

Giuseppe Ciancabilla (and others)

Fired by the Ideal:

Italian-American Anarchist Responses to Czolgosz's
killing of McKinley

Articles from *L'Aurora* of Spring Valley, Illinois.

Additional material by Mario Mapelli from *Bollettino Archivio G. Pinelli*:

Giuseppe Ciancabilla: A Look at Italian-American Anarchism at the beginning of the C20th

Italian Anarchist Groups Active in the USA 1899-1904

Translated from the Italian by Paul Sharkey

"...we wish no tragedy because we are the foes of violence and averse to the spilling of the blood of our fellows; but an iron logic, the product of brutal criminality, of the power of men exercised upon their fellow men, and of the benighted cowardice of him who obeys, means that we can see no solution to the problem of the freedom of all and of each, other than in the dogged, constant rebellion of the oppressed against the oppressor..."

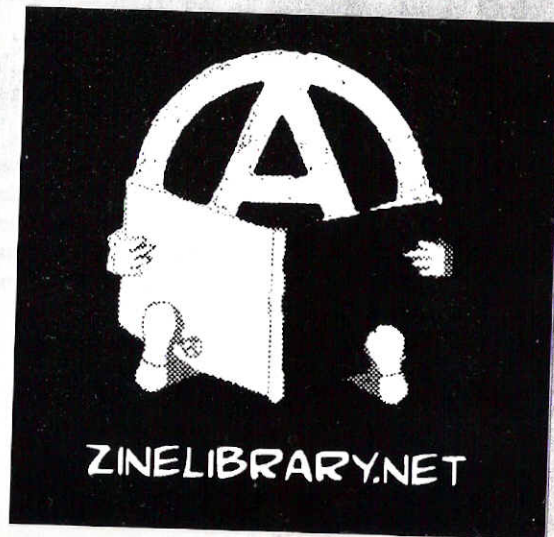
"we anarchists contend that the individual who stands highest on the social ladder and embodies the political and economic oppression from which the labouring people suffers horribly, that individual is naturally the one most exposed to eruptions of rebellion from the oppressed and disinherited, from sufferers with emancipated minds as well as from empty-bellied sufferers. In the calling of president, king, emperor, there are professional risks and work hazards..."

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Giuseppe Ciancabilla



*Fired
by the
Ideal*

Italian-American
Anarchist Responses
to Czolgosz's killing
of McKinley

Giuseppe Ciancabilla (and others);
Mario Mapelli
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Taken from *L'Aurora* of Spring Valley, Illinois. As far as we are aware the articles and letters appear here for the first time in English translation.

Additional material by Mario Mapelli from *Bollettino Archivio G. Pinelli* (via Rovetta, 27, I-20127 Milano, Italy):
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Translated from the Italian by Paul Sharkey
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Octavio Alberola, Alvaro Millán & Juan Zambrana
Revolutionary activism: The Spanish Resistance in context

Texts and interviews in which the libertarian activist described as 'Franco's public enemy number one' recounts some of the context of the new wave of opposition to the Franco regime in the 1960s, and its international significance; including the state murder of Granados and Delgado.

Kate Sharpley Library, 2000. 17p, 21cm. 1-873605-77-3 pamphlet
£5 (£1.50 to individual bulletin subscribers)

Anselme Bellegarrigue
(The world's first) Anarchist Manifesto

The first Anarchist manifesto, written in 1850, declares "*Anarchy is order, whereas government is civil war*" and argues – with language as sharp even now as any – against the delusion that voting does any good for anyone but politicians and puts the case that the established power structure is a gigantic crime against humanity.

Every individual who, in the current state of affairs, drops a paper into the ballot box to choose a legislative authority or a executive authority is – perhaps not wittingly but at least out of ignorance, maybe not directly, but at least indirectly – a bad citizen. I repeat what I have been saying and take back not a single syllable of it.

An introduction by Sharif Gemie places Bellegarrigue in his social and political context of the struggles for emancipation following on from the French revolution.

Kate Sharpley Library, 2002. 42 p. 1-873605-82-X. pamphlet
£5 (or £2 to individual bulletin subscribers)

David Nicoll
Stanley's Exploits, or, Civilising Africa.

David Nicoll was an anarchist militant, active in Sheffield and London, who was never afraid to give the powerful the sharp side of his tongue. Here he berates Stanley and his cheerleaders in the press who glorified in massacring Africans in the cause of 'civilising' them was a price worth paying! Good sharp anti-colonialist diatribe.

Kate Sharpley Library, 2001. 17p. 1-873605-97-8 pamphlet
£5 (or £1.50 to individual bulletin subscribers)

Bartolomeo Vanzetti
The Story of a Proletarian Life

The name of Vanzetti, like that of his comrade Sacco, resonates – it marks the biting point where revolutionary activism and state repression come to blows. This pamphlet, written in prison, throws a little light on the life of a man who was much more than a poor fish peddler, fighting for liberty and destined for the fame of a martyr.

Kate Sharpley Library, 2001. 18p, 21 cm. 1-873605-92-7 pamphlet
£5 (£1.50 to individual bulletin subscribers)

MASSACHUSETTS (4 groups)

BOSTON: Club Libertario (*L'Aurora* 8 September 1901)

Club Internazionale (*L'Aurora* 26 January 1901)

LYNN: Club Educativo e Sociale (*L'Aurora* 4 May 1901)

WEST QUINCY: Gruppo Studi Sociali (*L'Aurora* 9 February 1901)

CONNECTICUT (3 groups)

NEW HAVEN: "the comrades are bonding together" (report in *L'Aurora* 8 September 1901)

NEW LONDON: Gruppo Avvenire (*L'Aurora* 9 February 1901)

STONY CREEK: Gruppo Studi Libertari (*L'Aurora* 1 June 1901)

MICHIGAN (2 groups)

FRANKLYN: Gruppo La Nuova Canaglia (*La Protesta Umana* July 1902)

IRON MOUNTAIN: Gruppo I Morti di Fame (*L'Aurora* 20 October 1900)

VERMONT (2 groups)

BARRE: Gruppo Studi Sociali (*L'Aurora* 6 October 1900)

MONTPELLIER: Gruppo anarchico (*L'Aurora* 9 February 1901)

MARYLAND (1 group)

BALTIMORE: Piccolo Gruppo Internazionale si Studi Sociali (*L'Aurora* 6 October 1900)

OHIO (1 group)

DILLONVALE: Club Bresci, which later moved to Cornonville (*L'Aurora* 13 October 1900 and *La Protesta Umana* June 1902)

INDIANA (1 group)

PERTH: Gruppo I simpatizzanti di Bresci (*L'Aurora* 7 September 1901)

MISSOURI (1 group)

SAINT LOUIS: Circolo Studi Sociali (*La Protesta Umana* 7 November 1903)

KANSAS (1 group)

CHIKOPEE: Gruppo Avvenire del Proletariato (*L'Aurora* 8 September 1900)

CALIFORNIA (1 group)

SAN FRANCISCO: Gruppo di propaganda locale (*La Protesta Umana* 23 January 1904)

From *Bollettino Archivio G. Pinelli*, No 14, December 1999, Milan pp. 13-14.

Mapelli makes the point that this list was compiled from a reading of notices in *L'Aurora* or *La Protesta Umana* and that there may well have been other groups which did not send notifications to either or whose existence was too fluid as to render a stable presence/premises/establishment of a firm group impossible.

INTRODUCTION

On the 6 September 1901 Leon Czolgosz shot and badly wounded President William McKinley at the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo. McKinley would die from a gangrenous infection eight days later. Arrested at the scene Czolgosz was quickly interrogated. He implied that he was an anarchist and suggested that he had been influenced by Emma Goldman and another woman radical he did not name (Czolgosz had heard Goldman speak in Cleveland on 5th May, 1901 and had spoken briefly with her another time at Chicago rail station when she was saying goodbye to some of the anarchists around Free Society). He did make it clear however that he was not part of a conspiracy including Goldman or anyone else.

Immediately after he signed his statement (at 10:20pm that evening) Secret Service officers in Buffalo sent a telegram to the Chicago police asking them to find and investigate the location of the headquarters of *Free Society*, the anarchist communist paper. Subsequently Abe Isaak (the editor), Abe Isaak jnr, Hippolyte Havel (future editor of *Revolt, Road To Freedom* and, for a time, *Man*), Enrico Travaglio (future editor of *La Protesta Umana*, *The Petrel*, *Why* and *The Dawn*), Clemens Pfeutzner, Julia Mechanic (later present at the founding conference of the Industrial Workers of the World in June, 1905), Marie Isaak, Marie Isaak jnr and Alfred Schneider were arrested and charged with being implicated in the plot to assassinate President McKinley. The men were subjected to all night interrogations and held without bail; the women were released a few days later.

A vicious press campaign vilifying Emma Goldman began. Portrayed as the "High Priestess of Anarchy" (*Chicago Tribune*, September 8, 1901) effigies of her were publicly hung in at least two cities. Goldman had heard about the assassination attempt when working in St Louis and quickly moved incognito to Chicago to help her arrested comrades. Arrested there on 10th September and released on 24th September. Like the anarchists around Free Society released the previous day no charges were made against her.

Other anarchists were attacked or arrested as a result of the attack on McKinley. Johann Most was arrested for reprinting in *Freiheit* an old article by Karl Heinzen (written in 1849) on political violence as a space filler... hours before the shooting. Most would eventually serve ten months in prison for it.

The office of the Yiddish anarchist paper *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* was attacked on the 15th September. Anarchists in Home Colony, Tacoma were threatened and, on the 16th September the widow of Gaetano Bresci, anarchist assassin of Italian King Umberto in 1900, was ordered to leave Cliffside Park, New Jersey. Bresci had been found dead in his prison cell on 22nd May 1901.

Another anarchist who suffered attack was Giuseppe Ciancabilla (1872-1904). Arriving in America in 1898 he edited *La Questione Sociale* in Paterson (1899) and at the time of McKinley's assassination was editing the uncompromising *L'Aurora* in West Hoboken. Running from 1899-1901 the paper was based among the Italian miners of Spring Valley, Illinois but reached out to Italian militants throughout America. The paper, as our selections show, offered a profound political and moral support for the action of Czolgosz castigating what it saw as the lukewarm response of some other elements of the anarchist movement. Czolgosz is a "giant among men". No matter that the state is "democratic" and the killing could lead to a "state of reaction." Is the bourgeoisie likely to grant us a truce?"

The anarchist groups in Spring Valley were raided by the police, Ciancabilla was arrested and finally evicted. He went to Chicago, then to San Francisco where he died of consumption in 1904. At the time of his death he was editing *La Protesta Umana*.

Leon Czolgosz was electrocuted to death early in the morning of 29th October 1901 in Auburn prison, New York.

Although covering a limited time-span, 1898 to 1904, Giuseppe Ciancabilla's political experience provides us with a chance to retrace one of the countless ideological threads generally all lumped together under the broad umbrella of "anarchist individualism." In fact it was Pier Carlo Masini who described Giuseppe Ciancabilla as the man who first equipped Italian anarchist individualism with a serious theoretical profile. Furthermore, as Ciancabilla's thought came to its complete maturation and definition in the setting of the Italian anarchist emigré community in the United States, in retracing his personal history in my research work, I have tried to reconstruct the difficulties and limits within which the early 20th century Italian-American anarchist community operated and understand why it might have been fertile soil for the propagation of the anti-organisational ideas peddled by this Roman anarchist.

The ideological foundations of his anti-organisational anarcho-communism were conceived by Giuseppe Ciancabilla during his stay in France in 1898 and through contact with the group around *Les Temps nouveaux*. The French anarchist elite of the day was heavily influenced by Kropotkin's theories and, especially where the movement's rank and file were concerned, there was still the fascination with the "heroic age" of *attentats*, highlighted also by some exponents of the artistic and literary avant-garde of the day. Ciancabilla, a recent convert to anarchism after a career in the ranks of the socialist youth in the Italian capital and first-hand experience as a volunteer in the Greco-Turkish war, distanced himself (whole on French soil) from the federalist theory of Malatesta of which he had initially been a zealous advocate. Against the backdrop of a deterministic, mechanistic outlook along Kropotkinian lines and at a time when various governments across Europe were toeing a very repressive line (these were the days of the anti-anarchist Conference in Rome and the backlash that came in the wake of the bread riots in Italy), he stressed the demolitionist side of anarchist action and came up with a spontaneist notion of revolution, in the shape of the unfettered action of tiny nuclei, in which "propaganda by deed" retained a fundamental importance.

Ciancabilla's anarchist outlook was only fully formulated in his polemic with Malatesta and the Gruppo Diritto dell'Esistenza of Paterson, New Jersey, which, precisely because of ideological differences and capitalising upon the arrival of the anarchist leader (Malatesta) stripped him of the directorship of *La Questione Sociale* in September 1899. However, even during the first foray into publishing in which he had played a central part, with *L'Agitatore* of Neuchâtel, Ciancabilla had had occasion to set out a stance on individual *attentats* from which he never departed. Faced with Luccheni's attack upon the aged Elizabeth of Austria, most Italian anarchist newspapers had distanced themselves from it, questioning the point of an act that struck at someone who had long had little to do with the palaces of the mighty. Ciancabilla, by contrast, put his signature to an article eulogising the assassin and arguing that it was up to anarchists to claim any act of rupture with the established order, regardless of the usefulness of that act.

In the United States this young Roman fitted into the climate of the various Italian anarchist groups which had begun to emerge during the final decade of the 19th century. Italian emigration to the United States was just then beginning to experience crucial growth, but the real boom-time came between the latter half of the first decade of the 20th century

APPENDIX

Italian Anarchist Groups Active in the USA 1899-1904 compiled by Mario Mapelli

NEW JERSEY (14 groups)

NEWARK: Gruppo anarchico Luccheni-Acciarito (*L'Aurora* 27 April 1901)

ORANGE VALLEY: Gruppo Germinal (*L'Aurora* 2 December 1899)

Club Filarmonico (*L'Aurora* 9 December 1899)

PATERSON: Gruppo Diritto all'Esistenza (founded in 1895)

Comitato Moti Rivoluzionari (*L'Aurora* 30 September 1899)

Biblioteca Sociale e Libertaria (founded 2 October 1899)

Gruppo Pensiero e Azione (*L'Aurora* 16 December 1899)

International Club (*L'Aurora* 2 December 1899)

Gruppo Verità (*La Protesta Umana* 21 May 1903)

Gruppo I Risorti (*La Protesta Umana* 21 May 1903)

PASSAIC: Gruppo Studi Sociali (*L'Aurora* 8 September 1900)

SILVER LAKE: Gruppo Anarchico di Studi Sociali (*La Protesta Umana* 30 January 1904)

WEST HOBOKEN: Gruppo Circolo Volante, later the Gruppo Studi Sociali (*L'Aurora* 25 November 1899)

Gruppo Propaganda Femminile (*L'Aurora* 4 November 1899)

PENNSYLVANIA (8 groups)

ALLEGHENY: Circolo 11 Novembre (*L'Aurora* 14 October 1899)

BRIDGEVILLE: Gruppo Aurora (*La Protesta Umana* 30 January 1904)

CHARLEROI: Gruppo Comunista Anarchico (*L'Aurora* 9 February 1901)

FEDERAL: Gruppo Aurora (*L'Aurora* 20 October 1899)

HAZLETON: Gruppo I Nuovi Ribelli (*L'Aurora* 10 August 1901)

YOHOGANY: Gruppo Comunista Anarchico (*L'Aurora* 8 September 1901)

PHILADELPHIA: Circolo Progressivo Anarchico (*L'Aurora* 8 September 1901)

PITTSBURGH: Circolo 11 Novembre (*L'Aurora* 14 October 1899)

NEW YORK (6 groups)

BROOKLYN: Gruppo Bresci (*L'Aurora* 9 February 1901)

YONKERS: Circolo Studi Sociali (*La Protesta Umana* December 1902)

NEW YORK: Gruppo Socialista Rivoluzionario (*L'Aurora* 9 February 1901)

Club indipendente- bassa città (*L'Aurora* 18 May 1901)

Circolo Libertario (*L'Aurora* 1 June 1901)

Gruppo la Nuova Civiltà (*L'Aurora* 3 August 1901)

ILLINOIS (5 groups)

CHICAGO: Gruppo Internazionale di educazione e propaganda (*La Protesta Umana*, October 1902)

COAL CITY: Gruppo la Massa Lavoratrice (*L'Aurora* 9 February 1901).

OGLESBY: Gruppo Il Prodotto ai Produttori (*L'Aurora* 6 July 1901)

SPRING VALLEY: Gruppo Nuovi Viventi (*L'Aurora* 13 October 1900)

Gruppo Femminile Luisa Michel (*L'Aurora* 9 February 1901)

rightly) on the worry that many people, including subscribers, might have about telling the authorities that they are readers of such a heretically anarchist rag. Will the reactionaries succeed in their efforts? We do not know but we fear so. (...) We are certainly relying on the solidarity of comrades in these difficult times. But even that may not be enough to withstand the louche manoeuvres of the gentlemen in Washington.

What matters more is that as a matter of urgency every single one of us must try to whip up public opinion as much as we can against these jesuitical legal arbitrary acts which are no less savage and arrogant than the violent crackdowns in Europe.

The people must be made aware of the supreme cowardice of these hypocritically reactionary measures which, directed today against the anarchists alone, may tomorrow be deployed against anyone from any quarter who dares upset the government and take exception to its tyranny.

From *L'Aurora* No 55, 9 November 1901

and the First World War. The workers who were arriving were, for the most part, lacking in experience of class organisation and, in the case of those few who had embarked upon political activity back in the old country, this had been confined to brushes with the law, given that the reactionary climate in late 19th century Italy had generally put paid to any real, day to day propaganda work inside the trade union organisations which were just starting to expand at the time.

Across the Atlantic anarchist propaganda encountered its greatest obstacles in the ignorance of the emigres and in the role played by "bigwigs" who offered themselves as go-betweens between the ethnic community and American reality and whose dominant position was itself a guarantee that the emigres' cultural deficit would persist. In this context, the anarchist groups represented a "colony within the colony" and much of their activity was devoted to protect the ideological inheritance and anarchist tradition which were the touchstones around which the various groups could rally, rendering any organisational superstructure (which the uncertain circumstances of the workers themselves made difficult) redundant. So it was only natural that tactically the preference was for revolutionary action free from any programmatic ties and founded upon forms of inter-individual understandings geared to specific propaganda purposes. The range of values advocated by anarchists (anti-clericalism, anti-patriotism, free love) offered a "world turned upside down" that often struck a certain fear into the rest of the Italian emigre community. So it was easier to be open to contacts with other immigrant groups, especially "the Latins", but within the parameters of the anarchist world with its shared traditions and ideologies than to draw in other the other un-politicised Italian workers who were primarily reached through the countless recreational ventures which every anarchist group relentlessly advanced.

At the same time, American society, imbued with xenophobic feelings for these "new" immigrants, was hostile to the Italian immigrants and much more so to those politicised groups which, it was believed, brought with them incendiary theories of class violence foreign to the democratic traditions of the Republic. The native anarchist tradition, whose leading exponent at the time was Benjamin Tucker, was bound up with a pacifist individualist outlook that immigrant anarchism found quite considerable problems cooperating with. Furthermore, the American trade unions, headed by the American Federation of Labor, had opted for a *business unionism* that ruled out any prospect of radical change to the relations of production and restricted its attentions to unionism "pure and simple". Thus they busied themselves organising the respectable segment of the American working class, to wit, the skilled white work force with the longest tradition of organisation, excluding the new unskilled immigrants who were the unwilling protagonists of the business restructuring process and who looked like undermining the power of the skilled work force in terms of the speed and character of the process of production. In this respect the American trade union organisations with their corporative policy and high membership dues kept the Italian workers at arm's length and reproduced within their own ranks the ethnic differences that could also be found in the factory hierarchy context. In view of which the Italian-American anarchists challenged the moderate line of the American unions as well as their centralised and bureaucratic structures and tried to make hay out of occasional outbreaks of immigrant rebelliousness which the violence of the relations of production made inevitable and they aimed to turn up the heat as high as they could on class conflict.

Against this backdrop, Giuseppe Ciancabilla's propaganda - appealing to the generic values of "anarchist purity" and rejecting compromise in any form, whether with groups

outside the anarchist community or within the framework of US trade unions - directly addressed the situation in which Italian anarchist militants had to operate in the United States at the beginning of the 20th century. In addition, his talents as a publicist and his many contacts in Europe allowed his newspapers, operating as a sort of international sounding-board, to seize upon the stimuli and fresh theoretical musings being hatched by the anarchist movement internationally, albeit whilst confining these within the limits of a spontaneist vision of revolution. In this regard his work was important as a vehicle for the communication of new tactics and theories which became the inheritance of subsequent struggles as experienced by the American working class. It should be noted, for instance, that, on the back of the enthusiasm aroused by the initial successes of the French anarchists; commitment to the labour movement, Ciancabilla launched a campaign in the United States in favour of the revolutionary general strike.

Indeed Ciancabilla persisted in rejecting any methodical work within the workers' organisations and declared that his efforts should be geared only towards "creating the mind-set" for the general strike, which was nothing more than the transference on to the terrain of the relations of production of the traditional, insurrectionist, voluntarist conception to which much of anarchism had been subscribing since its inception. Yet the series of pamphlets and contributions from French syndicalism's leading exponents on offer from his newspapers and available to militants in their meeting halls and in the libraries set up by the various groups allowed ideas to circulate and represented a significant ideological baggage for Italian immigrants into the United States.

The verbal violence with which Ciancabilla's newspapers were riddled fed this vindictive feeling that many immigrants, forced into emigration in order to flee poverty or escape problems with the law, were to feel towards the homeland that had rejected them. It is no coincidence that it was from the Italian-American community that Gaetano Bresci set off on his mission and that his name is listed among the subscribers to *L'Aurora*, one of Ciancabilla's papers.

The backward glance at Italy which appeared to offer better prospects of revolutionary developments than the United States did, is a constant factor in the activities of Italian anarchists in the United States of the early 20th century. Through ongoing contacts, the anti-organisational inclinations of Italian-American anarchism continued to exercise significant influence over the anarchist movement back home. Ciancabilla was personally involved in the furious arguments which at that time divided the organisationist Italian anarchists around *Il Pensiero*, the paper of Gori and Fabbri, from the anti-organisationists around Milan's *Il Grido della Folla*. In the latter newspaper the first articles were starting to appear wherein an unmistakable Stirnerite and Nietzschean influence was discernible. It has to be said, however, that Ciancabilla's anti-organisationist anarchism essentially kept its distance from the exasperated anti-social egoism, the first symptoms of which had begun to emerge in some of the exponents of early 20th century Italian anarchism. Common ground could be found with Stirnerite currents, however, in a shared opposition to the "lullaby" anarchism of Gori and Fabbri and in the readiness to lay claim to any act of revolt against the bourgeois order. This had always been part of Ciancabilla's ideological inheritance.

Bollettino Archivio G. Pinelli, No 14, December 1999, pp. 9-12.

For more information on Ciancabilla see Ugo Fedeli, *Giuseppe Ciancabilla* (Imola, Galeati, 1965)

It boils down to a difference of methods, or more practical arrangements for applying the brakes, without kicking up a fuss, with the semblance of legality and justice, so that public opinion stays quiet and satisfied, indeed, remains unaware that anything is going on.

Let us examine the facts, which teach us through experience. After the release of those arrested in Chicago, among them the publishers of *Free Society*, the paper ought to have resumed publication as it had been neither impounded nor banned. And indeed the paper did publish again but ... it was refused by the post office. The Washington authorities, seizing upon the pretext of that two or three week suspension, quibbled about whether or not it should be accepted for mailing.

In the end, after our comrades paid the price of arbitrary detention, they were obliged to wait several more months for government leave, to quite some detriment to the paper, before it might be circulated.

Thus the decent public looking on will have no grounds for protest because, in the final analysis, the wretched bureaucracy, over-burdened with the governing of the people, suits itself. From now on the paper is in for it, for the American authorities answer to no one for the things they have done; otherwise they would not be so called.

Take *Discontent*,¹² of Home, Washington, another anarchist paper, much more given to philosophical discourse than practical propaganda. How could it be acted against? Charges for offences against decency, all because of an article on free love many months ago. Such American prudery!

Conclusion: three *Discontent* staffers arrested and then released on bail. Their case will be heard in February and the likelihood is that they will be heavily fined and the newspaper will be crippled.

And we come now to our own *AURORA*. They arrested and dragged away our comrade editor, Ciancabilla. This was a real kidnapping and we can prove it because they carried him away from his home and thence to the station on allegedly to help clarify and sort out things. Instead, he was hauled before a judge in Sreator, on the basis of false testimony from the post-master and put on trial for acknowledging the charge and, without further ado, afforded neither the chance to have a lawyer or at least an interpreter present, was charged for serious breaches of the law, very nearly a swindle, and bail was posted at the huge sum of \$5000 (or almost three times the value of his property) and sent to the cooler. With Ciancabilla thus disposed of, they reckoned they had disposed of *L'Aurora*. Luckily this was not the case. (Note the obvious premeditation of the legal plot hatched against our comrade, against whom the threats from the Spring Valley lynch-mob had availed nothing, in the cynical reply that the post-master gave to comrade Travaglio when he objected to the huge, unwarranted bail set for our comrade. - The bold fellow said, As I well know, Ciancabilla is a political detainee.)

Unable to shut down *L'Aurora* in this way, the Washington authorities now are resorting to the lawful strategy of intimidation through ill-famed circulars designed to establish the numbers of subscribers. They have picked their moment well; they are relying (perhaps

¹² *Discontent*: Anarcho-Communist paper published in Home Colony and Lakebay, Washington 1898-1902. On 24 September 1901 its editors were charged with using the mails to distribute obscene material. On 30 March 1902, the Home colony post office was closed to prevent circulation of the paper. It was succeeded in 1903 by *The Demonstrator*.

The silence imposed upon the murder of your victim will not work, the stupid, laughable precautions that you took in destroying the rebel's corpse count for nothing because the memory of what he did will not thereby be wiped from the memories of workers who endure, as he ensured, the exploitation and insults of bosses, unemployment, discomfort, idleness, hunger and the heart-rending despair of tomorrow! You right-thinking, well-fed types know nothing of this and so you cannot offer a precise assessment of what is happening around you. It is the others, the ones who learn to hate as they proceed along the thorny path of a life made up of hardships and bitterness; the ones who steal a little time from their sleep in order to learn to read and write, enough to review the debts you owe them, who will not forget Leon Czolgosz's act.

Let it be spelled out to all: friends and enemies, comrades and adversaries... we wish no tragedy because we are the foes of violence and averse to the spilling of the blood of our fellows; but an iron logic, the product of brutal criminality, of the power of men exercised upon their fellow men, and of the benighted cowardice of him who obeys, means that we can see no solution to the problem of the freedom of all and of each, other than in the dogged, constant rebellion of the oppressed against the oppressor. Only thus can tyranny be effectively resisted; and when the last victim of oppression has annihilated his own oppressor, then it can be said that the drama, the social tragedy has reached its end: but not until then. So, remembering those who have gone before us, let us learn how to punish the pig-headed who seek at any cost to live by sucking the blood from the labouring people of which we are part and let us press on with the struggle for civilisation and well-being.

The destruction of parasites, stricken in the roots which represent their authority, may serve to breathe life into industrious workers and put paid to the countless tragedies that conclude in lawful murders.

AMERICAN KNOW-HOW

The practical mentality of the ruling classes in the United States is disclosed with startling efficacy, especially now in the wake of the Buffalo outrage.

Whilst the ruling classes of Europe, driven by the ancient spur of convulsive reactionary epilepsy, would at the least have lost their heads and had recourse to arbitrary acts, violence and savage anti-anarchist persecutions, the very excesses of which would eventually have upset the public and, as usual, drawn its sympathy more towards the persecuted than the persecutors, there is nothing of that sort hereabouts.

After a few weeks, they have released those arrested in Chicago – since prolonging their unjust detention would eventually have tilted public opinion in their favour – and have only sentenced Johann Most because they found a legal pretext in his article, either because of a coincidence of dates with its publication and the incident in Buffalo or because of the supposed incitement to violence that could have been read into it.

But do not think, therefore, that the American backlash is any less heartfelt and less effective. Quite the opposite. And those comrades or friends from Europe who, in the absence of spectacular, rabid persecutions after the European model, might argue that republican press freedom, freedom of speech, etc., still flourish in the United States are on the wrong track.

MR WILLIAM MCKINLEY'S MISFORTUNE

Eight days ago a disagreeable incident befell Mr McKinley, incumbent president of the United States: two bullets fired from the revolver trained on him by citizen Leon Czolgosz¹ struck him in the chest and stomach and, if they did not dispatch him to the next world, it was through no fault of their own.

It should be said that at the time Mr McKinley was in the full exercise of his office, as honorific as it is useless; he was surrounded by a crowd that was brainlessly acclaiming him (as if this man who eats and drinks and digests and is in receipt of a \$50,000 a year stipend were a god), Mr McKinley was on a triumphant visit to the Buffalo exposition, an exposition that is the result of the wondrous labours and sufferings of millions of obscure workers whom no one remembers, whereas the parasites of capital and industry reap fabulous profits, all of the honours, all of the benefits and all of the delights from it.

The news of the wounding, to tell the truth, came as no surprise to us. The news brings similar reports day after day and, given the odious conditions of brutally antagonistic interests in which all men live, violent assaults by some individuals on other individuals are common fare. And, to tell the truth, so commonplace have such reports become that no one is unduly surprised by them any more. Conversely, because on this occasion the report related to the Mr McKinley who is the incumbent president of the United States, the news created uproar, excitement, a tremendous stir; the newspapers carrying details of the happening sold like hotcakes and the telegraph worked and still works frantically to bring us news of the pulse and breathing of the illustrious victim, not to mention the heroism of his wife who tends him the way that the kindly wives of the people tend to their menfolk in times of misadventure (and, in addition, have to contend with housework and sometimes also the obligations of jobs).

We, let us say it again, were not at all surprised by what happened. Because we anarchists contend that the individual who stands highest on the social ladder and best embodies the political and economic oppression from which the labouring people suffers horribly, that individual is naturally the one most exposed to eruptions of rebellion from the oppressed and disinherited, from sufferers with emancipated minds as well as from empty-bellied sufferers. In the calling of president, king, emperor, there are professional risks and work hazards. Among the countless victims that the brutish weariness of factory, field and mine

¹ Leon Czolgosz (1873-1901) Labourer, self-proclaimed Anarchist and assassin of President William McKinley. Born near Detroit to Czech-immigrant parents, supported his family upon his mother's death when he was young, working at a glass factory in Pennsylvania, and later at a wire mill in Cleveland, Ohio, where after participating in a strike at the mill he first used the alias "Fred Nieman" in 1893 to circumvent the company blacklist. He began reading radical publications and travelling to Cleveland to attend various socialist and anarchist meetings and was greatly influenced by the assassination of King Umberto of Italy by Gaetano Bresci in July 1900.

On 6 September 1901, after hearing President McKinley speak on the previous day, Czolgosz shot the president who was visiting the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. Eight days later McKinley died and Czolgosz, who had been arrested and beaten immediately after his assassination attempt, was charged with first-degree murder. Accused by some of being involved in a large anarchist conspiracy, despite Czolgosz's claims that he had acted independently, the assassination ignited a fierce wave of anti-anarchist sentiment in the United States, resulting in the arrest of many prominent anarchists (including Emma Goldman, Johann Most, Abe Isaak, Hippolyte Havel and others) and the passage in 1903 of an immigration law which excluded alien anarchists from entering the country.

kills or mutilates with every passing day, and the royal or presidential victims stricken by the rebels' hatred, there is, however, this telling and huge difference: the former are doomed to their exploited slavish toil, lest they perish of hunger; the latter volunteer for the odious calling of oppressor which no human argument could force them to embrace. Only runaway ambition, an obsession with power and honours, a thirst for wealth that drives them to pursue and indeed compete with others for the privilege. Which is why we reckon that had President McKinley stayed simple Mister McKinley, he would surely have been spared citizen Czolgosz's revolver.

So, apart from its coming as no surprise to us, the news also failed to move us because such mishaps are wished for by those whom they befall. We, for instance, who aspire neither to power nor to honours, are certain that they shall never befall us.

Furthermore, the bourgeois gentlemen are stunned and stirred when some rebel against society as it stands, some socialist or anarchist, is arrested and iniquitously convicted just because he is guilty of having a sensibility different from that of the majority and of fighting for the success of his ideal. Are the delicate sensibilities of the bourgeoisie ever even slightly stunned and upset when its agents, its goons, its soldiery visit their savage violence on workers pressing for some petty right, an extra crust of bread or a little less slavery? Or when judges pass savage sentences on the poor trapped in the tangled nets of codes and absolve the gentlemen who can use their golden power to unpick their threads?

X

Leon Czolgosz, it has been said and printed, has declared himself an anarchist. He may very well be: what does it matter if we have never heard tell of him before? We have no official registers of those fired by the flames of the Idea, nor have we any time for bureaucratic monitoring authorities handing out diplomas as the notion takes them. But, if this be the truth, we admit it – even though it may cost us a brutal caress from the already shrieking reaction – we admit it and we are glad of it. Our salute goes to the courageous and sound Buffalo rebel.

Of all the rebels against today's established society, the anarchist is the most sensitive to human suffering and also the one with the most comprehensive and thoroughgoing sense of social injustices. The anarchist firmly believes that there is no remedy against the excesses of a ruling class – the bourgeoisie with its hold on power and force – but the force and resistance of the oppressed become conscious of the need to establish the reign of justice, equality and liberty.

Which is why some anarchist temperaments – all too rare – reach the point where individual revolt boldly explodes.

Need we spell out, yet again, how odious and imbecilic are the tired old police tales of anarchist plots which come gushing out after every one of these explosions of individual revolt and which the facts, in their incontestable truth, make it their business to refute?

Yet, on this occasion too, and here in America, we see the inane resurgence of the concocted anarchist conspiracy and the venal purple press embroidering upon crackpot legends. This time too, our quite harmless comrades have been thrown in jail on ridiculous and despicable charges: the entire Isaak family, editors of *Free Society*, and our own Enrico Travaglio who happened to be with them in Chicago.

having millions of dollars to spend on his defence, he has succeeded thrice in securing postponement of the death sentence hanging over him. There is little risk in stating that at his fourth trial he will be found not guilty and complimented by the agents of justice.

The second, a son of the people who has rebelled and killed a tyrant who did harm to the workers of which Czolgosz is one, not having the money to corrupt the most upright judges, was convicted and sentenced to death in two shakes.

Why will the naive wonder how such monstrosities could come to pass in these days of justice? They wonder because so-called justice is the product of the ever-infamous law and such contradictions will be repeated until such time as the codes and those upholding them are destroyed.

From *L'Aurora*, No 53, 26 October 1901

THE TRAGEDY IS OVER

That's what they are calling it: everyone is saying that the epilogue to the tragedy was played out on the morning of 29 October in Auburn prison. The newspapers relate: he died with impressive courage and declined the solace of religion; there was nothing out of the ordinary in the autopsy.

Before his butchers placed him the death chair he said: "I killed the president for good reason, to punish through him the crimes of his class and arouse the oppressed who let themselves be ruled by the bullying rabble. I am not sorry for what I did; I am happy with it; I am only sorry that I was unable to see my father one last time."

The newspapers themselves, the very bourgeois press that yesterday was fantasising about conspiracies and accusing Czolgosz of cowardice, is today dismissive of the former and justifying the latter. Here and there one finds the odd sarcastic barb directed at the killer and anarchists in general, but, beyond that, nothing; a sepulchral silence as if our comrade's grave has closed the mouths of the journalistic jackals. Czolgosz's corpse was even burnt and reduced to ashes lest he rise from the grave to denounce his lawful murderers to a world that thinks, labours and groans. They have understood that it is not a good idea to play with fire too much and they are trying to extinguish it insofar as they may with silence, lest it spread and rather too quickly purge the earth of social rottenness by burning their pest-ridden bodies.

According to these gentlemen, the epilogue to the tragedy was played out with the lawful murder coldly carried out in Auburn prison, with the death of the avenger and the destruction of his corpse. Those poor, savage, vile tools of barbarism!

For anyone unable to see further than his own nose, for those who take only a superficial look at social phenomena, for all those folk who enjoy playing the butcher or victim, used to giving orders or taking them, to oppressing or being oppressed, to exploiting or being exploited, an incident in the social struggle such as the Buffalo tragedy has been reached its conclusion with the death of Leon Czolgosz.

Nol we say, on the authority of history and science; the human tragedy, the social tragedy spun by those who uphold and support a system based upon government and laws, supine ignorance and disguised violence, the tragedy is a long way from over.

dolts and degenerates, you berate a Man in chains, and through the hands of grim, benighted thugs, you torment and torture an individual, who, knowing your venal savagery, lets his supreme contempt answer for him!

Once men's moral and intellectual levels match those of Czolgosz, then they will all say that his revolver shot hit the mark and that he was right to do what he did.

Down through the ages, rebels have always been dismissed as assassins and nothing more by their contemporaries. And it has only ever been a long time after that the foot-dragging masses have acknowledged the wrong done to the individual earlier.

Society unleashes the fear of the ignorant, the primitive, a savage cowardice posing as courage against the defenceless and conscious individual. Watch a gang of layabouts and provocateurs pestering passerby in the street; they mock, insult and even assault the hapless victim and appear brave, but if they encounter active resistance from someone who happens along, watch them take to their heels like so many beaten dogs. This analogy helps us better to understand the cowardice of the majority which wrongly and unreasonably kills one has dared to lay a finger on the blight infecting the body of society. Had Czolgosz the power to pulverise the entire gang of his enemies who are as fierce as they are cowardly, he should be quite within his rights to do so.

Some may think that their duty will be done once our comrade's body has been reduced to a corpse; they may reckon that the account will have been settled once they have extinguished one of the many from the proletarian army which toils for little, laughable reward. They do not know that the malaise is widespread, and they fail to understand that men are alive to needs which are susceptible to satisfaction and that the barrier of laws and weaponry frustrating the free activity of thinking beings will be powerless to suppress their yearnings for something better, their longing for liberty and the wrath and hatred springing from their being prevented from achieving the working man's rightful entitlements.

Rest assured of this, you ravening beasts, worshippers of gold and blood, like the priests of Biblical legend, that your account will not be settled in full with the final bursts of electricity you will throw into Leon Czolgosz. No.

The struggle will go on until you have been brought to book for all that you have stolen from the workers and you will not have repaid all the harm you have done us in the course of your despicable, iniquitous handiwork of subjection, thievery and crime.

Visions of the fantastic spectres of the victims of your murders, will trouble your peace of mind in your golden palaces and in the embrace of your concubines; and those visions, those ghosts will never cease to dog you until such time as you have accounted in full for everything that does not belong to you and until you have washed away with your blood the stain of the crimes you have committed with impunity. Bear this in mind.

DEEDS, IDEAS AND COMMENTS

Molineux and Czolgosz: – Two men in the clutches of the law before which all are reputed equal. The first is drawn from the classes which suck the people's blood and the crime of which he is accused is having poisoned a number of people out of personal revenge: he has committed which the penal code describes as a common law offence. Be a general's son and

We shall show all comrades the necessity for lively and assiduous campaigning to restore their freedom to our comrades soon. We for our part will not shirk our obligation: we are certain that the comrades' solidarity will be made manifest in a manner worthy of the Idea which we espouse.

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Somebody is going to ask us: what was it that prompted Leon Czolgosz to try to kill the president of the United States?

Go ask him that, we may answer. For our part, we have already posed that menacing why to the millions of workers exploited and kept hungry by his imperialist capitalist friends and the president's main backers; we put it to the steel strikers crushed and bled by the billionaire trust, protected by McKinley; the Tampa strikers² at the mercy of a handful of scummy parasites protected by the police; the Hazleton strikers³ bloodily mown down four years ago by the rifle fire of the capitalists' goons; the Filipinos, the Cubans, the Puerto Ricans unceremoniously attacked, butchered, subjected and bled to death to suit the fortunes of the United States' millionaires; in short, to all the millions of slaves, oppressed and defeated across this vast fertile and wealthy earth who suffer and die so that a handful of parasites who head up the government can sample delight and life.

To the menacing why we put to this host of sufferers comes a no less menacing answer. By what miracle *** in the two bullets fired from that revolver in Buffalo?

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And these are our thoughts, which are without braggadocio but also without fear. Some will say that it is cynical, brutal, savage: but that does not stop it from being an expression of the truth. We had wanted to spell it out plainly, even at the expense of that sense of timing so cherished by the faint hearts and the cautious; because it is a reminder to the cowards of the bourgeois lynch mob and to the socialists, who *****

The anti-anarchist backlash from the North American lynch mob is already hinted at by the initial reprisals. So much the better and, we mean this sincerely, it is welcome, even should we ourselves turn out to be its first casualties.

At which point, as if by magic, our thus far overly happy movement will be purged of all the halfwits, all the useless sporting types, all the time wasters and all the anarchists solicitous of their bellies, their dollars, their easy digestions. Leaving the strong, the stalwart, the reliable.

And perhaps, under cover of the storm, in the work of common defence against a common foe, hatreds will melt away and concord flower again.

From *L'Aurora* No 47, 14 September 1901

² In 1899 some 4,000 cigarmakers went on strike in Tampa, Florida over changes in working practices. The strikers won, forming the *Union La Sociedad de Torcedores de Tobacco de Tampa y sus Cercanías* – popularly known as *La Resistencia*. In 1901 *La Resistencia* attempted to establish a closed shop in Tampa and a four-month strike ensued leading to outbreaks of violence, mass evictions and the kidnapping of union leaders. The Italian anarchist press gave consistent support to the strike. In late November 1901 the strike collapsed and *La Resistencia* disbanded in 1902.

³ On September 1897, 19 men died and over fifty were injured, most of them shot in the back, when deputies opened fire on a peaceful march of striking miners at Lattimer, near Hazleton, in the anthracite region of North-eastern Pennsylvania. In March 1989 Sheriff James L. Martin and his deputies were acquitted of murder charges.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE

From Paterson, NJ (...)

The attack upon Mr McKinley was greeted in Paterson by the utmost indifference, except for the journalists and related news vendors who made no secret of their delight at the arrival of their moment to cash in. Everybody else, which is to say the people who labour and suffer, heard the news pretty much as if it were just another news item.

The workers of Paterson's thoughts right now are focused more upon uniting in order to resist all the vexations visited on them rather than upon the wounding of McKinley. One criminal less: that's the opinion of the workers in these parts.

MCKINLEY AND — MY VIEW

Some days ago, this man who, as we all know, embodies supreme political power in the United States, became a target.

There is nothing startling in that for anyone with a clear sight of the bullying and tyranny to which power and authority lead. Small wonder then if a victim should have struck at the loftiest representative of government — of a government that stands for imposition with regard to the laws, expropriation of common property and of other men's labours for the benefit of a few parasites, for taxes and armaments and rifles supporting the capitalist class against the *** the despoiled. How could I in all conscience mourn the end of a man who stands for such a scoundrelly system?

Let us be plain about it: McKinley is merely a casualty of the instrument he wielded; but, let it be said, a witting and thus a culpable casualty. Power, in whatever form, cannot but reap from the fields in which it sows oppression and pain; and as it sows, so does it reap.

That the ruler over this republic may have been kindly, handsome, beloved and adored by the republican people who chose him to preserve the privileges of wealth and the lavish pleasures of his capitalist friends counts for little to me, an anarchist worker who was and is sensible of the slavish circumstances to which these gentlemen who govern from on high have reduced us.

The countless and, above all, ever more frequent strikes by every trades association and the poor wretches dying of exhaustion and starvation and all of the countless victims of this civilised society testify to the wisdom of the handiwork of those in government against the disinherited class. The promenades and banquets in which the rich indulge, an affront to the rabble languishing in their smoke-filled kennels, as well as the prompt intervention of republican troops when the latter rebel and demand fewer hours of suffering or a better life or education for their own families, have provided a practical demonstration of how the government and its representatives can never do anything good and useful for all. So if McKinley wants to stay in charge and tyrannise in this fashion, making the class conflict ever more painful and acute, it came as no surprise when we learned by telegraph of the attack in which he was struck down by a rebel hand.

And set beside the countless victims perishing daily in the mines, factories and airless, lightless workplaces where men, boys and girls sell their labour power for a crust of bread and spend their young lives before their time, what *** of the bourgeois republican

The great, or rather, the crudest thing is that in this delightful Republic time served on remand does not count, and thus the months of imprisonment will do comrade Ciancabilla no good when his sentence is handed down.

Can there be some comrade in the United States who can advance him the required bail money? If such were possible then, needless to say, how delighted we would be to be able to restore our comrade to his freedom and his propaganda activity, albeit only fleetingly. Having been arrested and indicted by order of the federal authorities, his bail may be posted in any United States court.

Needless to say, we will stand surety for it.

The *L'AURORA* comrades

CZOLGOSZ

By the time these lines see publication, the agony of the victim of the current social system, the conscious rebel, the admirable Stoic, will be at an end. The despicable device that will put paid to his gallant young life is being prepared by beasts of human appearance, by **civilised and Christian men!**

What motivates the commission of such a cruel and criminal act as the cold-blooded killing of a man by these champions of the freedom of the other fellow who was obliged by necessity alone and compelled to slay one of the many responsible for his unhappiness?

Who are these people who plumb the lowest depths of human degradation, plying the assassin's trade with the casualness of an ordinary workman peaceably going about his work? Have they perhaps some principle, some idea: do they believe that they are performing some noble mission, and do they derive some moral satisfaction from the repugnant exercise of butchery? These brutes who blithely handed down a death sentence were prompted by nothing of the sort and nothing, absolutely nothing of the sort stirs the grim, macabre faces of who feed their children's mouths on bread earned from and dipped in the blood of the victims of the murders they carry out as executioners! And can there be a woman who shares her caresses with one of these monsters. Have they children to besmirch with their fetid kisses? The very thought moves us to loathing!

And you, the society from which, among other delights, the butcher and the licensed assassin have issued, you revel in your unspeakable vileness and clap your hands at the ghastly completion of the crime you commit: you earn more and more filth and opprobrium and then yet again you proclaim yourselves mistress of civilisation!

Had this man whom your cowardice has condemned to death been able to speak and had he been heeded — heeded, do you understand? — he would instruct you the paths of true civilisation: he would tell you that the trampling of freedom is not right (...) no human creature, none, has the right to dispose of the life and work of another, that anyone not making himself useful and sociable, taking reason as his guide, becomes a blight upon society. That, you barbarous society, you do not do, because you would be exposing all your blemishes, your acts of infamy: because you would be turned from accuser into accused because of the victims of which you would be shown guilty, because you would be stripped of the appearance of justice and stand exposed, as the vile criminal you truly are!

Through the mouths of your admirers and supporters, you inveigh, courageously, against Him who refused to be an accomplice in your misdeeds; through the mouths of a mob of

Czolgosz kills McKinley and society kills Czolgosz. Then what? Can we say that the account has been paid in full? Never.

In McKinley – president of the capitalist republic – Czolgosz – a working man – killed the loftiest and most responsible embodiment of a system of social iniquity, for which millions of human beings suffer and perish, ground down and *** In Czolgosz, society kills the man, kills the rebel.

Meanwhile, the corpse of the imperialist president has scarcely been committed to the soil when, in the Philippines, where his greed for colonial conquest for the benefit of capitalists has already seen so many strong young lives squandered, another platoon of soldiers, over forty of them, is butchered by rebels who yearn for independence, and other vengeful outrages are being hatched which will always draw a reply in the form of fresh reprisals and massacres. (...)

By way of asserting the manly protest from that vast people of sufferers, Czolgosz, the anarchist, killed McKinley, struck dead the principle of authority and oppression. He sought to kill him in one fell swoop, in the thunders discharging of a revolver. It was not through any fault of his if pain alternating with hope and eased by comforts and nursing lay in store for the man he shot.

A vengeful, civilised, modern society – in the name of a precept of solemnly codified and sanctioned justice – dispenses upon McKinley's killer the knowing, heart-rending agony lasting for days and months.

X

But the horrendous agony does not crush the serene spirits of one who spontaneously bids farewell to his life, offering it up on the altar of his ideal. The newspapers relate – newspapers, however, whose business it is to spin lies and portray this heart-rending epilogue to the tragedy in dull colours – the newspapers relate that Leon Czolgosz in his death cell feels not a nervous tremor, no glimmer of terror, not a moment's dejection, not a minute's preoccupation. He is calm, serene, normal, healthy – as if he were living far removed from the dismal reality of life. (...)

And how petty we are by comparison with him, we anarchists who bandy words about the usefulness or lack of it in his deed, or on the anarchist essence or otherwise of his motives! (...)

g.c.

From *L'Aurora*, No 51, 12 October 1901

THE CIANCABILLA CASE

Our comrade's trial will not be up for discussion before this coming December and, more likely, January. Meanwhile our comrade remains in jail in Ottawa, we having failed, in spite of all our efforts, to raise the required \$5,000 bail.

The only person in the Spring Valley district likely to be able to advance the money belongs to the reactionary lynch-mob and, instead of favouring our comrade, makes no secret of his delight at the predicament he finds himself in.

conservatism who falls in the heartless struggle against their masters which is imposed upon the slaves?

The figure of this fellow, standing as a giant among men, melts away like snow before the sunshine, when set alongside all the victims sacrificed to capitalist greed and supposed principles of freedom which such heroes foist upon their peoples, not to mention the Cubans and Filipinos.

O. TEOFILLO - Pittsburgh, PA

MY THOUGHTS ON IT

Allow me to say a couple of things about what happened in Buffalo. It is by now quite well established that the author of it is a Polish anarchist, which is to say, a comrade of ours, Leon Czolgosz. I have no hesitation in accepting this because all of the parties which have existed thus far have demonstrated plainly that, in the face of the greatest tyrants, all they know how to do is kowtow and prostrate themselves, even those of them who might like to be subversives (the so-called socialists for instance) whose only achievement consists of getting the people to bow before the law and the authorities. So when it so happens that some ruler is slain, it is always an anarchist who is the slayer.

The socialists give us the likes of Millerand,⁴ Jaurés,⁵ Turati,⁶ etc: the anarchists the likes of Vaillant,⁷ Henry,⁸ Caserio,⁹ Angiolillo,¹⁰ Bresci,¹¹ etc. And the people by now are starting

⁴ Alexandre Millerand (1859-1943) French Socialist – the first socialist to serve in a bourgeois cabinet (from 1899 to 1902 he was minister of commerce). He supported anti-labour legislation and was eventually expelled from the Socialist Party.

⁵ Jean Jaurés (1859-1914) French Socialist. Member of the chamber of Deputies 1893-1898 and 1902-1914. One of the leaders of the French socialist movement during its formative years. Assassinated in Paris on July 31st 1914.

⁶ Filippo Turati (1857-1932) Chief force behind the founding of the Italian Socialist Party (PSI) in 1892. Favoured a gradual approach to socialism and formed coalitions with other democratic parties. imprisoned on charges of fomenting civil disorder. released from prison and supported a Liberal government in 1901.

⁷ Auguste Vaillant (1861-1894) French anarchist. threw a bomb from the public gallery into France's Chamber of Deputies on 9 December 1893, injuring about 80 people. Executed on 6 February 1894. At his trial he declared "The deputies are responsible for all society's afflictions." After his death his daughter Sidonie – "the crown princess of anarchy" – was entrusted to Sébastien Faure. Vaillant's act inspired Sante Caserio's assassination of French President Sadi Carnot. Zola featured him in his novel *Paris* as the anarchist character Salvat.

⁸ Émile Henry (1872-1894) French anarchist, advocate of propaganda by the deed. The son of a Communeard, Henry won a scholarship in 1888 to the Ecole Polytechnique, becoming an anarchist shortly after. He wrote articles in *Père Peinard* (Paris) and *La Révolte* (Paris). On November 8, 1892, he carried out an attack against the management of the Carmaux mining company which had violently quashed a strike. A year later, on February 12, 1894, he threw a bomb into the café Terminus at the Gare Saint-Lazare in Paris to avenge the execution of Auguste Vaillant. He was executed on May 21, 1894.

⁹ Sante Caserio (1873-1894) Italian anarchist from Motta Visconti, near Pavia, baker by trade, who to avenge the execution of Auguste Vaillant on 6 February 1894, assassinated French President Sadi Carnot in Lyon on 24 June 1894.

¹⁰ Michele Angiolillo, (referred to in some newspaper accounts as "Golli") (1871-1897) Italian anarchist who shot and killed Antonio Cánovas del Castillo, prime minister of Spain, on 8 August 1897, at the Santa Agueda baths. The son of a tailor, he worked as a compositor before leaving Foggia in October 1883, spending time in Marseilles and Barcelona under the name José Santos. He became interested in anarchism while in Coromina, and travelled again to Marseilles where he was expelled. He later

to understand that the socialist leaders who at first purport to be their defenders, upon achieving power, hobnob with the Banca Romana. etc. or, if they hold the reins, have the workers shot down, which is a wonder.

The anarchists, on the other hand, who are, as the socialist or other politicians would have it, hotheads, madmen, epileptics and what have you, are, instead, the ones who always defend the oppressed people against its oppressors, even should it cost their own freedom, their own lives.

But soon, you hucksters of politics, the people will discover your game and then you will be called to account in full. And woe betide you on that day!

C. ROSAZZA - Paterson NJ

IMPRESSIONS

The echo of those two revolver shots in Buffalo has aroused, right across the great North American republic, a feeling of outrage among the sheep shorn of their fleece, as well as among the wolves who dine on them.

The press, with its customary meretricious manner, has ruinous and laughable words of condemnation for the selflessness of the bold Czolgosz and for anarchists in general; a hunting down of anarchisms is shrieked and planned; and at the first sign the so-called fellow travellers and after-dinner anarchist dilettantes evaporate like snow before the sun's rays. So much to gain, and then along comes the backlash and works against the trespassers in the anarchist movement; this is going to be the only disinfectant capable of purging our ranks of an element that does nothing to advance the spread of our ideas but indeed, whether out of witlessness, ignorance or bad faith, most often misrepresents the facts and shrouds the idea in mystery.

I, and with me those who think as I do, cannot but rejoice in the heroic deed.

The recollection of those two bullets will assist in the future instruction of those in government and prompt them to ponder their millions of victims and *** and rebels owe the intrepid, selfless hero of Buffalo a salute.

TRIESTE - Spring Valley. Ill.

COMMENTS ON EVENTS IN BUFFALO

(...) Several have lamented what was done and found that it did not make propaganda (having already gauged its consequences, these pundits in ... prudence) whilst others have

frequented anarchist circles in Belgium and London. Sentenced in April 1896 to eighteen months in prison for disseminating anarchist literature, within a short time he fled to Spain. During his trial, he testified that he had acted independently in the assassination of Cánovas, intending to avenge the 4 May 1897 executions at Montjuich prison of five anarchists linked by the Spanish government to the Corpus Christi day bombing of 7 June 1896. He was sentenced to death by garrote and was executed on 20 August 1897.

"Gaetano Bresci (1869-1901) Italian American anarchist, born in Prato, Tuscany; apprenticed as a silk weaver in Milan where he first joined the anarchist movement. Settled in early 1898 in Paterson, New Jersey, where he worked as a silk weaver. Gravitated toward the *anti-organizzatori* affinity group in West Hoboken, New Jersey, where he became a subscriber and benefactor to *L'Aurora*. In May 1900, to avenge the victims of government repression in Milan and Sicily, he left his home in West Hoboken to assassinate King Umberto of Italy at Monza on 29 July 1900. He died in prison the following year, reportedly by suicide, a martyr of heroic significance for much of the American and European anarchist movement.

shows of affection; but, then again, I cannot exonerate myself either from having deferred to their weakness and pusillanimity.

Do you not know, dearest friends, that counselling silence at that point was tantamount to asking me to commit moral suicide? Do you not know, friends, that where we anarchists are concerned, nothing takes precedence over the sublime ideal of which we are the modest pioneers?

I was obliged to give you proof of this and I did. In response to your mourning for your late ruler, I tried to sell a few pamphlets to the witless so that at least some inkling of our theories which you brazenly slander out of ignorance should worm itself into their minds.

There is nothing else I have to say to you, or rather, there is too much that I ought to say to you, but I will refrain lest I take up too much space in your paper. Allow me to add only that when I see gentlemen like Umberto and McKinley felled – struck down by humanity's avengers – my heart exults. And for as long as I have breath left to do it I will cry out: Death to tyrants! Long live Anarchy!

L. DE CECCO

From *L'Aurora* No 50, 2 October 1901

CZOLGOSZ

In the shadows and silence of the cell, perception of intimate feelings becomes sharpened and different, I might even say, clairvoyant.

I see another man, another cell. The man is young and healthy, strong and handsome – and he is a man in agony. His knowing agony, echoing second by second and pounding through his thoughts, will linger for around another month yet, thirty days, seven hundred and twenty hours. No hope of escape, no smile of illusion, no matter how fleeting. In the background, death – dark, ghastly, implacable and solemn. Yes, a solemn death. One morning they will come for him at daybreak – maybe they will rouse him from the fleeting oblivion of a sleeping body – and they will escort him in a soundless funeral procession through silent rooms and corridors – the heart-rending funeral procession of a living person! – and they will lead him into a room where other men will act as onlookers, more curious than pitying, and they will seat him in the death chair. With painstaking haste, having him drink in slow draughts of bitterest death, they will bind his legs, his wrists, his back and his head to the death apparatus. Then, finally – in the final moments of fleeing life, of his last breath, his last glimpse of light, his final inkling of thought, the last beat of his heart – the murderous shock will tear through his sinews, and may well not even wrench him out of existence right away and it may take a repetition of the ghastly torture before the thriving, living man is reduced to a battered and shabby corpse.

This entire drama of human tragedy, which resembles a nightmare, is regulated by the codified and mandatory sanctions of so-called modern justice, society's vengeance on the individual.

The tragedy is underway and will be acted out in Auburn and the man in agony is Czolgosz: society will make him pay for the act of rebellion he carried out against its ruler, President McKinley.

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This demeanour from a man consistent with his ideals and the motives that underpinned his deed, the very lynch-mob of the bought press did not dare to describe as cynical, such was the impression it made upon them.

The modern inquisition that so doggedly seeks out conspiracies, where all that has erupted is the rebellious deed of one individual, wanted to vent its cruelty on the martyr doomed to die in the most iniquitous fashion, depending upon the frightened acquiescence of Czolgosz's relatives, his father, his sister, one of his brothers and used them as implacable weapons to hack away at the sturdiest fibres of the condemned man's heart.

They allowed these unfortunates to meet up once again and for the last time but they required the prisoner's relatives to torment him with insistent questioning about some alleged conspiracy, the alleged investigation and the supposed mandate that he had received from the infamous sect.

In the space of those few minutes pilfered from the natural indulgence of affection, the martyr blithely replied for the thousandth time: — I have no accomplices. I acted alone. Nobody commissioned me. Nobly knew that I meant to carry out this deed.

Thus, instead of being expended on farewell kisses and caresses *** the heartless refinement of modern civilised justice sought to poison these final moments of a man faced with death — and what a protracted agony! — with the torment of perverse inquisition.

Before Czolgosz's body was wracked in its every sinew by the frightful onslaught of electrical current, many a long day, perhaps even months will pass in ghastly agony, waiting for the fateful awakening to a rising sun of which he will never see the setting.

This savage, heart-rending, relentless vendetta calls itself justice. And by enforcing it with a clear, calm mind, the good bourgeois will rub their hands in the belief that the debt has been repaid.

They are mistaken. The size of their debt merely grows. When the deadly electrical spark quivers and burns its way through the healthy young body of our comrade, the struggle will carry on uninterrupted until all the murders, all the tortures all of the bourgeoisie's mischiefs great and small are extinguished once and for all.

g.c.

FROM WHEELING, W.VA.

25 SEPTEMBER 1901

Dear comrades of *L'Aurora*,

Here too the gentlemen patriots have indulged in unrestrained and crude talk about the well-deserved punishment that our comrade Czolgosz inflicted upon the selfish hypocrite McKinley.

Having come back here after a week's work in the countryside, I come upon the glad tidings of the tyrant's funeral in which the usual sheepish and foolish people had taken part, amid great pomp, needless to say.

At the news of the death of the capitalist parasite, the representative of the authorities, several of my personal friends urged me to refrain from talking about Anarchy at such a critical juncture, lest I compromise myself. Honestly, I cannot but thank them for their

pronounced that Czolgosz cannot be an anarchist, in that he targeted McKinley rather than the Czar of Russia or the emperor of China.

Then, later, many have backed this newspaper, either directly with their letters and postcards which testify to civilised courage, or through the post. The act is that we had intended to purge our mailing lists of a host of addresses from which we had either never heard a thing or only a few promises, never honoured, to send subscriptions and help. It seems that the accident which befell McKinley has furnished us with the occasion to carry out our purge on the basis of the refused newspapers that were returned to us. So much the better. The fire of reaction will purify our ranks and, as in the wake of Bresci's deed, will delineate the more clearly the lines of separation between us and the ... prudent.

Meanwhile we are delighted to record the views of some of our comrades which accord with our own thinking and show us that we are not alone in thinking as we do.

THE BUFFOONS OF THE PRESS

I had proposed to lift comrades' spirits in these dismal, funereal days, by profiling in their most grotesque light the buffoons of the American and Italian-American press caught up in these days of anti-anarchist delirium. O the gay contortions of these days of exertion! Their comical, epileptic lunacies! But I am pressed for room: other more urgent and important matters must occupy us, so I will leave it until another day.

Yet allow me to jot down a few quick observations. First of all, the unanimity of the press, that old whore, which would like us to fall in line with its ravings: every single newspaper, from the die-hards of the republic to the die-hards of socialism, is against us. So much the better: it means that we are right, it means that Czolgosz's act struck home, hit the target.

Another observation: the unlikely ferocity of these folk towards us. From their diseased brains they devise the most horrendous tortures, the cruellest punishments for anarchists. Poor folk, we pity them. But when have exceptional laws and relegation and the tortures of Montjuich and death itself ever destroyed anarchy and scattered the anarchists? Have these not, rather, strengthened our mettle, won us more sympathy and swollen our numbers? No matter what may await us we are ready for it. We withdraw and retract not a single word and do not disown one single anarchist act by ourselves or our comrades. Let them do their worst: we shall see who eventually pays the bill.

The Italian press, generally speaking a haven for thieves, spies, thugs and pederasts, is simply abject. Is that because, instead of ranting so much against the anarchists and creating so much bad blood for itself (***) it failed to advise McKinley to save his skin by turning to the infallible remedies of Doctor Collins, of which whole pages of these toilet-rolls are full?

In so doing it would have been carrying out a more patriotic task than wearing "national" mourning for the death of one who had thousands of workers massacred on the fields of speculation, in Cuba, in the Philippines, and in the workplaces of Hazleton, Coeur d'Alene, Albany and St Louis, wheresoever the slaves dare to smash their chains.

g.c.

All from *L'Aurora* No 48, 21 September 1901

COMMENTS ON THE DEED IN BUFFALO THREE FALSEHOODS!

When the mishap that befell the late McKinley became known, the whole of mankind in general and the entire American people in particular, moved to tears, offered heartfelt and fervent prayers to God to spare the life of the illustrious casualty. All of the religious from every denomination were of one mind in this laudable endeavour, not excluding the Pope, the direct vicar of our eternal Father!

How could God, in his infinite mercy, have remained deaf to the wishes and prayers of an entire people and all of mankind and of His highest representative and all who admired and acknowledged Mr McKinley's unrivalled moral qualities and his rare, outstanding virtues?

Scandalised by such unthinkable conduct on God's part, again and again I put this question to others: Is God maybe a liar? Are the wishes and prayers of the entire American people, of the whole of mankind perhaps falsehoods and interested conventionalism?

Indeed: lies they are and nothing more.

NICOLO MIRABELLA - New York, NY

CONSIDERATIONS

I see no point in rehearsing yet again the reflections set out by myself and by other comrades of like mind at *L'Aurora* apropos of Leon Czolgosz's individual act of revolt, or, more generally, regarding all individual acts of anarchist revolt. *L'Aurora* has already offered its first impressions, its sincerest, most spontaneous comments upon that superb act, without hypocrisy, without any circumlocution or word games, without cavil or jiggery-pokery with *buts* and *ifs*, without any double entendres or prudent silences. From the police and bought newspapermen, those comments brought the sort of shrieks one might expect to hear from geese being plucked, a sure sign that they had hit their target.

My mind now easier after the touting of the funeral rites and the parading of grief by the black and white rags, there is nothing that I would add to or amend in those initial remarks. But I will speak on this occasion of considerations of a more dialectical hue, by way of reply to those anarchists and non-anarchists I have heard speak and write about the events in Buffalo and their consequences.

Be it understood that I will only be dealing with those allegations and ideas which strike me as deserving of a little discussion and which show every sign of having been uttered or written by people without any partisan preconceptions about us and who may be credited with at least some glimmer of sincerity and good faith

Leon Czolgosz is an anarchist. That much is certain by now. His very bearing before the judges in Buffalo, the disdainful bearing of one who hopes for nothing from legal defence and knows that he has made a sacrifice of his life, is indicative that he has the mettle of a rebel cognizant of his action and the consequences it carries with it. As to his alleged declarations which police and press have cobbled together so as to speculate with them in order to assuage the public's morbid, greedy curiosity, it is our conviction that, outside of his name, birthplace and age, they contain not a single syllable of truth. We may say as much

*** receipt of the telegram informing us that he had been charged with breaching the postal regulations and was being held on bail of \$5000; there was no talk of a trial before the end of October.

But those of us spared will prove to the local lynch-mob and to its main accomplice, the post-master, that they are wrong by bringing this paper out twice weekly instead of once.

We promise to hold the line right to the last, fearless and unintimidated, defying the petty-minded harassment of the police, as well as any attack, however brutal, by this microscopic faction of witless, brutalised fanatics.

We are, therefore, certain that all our comrades will afford us the help, moral as well as financial, so sorely needed in such circumstances.

Greetings and solidarity,
THE EDITORS

ANARCHIST PLOTS

Anarchist plots are so much in fashion these days that mention of them comes as a surprise to no one any more, not even the police and the newspapermen who dream them up. (...)

The plot hatched against our comrades Enrico Travaglio, Emma Goldman and Isaak and sons in Chicago have shown the whole world yet again how anarchists have nothing mysterious about them: even the police have admitted that the plot was a fable.

And this time, through clenched teeth and shame-facedly, the Chicago police have beaten the retreat, apologising for having arrested Czolgosz's supposed accomplices at the instigation of their colleagues in Buffalo. (...)

CZOLGOSZ

They sentenced him to death as it was known in advance that they would, and he heard out the death sentence with the serenity of a man to whom the awful fate he has willed for himself comes as no surprise.

The bourgeois press itself – so sadistic and abject in its ferocious anti-anarchophobia – spoke respectfully of this anarchist who, unostentatiously and with tranquil calm, watched the judicial farce that was to pronounce upon his life, as if he had no part in the proceedings.

Believing that this was a sinister farce being played out at his expense, he nobly and disdainfully refused to play along with it: he declined assistance of a legal defence, because he had no petition to make of the conscience of men who take the written code as their guide. He had no truck with that code, since his deed of supreme justice could not be confined within the boundaries of the judgement of law and authority.

Nor had he any wish to abide by the conventional pretence of a legal trial which required that he should not confess himself guilty, so that the trial might proceed. Knowing that with his rebel deed he had breached the laws and conventions of a society of oppressors, he did not hesitate from acknowledging his guilt under guilty laws – that is, tantamount to declaring himself pure and unsullied by dint of the supreme reasons of a humanity yearning to redeem itself.

FROM VICTOR, COLO,
Victor, Colo., 15 September

Dear comrades of *L'Aurora*,

I am even now reading the battler *L'Aurora* and I cannot help myself from conveying to you my sympathy with the manner in which you have declared your solidarity with the Buffalo rebel and sent him your greetings. We too send our greetings to him and to all of those persecuted by the rising tide of reaction.

As you have put it so well, it is in such crises that we find out who really is an anarchist in his heart of hearts; so this backlash is welcome because it will serve to purge our movement of certain self-styled anarchists, opportunists and bamboozlers.

And when I think of how incapable one government is – as all the world's governments are – of protecting itself, even as it purports to offer protection to an entire people, an entire nation. What nonsense!

What moves us to compassionate laughter is the sight of how this imbecile people, led on by bought scribblers and all manner of ruffians, passing votes and resolutions to wipe out all anarchists and anarchy, no different from the Chicago capitalists who reckoned that they had wiped out anarchists and anarchy on 11 November 1887.

Thus, here in our own state of Colorado, where the law and order thugs yesterday reintroduced lawful murder, the death penalty, being unable to string up the victims themselves, in Denver they indulged themselves in the making of a straw man and woman which they then hanged from telegraph poles following a burst of savage screaming. The woman, who was meant to represent our comrade Emma Goldman, was hanged 20 feet from the ground, and the man, meant to be the Buffalo rebel, was 5 feet lower down. Underneath the two dummies they placed the following inscriptions: Emma Goldman – Skull and Crossbones – Social Anarchist and Leon F. Czolgosz – Skull and Crossbones – Anarchist – Beware, we mean this – Vigilance Committee.

It is painful to witness this descend into vileness on the part of the people's ignorance and infuriating to witness the cunning operations of the interests stirring them up – the journalists, the rentiers, the businessmen, the police and the whole scum of the religious and bourgeois mafia.

Please accept the most cordial and fraternal greetings from your comrade for the SR [Social Revolution?].

TOM CORRA

From *L'Aurora* No 49, 28 September 1901

COMRADE CIANCABILLA ARBITRARILY ARRESTED

Given the lack of success of their efforts to shut down our newspaper, the Spring Valley lynch-mob cast around for some pretext upon which to arrest our comrade Ciancabilla, in the hope that *L'Aurora* might perish as a consequence.

An indeed last Friday morning two grim-faced policemen arrived at the offices of *L'Aurora* and, having informed our comrade that he was being placed under arrest, escorted him from the premises.

regarding his supposed denunciation of Emma Goldman as his instigation, albeit indirect. The fact that, as the police will have been able to check out, Czolgosz was in Cleveland during our comrade's last visit to that city and may have attended her lectures, has been enough for the romancers of the modern Inquisition to wallow in the tired old story of the usual non-existent conspiracy; the usual blood commission to be carried out, etc., etc. Moreover, the inane charge is unravelling in the Chicago investigation, as the police and press themselves are admitting and our imprisoned comrades will shortly regain their freedom.

Leon Czolgosz is an anarchist and, among the anarchists, he belongs to those who are the most likeable. He is one of those who take their love for the idea to the extremity of willingly sacrificing his life to it; one of those very rare sorts who concentrate their energy upon the hatching of the manly act that felled the tyrant. Czolgosz's act is an anarchist act, because he struck at the most direct, loftiest representative of authority. In the mind of the Buffalo rebel, propaganda is not left as an inactive theoretical concept, but is fleshed out in effective enactment, in the proud display of the gesture.

But, and here is apparently the most serious objection on offer, because Czolgosz targeted the head of a relatively free state, in which anarchists have so far been afforded freedom *** mental aberration. Needless to say the people happy enough with government include the socialists, the agents, so to speak, of collectivist government.

Oh such benighted naivete, if not the most ironic bad faith! here, as elsewhere, above all else the head of the State, whether it call itself republican or democratic or whatever, is, and can hardly but be the representative of the interests of the capitalists themselves. Everybody knows how, come election time, the free will of the people finds expression. The minority which votes (a very tiny minority compared with the citizenry as a whole) is largely either corrupted or compelled into voting for the candidate of the boss, the capitalist. The fight for power is fought out on the millions spent by the groups of capitalists competing for supreme governance of the State; the voters, the people are mere patsies deployed by one faction against the other according to the whims of the most powerful. Who does not remember the figures published in the press a year ago for the fabulous expenses incurred in getting Mr McKinley elected? Hundreds of millions, there were, spent on determining the people's free will in its choice of president of the Republic. (...)

Czolgosz was, therefore, fully entitled to react in the most effective manner against the head of a government to the tyrannical impositions of which he was obliged to submit, like it or not. Not all of those unhappy with the state and with the authorities will have the courage to confront the State and the authority it stands for so directly; but there is no denying that an active series of such *attentats* does a lot more to focus attention upon the mistakes of the authorities and the drawbacks to the calling of king or president than the votes cast against them or the boos from the populace.

But, they say, Czolgosz is a Pole and why should he stick his nose into our affairs? Czolgosz, born in America, is a Pole now because he killed Mr McKinley; if, instead, he had killed some Filipino rebels, he would surely be counted as an American hero. But, Polish or American, it matters little. He, an anarchist, is a child of humanity; and he fought for humanity wheresoever circumstances found him, where he has brothers in wretchedness

and pain crying out against oppression. Anarchists have neither homeland nor patriotism; they are internationalists in the broadest sense of the term.

It would seem that, recognising the character and the eminently anarchist inspiration of Leon Czolgosz's act of revolt, all anarchists ought to be in agreement, if not upon singing the praises of the deed itself, then at least in assessing it as it stands and in not denying their solidarity to the man who carried it out and who will suffer the loss of his very life for his pains.

That, however, is not how it is: there are among us lots of opportunists, the usual cautious souls, the usual cowards – let's call a spade a spade – who retreat behind their buts and their ifs and always find that such and such a deed serves no propaganda purpose, that it was not done properly, that it was not the doing of anarchists, etc., etc. They talk about past deeds – ones regarding which one need no longer be afraid of any backlash – and they say: these ones, sure, they were anarchist deeds, but this one is not. Except that as time passes, and as the storm abates, they will also sing the praises of this latest deed and wear a badge for the latest martyr. How many of them did we not hear condemning Bresci's deed right after 29 July 1900? Now of course, they sing its praises ... at no risk.

Likewise there are newspapers which purport to be of our camp but which sow confusion with their disquisitions upon the true, anarchist essence of acts of revolt, talking, so as to run away from their responsibilities, more about Zola than about Czolgosz and rancidly rehashing the yarn that anarchy is the school of love and sweetness, etc., etc.

Well, let us tell each and every one of these semi-anarchists who would almost require that before carrying out any acts of revolt the Brescis and the Czolgoszes should apply to them for permission, that Czolgosz's anarchy is our sort of anarchy, that it is high time that we had an end of the hypocritical teaching that anarchy is a school of love. Anarchy, like every theory subversive of the existing social order, preaches hate – acute and intense hate directed against the system that makes us victims, against the institutions and individuals who represent it, who make up or back up that system. Preaching of the future idyll of anarchy does not exempt us from the duty to fight today. When the day to day order of things is relentlessly and inexorably criticised and the criminality of a class of parasites and rulers is exposed, and when the darts of daily invective are directed at tyranny and tyrants, against exploited and exploiters, when – unlike every other party – we acknowledge, place it on record and demonstrate that only through the use of force, only by means of revolution, can we tear down the perverse violence of the bourgeoisie, well, we ought also to acknowledge that such revolutionary propaganda may, in the case of passionate and altruistic natures, find expression in the ultimate forms of individual revolt. And – no matter what the semi-anarchists prompted by caution may say about it – every one of us has contributed towards these eruptions of revolt through our propaganda: which is why it strikes me as simply candid and sincere to acknowledge our solidarity with the rebels who shock the world with their deeds and that we should affirm our fellow-feeling for them in the critical moments of the backlash.

Moreover, what is the point of all this mealy-mouthedness, equivocation, ambiguity and hypocrisy? Can it be perhaps to assuage the fury of the bourgeois? Pipe-dream: the instinct

of class self-preservation prompts the bourgeoisie to visit its persecutions also upon any who preach free love. Imagine their being appeased by the reticence and reserve displayed by the "cautious" when one incident, one act of revolt, can furnish them with yet another excuse for their ferocity towards us.

Some may say: the reaction is an evil. And who could deny it? But are we not, and will we not at all times be in a state of ongoing reaction? Is the bourgeoisie likely to grant us a truce? Never, with or without individual deeds, never, until such time as we become anarchists, which is to say, stop playing at being subversives – like the so-called ministerial socialists – but rather become revolutionaries against all forms of government, authority and laws. So it is only a matter of a greater or lesser degree of reaction: not of greater or lesser liberty which does not and cannot exist under bourgeois rule. Now, ought these ups and downs in the reaction to concern us so much: isn't ours a war to the death against the bourgeoisie?

Those semi-anarchists of sugariness also come out with the usual retort: except for rare exceptions, individual deeds make no propaganda because they stamp upon the anarchist idea an appearance of terrorism which alienates the sympathies of the masses, etc.

Not true: no theoretical preaching, no written propaganda contribution can so influence the progress of our idea here in the United States – and I say this without hesitation – as the hangings in Chicago following the Haymarket bombs and now the deed in Buffalo. Not even ten years of theoretical propaganda. Everybody is discussing and talking about anarchy, or rather, everybody is obliged to concern themselves with it, often at first, with minds predisposed to aversion and prejudice, and later with greater seriousness and later still, in many cases, favourably disposed.

Even as I am writing, the lynch-mobbers of Spring Valley are urging the people to "eradicate" anarchy here. Last evening thousands of people discussed us and our ideas: how many of them went home determined to get to know a little better that terrible enchantress for whom so many callow youths gallantly give their all, their gaze fixed upon their radiant ideal?

Understand this: we do not systematically engage in propagation of individual acts of revolt because such propaganda is not made with small talk but only through deeds: but when theses do occur, by my reckoning there is a duty upon anarchists to seize the occasion to spring into action and agitate as much as we can, affirming our solidarity with the comrade who has acted, or acknowledging the anarchist character or inspiration of the deed carried out – when such character and such inspiration are present, be it understood.

And when the act of rebellion sails through the air and fells the tyrant, we ought not to make any secret of our satisfaction and pleasure – without torturing our thinking with cautious or saccharin mealy-mouthedness – because we ought to recognise that in that deed there is something of our propaganda and our preaching which, in a trice, translates into the logical display of the deed.

What a pit that only a very few of us have the courage and selfless abnegation to see that logic through!

G. CIANCABILLA - Spring Valley, Ill.