

The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright



Anarchy

Teresa Claramunt

1903

What is anarchy? Is it art? It's more than that. Is it science? It is more than that. Is it labour? Still more. Is it love? More, more.

Anarchy is life.

There are great artists, men of science, people who love and millions of people who work use their efforts in manual labour, but in all this group of activities we can see a flaw. Life's creative aspiration is fatal. The oppressive environment of this society only interested in money absorbs its potential. The artist has a stomach and those who have the means to satisfy its needs are idiots, which impossibility to be able to elevate themselves to the regions towards which progress leads. The inspiration they have to protect the monopoly of ignorant people who have money cannot make life more beautiful or better.

There are also references to the men of science who see themselves forced to mix generally with the contemptible traders who put a price on science as if they were dealing with bottles of wine. And what to say of this other human army of the workers, who try to find how to survive, something to eat. Eyes without faces. This is the most exact representation of death, terrifying members mutilated by the insatiability of parasitism.

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Love, the delicate plant which comes to life finds death. Current society lacks the atmosphere for this whole factor of happiness. People replace it by selfishness, by a conventionalism disguised in a thousand ways.

Art, science, labour, and love. The revitalising sun denies its warmth to human beings because evil capital creates thick storm clouds among which move the idiots, the wicked, the hypocrites, all the parasites who conspire against life. Those who adore art, those who love science, those who celebrate the cult of labour and love continue to thrash about in the womb of death if they are not manly, and don't shed the prejudices which wrap them up and fight against everything for the full enjoyment of life: Anarchy.