March 8, 1957

Dear [Name],

I have been thinking about our previous conversations. I must express my gratitude for the support and encouragement you have given me. Your advice has been invaluable in helping me progress in my work.

Life has been challenging as usual, but I am determined to overcome the obstacles. I believe that persistence and hard work will lead to success. I am working on a new project that I hope will be a significant contribution to our field.

Let me know if there is anything else I can do to assist you. I value our friendship and the valuable insights you share with me.

Best regards,

[Your Name]
away by being wasted in the domain of economics, whilst it was neglected to connect it with the liberal and humanitarian sentiment aroused in very many since the 19th century. Economics to an ethically undeveloped man, always means speed, and force to obtain results, and submission to the strongest who lead the way — but these created the City and Wall Street economically and Fascism politically — and I keep wealth and power for themselves. Against this only slavery of another type could be proclaimed — State Slavery, and this leads back to the rule of the Iron Heel, be it that of the Fascist or of the Russian Communist. Only sturdy, unselfish ethical men can rise against this, as they have alone muscles of moral fibres. This is widely the case in Spain now and it is the real redeeming feature of our whole age. Yet those who pride as libertarians and all that in other countries, are unable and unwilling to give proper help, not a few of them, under the most deplorable circumstances.

Here are above all the leftists and the so-called "integral fascists"; here are, of course, the dogmatists, who are born fools. I must say that I wonder at your patience with all these freaks. You do not misbehave whenever I say anything with which you disagree and I often feel glad —
to be out of the reach of all your slips and
boots when you write to me.
I feel almost pity for the sticklers and
pedants and dogmatists to whom, you
were replying — people who from far away
and on the basis of rather a minimum than
any large quantity of information, establish
their censorship. I wonder how you let
them of lightly like that Wim de Jong
and how you yourself reserved criticism
in other letters — and I was wondering
to see one of your letters printed in No. 5
of the London Space and the World.
If anything, these letters merited strict
privacy and were written in that strain.
If they find their way in the Times
which cannot be read outside a limited
sphere, the harm is small — but to see
that letter inserted in a young, clear-sighted,
fully devoted, London paper, was a
blow to me and I consider that the
letter could only throw cold water on
the hopes, confidence and enthusiasm
which we others tried to arouse by that
paper. I was about to lose my
interest in that paper, I ceased to
write — and in fact I have only
yesterday more than a full article once
more and with great pleasure the
moment I dived into the subject.
You did otherwise from 1917 to
1921, almost publicly up to 1922,
when you fell solidary with what
was done in Russia and abstained
from criticism for above 4-5 years,
whilst now after barely 5 months
you appear to feel otherwise. Either
In the Russian case, you had full confidence and in the case of Spain, you have not—or you feel that in 1917-21 you neglected criticism and do not wish to repeat that mistake.

It is curious that my experience, and the opposite direction. I never felt confidence in anything the Marxists would do and this felt quite outside of what happened in Russia, safe feeling with the oppressed and the victims. But I understand now, after the Spanish experience, that for the Russians, as for those in Spain, such a life and death struggle is a unique matter, and the something in favor of which all good people strain every nerve and which must not be given up to criticism, partisan aims, dogmatism, domination by pessimism and all that. There are inevitably mistakes, shortcomings, etc., but make the best of them and not the worst. It is the time for fact and not for rigor. An infinity of things open to criticism are just done in order that nothing worse should happen. Who can see from afar all the intricate factors which dominate every situation? We do what we can—this feeling inspires them, and those who far away at some editorial desk scribble criticism or scepticism or pessimism or pose as rigorists, always far away from realities. Here
are fools or knaves wherever they are, prigs and mobs and anarchists and sullen cloths anarchists. These I expected to see you smash to pieces, but privately, whilst I see just a specimen of your long animosity produced in the bright and thoughtful London paper. Why not publish there your fine description of Durruti which I read in the German pamphlet—that is cheerful, charming, inspiring—and I hope to see it in that paper sooner or later.

These anarchists are quite degenerated now—exactly the opposite of what they proposed for the beginning. They started from Thoreau and Bakunin—disobedience, passive resistance, and they arrived now at submission, voluntary servitude, everything—not to think of war. There are horrible specimens of such in France and in a few other countries too. They would not stir if Hitler and Mussolini were not there. They would fit in with him as the C.S.I. to Germany in 1933 and all would be said. At the present question, when Spain has never made up her minds whether she has neither the decency to hang itself nor to be silent, but go on gathering new resistance. These are not worth to wipe one foot on.

Anarchists, outside of Spain, just managed to get lost altogether, most of them. They lost themselves among all imaginable syndicalism. They lost themselves among all imaginable revolution. They, others again, succeeded. All keep with every mind of sex questions and all that.
They just succeeded to feel high above the general liberal and humanistic, progressive and similar useful currents, having these to be smothered by general reaction or, of late, to be ruddled and made use of for their authoritarian purposes by the communists, whilst other active elements are occupied by the Trotskyists. The liberal-libertarian front was carefully pooh-poohed and so the existing elements are left to be exploited by Stalin or Trotsky.

All this is desperate and there is little left but an antiquated literature, old routine papers and a few of us very old people—besides some quite undereducated (unfortunately informed) young people who may any day loose for Chistia, Trotsky or Trotsky.

And from these ranks arises the criticism of what is being done in Spain, where alone, since 1868, may since 1840 and before, the workers have been active, militant, fighting whenever they could, an anarchist soul and spirit before ever they heard of the word which they know and cherish since 1868. They alone had experience and did real fighting and socially new-building work—whatever was done in Italy was done by heroically inspired volunteers who were strangers in their own country and the people looked on and let them perish. In Spain alone it was and is the people themselves. There alone the organizations did flourish because the anarchist spirit flourished in them and want when there were
The first to sacrifice himself for general human freedom, by resisting its deadly enemies since 1873, that I am not bold enough for some of the small fees who produce little papers in Holland or who produce nothing at all as those in Toronto, a locality which you mentioned in one of your letters at being shocked beyond means at the attitude of the Spanish anarchists.

Well, so do I feel and so you must feel in your situation and so it would have held and after good work. One task can only be to save and rally all the living elements all who resist the present and shallow deficiency of authority and to lay once more the foundations of a progressive age. When a flood has swept over fields carrying all the black soil and covering the fields with stones and sand, we do not sow and reap on stones and sand, but these must be removed, better soil restored etc. So after the nationalism-war isolationism-fascism—racism delusion of some 25 years now it is utterly immaterial whether some tiny "group" produces 12 or 52 issues of some truly anarchist paper per annum year by year—but it is vital to stay the flood, all, to build new dykes, to approve the sterile allusions and to just begin to improve the devastated ground. In all this anarchists may be foremost to the most useful work, may be listened to, respected, imitated by many if they are useful men and worth of the Spanish type—alike they are quite useless and a disgrace to the ideas to which they do lip service, if they believe like those I was speaking about.
all the same to say once more: you gave four years' credit to the Baldrick—why do you give so little credit to the Spanish cause? If you had been there at the beginning and had known it closer for some months and years and decades of years and, historically, for some generations before, you would not wonder at what you wonder or look doubtfully now—and what of value do and can know those faraway who never had an occasion to examine the large subject? Surely we say satirically: 'Ach, ain't Kautsky der Verstand'—and that seems to mean that the man who publishes an anarchist paper in Holland or no paper at all ever, in Toronto, has miraculously got some full anarchist insight! No, he simply does not know what he is talking about and must be told so and before all, must do local work and not dabble in faraway problems.

I will write this trying to infuse some more cheerfulness and confidence, hope and brightness in your English propaganda. If you had directly written for that London paper, entirely in Kautsky's letter and put your full heart into it as when you wrote on Gueruat, 'Eine grosse, fast zum winzigen Geschlecht'—these words of one of the Italian classics are the essence of all I said on those outside of Spain and we must do our best and to the best to remedy this, not boastfully, arrogantly, sensationally, but modestly, cheerfully, hopefully and upright.