

# PROLEGOMENA

to a study of the return of the repressed in history

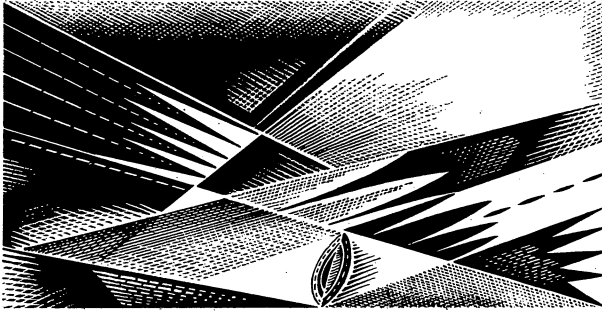


A collection of quotations from assorted anarchists, outlaws,  
and ne'er-do-wells, as well as a few enemies thereof

# **PROLEGOMENA**

**To a Study of  
the Return of  
the Repressed in History**

**With Drawings by  
CLIFFORD HARPER**



Here in Fraga (a small anarchist town in Spain), you can throw banknotes into the street and no one will notice. Rockefeller, if you were to come to Fraga with your entire bank account, you would not be able to buy a cup of coffee. Money, your God and your servant, has been abolished here, and the people are happy.

*article in an anarchist paper during the  
Spanish Civil War*

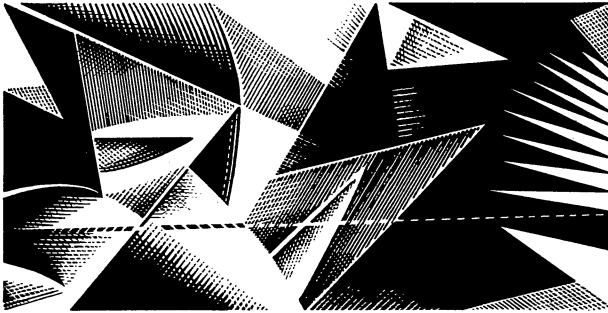
**DYNAMITE!** Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into a inch pipe (gas or water-pipe), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighbourhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. In giving dynamite to the down-trodden millions of the globe, science has done its best work. The dear stuff can be carried around in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapons against any force of militia, police or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves. It is something not very ornamental but exceedingly useful. It can be used against persons and things, it is better to use it against the former than against bricks and masonry. It is a genuine boon

for the disinherited, while it brings terror and fear to the robbers. It brings terror only to the guilty, and consequently the Senator who introduced a bill in congress to stop its manufacture and use, must be guilty of something. He fears the wrath of an outraged people that has been duped and swindled by him and his like. The same must be the case with the 'servant' of the people who introduced a like measure in the senate of the Indiana legislature. All the good this will do. Like everything else, the more you prohibit it, the more it will be done. Dynamite is like Banquo's ghost, it keeps fooling around somewhere or other in spite of his satanic majesty. A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow, and don't you forget it. Our law makers might as well try to sit down on a crater of a volcano or a bayonet as to endeavour to stop the manufacture or use of dynamite. It takes more justice and right than is contained in laws to quiet the spirit of unrest. If workingmen would be truly free, they must learn to know why they are slaves. They must rise above petty prejudice and learn to think. From thought to action is not far, and when the worker has seen the chains, he need but look a little closer to find near at hand, the sledge, with which to shatter every link. The sledge is dynamite.

*T. Lizius in the 'Alarm', 1885*

Kings have no rights but what they got by conquest and the sword, and he who can by force of the sword deprive them thereof has as good and just a title to them as the king himself. If the king should deny to do me right I would think no more of it to sheath my sword in his heart or bowels than of my mortal enemies.

*Anthony Arnold, participant in Bacon's  
Rebellion, at his trial in 1677*



“How do you prevent anyone getting too rich?” a British general enquired of an inhabitant of the Swat Valley (India) where a rudimentary form of communism is carried out. “We cut his throat,” was the brief reply.

*from 'World Revolution' by Nesta H. Webster*

I am an escaped convict from San Miguel de los Reyes, that sinister penitentiary which the monarchy set up in order to bury alive those who, because they weren't cowards, would never submit to the infamous laws dictated by the powerful against the oppressed. I was taken there, like so many others, to wipe out an offence; namely, for revolting against the humiliations to which an entire village had been subjected; in short, for killing a political boss.

I was young and am still young, because I entered the penitentiary when I was 23 and was released, thanks to the anarchist comrades who opened the gates, when I was 34. For eleven years, I was subjected to the torment of not being a man, of being merely a thing, a number!

Many prisoners, who had suffered as I had from bad treatment received since birth, were released with me. Some of

them, once in the streets, went their own way; others, like myself, joined our liberators, who treated us like friends and loved us like brothers. With them we gradually formed the Iron Column, with them, at a mounting tempo, we stormed barracks and disarmed ferocious guards; and with them we rudely drove the fascists to the peaks of the Sierra, where they are now held.

Hardly a soul has ever bothered about us. The stupefaction of the bourgeoisie when we left the penitentiary is still shared by everyone; and instead of being attended to, instead of being aided and supported, we have been treated like outlaws and accused of being uncontrollable, because we did not subordinate the rhythm of our lives, which we desired and still desire to be free, to the stupid whims of those who, occupying a seat in some ministry or on some committee, sottishly and arrogantly regarded themselves as the masters of men, and also because, after expropriating the fascists, we changed the mode of life in the villages through which we passed, annihilating the brutal political bosses who had robbed and tormented the peasants, and placing their wealth in the hands of the only ones who knew how to create it: the workers.

The bourgeoisie – there are many kinds of bourgeois individuals and they are in many places – wove ceaselessly with the threads of calumny the evil slanders with which we have been regaled, because they, and they alone, have been injured by our activities, by our rebelliousness, and by the wildly irrepressible desires we carry in our hearts to be free like the eagles on the highest mountain peaks, like the lions in the jungle.

On some nights, on those dark nights when armed and alert I would try to penetrate the obscurity of the fields and the mystery of things, I would rise from behind my parapet as if in a dream, gripping my rifle with a frenzied desire to fire, not

merely at the enemy sheltered barely a hundred yards away, but at the other concealed at my side, the one who called me comrade. And yet I would feel a desire to laugh and to weep and to run through the fields, shouting and tearing throats open with my iron fingers, just as I had torn open the throat of that filthy political boss, and to smash this wretched world into smithereens, a world in which it is hard to find a loving hand to wipe one's sweat and to stop the blood flowing from one's wounds on returning from the battlefield tired and wounded.

I have lived in barracks, and there I learned to hate. I have been in the penitentiary, and it was there, strangely enough, in the midst of tears and torment, I learned to love intensely. In the barracks, I was on the verge of losing my personality, so severe was the treatment and the stupid discipline they tried to impose upon me. In prison, after a great struggle, I recovered that personality, for every punishment made me more rebellious. There I learned to hate every kind of hierarchy from top to bottom; and, in the midst of the most agonising suffering, to love my unfortunate brothers.

*from 'Nosotros', newspaper of the Iron Column,  
Spain, March 1937*

On 2 May 1937 the President of Republican Spain, Mañuel Azana, then living in the parliament house in Exposition Park, talked by telephone to the President of Catalonia, Luis Companys, who was in his office in the Palace of the Generalitat. The conversation had been going on for some time, when it was sharply interrupted by an anarchist in the Telefonica who said: "*This conversation will have to stop. We have more interesting things to do than listen to your stupid conversations.*" The line was then broken.

*Jaume Miravittles*



THE END OF BILL SNYDER  
the war song of the 1839 Anti-Renters

The moon was shining silver bright;  
The sheriff came in the dead of night;  
High on a hill sat an Indian true,  
And on his horn he blew –

Chorus

Keep out of the way – big Bill Snyder –  
We'll tar your coat and feather your hide, Sir!

The Indians gathered at the sound,  
Bill cocked his pistol – looked around –  
Their painted faces, by the moon,  
He saw, and heard, that same old tune –

Says Bill, This music's not so sweet  
As I have heard – I think my feet  
Had better be used; and he started to run,  
But the tin horn still kept sounding on,



‘Legs! do your duty now’, says Bill,  
‘There’s a thousand Indians on the hill –  
When they catch tories, they tar their coats,  
And feather their hides, and I hear the notes’ –

He ran, and he ran, till he reached the wood,  
And there, with horror, still he stood;  
For he saw a savage, tall and grim,  
And he heard a horn, not a rod from him;

And he thought that he heard the sound of a gun,  
And he cried in his fright, ‘Oh! my race is run!  
Better had it been had I never been born  
Than to come within the sound of that tin horn’;

And the news flew around, and gained belief,  
That Bill was murdered by an Indian chief;  
And no one mourned that Bill was slain,  
But the horn sounded on, again and again –

Next day the body of Bill was found,  
His writs were scattered on the ground,  
And by his side a jug of rum,  
Told how he to his end had come.

Anarchists are merely criminals. They are robbers. They want no government, whatever, so that, when they meet you on the street they can knock you down and rob you.

*Henri Rochefort*

The rule of heaven and the rule of nature – angels, spirits, devils, molecules, atoms, ether, the laws of God-Heaven and the laws of nature, forces, the influences of one body on another – all this is invented, formed, created by society. Marxism is the new scientific Christianity, designed to conquer the bourgeois world by deceiving the people, the proletariat, just as Christianity deceived the feudal world.

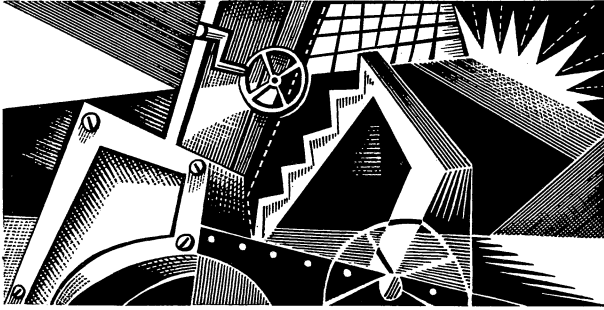
*Abba and V.L. Gordin, Russian anarchists who in 1917 organised the Union of the Oppressed Five – vagabond workers, national minorities, women, children and individual personalities*

They have unlimited supplies of petrol and we can only hope that they will soon run out of bottles to make the bombs.

*Londonderry police, 12 August 1969*

It is the national committee's duty to collect money for the purchase of poison and arms, as well as to discover places suitable for the construction of mines, etc. To obtain the proposed end, the annihilation of all rulers, ministers of state, nobility, the clergy, the most prominent capitalists and other exploiters, any means are permissible, and therefore great attention should be given specifically to the study of chemistry and the preparation of explosives, as being the most important weapons, etc.

*resolution of the International Revolutionary Congress in 1881. Johann Most, its author, was jailed by the English government for eighteen months as a result.*



Progreso Gonzales did not hate the bourgeoisie with the concentrated and aggressive hate of his comrades. When in a labour dispute the unfairness of the present constitution of society became evident, he was much surprised. "Very likely they don't understand! Oh! If I could have a chance of talking with the ministers!"

On the few occasions when he was on a deputation to the police headquarters to ask leave for the re-opening of the syndicates, or for the ban to be removed from a newspaper, he tried to convince the chief. For that reason they no longer put him on these deputations. "But," he used to say, "our ideas are so beautiful and so easy to understand! It would be better for the government itself. The ministers would live in tranquillity and we would not have to kill them."

*Ramon J. Sender in 'Seven Red Sundays'*

Arise people! The social vampires are drinking your blood! Those who earlier cried out for liberty, equality and fraternity are creating terrible violence! The shooting of prisoners is occurring now without trial or investigation and even without their 'revolutionary' tribunal. The Bolsheviks have become monarchists.

People! The gendarme's boot is crushing all your best feelings and desires. There is no free speech, no free press, no free housing, everywhere there are only blood, moans, tears and violence. Your enemies summon hunger to help them in their struggle with you.

Arise then people! Destroy the parasites who torment you! Destroy all who oppress you! Create your happiness yourselves. Do not trust your fate to anyone.

Arise people! Create anarchy and the commune.

*Appeal of the Briansk Federation of  
Anarchists, July 1918*

*Near the end of January 1918, the 'Burevestnick' (The Stormy Petrel), the organ of the Petrograd Federation of Anarchist Groups, printed on its first page in large type a series of appeals, each ending with the words, 'Create Anarchy!'*

You prisoners and shackled. You criminals, murderers, rippers, stabbers, pariahs and outcasts. Rise up and revolt. **CREATE ANARCHY!**

Homeless waif of the street. The glowing grates are beckoning you. Homes allure you with their warmth and reflection. Rugs are caressing the feet. The piano is fondling the ear. Yet for you all gates are locked. The ice and the stones cut your bare feet. You are greeted with the barking of dogs and the warnings of watchmen.

Bodies loll on silken cushions; the wind blows through your rags. Passions riot under warm blankets, but your lips are blue with cold, your heart is ashes. In a corner against a wall you sleep standing.

Not far away a prostitute is pacing back and forth – your daughter – who is selling her youthful fire to the cold aged hearts crusted with gold.

Poor fool! Here is a house, here is warmth, here is comfort! Enter and occupy it! Let the owner walk the streets and let *his* teeth chatter. Let *his* daughters sell themselves if he will not join in establishing a better order on earth. CREATE ANARCHY!

You janitors! Cease being watch-dogs for other men's property. It is criminal to guard the rich. Against whom are you guarding it? From the poor; that is, from yourselves! Open the gates and let the real owners, the poor, come in and take their property. CREATE ANARCHY!

You lackeys! Cease cringing. It is a shame that a man should be a slave. Look how you are humiliated. The masters feed you with the leavings from their tables. Starving, you lick their feet. Your children wither away in darkness and dampness under the stairway while in the master's palace sun and happiness are shining. Open the doors wide. Let the emaciated children enter the mansions. Let their pale cheeks freshen, their dull eyes brighten. Let your children know the joy and gladness you never knew. CREATE ANARCHY!

You gulls of religion! Destroy the churches, those cells of your spirit. Tear from your necks the crosses, the stranglers of your freedom. Break the lanterns that shed for you only darkness. To the dust-heap with all the idols, gods and devils and enthrone man on the real earth. CREATE ANARCHY!

You outcasts, fallen, despised! Arise and destroy that society in which there is a 'bottom' and a 'top'. Rise up and show that you are superior to us, that we are unworthy of your society, of your contempt. Everything that was above you shall be below you. CREATE ANARCHY!

Owners of mansions and palaces! If you will not endure equality then betake yourselves to the basements under the stairways, in the damp corners. For we are going to the light, to the sun. CREATE ANARCHY!



## THE ANARCHIST

### A White House nursery composition

The anarchist is a very fierce creature. It is first cousin to the gorilla. It kills emperors, kings, princes, presidents, likewise members of their families ... It has long unkempt hair on its head and all over its face. Instead of fingernails it has long, sharp claws. The anarchist has many pockets in which it carries knives, pistols, bombs and dynamite. It is a night animal. After dark, it gathers in groups, large and small, and plans raids and murders. Lots are drawn to select those who must carry out the work.

The anarchist does not like water. It never washes or changes its clothes. It is always thirsty and drinks beer and whisky. The home of the anarchist is Europe, especially Russia and Italy. Some few have been imported to America where they are feared and hated by all decent folks and hunted everywhere they show up.

Papa does not like anarchists a bit. They give him bad dreams, he says. He has given orders to have them all caught and put in cages. And he will not allow any more to come into this country if he can help it. If any sneak in, he will shoot them

like bears, Spaniards, mountain lions and such wild animals. I practice every day with my new rifle so that I can shoot those wild beasts when I grow up.

Papa says anarchists, rabbits and such vermin multiply and do not commit race suicide.

*'Free Society', 24 January 1904*

Suso describes how on a bright Sunday, as he was sitting lost in meditation, an incorporeal image appears to his spirit. Suso addresses the image:

“Whence have you come?”

“I come from nowhere.”

“Tell me, what are you?”

“I am not.”

“What do you wish?”

“I do not wish.”

*This is a miracle! Tell me, what is your name?”*

“I am called Nameless Wildness.”

“Where does your insight lead to?”

“Into untrammelled freedom.”

“Tell me, what do you call untrammelled freedom?”

“When a man lives according to all his caprices without looking before or after ...”

*Suso, Cologne, 1330*

It was not a column but a mob, an awful river that filled the street, the people of the abyss, mad with drink and wrongs, up at last and roaring for the blood of their masters. I had seen the people of the abyss before, gone through its ghettos, and thought I knew it; but I found that I was now looking on it for the first time. Dumb apathy had vanished.

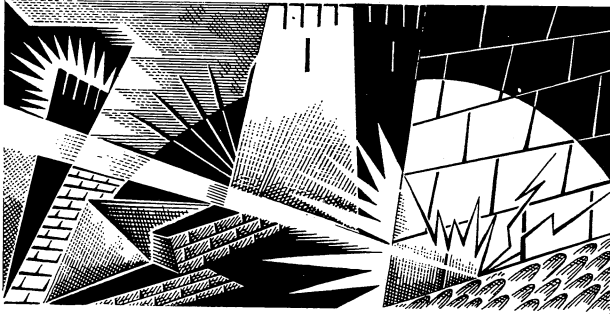
It was not dynamic – a fascinating spectacle of dread. It surged past my vision in concrete waves of wrath, snarling and growling, carnivorous, drunk with whisky from pillaged warehouses, drunk with hatred, drunk with lust for blood – men, women and children, in rags and tatters, dim ferocious intelligences with all the godlike blotted from their features and all the fiendlike stamped in, apes and tigers, anaemic consumptives and great hairy beasts of burden, wan faces from which vampire society had sucked the juice of life, bloated forms swollen with physical grossness and corruption, withered hags and death's-heads bearded like patriarchs, festering youth and festering age, faces of fiends, crooked, twisted, misshapen monsters blasted with the ravages of disease and all the horrors of chronic malnutrition – the refuse and the scum of life, a raging, screaming, screeching, demoniacal horde.

*from 'Iron Heel' by Jack London, socialist  
reformist*

If yesterday ten villages revolted, one thousand villages must rise tomorrow, even if we have to fill the holds of a hundred (prison) ships like the Buenos Aires. Defeat is not always failure. The future does not always belong to those who triumph. We never play our last card.

*Isaac Puente, Spanish anarchist*





Dear Brothers! Now is the time to try men's souls! Are your arms ready? Have you plenty of powder and shot? Have you screwed up your courage to the sticking-place? Do you intend to be freemen or slaves? Are you inclined to hope for a fair day's wages for a fair day's work? Ask yourselves these questions, and remember that your safety depends on the strength of your own right arm. How long are you going to allow your mothers, your wives, your children and your sweethearts, to be ever toiling for other people's benefit? Nothing can convince tyrants of their folly but gunpowder and steel, so put your trust in God my boys and keep your powder dry. Be patient a day or two, but be ready at a minute's warning; no man knows today what tomorrow may bring forth: be ready then to nourish the tree of liberty,

#### WITH THE BLOOD OF TYRANTS.

You can get nothing by cowardice, or petitioning. France is in arms; Poland groans beneath the bloody Russian Yoke; and Irishmen pant to enjoy the sweets of liberty. Aye, dear brethren, the whole world depends on you for support; if you fail the working man's sun is set forever! The operatives of Paris have again took possession of the city. Can you remain passive when all the world is in arms? No, my friends! Up with the cap of

liberty, down with all oppression and enjoy the benefits of your toil. Now or never is your time: be sure you do not neglect your arms, and when you strike do not let it be with sticks or stones, but let the blood of all of you suspect moisten the soil of your native land, that you may forever destroy even the remembrance of your poverty and shame.

Let England's sons then prime her guns  
 And save each good man's daughter,  
 In tyrants' blood baptise your sons  
 And every villain slaughter.  
 By pike and sword, your freedom strive to gain,  
 Or make one bloody Moscow of old England's plain.

*English Chartist leaflet of 1839*

C'est triste à dire, mais je ne pense que l'on puisse vaincre sans les drapeaux rouges et noirs. Mais il faut détruire – après.

(Unfortunately, I don't think we can win without the red and black flags. But they must be destroyed – afterwards.)

*Jean Genêt, written on the walls, Paris, May  
 1968*

Honourable Judge and dear Lieutenant. Be just, and I shall be just towards you; I shall not claim self-murder as a revolutionary privilege, as you claim the murder of others as a reactionary privilege; I shall, therefore, grant you the right to end your wretched existences with your own hands at the beginning of the revolution. Nay, I shall even concede to your high masters the right to save themselves from the lantern-posts, like Nero, by suicide, or to burn themselves like Sardanapulus with their mistresses and slaves in their palaces.

*Karl Heinzen*

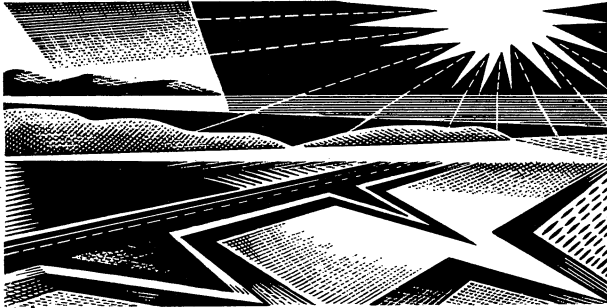
We rob their banks  
We thin their ranks  
And ask no thanks  
For what we do.

*from song in honour of Ned Kelly, Australian  
outlaw*

Russia is entering the revolutionary period of its existence. We are not afraid of it, although we know that a river of blood will flow and that innocent victims will perish; we greet its coming, we are prepared to lay down our lives for the sake of it, the long desired!

Soon, soon the day will come when we will unfurl the great flag of the future, the black flag, and move upon the Winter Palace to exterminate its inhabitants. It may be that the affair will end with the destruction of the Tsar and his kin only, but it may also happen that the whole Imperial party will come to his aid. In that case, with full faith in ourselves, in the people's sympathy, in the glorious future of Russia, to whose lot it has fallen to be the first to effect the triumph of socialism, we will shout with one voice: 'Get your axes!', and then we will attack the Imperial party with no more mercy than they show us; we will kill them in the squares, kill them in the houses, kill them in the narrow alleys of towns, in the broad avenues of capitals, kill them in the villages and hamlets. Who is not with us is against us, and who is against us is an enemy, and enemies one must destroy by all possible means. And if our cause fails, if we have to pay with our lives for the daring attempt to give man human rights, then we shall go to the scaffold, and putting our heads on the block, or in the noose, repeat the great cry: 'Long live the Russian social and democratic republic!'

*from 'Young Russia', Moscow, 1862*



No man is naturally entitled to a greater proportion of the earth than another. Land was made for the equal use of all.

*proclamation of New Jersey farmers during the  
1740 revolt*

To all the workers of the city and environs!

Workers, your city is for the present occupied by the Revolutionary Insurrectionary (Makhnovist) Army. This army seeks to free the region of all political power, of all dictatorship. It strives to protect the freedom of action, the free life of the workers, against all exploitation and domination.

The Makhnovist Army does not therefore represent any authority. It will not subject anyone to any obligation whatsoever. Its role is confined to defending the freedom of the workers. The freedom of the peasants and the workers belongs to themselves and should not suffer any restriction.

It is up to the workers and peasants themselves to act, to organise themselves, to reach mutual understanding in all fields of their lives, in so far as they desire it, and in whatever way they may think right.

*Declaration posted in liberated towns and  
cities of the Ukraine, 1918-21*

Never forget that no one can do anything *for* you, in *your* place, *above* you. The 'best' government can only become bankrupt. And if someday you learn that I, Voline, tempted by politics and authoritarianism, have accepted a governmental post, have become a commissar, a minister, or something similar, two weeks later, comrades, you may shoot me with an easy conscience, knowing that I have betrayed the truth, the true cause, and the true revolution.

*Voline, Russian anarchist and historian*

The more vividly the future is visualised, the more powerful is the force of destruction.

*Bakunin, obscure Slavic anarchist gourmet*

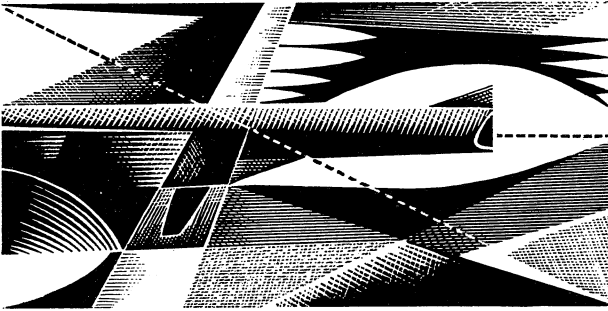
Principles, programmes and rules are not nearly so important as that the persons who put them in execution shall have the devil in them.

It will be essential to destroy everything, and especially and before all else, all property and its inevitable corollary, the state.

We want to destroy all states, and all churches, with their institutions and their laws of religion, politics, jurisprudence, finance, police, universities, economics and society, in order that all these millions of poor, deceived, enslaved, tormented, exploited human beings, delivered from all their official and officious directors and benefactors, associations and individuals, can at last breathe with complete freedom.

We are the natural enemies of those who dream already of the creation of new revolutionary states.

*extracts from 'The Secret Statutes of the  
Alliance of Social Democracy'*



*The following is a dream of the mother of a murdered revolutionary after the anarchists get their first Hotchkiss machine gun. Graco is standing up on one side and the old man with white whiskers at the other. Graco calls out:*

“All the machines enslave us except our Virgin Hotchkiss.”

The crowd replies like an angry sea:

“The Virgin Hotchkiss is our Holy Mother.”

The old man with the whiskers calls out:

“Our Mother will tell us that anarchy is the best.”

No one takes any notice. Graco speaks again:

“With our own hands we have wrought the machine-gun.”

“The Virgin Hotchkiss,” they reply, “is our daughter.”

Graco stands up, holding his revolver:

“Let us put our trust and our hope in the machine of the revolution.”

“The Virgin Hotchkiss is our soul. Hurrah! Hurrah!”

Then Graco begins to pray as if he were reciting a litany:

“Ministers, Director-Generals, Archbishops,

Duchess-bitches.”

“You shall die at our hands!”

“Elegant highbrows! Servile journalists! Pimps of luxury!”

“You shall die at our hands!”

“Members of Parliament, Governors, Priests!”

“You shall till the land, harnessed to our plough!”

“Nuns!”

“For the first time you shall smile, pumping milk from your dry breasts!”

“Saints of the Church!”

“Splintered into chips they shall warm the soup of our cohorts.”

“The Holy Vessels!”

“We shall use them to celebrate our great day of blasphemy.”

“Certificates of Government stock, patents of nobility, wills and armorial bearings!”

“They shall blaze in the streets, and our children shall singe their shoes leaping over them!”

“The Holy Virgin!”

“Shall she bring forth in sorrow!”

“Jesus, the Son of God!”

“We shall send him to a school for defectives!”

“God, One in Three and Three in One, the Almighty!”

“There is no God! We have done with God!”

“We shall use the holy napkins of his ritual as swaddling clothes for our new-born babes!”

“There is nothing but the revolution!”

“The revolution!”

“Nothing else?”

“Nothing else! And as its symbol we accept only one kind of machine: the Virgin Hotchkiss!”

TO ALL, TO ALL, TO ALL

The first cannon shot has just been fired. ‘Field Marshall’ Trotsky, stained with the blood of the workers, was the first to fire on revolutionary Kronstadt, which has risen against the Communist autocracy to re-establish the true power of the Soviets.

Without spilling a single drop of blood, we – Red soldiers, sailors and workers of Kronstadt – free ourselves of those of their party who were among us. They now want to impose their power on us again, by the threat of cannons.

Not desiring any bloodshed, we requested that non-party delegates from the Petrograd proletariat be sent here so that they can assure themselves that Kronstadt fights for Soviet power. But the Communists conceal our request from the Petrograd workers and open fire – the habitual response of the pretended workers’ and peasants’ government to the requests of the labouring masses.

If the workers of the whole world only knew that we, defenders of the power of the Soviets, were guarding the conquests of the social revolution! We will conquer or die amid the ruins of Kronstadt, fighting for the just cause of the working masses.

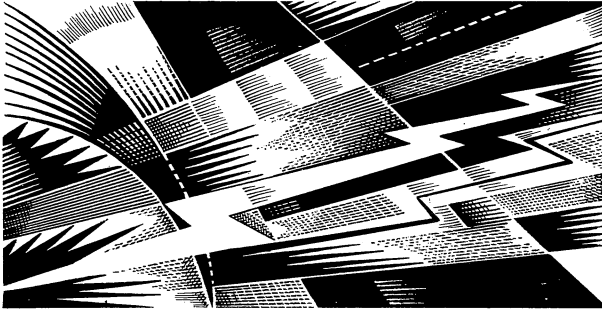
The workers of the whole world will be our judges. The blood of the innocent will fall upon the heads of the Communists, crazy fools who are drunk with power.  
 Long live the power of the Soviets!  
 The Provisional Revolutionary Committee.

*radio message made 8 March, 1921*

I’ll kill no innocent if I kill the first bourgeois I meet.

*Leauthier, French anarchist, at his trial in  
 1893 for attempting to kill a diplomat he  
 passed on the street*





As it is the custom to decapitate and not hang kings, it is proper to have this instrument, the guillotine, ready to make death easy for them. England and France have had their regular turns in executing kings. France did it last.

*from an anonymous leaflet distributed in  
England during the French Revolution*

Dear Sirs,

I understand you are calculating soon to make your electors a visit in your official capacity, in favour of the tenants' monarch; and as the tenants were so friendly as to elect you to the office of sheriff, gratitude would say they ought to inform you of the perilous tour you are about commencing.

Therefore let it be understood that the tenants have three times prayed to their landlord like children to a parent, besides numerous separate applications to be redressed of grievances on rent. But a deaf ear has been turned to all their entreaties. The landlord has acted his own pleasure, taken his own time to make his price on his rents, and to any amount he chose. The tenants have not had the liberty to trade on their own earnings. The landlord's pleasure has been a law with the tenants.

Under these circumstances, the tenants have organised themselves into a body, and resolved not to pay any more rent

until they can be redressed of their grievances; and to carry the above resolution into effect, the tenants have pledged their honour and fortune even to the last extremity. The tenants now assume the right of doing to their landlord as he has for a long time done with them, viz, as they please.

You will not think this to be children's play, for the tenants have arisen in the name of justice, and it will need a stronger hand that you are aware to put them down. Their strength is fast gaining.

The best of inhabitants from off the patent advise never to give the subject up until we have our rights restored to us. And if you come out in your official capacity, you come against a great strength, and I would not pledge for your safe return. Therefore, if you come, you come at your own risk, for it is difficult to regulate such large companies of men, and keep them in bounds as we would wish.

A Tenant

*sent during an anti-rent uprising by New York  
farmers in 1839*

A number of strikers in Quincy fired upon their bosses, and not upon the scabs. This is recommended most emphatically for imitation.

*'Arbeiter Zeitung'*

A terrible night! Terrible scenes. Not just the innocent pranks of 'the revolutionists'. But that *Walpurgisnacht* of revolution, when on Lucifer's call the Spartacuses, the Razens and the heroes of the bloody boot will fly down to earth. The uprising of Lucifer himself.

*Bidbei, Russian anarchist of 'Beznachalie'  
(Without Authority) in leaflet just before the  
outbreak of the 1905 revolution*



Please pass the following note to Gilbert Guichard and the rest (police agents). I assure you that all this hue and cry doesn't prevent me from having a peaceful existence. As you've been frank enough to admit, the fact that I've been traced has not been due to your perspicacity but to the fact that there was a stool pigeon amongst us. You can be sure he'd had his come-uppance since. Your reward of 10,000 francs to my girlfriend to turn me in must have troubled you, M. Guichard ... you really shouldn't be so lavish with state funds. A bit more and I'll hand myself over, with guns thrown in.

You know something, Guichard, you're so bad at your lousy profession I feel like turning up and putting you right myself. Oh, I know you'll win in the finish all right. You have a formidable arsenal at your disposal, and what have we got? Nothing. We'll be beaten because you're the stronger and we're the weaker, but in the meantime, we hope that you'll have to pay for your victory.

Look forward to seeing you(?) – Garnier

*member of the gang led by Jules Bonnot. They  
pulled off a series of dramatic expropriations  
during 1911-12. Most were killed in battles  
with the police.*

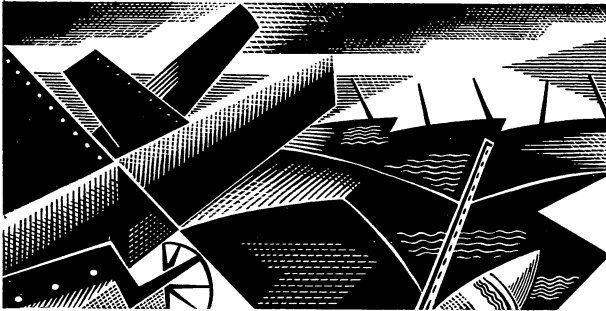
## Death to middle-class society, and long live anarchism!

*August Vaillant, last words before being  
guillotined, 5 February 1894*

My Lords,

We had the honour to receive your lordships Proclamation (for we do not conceive it to be his Majesty's) accompanied by an insipid address from Admiral Buckner. They met the fate they justly deserved. How could your lordships think to frighten us as old women of the country frighten children with such stories as the Wolf and Raw Head and Bloody Bones or as the Pope wished to terrify the French republic by his famous bull at the beginning of the revolution. Know gentlemen that we are men – men long tried for courage and perseverance in a cause not altogether so interesting to ourselves as the present. Shall we then now be induced from a few paltry threats to forsake our glorious plan and lick your lordship's feet for pardon and grace, when we see ourselves in possession of thirteen sail of noble ships as any in His Majesty's service, and men not inferior to any on the kingdom? Do we demand anything but what justice licences and preservation approves? The few reasonable articles we have presented to your lordships should have been attended to in a respectful manner, otherwise by your deferring it a few days longer, some others may pop up their terrific heads to stare your lordships in the face. We have nothing more to say, but hope you will take the necessary steps to save your country from civil war, which may end in the ruin of yourselves and uneasiness of our most gracious sovereign, to whom we have ever been and will be loyal whilst there is a probability of our grievances being redressed.

We have the honour to be your lordships very humble servants  
The seamen of the fleet at the Nore



As soon as the French army comes in sight of the Austrian and Prussian soldiers they should, instead of attacking the enemy, throw down their own arms and advance towards them dancing in a friendly manner.

*Anacharsis Clootz at the Jacobin Club during  
the French Revolution*

I've laboured hard all my days and fared hard. I have been greatly abused, have been obliged to do more than my part in the war; been loaded with class rates, town rates, province rates, continental rates and all rates ... been pulled and hauled by sheriffs, constables and collectors, and had my cattle sold for less than they were worth. I've been obliged to pay and nobody will pay me. I have lost a great deal by this man and that man and t'other man, and the great men are going to get all we have, and I think it is time for us to rise and put a stop to it, and have no more courts, nor sheriffs, nor collectors, nor lawyers, and I know that we are the biggest party, let them say what they will.

*'Old Plough Jogger' at a Massachusetts  
County Convention just before the outbreak of  
Shays' Rebellion*

Brother! – If you white people murdered ‘the saviour’, make it up yourselves. We had nothing to do with it. If he had come among us, we would have treated him better.

*Red Jacket to a particularly obnoxious  
missionary*

Forward! Forward! War is redemption! God desires it, the God of the criminals, of the oppressed, of the rebels, of the poor, of all those who are tormented, the Satanic God whose body is of brimstone, whose wings are of fire and whose sandals are of bronze! The God of courage and of insurrection who unleashes the furies in our hearts – our God! No more isolated conspiracies, no more chattering parties, no more secret societies! All that is nothing and can achieve nothing!

Stand up, man, stand up, people, stand up all who are not satisfied! Stand up for right, well-being and life! Stand up, and in a few days you will be millions. Forward in great human oceans, in great masses of brass and iron, to the vast music of ideas! Money will no longer avail against a world that rises up!

Forward from pole to pole, forward all people from the rising to the setting of the sun! Let the globe tremble under your feet! Forward! War is life! The war against evil is a good war!

*from ‘Hurrah! ou la Revolution par les  
Cosaques’ by Coeurderoy*

If you want to be happy  
Hang your landlord,  
Cut the parson’s throat,  
Wreck the churches.

*part of ‘Pere Duchesne’, sung by Ravachol at  
his execution*



Disorder is salvation, it is order. What do you fear from the uprising of all the peoples, from the unleashing of all the instincts, from the clash of all the doctrines? Anarchist revolutionaries, we can take hope only in the human deluge, we can take hope only in chaos, we have no recourse but a general war.

*Coeurderoy*

Dear to us is the legacy of Ravachol  
 And the last speech of Henry,  
 For the slogan 'Commune and Liberty'  
 We are ready to lay down our lives!

Down with the noise of church bells!  
 We shall sound a different alarm  
 With explosions and groans in the land  
 We shall build our own harmony.

*Song of the Black Sea Partisan Detachment of  
 Simaferapol and the M.A. Bakunin  
 Detachment of Ekaterinoslav in Southern  
 Russia during the civil war*

Makhnovism is not anarchism. The Makhnovist Army is not an anarchist army, it was nor formed by anarchists. The anarchist ideal of happiness and general equality cannot be attained through an army's effort, even if it were formed exclusively by anarchists. In the best of situations, the revolutionary army can assist in the destruction of the old hated regime; for the constructive work – the edification and creation – any army that cannot logically depend on force of command would be completely powerless and might even entail dire consequences. So that anarchist society can become possible, it is necessary that the workers themselves, in their factories and businesses, and the peasants themselves, in their lands and villages, put themselves to the construction of an anti-authoritarian society, never waiting for decrees or laws of any sort.

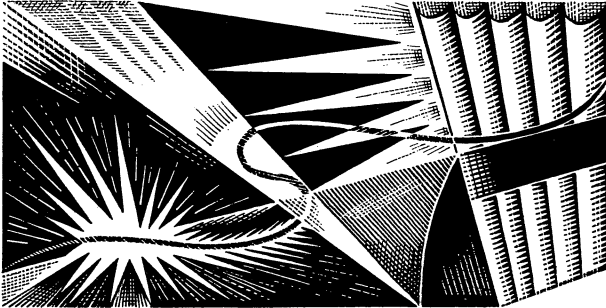
Neither anarchist armies nor isolated heroes nor groups nor the anarchist confederation will create a free life for the workers and peasants. Only the workers themselves through conscious effort can create their well-being without state or rulers.

*'The Path to Liberty'*

You are now the victors, but I tell you, in the end the social revolution will be stronger than you. I demand that you lawfully murder me as you have lawfully murdered others. The lead that pierced their breasts I want to pierce my breast also. If you are not cowards, kill me. Should you decide not to do it then I will preach hatred against your laws and your society as long as my life lasts. I cry out for revenge against the murderers and executioners of the commune.

*Louise Michel at her trial after the fall of the  
Paris Commune*





Strike dead, strike dead all monks and priests, destroy all governments of the world, especially ours!

*Dutch anabaptist, 1535*

### LA RAVACHOLE

In the immense city of Paris,  
 There are many who live in plenty.  
 There are the destitute, too,  
 Who are starving  
 Their teeth are sharp set,  
 Long live the sound  
 Of the explosion!

Let us dance the dance of Ravachol,  
 Long live the sound, Long live the sound,  
 Let us dance the dance of Ravachol.  
 Long live the sound  
 Of the explosion!  
 The time is coming  
 When all the rich will have a taste of the bomb  
 Will be blown sky high.

There are bureaucrats,  
There are fat financiers with big bellies,  
There are cops.  
But for all these scoundrels,  
There is dynamite.  
Long live the sound, Long live the sound.  
There is dynamite.  
Long live the sound  
Of the explosion!

There are over-indulgent senators,  
There are shady deputy deputies,  
There are generals,  
Assassins and hangmen,  
Butchers in uniform,  
Long live the sound, Long live the sound.  
Butchers in uniform  
Long live the sound  
Of the explosion!

There are hotels for the wealthy,  
While the poor discards,  
Half dead with cold,  
And blowing on their fingers,  
Passing off the comet.  
Long live the sound  
Of the explosion!

Ah, for the love of god, let's finish,  
We've whined and suffered enough.  
No more half wars,  
No more cowardly pity.  
Death to the bourgeoisie.  
Long live the sound, Long live the sound.  
Death to the bourgeoisie.  
Long live the sound  
Of the explosion!

The greatest of all follies of the world is the belief that it is possible to commit a crime against despots and their accomplices.

*Karl Heinzen*

SCUM will become members of the unwork force, the fuck-up force; they will get jobs of various kinds and unwork. For example, SCUM salesgirls will not charge for merchandise; SCUM telephone operators will not charge for calls; SCUM office and factory workers, in addition to fucking up their work, will secretly destroy equipment. SCUM will unwork at a job until fired, then get a new job to unwork at.

*Valerie Solanis, revolutionary misanthropist*

We await impatiently the coming of the glorious time when we shall turn our arms against our tormentors. We remember the example set us by the heroes of 1871, our predecessors in the ranks, who left them to make common cause with the people up in arms, and who laid hands on two generals and shot them. When the word of command is given us to fire, we will point our rifles at the belaced and bebraided brutes who give the order.

*declaration of the anarchist soldiers, France,  
about 1890*



Once our fathers danced  
 To the sound of the cannon of the past,  
 Now, the tragic dance  
 Needs a stronger music,  
 Dynamite, dynamite.

Lady Dynamite, how quickly she dances.  
 Let's dance and sing.  
 Lady Dynamite, how quickly she dances.  
 Let's dance and sing and dynamite.

*French children's song*

The free Frenchmen composing the Society of the Friends of the Rights of Man and the Citizen, Club of the Cordeliers, announced to all their fellow citizens that the Society contains as many tyrannicides as members, who have all individually sworn to kill tyrants who dare to attack our frontiers or make any attempt in whatever way against our liberty and our constitution, and have signed.

*declaration of the Cordeliers Club, 1791*

O thou dark world, where chance eternal reigns,  
 And wide misrule, the Anarch, old, maintains;  
 Orcus, and Hades! hear my fervent prayer,  
 And aid, if Wrongheads still deserve your care;  
 If you receiv'd me dark'ning from the womb,  
 And nursed the hope of mischiefs yet to come,  
 If busied, daily, planning pop'lar schemes,  
 And nightly rapt in democratic dreams,  
 Fair discord as a goddess I revere,  
 And in her vineyards toil from year to year;  
 The wits hang'd, the Congress forc'es to flee  
 To western wilds, or headlong to the sea.  
 Then shall ten thousand whirlwinds lead the way,  
 And he, true Anarch, here exalt his sway;  
 Before his faces a flood of darkness roll,  
 Blot the dim day, and whelm the sinking pole;  
 Confusion, chaos, chance, his course attend,  
 Hoarse rumour rave, and hell's own mobs ascend;  
 His sons, on fierce tornadoes, hail from far  
 The black effluence of his wasting car,  
 And thron'g his courts; Old Nights dark eye shall glow,  
 Like seas of boiling tar, or hells of lampblack snow.

*from 'The Anarchiad' by the Hartford Wits in  
 1786, written in ridicule of Shays' rebellion*

The community will soon have to decide whether to be or not to be; either the police must be and then the community can not be, or the community must be and then the police cannot be; one only of the two is possible.

*'Arbeiter Zeitung', 11 March 1885*

For those who have already committed themselves to the cause of revolution, all talk about the distant future is criminal since it detracts from pure destruction and stems the tide of revolution.

*M.A. Bakunin*

I understand that there is a number of my countrymen condemned to die because they fought for justice. I pray have a care that you assist not in the execution of so horrid a crime, for by all that is above, he that condemns and he that executes shall share alike. Prepare for death with speed, for your life or mine is short. When the woods are covered with leaves, I shall return and pay you a short visit. So no more at present, but I remain,  
Your inveterate enemy.

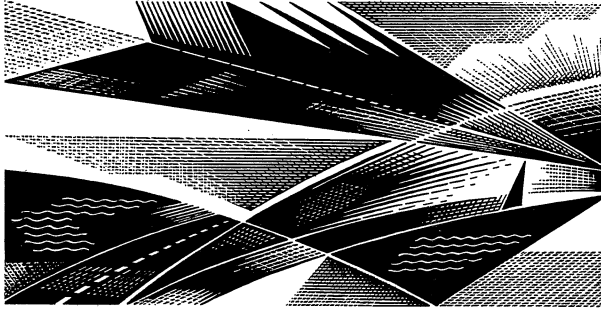
*note left at a sheriff's door during Shay's  
Rebellion*

I don't want to do anything subversive, I just want to destroy capitalism.

*an old Wobbly*

We recognise isolated expropriations only to acquire money for our revolutionary deeds. If we get the money, we do not kill the person we are expropriating. But this does not mean that he, the property owner, has bought us off. No! We will find him in the various cafés, restaurants, theatres, balls, concerts and the like. Death to the bourgeois! Always, wherever he may be, he will be overtaken by an anarchist's bomb or bullet.

*a member of Chernoe Znamia (Black Banner)  
at his trial in Odessa, 1907*



I've laboured long and hard for bread,  
For honour and for riches,  
But on my corns too long you've tread  
You fine-haired sons of bitches.

*Black Bart in a note left after his first  
stagecoach robbery in 1875*

*Historical note: Black Bart robbed 28  
stagecoaches in northern California, always  
alone, on foot and using an unloaded shotgun.*

DAMN THE BOSSES,  
DAMN THE WORKERS,  
AND DAMN ME.

*a member of the Bonnot gang*



**“Death to middle-class society, and  
long live anarchism!”**