

intensified just at this time by very depressing experiences within the party. Above all, the general political situation, failing as it did to give even the slightest gleam of hope for peace, affected me terribly. Hopelessly I looked forward to the 5th of November to the expected Labor Day. What would happen? I will go there once more, and will move that we demand peace without annexations, and will, perhaps, win two or three new votes in favor of my motion. But the rest will vote, as a body, against it, and so I will once more have failed in my struggle against the ignorance of the masses. I must choose a new method, in order to shock, to arouse them out of their apathy; and in this respect, as in many other respects, this method has been effective. The resolution that was adopted on November 5, was almost identical with the one I had so often proposed, practically the same, as the one that had, until then, met regularly with defeat. Thus my act has had the effect that I had hoped for. I have never regretted it, and am still convinced that it was a useful one—that I have accomplished, what had to be accomplished, to steer the situation out of the deadlock into which it had come.

I realize that I am speaking to-day for the last time, and I should therefore renew the motives that led me to commit this deed in a few sentences, to explain how it happened that I have come to this place, to show you how I look upon this deed from my own moral viewpoint. If you wish to understand what went on within me, you must understand above all, that I am not the anti-patriot that I have been represented to be, that I have acted rather under the spur of necessity. The necessity lay in the fact that I could not tear myself loose from this Austria, that I could not sever the bonds that bound me to the party, although I was not materially dependent upon it. For that is the root of my tragedy, that I could not break away from the Austrian Social democracy and from the whole Socialist movement. I wish to show to you that the question of the murder was a real moral question to me. I am opposed to all murder, and it was not easy for me to commit murder. I have always believed that the killing of a

human being is something inhuman, but I was convinced that we are living in a barbaric age, that we are forced to kill. The war is, to me, inhuman, as is also revolution, for in it too, human lives are sacrificed. For we hate murder and violent death. It is our moral duty to work according to the words of Marx, to organize a new society that knows no other aim but labor within, and peace without.