

A Letter

Emma Goldman

June 1906

Chicago, June 2nd, 1906.

Dear Editor:—I hope you have not been trying to relieve your feelings by using language dangerous to your soul's salvation. I can sympathize with you, though. However, it was impossible for me to send the promised article for "M. E." Who, indeed, could expect a bride of two weeks to waste time upon magazine articles?! I hope you have read the reports of my marriage, though your silence would indicate that you have either neglected to read the important news, or that your usual lack of faith in the truth and honesty of the press has not permitted you to credit the story.

It is high time, dear friend, that you get rid of your German skepticism; you know, I esteem your judgment, but when it comes to doubting anything the newspapers say, I draw the line. What reporters do not know about Anarchists, and especially about your publisher, is not worth knowing. According to their great wisdom I not only incited men to remove the crowned heads of various countries, but I have done worse—I have incited them to marry me, and when they proved unwilling to love, honor and obey the order of our secret societies to blow up all sacred institutions, I sent them about their business.

Much as I realize the importance of my articles for Mother Earth, you cannot expect me to sacrifice my wifely duty to my lord and master for Earth's sake.

I have always held to the opinion that there must be absolute confidence between publisher and editor on all matters except the receipts; therefore I have to confess that my newly-wedded husband, who has just graduated from the University of the Western Penitentiary—the curriculum of which is lots of liberty, leisure and enjoyment—objects to the drudgery of an agitator and publisher. In justice to him, I dare not do more than write letters all day, address meetings every evening, and enjoy the love and kindness of the comrades till early morning hours. Where, then, shall I find time to write articles for "Mother Earth?"

But to be in keeping with the serious and dignified tone of our valuable magazine, and especially with you[14] dear Editor, I want to say that my meetings were very successful, and that Mother Earth is being received with great favor in every city. Nearly 500 copies were sold here.

After reading the brilliant reports in the Chicago papers and seeing the handsome, refined policemen at the various meetings, I am not surprised that our magazine is being appreciated. Apropos of the Chicago police, just fancy, I have actually forced them out of their uniforms. I hope this will not conjure up the horrible picture of Chicago's finest parading the city in Adam's

costume. Not that! Only, Chief of Police Collins was so outraged over my gentle criticism of his dear little boys at one of the woodworkers' meetings, that he gave strict orders, "No officer should again appear at a public meeting in uniform where that awful Emma Goldman is humiliating and degrading the emblem of authority and law."

After this, I hope you will never again doubt the importance of public meetings and the great and far-reaching influence of my speaking.

I shall soon be with you, if I survive my tour, the police, and the press. I shall then try to make up for my sins, in the July number of Mother Earth, provided you will let me recuperate in your editorial care and affection.

Emma Goldman.

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