

ANTI- PATRIOTISM

By GUSTAVE HERVÉ

Translated by SOLON DE LEON



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Translator's Note.

Born in Brest, France, on January 2, 1871, of a proletarian family, Gustave Hervé, by 1896, had, through indomitable energy and painstaking study, become Professor of History in the College of Sens, in the department of Yonne. He had also become a Socialist and an anti-militarist, and his confession, in 1901, to the authorship of an article in an anti-militarist semi-annual, *The Infantryman of France*, led to the loss of his Chair, and to two prosecutions, in both of which he was acquitted.

He spent the ensuing four years lecturing, writing several notable works on French history and on anti-militarism, and in studying for the Bar; from which, on account of his revolutionary writings, he was excluded (1905) by the Bar Association of Paris.

In the autumn of 1905, he was arrested, with twenty-six others, for signing an anti-militarist poster with which the highways were placarded at the time of the annual enrollment of recruits. He was tried before the jury of the Seine district in December, 1905, on charges of preaching insubordination and treason; was convicted and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. After nearly six months, in June, 1906, he was freed in the general amnesty declared under Premier Clemenceau; while at the same time his disability to the Bar was removed by the Chamber of Deputies.

The following is his speech to the jury, setting forth and defending his principles.

S.D.L.

December, 1906

Preface to the French Edition.

All Socialists call themselves Internationalists.

Among all Socialists, to be an Internationalist means to be in favor of the International Workingmen's Association.

But there are two widely different ways of understanding the international unity of workingmen.

There is the interpretation of the patriotic internationalists, and that of the antipatriotic internationalists.

The patriotic internationalists say: "The present countries, as history has made them, are ethical bodies, whose existence is of use to human progress. In spite of their shortcomings, hard as they are on the workingmen, they, the workingmen of each country, are in duty bound to defend these countries in case of attack.

"We are internationalists, but if the country in which we happen to have been born is attacked, we will defend it to the death."

Which is to say, in good French: "Workingmen of all countries, unite; but if your masters order you to cut each others' throats, carve away!"

This singular sort of internationalism failed a few months ago, to fulfill its promise. If war had broken out over Morocco, between the capitalist classes of France and Germany, the two proletariats, French and German, would have protested through the mouths of their parliamentary declaimers; they would have exchanged resolutions proclaiming the fraternity of the two peoples; and then, with the utmost fraternity in the world, the

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two proletariats, French and German, would have set about murdering each other, to decide which of the two capitalist crews should control the Moroccan markets.

But fortunately, there is another way of understanding internationalism:—however much Jaurès may declare it “sad, vile, base, repugnant, and reactionary,” it is, nevertheless, the only logical and practical form of internationalism.

This second interpretation, I have already treated at length in *Leur Patrie (Their Fatherland)*; I treated it in briefer form before the jury of la Seine, in the declaration which follows; it can be summed up more briefly in these words:

“The present countries are cruel step-mothers to the proletariat.

“They are all alike, more or less, particularly now, that the capitalist regime is rendering uniform the material, intellectual and political life of the laboring classes of all countries, now that the introduction of the capitalist regime in Russia will force even Czardom itself to grant to the Russian workingman the essentials of political liberty.

“There is at present no country so superior to any other, that its working class should get themselves killed in its defense.

“In case of mobilization, regardless of who the aggressor appears to be (for, after all, when a war breaks out, one can never tell who the real aggressor is), the proletariat of the belligerent countries should respond to the call to arms, by an insurrection against their rulers, to try, each within his own boundaries, to establish the Socialist or Communist regime.

“Rebellion sooner than war!”

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The patriotic internationalism and the antipatriotic resemble each other as does day, night.

The former is compatible with a legal career; the latter is a vice prohibitory to one's entrance to the bar, at least to the bar of Paris, which proclaims that "the universal conscience disapproves of it."

The first is in the best odor with the French freemasonry; the second has been solemnly repudiated by the grand councils of the Grand-Orient de France, and the Scottish lodges.

The patriotic internationalism permits a Socialist candidate to whistle in a goodly number of non-Socialist votes; the antipatriotic internationalism prevents a Socialist candidate from getting any votes but those of the conscious revolutionists.

The one leads to the vice-presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, and within an ace of the ministry; the other leads before the jury and to jail.

So far, the Socialist Party, run in all countries by its parliamentary general staffs, which are in turn controlled by their vote-catching prepossessions, has refused either in its national or international congresses, to come out flat and distinguish between these two so widely opposed forms of internationalism.

The question is sure to be brought up in the next national convention of the French section of the International, and subsequently at the next International Congress.

It will be asked point blank of the Socialist Party, whether or no it will respond to the next order for mobilization by an insurrection, and whether or no it will resolutely take up the study of ways and means best calculated to insure the success of such an uprising.

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The Party's answer will show whether it has degenerated into a party of politicians occupied solely with electoral puttering, or whether it is a party of revolutionary activity.

At the moment of my entrance into prison, perhaps for four years, I commit to the care of the militant Socialists of the various sections of our International, the following plain exposition of antipatriotic ideas, for the holding of which twenty-five comrades and myself are about to enjoy, in "the freest and sweetest of homelands" an aggregate of thirty-six years' imprisonment, and 2,500 francs' fine.

I entrust it to them with the hope that they will spread it everywhere, and in spite of everything.

I am of the conviction that after the reading thereof, it will be understood by all Socialists who know what they mean when they speak of the class struggle, and also, and equally well, by the fury of la Seine itself, that anti-patriotism is not a "sort of anarchism," or a "secondary action," but one of the most effective forms of "direct action" against the capitalist class, and at the same time a practical, didactic method of developing in the proletarian masses a full and un-clouded-class-consciousness.

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*Address of Gustave Hervé at the Close of His Trial
for Anti-Militarist Activity, before the Jury of La
Seine, December, 1905.*

Gentlemen of the Jury:

The trial is scheduled to close to-day, after the speech of Urbain Gohier. We were overjoyed to find that our good friend Gohier of the Dreyfus affair, who was our comfort throughout, in hours of difficulty, that our Gohier had not been warped, as for a while some feared, to the bloody and senseless antisemitism which is just now the dishonor of Russia.

Our lawyers say, and it is far from us to doubt them, that after his mighty invective against militarism, that after such spirit, such humor, such ability, such logic, acquitment is certain for all of us.

In fact, if acquitment were our sole purpose in coming here, it would be to our interest, after hearing Gohier, to keep quiet.

It is incumbent upon me to state why it is that we have sought to prolong these debates, at the risk of adding to your fatigue, and of detaining you here several days longer, at the end of December, the time of the expiration of your terms, and of the family festivities common at the close of the year.

It is certain that my friend Gohier—I can say it without offending him,—is the one among us, who by his birth, education and language, is least distantly removed from you; he is the only one among us, in whom still

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remains, perhaps, a grain of patriotism.

If we should allow the trial to close with the impression produced by his discourse, it would look as if we were trying to hide, to shelter ourselves behind Gohier. Enough calumnies have already been flung at us; we have no desire to invite any more.

We have, moreover, another reason for speaking. It is not every day that the government supplies us with so resounding a tribunal as this. As a rule our public declarations reach your ears distorted, hard to recognize. Here we speak before the pick of the reporters of the Parisian press. We would never forgive ourselves for having let slip so auspicious an opportunity for making known to the whole public our exact beliefs.

I left to my friend and counsel, Mr. Lafont, the task of defending my person; a necessary task, for it was not demanded that my evil reputation should work harm to my fellow-defendants; but also a difficult one. For four years you have been reading, in your morning papers, that my life was occupied in trampling the flag in the mire, or in calling all the officers, without distinction, lace-frilled veterans, as if there were not among officers, as among the members of all other professions, both honorable men and scoundrels. An error, a lie, which you have heard trotted out every day for four years, has very nearly, I am afraid, become for you an unimpeachable truth.

For myself, however, I reserved the more interesting work of laying before you our antipatriotic belief, that belief which has mistakenly been dubbed "Hervéism," as if such propagandists as Yvetot and the other militant trades unionists who side with me, delayed to spread their antipatriotic doctrines until I plunged into the fray.

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This I say, not to lessen my share of the responsibility, but for the sake of truth. My role has merely been to disseminate certain ideas and sentiments which I have seen spring up among the proletarian and peasant classes, and of which I am but the doctrinaire, the theorician [theoretician?]; and, for some time past, the standard bearer And the central figure.

These antipatriotic ideas are, at any rate, sufficiently new among the masses of the trades unions: Like all new ideas, they shock public opinion; they will seem shocking to-you. It was that way with early Christianity, it was that way with Republicanism, at the time when republicans were looked upon throughout the country as bloodthirsty monsters, destructionists, and incendiaries.

There was once a heretic named John Huss. A century in advance of Luther he heralded and demanded the Protestant reformation. For that crime the council condemned him to be burnt. As this first martyr of Protestantism ascended the pile, an old devotee of the town of Constance came bringing yet another fagot, which she threw on the heap, evidently thinking it not high enough. "Sancta simplicitas," said John Huss, shrugging his shoulders in gentle pity.

That same devotee's spirit has been exhibited to-day, in this room, where lawyers hardly ever raise their voices except in defence of the accused, when a young barrister, just admitted on probation by the Council of the Bar, declared that we were only fit for the guillotine. It was not the guillotine, but the stake, that the worthy young fellow meant.

It is, indeed, the stake which, like all heretics, we deserve, who are heretics to the religion of patriotism. For the patriotism of modern nations is a religion, a

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religion fostered from the very cradle by the same devices that all religions have habitually made use of.

You know how a Catholic is made.

They begin with the infant in the cradle. The mother, while fondling it, teaches it prayers which it learns to repeat like a parrot; she informs it that there is a God, a paradise, a hell. Its brain, soft as wax, receives all these impressions without resistance.

When it reaches the age of seven, the mother, thinking all for the best, turns it over to the priest, who sows in the young head, with no niggard hand, the naive Biblical legends which were current in Israel 2,000 or 3,000 years ago, at a period when the Hebrew people had about as much intellectual culture as the Negroes of Behanzin.

At the same time, the theatrical pomp of the religious ceremonials, the music of the organ, the semi-obscurity of the churches, the incense swung in clouds from the altars, the sumptuous costumes of the officiating priests, all strike the imagination and settle nerves to tingling; from that time on, the child may become a scientist as great as Pasteur, yet his mind will refuse to work or to act in the matter of religion.

The process is no different for making us—an perhaps you, gentlemen of the jury—into patriots.

At an age when the critical faculties are not yet awakened within us, we have heard at the family table tales of horrible villainies committed by the Germans or the English, and deeds of glory achieved by the French. The German youngsters are at the same time being filled with stories of all sorts of crimes perpetrated by the French, the English, or the Russians.

We are taught that France is the land of the brave,

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the home of generosity and chivalry, and the refuge of liberty. They are saying the same things of their countries to the children of England, Germany, Russia, Japan; and in our innocence, we believe it all.

For Christmas presents, our fathers and even our mothers give us tin soldiers, guns, drums, bugles and trumpets.

And when this beautiful education has made of us patriots in the bud, the school—secular as well as parochial—puts the final patriotic touches on us. Do you recall those little school manuals in which the history of nations is doctored so as to present the French fatherland in its greatest glory? The German children are put through exactly similar courses, only these confine their praises strictly to Germany.

Do you recollect those textbooks of history which on each page cynically present some scene of carnage, or the likeness of some warrior? They do not treat us to only one, all of them are there pictured: Vercingetorix, Charles Martel, Duguesclin, Bayard, all the generals of Louis XIV including those who set fire to the Palatinate, all the generals of the Grand Army, who stained the banner of Valmy with blood from the veins of every nation; and finally not even forgetting the vulture Napoleon himself, on his lofty perch in the Place Vendôme.

Beneath each picture, are commentaries each line of which drips with hatred to foreigners, with national conceit, and the worship of the saber, all beautiful sentiments which the reading of the *Petit Journal* (with five million readers), the *Petit Parisien*, and other dailies of equally immense circulation, does nothing but foster and develop.

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In order that the patriot may be perfect, in order that the virus may strike through to the bone, it only remains to rig him out in the pomps of war, which are even still more impressive than the pomps of the church.

It is no longer vestments glittering with gold and precious stones; these are replaced by uniforms in loud and gaudy colors, with red and blue, with gold braid, rosettes, and plumes.

The music of the organ is substituted by the more intoxicating strains of brasses and trumpets.

There are no more simple processions; these are replaced by grand reviews, after which we have all run, to see march by, in the sun and the dust, the interminable ranks of instruments of slaughter and of young men—the flower of the nation—marked for future butcheries. And then when, at the end of a stick, there passes the bit of cloth which stands as the sacred emblem of the land, a religious thrill runs from head to foot through the gathered patriots, and they uncover before it, devoutly, as their great-grandfathers uncovered before the blessed sacrament.

Ah, I know that I am wringing your consciences, gentlemen of the jury, and I wring them all the harder because you know that I speak the truth. I know that I am wringing the universal conscience of which the bar of Paris has instituted itself the so eloquent mouthpiece. But do you think that Voltaire, Diderot, and the other encyclopedists hurt nobody's conscience? It is indeed to be lamented, that every time a new society issues from the womb of a dying system, it does so only by a slow and painful process of parturition, which produces, quite contrary to the wish of the accoucheurs, the greatest anguish in the bosoms of those with whose previous

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convictions the new ideas do not happen to square.

As for us, revolutionary Socialists, we have discarded a flag along whose folds are blazoned in letters of gold the records of so many butcheries.

Flags are merely symbols. They have no value except for what they represent. What, then, is the fatherland? What, indeed, are all the present nations?

Permit me, gentlemen of the jury, to use a figure, a sort of parable, which will give you a clearer idea of our position.

The nations, all nations, whatever may be the etiquette of their system of government, are composed of two sets of men, one far the smaller in numbers, the other comprising the vast majority of the population.

The first class is seated around a well-set table, where nothing is wanting. At the head of the table, in the place of honor, are the high financiers. Some of them are Jews—yes; others are Catholics; some more are Protestants, and others, free thinkers. They may be in disagreement with each other over questions of religion or philosophy, or even over rates of interest; but as against the great mass of the people they are banded like thieves at a fair.

To the right and left of them are the Ministers of State, the high functionaries of the civil, religious or military administrations, not to omit the general treasurers, with their 30, 40, or 60 thousand francs salaries per year; a little further around, the full Council of the Order of Lawyers, the glorious spokesmen of the Universal Conscience; next the gentlemen of the court, and their precious auxiliaries., the solicitors, notaries, and bailiffs.

The big stockholders in mines, factories, railroads,

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and steamship companies, the merchants, the possessors of castles and large estates, are all at this table; all those who own fourpence are here also, at the foot of the table; they are the small fry who have, nevertheless, all the prejudices, all the reactionary instincts of the big capitalists.

You, also, gentlemen of the jury, I must place among the number-of privileged persons gathered around this table. It is not an evil fate, I assure you. In return for work—when you do work—which is of an intellectual character, often pleasant, which always allows plenty of leisure, which flatters your pride and vanity, you get in return a bounteous life, rendered endurable by all the comfort, all the luxury which the progress of science has placed at the disposal of the favorites of fortune.

Far from that table I see a herd of beasts of burden, condemned to labor which is repugnant, unclean, dangerous, brutalizing, with neither rest nor respite, and above all, without security for the morrow; petty merchants, tied down to their counters on holidays and Sundays, pressed more and more to the wall by the combinations of large stores; small employers, crushed down by the consolidation of large plants; small landholders, dulled and stupefied by workdays 16 and 18 hours long, whose toil only goes to enrich the big brokers, millers, wine commission merchants, and sugar refiners. Further still from the table around which the happy ones of the world are gathered, is the great mass of the proletariat, whose sole fortune is but their arms or their brains, workingmen and women of the factories, liable to long periods of unemployment, petty officials and functionaries, forced to cringe low, and conceal their opinions; domestics of both sexes, food for exploitation,

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food for cannon, food for pleasure.

There are your countries!

A country of the present time is nothing but this monstrous social inequality, this monstrous exploitation of man by man.

When the proletarians uncover before the flag as it passes, that is what they uncover to. They say, in effect: “O, how lovely is our country! How free, how kind and just!” Yes, well may you laugh, Mr. Advocate-General, when you hear them sing:

“To die for our country
Of deaths 'tis the best,
The worthiest of envy.”

You perhaps believe, gentlemen of the jury—it is an illusion natural with privileged ones—that it is by labor and economy that one arrives at this table of the lucky. We know, to be sure, that occasionally some one does get there by combined labor, good management, and thrift. We ask nothing better than to believe that it was thus that you succeeded in securing a place there. But the rest of us, all who are members of the manual and intellectual proletariat, know well, that one gets there most frequently by working others, and by imposing on them the privations.

If you are indeed ignorant of the history of your class, be assured that we know it to the bottom. We know that in the revolutionary Republican Assemblies of 1789 and 1793 there was not a single workingman or a single peasant, but only bourgeois, big and little, who worked for their own class interests.

We know how they fell upon the 6,000,000,000 francs owned by the priesthood and the nobility, and how so

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many ordinary and extraordinary fortunes were accumulated by fishing in troubled waters during the whole period of revolution.

We know how your class, once it had its fill, once its revolution was accomplished, in dread of Baboeuf and the misery-stricken proletariat whose anger and hopes he voiced, digested its prey under shelter of the saber of Napoleon and the Concordat of the Pope of Rome.

We know how the newly rich, created by your revolution, making of themselves prefects, councillors of state, and senators, constructed the Codes under which we still live, so favorable to the classes in possession, so hard on the workers and the poor.

We know how they made for the officials of their class and those of ours, the grossly unequal standards of pay which we still suffer from, and our tax system, so light on the shoulders of the burly, so heavy on the shoulders of the weak; we know how they put forth their hands upon the coal mines, a natural resource, a collective property, which they distributed among some thousand stockholders who have seen their investments of 500 and 1,000 francs jump in value to 10,000, 20,000, 50,000, and some, as those of Anzin, to 500,000 francs each.

We know, how, on the downfall of Napoleon, the upper bourgeoisie seized the machinery of government, and assumed control of Parliament, 90,000 electors from 1815 to 1830, and 300,000 from 1830 to 1848, arrogating to themselves the right to send representatives to that body, and denying the right of universal suffrage to the nation at large; we know how, profiting by this seizure of the government to roll up its privileges, your class extended its dominion, to the tune of burdensome levies upon the taxpayers, over the railroads, and how, all

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through the nineteenth century, it passed military laws rank with privilege and arbitrariness.

Since your revolution of 1789, your class, Code in hand, has piled up its fortunes on the tombstones of the small fry; and to-day, a hundred thousand men, most of whom are drones, have worked themselves into possession of all the principal means of production, mines, factories, railroads, and banks, levying, by directions or indirections, a tribute on the labor of the great expropriated multitude, more heavy than any yet recorded.

But our country is better than the others, they say. The Advocate-General himself, among many others, informs us so. Have you not heard him, gentlemen of the jury, complaisantly enumerate the many liberties which the French nation grants us? “You have universal suffrage,” they tell us, “you have the right of organization in trade unions, the right to strike, the right of assemblage, the freedom of the press. If the country is not good, it is for you, the sovereign people, to make it better!”

Universal suffrage! Just look at it! Overthrown in the countries of workshop and mansion by the economic pressure of the employers, nullified everywhere by the inevitable ignorance of voters torn early from school with only a rudimentary education, the universal suffrage is led about by the nose—permit me the expression—by your large newspapers, which are all in the control of the capitalist class, and all of which systematically falsify facts in order to fashion public opinion to their liking. Under the capitalist system, Capital is sovereign, even though it comply with republican forms.

The right to organize? It is tempered by the power

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held by your class to throw the leaders on the street and overcome them by starvation.

The right to strike? The witnesses who have been called, most of whom were of your own class, have recounted to you how strikers, even when orderly, are horsewhipped and sabred, and how even when strikes are successful, the employers perpetrate sinister deeds of reprisal among the ranks of the victors, in order that terror may reign among their slaves.

The right of assemblage? Ask of Bousquet and of Garnery what they think of it, they who for two months past have been within prison walls for the speeches they delivered at a public meeting, and who would now be free, like Jaluzot, if they could have found the 2,000 francs bail cruelly and ironically demanded of them.

The liberty of the press? Look at us, who are here in this box. We are all old stagers. There is not one of us who has not been hauled up for our utterances in the press. They have had us before all the assize-courts of France and Navarre. The Advocate-General has eloquently boasted to you of the liberality of the press laws which permit us to be tried, according to him, before a jury of our peers. Our peers! Our equals! You, gentlemen! Come, now! I see among you land-holders, merchants, manufacturers, an engineer, an inspector, a bailiff; show me, Mr. Advocate-General, the manual or intellectual proletarians who confront us on these jury benches?

No, Mr. Advocate-General, it is vain to deny the existence of classes; they exist, they force themselves upon your recognition. Behold them. Here is one, in the box, under accusation—the proletariat; there is the other facing us, summoned there to judge us—the bourgeoisie.

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You deny the classes, Mr. Advocate-General. But I am sure that among the municipal guards stationed in this room, there is not one, who, yesterday, when, with his magnificent forensic eloquence, under which multitudes thrill as the violin thrills to the bow, my comrade Bousquet voiced the hopes of the world's proletariat, did not respond; at the moment of which I speak, there was not one who did not feel that he belonged to our class, to us, the accused, and, sir, that he was the enemy of the class you represent.

Ah, you style yourself the advocate of all classes in society. You deceive yourself, sir. You are here as the advocate, the official attorney of only one, class, the class which is really in the dock in this trial, the bourgeois class, the capitalist nation.

That the members of your class should love their country, gentlemen of the jury, is nothing wonderful. That you should ardently desire to die for it, Mr. Advocate-General, I can understand. The nation is for you a bounteous mother; she nursed you when you were infants; she instructed you; she afforded you a happy youth; and you look forward to measured and well, recompensed labor, to long holidays, and to security for the morrow and for your old age.

You would indeed be monsters of ingratitude, unnatural children, if you did not fly to her defense when she called you.

I can say more than that. I can even understand that you should strive to communicate to us, the proletariat, your holy fire of patriotism.

You would be not at all sorry if we were patriots, so that, if your country were threatened, as happened the other day, at Fourmies, at Limoges, and at Longwy, we

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should make ourselves the watch-dogs of your strong-boxes and your privileges, against our own brothers in toil and misery.

You would be not at all sorry if we should remain patriots, and cheerfully steal, in the name of your civilization, another Tunis, another Tonkin, another Madagascar, or pillage anew Peking, for the benefit of your financiers.

It would not displease 80 per cent. of your class in the least, if, in case your financiers and diplomats did not agree to-morrow with those of Germany, we French and German proletarians should march against each other, and slaughter each other by the hundreds of thousands to decide whether Morocco should belong to the capitalists of Paris or of Berlin.

We are well informed, you see, as to the mysterious and interested springs of your patriotism. You are right, indeed, to strive to inculcate in the enslaved proletariat the cult of nationality, of flag-worship. You are right, in order to perpetuate the dominance of your class, to propagate among the proletariat a sentiment of patriotism which will blur class antagonism, which will make the sheep believe that they are the same race, the same family, the same nation with the wolves who devour them.

But you must permit us, Mr. Advocate-General, you must permit us proletarians, manual and intellectual, to entertain entirely different sentiments toward your nations.

The nation for you, is a kindly mother; for us, a step-mother, a shrew, who detests us.

Patriotism is for you a sentiment natural and profitable; for us it is a fool's trap.

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We may retain for the town or village where we were born, where we grew up, where we suffered or loved, a deep affection, a natural and even instinctive feeling, which is in no way akin to your love of country; but we have lost all sentiment of love for such countries of privilege and iniquity as are the great nations of to-day.

For us, the world contains but two nations; that of the favored of fortune, and that of the dispossessed, whatever may be the language which they speak, whatever the land which gave them birth. Our compatriots are not the capitalists of this country, who would massacre us if they could, as they massacred the fathers of the Commune; they are the class-conscious proletarians, the Socialists, the revolutionists of all the earth, who are everywhere waging the same battle as we for the inauguration of a new society. In common with them, we but await the opportunity, when in this Europe where the railroads, the telegraph, the penny newspaper, and the uniformity of the capitalist regime have annihilated distance and reduced life to a dead level, we shall establish a free European federation, the first step towards that grand federation of humanity, in which the principalities of to-day will lose themselves, as the petty provinces of old lost themselves in the formation of the France, the England, the Germany of modern times.

In our hearts, Socialism, grounded on the class struggle, has so utterly wiped out all national sentiment, that we were unable to restrain our smiles the other day when our good friend Gohier, but ill recovered from his ancient attack of patriotism, spoke to us with emotion of the affront of Fachoda. Your Government, your Nation, may receive any number of insults like that of Fachoda;

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but we others, we shall sustain thereby no offense. We are strangers to your nationalities, and all that they comprise.

The Advocate-General, the other day, was desirous of interesting us in the defense of “our” liberties, the liberties which we enjoy in this country, the “freest and sweetest of home-lands” as we have so often been told. I thank the Advocate for his solicitude over our liberties. We know quite well what we must do to defend “our” liberties, liberties not graciously bestowed upon us by your class, but which our forefathers tore from you by force. I have already shown you how illusory become these political liberties to us, so long as we remain economic serfs, and dependent for our morrow’s bread almost upon the whim of that class which is master of the means of labor.

But that in which these political liberties are real and profitable to us, no one in the world can snatch away. In one of the Most heated discussions which arose upon the anti-patriotic declarations made by me in the name of the Socialist federation of l’Yonne at a meeting in the Tivoli Vaux-Hall some months ago, several members of my Party urged against me the objection, for all the world like the Advocate-General himself, that if my ideas spread on this side of the frontier, the German Kaiser would gobble France at a mouthful, annex it, and thereby put a finish to all our liberties. Let us follow up this fantastical hypothesis, and see how soon its impossible nature becomes apparent.

The belief seems to be that if we should to-morrow become subjects of the Kaiser, all our political liberties would vanish, and with them the right to speak our mother tongue. What an idea! Perhaps you are not

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aware, Mr. Advocate-General, that universal suffrage exists in Germany for the elections to the Reichstag; that the labor unions are twice as strong as here; that the number of public meetings across the Rhine is as great as on this side; that the German Socialist dailies are even more “red” than the polite Socialist journals of France.

You presume that that Kaiser who, in that German nation which you figure to yourselves as politically backward, is no longer able to halt the exercise of these political liberties, you imagine that that Kaiser will be able to prevent their exercise among us, who according to your own statements, are still more disagreeable chaps than the German proletarians themselves. And should he succeed, do you believe that we would not avail ourselves of secret propaganda, the most powerful and effective form of all?

But turn an attentive ear to the alarms coming to us from Russia, a country still more backward, economically, intellectually and politically than the Kaiser’s Germany. Listen but carefully and you shall hear the crashings of autocracy, tumbled in the mire and blood. Because the old patriarchal, agricultural and Czar-ruled Russia has tasted of the capitalist regime; because the capital of the bourgeoisie of France, Germany and England, crossing her frontiers—we are not the only internationalists!—has gone to build up the industry of Russia, to net-work her soil with railroads, immediately the Russia of the knout was shaken to its foundations. And to-day, although our fellow revolutionists may be partially defeated, the Russian ruling class dare no longer refuse to the people the rights of free assemblage, free speech, free press, and the

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right to strike, in short those political and economic rights which the capitalist regime itself must have to exist, and of which it is no longer able to refuse a jot or tittle to the twentieth century working class.

What! The hangman of all the Russias,—your ally, gentlemen of the jury—is unable to refuse to the Russian moujiks the essentials of political liberty, and you suppose that the German Kaiser, once master of France, or of most of it, could snatch them from us?

Your ally, the butcher of all the Russias, has proven himself unable, after a century of occupation and attempts at Russianization, to deprive the Poles of their mother tongue; and the Kaiser will be able to stamp out ours?

Mr. Advocate-General, desist then from flourishing the apparition of the Kaiser before us, to whom it is indifferent whether we are French or Germans. To be victims of enforced idleness or of exploitation, to be as our peasants are, shackled with mortgages or victims of the sheriff's sale, whether under the French or the German system, to be subject to the requisitions of a French advocate-general or a German one, to be turned inside out by French or German police, to be shot down in case of strike by French or German soldiers, what does it matter to us, the countryless ones?

“But if the Kaiser should attack us?” objects the Advocate-General. By that question of the public minister, an easily disproved witness was set up, and as easily to be torn to shreds. He, the minister, stammered out that in that case, he himself would shoulder arms.

You believe, then, Mr. Advocate-General, that when a war breaks out, there is on one side a government which has committed all the wrongs, and leads the attack, and

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on the other a government which has right on its side, and is the victim of a dastardly invasion? You think then, that it is easy in time of war, to pick out the aggressor and the aggrieved? Look at the Boers. Look at the Japanese. They are the ones that declared their wars. Are they for that more the aggressors than England and Russia, who drove them into the fight?

In 1870, it was the French government that declared war, on the ground of a pretended insult put upon her ambassador, although the ambassador himself declared he had not been insulted. But was the German government, which made the coup of the Ems dispatch, itself less involved? When a war is declared between two governments, the people never know which is the real aggressor. That is never known till long after the war is settled. If the governments of France and Germany had gone to war six months ago over the Morocco affair, we might not have learned for ten years of the bunglings and the rodomontades of your Delcassé. When two nations go to war, the big capitalist and government journals of each, loudly declare that it is the other that is in the wrong. As for us, we are well aware that, should a war break out between France and England or Germany, it would be but the capitalists of each cudgeling each other for the markets of the world. Therefore, whosoever might be the apparent aggressor, not a musket would we shoulder.

You, patriots, though, would rush to the front if your country were attacked, and also, no doubt, if she attacked a sister country. Decidedly, you are men of logic. We, anti-patriots, if, with what motive soever, or under what pretext soever, you should request of us the only property we really do possess, namely our lives, you

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may be mighty sure we would not give them to you. If we have to risk our lives, of which we have but one apiece, we shall risk them, not to defend your nationalities for you, but rather to found the Socialist nation which we already carry, graven in our brains. The president of this court declared the other day to a witness, the Citizen Monneret, who came to testify in my favor in the name of the federation of l'Yonne, that if we' did not obey the mobilization orders in l'Yonne, we would pay dear for it, he would arrest us. My friend answered him as I would have answered him myself: "We shall see who will do the arresting, some of these days!"

Oh! I know that civil war, Mr. Advocate, is not a thing to be spoken of; it is criminal. The Advocate-General is logical. He knows well, that if there should be a civil war, our class would come out victorious, and his would have to pay for the broken china. As long as it is a war of nation against nation, it is we, the people, whether vanquished or victors, that pay the score. He knows well that the two master classes, the defeated no less than the victorious one, have always something to glean. The merchants who furnish the troops with provisions and paper-soled shoes, the metal kings who deal in the munitions of war, the high financiers who loan millions to their defeated country at 5 or 6 per cent. have nothing to lose by a war, even a losing one.

The Advocate doesn't like civil wars. We, on the other hand, consider them to be the only sort-of wars worth while our support.

It has been thus every time a social revolution has been achieved.

Gohier has told you that it is by virtue of a Revolution, that of 1789, perfected by the one of 1792 which was

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accomplished in the face of a foreign foe, that you, gentlemen of the jury, are now seated on those benches to judge us, and you, Mr. Advocate, who are by birth an Israelite, are empowered to issue summonses upon us.

Without the Revolution of September 4, 1870, accomplished also under the guns of an invader, the public minister, instead of summoning us in the name of the Republic, would have done so in the name of the Empire.

And be assured, gentlemen, that the Russian people will win much more by their present civil war, if they issue victorious, and even if worsted, than will the Japanese people, by their victories in Manchuria.

If, by exception, a war between nations becomes of interest to us, it is because, beneath the appearance of international strife, it is seen to be at bottom a civil war, a war of classes.

If we open our hearts to the soldiers of Valmy, battling against the banded monarchy and aristocrat of all Europe, it is because the sieges and marches of the French Revolution were but the extension throughout the continent, of the duel begun in France between the revolted third estate and the ancient regime of absolutism and clerical rule.

Likewise, if I, in spite of my short-sightedness, which however, would not prevent my pulling a trigger, and others of my comrades who are not short-sighted, should set out for Russia in event of the German government rushing troops into Poland to beat down the Russian Revolution, it would be because, under the semblance of a war between one nation and another, a conflict between the Russian Revolution and the German Kaiser would still remain a civil war, from which we might,

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perhaps, bring forth the European social revolution.

In case of an order to mobilize, we would seize the moment to attempt the revolution, to place our hands on the social wealth usurped to-day by a minority. We would transform- the dwelling houses, to-day belonging to individual land-lords, into common property.

We would operate the factories, the mines, all the great enterprises, through our trade unions and our technical engineers. Our unions would conduct the great store-houses and marts as immense co-operative establishments. By a more equitable and rational organization of production, we would bring about a society in which there would be well-being, science and beauty for all, a society better than the present even for your sons and daughters, a Socialist mother-country which would be beautiful enough and good enough to warrant our taking arms to defend it whether against invasion or against bourgeois intrigue.

I very well know that our collectivist or communist concept is repugnant to you, or at the very least seems to you an insane utopia. Utopia! That is what the Louises XIV, XV, and XVI, dubbed the ideals of your ancestors, the bourgeois revolutionists, who dreamed of a society in which there was no room for an absolute king, a titled nobility, or a state religion!

[The President of the Court: "Monsieur Hervé, that's a whole public speech you're making. You are running away from the subject. The gentlemen of the jury by this time know your ideas."]

I am well used to carrying on a discussion, Mr. President, and I assure you I am now in the very heart of my subject. It is very necessary that the gentlemen of the jury know exactly what lies at the bottom of our

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philosophy; and for that it will be necessary, instead of uttering fine phrases about the Revolution, which serve too often to detract from the boldness of our doctrines, to set them forth clearly by means of concrete examples of the ideal toward which we are striving.

Gentlemen of the jury, it should reassure you somewhat to know that we are in full accord with our comrades in other lands, especially with those of Germany. These profess for the Germans of your class exactly the same sentiments which we profess for you. The German capitalist class finds no more favor in their eyes than the French capitalists do in ours.

The Advocate-General, either through ignorance or in the praiseworthy attempt to stampede you, gentlemen of the jury, has had the hardihood to deny that our propaganda is an international one, bi-lateral as it were, of equal strength on both sides of the frontier.

He has dared to assert that the German proletariat, at least,—whose attitude concerns you most—are left outside of our International.

Urbain Gohier has read to you extracts of “incendiary” pamphlets of which Emperor Wilhelm is perhaps ignorant, but which nevertheless flourish in the German barracks.

Michael Almareyda, secretary of the French section of the International Anti-Militarist Association, will cite to you other documents. He will submit for your inspection the official organ of the German section of that organization.

As for me, who am before all else a Socialist, and who am thoroughly conversant with the spirit of the German Social Democracy, I wish to place before you several additional facts which will enlighten and perhaps

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reassure those among you, gentlemen of the jury, who fear that this propaganda is carried on only in France.

The Advocate-General said to us in substance, and it is the same language which members of my own Party held to me six months ago:

“In France, a country of relative freedom, Hervé and his adherents want to spread their anti-patriotic ideas.

“In Germany, where authority is more vigorous against the authors of subversive conspiracies, those ideas cannot be spread.

“As a result, in case of war, we will have in France rebellious communes, while in Germany, not having been infected with the same propaganda, the laboring classes will march behind the Kaiser, to a man. So that France, for being a little more liberal than Germany, will be invaded, conquered, and dismembered.”

And in your patriotic hearts, you shivered.

Calm yourselves, gentlemen. The Advocate-General is again misinformed on affairs abroad.

The German government is powerless to throttle, by repressive measures, any propaganda whatsoever, no matter how subversive it may be. Of this, let me give you a conclusive proof.

In 1878 there stood at the head of the German government a man who was boasted to have such power. It will suffice for me to name him, for you to banish all doubt on the subject. It was Bismarck.

Alarmed at the progress of the Social Democracy, which at the elections of 1877 had polled a million votes, he determined to use drastic measures to uproot the movement.

He forged against the Social Democrats terrible laws,

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similar to those which in an unbalanced moment were passed in the “freest and sweetest of home-lands” against our Anarchists. Those laws were called the Iron Laws.

All the Socialist organizations in Germany had to vanish; the Party journals suspended publication; it was forbidden, under dire penalties, to write in a newspaper or utter on the public platform, a word of Socialism. Infractions of these laws were referred for sentence to the criminal courts, that machine for distributing years in prison.

Hundreds of militants were sentenced; thousands of years in prison were meted out.

And do you know what was the result, gentlemen of the jury?

At the height of the persecution, the organ of the Party, published in Switzerland, penetrated even the barracks of Germany. Leaflets such as Gohier has read to you circulated everywhere in secret. The German proletariat seized upon them as eagerly as forbidden fruit is seized upon in every country.

The propaganda never let up in intensity, nor diminished in fruitfulness.

When, in 1890, after twelve years of persecution, the Kaiser consulted the electoral barometer, he froze with terror. Instead of a million Socialist votes, he saw 2,500,000!

Then he did what you yourself would have done in his place, Mr. Advocate-General. He repealed the Iron Laws, showing the entire world, by this act, that to-day the most arbitrary governments are unable to prevail against resolute men, determined to spread their ideas

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in spite of every obstacle.

That which Bismarck was unable to do when the Social Democracy was in its infancy, do you fancy the Kaiser Wilhelm will be able to succeed in, now, when Germany contains three million Socialist electors?

Both by temperament, and to avoid unnecessary persecution, the German Social Democrats have never been fond of noisy anti-patriotic demonstrations, persuaded that their quiet propaganda is fully as efficient as the open propaganda, which is more dangerous. That is why, in our International Congresses as well as in their national conventions, the German Socialists may seem a little timid in the matter of anti-patriotism. But Wilhelm the Kaiser is not misled. Not he! He knows to a dot just what the German proletariat thinks of him and his German fatherland.

Besides this, a great number of our German comrades, especially among the younger element, long for a more combative, a more revolutionary attitude for the Social Democracy. They follow with interest, some even with ardor, our anti-patriotic propaganda here in France.

I had hardly written my book, *Their Fatherland*, the same which the Council of the Order of Lawyers could not stomach, when the members of the German Social Democracy begged me to have it translated into German, which is now being done.

And as a large volume was not within the reach of all their purses, they asked me to get up a pamphlet containing the fundamental ideas of anti-patriotism, which they would translate, and promised me they would flood Germany with them, in the teeth of the judges, the police, and the soldiery of the Kaiser.

But you have seen, gentlemen, quite recently, a

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striking example of the international character of our Socialist movement. Time and time again, in the French Chamber and in the German Reichstag, have the same words resounded.

Ah! the parliamentary Socialists of France as well as of Germany are not over fond of those members of their party who, especially during the electoral campaigns, frighten the mass of voters with unflinching and thorough-paced formulas, instead of cajoling them with fine and equivocal phrases intended to conciliate the opposition.

But when an idea begins to cut its swath among the revolutionary ranks, then the parliamentary circles bestir themselves.

Even before this the parliamentary Socialists of France and Germany have been called anti-militarists and internationalists. You know that Bebel even spent eight months in a military prison for having protested against the brutal annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. The German parliamentarians, even more intransigent than ours, have even voted to refuse the war budget and military loans, but, in Germany as well as in France, the Socialist parliaments have always catered to the patriotic prejudices of the voters. But now, see what new words are heard in the French Parliament and the German Reichstag.

For the first time, in the French Parliament, before the whole house, Marcel Sembat has attacked the nation; like an echo answered the voice of Bebel, in the Reichstag.

That veteran of the German Social Democracy said, with a concision almost brutal to the chancellor of the empire, "Take care! If you conduct the nation in such a

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manner that the' German workingman is driven to ask himself whether he has any interest in defending it, beware how you enter into a war; for that day, you are lost!"

This is sufficient, gentlemen of the jury, to show you clearly that our propaganda, pushed simultaneously on both sides of the border, will lead, not to an invasion or a dismemberment of your country by the German army, but to a simultaneous arising of the proletariat both French and German, against their exploiters.

Mr. Advocate-General, you have said to me "So much the worse for Monsieur Hervé if his ideas spread among the people!"

No, Mr. Advocate-General, not so much the worse for me, but so much the worse for you, so much the worse for your class!

Our threat is nothing more, you all know, than a conditional one, much as your orders to your officers to fire upon strikers. As in that case it depends on the officers whether the orders shall be obeyed, so in ours, it depends on the exploiting class whether our threat is put into execution.

Yes, so much the worse for the exploiters of France or Germany if they commit the crime of letting slip the dogs of an international war.

Gentlemen, I have spoken, as you see, with no care to escape imprisonment, with perhaps too little care for the liberty of my fellow defendants. I beg that they pardon me.

I ask of you nothing else, gentlemen, but to approve my ideas. I am not sufficiently simple to ask the Advocate-General to accord with them, but I am sure that you will perceive that our ideas-which are in no

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instance mine alone-form a compact doctrine, which has behind it, to sustain it, people who are not folks to blench, and who are no mere handful, either. This is not, as you have pretended, Mr. Advocate-General, an individual notion. It is the sentiment of trade unions which number tens of thousands of militants, some of whom you have seen before this bar. For example, it was in the name of thirty-five thousand organized wood-choppers, the serfs of the forest, that our comrade Veuillat, secretary of the National Federation of French Woodmen, spoke before you yesterday.

In spite of the possibly painful brusqueness of my declarations, I count on an acquittal. It will require great courage on your part to acquit us. It will be necessary for you to act contrary to your everyday belief, which has been imposed upon you by your newspapers and which paints us as demoniacs, passing our lives in insulting the military, and trampling the flag in the mud.

It will be necessary for you to overcome the evil temptation to crush the adversaries you have in your power.

It will involve your exposing yourself to the reproaches and railleries of your friends, who will never forgive you for having freed the “man with the flag on the dung-hill.”

To those who reproach you with our acquittal, you will say: “It was impossible for us not to acquit men for having expressed frankly and regardless of consequences their opinion. We were unwilling to throw upon the twentieth century the ridicule and odium of having condemned men on the pretext that they were heretics, and their doctrines dangerous.”

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And you will add: "And moreover, you did not hear, as we did, the depositions of the witnesses. If you had heard, as we, the witnesses declare under oath how the cavalry officers had beaten with their riding whips the strikers of Longwy, heard how certain employers of our class continually treat their workmen, you would have understood and excused the exasperation of the signers of the poster."

And you will say in conclusion, if you can not win them by sentiment: "It is in our interest, it is in the interest of our class that we acquitted them. We were unwilling to crown them with the martyr's halo, lest they should thereby acquire a double influence in spreading their ideas among the proletariat."

Yes, gentlemen, I say it in all sincerity, it is in the interests of your own class itself, to bring in a verdict of acquittal. Although we do not belong to the same class, although we consider our class as an enemy to yours, our drawing of class lines has not killed in our hearts all sentiments of humanity.

We know well that under your bourgeois broad-cloth beats the heart of a man, like ours. We adjure you, in the interest of your class, even the men and women of your class, our brothers and sisters in humanity, not to exasperate further, by verdicts of ill-will, our class, which is already sufficiently exasperated against you. We desire to save you from terrible reprisals. You are today the stronger, but your domination is not eternal. I have an inkling that it will not last a great while. Perhaps you do not believe it. No more did the Czar, when he came, some years ago, to his full glory, believe the time so near when he would have to settle accounts with his people. In the day when our class will settle

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scores with yours, it will be a pleasure to us, your prisoners of to-day, to plead extenuating circumstances in your favor.

Do not mistake my meaning. I do not threaten you with reprisals. I am not trying to frighten you. Fear is no nearer your hearts, I imagine, than it is to ours. But, as we do not hold you individually responsible for the crimes of the present society, we would wish that the Revolution, which is gathering, should seize as few victims as possible among you. When it shall be our class which judges, in its turn, the class to which you belong, we shall be happy to be able to say to the more exasperated and angered of our members, that, at the time of your might, there were brave men among you—which is true. We shall be happy to say that there were a good judge Magnaud and a good Judge Seré de Rivières among your magistrates, that there were court presidents, like the present one, to preside over the Courts of Assizes; that there were advocates-general who did not seek in the mire for insults to hurl at the heads of the defendants, and that there were good jurymen like those of Auxerre, of Troyes, and even of patriotic Paris, who would acquit their political opponents.

And now that I have revealed to you the class struggle, the cutting edge of our revolutionary Socialism, permit me, gentlemen of the jury, to show you also the healing humanitarian balm it bears in its hilt, in order that you may in turn point it out to those who taunt you with our acquittal. How is it you have not perceived that it is we who are your best bulwark against the German Kaiser? It is not of your rifles he is afraid, but of the rifles of the Social Democrats of Germany, who on the

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other bank of the Rhine are carrying on exactly the same propaganda as we.

All of you, even the most nationalistic of you are anxious for peace, are you not? You are very desirous of having the high finance of your capitalist class settle its squabbles with the high finance of other countries by international arbitration. But perhaps you say to yourselves: "These arbitration tribunals are but sorry farces. They may settle little unimportant questions, but when it comes to big affairs, those are decided only by the thunder of artillery. The Czar of the Hague conference does like the rest." Well, we have a recipe for making governments, all governments, even that of the Kaiser, submit every conflict to arbitration.

Our recipe is to spread, on both sides of every national frontier, and especially those of France and Germany, our war-cry against war, "Rebellion sooner than war!"

It is from your sons, as well as from the sons of the people, that we seek to ward off a horrible death on the field of battle.

If you throw us into prison, and if, by some impossibility, you trample out our propaganda, tremble lest a war break out, perhaps the very next day, and mow down, like flowers in their prime, those you hold most dear. Tremble, lest the mother of your son soon come to you and moan "Miserable! There were men who, at the risk of their liberty, preached a method of stopping governments from rushing into war, from murdering my son, and it was you, wretched one, that threw them into dungeons!"

(Long continued applause.—The President threatens to clear the court.)

[The jury returned a verdict of guilty, without

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extenuating circumstances.]

I thank you, gentlemen of the jury, for the good deed you have just done. I thank you for having illustrated and confirmed in so striking a manner, the argument here made by me on the nation and the class struggle. You have sworn to judge without hate and without fear—

[The President:—“Do not address the jurymen. Confine your remarks to the Court.”]

Gentlemen of the Court, they have sworn to judge us without hate and without fear. Instead, they have judged us with the hatred of their class and with the fear of the press, their friends, and the public opinion of their class. They have dug deeper that chasm between their class and ours; they have dug deeper the chasm into which we shall hurl them.

THE END.