeared thousands of years ago and our retina receives the luminous ray of light which started 7 or 8 thousand years ago. Can S. D. explain that? And if he does not understand and cannot explain it, will he call it "superstition?" He speaks of the "known laws of nature." Known to whom? The law of gravitation was a law from the first formation of matter, just as much of a law as when discovered by Newton. So there are laws whose force and power we recognize only by the effect upon matter under certain conditions, but thinking minds are reasoning from this effect back to the cause and step by step are slowly but surely uncovering the hidden or occult forces of nature. Nature is an open book for all true students who love her. There is nothing supernatural. Allow me to quote from an article of mine published in the Progressive Thinker on the Electrical Vibratory Current. "There is nothing mysterious, everything is controlled by natural laws, and it is only because we do not understand the workings of those laws that we are astonished at the results. Reasoning calmly from cause to effect, all things gradually become plain."

I do not know what dictionary S. D. is in the habit of using, but it surely is a peculiar one, for "meta" means "over" "beyond," "after"—while physics "relate to extend nature, or the physical." I think it was Kant who said "a systematic exposition of those notions and truths, the knowledge of which is altogether independent of experience would constitute the science of metaphysics." Occult is from the Latin Occultus, meaning to "cover up"—"hide"—"hidden from the eye." Everything, every knowledge is occult until it becomes known. You should get a better dictionary, S. D. As I am not writing a metaphysical or occult article I will close by quoting the Dane: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

NELIE M. JERARD.

Hastburg, Tenn.

## NEWS ITEMS.

France.—Comrade Vauvelle, who was arrested in Paris at the demonstration against the reaction of militarism, and who was sentenced to four months' confinement for rebelling against the police, was found dead in prison of the Petite Roquette where he was detained. The capitalistic papers stated in a short notice that he committed suicide. But our comrades of Paris made an investigation and they found that he had been clubbed to death. His fate was that of Comrade Fuzzi who was killed in a prison at Rome, Italy, last year, May 1. Such reports take up but little space in the daily papers, but when the Empress Elizabeth was killed by Lucheni whole columns were devoted to the occurrence for several weeks. Of course, she was an empress and Comrade Vauvelle nothing but an honest workman.

Brazil.—Comrade Tesserini, who was invited to speak in Ubatuba against patriotism, was declared under arrest on entering the city for distributing handbills to arouse the people against their oppressors. He was arrested by Pietro Cesarini the treasurer of the Contro Socialista, being a detective at the same

time. Our comrade was kept in prison for ten days because he refused to sign a paper denouncing him as a vagabond. This shows what an outrageous act a leader of the Socialistic party can commit when he has the power to do so.

Portugal.—For the first time in 11 years the Socialists commemorated the 11 of November in memory of the Chicago martyrs by a public meeting. All the speakers addressing the meeting were against the infamous act of the capitalists for the cold blooded murder of five innocent men. No Anarchists had any chance to speak, for they would be hunted down by the police and arrested, and then sent to the Fort Domicile.

Austria.—Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, who was struck with sorrow at Elizabeth's death and said with emotion, "This is one of the saddest days of my life," is now looking forth for the happiest days of his life—his sorrow has abruptly left him—on account of the grand marriage which will take place between him and Princess Theresa, sister of the little king of Spain. She is 18 years old and he is 60. To my opinion it is quite a match.

Italy.—The president of the ministers, Pollux, issued a circular stating that the Anarchistic paper Les Temps Nouveaux, coming in from Paris, should be prohibited.

Milan.—The Socialist revolutionist Carlo Siles was arrested and condemned for three years' confinement and 250 Fr. fine for distributing handbills to arouse the people to free themselves from their oppressors. When he was arrested he rebelled against the policemen and shouted "Long live the Social Revolution!" The arrests of comrades all over Italy are becoming quite numerous and the total until date that are sent to the Fort Domicile amounts to over one thousand.

King Humberta, who addressed the parliament said: "I am glad to find the economical conditions of the workers in such prosperity, for I would not be happy myself if they would not be happy." I wonder how happy the people can be, when only a short time ago they were shot down like dogs because they refused to pay a higher price for bread.

According to newspaper reports the German government intends to register all individuals holding Anarchistic views. To each writ will be added by the police authorities a report of the situation and convictions of the person's parents and grandparents. Such is the wisdom of governments.

Rome, December 26.—Michael Rossi, the Anarchist, who was arrested in Geneva and expelled from Switzerland at the time Lucheni murdered the empress of Austria, is again in the hands of the police. He was arrested by the authorities while working under an assumed name in a factory near Arcola.

A member of the recent anti-Anarchist conference lost in a vehicle a copy of the records of the conference proceedings. The police, though, made a thorough search for the missing document, but failed to discover it. The news papers were warned not to publish its contents, and advise the police if the copy were offered them.

## RECEIPTS.

Please do not use private checks nor bank check, if you can avoid it. The safest and most reasonable manner of remitting is by postoffice or express money order. Week ending December 24. Oml adina, Lewallen, Enri, each \$1. Epstein Queckbomer, Fleishhaber, Jenny, Thompson, Rosett, each 50c.

## SPEECHES PUBLICATION FUND.

From Chicago by Pfuetzner, \$50. Frenzel 50c.

## ATTENTION!

Some Anarchist Communists, who are tired of wage-slavery and living an isolated life in the midst of a superstitious society, have decided to start an Anarchist-Communist, New Ideal colony in the state of California near a city and to live out their ideas as far as conditions will permit under the present system. Men and women who are free from all superstitions (marital included) and are willing to join a colony of free-minded men and women are invited to give their names and addresses and to state what means they possess.

One comrade is now travelling looking for a suitable locality. For details write to C. Shaw, P. O. Box 695, Riverside, Calif., or to Free Society. Enclose stamp.

## For Brooklyn, N. Y.

January 15, comrade Emma Goldman will lecture before the Philosophica Association on "The Power of the Idea," at the Long Island Business College, South Eight Street, between Bedford and Briggs Avenues.

## For Barre, Vt.

Emma Goldman will lecture at Tomasis Hall, Main St., on the following subjects and dates:

Jan. 21, The Dying Republic.  
Jan. 25, The New Woman.  
Jan. 28, Politics and Its Corrupting Effect on Man.  
Jan. 31, Authority vs. Liberty.

## BOOK LIST.

In lots of ten or more, five-cent pamphlets furnished at three cents each.

"Appeal to the Young," by P. Kropotkin. \$ .05  
Anarchist Communism, its Basis and Principles. By P. Kropotkin. .05  
Expropriation. By Peter Kropotkin. .05  
Anarchism vs. State Socialism. By G. Berland. (new) 3 for 10c. .02  
Social Democracy in Germany. By G. Lamberger. .02  
Social Conditions and Character. By "Freud." .03  
God and the State. By M. Bakounin. .05  
When There is Liberty and Nature Law. .10  
Wants and their Gratification. By H. Addis. .10  
Law and Authority. By P. Kropotkin. .05  
A Talk About Anarchist Communism. By Malatesta. .05  
The Emancipation of Society from Government. By Dillan Doyle. .05  
Anarchist Morality. By Peter Kropotkin. .05  
My Century Plant. By Lois Walsbrook. 1.00  
Wherefore Investigating Company, regular price 50c, but while present supply lasts "they go at" .25  
\*The 3-cent rate does not apply to those marked with a \*

## Free Society Library.

Published at 5 cents each.

No. 1, "Law and Authority," by P. Kropotkin.  
No. 2, "A Talk About Anarchist Communism," by Enrico Malatesta.  
No. 3, "Emancipation of Society from Government," by Dillan Doyle.  
No. 4, "Anarchist Morality" by P. Kropotkin.  
No. 5, "Mating or Marrying, Which?" "A Lesson from History" and "The Problem of Criminality," by W. H. Van Orman.  
No. 6, "Essays on the Social Problem," by Henry Addis.  
No. 7, "The Wage System" and "Revolutionary Government," both by Peter Kropotkin.  
No. 8, "Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal," by Peter Kropotkin.

## IN QUANTITIES.

	10	100	1,000
No. 1, 30 cents	\$2.00	\$16.50	
No. 2, 25 cents	1.75		
No. 3, 25 cents	1.75	13.00	
No. 4, 30 cents	2.00	16.50	
No. 5, 25 cents	1.75	13.00	
No. 6, 30 cents	2.00	16.50	
No. 7, 25 cents	1.75	13.00	
No. 8, 30 cents	2.00	16.50	