

MANIFESTO OF THE DYNAMITERS

Terrible echoes resounded in the Rue des Bons-Enfants. This is the last explosion the bourgeoisie will comment on, for soon there will be so many that they will no longer have the time.

"The more we kill, the better!"

BE BOLD, LADS!

The reaper dynamite, our instrument, has once again lent its effective support to our propaganda; the popularization of the anarchist idea has taken another step forward.

Workers! You will eventually listen to us; you will eventually break with your vegetative life and look towards deliverance, towards thia light of ours.

Come on, lads! For the people, faced with our actions, will soon awaken from their torpor. Let them lament, let them shout, let them blaspheme at first, we don't care! Thought and reflection will follow anger, and they will want to know the reason for all this noise, the secret of our hatreds.

Dynamite will force open the doors of obscurantism.

Ah! The hour is ripe for those thirsting for justice and popular vengeance. The moment is opportune for us to oust the chatterers, the sophists, the pontiffs, the rhetoricians, and the high priests of the socialist parties and to bring with us those who truly want to fight.

The revolution must finally begin! It must identify with what it should never have relinquished: violence. Violence alone has been

the midwife of past progress. Violence alone will emancipate the exploited by terrorizing the masters. It makes the masses, bowed under the yoke of the bosses, aware of what individual energy can achieve when it has at its disposal a weapon like dynamite or any other explosive: it is an insurmountable force for those determined to gain well-being and liberty at any cost, for those who want to succeed.

Ah, old world, you are paying for your infamies, you are paying for the sobs of misery, the chests pierced by fratricidal bullets, the severed heads, the hanged, those tortured in every way. You will crumble despite your Lebels, your Mannlichers, your Loevs, when only a small fraction of those you oppress and starve understand the effectiveness of Revolt. But the popular awakening is near, for we are doing everything to hasten it. The more you resist, the more you impose the yoke of your omnipotence upon us and upon the outcasts of the factory and the land, the more powerful our calls will be and the more terrifying our actions. Nothing will stop our blows; we will always strike where the impact will be greatest.

Too bad for those whose remains will be found under the rubble.

You must understand, O people! that there are no innocent victims in these massacres. Will you consider as innocent victims the magistrates who servilely strike down the unfortunate souls living in abject poverty and who absolve

the scoundrels of the criminal underworld? Are they innocent victims, the bourgeois neighbors of the magistrates who relish the epistolary filth that the journalistic lackeys deposit in the columns of *Le Temps* or the *Débats*? — to name but two newspapers out of fifty that despise you. The bourgeois applaud the indictments of the public prosecutors, the condemnations of the judiciary, and they inveigh against the jurors who send 18-year-olds like little Biscuit to rot in the penal colony of Cayenne rather than have their heads chopped off. Come now! All of them to the charnel house.

Do you believe that the Bulots, the Benoîts, the Crupis, the Raus, the Beaurepaires, the Tanons, are so formidable in themselves? These men are only dangerous because of the support given to them by bourgeois society made up of males and females; and if we mention women, it is because, in their hatred of progress, in their hatred of revelation, the bourgeois woman is even more tenacious and malicious than the bourgeois man.

The women of the upper class teach their children to despise the poor, and they keep them away from your impoverished children, should they happen to approach them. The bourgeois child in his cradle today will be your child's master tomorrow; as an adult, he will bring charges against him if he becomes a magistrate and your child falls from one misery to

another, ending up in the dock; he will starve him as a boss if he becomes an industrialist or merchant; he will kill him as a soldier if he becomes an officer.

So who then are the innocent victims of the works of dynamite?

Could it be the sergeants, those abject brutes who, armed from head to toe, beat our unfortunate comrades to death in the police stations? No, for these lazy creatures inspire universal revulsion. Remember, workers, the abuse they inflicted on our unfortunate comrades Decamp, Dardare and Léveillé. They crushed them with blows, struck them with the points of their sabers, and inflicted numerous wounds. After nearly murdering them, they refused them water to dress their wounds, so that they were gangrenous when they left the police station.

Faced with such facts, all sentimentality must give way, and weakness on our part would be cowardice! Straight to the point, comrades! Do not let yourselves be moved by the plight of those who laugh at your misery. Applaud violence and our actions, for we were working for you, and we are Justice and Truth!

Don't be swayed by today's scandals: every regime has had its share of ignominy and depravity, for such ignominy and depravity are inherent to the social system we have endured for centuries. Set aside the "Panamanianism" and don't let the so-called political puritans, who are currently dazzling us with a mirage, obscure the true purpose; those who pull the strings are just as despicable as those who fall into the trap: the bandits only disagree on how to divide the spoils. If you concern yourself with all these scoundrels, it should only be to crush and annihilate them.

The crimes of the bourgeoisie are impersonal to us, and when we strike, it is always in the name of a principle. In the attack directed against the Carmaux society, it was less Reille, the baron with the sardonic smile,

and the henchmen of a troublesome company that we were targeting than the principle at stake, than the victory of the well-fed against the impotent and peaceful resistance of the slaves.

This is the goal, this is the ultimate work of human emancipation that must be seen beyond the ruins, the gasping flesh, and the scattered brains. We have been struggling for long enough and paying the price; the people have been dying for far too long.

The time has come for those who act and claim responsibility for their actions. Plunder the old world, dismantle the old society, and you will accomplish a double task: first by undermining the prejudice for property, then by using the fruits of your expropriations to spread the Idea.

If some, individuals puffed up with ambition under a guise of simplicity and modesty, fearful of seeing the purely speculative side of their propaganda scorned, dare to criticize acts before which their celebrity vanishes: get rid of them, for these pontiffs who claim to reduce the anarchist conception to the narrowness of their brain are as harmful to our cause as the improvisers of collectivist barracks among whom they would be worthy to reign.

All revolutions have demanded blood, have led to massacres: ours will also be well watered with red, because no power will stop the outpouring of popular anger.

The bourgeoisie, whose history includes the Terror of 93, La Ricamarie, the Bloody Week, Fourmies, Vienna, Chicago, Jerez and what else! — must expect terrible reprisals from those who, in turn, are determined to get rid of it.

Yesterday Ravachol blew up the buildings of the magistrates; today the comrades reduced to rubble a police station and five of the informers that adorned it: a little while ago, a brilliant warning threw terror among the parasites of the prefecture; tomorrow..., do you hear?

satisfied and happy, it will not only be the headquarters of mining and financial companies that will be blown up, but also public buildings: the Elysée, the first perhaps, if the destruction of some ministry or some politician's residence is not deemed more opportune.

Bourgeois society must disappear in the person of its principal representatives, and this must happen soon, even if the beautiful cities — beautiful because of the labors of the oppressed — are reduced to ashes, for those with empty stomachs can wait no longer. This will be the ultimate revenge of the starving, the retribution for centuries of degradation and slavery.

After this, comrades, rid of the parasites who only siphon off the best of our combined efforts and labor, our communist society will develop naturally, and humanity will progress toward its most glorious destinies. Intellectually and economically emancipated, healthy thanks to substantial food, morally content with an independence he will dedicate to learning and perfecting the elements of his well-being, surrounded by friendships and affections that will no longer have, as today, the question of subsistence as their avowed or unconscious motive, man, under these conditions, will find pleasure in work that has become intelligent, immense joy in his relationships with the human family, freed from absurd prejudices. In such serenity of mind, his brain will acquire an infinite refinement that will make his scientific research and the exploration of philosophical and social problems fruitful and effortless. Humanity, learned and good, will go towards a future whose very idea compensates us for the infamies and persecutions with which we are burdened.

London, 1893.