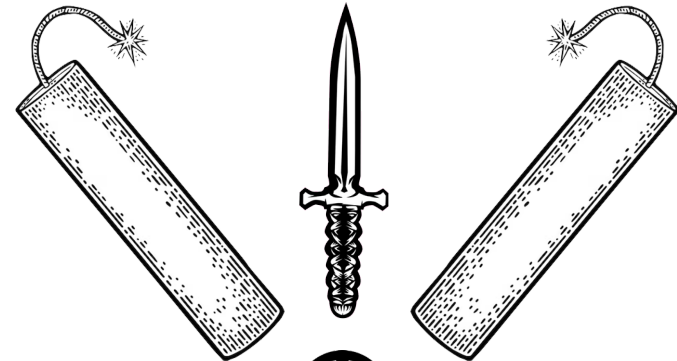




PASQUALE NARDINI & MARIA NARDINI  
MILWAUKEE, 1917



# THE RETURN OF MARY NARDINI



FROM THE CRONACA SOVVERSIVA  
MILWAUKEE, 1911-1918

AS WELL AS RELATED DOCUMENTS & TEXTS



their bald-headed lies. A priest can shout from the alter or the pulpit any anathema against thought, indictments against the reprobate; he can subjugate them with the blind plebeian rage to expertly torture, and with this Cossack fury to plan and pay for the massacre: but woe to the beggars who raise the torch of truth against deception and lies; woe to the naive person who restrains the murderous arm of a scoundrel in livery: a double sacrilege that's paid for on the gallows!"

This distrust gathers, it's true, a habitual and general resignation, and the beggars who emerge from any friction with order are caught and beaten: the omnipotence of the police stands intangible above all doubt, all discussion; but chased away by this deluded pollution, disarmed of its scales and sword, it does not abdicate justice, it seeks elsewhere its refuge, its ways, its weapons, and when you truly dream of having suffocated and buried it, its puts the equation back on its own terms by blowing up ruffians and prevaricators with half a pound of dynamite.

Are you Christian souls sorry that, amid the legendary heroisms of the Nazarene, he smiled at the blow with which he chased the merchants of Galilee from the temple? And you republican pick-pockets who rack your own brains, didn't an anarchist leave a good length of blade in the Kaiser's heart three years ago?

So hang yourself wherever you like! We are happy about it, and very heartily! For the debts that it pays with such punctuality and the credit it grants with generous confidence.

Points and words! The person who brought down Fornasier and Marinelli this past September doesn't go around bragging about it; the priest Giuliani who mediated and organized the insane massacre, a fugitive across the earth like Cain, who will find today, tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, an accounting, should he hole up in the tabernacle; and the cops who have the bullets, the cudgel, the handcuffs, when faced with the progeny of Cireno, will be wary of bad steps: there is someone in the herd who ties it to their finger and pays it back, pays it back without hesitation and without stinginess: points and words!

# The Gruppo

On December 2, 1911, the first mention of a *Cronaca* group in Milwaukee arrived in the form of three donations to the newspaper. F. Conzoniere, G. Mattano, and P. Leto all gave \$1 to the *Cronaca*, and by April of 1912 there were five new members: P. Cimino, P. Locicero, A. Calderon, R. Garcia, and F. Perrone. On June 21, 1913, an anarchist named E. Nardini donated \$1 from Milwaukee, and in November of 1913, the group had at least fifteen members, nearly all of them Italian, based on their last names. It was only in 1914 that the group started to get really active.

The first major event among the Milwaukee *gruppo* was six of their agitators getting fired from the Colonial Marble Company, although thanks to the relationships they built, many of their fellow workers threw down money to support them, for which they provided thanks in the *Cronaca*. In their brief write up in the January 3, 1914 issue, these Italian stone-masons described Milwaukee as *this Siberia where the snow is five feet high*.

A week later, in the *Piccola Posta* column, we find an entry from Milwaukee written by E., and all it says is: *Be patient until next week. Salutations*. As promised, an article from Milwaukee is printed in the next issue, written by F. Perrone. In it, Perrone attacks the duplicitous syndicalists who always claim to love and respect anarchists but then generally act like *Bill Haywood, who shouts in public rallies that anarchists are the police*.

Another entry from the *Piccola Posta* column on March 14, 1914, reveals that the Milwaukee group was considering

submitting an article, if they will be allowed to condense it. However, no article ever followed, and then next we hear from the Milwaukee *gruppo* is on May 15, 1915, when they donated money gathered at a *fiesta* and dance they held under the auspices of the Social Studies Circle. Months later, on November 6, they donated \$4 from another *fiesta da ballo*, which seem to have been popular in this freezing city.

In the December 4, 1915 issue, someone named P. Nardini donated \$1 from Milwaukee. This would be the second time the name Nardini appeared in Milwaukee, and it is highly likely this is Pasquale Nardini, who will appear again. For the past year, the previously mentioned E. Nardini had been living among the Chicago *gruppo*, and they also donated \$1 to the *Cronaca* in the same issue as Pasquale.

On the first day of 1916, the *Piccola Posta* column carried another vague item from Milwaukee, written by someone called N. It read: *In those circumstances and with that aim, no comrade who understands reason will ever condemn you.* It's unclear what this means, but in the January 15 issue, we learn that E. Nardini had returned to Milwaukee, joining Pasquale Nardini and all the others. Not only did the Nardinis donate a combined \$3, E. Nardini co-wrote a short entry from Milwaukee with A. Corti.

In this piece, the two announced their arrival in Milwaukee with a combined \$4 donation, as well as calling for other anarchists like them to help clear the *Cronaca's* deficit, asking the reader to *push it towards balance and gird it with better weapons.* However, as of June 24, the mysterious E. Nardini was back in Chicago, for whatever reason.

The comrades in Milwaukee held another *fiesta* on November 25, 1916, and of the \$38.45 raised from this benefit, \$10 went to those arrested in San Francisco after the Prepared-

### **the dragon-born of September 9th.**

The reasons, the perpetrators of this attack?

I don't ask respectable men for their characteristics; if among them we must number how many, then we must number all those who, for the bestial attacks, for the planned extermination of September 16th, felt only horror, and cultivated the intention of averting such a recurrence, for they must be legion. Even among those who believe in God, in the evangelical mission of its priests, even among those who believe in the homeland and in the necessity of its wars, the dark conspiracy of the priest Giuliani, the wild joy with which he obscenely paid tribute to the massacre and congratulated the accomplice police force, all of it ignited such a sense of indignation that even more desperate acts of retaliation were not only foreseen, but justified in advance. The reasons?

They are older than the history of the world: the abyss calls to the abyss! If a compromise is possible between freedom and order, if you make that compromise, you recognize it in the law, and if you override this law, they strike you down with the bestial hand, with the stick, with the revolvers of your janissaries, and that compromise is rescinded, everyone returns to the law of retaliation: is the murderous ambush the last resort of priests and policemen to suffocate freedom of thought and speech? And so this murderous ambush will become the extreme inspiration for the heralds to repel, in the name of freedom of thought, that holy office yearning for its absurd restoration; and whoever obtusely closes every outlet to the incoercible dynamite of thought must become accustomed to the roar of dynamite.

Who has the right to complain?

Those who, without any ungrateful mortification to the principle of authority, cannot conceive of a policeman in the dock? Not even when they are vulgar, bestial, self-confessed murderers? And they lavish indulgence to the point of impunity, overturning the scales of justice, discovering its perfidious pitfalls, even shouting at those who don't want to hear: "the law has no scourges or prisons except for beggars; the constitution is not for insolent scoundrels and

Milwaukee, the case of the thugs who murdered Fornasier, Marinelli, and Testolin isn't being discussed; nor the priest Giuliani who organized this murderous ambush; but of the unfortunate ones who escaped the murderous lead and could reveal the organizer of the tragedy, recognized and denouncing all his responsibilities.

The case will obviously not be discussed for the moment, being postponed for an unexpected interlude.

On Saturday, the 24th of November, around seven in the evening, as she returned to the Italian Evangelical Mission, which is on Van Buren and Michigan Street, one Miss Maude Richter, who plays the organ for the priest Giuliani during the usual functions, found on the threshold a strange item that seemed suspicious: few people care for this priest, he's had a guilty conscience about a double murder for a couple of months; it's not possible that he's received a gift, or homage and blessings.

He thought it was a bomb and had the naivety to open up about to half a dozen yawning believers in the sacristy, who, trusting in their own hocks more than in the problematic protections of the Most High, made it their duty to run away, and run some more.

Miss Maud telephoned the police, and since experience must have shown her that the police have gout where there's risk and are always late, she immediately minted a hero with her smiles and coaxing, inducing Giuseppe Massuini, musician of the trombone in that grotesque court of miracles, to gather the mysterious package in his arms and take it to the police himself.

Halfway there, he met Detective McKinney who, not wanting to show less courage than an exotic trombone player, grinned as if it were a joke and took the package to the police headquarters himself, calling together his cronies to remove the gag for their part of the fun.

They were joking and laughing when a formidable detonation shook the building from its foundation, enveloped in an acrid vortex of smoke that swept away the corpses who were, with the exception of one woman who rushed to report who knows what theft, all police: **Among them Tremplin, O'Brien, the heroes of**

ness Day bombing, as well as \$5 for the prisoners from the recent Everett Massacre. At the end of December, in the *Piccola Posta*, we learn from L.C. that someone's lecture tour was canceled until further notice, presumably someone from Milwaukee.

In the January 6, 1917 issue, we learn that the Milwaukee comrades held yet another *festa*, bringing in \$44.07 on behalf of the Social Studies Circle. In the weeks to come, the only mention of any Nardini in the *Cronaca* came from E. Nardini, living in the Kensington neighborhood of Chicago as of February. Back in Milwaukee, a comrade named N. Mezzetti wrote an article in *Cronaca* outing a parasite who was extorting money by passing himself off as fleeing from the police. He encouraged the reader to not *spare him the salutary lesson that such a scoundrel deserves*. Shortly after this, the US entered WWI.

There was more vagueness from Milwaukee in the *Piccola Posta* that spring, but that was normal for all *gruppos*, as you've seen. E. Nardini was still in Chicago as of June 30, and later that summer, on August 25, 1917, the Social Studies Circle of Milwaukee raised \$20 for the *Cronaca* and the increasing number of anarchist prisoners, including Luigi Galleani, arrested earlier that June for writing an anti-war article. Shortly after this *festa*, everything exploded in Milwaukee, bringing the *gruppo* to national attention.

As the anarchist Emma Goldman would later describe, *a group of Italian Anarchists, Socialists, I.W.W.'s and others of general liberal leanings organized a little social club where they gathered for entertainment, amateur theatricals, dances and occasional lectures on social topics. Their activities and success aroused the ire and envy of an unfrocked Catholic priest, who found it more profitable to use the methods of the Evangelic church to save souls. Especially was he enraged over the audacity of the young Italian*

*who would attend the Reverend's soul saving open air meetings and heckle him as to the greater importance of saving the bodies of the people. At any rate, the heckling continued at every meeting until finally the ex-priest went to the police with the story that a dangerous lot of Anarchists, pro-Germans, I.W.W.'s had desecrated the American flag, denounced the President, etc., etc. Of course the reverend gentleman was given "protection."*

On September 9, 1917, this Italian evangelical preacher attempted his third pro-war rally in the Bay View neighborhood of Milwaukee, its population largely Italian. His two prior rallies had been disrupted by the local *gruppo*, and for this third rally he had police protection. Nevertheless, when the preacher finished his speech and roused the crowd into a rendition of America, the local anarchists stormed the stage and tore down his US flag. That's when the police opened fire.

According to the anarchist historian Paul Avrich, this rally took place near the clubhouse of the Francisco Ferrer Circle, another name for the Social Studies Circle, as it was known in the pages of *Cronaca Sovversiva*. After the police opened fire, Antonio Fornasier, director of the Circle's theater group, was shot through the heart and killed instantly. His comrade Augusto Marinelli drew a pistol and fired back but was mortally wounded in the chest; he died in the hospital five days later. A third anarchist, Bartolo Testalin, was shot in the back but survived.

Two cops were lightly injured by gunfire, and in retaliation, the police arrested eleven anarchists, raided the Circle's clubhouse, beat people up, and confiscated their anarchist literature. Those arrested were Peter Bianchi, Vincent Fratesi, Amedeo Lilli, Adolph Fratesi, Louis Serafini, Angelo Pantaleoni, Gavina Denurra, Daniel Belucci, Pasquale Nardini, Mary Nardini, and Bartolo Testolin, Most prominent among

intervened in the priest Giuliani's public conferences, they raised some simple and sincere objections to him, embarrassing him more than once, because the tone of the most unadorned frankness easily overcomes the most twisted and quibbled posing, and they sent him the vineyard in reverse. The papal coins lingered tenaciously at the bottom of the pockets of those customers who were brought back to reality by these sagacious controversies: and Father Giuliani returned to rectory to pour the meager harvest and bitter discouragements into the lap of the desolate Perpetuals.

There was but one escape, and he took refuge there.

He ran to the police, reporting to Janssen that his apostate was being attacked by a handful of desperate anarchist whose enthusiasm, combined with the dubious fervor of the bystanders, overflowed the ironies of a ruthless and iconoclastic skepticism; the American flag was torn and trampled there, and the nefarious propaganda of the traitors would spread across the entire city from Bay View if it were not contained with immediate severity; and since the police cronies stared in amazement and dismay, the priest Giuliani himself drew up the plan for revenge.

The following Sunday, September 9th, when our comrades Antonio Fornasier, Augusto Marinelli, and Bartolo Testolin risked a polite and discreet objection to his hot air, cynically refried for the thousandth time, they found themselves grabbed by the chest, knocked down, and trampled a cop hidden nearby, and there some commotion. Antonio Fornasier fell riddled with bullets following Father Giuliani's evangelical invective and the police fired another dozen revolver shots at the murdered man's body. Augusto Marinelli died in the hospital the next day; Bartolo Testolin was reunited, in his serious condition, with another dozen of his comrades in prison.

Father Giuliani dreamed of making his fortune back in this bloody battle and in now preparing for the grape harvest.

\* \* \*

Two months have passed, and today, before the courts of

it.

It's also superfluous to add who the victims are; priests and cops hate only thing: the truth, displayed without veils, without fear. And because a few of our fervent and unprejudiced comrades became heralds down there, the secret anger of sacristy and gutter conspired against them.

The priest Augusto Giuliani is a bastard who knows no other god or cult besides his own belly. By selling hosts and indulgences for Catholic shops beset by competition, he was unable to make ends meet. He threw away his habit, sold off the Virgin Mary, the Pope, and the dogmas to the first second-hand dealer, then this chatty scoundrel prostituted himself to the brothels of the reformed church. In fact, he set up his own shop in Bay View. With meager clientele and poorer results. When they have to pay ten cents for the right to talk to the good God, here in America, not even rude people go to church, and the barber's snout is such a shrewd reminder of faith that the new Protestant barracks of Don Augusto Giuliani was driven into bankruptcy this past April when the United States declared war on Germany.

War! Here is the bonanza for the ministers of the universal evangelical brotherhoods: war, homeland, flag, heroism, self-denial, tributes, above all tributes, for here is the rhetorical rubbish that can ruin his job, and his tithes!

Father Giuliani didn't understand under his skin or inside his shop. He invaded the crossroads, camped out on the sidewalk, went on magnifying this replacement homeland, the sanctity of national hatred, the necessity and urgency of sacrificing others, reaping at the end of his fanboyish sermons the bayonet of hallucination: the bonanza.

The doughnut didn't come back with a hole. There are killjoys everywhere now, and Milwaukee has its own.

Some of our naive comrades,—that widespread naivety, by which the priest is supposed to be the adversary with whom one discusses every matter with pure, good faith, in place of the shady, murky enemy who should only be used a good punching bag—they

these arrested anarchists was Mary Nardini, who the police claimed had instigated the storming of the stage. Just like Elena Purgatorio, little is known about the mysterious Mary Nardini, other than that she was born Elena Frattesi in Fano, Italy the eldest child among her brothers Adolfo, Vincenzo, and Giuseppe Frattesi, who were also anarchists.

There was no mention of these murders in the *Cronaca* until September 22, when it ran a small item explaining that four comrades were charged with murder, two with seditious acts. Their bail amounts were \$4,000 each for the murder charges, \$2,000 for seditious acts. The anarchist who shot at the cops was listed as Marvila, which is a misspelling of Maravilla, the maiden name of Margaret Marinelli, wife of Augusto Marinelli, an anarchist who died in the hospital on September 15, 1917.

In the September 29 issue, a longer item appeared, albeit on the third page, given the front was dedicated to the aftermath of the Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco. In this article, part of the recurring *Among The Cloth Of The Holy Office* column, an anarchist called M.F. relates more details about what happened in Milwaukee, as well as publicly stating, *our comrades didn't touch the American flag, they didn't say anything about being against the war or against President Wilson*, which is another way of saying that they did. As the author explained, *we are in times of war and they're doing everything they can to hunt down anarchists*.

This article also revealed that the esteemed radical lawyer *Clarence Darrow promised us his selfless cooperation. Money is urgently needed*. Towards the end of the text, M.F. explained that *ten people were arrested, including [Pasquale] Nardini's proud partner*, and this was first time that Mary Nardini appeared in *Cronaca Sovversiva*.

By the October 6 issue, the comrades at the *Cronaca* had raised \$200 for those arrested in Milwaukee, and in the October 20 issue, we find another call for funds written by an anarchist called X., just as we see that the *gruppo* from Panama, Illinois (another coal-town) donated \$5 to the Milwaukee prisoners. The call by X. was run multiple times in the weeks ahead, leading up to an article in the November 24 issue, written by one Quasimodo, the pen name Luigi Galleani adopted while fighting his deportation case.

In this Thanksgiving issue, the front page carried not only a biting article titled *Thanksgiving!*, in English, but also Galleani's article on the situation in Milwaukee. The article slices right into the priest Augusto Giuliani, calling him *a bastard who knows no other god or cult besides his own belly*. He is described as a grifter, moving from the hustle of the Catholic church to the evangelical church and then onto pro-war patriotism. The article then explained what happened on September 9, 1917, showing how the priest Giuliani organized the massacre with the police, and then it dealt with the bomb.

To be more specific, dynamite, something every Italian anarchist coal miner knew how to use and often had easy access to in the mine shafts and warehouses. On the same day this paper ran, November 24, 1917, *around seven in the evening, as she returned to the Italian Evangelical Mission, which is on Van Buren and Michigan Street, one Miss Maude Richter, who plays the organ for the priest Giuliani during the usual functions, found on the threshold a strange item that seemed suspicious: few people care for this priest, he's had a guilty conscience about a double murder for a couple of months; it's not possible that he's received a gift, or homage and blessings.*

As the narrative continued, *Miss Maud telephoned the police, and since experience must have shown her that the police*

comrades are serious. We need money and lots of it. The lawyers want no less than five thousand dollars.'

The trial begins on the 28th and will certainly be postponed.

Attorney Clarence Darrow promised us his selfless cooperation. Money is urgently needed.

Anyone wishing to contribute to the defense of those arrested in Milwaukee should address **Sebastiano Secchi, 445 East 91th St., Chicago, Ill.**

M.F.

### From *Cronaca Sovversiva* (October 20, 1917)

Those arrested in Milwaukee, Wis. after the cowardly, concerted attack between the sacristy and the police headquarters, which cost the lives of two workers, they are now under threat of serious punishment and the obligation falls on all comrades to help their defense by **sending funds to S. Secchi, 455 E. 91st St., Chicago, Ill.**

The lawyer demands three thousand dollars and won't skimp on those gentlemen, especially if the interest of an intriguing duo can release the twelve or fourteen arrested men to their freedom.

Wasting words reminding comrades of their debt of solidarity would be degrading to those who feel sympathy for the cause of freedom and justice.

Everyone knows how to do their duty without unnecessary fuss.

X.

### From *Cronaca Sovversiva* (November 24, 1917)

#### Points and Words!

In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a tragedy occurred on September 9th. It was organized by a priest and a cop, the defrocked priest Augusto Giuliani, who traded his faith for a loaf of bread, and the local police chief John T. Janssen. It's therefore superfluous to add the characteristics of hypocrisy, bestiality, and ferocity that characterized



From *Cronaca Sovversiva* (September 29, 1917)

### Among The Cloth Of The Holy Office

The bourgeois newspapers spoke at length about the massacre in Milwaukee, Wis. Because of an idiotic, cowardly, and pandering evangelical pastor, two comrades were murdered in cold blood by the police and twelve others are still alive (some seriously injured), accused of having disturbed a patriotic rally and having trampled and spat on the American flag.

The accusation is false and ridiculous, but we are in times of war and they're doing everything they can to hunt down anarchists. Our comrades didn't touch the American flag, they didn't say anything about being against the war or against President Wilson, but limited themselves to asking questions of the Reverend Giuliani (this is the name of the scoundrel who cased the massacre) after he'd finished preaching his gospel to the crowds!

Attempting to reconstruct the event would perhaps be impossible, since the attack was so cowardly and repellent, and our companions were so stunned, that none of them can give precise information. What is true is that Antonio Fornasieri died in a few minutes, riddled with wounds, Augusto Marinelli died in the hospital after 5 days of atrocious agony, hit by several revolver shots, and Bartolo Testolin is still in the hospital, treacherously wounded in the back, though fortunately the projectile didn't damage any vital organs.

Thirsty for blood, the attackers, not content to see Fornasieri already dead, forced themselves to fire perhaps a dozen more shots him.

A police raid followed against the Circle, where they seized everything they found: books, pamphlets, correspondence. They rounded up all suspected subversives and are now preparing a trial. Ten people were arrested, including Nardini's proud partner, and they were all placed under bail of 3000 or 2000 bucks.

As can be easily understood, the accusations against our

*have gout where there's risk and are always late, she immediately minted a hero with her smiles and coaxing, inducing Giuseppe Massuini, musician of the trombone in that grotesque court of miracles, to gather the mysterious package in his arms and take it to the police himself.*

*Halfway there, he met Detective McKinney who, not wanting to show less courage than an exotic trombone player, grinned as if it were a joke and took the package to the police headquarters himself, calling together his cronies to remove the gag for their part of the fun. They were joking and laughing when a formidable detonation shook the building from its foundation, enveloped in an acrid vortex of smoke that swept away the corpses who were, with the exception of one woman who rushed to report who knows what theft, all police: **Among them Tremplin, O'Brien, the dragon-born heroes of September 9.** The reasons, the perpetrators of this attack?*

Galleani went on to explain that anyone *who felt only horror about the massacre of September 9 must have been the perpetrator, and they must be legion.* The article is blatantly unapologetic over the attack, and as Galleani stated in the conclusion, *hang yourself wherever you like! We are happy about it, and very heartily! For the debts that it pays and the credit it grants with generous confidence.*

The November 24, 1917 issue of the *Cronaca* was allegedly printed on the same day as the bomb, meaning this article had to have been written later that evening, and the issue was likely printed the next day before being mailed out. As far as the bombing, it was likely organized by the Italian anarchist Mario Buda, who had recently been in Chicago, the last known whereabouts of the mysterious E. Nardini.



After meeting up with his comrade Carlo Valdinoci, the two probably secured and placed the dynamite at the church before it was taken to the police station. No one was ever caught.

The state firmly retaliated the next month when Mary Nardini, Pasquale Nardini, and their nine comrades were sentenced to twenty-five years each for attempted murder, with the state placing the Nardini's son in an orphanage rather than her own community. As Emma Goldman would write, *the Socialist Prosecuting Attorney, W. C. Zabel, delivered himself of a wild patriotic harangue that Milwaukee must be rid of the murderous Anarchists and undesirables, and suggested a vote of thanks to the instigator of the whole terrible business, Rev. Giuliani.*

In the end, the convictions were overturned, but Maria, Pasquale, Adolfo and Vincenzo Frattesi, and the other seven comrades were immediately detained upon release, now scheduled for deportation. Maria beat her deportation case, although Pasquale, Adolfo Vincenzo, and the others were ultimately deported in 1920. Maria and Pasquale reunited in Canada with their son, and after living there a few years, Pasquale illegally crossed back into the US with them, and by the 1940s they were running a grocery store in Harlem.

The initial sentencing of the Milwaukee comrades was an outrage the anarchists couldn't bear, so Mario Buda and his companions planned another bombing, one that would target the Milwaukee prosecutors who did this to their comrades.

While trying to collect enough dynamite for this wave of blasts (some of it to be stolen from the Crawford Coal Company), a nineteen year-old anarchist named Ella Antolini was captured by the police in Chicago, having several sticks of dynamite in her bag. This led to several arrests, but only Ella did



no necessary for the workers, and is so avidly awaited and read these days, that the comrades should lend a hand, even both hands, to push it towards balance and gird it with better weapons.

A. CORTI, E. NARDINI

### From *Cronaca Sovversiva* (March 24, 1917)

**Milwaukee, Wis.**—There's a scoundrel wandering around here who, in the name of revolutionary acts he's never committed, pretending to be persecuted by the police, tries to scrounge money from the good faith of his comrades. He goes by the name of Paolo Toda, he's about 35 years old, around 1.65 meters tall, brown hair and mustache, regular build.

In Lake Church, a town near here, by presenting himself as being sent to a comrade by us, he managed to defraud him of fifteen dollars. After that he disappeared.

Those who might meet him should be on their guard and don't spare him the salutary lesson that such a scoundrel deserves.

**N. Mezzetti**

### From *Cronaca Sovversiva* (September 22, 1917)

**In Milwaukee, Wis.**, those who smell of subversiveness were arrested for last Sunday's massacre. Four were charged with murder and the others accused of taking part in a seditious act. The first four were each given four thousand dollars bail; two thousand for the other two.

Marvila was fatally wounded in the chest, according to the latest information, and died in the hospital. The other wounded improve and will soon move from hospital to prison, at the discretion of the judicial authority, who will not fail to complete the work of the priest and the cop.

his syndicalism to be revolutionary and anti-state, I took the liberty of recalling that, on the contrary, regarding the question of the State, an I.W.W. newspaper made clear the antithesis between industrial unionism and anarchism. To which observation Rossoni responded, rightly, that even among anarchists there's a different way of understanding anarchism, but if the I.W.W. newspapers were really also for the State, he no longer knew how much trust to give the larger organization. Rossoni denies having said this? That's his business. I've understood him well, and others will have understood him too, he's got no interest in distorting words and facts; but I don't insist. But can Rossoni deny that while he allows one to believe that, perhaps, anarchists and syndicalists are one and the same and must walk hand in hand, all the leaders of the I.W.W., starting with Bill Haywood, who shouts in public rallies that anarchists are the police, up to the **Proletarian**, which curses the imbalance of the fundamental, intolerable anarchy of this present social regime, and all this disavows and denies the attitude he took at the Boston conference, and invalidates his sincerity?

As for the **Solidarity** article, I don't know how to quibble: the editorial team published it **without making any reservations**, and I thought I had the right to believe and state that they accepted its conclusions. Rossoni says no, so do as please. Those who read an opinion have made it themselves, and our comments are superfluous.

**F. Perrone**

*January 2, 1914*

**From *Cronaca Sovversiva* (January 15, 1916)**

**Milwaukee, Wis.**—We are for the bi-weekly or the eight-page newspaper, and we come to get along with our comrades by enclosing four dollars.

But first let's match the deficit. The *Cronaca* is not a newspaper, the like of which there are many, too many, that have neither seriousness nor character; it must not be, or make us look bad. If we take a step forward, we must always go forward! And the paper is

any prison time for it.

While she was awaiting her sentence, on April 18, 1918, two bombs were placed at the house of the Socialist Prosecuting Attorney of Milwaukee, William C. Zabel, but they failed to detonate. Had all this dynamite gone off, the entire house would have been leveled. Everything was rapidly escalating, the state was gunning for the anarchists, and many in the movement believed it was time to stop waiting, to truly act, to treat this as the war it always was.

Excerpted from *Elena Purgatorio: Or, a Brief History of the Galleanisti*  
Anon., 2024



# The Avvocato

The one regret of [Clarence Darrow's] professional life was that he had come to Chicago from Ashtabula a few months too late to assist in the defense of the Haymarket anarchists. Now in the crucial case of The State of Wisconsin vs. Peter Bianchi, Mary Nardini, et al., he was given another chance to speak his piece; for here, thirty years after the four Haymarket anarchists had been executed, was another anarchist case, which the state of Wisconsin based squarely upon the Haymarket precedent in order to secure a conviction of all eleven of the defendants. The Haymarket anarchists had been convicted on the ground that "he who inflames people's minds and induces them by violent means to accomplish an illegal object is himself a rioter, though he takes no part in the riot." The eleven Italians of Milwaukee had been convicted, not of throwing the bomb which blew up a police station and killed several officers, but of having in their possession more than a hundred pamphlets, magazines and newspapers which set forth the political virtues of anarchism.

The eleven Italians had already spent one year of a twenty-five year sentence in the state penitentiary when they asked Darrow to appeal their case. Before leaving for Milwaukee, where the original trial had been held, Darrow began reading in the almost unintelligible translations that had been made for the court of the Italian anarchist literature, jotting down those sentences which seemed to express the crux of their belief: "The governments commit as many crimes as they prevent. The governments feign a desire to want to put a remedy to the evils of the workingman, but how could they put a remedy to it if they

# The Giornale

From *Cronaca Sovversiva* (January 3, 1914)

## Milwaukee, Wis.

For us poor victims of capitalist greed, for us exploited, pulped, and thrown into a corner like useless junk, there was no hope left.

A few generous people, who like us experienced the exploitation of the **Colonial Marble Co.** in this beautiful country that American arrogance has called "Marble City," ran to our rescue and scraped together a decent sum to help us. To these men of heart led by Dell'Amico, we send our warmest and most heartfelt thanks, promising not to forget their action. To those who found meager excuses to refuse us aid, offending those of us unable to defend ourselves, we forgive, wishing they find themselves in the same condition as us, hungry, barefoot, homeless, and without money to get out of this Siberia where the snow is five feet high.

G. Boni, A. Ferrari, E. Delbianco,  
E. Rainini, L. Guadagni, P. Dazzini

From *Cronaca Sovversiva* (January 17, 1914)

## Milwaukee, Wis.

It seems that, among subversives, every discussion has become impossible, or must end in gossip, and that within the fury of chit-chat, reason must be grasped by the least scrupulous juggler.

What did I say at the Rossoni conference? That his syndicalism is not the syndicalism that other syndicalists propagate. While he apologized for the anarchists, to the point of exciting his comrades to emulate them in their fight against social inequities, while he claimed

anarchist literature had deranged the trial; that the presiding judge had shown prejudice and passion in imposing a uniform twenty-five year sentence without any attempt to vary the sentence according to the degree of participation; that the anarchist defendants, ostensibly being tried for shooting the detectives on the corner of Bishop and Potter avenues, were in actuality tried for a conspiracy to explode the bomb that killed the police officers, and lastly, that no conspiracy or specific intent to assault the detectives had emerged from the evidence.

The appeal was granted. Nine of the defendants who had had no firearms in their possession at the time of the arrest were acquitted in a new and dispassionate trial. The two men who had been carrying guns were convicted of assault. Darrow boarded a train for Madison to call on the governor of Wisconsin. "A grave injustice has been done to these nine innocent persons who had to spend a year in the penitentiary," he pleaded. "The best way we can show our disapproval of these trials by passion and Wisconsin's repudiation of such methods is for you to pardon the two men who have just been convicted."

The governor pardoned them.

Excerpted from *Clarence Darrow For The Defense*  
Irving Stone, 1941



are the principal cause of these evils? The capitalists gain without any punishment and use the workers or else starve them; the financiers steal with a free hand. At the least sign of discontent of the workingmen the government interferes with its soldiers, with its policemen, with its paid judges, and oppresses the oppressed. The government is servant of the bourgeoisie, the enemy of the workingman, the starver of the people, the pestilence of society."

The fact that these ten men and one woman in the Wisconsin penitentiary were aliens, that they had made no attempt to become American citizens, that they spoke no English, that their public conduct proved them to be emotionally unbalanced, made no difference in the fundamental issue involved: that if America was to survive as a free land it had to be a country where men could be so completely free that they could believe in any erroneous, even crackpot, opinion and be guaranteed the right of expression of that opinion. So long as they did not actually violate the existing criminal code they must be protected in their rights by the hundred million citizens who would thus be protecting their own rights. It was true that these people were not citizens of the United States, but so long as they were not deported, so long as they were allowed to remain in this country, the least of them was entitled to the same rights the greatest American was entitled to. These childish, hysterical malcontents, who could never become an integral part of American life, were the last people in the world who had any claim to protection: if he could erect a defense for those who least seemed to warrant it, that defense would be the stronger for those who warranted it the more.

If he could make a valid defense of the indefensible, then the defensible would be certain of a sound defense.

Darrow took [Peter] Sissman with him to Milwaukee,

where they dug deeper into the case of the anarchists. They learned that August Juliani, connected with the Methodist Church of Milwaukee, had gone with some of his Italian congregation, on a Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1917, to the corner of Bishop and Potter avenues in the center of an Italian district. As their band played "Columbia" a crowd of about a hundred gathered. Juliani then "started to talk patriotically about the war, the draft and the registering in Italian." One of the Italian spectators cried out, "I don't believe in God; I don't believe in priests; I don't believe what you are saying." Another cried, "We don't believe in this war," while a third said, "We don't believe in any government; [President] Wilson is a pig; the American flag is a rag, and this country is a jail." The other members of the little clique echoed, "You bet; you bet!"

The following Sunday afternoon Juliani led his group to the same corner, where a similar disturbance broke up his meeting. On the third Sunday he asked for police protection. Four detectives went along with him. The meeting started peacefully, but after a few minutes the dissenters left their clubhouse a block away, marched on the meeting and again started a row. Paul Wieler, one of the detectives, called out, "If you don't like this crowd move on. They have a permit." When the man he was addressing refused to move the detective began to search him. Someone opened fire with a revolver. Others returned the fire. Two anarchists were killed; two of the detectives were injured. Eleven anarchists were taken into custody.

Then in November a bomb was placed in the Central Police Station which exploded and caused the death of ten persons, including two of the detectives who had made the arrests on the corner of Bishop and Potter avenues. The eleven defendants held in the jail under charges of assault with deadly weapons had the charge against them raised to conspiracy to

commit murder. The trial was rushed, a change of venue denied, even though the populace was violently inflamed against all Italians. District Attorney Zabel, who had been elected on the socialist ticket, charged that anyone having anarchist literature in his possession was equally guilty of the bomb outrage and, as in the Haymarket case, guilty even if the actual perpetrators of the bombing never was found. He read to the jury inflammatory passages from the translated Italian tracts, and the jury had convicted all eleven of the defendants, giving them sentences of twenty-five years each—not for throwing the bomb, not for having ordered the bomb to be thrown, not for knowing who had thrown the bomb, but for being anarchists whose published literature appeared to favor the throwing of bombs.

"These people have a right to believe in the philosophic idea that they can free themselves by force," cried Darrow. "It is only when it can be proved that they have used force to injure people, when they have run counter to the criminal code, that they can be prosecuted. There is no such crime as a crime of thought; there are only crimes of action. It is bad taste for guests in a country to call that country a jail; it is bad taste to call its President a pig, but these are errors of judgment rather than transgressions against the legal structure. If we wish to keep speech free, to keep criticism open and alive, we have to tolerate even such criticisms as these, distasteful as they may be to us."

In his brief to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin Darrow, with the help of Sissiman, who made his most brilliant effort in this case, set out to demonstrate that the eleven anarchists had had a trial by passion; that because of an inflamed press and countryside the jury had been prejudiced; that the district attorney's reading of the inflammatory sections of the