

# REVOLT

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From East to West }  
From West to East } *da capo al fine*



Louis Raemaekers.



## Winter Fragments

*The relentless snow falls upon the  
abashed city;*

*A million, million insults hurled from  
the surly sky upon the bump-  
tious pile.*

*Cover the mess with your white sym-  
pathy;*

*That we die not of disgust.*

CHARLES ASHLEIGH.

## The Christian Ideal

CHRISTIANITY has preached total abstinence from love of any kind, except a spiritual sublimation that is all moonshine, being merely a pale reflection or emanation of sensual love. This moonshine it tells us is the only divine and holy kind. Seeing that to a healthy full-blooded person, such a theory of virtue, unless he be a homicidal maniac, does not appeal very strongly, to fortify their theory and make a practical religion of it, the Christians by a logical necessity next proceeded to preach a religion of asceticism and ill-health as the only kind of conduct that pleased their gaseous divinity, god the father, generally imagined by them as an old man about ten feet high and compound of a subtle vapour. The result was to divide western humanity into two categories, troops of academic monks and nuns, constituting the spiritual, and hordes of brutal, murderous swashbucklers and blackmailers, constituting the civil power. Not being allowed to gratify their natural erotic emotions of one kind and another, except very imperfectly and more or less on the sly, these ruffians satisfied them in the only other way possible, viz, by butchery and cruelties of all sorts. Such thought as the age was allowed to possess was concentrated, part of it, on devising all sorts of infernal tortures, jungfrau's, racks, jackboots, jailers' daughters, etc., to satisfy the blood-lust of these upper class ruffians, and the other part in inventing politic and religious offences as a pretext for applying them. In this way the tedium between one brigand war and another was tided over.

But if the ruffianly supporters of law and order preserved an ostensible and superficial respect for the religion or "moral purity," it was very different with the anæmic preachers of it. Their austerities had the unexpected effect of lashing their erotions to fever heat, by weakening the power of the will to resist its seductions; and the secrecy of their convents and nunneries, gave them ample opportunities of practising them. Hundreds, aye thousands of children of both sexes were deflowered, murdered, and disposed of down oubliettes; hundreds, aye thousands of "virgin" nuns were walled up alive for the unpardonable offence of being found out. To this day the common

aristolochia or birthwort is only found in England round the ruins of ancient nunneries, and to this day the monastic institutions of Southern Italy and South America informs us what on a far vaster and more unlimited scale was practised in the religious brothels of the middle ages. If the Franciscans may have carried off the palm for diseased lubricity, the reformed Jesuit order carried off a still higher pattern by combining both forms of erotism; but they claim a position of special sanctity and chastity, because they subordinated their more natural erotism to their lust of blood and power.

At last even the savages and barbarians of early modern Europe began to sicken at this disgusting spectacle of civil and religious purity. They perched at the so-called reformation, a religion of bodily and moral purity based on sexual love and nothing else. "Song, wine, and women" was the universal panacea. We were all to lead lives like the estimable nightingales, to have one wife, sing songs in honor of her, love nobody else, and if of a thirsty temperament, only get tipsy, preferably on small beer, in her purifying society. Whether the idea was a beautiful one or not I cannot say.

Not without reason, did the Christians of the middle ages do their best to undermine the health of humanity by asceticism and insanitary arrangements. They had lived near enough to Roman Imperial times, to be aware that the inevitable fruits of health and plenty were beauty and free love or what they contemptuously styled lasciviousness. Not without reason do their modern successors attempt to achieve the same result, by excessive artificiality, by insisting in a conformity of dress expressly designed for the deformation of the males and the degradation of the women.

During pregnancy an elementary and obvious law of sexual hygiene in the interest of the offspring forbids copulation. The *reducio ad absurdum* of protestant Christian morality was reached a few years back, when an unfortunate American was sent to prison with hard labor, for urging the carrying out of this natural and sanitary arrangement. It must be admitted that the Anglo-Saxons of the Western World, who only a few years ago hanged or burnt married couples for kissing one another on a Sunday, so far deserve the gratitude of humanity, in that they carry out their insane religious ideas and their logical conclusions and so render them and themselves both equally ridiculous.

How is it that this insane notion that purity in love consists in non-bodily contact and union, has imposed itself so generally upon humanity, when the practical results of it are just the opposite of purity, viz., bad-smelling breath, stomach out of order, carious teeth and bones, or where its dupes solace themselves for forbidden love by

drink and gluttony, mountains of putrid flesh, rank body smells, diabetes and a host of other priestly and monkish graces and divinity? Because, it seems to me, the murder maniacs from the very nature of the case have imposed themselves on easy-going lower nature by their crimes and vices, and then at the same time have inoculated their discipline, i. e., their murderous forms of erotism, a great deal by fear, but also because such a discipline will, be it remembered, always have appealed to a deep-seated barbarism even in those partly emancipated by free love and erotism from its influences. For all of us have inherited more or less the instincts of our cannibal ancestry—hence the hold the ridiculous slum cannibalism of the mass still retains upon the lower status of savagery and the murderous bond of unity between Church and State, general amongst all these hordes of semi-barbarians. While on the one hand chastity and continence do not tend in the least to produce a spiritual personality of any value whatever, free love of all sorts does not produce a sensual type. To avoid the personal element I will cite the care of dogs, whose erotic performances, according to the theory of Christian morality will not bear looking into. But if you want to find an expression of divine spirituality, peaceful love and self-abnegation it is not amongst ascetic popish or married Protestant Christians that you must look for it, but amongst setters, new-foundlands, spaniels and the like.

Lastly, the illusion of the visible creation enormously increased the apparent justice of the cannibal despot's theory of a theocratic arrangement of the universe of which the social order on earth, with himself at the head of it, ever the likeness, counterfeit, and revelation. Nor did the heliocentric theory finally demonstrated by Newton by any means tend to shatter the belief in absolute monarchy and the divine right of kings, which was merely a modification of the wholesale sacrifice of children to the Phœnician Baal, Sun God, Mighty Lord or King. It is only the quite recent demonstration of the universality of evolution and the eternal flux of things, that has finally, utterly, and for ever destroyed every shred of philosophical authority for the idea of a central government, shining upon the people from above, and sending down its gracious benefits from a throne of gold like that of the heavenly Sun-god. When the orreny illusion gave place to the truer picture of the drift of all the celestial bodies tracing apparently endless ripples through infinite space, wave upon wave, and riple upon riple, owing to their mutual attractions, superposed one above the other like those of the storm-driven sea, without beginning and without end—even this picture itself being subject to the reservation that we cannot even be certain that space is infinite, and that the



temple of apparent motions drifting we know not whither, nor why nor whence, is indeed thus and not otherwise—to remirror the order of the universe a society held together by the force of its own mutual attractions and not dragooned to merely mechanical order, even by a tyrant self-imposed above and outside itself, became the only possible and philosophical one. The growing diffusion of these elementary facts of modern science, often perhaps in an exaggerated form, among all ranks of society; further, the growing conviction that personality, thought, and feeling, as well as the material form are disintegrate for ever by death—just as when the lamp is shattered the light in the dust dies dead, and the whole personality of the lamp is annihilated for ever, so that the pleasures of existence, once lost or missed, can never be replaced or compensated for, in some purely imaginary “sweet by and by,”—are rendering nations justifiably rebellious against laws which meddle with the individual's private freedom and prevent his enjoyment, according to the temperament, mind, and emotions he inherited and came into the world together with—an injustice in reality as monstrous as one which should dictate exactly what people might and might not eat, and which ignores personal idiosyncrasies, likes, and dislikes, and thus, so far as it is not a dead letter, causes grievous injury to moral, physical, and intellectual health, on the totally unproved assumption that such laws are necessary to keep society together. The utmost that may be plausibly urged is that that they may be necessary to keep society together in the form the dragooning reactionary wishes to have it kept together, so that here again the intolerance of free love and nature, which ought to be popular amongst members of a sane community and appeal to every natural and healthy instinct as well as sense of justice, turns out after all to be only another form of the primitive cannibalism, and a partial reversion to it.

It is the duty of everybody, of all of us, to fight against this odious and debasing ogre of kill-joy authority by all and every means, for all and every means are lawful if not always expedient against so vile a monster.

Those of us who have courage and self-renunciation enough may defy its kill-joy laws, snap their fingers at them, and so provoke it to discharge all its acrid and venomous raven against themselves. Those, less ready for the crown of martyrdom, may bestow to its odious despotism and so let their healthy erotism transform itself to latent homicidal maniac like that of the disgusting reptile itself, but their's not under its bloodstained banner, but against its filthy tyranny, hoist it with its own petard and cause it to dig the grave of its intolerance by its own intolerance. I do not here suggest the

opportunities of employing material weapons against the dragon of authority, but even undirected and unconsciously applied, the silent, purely spiritual execration of authority and its tools by all that is best in human life is an ever-present, ever-growing danger to Bumbledom's base reign of bloodshed, dirt, and bestiality. Hatred nursed, cultivated, and repressed so as to be a force that can be mentally manipulated, so to say, till every fibre throbs and palpitates under the dictates of our will in execration of authority and its minions, becomes a real weapon against these reptiles in every right-thinking individual because it transpires through the eye, the voice, every bodily movement, aye it transforms the very effluvia of the body, and thus through all the channels of the senses excites the hellhounds of authority to outdo themselves, in tyrannous spite and infamy, and so build up more rapidly the avalanche destined to overwhelm them. In its productive operations of daily life such universal consciously directed execration will cause its hand to shake, its mind to vacillate, and so bring about some public catastrophe which it will have to bear the blame of, or cause its truculent despotism to blunder and exceed in its ferocious acts of bluid and arbitrary injustice and so discredit it. The action, re-action, and inter-action of human minds even at a distance, if not by telepathy, then by some interposed sequence of cause and effect, is now a well ascertained scientific fact. Who can tell, if all the unseen subjective links of cause and effect could be traced out, whether the just execration of millions against the turpitudes of capitalism and authority did not suggest the infamous Smith's and Ismay's hands to determine the catastrophe of the Titanic?

What then will not even individual minds be able to accomplish, by nursing their just ire, analysing their emotions and consciously directing well-disciplined execration against the so-called heads and leaders of government and society, in short against the universal enemies of the human race? We can all of us train ourselves to be spiritual apaches, and all the more formidable because our weapons are spiritual and intangible.

The hatred of the eye, when we meet the orgies of capitalism and misgovernment, deliberately directed against them, does not leave these reptiles the same after as before we met them in the street; the hatred of the voice leaves a trace in their auditory brain centres; a body smell distilled in the aumbries of hatred affects their or-factory brain centres, even if our hearts but palpitate and our lips scarcely mutter their execrations, the vibrations affect their auditory nerves and their general bodily conformations even if it be but unconsciously. We can all of us, I repeat, be spiritual apaches. It has been said that he that hateth

his brother is a murdered, and the truth it not him.

Assuredly then those who hate these infrabestialised crocodiles of authority and brutal repression are the true prophets of God—if there be a God. Let us but discipline our execration against the sacrificial orgies of social and official so-called modern civilization or cannibalism and we shall become the winnowing jacks that shall thoroughly purge the floor of its death dealing, death evolving, poisoned wheats, engots, dirt, mould, smut, and scurf. Let us bring all the batteries of spiritual warfare against this putridity and who knows but that sooner than we expect it:

..We shall find the bands that bound us Brittle perchance as straw!

W. W. STRICKLAND.

I am of opinion that the institution of marriage, which might have been very useful as a muzzle for the passion of monsters, has caused more distress and misery among ordinary mankind than the Church itself.—Church, monarchy, property, marriage, are the four old, time-honored institutions which humanity must reform root and branch in order to be able to breathe freely. And alone of these marriage kills individuality, paralyzes freedom, and is a paradox incarnate. Authors of the so-called emancipated and advanced type still continue to speak of marriage with a mien of hearty devotion that enrages me.—George Brandes.

As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusion. Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth. Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men.—Emerson.

Society can overlook murder, adultery or swindling; it never forgives the spreading of a new gospel.—Frederick Harrison.

The men of future generations will yet win many a liberty of which we do not even feel the want.—Max Stirner.

The doctrine of hate must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines.—Emerson.

## Anarchist Forum

### FOR CURRENT TOPICS

Meets every Sunday at 8 p. m., at the Ferrer Center, 63 East 107th Street, New York.



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## The Few

*There are few who dare to climb  
The mountain tops  
Where the great, blue sky begins,  
And all space stops,—*

*Where the winds of being blow  
And wings lift free  
Against audacious stars  
That kiss infinity.*

Harry Kemp.

## To the Man in the Street

YOU have often heard of Anarchists and Anarchism. You have heard both the preachers and the gospel denounced as being something too terrible and fearful for consideration by any respectable person. But do you know what Anarchism means? We venture to suggest that you do not.

If you were searching for the truth concerning the planets, would you consult soap advertisements? Yet, in another form, this is the line of reasoning taken up by the average man, who derives his knowledge of things in general and Anarchists in particular from the capitalist press. We desire to spread the truth concerning Anarchism, which is nothing more nor less than a social theory which regards the absence of direct government of man by man as the political ideal. This is the dictionary definition, and you will see that there is nothing startling in it.

Authority necessarily means tyranny. Rulers and governors imply governed and ruled, the humble slaves of those who rule. Ah! but you say that we are living in an age of democracy, when we have government of the people by the people. The same old phrase, yet what does it mean? Nothing. If the people govern themselves, we have no government! Your idea of democracy is majority rule, which only means coercion of the minority; but what if that minority is strong and vigorous? Your the-

ory goes down and you have to seek another argument.

Well, leave off studying soap advertisements and read the literature which will help you to understand what we stand for: the throwing off of the conventional lies and hypocrisy which cloak all phases of modern society.

## Lincoln

TO-DAY the plutocrats are celebrating the birthday of a railsplitter. To-morrow we shall read in the moneyed press how the "leaders of the nation" eulogized the virtues, the humility and the simplicity of old Abbie Lincoln. How would Lincoln judge the present conditions of the Republic? We are inclined to believe that he would take the same position he took before and during the Civil war: that of a careful, petty country lawyer, ever afraid to go ahead, ever ready to compromise.

Lincoln was not the hero our bourgeois historians are trying to make out of him. He was a calculating politician, very fond of smutty stories and silly country jokes. A real yokel in the dirty game of politics. In the last issue of the REVOLT we quoted his opinion about politicians: yet he himself could play the game very well.

He never stole anything; he never had a chance. In comparison with Lovejoy, Garrison and Phillips, Lincoln is a pigmy. Compare a speech of Phillips with the word-duels of Lincoln and Douglas or an oration of Garrison with one of Lincoln's platitudinarian utterances.

The real hero of the great days was John Brown, the rebel, the direct actionist: he among all men of the pro-slavery days represented the courageous manhood of this continent. The social rebels of our days must follow in his footsteps if they want to gain their freedom.

## Mother Jones

NEARLY every second day we received letters from members of the United Mine Workers of America bringing complaints against the leadership of the organization. The very moment the coal-barons are making preparations for a new strike the smart officials of the organization use the dirtiest tricks to stifle the spirit of revolt among the members of the mine workers.

The convention at Indianapolis was a disgusting show: the officials put on a bold front but they cannot bluff the rebels in rank and file. It was pitiful to see the stand taken by the "opposition": MacDonald and Germer flopped down the very moment the "heroine of the miners" was led on the platform: Mother Jones, the old standby of labor officials. Isn't it about time to tell the truth about Mother Jones, the old mischief-maker and defender of every boodler in the labor movement!

Every scissor Bill in the labor press smears honey around her fictitious position as a beloved mother of



the miners. She is beloved, indeed, she is, but by whom? By the Mitchells, Whites and their ilk. Let any trouble for the officials appear on the horizon: the very moment you will find Mother Jones on the spot to smooth over the difficulties of her protectors.

Two years ago she declared to bourgeois reporters in New York: I believe no more in thug-statesmanship than in thug-economies; either one will breed the other; they are brothers. I am neither Socialist nor Anarchist; I decry them both, and, naturally, in decrying them, I must decry their causes.

Yet she believes in corrupt, crafty labor leaders!

## Carnegie

EVERY newspaper man in this country knows that Andrew Carnegie is an imbecile, that he was kept under surveillance since last year on Long Island. Not insane, mind you, only clever people get insane, but an idiot. Yet we get every morning clever epigrams by Carnegie—dished out by the capitalist press. Why? Don't you know. If the myth about Carnegie, Frick, Schwab or any other captain of industry would break down, where would one society end?

I ask Colonel Watterson, William Marion Reedy, Mr. Ochs of the *Times*, or any clever journalist on our press: why don't you print the truth?

## Girls, to You, Who Are on Strike Now

I SAW you marching on Fifth Avenue, full of joy and full of human spirit. Why shouldn't you be glad? You are out of the monotonous sweat shop, out on streets. O, joy. Big cities are dreadful things. But how nice in comparison with the stuffy, awful sweat shops! Even if they allow you private water closets.

Girls, I saw your lithe, nice bodies: keep it up. Don't listen to the clever, careful, diplomats in the labor movement. Be human!

Let Schlesinger and Co. make agreements with your exploiters; let the Honorable Judge Mack of Chicago, the Honorable Brandeis, the Honorable What's-His-Name make their scheme with your exploiters; let them go ahead; but we know your soul; we know your spirit; we know your enthusiasm; go ahead, girls!

Every rebel is with you.

Hallelujah.

## Pierrot--Parabrahma

I AM nihilist, anarch, Nazarene-Harlequin, inventor of masks, a vender of poses, a fantastic who waltzes on the brinks of cataclysmic mutations.

My havens are horizons, a shooting star is my anchor; life is my death and the tomb is a dressing-room for my next transsubstantiation.

Like the eagle's eye, I have warred against the sun, and I have walked the Zodiac with feet that spurned their candle-gleam.

I am the anonymous tyranny of the Unknown, the Will-to-Sham, a giant of the unbegotten Light crucified here on the calvaries of apprehension.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

## Lilith

Through miles of sea, asunder;  
Through leagues of land, apart;  
Who loves you now, I wonder,  
And bears and breaks his heart?  
What panting boy, uncertain,  
Says all I use to say?  
Whose hand now draws your curtain  
Against reviving day?

O, face that is a flower  
Turned ever toward the sun!  
O, frail hands quick with power,  
Winning and never won!  
O, white limbs lithe and agile!  
Where else may man learn of  
A heart so strong and fragile  
In service of Lord Love?

The little men, contented,  
Labour and eat and sleep  
In houses they have rented,  
With wives they buy and keep;  
But we, who once have tasted  
Your lips, your lips pursue;  
Forever wander wasted;  
Forever thirst for you.

Like Cyprian Summer, hither  
You dart, when life is sweet:  
You pass, and all things wither  
Beneath your flying feet—  
Pass by beyond returning  
Upon your primrose way,  
And leave a memory burning  
No other loves allay.

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

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Reproach of immortality which has ever been launched at the courageous author, is the last that remains to be made, when nothing else can be urged against a poet. If you are true in your portrayal, if, by dint of working night and day, you succeed in writing the most difficult language in the world, the epithet immoral is cast in your face. Socrates was immoral. Jesus Christ was immoral. Both were persecuted in the name of societies they overthrew or reformed. When the world wishes to destroy anyone, it taxes him with immortality.—Honore De Balzac.



## Illussions and Dillusions: A Study of Two New Books

TWO books recently published are interesting for opposite reasons. One is a poem in praise of illusion. The other is a masterly statement of disillusion. One thrills with the beauty of life and love. The other celebrates "a shadow that is more real than a substance."

\* \* \*

"Violette of Père Lachaise," by Anna Strunsky Walling, makes its appeal as a lovely interpretation of artistic and revolutionary youth. It tells the story of a girl who lives with her grandfather in a florist shop facing the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris. Her childhood is associated, in a peculiarly intimate way, with the great burying-ground, and her thoughts are shaped by her daily observations of its "three altars"—the monument dedicated to all the dead, the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, and the tomb of Rachel, the actress. The wall of the Communards, decorated from year to year by revolutionary sympathizers, abides in her mind. She cherishes not only the dreams and aspirations that are common to all girlhood, but, in a special sense, the vision of free individuality and of free society. Flames of love and of rebellion kindle her. She longs "to be an individual, never to become a replica of old and preceding forms, but to be a life not before beheld in nature—a romantic, new, free type, a spirit at once like every other that has ever lived, and different from every other, an original human being." Somewhere, she knows, a free world exist—"if only in the minds of a few." Better than she loved her art she loved a certain ideal of hers concerning the world at large, a dream that had come to her when twining the wire for wreaths—that every one in the world should have a chance for happiness and growth. This thought laid a spell on her which "never lifted." The first man who deeply influences her comes to her shop to buy a wreath to hang on the wall of the Communards. He reads her the works of libertarian thinkers. He takes her to revolutionary meetings. The second man who comes into her life is a disappointed idealist whose sweetheart has been killed by the militia in a violent popular uprising. Both of her love-affairs are incomplete. She is left with nothing but her dreams. An undertone of sadness runs through the entire narrative. Death, equally with life, contributes to the undertone. But beauty and illusions are never absent.

\* \* \*

"The Shadow Eater," by Benjamin De Casseres, opens up entirely different horizons. This amazing collection of poems, blazing with intensity, yet

inspired throughout by an utterly nihilistic attitude toward life, leaves one alternately depressed by its pessimism and worshipful of its audacity. All the torturing analyses of oneself and of the universe so characteristic of modern thought, all the sickness of sophistications, have gone into the making of this poetry. De Casseres stands aside from the world-pageant.

"Passions, hope, pains, grief, leave me unchanged (I shed universes and moult cycles)."

And he tells us:

"The world is the Temple of Pains grounded and mortised in lies—  
"And that which they have told you is good I say is maggots with lies.

"Hope is a whore and love is a lie and a plea has more for his labor than a man, the wisest of whom is still earth's awkward buffoon. . . .

"From the center to circumference, from nadir to zenith,

"I, the eel that slips through the Great Bungler's hands, survey and judge and cannot be lured by these old temporal cozzeners.

"Yea, forever I vanish, I change, yet forever stand firm,  
"Flying the flag of Rebellion."

There is a poem in which De Casseres hears in the night the voice of a babe, as yet unconceived, weeping and wailing against the hour of its birth. He calls life "the circle that looks like a line," and he indicts the universe as "an abattoir hid in a garden of roses." But if he is disillusioned, he takes joy in his disillusion. He feels pride in his power to challenge and to tear the veil of pretense from the face of life.

"I am a shadow that is more real than a substance,

"Am skewered and pinioned to offal—yet my soul is a Kremlin of unapprehended magnificence,

"The Vision Malefic and the Vision Beatific, too."

And he says:

"I have ascended to the topmost spaces and dragged the cars of the devil-dare goods from their courses;

"They saw me not, but felt me as a Presence that hurled them from the track.

"I have in a wondrous thought undermined the Milky Way and have sown the orbits of the suns with dragon's teeth uprooted from my rebellious soul:

"Those eyes of gleaming fire saw me not, but felt me as a moment in the Abyss."

"I have numbed the arm of the blind old Artisan, and he shall die at my last Epiphany:

"He heard me not, but felt me as the great Destructive Presence."

\* \* \*

"Violette of Père Lachaise" and "The Shadow-Eater"—the novel and the poems—are each significant of the idealist spirit of today. They hoist the banner of revolt. They bear the evidence of unflinching self-expression. Welcome illusions! Welcome disillusion!

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

## The Claims of Women

BEFORE women can establish claims to equality with men, the question at issue will have to be divested of certain age-old superstitions with which it is now encumbered. At the present stage of discussion, woman is not asking for equal freedom—she is still holding herself as a thing apart from man; she is still asking for favours on account of her sex; and this is the real reason why men are so tardy in formally acknowledging her equality. The greatest obstacle—which is so nearly intangible that she could walk straight through it if she would—is the so-called "sacredness of sex." No one ever stops to ask himself why sex is or should be sacred. It is one of those ancient shibboleths whose origin no one remembers and whose authority no one has thought to dispute. Sacredness of sex, moreover, seems always to imply female sex. This alleged sacredness, I maintain, must be abolished, both as it applies to the female in particular and to the sex in general.

Let us examine the proposition more closely. Why is the function of sex singled out from among all the other functions of the human body to be consecrated? It may be asserted that it is the most important, since it is by means of it that the race is reproduced. But even that is open to argument, as it may pertinently be contended that the digestive function is of more importance, since upon the ability to assimilate food depends the life of the individual. If the digestive function be so impaired that the individual never reaches the reproductive age, the function of sex becomes a matter of secondary importance. The same argument may be applied to the functions of other organs of the body. Thus it is seen that it would be equally sensible to sanctify the functions of eating, breathing, circulating the blood, eliminating waste matter and so forth, as to set apart the sex function for special reverence. So the acid test or logic reduces the sacredness of sex to a pure absurdity, and along with it the much-esteemed double standard of morality.



Now, with the abolition of the double standard, is it not worth while to question the validity of all our conventional standards of morality? Why not get down to foundation principles, and base our standard solely on expediency? As a matter of fact, what other foundation is there for morality?

The whole problem is bound up in that terse formula of equal freedom, "Every person has an equal right to do whatsoever he wills." The word "equal" in this sentence is its key. It postulates expediency. Without that word the sentence stands as the dictum of the strongest—"Might is right."

There is no action to which the foregoing formula may not be applied. It is obvious, then, that a woman has a right to do whatsoever she wills with her own body. The manner in which she deems it expedient to use her body is of no concern to anyone else, so long as she uses it non-invasively. And that freedom must necessarily apply to every part and every function of her body. Let us not mince matters: the free woman is earning her own living. And it is not for us to question the manner in which she does it. Perhaps she does it by singing—her vocal organs are not sacred. Possibly she performs some manual labour—her hands are not sacred; or some mental labour—her brain is not sacred; or, again, she may have a beautiful body and pose for artists—her beauty is not sacred. Finally, she may deem it most expedient, as a means of obtaining a livelihood, to sell sex favours: can we stand the crucial test and say that her sexual organs are not sacred? Obviously we must. There is no escaping it, and, having established that proposition, we must accept the corollaries. Hence the impropriety of condemning or criticising or blaming her for supporting herself by the means last named, is apparent. She is only exercising her right, and is doing it in a non-invasive way. We must defend her right: it should be inviolable. And, when the law of equal freedom does not compel us to associate with her, it is certainly an evidence of lurking superstition if, for no other reason, we withdraw from her society.

Society, as at present constituted, refers to her course of conduct as prostitution. We have only to consider the etymology of this word to see that its use has been perverted to that of a reprehensive epithet, and in this sense it should become obsolete. When we have banished the ghosts that have handed down to us their antiquated standards of morality, then, without the use of a term, the mere application of which is a condemnation, we shall be able to speak calmly and naturally of a woman who earns her daily bread by means of her sexual organs.

The use to which the sex-working woman puts her body differs only in degree—and sometimes not in that—from that to which most married women subject theirs. The woman who

deliberately marries, without love, for money, position, a home or children, needs only to be mentioned to be placed in the same category. And even when sexual favours are granted for love, there is no denying the *quid pro quo*. As long as anything—love, caresses, money, support, a name, or what-not—is exacted or accepted in payment therefore, what differentiates one voluntary sex-association from another?

The trouble with the usual treatment of the problem is that the biological factor is overlooked. There is a difference between the male and female of all Christian peoples that is only slightly apparent in the people of the rest of the world. The logical deduction from this fact is that the asceticism which the Christian religion has imposed upon women for nineteen centuries has so atrophied her organs and suspended their functions that in varying degrees the sexual desire has been extinguished, the natural result of such long-continued suppression of normal instincts. The male, not having been subjected to that rigorous discipline, has retained his normal desires. The result is a demand on his part for sexual satisfaction greatly in excess of the natural supply, with the inevitable consequence of a rise to correspond in the value of the supply. Hence, a premium that can be, and is, exacted and paid. The character of the consideration is of concern only to the contracting parties.

If women will be free, they must demand freedom for all their sex and for all of their non-invasive activities. There must be no discrimination against those women whose means of support differ from those of some others. There must be no discrimination on the point of respectability—no class distinction. And, if the true spirit of equal freedom is to be observed, there should be mutual helpfulness: furthermore, if any advantage is to be gained through trade-unionism, sex-working women should be encouraged to organize, to the end that a scale of prices may be adopted and maintained, mutual insurance secured, disease prevented and health preserved. Under such conditions, there is no reason why sex labour with full knowledge of all modern preventives and prophylactics, should be more hazardous than any other of the gainful occupations open to women.

The foregoing is offered for serious consideration, since what is known as prostitution cannot be abolished, even if that were desirable (which has by no means been demonstrated). It is of such magnitude, so many women are engaged in it, that it cannot be ignored. No movement for women's emancipation, standing any reasonable chance of success, can afford to deny recognition to this branch of feminine industry and it must be envisaged in any plan of reform.

CLARENCE LEE SWARTZ.

## Shall Dave Ingar Be Railroaded?

THE steel interests of East Youngstown have decreed that David Ingar, a member of the I. W. W., shall be railroaded. To this end their lickspittles in the district attorney's office are using all methods, both foul and fair. Following are the facts in the case:

David Ingar, when the riots occurred in East Youngstown on Jan. 7, was employed by the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., and had been working on the night shift. On the day in question he arrived at the plant at about 4 P. M. with the intention of going to work, and learned about the walkout that same morning.

The bosses tried to induce him to remain at work, but he refused, joining a large group of strikers who were congregated on the street beneath the company's bridge, and who were peaceably discussing the strike. This bridge spans the railroad yards and leads into the Sheet & Tube Co.'s plant.

It was only a short time later when Ingar, who was standing on the edge of the crowd, noticed a bunch of uniformed and armed guards come running from the plant side of the bridge. The guards stopped immediately above the crowd, and without provocation or any sort, fired directly into the crowd. The Youngstown *Vindicator*, in a special edition which was on the streets at 6:30 P. M., has these opening lines to a long descriptive article on the strike and shooting:

"Nearly a half score of men and two women were shot, 4 fatally, on Friday afternoon at East Youngstown, when a number of Sheet & Tube Mill guards on strike duty, fired into a crowd of strikers and sympathizers, who stood in Broad street. A Mr. Woltz, an official of the company, in charge of the guards, fired the first shot; between 75 and 100 shots were fired into the crowd on Broad street."

In finishing the article, the *Vindicator* lists David Ingar at the city hospital with a bullet wound in the leg. Ingar, when he saw the guns aimed, started to run west, as did the rest of the men. Two bullets entered Ingar's body—one went through the right shoulder and out of the arm; the other entered the small of his back. A passing policeman took him to the mayor's office in East Youngstown, from where he was taken to the city hospital, arriving there at about 5 P. M., fully three hours before the rioting began.

Monday evening, on the 9th, some friends of Ingar's, among them Geo. Edwards, attorney of Youngstown and a close friend of his, called to see him during visiting hours. When Edwards made known his request, they inquired of him whether he was a friend. Edwards replied, "Yes." They then said that only relatives were allowed to see



patients. After much wrangling, during which Edwards was threatened with being thrown out, they were admitted, but not until the assistant prosecuting attorney, a Mr. Nicholson, with his assistants and stenographers, were through taking statements from the men they intended to prosecute, had left the ward. Edwards inquired of Nicholson the propriety of such procedure. "Oh," said Nicholson, "there will be no charge against Ingar."

On the following day Ingar, in his still weakened condition, was taken to the county jail and charged with rioting. It will be remembered that Ingar was at the city hospital fully three hours before the rioting began. The bond required up until the time that Ingar was arraigned, was from \$300 to \$500; but Ingar is being held for \$1,500. Mr. Edwards inquired why the bond in this case should be so much higher and was informed that Ingar was to be indicted on a much "graver" charge. Thus the authorities have surrounded Ingar with a heavy suspicion, as if he were guilty of an atrocious crime. Anyone trying to see Ingar must make the rounds from the mayors office down to the jailors, before he is allowed to see a man charged with only a misdemeanor.

The great and only jury, the workers, are going to be asked if they believe that David Ingar, who arrived at the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., ready to go to work, but refused on account of the walkout that same morning, is guilty of any crime. They are going to be asked if a man with two bullet wounds in his body should rot in the filthy county jail, awaiting the insidious persecution of a gang of exploiters who head the steel companies in the Mahoning valley, who have been robbing the workers for years.

To facilitate this work the Ingar Defense Committee has been formed, and is composed of delegates from all the radical organizations in Youngstown.

D. N. Feinn has been elected treasurer of the Ingar Defense Committee. All who would like to see justice done this fellow worker, address all contributions to D. N. Feinn, 208 Emerald St., Youngstown, Ohio.

CHAS. HAHN.

## What We Prepare

THE moon emerged from the torn clouds and I could distinguish the dismal mass of the summit and the silhouettes of men who were precipitating themselves toward the valley in different directions. They were going down in silence and from time to time the complaints of the wounded were resounding. They were advancing slowly, leaning on their rifles and stopping often.

—From what regiment?—did I hail to the nearest.

—The sharpshooters!

—What company?

The sharpshooter did not answer at once. With his hand he was holding his jaw and was spitting very much.

—The fifth. . . he pronounced with a confused voice between his teeth.

—Is the lieutenant Safonoff alive?

—I am from the first platoon! . . . Safonoff? I think I saw him. . . I don't know. . . When we charged with our bayonets everything became confused! I noticed him. . . the discharge gave me such a shock that I lost the officer from sight; I do not remember any more. . . the commander of our company was left there. . . there. . . we haven't brought him back. . .

I was hurrying to go, questioning all the soldiers I met.

We don't know!—We are from the first battalions!—He must be wounded or killed!—were they saying.

Many did not answer at all. In the rear of the retreating column I noticed an officer with a white bandage around his head. When we crossed each other I recognized Krantz.

—Is Safonoff alive? Did you see him?

Who is it? Ah! It is you! I saw him. . . Yes! How is it!

Krantz was speaking as though he was drunk—and the commander of our company. . . killed!

—Zalensky?

—Yes, Zalensky. . . a certain man. . . and killed outright. . . I saw him myself. . . he only lifted his arms, he staggered. . . and as I was running to him, I was taken by two or three Japanese. . . Yes! The second company. . . Some shots of the machine guns and the whole company was on the ground. . . the commander of the regiment too. . .

—And Safonoff!

—Doubenko was wounded! . . . He was in a trench, he has probably been left there! It was all those machine

guns and the hand grenades. . . it was so unexpected. . .

—My God! . . . And Safonoff! He is killed! Yes?

—Safonoff! I don't know! . . . Over there, on top, there are many. . . Haven't you any water? I have a hell of a thirst. . . not a red cross nurse. My head cracks. . . I am going!

At last I reached the summit of the "enfil." Having made about fifty steps, I noticed a great number of black forms scattered on the soil. Some seemed to be moving. Here and there the steel of the bayonets was shining with a dull light.

At that moment a great cloud covered the moon and I found myself in the dark of night. A discordant choir of weak voices came to me.

Not far from there a soldier was raving and writhing, and his pot could be heard resounding on the ground. Near me, someone was in the throes of death. His blood made a sound like the boiling water; he was choking.

—Ah! h, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha!—dragged a mournful and monotonous voice, while another one who was gradually expiring, answered him weakly:

—Water! . . . water! . . .

—My friends! Oh! my friends!—implored a wounded man under a pile of corpses.

The voice became more hollow, I could only hear but a: "Ai! ai! oh!" which changed into a dull and savage howl.

And from all parts, in the obscurity, new indistinct sounds were joining to these groans, sometimes becoming stronger and then weakening.

They were emerging from the earth, floating slowly above and it seemed that these complaints came from the soil flooded with blood, from the deep invading darkness, or the cold night of autumn.

G. ERASTOFF.

Translated by J. R.

# Remember!

Saturday, March 18, 1916

at 8 p. m.

## Commune Festival and Ball

arranged by the

## GROUP REVOLT

At Clairmont Hall

62 East 106th Street

Admission - (Including Hatcheck) - 25 Cents