

The senile fossils ruling the United States will see red! Smelling their destruction, they have decided to check the storm by passing the Deportation law affecting all foreign radicals. We, the American Anarchists, do not protest, for it is futile to waste any energy on feeble minded creatures led by His Majesty Wilson. Do not think that all foreigners are anarchists, we are a great number right here at home. Deportation will not stop the storm from reaching these shores.

The storm is within, and very soon will leap and crash and annihilate you in blood and fire. You have shown no pity to us! We will do likewise.

And deport us!
We will dynamite you!
Either deport us or free all!



*We Will
Dynamite you!*

*&
Propaganda
of the Deed
Luigi Galleani*



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La salute e' in voi

`Opuscolo indispensabile a
tutti quei compagni che
amano istruirsi --- -- ---

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We Will Dynamite you!.....5

Exerpt from *Plain Words – The “Good War” of Italian
Immigrant Anarchists in the United States 1914-1920.*

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Propaganda of the Deed.....23

Exerpt from *The End of Anarchism?* by Luigi Galleani.

Translated from Italian by Max Sartin and Robert D'Attilio.
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its strings and have learned the decalogue, and... you who never move, not even under the lash?”.

They argue and then they leave us in the lurch.

But internal and profound causes of inertia and decay are to be found here, not any doctrinal disagreement between the organizationalists and the individualists of anarchism. These disagreements — neither many, nor forceful, negligible in comparison to the immensity of the task and the goals — will lead them under the sharp spur of experience and necessity to find the appropriate way, the way to revolution, whose initial phase must be the individual act of rebellion, inseparable from propaganda, from the mental preparation which understands it, integrates it, leading to larger and more frequent repetitions through which collective insurrections flow into the social revolution.

This, then, is the result of this contempt for action.

newspaper Figaro, frightened, dedicated one of its special issues to the ‘peril anarchiste’ and, Octave Mirbeau²², waved his anarchists appeal to abstain from voting over the obscene electoral shows, a document which to this day is unsurpassed for its fierceness of thought and beauty of expression. That was living!

Compare that period with the one in which we live. We have mocked, rejected, cursed revolutionary action because it exceeded our canons, our expectations, the ethical and aesthetic lines within which we wanted it contained. And we have dried up the sources from which it could spring, we have cut the nerves anxiously stretching to reach it, we have extinguished any flame that might nourish it. And now we pay with humiliation and bruises.

Because here, in these too-frequent public repudiations, in these insidious repudiations that are whispered about within certain coteries that bristle with distrust and suspicion of the unruly and the iconoclast, here, in particular, lies the cause of the atrophy that makes us the laughing stock of ever reactionary whim, of every reactionary bestiality. Naturally!

Those who are eager for action find that we are very hard to please: “We make faces at the good Lord and you grumble! We rise against the state or its representatives, and you grumble; we revolt against property, and you frown and look at your pockets; we rise against morality and you, afraid of the scandal, retreat to your shell and excommunicate us! But will you do us the great favour of stirring yourselves, once and for all, you who know so well how revolution should take its first steps, you who hold

22- Octave Mirbeau (1848–1917). Writer of novels, dramas, essays, fascinated, at that time, by the Anarchists’ logic, devotion, and courage.

We will dynamite you!

Preamble

This is an excerpt from the recently published and translated anarchist history *Plain Words. - The ‘Good War’ of Italian Immigrant Anarchists in the United States 1914 - 1920*. It follows the crest and ebb of militancy in the early 20th century, largely centered around the Italian anarchist milieu. It is both a hugely exhilarating and tragic history even for people familiar with the almost fantastical series of events that marked the turn of the century with its original and new research into the works of a clandestine network that plagued the authorities of the time. *Plain Words* heavily cites *Cronaca Sovversiva*, an anarchist weekly newspaper edited by Luigi Galleani. The book includes for the first time an English translation of the hugely influential pamphlet *La salute e’ in voi*, a manual of direct action authored by Galleani that inspired a series of attentats that rocked the United States, from the Poison Plot of 1916, the May Day parcel bomb campaign of 1919, just to to name a few, all culminating

in the Wall St bombing of 1920. The July 13th 2024 failed assassination of Trump is a happy and timely reminder that politicians, even when accompanied by their own private army, fear and bleed too. Regardless of the failed assassins political affiliations, much of the impetus behind the creation of the FBI was the 1901 assassination of President McKinley by the anarchist Leon Czolgosz. More than 100 years later, despite their ostensible mandate to fight crime, the police are still first and foremost instruments of repression to protect the the powers that be from the scourge of society. This zine is taken entirely from the chapter titled “We will dynamite you!”. It was chosen to shed a light on Gabriella Antolini, one of the few young female anarchists whos contributions to the struggle were chronicled by contemporary sources. Dynamite Girl, as she was dubbed by the press, is an explosive testament to the strength of will and character of someone who is armed by the strength of their convictions.

The following is taken from a talk given by the authors who wrote *Plain Words* on the reasons that motivated their project, and the lessons they hope will be drawn from it:

“Here is a handful of anarchists, without great means and forced to live in a social context totally unfavourable to them, who did not wallow in the resentment of helplessness, circling the pole to which they were chained, but dedicated themselves to studying, sifting and applying possibilities to realize their dreams. With the one hand, they created their own world as a hymn to life, contributing to libraries, clubs, dance halls, theatrical performances, country fairs and children’s schools, whilst with the other they attacked the world of power in defiance of death.

lism, tormented by the burning need, if not of confusing ourselves in the Umbo of common morality certainly of lessening the contrasts. Too often, especially in the more responsible circles, we rush to belittle, to shame the act of rebellion, and, at times, are even inclined to classify it among the usual ‘police frame-ups’.

Well, then, in plain words: it is supreme cowardice to reject acts of rebellion when we, ourselves have sown the first seed and brought forth, the first bud, it is supreme cowardice to add our cursing to the indignant outcry of the paid journalistic hacks, professional mourners, and evil cut-throats.

And like all cowardices, this one too must be paid for with the spasm of impotence and the anguish of abandonment. F S Merlino should remember the fervour of propaganda and action that brightened the four years from May 1,1890, to June 24,1894. When we would leave our garret in the morning, we never had the slightest certainty of returning in the evening; arrests were made every day, at any hour; trials and sentences followed; and in case of acquittal, banishment was the rule. But it meant living! And inside the cells of Mazas,²¹ or in the sadness of exile, early in the morning we would hear the echo of a dynamite blast, a judge’s chamber had blown up with one of the accomplices still inside, and the unknown author of the rebellious deed had accepted full responsibility for his act and was walking with a song into the ‘widow’s’ arms [the guillotine]. And that tragic wave of enthusiasm and of fervour, brightened by sacrifice, filled everyone with an irresistible pride. Poets and men of letters, impressed by that fervour for renewal, were paying daily homages of sympathy and veneration to the fallen rebels, the Parisian

21 - Mazas was a Parisian prison, long ago demolished.

basis in equity or right, it could be justified only by its own violence and our cowardice? And that therefore capitalism and the state could not resist the impact of the working classes, whose right and strength, together, would be sure warranty of final victory?

That, instead of wasting time chattering in town, provincial, or national councils, searching for the philosopher's stone of good law, or for a good master, it would be better to start the revolution inside oneself and realize it according to the best of our abilities in partial experiments, wherever such an opportunity arises, and whenever a bold group of our comrades have the conviction and the courage to try them?

What else was the goal of the armed bands in Romagna in 1874, or those with Cafiero, Malatesta, and Stepniak in 1877?²⁰

Now, we have been inciting, convincing, screaming at the people for half a century: "Arise, revolt, attack, expropriate, strike! Strike without pity, for there comes a point where revenge takes on the necessity and the awesomeness of justice and hastens its triumph". After fifty years of having instilled the necessity of action among the suffering people, as soon as the plebeian lion strikes the first blow (and perhaps it is awkward, because it has been chained for centuries and has lost the habit), and just as we should show our coolness and our resolve, we become disturbed by problems of conscience, made uneasy about the threat of reaction, distressed by residual evange-

20- Carlo Cafiero (1846–1892). One of the first Italian Internationalists, close friend of Bakunin, a member of the "Matese Band" (1877). Also the first Italian translator of Karl Marx' "Das Kapital".

Stepniak, pseudonym used by the Russian Anarchist Serge Kravcinski, who participated in the preparation of the "Matese Band" but was arrested before he joined the group of the rebels among which were Malatesta and Cafiero.

And today, aren't we also a handful of anarchists, without great means and forced to live in a social context increasingly unfavourable to us?"

We will dynamite you!

On January 18 1918, the Chicago police arrested a woman on a train coming from Steubenville, Ohio. She was carrying a hot suitcase. According to the official version of the events, several officers were waiting for her at Union Station, having been alerted by the train crew via telegraph. Various news outlets reported that T.W. Johnson, the onboard porter, had become suspicious of the girl's behavior after observing the young man who had seen her off help her store her luggage in the compartment. In fact, her companion had refused the porter's help, bluntly asking him not to touch the suitcase, while the girl had clung onto it during the entire trip. That night, the porter, torn between suspicion and curiosity, had turned off the carriage's heating and invited the passengers to move to the next carriage.

Though the January cold was unforgiving, the girl had remained steadfastly by her suitcase until the freezing temperature in the carriage had become unbearable and she too finally had decided to join the other passengers. At this point, the porter had rushed to check the contents of the suitcase and his jaw dropped. Inside were thirty-six sticks of dynamite and a pistol. He immediately alerted the conductor.

Despite the massive police presence, the two men who had been waiting for her at the train station managed to slip away and the girl was arrested. She fought her cap-

tors tooth and nail, even trying to kick the suitcase in the hopes of setting it off and taking out a few cops. She also did not hesitate to bite the hand of an officer who tried to stop her from swallowing a piece of paper. To retrieve the note, the policemen choked her until she passed out, even though the address on the note turned out to be an empty house. Taken to the police station and interrogated, the girl did not flinch. In fact, she seemed to enjoy playing along with the investigators' questions.

She said her name was Laura. No, actually, it was Nellie, or rather Linda. Yes, right, Linda José. She claimed to be 22, no, 20. Actually, she was 16 years old. To the officers who pointed out that Linda José was a Spanish name but she was Italian, she replied in French. She had received the dynamite from an uncle and it was intended for her other uncle, or rather, for a certain Mario Rusca. The man who had accompanied her to the station knew nothing about it and it was her business anyway. "If you want to know the truth, find out for yourself". But one thing was clear from her words, she hated authority and had no intention of cooperating with the police.

The newspapers picked up on this unusual story and gave it wide coverage. First she was portrayed as a member of the IWW (Industrial Worker's of the World, a militant syndicalist union established in 1905 that was involved in many of the largest labor strikes and unrest in the early 20th century), then, after her outright denial, the press linked her with anarchists. The condescension of the reporters could not come to terms with how such a young, pretty girl could be mixed up in such an affair, carrying highly explosive dynamite and a loaded pistol! In order to satisfy the sensationalism of the press, Linda José became the "dynamite girl".

It seems unnecessary to point out that no revolutionary act is conceivable where the rebel does not feel himself surrounded by a certain spirituality of consent and by a broad-based consciousness which is ready to receive him sympathetically.

When Bresci rendered justice to the august and unpunished butcher of Italians, he felt that, though the bigoted and fainthearted rabble would be shaken, shocked and scandalized by his act, many others would assent to his act of justice, and he acted in the faith that the first spark would start a more intense rebellion, a greater fire.

But our responsibility in all acts of rebellion is more precise, more specific and undeniable, where our propaganda has been energetic, vigorous, and has left a deep impression.

After all, did we not open the first breach in the devotion of the faithful to constituted authorities, in their vassalage to the king, in their submission to the law, in their respect for and in their holy fear of the codes, the judiciary, the police? With honest conviction and corrosive persistence, haven't we proved the futility of hopes in legal means of resistance, progress, or success?

In the camp opposed to socialism and its political activity, its electoral or parliamentary victories, its supposed improvements in economic affairs, have they ever found more convinced disbelievers, more acrid critics, more unrelenting scoffers than us?

And in every circumstance, in our papers, all our lectures, in our meetings shaking with empty stomachs or ill contained passions, haven't we underlined a thousand times over that since political and economic privilege has no

have attacked private property for the sake of revolution reveal that the sovereignty of money can't be so sacred, nor so enviable, after all, if it gets slapped around every day. All, all of them scourge cowardice, rebel against submission, engrave a lesson; they do the work of revolution. A king dies and another takes his place. But the king who picks up the crown with his father's blood on it learns prudence, moderation, wisdom. He restores the national covenant and refrains from violence and abuse. It is enough to recall that, opening the new Parliament, immediately after Bresci's attempt, Saracco not only abstained from proposing emergency laws, but he also declared that the anarchist idea should be opposed with civilized debate and that there was sufficient restraint in the penal code for illegal anarchist activities. And this doesn't consider the renewed courage of the common people and the stronger consciousness of their strength, the firmer faith they have attained in their own emancipation. Thus! None of the apologetic fanaticism that would indicate a religious state of mind incompatible with the slightest anarchist conviction, and no frenzied diatribes which might be suspected of opportunism, preoccupation, or more unworthy sentiments.

Salvation lies always in a free, objective and conscientious examination, in the investigation and explanation of the causes, social context) the age, the immediate and remote repercussions of events; these are the elements for a correct evaluation of the individual acts of rebellion.

But everybody should understand that any such free examination, using reasonable criteria, cannot leave out of consideration the fact that the first cause of all individual acts of revolt is the psychological climate created by our propaganda among the people.

The Chicago investigators subjected her to relentless questioning but met a wall of defiance and ridicule. Unable to rely on the girl's confessions, they tried to pressure her into making a wrong move. She lied to the investigators and they repaid her in kind. They tried several times to convince her that they had already arrested her accomplice, a certain "Carlo" who had accompanied her to the Steubenville train station. They boasted that they knew his full name and had a detailed description. Could they have gotten all this information from the train porter? Perhaps he had heard her call her companion by name. Perhaps his physical features were indeed noticeably striking: tall, sturdy, elegant and, above all, with long, thick, black curls. The self-proclaimed Linda José adamantly denied the knowledge of the suitcase's contents. but eventually fell into a trap. She had ended up in the hands of men in uniform who kept insisting on information, and at this difficult time she needed someone she could trust and confide in.

That someone was found in her cellmate, a girl from Milwaukee named Amanda Moleski who was involved in a shady white slavery affair. Two days after her arrest, Linda José wrote a long letter to Carlo, absolving him of any involvement in her affair and assuring him of her silence, and entrusted it to her cellmate, who was about to be released. If the letter were to reach its destination, her comrades would know that she was not cooperating with the police, but if the police intercepted it, they would know that Carlo was innocent. The letter ended up in the hands of the investigators and they finally had a lead. A first and last name to search for and an address to look up: Carlo Rossini, 448 Lansing Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

Linda José was transporting explosives from Steubenville to Chicago. It was a 900 kilometre journey that crossed three states: Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Therefore, the investigation was considered a federal matter and handed over to the FBI. At the time, the Bureau, although it ranked over State Police was understaffed and poorly organized, and rivalries between the two forces did not help coordination and cooperation. Its officers were familiar with financial criminality but they did not know what a subversive threat was and could not tell the difference between an anarchist, socialist, communist or trade unionist, they were all Reds. Their salary was five or six dollars a day, enough to live on, but not enough for many of them to work too hard or risk catching a bullet. They also spoke no foreign languages. All of this meant that with a little caution, immigrant subversives had relatively little to fear from them.

But there was one Bureau agent who was different. He stood out for his cunning dedication, attention to detail, insight, tenacity, and the ability to keep his true intentions from being revealed during interrogations. He had been noticed by a local Bureau officer while working as an insurance investigator in Cleveland and joined the force in August 1917. He was not a strapping man of action, he had not even received the official compulsory training. He could not aim a gun, he could not fight, and his chronic shortness of breath made it impossible to imagine him in hot pursuit. He was not particularly well liked by several of his colleagues but he was perhaps the most intelligent of the federal agents. This is why Rayme Weston Finch was assigned to the case.

Although Finch was unable to put in handcuffs the man that had seen off Linda José at the train station — no one would even manage that — he did identify many of

destiny. That gesture spoke to the confused masses. It said something that neither silence nor indifference can erase: “The king you fear, the king who was picked by the grace of god, the king who oppresses and bleeds you, the king who commands everyone and can be commanded by none, the king who judges everyone and can be judged by none, the king who is glory, myth, power — is like any other man, only a miserable bag of fragile flesh and bones. A single revolver shot can reduce him to litter the way he did with you, your aged, your children, the way he did in Conselice, in Milan, for an evil whim, for an obscene lust for power. Your dependence is a shame from which you can redeem yourselves; your devotion is unworthy of you and is wasted. Stand up on your feet, slaves, you resigned, cowardly slaves who could free yourselves from the millennial yoke with a shrug of your shoulders and reach the pinnacle of freedom”. Isn’t this what the Monza tragedy means?

From the ashes at the foot of the stake in Campo di Fiori,¹⁸ Angiolillo gathers the tradition of free thought and warns that the blazing dawn of the twentieth century will tolerate neither the shadow nor the shame of the Inquisition. Vaillant exposes those who, under the anonymous mask of the representational system, are responsible for the same infamies and exploitation and slashes their obscene faces. (The Sun King, at least, had the courage to present himself before his subjects and History, shouting, “I am the State!”) Luccheni, himself a bastard, warns that priests try to throw out the fruits of their inadmissible loves in vain. Duval, Ravachol, Stellmacher,¹⁹ all those who

18- Spot in Rome where Giordano Bruno was executed in 1600.

19- Hermann Stellmacher and Anton Kammerer, tried in Austria for the killing of several police agents, were given the death penalty and executed respectively on August 8 and September 29, 1884.

Unfortunately (and we have at length stated why), the individual act of rebellion, due to intrinsic and extrinsic causes, due to the pressures of the moment, the environment and the subject's own psychology, cannot be different from what it is, no matter what our preference may be.

Then it follows that it would be absurd and ridiculous for us to think of compiling a new calendar of saints, the saints of the social revolution, as it would be to think of condemning them posthumously.

No act of rebellion is useless; no act of rebellion is harmful.

Philosophasters of the quiet life may declaim, for instance, that Gaetano Bresci's act was a pointless folly, immediately rendered senseless by the constitutional aphorism: "Le roi est mort, vive le roi." When one king dies, another king is crowned; and the death of Umberto I leaves the throne for Vittorio Emanuele III. It was hardly a prediction that Gaetano Bresci couldn't make beforehand and better than those cheap salesmen of political common sense. But, after an atrocious chain of proletarian massacres, after the slaughters of May 1898 in Milan, after the years of imprisonment that the sinister monarch thought would forever disperse the revolutionary movement in Italy, after the acclaim and decorations this majesty had bestowed on underlings and rogues (beginning with Bava Beccaris) thereby proving that the king, despite the constitutional fiction, both reigns and rules and assumes all the responsibilities and risks of government; after this repression had been endured by all with a resignation even worse than the outrage — the humble weaver from Prato rose alone above the general indolence, and alone faced the symbols of so much infamy. With a stroke he put back history, wayward and arrested, back on the path of its future, towards its

the wanted man's comrades. On February 11th, an Emilio Coda was arrested in a town about 30 kilometres south of Steubenville on his way back from Indianapolis, where he had attended the United Mine Workers of America national convention. Finch had ordered his colleagues to arrest him at the first opportunity, since Coda was not only a comrade of the mysterious Carlo, but was also a miner, giving him easy access to dynamite. Questions began to arise as to whether the dynamite seized in Chicago might have something to do with the events in Milwaukee. (On September 9th 1917, two anarchists were shot and 11 arrested after stopping a priest from preaching in the Italian neighbourhood, exhorting immigrants to enlist in the "Great War". A bomb was later planted in the war-monger's church but in a strange but serendipitous turn of events, was delivered to and exploded in the central police station, killing 9 and injuring 6 pigs. The most fatal single event in US law enforcement history until 9/11. Intense repression of the Italian community followed, and the 11 anarchists arrested prior to the bombing were then sentenced to 25 years of penal labor.) On January 24th, federal police in Chicago searched the home of Sebastiano Secchi, treasurer of the Defence Committee for the Milwaukee imprisoned anarchists. Secchi was absent at the time and the agents had to content themselves with arresting his wife, and five anarchists present in the house, who were released a few days later, taking away three suitcases full of documents and six hundred dollars from the defence fund.

On 26th January, *Cronaca Sovversiva* wrote about Linda Jose's arrest in an article that ended with these words:

According to the information we have, we can say that she is a good comrade who deserves our sympathy and our solidarity. While we are taking care to secure

for her the patronage of a good lawyer, we wish to report her ordeal to our good, vigilant comrades so that they may help us with her financial support. We wholeheartedly recommend her to you as worthy of support and to any of the funds for all the victims of reaction.

Regarding financial support, it is worth mentioning that on the same page there was a report of an event held in New York at the end of December to raise money for the victims of repression. The report was signed by Ella.

On January 29th, several press outlets announced with much pomp and circumstance the news that the arrested girl had expressed her intention to cooperate. They would be disappointed. In fact, the day before, during her closed-door appearance before the judge in which she pleaded guilty to her charges (illegal transportation of explosives), Linda José had told a tearful love story.

It so happened that her cellmate was also present in court that day for her own case's hearing, and she decided to speak! She told the journalists present that Linda José was different from all the other girls, that she had talked to her about ideas, human rights, economic determinism, quoting authors such as Zola, Ferrer, Kropotkin and Marx. Most importantly, she revealed that she had lied to the police because her real name was Ella and she was nineteen-years-old, not sixteen as she had claimed in hopes of getting a lighter sentence. She was also married to a man named Augusto, whom she loved, but not as much as she loved Carlo, who had recently returned from Mexico. After revealing these secrets to her cellmate, Ella/Linda José had proposed an escape plan. She would hit the guard with a milk bottle, allowing Molesky to snatch the keys,

certainly it is not we who will try to revoke the decisions of Magnaud and Fichte. No!

And then... to hell with it! Surrounded with strong-boxes, ignoring and despising the sufferings of the world, the bourgeoisie and its misfortunes do not move us one bit. A few more words, before closing this chapter.

We do not believe there are useless or harmful acts of rebellion. Every one of them, together with the accidents inseparable from any violent change of the monotonous routine of life, has deep echoes and lasting gains, which compensate abundantly for them.

Let us be understood: we are not being nostalgic for unneeded brutality nor for vulgar coarseness. We too would prefer that every act of rebellion had such sense of proportion that its consequences would correspond perfectly to its causes, not only in measure, but also in timeliness, giving it an irresistible automatic character. Then every act would speak eloquently for itself with no need for glosses or clarifying comments. Furthermore, we would like this unavoidable necessity to assume a highly ethical — and even an aesthetic — attitude. Michele Angiolillo, after attacking Canovas, the despicable organizer of the inquisitorial torments in the Alcala prison, found himself face to face with the latter's wife. Letting his revolver fall from his hand, he took off his hat and bowed, saying, "Madam, I am sorry for the grief I am causing you, but your husband was a monster unworthy of any pity". There is something noble and chivalrous in Angiolillo's gesture that illuminates the profound humanity and civility inspiring his rebellion. It would be pleasing if such sentiments were always present in our actions, for anarchism, being truth and kindness, is, above all, beauty.

the petty thief who, pressed by need, reaches for a loaf of bread, a herring or a tempting slice of ham in the shop window.

Even before Lino Ferriani, the royal prosecutor, extenuated these pariahs from a theoretical point of view, and before President Magnaud, the good judge, acquitted them, disturbing and horrifying the wealthy, a German philosopher, named Johann Gottlieb Fichte¹⁶ in his *Principles of Natural Right* delivered the impartial sentence: “He who has no means of subsistence, has no duty to acknowledge or respect other people’s property, considering that the principles of the social covenant have been violated to his prejudice”.

We agree that, face to face with the enemy’s brutal, overwhelming preponderance, vanguard minorities cannot gain respect nor inspire confidence without an exemplary and transparently austere way of life. And, again, we agree that in order to avoid ugly suspicions of personal material advantage, those who proclaim the necessity of the final expropriation and justify partial expropriation in certain specified cases, must surround themselves with a voluntary and evocative poverty, a holy dread of other people’s property. But that we should submit to Origen’s¹⁷ operation — no! At this juncture there is no third solution. If we are forced to choose between private property and its supporters, or against private property and its attackers, we cannot and will not align ourselves with the former, and

16- Lino Ferriani (1852–1921). Lawyer, Sociologist, student of delinquency among minors.

Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762–1814) German philosopher author of “Science of Knowledge”, “Talks to the German Nation” and many other books.

17- Origen (185–254?) A Christian theologian who castrated himself in order not to be distracted by sexual problems.

but the Milwaukee girl, confident of her imminent release, refused.

After Amanda Molesky’s comments, it came as no surprise that on February 9th the newspapers announced that Dynamite Girl had a name. Linda José was in fact Gabriella Antolini. She was nineteen years old, married to Augusto Segata (who had vanished never to be seen again), and was known to all her friends and comrades as Ella.

The more evidence inspector Finch gathered about this “anarchist conspiracy,” the more convinced he became that he was looking at one big mosaic, Composed of many small pieces, which he was beginning to distinguish, What connected them, what held them together, was that strange newspaper published on the outskirts of Boston.

Finch then reported his findings and conclusions to his commanding officer who immediately signed a search warrant for the offices of *Cronaca Sovversiva*. Their strategy was to link the newspaper to the attacks, find and arrest the elusive Carlo, and gather enough evidence to issue a deportation order against Luigi Galleani. The feds were so impressed with Finch’s work that they gave him operational command of the *Cronaca Sovversiva* raids. Perhaps not the wisest move as it would inevitably compromise their best man, but it was a somewhat unavoidable choice given the inadequate resources of the Boston unit. At the time there were only seven special agents responsible for investigating cases throughout New England, but two of them were supervisors, mere pencil-pushers. Out of the 1436 open cases, seven hundred remained unassigned because two agents were handling half of them. Not surprisingly, the Bureau in Boston lacked the time and the capacity to deal with Italian anarchists. Thus, after arriving in Boston on the eve of the raid, Finch learned from local

colleagues that the editor-in-chief of *Cronaca Sovversiva*, Carlo Valdinoci, had been on the run since the previous summer. Valdinoci matched the description of Gabriella Antolini's escort at the station.

The case of Gabriella Antolini did not overshadow the ordeal of the Milwaukee comrades, nor did some anarchists forget to deliver the necessary response to their sentence. In a small column on April 20th, *Cronaca Sovversiva* informed its readers that

“in Milwaukee, two bombs were found a fortnight ago behind Sherman Boulevard in the building where W.A. Zabel, the prosecutor who proudly boasts of having sent eleven of our comrades to prison for twenty-five years without a reason or evidence, lives. However, the explosives were disposed of before they could bring justice. This time...”

In fact, the failed bombing had taken place only five days earlier, on April 15th. The bombs had been placed on the north and south side of the prosecutor's home, and weighed about ten kilos each. They consisted of steel cylinders filled with dynamite, nails, screws, many .32 calibre pistol cartridges, and a bottle of sulphuric acid. But that April night was abnormally cold and the humidity had extinguished the fuse on one of the devices, while the other failed to explode due to a faulty detonator. The experts said that if the devices had exploded, the effects would have been devastating.

Cronaca Sovversiva had come under increasing pressure and suddenly stopped its regular publication after the April 20th, 1918 issue. On the one hand, the postal service had refused to distribute it and, on the other, money was running out as it was being channeled into the increasing

ment in their community, to provide the necessary means for attaining victory.
Do you disapprove?

No, you cannot disapprove. There has been expropriation, the very expropriation you have invoked a thousand times as a revolutionary necessity. There has been no appropriation in the sense that the confiscated wealth has been used to re-establish some other private property with all its consequences. Not at all. We are faced exactly with an initial, partial act of revolutionary expropriation. Besides the material advantages for the movement, it initiates, enables and encourages the multitude to proceed to the final expropriation of the ruling class for the benefit of every one. This has been our desire and our aim. How can we curse, condemn, or reject?

Clement Duval, Vittorio Pini, Ravachol have never taken for themselves a single penny of the loot that they obtained with the constant risk of death or life imprisonment. You may say that they have used that money for questionable propaganda means and action and even conclude that it could have been used in a better way. But you can't condemn.

We stand with Severine¹⁵ and Reclus, who, without reservations, have extolled the courage, the heart and the self-abnegation of these lost sentinels.

Furthermore, to be completely frank and to close this parenthesis we confess that we can't even rage against

15- Séverine — Madame Séverine as she was called in Paris for many years — was the pen-name of Caroline Remy (1855–1929). She was a writer and a speaker who, since the beginning of her career, had assigned to herself the role of public defender, from the press, from the public rostrum, and face to face with the dispensers of official justice, of all the victims of social injustice.

When it comes to action, or tactics as it is usually called, there was a time when some comrades believed (and some still do) that in order to develop our propaganda, to equip vanguards, to arm them for action, boldly to initiate attacks, or to repel violence by force of arms, financial means would be needed that could not be provided by poor militants with more energy and courage than weapons: so they expropriated, as they used to say, with rigorous precision. They took wherever they found it.

What does expropriation mean? It means to take from somebody the goods or real estate that he owns, claiming he has no right to them. From Saint Clement¹⁴ to Babeuf, Proudhon, Bakunin and the most modest of our comrades, the invalidity of all property titles has never been questioned: expropriation is legitimate unless it ends as its opposite, appropriation.

To make myself better understood: if Tom takes Harry's wealth for his own enjoyment, we say that he has appropriated it. The property in question has only changed its titular owner, but as an institution it remains just what it was before. Tom is getting rich, as Harry did in the past, on the shoulders and the labour of harnessed slaves.

Nothing has changed, and there is no reason why we should congratulate Tom for having taken Harry's wealth. But suppose, as it recently happened, a band of revolutionaries attack a bank; they immobilize the guards, empty the safes and, weapons in hand, defend their retreat. Then, having secured it, they deliver their loot to insurrectionary committees to further the revolutionary move-

14- Saint Clement is reported to have expressed the opinion that: "In good Justice everything should belong to everybody. Iniquity has made private property" (Almanacco Libertario for the year 1938 — Ginevra).

legal expenses faced by a growing number of anarchists in the United States. Galleani wrote in the following edition:

"Although *Cronaca Sovversiva* does not bend, it is in danger of being broken. It is honored by such an important collection of Washington's hatred. The promise of the federal police to ban its publication will be enforced with the utmost rigor... Although the publication of *Cronaca* must continue according to our common intentions, no one wants to publish it for the exclusive benefit of the obtuse federal police, those who, after seizing it, would keep it in a Boston post office or confine it to the attics of the Judicial Investigation Bureau."

On July 18th, 1918, *Cronaca Sovversiva*, "the most dangerous publication in the country", was officially banned. In the June 6th issue. Galleani wrote:

"What will they do with us?... they will do as they please, torment our flesh, unapologetically and mockingly turn us into the object of all wickedness and torture. But that is not the most serious or urgent question. Let them do with us what they will, good luck to those who try! The real question is, what are we to do?"

The July edition would be the last of 1918. In a matter of months, Finch's investigations had practically eliminated the circle around *Cronaca Sovversiva*. His superiors rewarded him with a transfer to New York, hoping that he could achieve the same results in the hunt for subversives in the big city. This meant that Italian anarchists would no longer be the focus of his attention.

At 2:10 pm on September 4th, a powerful bomb exploded at the Adams Street entrance to the Federal Building in

Chicago, where the maxi-trial was being held against one hundred IWW militants, charged with a total of 10,000 specific crimes along with more general subversive and antiwar activities. The bomb was contained in a briefcase hidden behind a radiator in the hallway and was said to consist of three steel cylinders secured with wire and filled with explosives. The bombing left four dead and seventy-five injured, and the perpetrators were never found. For once, no one was thinking of Italian anarchists.

A few days later, the jury took just one hour to find all the defendants guilty, and Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis sentenced them to heavy prison terms. This was the same court and the same judge who, on October 22nd of the following month, sentenced Gabriella Antolini to eighteen months in prison and a fine of two thousand dollars. Ella later complained that she had been misled by her lawyer, even though she had already been free for nearly five months awaiting sentencing. In fact, her twenty thousand dollar bail had been posted on June 1st by Katherine D'Angelo, the wife of wealthy businessman Vincenzo D'Angelo, who was apparently sympathetic to subversive ideas. But on the 27th of the same month, he was riddled with bullets as he walked down the street with his wife, their son, and Gabriella Antolini. Neither the reasons for his murder nor the perpetrators were ever discovered.

Let's remember that on October 16th, just a few days before the Dynamite Girl verdict, Congress had passed the Immigration Act, a new law against foreigners who were "members of anarchist or similar classes". Under this law the authorities would no longer have to prove that an individual was acting with revolutionary intent. In fact, they would not even have to try to prove that he or she had revolutionary ideas. From this point forward, it would be enough for any foreigner to belong to a radical organiza-

The individual act of rebellion is what it is, caused by a long series of predisposing conditions, which has suddenly met an imponderable accidental cause.

Of what value is repudiation?

"And, after this, you would conclude that we must unconditionally approve any act of individual rebellion, even those acts that are disgusting and harmful, even Duval's or Ravachol's or Luccheni's?"¹³ Let us clear up quickly a misunderstanding which has been cleared up many times before, but which arises now and then with the qualms and bigotry of a certain respectable anarchism. It is the misunderstanding concerning revolutionary expropriation, usually called theft by others, although the noun does not fit the deed.

Everyone agrees on one point: in an egalitarian society, where all means of production and exchange are common property and where the products of work have only one purpose — to assure the satisfaction of everyone's needs — theft has no meaning. It is impossible, absurd.

Therefore, among anarchists, no question of principle concerning theft exists.

13- Clement Duval (1850–1935) was a French anarchist who favoured direct action by means of expropriation. He had been sentenced to capital punishment, having been arrested for burglary and wounds inflicted on a police agent in 1885, but in 1887 the sentence was changed to hard labour for life. In 1901 he escaped from the Cayenne Island penitentiary and reached the United States where he rejoined the anarchist movement and died in 1935. Those of us who knew him well had the opportunity to appreciate the physical and moral strength of the man and the depth of his convictions. He wrote his autobiography, which was translated in Italian by Galleani and published in one volume by L'Adunata dei Refrattari.

François Claudius Koenigstein (1859–1892) better known as Ravachol, was a French anarchist arrested for acts of dynamite explosions and expropriation. Sentenced to die, he was executed on July 11, 1892.

Luigi Luccheni, a "bastard", killed the Empress of Austria Elisabeth, in Geneva (Switzerland) on September 10, 1898. He died in the Vescovado Prison in 1910. (See: J. Fehmi in "Cronaca Sovversiva" Sept. 14, 1912).

dare to form coalitions of the international proletariat; the bourgeoisie is compelled to moderation and discretion.

And so on. But while they are navigating full of hope, towards their happy Atlantis, a clash of arms at the frontier, a machine-gun volley in the foul ditch of a castle tower, the flash of an axe in the sleepy dawn, a hurried gallop of dragoons through the streets and squares to the sound of trumpets and death rattles, plunges them back again into reality. The Inquisition is still alive and unrelenting; war is more insane, paradoxical, and horrible than ever; massacres of the proletariat are daily occurrences everywhere.

The shock is tragic; the pressure intolerable; even more intolerable because, in disillusion and defeat, in the limbo of despair, imprecations and invectives come from every side.

Swollen by the shock, the soul is embittered by its shameful defeat and lives with a throbbing pain that only revenge, a tremendous, exemplary revenge can soothe. And revenge stands as the only purpose, the only possible reparation for the anguish that torments it every living day. No discharge is possible. He who is lost when among books, he who as a child was compelled to leave school for the factory or the mine, how can he write, speak, or hope to gain the attention of others?

Where can the militants be found for a sweeping agitation, when the reaction has banished or imprisoned them? This old boiler has no discharge valve; the pressure rises; the level of resignation drops; the slightest touch breaks through the crust of prejudice and convention that had been acting as a restraint, and the explosion roars dreadful, deadly.
Isn't it so?

tion or to subscribe to subversive periodicals that advocated the overthrow of the US government to be eligible for deportation. Deportation thus became a purely administrative matter. Any editor, contributor, distributor, or subscriber of *Cronaca Sovversiva* could have been deported without having to prove involvement in any crime.

It was a law specifically aimed at Italian anarchists. However, the politicians urged the federal agents not to apply it blindly, but to limit themselves to going after the “leaders” and leave the “small fry” alone. They believed that once the alleged master were deported, the students would quickly disappear.

Having filled the prisons with Italian subversives and muzzled their press, all they had to do was get rid of the man who most animated them. On November 18th, General Commissioner Caminetti issued a deportation order against Galleani, after having interrogated him once again. Legal manoeuvres allowed him to remain free and delayed the execution of the order for a few months, but the authorities were satisfied: for these Italian anarchists, subversive scum without God or country, the end had come.

Philadelphia, December 30th, 1918. At 10:30 PM, the city's far western suburbs were shaken by a thunderous noise. An explosion had destroyed the home of Ernest T. Trigg, president of the Chamber of Commerce. Twenty-five minutes later, three miles away, the home of Police Superintendent William B. Mills blew up. Five minutes after that, Federal Judge Robert von Moschzisker suddenly found himself without a roof over his head. The three bombs, all different but all filled with metal shrapnel, also severely damaged eight neighboring buildings. The only person injured was the wife of Judge William Knowles, a neighbor of Judge von Moschzisker, who was hit by shrapnel. Her

misfortune was that she had looked out of her window after smelling an unpleasant 'odor of burning rubber'. A fourth unexploded bomb was found on the third floor of the federal building, in a phone booth outside of the police offices and next to the office of US Attorney Francis Fisher Kane. Hundreds of leaflets were found at each location, printed on yellow paper and addressed "To the exploiters, the judges, the policemen, the priests, the soldiers".

The investigators deemed it a vendetta against the judiciary and the police who were responsible for the crack-down on subversives, so they concluded that the attack on the Chamber of Commerce president must have been a mistake. The real target, they suspected, must have been Judge James E. Gorman, who lived next door.

Judge von Moschzisker exhibited a curious case of amnesia by claiming that, in his opinion "this bombing was simply the work of a hysterical and misguided individual influenced by the circumstances of the time. I do not believe that there was any personal animosity behind the attack on my home. As far as I can remember, I have never had to deal with cases involving any of the groups of people who seem to be trying to sow terror". He had forgotten about the four subversives, three of them Italian, he had convicted for some disturbances during a demonstration a decade earlier. According to Superintendent Mills' keen insight, "these bombing, Were the work of a combination of Bolsheviks and IWW's."

Police and federal agents were deployed to search for the authors of these explosions. Five hundred men from the Defence Reserve were mobilized to patrol public buildings and churches, while volunteer guards were deployed in several strategic locations. But despite searches, arrests and interrogations, there were no concrete leads.

have to start the revolution from within ourselves, by discarding old superstitions, selfishness, self-imposed ignorance, foolish vanities and moral deficiencies.

We are children of the bourgeois regime, heirs to all its degradations, materially and actually incapable of shedding its bestial yoke at this time, except for a few, and we are revolutionary only when and insofar as we know how to resist and react against the wickedness, corruption and violence of our environment. And, when, through experience, we have become worthy of the cause, we will be able to arouse the same need of moral elevation and freedom that will spread in an ever-widening concentric movement, reaching those groups farthest from us, like the effect of a stone cast into a pond.

The revolution cannot be made by the anarchists alone, at a pre-established time and by pre-arranged movements; but if a movement should burst out tomorrow — no matter where — they could place themselves in the forefront, or near it, with the sole aim of pointing it towards decisive positions or solutions, and in so doing, counteracting the usual intriguers who take advantage of the good faith and sacrifices of the proletariat to foster their own interests and political fortune.

But the proletariat doesn't think of it. Didn't a great anarchist writer state many years ago that the revolution is inevitable? One must only wait for it; it knocks on the door; the glittering announcement says it'll be here tomorrow. No return to the past is possible; after so many years of anti-religious propaganda, the Inquisition is no more than a sad memory of an age that has been overcome; after so many years of anti-militarist propaganda, war is only a sterile wish of a handful of stock market manipulators; after the workers' strikes that, starting from the modest borders of a province, have invaded a whole nation and even

social order has received a profound approval, confirmed by their experience and their reasoning: the gluttons leave for the poor, who create wealth and joy with their hands, no bread, no peace, no love, no future! How true! How terribly true!

Thus, the poor living in despair have been deeply enraptured by our vision of an egalitarian society, together with the hope that a coalition (even if temporary or accidental) of all the proletarian forces could, on a daily basis, abolish abuses, avoid misfortunes, restrain the injustice and violence of the exploiters and the oppressors, and start humanity on the path of security, well-being and happiness that is its destiny. Although it lacks a precise and clear consciousness of its own right and even more, of the irresistible strength it could attract to the defence of its sacred cause, the proletariat has a deep faith (and this is perhaps rooted in the evangelical idea of punishment for evil and reward for good) in the final triumph of truth and justice.

But, partly because of this persistent evangelism, and more because of the millennial resignation which has for centuries paralyzed its initiative and its confidence, the proletariat believes that the revolution will be realized by some strange, distant force and it will be propelled by the enigmatic and fatal weight of things, undermining events and men. It harbours an ambiguous, almost religious mix of reverence and terror in this belief.

And the humble people wait for it to come and try to hasten it with all their wishes: "How great if the revolution breaks out some day"! And to that day, to that revolution which will finally destroy every obstacle, they turn their hearts, their energy, their hates and their longings for revenge... far, very far away from thinking that we, ourselves,

Although the flyer left behind at the Philadelphia bombings is no longer available — the title is known from other sources — it remains unclear how some historians have identified it with a second leaflet, "Go-Head!" printed in blue ink on white paper. The latter, was circulated throughout New England in February 1919 and was seen as the Italian anarchists' response to the deportation order against Galleani and eight other comrades, confirmed by Labor Secretary Abercrombie in January 1919. This is the second leaflet in its entirety:

"The senile fossils ruling the United States will see red! Smelling their destruction, they have decided to check the storm by passing the Deportation law affecting all foreign radicals. We, the American Anarchists, do not protest, for it is futile to waste any energy on feeble minded creatures led by His Majesty Wilson. Do not think that all foreigners are anarchists, we are a great number right here at home. Deportation will not stop the storm from reaching these shores. The storm is within, and very soon will leap and crash and annihilate you in blood and fire. You have shown no pity to us! We will do likewise. And deport us! We will dynamite you! Either deport us or free all!"
- the american anarchists

On February 27th, 1919 US President Wilson was scheduled to make a stop in Boston on his way back from Europe, where he attended the Versailles peace negotiations. Notably, the security measures for his protection were impressive. These were not surprising, as a week earlier in Paris, French anarchist Emile Cottin had attacked and wounded French Prime Minister Georges Clemenceau.

Two days later Galleani held a fiery rally in Taunton while out on bail pending deportation. The following evening, in

the town of Franklin, near Taunton, four Italians who had attended the event accidentally caused an explosion while placing a bomb at the American Woolen Factory, a factory where a fierce strike was ongoing. All four anarchists died.

In March, the deportations of Italian anarchists began, what many had expected, was now a brutal reality. Andrea Ciofalo, a member of the Bresci group in New York City, was among those taken to Ellis Island for deportation. Pietro Marucco, of the Gruppo Demolizione in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, was also deported, but never reached Italy: he died under mysterious circumstances during the crossing and was buried at sea. His brother sent a telegram with the sad news: "Pietro died on the steamer!" His comrades in Pennsylvania had no doubt: Marucco had been killed by the police escorting him. Was this the fate in store for deported Italian anarchists? To be forcibly separated from their homes and loved ones, loaded onto ships and never to set eyes on their homeland again, only to disappear at the bottom of the sea?

valves of their many faceted activities. They confront the fulminations that crash from Olympus when public powers are endangered, when vested interests are disturbed, when hypocritical morality is subverted; and they throw the awful responsibility for the rebellious act back into the face of the exploiters who squeeze out the last drop of sweat and blood from the common people, back into the face of the cops holding the bag open for the crooks, the judiciary winking indulgently and conniving impunity for oppressors, exploiters, corruptors. And they courageously denounce all these with vehemence and passion, in the name of right, justice, civilization or humanity, in vibrant public meetings, in relentless articles and from every forum, pouring out to their audience the fullness of the noblest feelings, hopefully arousing enthusiasm and sympathy for the fallen rebel, and a deep active solidarity with the ideal that inspired the rebellion.

Relentlessly they strike right and left; they work; they give vent to their feelings; they discharge their excessive steam through many open valves... the pressure, dangerous for a moment, returns to normal; the boiler regains its breath, its usual rhythm, and its regular function. When Reclus or Kropotkin are at the wheel there will be no explosion except in absolutely exceptional circumstances.

The other... the other alas! functions in an altogether different condition. It has no safety valves, no discharge pipes, no gauge to register the sudden pressures, which swell it to the point where its rhythm is upset and its function and safety are threatened. And its walls are all encrusted with dangerous superstitions.

This is the proletarian soul. Although our propaganda has barely begun to touch it, still our criticism of the vicious

One has all its valves in full working order. Scholars, writers, speakers and poets react promptly to the shock and relieve the enormous pressure by means of the discharge

12- Auguste Vaillant (1861–1894) French anarchist who threw a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies on December 9, 1893, and was condemned to death although no one had been killed by it. The sentence was executed on February 5, 1894.





ALLA GOGNA OGGI, DOMANI ALLA LANTERNA!

La Commedia Giudiziarla

Che Francesco Ferrer y Guardia sia stato assassinato, che il processo, svolto agli androni, siastati di Montjuich, non sia stato che un agguato selvaggio ed una frode oscura, oggi — nell'irrompere violento, irresistibile, della verità che i comunisti i fossati i contrattori ed i famigli non hanno saputo costringere nelle sacre della Bastiglia maletta — consente unanime la pubblica opinione di quei paesi civili d'Europa e d'America. Di William Stead a Gustavo Hervé la gamma dell'indignazione può correre i toni più diversi, assumere la più diversa intensità, ma dai conservatori più cauti come dai libertari più scapigliati l'esecuzione di Francesco Ferrer è ugualmente definita un assassinio.

Se o oggi da tutti ed in modo unanime che nessun testimone e' comparso al dibattimento, che nessuna delle molte deposizioni scritte affacciate all'avviso facile militare ha potuto essere oggetto di contestazioni, di contraddittorie discussioni, di un qualsiasi controllo; che non fa difesa di Francesco Ferrer alcuna delle testimonianze; che tutti gli sforzi fatti dal capitano Gálceran, eletto d'ufficio ad assistere l'imputato al dibattimento, per avere comunicazione e scuse accuse e delle presunzioni di prova di cui si avvaloravano, tornano vani; e che il giorno del processo — che fu anche quello della condanna — avendo il capitano Gálceran osservato rispettosamente ai suoi superiori del Tribunale che l'assoluta ignoranza di qualsiasi elemento istruttorio gli parve un atto insensato e ferace di disonestà giudiziaria, che in quelle condizioni sentiva nella sua coscienza di non poter adempiere al dovere affidandoli della Corte e dare all'imputato, in causa di tanto momento, il principio di cui aveva bisogno, al quale aveva, anche secondo la più rigida interpretazione delle leggi militari, incontrastato diritto, il Tribunale di Guerra ordinò senza altro l'arresto del capitano Gálceran per irrivenza verso la Corte, e lo mandò in una cella di Montjuich a soffrire sulle melanconiche vicende della giustizia militare e sulle sorprese che essa riserva agli indisciplinati snarri che hanno l'ingenuità di prenderla sul serio.

Così, messe da banda le testimonianze dei più acri che ai giudici militari avrebbero voluto inavvertitamente dimostrare la nessuna effettiva e reale partecipazione di Francesco Ferrer agli ultimi avvenimenti di Catalogna, ed invece il divano consiglio che per bocca delle loro eminenze Masra e Lacierva incuteva nei giudici subalterni la convinzione, del proprio non essere dell'ultima partita, Francesco Ferrer era stato di tutte le precedenti rivolte ed aveva avuto mano in tutti gli attentati di questi ultimi anni contro la sacra real maestà di Alfonso Tredecim, Francesco Ferrer fu condannato alla fucilazione perché tale era l'ordine impartito dalle povere dalle vedette degli indici e dalle ferocie conserne del trono e dell'altare, della reggia e della sacristia, della giberna e del convulsione, del governo e della Sacra Compagnia di Gesù. Il Tribunale superiore di Guerra e Marina trovò, perché così erano gli ordini venuti dall'alto, che tutto si era svolto nel miglior modo e coll'esito più onorifico; il consiglio dei ministri, esaminata la pratica per la forma, deliberò, perché tali erano gli ordini superiori, che la sentenza capitale fosse eseguita col

maggiore sollecitudine; e gli ambasciatori di S. M. Cristianissima ebbero ordine di prevenire i rappresentanti delle altre potenze che ogni e qualunque premura da parte dei loro governi in questa occasione non sarebbe stata ben veduta né dal re né dal suo governo e si sarebbe d'altra parte urtata in irrimediabili ragioni di Stato.

Ed è avvenuto così che qualche scaltro camerista incontrato, come Vittorio Emanuele III o come S. S. Pio X, sporcando su questa notizia insensibile, si suppone per ventiquattrore ore ed a buon prezzo la giornata del pietoso e del magnanimo invocando per Francesco Ferrer in quella sua clemenza che, sapete, avanti, non si sarebbe esercitata in alcun modo a beneficio.

La salvezza del torbido solista dell'Escola Moderna.

L'Assassinio

Non rimaneva dunque che la perpetrazione materiale dell'assassinio, e questa si è compiuta con tutta la raffinatezza scelta e nelle procedure della Santa Inquisizione.

Francesco Ferrer fu prelevato la sera di martedì 12 corrente che la sentenza capitale era stata confermata dalle autorità competenti e che all'alba del giorno di mercoledì, lo avrebbero tratto al supplizio. Intanto sul giorno e sull'ora dell'esecuzione si manteneva fuori del Castello di Montjuich il più geloso mistero, nella notte si rafforzavano da una parte le diverse guardie del castello e si sceglievano dall'altra in uno dei ragguardevoli di fanteria, di stanza a Barcellona dodici bruti in cui né la pietà né il sentimento avevano né voce né fosse.

Un soprintendente dello alla voce dei superiori ed al l'impero del la disciplina.

Il pare che sia questa precauzione da non dover trascurare neppure la Spagna. È assodato, in dispetto della vigilanza e della censura, che all'esecuzione procedeva, quella di Ramon Clemenzi, nei fossati di Montjuich il plotone d'esecuzione sparò due volte i suoi dodici colpi di cannone, senza ferirlo, senza toccargli un capello, e che Ramon Clemenzi fu accoppiato allora con un colpo di rivoltella a bruciapelo dall'ufficiale indisciplinato che comandava il plotone.

Lo scandalo sarebbe stato enorme nel caso di Francesco Ferrer, ed i dodici cariche furono selezionati dalla massima cura ed il comando, invece che ad un ufficiale di onore, fu dato al generale Erisen di cui sono note egualmente e la brutalità ferrea e il bigottismo intrinseco.

Alle sei antimeridiane di mercoledì 14 Ferrer fu tratto dalla sua segreta ed in luogo di essere portato subito al luogo dell'esecuzione fu trasferito alla cappella del carcere e lasciato lì tre ore ad assaporarsi l'agonia.

Lo raggiunse in cappella il capitano Gálceran che aveva chiesto ed ottenuto di assistere nei suoi ultimi istanti poiché

non aveva potuto efficacemente assistere al processo, ed il Gálceran lo confortò allora colla notizia che la figlia sua Paz aveva da Parigi telegrafato al re invocandone la grazia. Passò per neri occhi del pioniere intrepido al ricordo della figlia infelice il lampo d'uno strazio, un baleno d'angoscia indicibile, ma fu un lampo: due preti strisciarono a lui offrendogli i loro servizi, egli si alzò, volò loro le spalle e riprese passeggiando la sua ferma e serena conversazione col capitano Gálceran.

Mancavano pochi minuti alle nove quando vennero a pigliarlo e traversati parecchi androni lo condussero in un piccolo cortile del castello addossandolo alla parete.



FRANCISCO FERRER
l'ultimo suo ritratto sopra uno schizzo dal vero di A. Delamare.

Un caporale che si avvicinò per benedirgli gli occhi ed ordinargli di mettersi in ginocchio Ferrer rispose che sapeva guardare la morte in faccia e attendere in piedi.

Il generale Erisen avendo risposto che un traditore era indegno di guardare in faccia i soldati della patria, Francesco Ferrer trionfò dando la sua voce alla ferma e sicura: «morte giusta! viva sempre la Scuola Moderna!»

L'avevo un turbine di fiamma e la vendetta di Alfonso XIII e del Sant'Uffizio fu placata così.

La Vittima

L'Inquisizione Spagnuola non ne aveva forse mai pensato e valutato la stanziosa opera d'empietà come in questi giorni che, armata di un editto del re e d'acqua, che dozzina di lazichenech del Capitano Generali ha proceduto alla chiusura delle scuole moderne che Francesco Ferrer era tentante, pensosamente, risale ad aprire nel cuore della reazione rurale catalana secondato appena da qualche raro pioniere delle idee libertarie.

Sono state centocventi le scuole mo-

derne chiuse in queste ultime settimane dalle autorità

Centocventi focolari d'eresia e di sacriligio! Ma dall'insana opera di perdizione l'empio non aveva dunque posto mai?

In verità, senza trascurare né abbandonare alcuna più energica manifestazione di attività rivoluzionaria, che suoi la suscitava e la spemava con tutte le sue forze, Francesco Ferrer alla diffusione dell'insegnamento libertario si era dato colle sue energie più vivaci e meglio disciplinate al sodalizio scopo dall'osservazione: lunga ed acuta, da una profonda conoscenza degli uomini e delle cose, da una passione indomita fatta di riflessione, di coraggio sereno e di tenace ostinazione. Una passione che l'animava da ventisei anni, ed alla quale offriva sacrificando il suo tempo e la sua fortuna, il suo ingegno, la sua libertà e i suoi meriti, la vita.

Perché a dispetto dei capelli bianchi e dei baffi largamente ingarbugliati, Francesco Ferrer era giovane anche di anni.

Nato ad Abella in provincia di Barcellona nel 1859 contava ieri cinquant'anni a mala pena. Ma la vita era stata tempestosa. Giovanissimo ancora aveva preso parte al tentativo insurrezionale di Santa Coloma de Farnes, ed aveva intensamente vissuto il giorno o tempestoso di cospirazioni sorde e di temerarie rivolte che si era chiuso col tentativo insurrezionale del repubblicano general Villacampa che anche allora le contorni marziali avevano condannato a morte, ma che la pietosa Maria Cristina aveva sapientemente graziato e deportato a Fernando poi lasciando al clima la cura di marciare in pochi mesi.

Fallito questo tentativo, Francesco Ferrer era ispettore delle ferrovie dovette cercar la scappatoia e l'esilio, e ripartì in Francia ove Ruiz Zorrilla, il celebre capo del partito repubblicano progressista (che è la sola frazione veramente rivoluzionaria), lo ebbe per suo segretario particolare. Fu a Parigi che Francesco Ferrer, naufrago delle rappresentanze commerciali a cui doveva chiedere il pane quotidiano, pensò riprendere i propri studi e, rabbonaciatore le condizioni politiche del suo paese ripartì, in patria per diventare professore.

Gli studi, le nuove relazioni, l'atteggiamento più largo e più spregiudicato, l'orientamento verso più elevate concezioni di convivenza sociale del movimento operaio internazionale che egli aveva avuto campo di studiare nei suoi centri più fervidi, fecero di Francesco Ferrer un anarchico un libertario anche quando, rinasceva ufficialmente iscritto al partito repubblicano e conservava come conservò fino all'ultimo, la sua devozione al vecchio repubblicano federale Niccolò Enxarres, il suo affetto vivissimo ad Alessandro Lerroux e tutta la sua fagile devozione a Cristobal Litran il tipo del vecchio repubblicano litano e puro che

non volle mai essere deputato, che alla Scuola Moderna ed alla lotta contro la religione e la clericaglia di anche oggi, anche da Tarsel dove l'hanno deportato con Anselmo Lorenzo, le meravigliose energie del cuore e dell'intelletto.

La scuola moderna che viveva fin qui nei propositi tenaci di Francesco Ferrer ed in qualche sparuto esperimento pratico, trovò nel disinteresse e nell'abnegazione del suo fondatore la benedetta ragione che doveva portarla alla sua esaltante gloriosa fioritura. Come la signora Carrozza e Cliviani, come il signor Bon-sendorff a Malato, una signorina Mendonça morendo senza famiglia e senza eredi legava a Francesco Ferrer, perché di spose a suo grado, la propria fortuna.

E Francesco Ferrer la cominciò alla creazione dell'Escola Moderna ed a questa diede un impulso formidabile. Non bastava avere un locale, bisognava avere un materiale didattico, degli elementi pedagogici nuovi, tutta una particolare letteratura che andava insieme dalla tabe autoritaria, dal veleno cristiano e dalle contaminazioni religiose.

E accanto alla Escuela Moderna creò prima sotto il modesto appellativo di Boletín de la Escuela Moderna una rivista preziosa, la più autorevole forse dell'insegnamento scientifico razionale, ed accanto al Boletín le edizioni speciali della Scuola Moderna: le cartillas, sillabari, i primi libri di letteratura, i primi elementi di aritmetica, di geografia di microcosmo nazionale, di storia universale, fino ad affrontare i più ardui problemi della scienza moderna ed a volgarizzarne la soluzione che questa dà sull'ultimo severo risultato delle proprie indagini.

Ed intorno all'Escola Moderna ed a preparare le edizioni si affollavano i nomi più luminosi le intelligenze più vive i cuori più buoni e le menti più nobili del campo scientifico e di quello libertario, Eliseo ed Elis Reclus, Odon de Buen e la Roca de Xàtiva, Clotilde Jaquet, Enrique Lliria, Carlo Malato, Fermín Salvochea, Jean Grave, Anselmo Lorenzo, Esteban, Py y Arang, Michele Petit, Paraf-Javal, Leon Martin e tutto quanto agli avamposti della libertà è grande nobile e buono.

All'editto della Origine del Cristianesimo, de La Substancia Universal, de La Humanidad del Povero, de L'Homme e la Tierra di Reclus, al disseminato dell'Europa Intera avevano vacillato, al pioniere che nelle borgate della catalana Catalogna ergeva contro la chiesa, con tro il curato, contro la tradizione biblica e la trasognazione cristiana, il ministro spregiudicato, l'insegnamento positivista e la rivolta insurrezionale dell'Escola Moderna, il Sant'Uffizio non avrebbe più perdonato.

L'attentato di Matteo Masra in Calle Mayor il 30 Maggio 1906 aveva offerto alla autorità militare il pretesto di morte: la mano su Francesco Ferrer che al Moral dell'Europa Intera avevano vacillato, su liberata moderna, ma all'infuori dell'avvocato sicario Becerra del Toro il quale, abilmente ispirato dal suo padre confessore, voleva di Francesco Ferrer la pelle e i quattrini, gli altri ghermani del Tribunale Militare dimunzi all'insufficienza delle prove ed alla protesta dell'Europa Intera avevano vacillato, Francesco Ferrer tornava dopo tredici mesi di detenzione alla libertà.

Bisognava riacquistarlo, e poiché i moti di Barcellona trovavano Francesco Ferrer

enemy without respite, to disconcert him in other ways, with other means, on an altogether different field?

Why do those who attack the church, property, State, morality and destroy their symbols — why do these avengers, with few exceptions, almost always arise from the twilight of oppression and suffering, from the proletariat? And, far from being stigmatized by rickets, idiocy, or even worse, degeneration (which would please the police of Sernicoli's ilk,¹⁰ or some wiseacres of the new school of penology) why are they, out of all the proletarian multitude, among the foremost in normality, equilibrium, education and intelligence?

This is a problem of elementary mechanics. And since our readers are more at home in this field than the present writer, it will not be difficult to come to an understanding.

In order to function in a normal way, every boiler must have a gauge indicating the steam pressure and two essential valves, one registering any excess of pressure, the other the water level. An excess of heat could produce too great a volume of steam for the capacity of the boiler and bring about a corresponding danger of explosion.

The same danger would be incurred if the water level was lowered excessively, causing the walls of the boiler above the water level to become red hot to the point where careless contact with water would cause an explosion.

9- Eugène Cavaignac (1802-1857) a French General, violently repressed the June 1848 insurrection.
Gaston Alexandre Auguste Gallifet (1830-1909) French General responsible for the massacre of the Paris Commune 1871.

10- E. Sernicoli, a Judge of hostile views, author of a book "L'Anarchia e gli Anarchici" (Anarchy and Anarchists) Ed. Treves. Milano, 1894, 2 volumes.

to testify that in most cases the individual act of rebellion comes even more as a surprise to the comrades than to the enemies.

Who, for instance, would have thought that Michele Angiolillo,⁷ calm kind and gentle as a girl, could have grasped a gun and coldly shot Canovas del Castillo in Santa Agueda, that filthy and ferocious hyena, who renewed and intensified all the horrors of the Holy Inquisition against the anarchists in the prison of Alcala del Valle, though their innocence had even been recognized by tribunals? And, among those of us who knew Sante Caserio⁸ intimately as an excellent youngster, modest, reserved, sober in words and in deeds, who could have foreseen that, one day, armed with a formidable knife, he, on a street in Lyon, crowded with delirious vassals, would leap impetuously and render justice to Sadi Carnot, the sponsor of the lois scelerates, [the anti-anarchist laws] passed for the purpose of choking off freedom of thought on the threshold of the twentieth century?

And why did Kropotkin, who had been a member of the Tchaickowsky Group, which had produced the most audacious iconoclasts — why did Elisée Reclus, who had survived two blood-baths and barely escaped the Cavaignac and Gallifet slaughters — why did they seek to fight the

7- Michele Angiolillo, born in Foggia in 1871, anarchist. To save himself from the severity of the special laws against “press-crimes” he went abroad in 1895. Two years later, from London he went to Spain where he killed the dictator Canovas del Castillo on August 8, 1897. He was arrested and executed nine days later, August 17, 1897.

8- Sante Caserio, from Motta Visconti (Milano) where he was born in 1873, baker by trade and anarchist by conviction, had been sentenced to prison for “anarchist propaganda”. To spare himself a term in prison, he passed the Swiss border and then went in France. On June 24, 1894, in Lyon he killed Sadi Carnot, President of the Republic. Sentenced to die, he was executed on August 16, 1894.

Propaganda of the Deed

I am beginning to suspect that Merlino may see in the individual acts of rebellion — rebellion against the church, against the State, against property or morality — and in the iconoclasts who commit themselves to them, almost always losing their freedom or their lives — the essential source of disagreement and the insurmountable obstacle to a cordial and productive understanding among the various tendencies of anarchism. If that were the case, I would be very sorry... for a long series of reasons.

Because, if I remember the disdainful and bitter attitude Merlino assumed in Paris a quarter of a century ago against the ‘Intransigent Groups’ (in these, side by side with some scoundrels who exploited the fervour and generosity of some comrades and, in the name of anarchism, thought only of piling up money for themselves, becoming capitalists as greedy as all the others, sincere and courageous men were to be found working only to provide adequate means for action — propaganda of the deed — as it was then called. It is enough to remember Vittorio

Pini¹ was one of them); I also remember Merlino's gesture, (which was considered heroic and was certainly unusually courageous in that moment of white terror) when he assumed the defence of Gaetano Bresci at his trial in Milan, a task he performed with great dignity and determination before a public cowed by the bullying police and their spies, the insidious provocations of the prosecutor, and the stern admonishments of an impatient judge.

For that gesture of courage, loyalty and honesty — a gesture that had to be inspired, if not by a feeling of true political and moral solidarity, certainly by a deep and sincere understanding of the causes which made the Monza tragedy an act of vindication and retribution — I have in the inmost recess of my heart the deepest gratitude and admiration for Francesco Saverio Merlino.

The purity of Gaetano Bresci's sacrifice must have told him something that he could not reject.

I would regret it, too, because Saverio Merlino has such a wide knowledge of history and the philosophy of history, as well as economy and jurisprudence, that it must be sooner envied than equalled even among the better informed. And therefore, he cannot separate the individual act of rebellion from the political climate in which it strikes, from the causes, remote or near, complex in any

1- Vittorio Pini, anarchist partisan of immediate expropriation by direct action. Founder with Parmeggiani and others, (in Paris on or about 1887) of the anarchist Group "Intransigents". In 1890 he was condemned to deportation to the "Safety Islands" of French Guyana, where he died in December 1903. On this occasion Galleani published (in *Cronaca Sovversiva* January 16, 1904) a "medallion" saying: "His activities may be disputed, one may dissent from his methods, but no one who has known Vittorio Pini will ever dare say of him that he was a vulgar thief or malefactor". On Pini consult: "La Gazette des Tribunaux" (Paris, 5-6 Novembre 1889); "Le Revolte" (Novembre 1889); "Le Crapouillot" (January 1938, page 32-33); J. Maitron: "Histoire du Mouvement Anarchiste en France" (1830-1914 — Paris 1955 pl77-179); L. Galleani: "Aneliti e Singulti" (Newark, NJ 94-96). (G.R.)

irresistible press of the insurrectionists in Venice, Palermo, Rome, and Milan [1848-1849], who savour the joy of victory — ephemeral, yes — but a tremendous spur to the final desperate conquest.

But we are not here to write the history of the Piedmont conquest of Italy... with all due respect for the rights of the Holy See.

It is sufficient for us to deduce from this quick foray — which could, with a little more effort and patience, be repeated for any other historical cycle — that the individual act of rebellion is a necessarily intermediary phenomenon between the sheer ideal or theoretical affirmation and the insurrectionary movement which follows it and kindles the torch of the victorious revolution.

A necessary and inevitable medium; it is what it is, that which the circumstances command or consent to, above and beyond any preference of ours. Can you reject or condemn it? You may as well reject a thunderbolt, an earthquake, or any unlucky meteor; you can only endure them, for they originate from causes acting beyond the will and power of man.

And it is what it is, not only because of the intricate convergence of the causes, which demand it at a certain time, in a certain way and not otherwise; but also because of the instrument called upon to accomplish it.

The paid journalistic hacks of the ruling class, the police and their informers, the cowardly and reactionary magistrates may still believe in the legends of plots, of drawing lots to choose the instrument of the revolutionary act, the avenger. But F S Merlino has lived long enough among or near bomb-makers (uncontaminated, of course) to be able

us to unite in the best possible way under one indivisible republic”?⁵

We are not concerned with these details. But certainly here we are in the first phase of the revolutionary process where protest has no other means of expression but faith and word.

The second period will come: the time of the believers when thought becomes flesh and action, and Zamboni, De Rolandis, Carafa, Pagano, Cirillo, Luisa Sanfelice, daring both the wrath of the powerful and the apathy of the masses, unsheath the arms of their faith, putting on the halo of a martyrdom devoted to victory.⁶

What Bloodshed! Against a gloomy background of anguish and grief, the dawn of redemption — the second phase of the revolution — is all blood.

However, the day comes when the executioner can no longer cope with his shameful task. There are no jails big enough to stifle the expanding insurrection of the subjects. The palladium crumbles, the army conspires and then rises in Alessandria, Pinerolo, Brescia, Nola, Palermo. A storm of perdition shocks the world and upsets the peninsula; it rocks the Holy Alliance, which can only stem the torrent in Troppau, in Laibach, in Verona with the terror of bayonets, but these are too fragile a barrier against the

5- Harbingers of the National Italian Revolution: Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803) poet; Gaetano Filangeri (1752–1788) Jurist; Melchiorre Gioia (1795–1865) Historian and Philosopher.

6- Patriots of the XVIII Century who have their blood and lives in the struggle against the old regimes: Luigi Zamboni (1772–1795); Giovanni De Rolandis (1774–1796); Ettore Carafa (1763–1799); Mario Pagano (1740–1799); Domenico Cirillo (1730–1799); Luisa Monti Sanfelice (executed in 1800 after having given birth — in Naples).

case, by which it is almost fatalistically determined, from the particular psychology of the medium Nemesis has chosen for its ends of atonement, reparation, justice, from the consequence, from the admonitory impact it puts on everybody's memory and experience.

The church, of course, abhorret a sanguine (abhors the spilling of blood) and anathematizes any attempt... that doesn't serve its interests and, so, finds rewards, indulgence and beatifications for Dominic Guzman, Clement and Ravallac, for the Dragonnades and the St Barthelmys.²

The State sees only a criminal in anyone who breaks a law and, by delivering him to a dozen bigots or butchers, is certain to have him committed to the executioner, to the penitentiary, to hell in any case.

The conventionally-minded cry out contradictorily that “Human life is sacred and inviolable, and whoever attacks it offends both divine and human laws”; while they are fattening their wallets and their bellies without the least scruple; condemning the helots toiling in the fields, the factories and the mines to starvation, despair and early death, their women to prostitution and their children to the gutter. Or else, they push them over frontiers into

2- Domingo de Guzman (1170–1221) founder of the Dominican Order and instigator to the slaughter of the religious dissenters of Southern France. He was sanctified by Pope Gregory IV. Jacques Clement (1567–1589) a Dominican friar who killed Henry III King of France. Francois Ravallac (1578–1610) another monk, killed Henry IV, another king of France.

Dragonnades: violent repressions ordered by King Louis 14 against the Protestants of Southern France.

Saint-Barthelemy: Name given by popular tradition to the slaughter of religious dissenters — Huguenots — perpetrated on the night of August 24, 1572. Started in Paris on the orders of king Charles IX and his mother, it spread all over France.

monstrous slaughter for the sake of a killing in the stock market.

The clowns and spellbinders of self-serving politics, who only yesterday proclaimed the martyrdom of Sophia Perovskaya and Albert Parsons,³ having hardly wiped their obscene mouths, now spit upon our own rebels because they have suddenly thrown into the web of their plans and machinations the carcass of the tyrant they had been cursing the day before. They shed their crocodile tears over the royal victim; they sententiously declare that political assassination is sheer folly, that “When a pope dies, another takes his place”, and that the world continues without a tremor on its immutable way.

Even in our own ranks there are short-sighted persons who, looking at the immediate consequences of shock and reactionary fury caused by violence, hesitate and wonder whether the rebellious act, by provoking wild, unexpected repressions and by corroding our already scanty liberties, may not have compromised our slow, but persistent and certainly beneficial, work of propaganda, organization and preparation.

Whatever our doctrinal and tactical disagreements may be, we have too much respect for F S Merlino to assign him to any of the above-mentioned categories.

3- Sofia Perovskaya (1853–1881) Russian militant member of the revolutionary Club founded in 1869 by Nicolas Tchaikovsky. She was executed in St Petersburg on April 1st 1881 during the repression that followed the death of Czar Alexander II. Albert R. Parsons, Editor of the Chicago anarchist paper “The Alarm” and one of the Chicago Martyrs, executed on November 11, 1887 with August Spies, Adolf Fischer and George Engel. Luis Lingg, sentenced with them, committed suicide rather than let the hangman murder him.

He never would, nor could, separate the individual act of rebellion from the revolutionary process of which it is the initial phase — not an episode — and whose following phases are, in their turn, inevitable consequences and developments.

The Ideal, a solitary aspiration of poets and philosophers, is embodied in the martyrdom of its first heralds and sustained by the blood of its believers. Their sacrifice raised as a sacred standard leads the first heroic but doomed insurrections and triumphs in the end through revolutionary deeds, the joy and glory of all.

Without going far from home, doesn't the history of the last Italian revolution offer a clear outline of this process?

Who said first;
...a l'umile paese
... ai dissueti orecchi
ai pigri cuori, a gli animi giacenti.
Italia! Italia!?...⁴

Was it Vittorio Alfieri, with the impetuous rumble of his tragedies? Or Gaetano Filangeri, who, in his Declaration of the Rights of Man, first revealed and spread among the young the idea of the fatherland and the dignity of the citizen? Or was it Melchiorre Gioia who, towards the end of the century, discoursing on the best form of government under which the Italian people might live in freedom and happiness, concluded that “...everything invites

4- ... to the lowly land
... to unaccustomed ears
to lazy hearts, to disheartened spirits
Italy! Italy!
This poem is actually by Carducci, in it he invokes Alfieri.