Problems of Anarchism.

INTRODUCTION.

8. Political Authority and Personal Freedom.

No government or political power existed in the earlier stages of man's creature. Like other institutions it was the outcome of slow growth under conditions favorable to its existence. Among the so-called original governments, Political authority, the State, arose, was maintained, and extended through war. At first some strong man who could successfully lead in battle was made chief, as a means for the combination of the tribe to attack its enemies, or for the purpose of attacking some neighboring tribe. His power ceased with the occasion which called it forth. But when war, aggressive or defensive, became habitual, his power consequently became permanent. A leader in war was for ages the only function of government, the sole reason for its existence. But gradually, having gained power over the individual in time of danger, the leader came to usurp a like power in time of peace. The individual's liberty was cut down, his rights trampled upon, for the aggrandizement of his chief, the government. To effect this the better, new functions were by degrees assumed by the political authority. Time-worn customs were given the authority of law, and all fresh-made laws were framed and enforced, quite naturally, in the interest of the power that originated them. It is probable that ancient customs were just as prepotent as they became when given legal sanction; we can observe it in existing societies which represent a very early stage of development. But the permanent character of government consisted in stereotyping, as it were, these customs, and authoritatively enforcing them, thus stopping the natural source of progressive change. Every statute enacted today has a like effect and is open to the same objection.

Of all forms of superstition which universally prevails concerning the coercive and irresponsible organization known as the political authority, or State, is the most deep-seated, dangerous, and insidious to human happiness. Many there are who have cast off the trappings of all other forms of faith, belief in devil and damnation, in Divinity and a future life, in soul, spirit, and every supernatural, yet continue to invest governmental authority with a sacredness and awe altogether incompatible with its humble origin, its commonplace growth, and extremely problematical present utility.

Not all forms of superstition which universally prevails concerning the coercive and irresponsible organization known as the political authority, or State, is the most deep-seated, dangerous, and insidious to human happiness. Many there are who have cast off the trappings of all other forms of faith, belief in devil and damnation, in Divinity and a future life, in soul, spirit, and every supernatural, yet continue to invest governmental authority with a sacredness and awe altogether incompatible with its humble origin, its commonplace growth, and extremely problematical present utility.

A Gentleman's Club the Ideal.

Since we can't have a better idea to live up toward, in society, than the fraternal spirit of a good club, where no one attempts to "get ahead" of a fellow-member, we should make the general abolition of tippling a part of our ideal.

And of course the end that all social philosophers are working toward is simply the turning of the whole world into a gentleman's club. It might be done. The idea doesn't involve any belief in millenniums and sort of that sort of thing, nor any necessity that human nature shall be perfectible. When a man joins a club, he does it from selfish motives. He wishes to get comfort, ad vantage, pleasure, or service of some sort, for himself. And when he is in the club, he respects other men's rights because he wants his own respected. The thing works capitaly. No policemen are needed in gentlemen's clubs to prevent the members from stealing, or from the one another's rights. If any member violates the social comity there, out of the club he goes. So it will be with society in general, when people are wise enough to see that it may be so. Your member of society, your man in the world, will then find to it his personal advantage to respect everybody else's rights; and the possible one man in a hundred who is not disposed to respect everybody else's rights will simply be the other side of the coin, and he would be very glad to come back into it; and he would be in it, when he came back, not because other people forced him with taxes and guns to do so, but because it wouldn't be the least convenient for him to be an outsider.
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The above the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the hand of the editor is a result of the writer's own admission that he disapproves them in any respect, and therefore being governed largely by motives of convenience.

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We, the undersigned, hereby agree, in case Benj. R. Tucker shall decide to publish in book form a compila-
tion of articles written by him for his paper, Liberty, to purchase of him, at the rate of one dollar each, the number of copies here-with set opposite our respective names, and to pay to Benj. R. Tucker one-half the amount due for these copies whenever he shall call for it, and the balance on the appearance of the book.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

C. C. Lovett.

J. H. Robertson, Jr., Lond., Eng.

Mr. Levy Off His Guard.

The esteemed and able "Personal Rights Journal" has not seen fit to take notice of the direct and fair charge of inconstancy which I have recently preferred against it in connection with the discussion of its rule-and-exception philosophy. Meanwhile I continue to publish in "The Journal," now and strong evidence of the fact that it gravitates towards Anarchism, that its own logic and intellectual honesty force upon it the acceptance of the fundamental Anarchistic postulate. Ponder the following:

"I suppose there are few, if there are any," said Lord Kinkley, "who do not think that a government, to be realy servile and must oppose order with liberty." Now what does this mean? Suppose a government has done its possible in the direction of freedom. How is it to couple order with this? It has already, by hypo-
thesis, done all it can to prevent invasive conduct; and any further interference on its part must necessarily lessen freedom. The coupling of order with liberty, as an aim of government, must mean the sacrifice of liberty, if it means anything. For what is social disorder? Either it signifies aggression, or it does not. If it does not, order signifies a absence of aggression, that is, freedom; and the coupling of order with liberty means the coupling of liberty with itself.

Keen, sound, profound, but thoroughly Anarchistic! Interpreted in consonance with the fundamental Individualist claim, as clearly present in Mr. Levy's "Outline," the criticism is worse than meaningless. Remembering the contention of Mr. Levy, suppose we come to the rescue of his lordly victim and retort thus: "Why, the coupling of order with liberty not only does not mean the diminution of liberty, but means the establishing of the essential condition which makes liberty something real and vital, and not merely an empty sound and hollow mockery. The absence of invasion is not enough; to be satisfied with this is to invite chaos and the dissolution of society. We must insist on complete freedom, and the right to fore any man, no matter how insidious he may be personally, to cooperate with us in putting down aggressors. The man who falls back on the plea of non-aggression and refuses to aid us in protecting ourselves against third parties must be considered an accomplice, a criminal but little less dangerous and anti-social than the active invader. It is the doctrinaires who, parrot-like, keep up the monotonous cry of non-aggression; they fail to see that liberty without compulsory cooperation, for protection is an impossibility, and therefore do not talk about liberty and non-aggression, but about the maximum of freedom and the condition precedent.

We, in a word, emphasize the necessity of coupling order with liberty, meaning by order the compulsory collection of taxes and the forcing of men into service for the protection of society against criminals." What can the "Personal Rights Journal" urge in reply? Nothing.

The point is simply unanswerable. It is perfectly plain that in the above criticism the "Journal" consciously or unconsciously took Anarchistic ground.

"Die Menschen der Ehe.

The author of "The Anarchists," John Henry Mackay, has once more made use of his medium of expression, fiction, to break a lance for Anarchistic thought. Fiction is the most powerful means for popularizing the fruits of philosophy, — for showing the soul the malnutrition of society and growing it into practical results. Whether this is the proper function of fiction and true art is another question, which I do not care to discuss here.

The tendency novel serves a purpose apart from purely literary and artistic excellence, although its effectiveness is limited in a direct proportion to its defects as a work of art.

In my judgment "The People of Marriage" lacks not in literary finish, but I will leave all questions of technique or a to more competent critics, and confine myself to the subject-matter of the book, or, rather, novels. As it is not yet translated into English, a somewhat complete synopsis may not be out of place.

The hero, an Aube type of man, in answer to a letter revisits the small city where he was born and spent his youth. The description of the city, and the petty bourgeois character of the inhabitants, ought certainly to satisfy all the requirements of literary art, while for the radical reader it possesses the charm of a picture of modern industrialism that is of all romantic illusions, by the sympathetic hand of the author, is rendered into reality.

The now stronger, si.2 at the restaurant table, sees in his mind's eye his former companions and schoolmates, who have all become most prominent, most respectable, and most philistine citizens of the town. How far away from him they ci I am now! The picture is a successful outline sketch of a civilization that spends itself in externalities, while the soul within remains a stationary, stagnant pool.

The hero, Franz Graeb, is the foster-brother of one of the leading ladies of the town, a society belle and great beauty, to whose charms even he as a youth momentarily succumbed. She is now the young wife of an old but rich man, who sometimes denies her the gratification of a whim. She is therefore deceived by dis-

content and conni, and, having heard that her one-time brother and admirer is the author of a book on marriage, and civilized and piquant divison, has sent him a cry of despair in the form of a long-winded epistle, imploring him to save her from the horrors of her married life.

Graeb, with good reason, doubts the genuineness of the despair, but follows the call, because he can do so without great inconvenience to himself, and because he prefers to keep a clear conscience in any case. He comes and finds it was he expected to find, a woman whose raps beauty has fulfilled all the promises of her husband, who is incapable of being unhappy, thanks to the emptiness of her mind and heart, but who is bored to death by the emptiness of her life.

She overwhelms him with the most trivial gossip, evades the discussion on the object of his visit, and, when she is forced to listen to him, his arguments and his views glance off from her fatigue without making the least impression. Only his remark that "sensible people come together when they love and separate when they don't love" strikes her as shock-

ing immorally.

He remembers how in the first awakening of his youthful passions he had been unable to withstand her beauty and her sex, and in a moment of desire he had clapsed and kissed her. Then, suddenly sobered by the odor of her hair, he had quickly pushed her from him with a feeling akin to loathing. Then, so now he breaks off abruptly, and, taking his hat and cane, bids her a not unfriendly adieu.

In the course of the conversation Graeb wastes the following definition of "people of marriage" on the ears of his unappreciative listener: "The people of narrowness in opposition to the people of wide views; the people who never come into conflict with their surroundings, since they consider all trials — all which come to them from the hands of men — as visitations from God; the people of easy contentment, who find their happiness in each day's obscurity, always at one table, always at the same breast; the people who do not know what it means to give a promise of life, because they do not know what it means to live; the people of stagnation, not the people of action; figures, but figures that become numbers, and whom I hate on that account! — The people of the common herd! — The people of marriage!"

And again, when asked by the lady what marriage ought to be according to his idea, he answers: "I know but one relationship which I can call a worthy one to exist between man and man, as well as between man and woman: the one that is, independence; for it is at the same time the only one which makes mutual respect possible. The master despises the slave, and the slave hates the master."

After leaving the house, Graeb instinctively turns his back upon the city, and, ascending the hill that overlooks it, comes upon a garden seat, and determines to enter and rest. His attention is attracted by a woman who enters before him. He recognizes her at once; the proud, firm gait, erect yet graceful carriage, are unmistakable, and possessed by but one woman of his acquaintance, — Dona. She was a promising young author, who had for some time been lost sight of in the literary world, the world of large interests and views, the world of intellectual activity, which was her home. The
surprise of meeting again in this town and this place is mutual and intense, but so also their delight at seeing each other. The necessity of earning a living as well as the need of withdrawing for a time within herself explains her presence in this city, where she has been a teacher at a girls' school for the last three years. Although she is laughing and taking a cheerful view of her present life, he soon discovers that she is disappointed and suffering. During their long friendly chat over a bottle of Rhine wine, he learns to admire her more and more, and suddenly becomes conscious that he loves her. He passionately entreaps her to give up her position that very day, and go away with him. She, a reader of his books, has long admired him, and now consents to his proposition under certain conditions: "I love my liberty above everything, just as you do yours, we will therefore be completely, in every respect, independent of each other. We will spare each other, in time and sentiment, all silly importunities. If we do not wish to go the same way, each will go his own way. And—which is the most important of all—we will separate the first hour in which we shall begin—to grow tiresome to each other." He gives his enthusiastic consent, and that same night the express train carries them to Paris.

That is all; and that it is all is the bone I have to pick with Mr. Mackay. It is only because literature is still so poor in novels that have stamped marriage with the label "failure" that I feel at all grateful to him for the little he has given us. Perhaps I would be less disappointed if the title of the book had not misled me to expect more, and if I did not know Mr. Mackay's consecration of marriage to be absolute, and not confined to merely "bad marriages."

Let us see once more who these "people of marriage" are to whom the book introduces us: the wealthy and, because of their wealth, comfortable and contented, and happy in their contentment, unintellectual and unprogressive philistines of a small city, sketched in most general outlines. Then, as a typical case, the more definite picture of the shallow-brained society belle, who has contracted a marriage, not of love, but of convenience. "People of marriage" undeniably, but—"You say that an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." These people and the guiding principles of their lives are most familiar types. Literature and society gossip are full of them, and even the conservative reader will grant that their marriages, chiefly of convenience and never of love hostile to convenience, are bad, tyrannical, and degrading.

Why did not Mr. Mackay do us radicals the favor of selecting for his illustrations types from that by far greater majority of the "people of marriage" who are not bored children of fortune, the form of society, or children of squallid misery, the drags, whose ideal of life is not luxurious ease, but to whom it presents a serious side, and more tragical for existence; who are not shallow and thoughtless, but who as a rule start out on their conjugal life with hearts aglow with hope, love, and aspirations? Do not these, too, almost invariably end as members of that great herd, classifiable in natural history as "Menschen der Ehe," some stranding there after violent shipwreck, some guided thither, gently and unconsciously, by sweet habit, some borne on by the indifference of resignation, but all getting there, and all deteriorating to the level of the herd? Mr. Mackay has not, as his American friends, who knew of the forthcoming book, had fondly hoped he would, dealt a death-blow to marriage. Where is the great artist and psychologist who will, by giving to the world the novel of love?

Wanamaker as an Anarchist.

The post office is still doing wretched work in the handling of Liberty. After vigorous kicking, I have succeeded in obtaining reasonably prompt delivery within the city of New York; but outside either in Brooklyn or in San Francisco across the continent, the delays are prolonged and provoking. It is an exceedingly common occurrence for subscribers to receive two and even three successive issues of the paper by the same mail, although these papers were deposited in the New York post office at weekly intervals. The paper is mailed regularly every Saturday night. Let each subscriber hear this fact in mind, and, whenever his paper reaches him forty-eight hours later, he should prompt him and promptly send me his wrapper, first endorsing it the date of the paper which came in it and the day and hour of its arrival. I will continue to bombard the postmaster with these wrappers if subscribers will thus help me, and perhaps ultimately an improvement may be thus secured.

But really neither my subscribers nor I should complain. Paradoxical as it may seem, Liberty's propaganda is better served by Liberty's non-delivery, or late delivery than it would be by Liberty's prompt delivery by the government. Every time an unconverted reader receives on the same day two copies of the paper mailed a week apart, he gets a practical object-lesson regarding the inherent incapacity of government that will do more to convert him than the contents of the paper for an entire year. Keep on, Comrade Wanamaker, keep on!

Governer Altgeld of Illinois has appointed George A. Schilling secretary of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics. But though he thus appoints to office a man who is a real Anarchist, he is holding in jail three men whose only crime is that they called themselves Anarchists, though they never were such. Is it not an anomaly that a governor should thus bestow honor upon a man whose greatest honor, after all, will ever be that he did more than anybody else to try to save from unjust punishment the very men whose terrible fate this same governor now prolongs and appears willing to perpetuate?

In consequence, I presume, of Mr. Yarros' recent article complaining of the unfair treatment accorded Anarchism by the magazines, the editor of the "Arena" has accepted an article from Mr. Yarros in reply to Mr. Preston's criticism of Anarchism lately published in that periodical.

I have no doubt that Mrs. Schumm's criticism of Mackay's new book is perfectly sound, but nevertheless the splendid passage which she quotes from it descriptive of the "people of marriage" fills me with a strong desire to read the rest of the volume.

The daily papers tell us that Hugh O. Pente- cost has joined Tammany Hall and become a member of the General Committee of that organization. What does this mean?

In the last issue of Liberty Comrade Bailie's signature was omitted, by an oversight, from the second installment of his "Problems of Anarchism."

A Bunch of Violets.

He stood near the grave while the dirt was being shovelled in. When the heavy clods struck the coffin in which she lay, his face paled, and he turned that he might not see. He loved her so and she was dead. It seemed so strange. But a week ago he had walked with her across the fields, and she was so happy. Together they had been in all their walks, in all their joys and sorrows. And now she was alone. They had rested on the grass, and while the wind sang on the waving meadow, they spoke of love.

The tears were blinding his burning eyes. He heard the last words of the priest over the grave. The face before him was now a shapeless mound of earth with its spade and stumping it with his heavy boot. The mourners had risen, and some were walking away. A few clutched off, and now the place was nearly deserted: only he and a few friends stood there. Then some one touched him gently on the shoulder and led him away.

The years passed: he had almost forgotten her. He had loved others since then, others more brilliant than she; but yet at times he remembered her: her simplicity and gentleness, her love, his love: they were both so young and innocent. But he had known other loves since then. Had she lived, he would have married her, and then (he thought of his other loves) .

The years passed: one day he thought he would go to the grave. When the mound was almost covered with the tall grass, the withered flowers, and the tombstone leaning from age, he felt sad. They had forgotten her. He sat there musing. The sun was beating heavily on his uncovered head. A few sparrows hopped around in the quietness. And he was too young to marry her: to love her no life for then he thought of his other loves. She had died. Perhaps it was better so and (he thought of his other loves). He leaned forward, and he took the violets from his buttonhole and laid them there in the sun. Then he arose. As he walked away, he turned to take a last look at the grave. The grass was blowing in the wind, and it rustled the bunch of violets, fresh and sweet.

But he knew they would wither.

GEORGE FORREST.

Compulsory Fraternity.

Dear Mr. Tuckey:

In "Solidarity" I see some silly sneering at "Tuck- erian Anarchism." These "Solidarity Anarchists" (a) put liberty, "wage slavery," and capitalism in a heap, as the three chief causes of humanity's wrongs. Fraternity and "solidity" are of most value to them. Well, if merely there are to be the basic principles on which their ideal society is to be "built," and liberty to be ignored, then this "millennium" or "kingdom of heaven" of theirs is as vacuous as fear and sham ten times worse than the "orthodox Christian" fear their mythical "hell."

The way the Communist-"Anarchists" put fraternity, I can see no real difference between it and paternalism. All men would be compelled to be "brothers." If anyone rebel against the "fraternalism" in the "new society," he will be treated as one too ungrateful to live.

Well, Liberty has pointed out and proved, time and again, that Communism and Anarchism are as opposite as the poles. But the revolutionary Communists seem to delight in doing all they can to baffle these terms and keep up the confusion of the people at large in regard to what Anarchism really is.

The Communist-"Anarchists" cannot understand lib- erty; or, they do not want to. Like all authoritarians, they despise liberty. Yours truly,

A. A. SOBERO.

MARVIN, GRANT CO., SO. DAK., DECEMBER 30, 1893.
The Sociological Index.

TAXATION.

MISCELLANEOUS.
110. Are We a Prospective People? By B. O. Flower. Arena, Jan. 3, 2500 words.
150. Our New World Order. Socialistic in Social Economist, Jan. 4700 words.

New Books.

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