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E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

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MY 11 YEARS WITH CLARENCE DARROW

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

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(write about)

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HARRY FOWLER

CLARENCE DARROW

MY 11 YEARS WITH CLARENCE DARROW

Clarence Darrow left us one biographical work and several stories and essays that those who knew him well considered to be largely autobiographical. I do not imagine I can add much to his own revelations and confessions, but my close personal and professional relations with him assuredly gave me opportunities for study and observation of his complex personality which few others would claim. I am here putting down some recollections that will interest many readers.

In 1914, I happened to be out of my main job—editorial writing for leading Chicago newspapers. I had secondary jobs and sufficient income, but too much leisure. I decided to call on Darrow and suggest that he take me into his law office for such services, to be paid for “by the piece” at Darrow’s valuations. I told him I intended to spend the mornings at the office. He at once accepted the offer, saying that he needed the kind of assistance I was capable of rendering—looking up the law, studying cases, writing briefs, and occasionally taking part in trials and appeals. In five minutes, the arrangement was agreed upon.

I was to have a desk in the main room and to do my own typing, unless I wanted to dictate to the leading typist and secretary. I was not fussy and didn’t mind noise. This informal relationship lasted 11 years, until Darrow dissolved his partnership with Peter Sissman and W. H. Holly, and joined a firm of popular and prosperous criminal lawyers who needed his advice and co-operation, as well as his prestige. And that ended my law practice. I returned to full-time editorial writing and teaching.

That experience in Darrow’s law firm was valuable to me in more

ways and senses than one. The law is not a science, to be sure, but the application of principles and rules to actual cases—human tragedies, comedies and farces—is a fascinating game. It requires brains and resourcefulness. Integrity is rare in lawsuits, and the clever, adroit special pleader is in his element in arguing before a jury or the average judge. He wins too often by chicanery, distortion of facts and exploitation of class and other prejudices. On the other hand, technicalities often favor the right side, and only a lawyer of skill and mastery of the law knows how to make good use of them. Darrow was such a lawyer. He sought justice or mercy, not law. He told juries that they were free to disregard the law and decide issues as their conscience and heart dictated. The judges frowned on such pleading, but Darrow didn’t worry—he reached the jury’s sympathies and feelings.

My first assignment was, I knew, futile. Some groups in Chicago objected to municipal health regulations and requested an opinion as to the possibility of an injunction restraining the commissioner of health from issuing certain orders. I told Darrow it was a waste of time to study cases on the point. He thought that digging might turn up something worth arguing. Why not try and earn a fee?

But a day or two later a serious criminal case demanded our attention and energies. A colored lawyer called and told Darrow that he had been engaged by a group of Negroes to defend one of their race, charged with rape and murder of a white woman, a nurse. The defendant was in jail, and bail had been denied him by the courts. The trial was about to start, and only a first-rate, influential and noted lawyer might

save the poor, down-and-out Negro from the gallows. The prosecution was convinced of his guilt and his chances were slim. He had no money, his friends had none either, and no compensation was to be counted upon. Would Darrow take the case as an act of charity and humanity?

Darrow introduced the colored lawyers to me and said: "Yarros, shall we take the case? If you will do most of the work, examine the witnesses, see to it that they do not contradict one another, and give relevant and credible testimony, I am for taking it. We may even have to pay court costs ourselves. There's not a cent in it for us."

I said Yes, and we tackled the job. There were 10 or 11 witnesses, all colored, all poor, and hardly literate. The defense was an alibi. The defendant, they all said, was in Gary, Ind., where they lived at the time of the alleged murder and rape. I had my doubts about the veracity of the witnesses. Darrow never alluded to that angle of the case.

We tried it. We did our best. The prosecutor was a fiery and excitable Italian who was bound to win, and who repeatedly intimated that the colored lawyer had coached and instructed the witnesses.

After several of them had testified, the presiding judge, a very fair and liberal man, and an admirer of Darrow, sent the jury out of the court-room and summoned us to the bench. He said: "I am perhaps rather unconventional, but there is a whole lot of clumsy perjury in this testimony, and while I don't attach any blame to you gentlemen, I must, I feel, warn you to bear that in mind." Darrow protested against the warning as improper and ill-advised. The trial was resumed. I addressed the jury for one hour, analyzing the case for the prosecution and pointing out its weaknesses. I stressed the rule of reasonable doubt in criminal cases. Darrow spoke for two hours, and, as usual, dwelt on the human side of the affair. He ridiculed some of the State's witnesses, called the prosecutor "a crazy Italian," and spoke of the poverty, injustice and

discrimination the Negroes had to bear and the danger of the "white" bias against all of them.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty but fixed the penalty at imprisonment for life. Lawyers called this verdict a substantial victory for the defense, since capital punishment had been demanded by the prosecution. We took no appeal—it would have been futile. The defendant died in prison of tuberculosis several years later.

One episode during the impaneling of the jury was characteristic of Darrow. One venireman, a handsome, well-dressed, cultivated and prosperous person, answered all our questions satisfactorily. He had no prejudice, he believed in justice for all, and would vote solely on the evidence and the court's charge. Despite this, Darrow challenged him "peremptorily." I was rather puzzled and during a brief recess I asked him why he had gotten rid of so good a juror. His answer was illuminating. "Oh, he was all right, but he was too damn comfortable and self-satisfied. I wanted jurors who had known sorrow and hardships, who could sympathize even with a wretched and worthless Negro, despite all appearances." Of course, he was right. He thus gave me a lesson I haven't forgotten. Intelligence isn't everything.

Well, I tried many cases with Darrow, civil and criminal. I wrote briefs and addressed the Appellate and Supreme Courts in Darrow's absence on out-of-town business. I cannot here write of more than a few that I consider significant, or that served to illustrate Darrow's attitude and point of view, or his unusual methods and tactics in trying cases.

Darrow never consumed midnight electricity on his cases. He depended on inspiration, on impulse and improvisation, on the power of eloquence, and on the blunders of the prosecution. He seldom made notes. He had a good memory, and a few details enabled him to dramatize his side of the case. The judges seldom checked him, even when he departed from the law or told the jury that it was iniquitous or obsolete.

A quack-doctor, who had been convicted of a "confidence game" in dealing with a supposed patient, and was facing a five-year term in the penitentiary, begged Darrow to come to his rescue at the 11th hour. The lawyer who had defended the quack had been singularly dumb and ineffectual. What else he told Darrow about the facts back of the charge of a confidence game, I did not know at the time. Darrow called me to his room and said cryptically: "See what the cases say in regard to confidence games, and what is essential to a conviction on the facts."

A mere glance at the Cyclopaedia of Law settled the point. Darrow must have had a hunch, perhaps a vague recollection of a text-book definition. No one can be indicted for a confidence game who has not deliberately deceived and defrauded a person *who had had trust and confidence in him*. In the case of the quack-doctor, there was no trust or confidence on anybody's part. In fact, the quack had been framed and caught in a trap. What he did was crooked, but it was in no legal sense a confidence game.

Darrow moved an arrest of judgment, raised the point of no-confidence, was promptly sustained, and the defendant was freed, and the indictment quashed. I do not know what fee Darrow received, but my five-minute "search" brought me a check for \$50.

I may briefly record a third criminal case in which Darrow licked the state's attorney and his staff of expert lawyers who had made sure, as they thought, of a resounding victory. An indictment had been returned against a retired lawyer who had seen better days, and was accused of swindling a Chicago bank to the tune of several thousand dollars. How? The indictment contained three counts—one charging the forging of a signature to a check, another the "uttering and using of a worthless check," and the third a confidence game, or obtaining money under false pretenses.

Darrow was engaged to defend the old and unfortunate lawyer. He took the case out of pity and sympathy. He knew the task was not

an easy one. He had to think hard and cudgel his brains. When the case was called for trial Darrow was ready. He told the court that the indictment was fatally defective, and this produced a sensation. The judge looked skeptical. The state's lawyers sat up and looked perfectly blank.

Darrow took up the first count. "A forged signature." How, he asked, can this be proved? The name on the check is E. C. Moore. Has any one by that name complained of the forgery? No. Are there no E. C. Moores in the world? Directories and telephone books will show that there are. It is surely possible that one of them signed that check.

The judge hesitated and pondered. Then he said that he was sorry to have to agree with Darrow. The first count was out. Court adjourned, the prosecution was gloomy and dispirited.

Next day Darrow took up the second count. "Uttering a worthless check." How did the prosecution know that? E. C. Moore may turn up any day and honor his signature. He may come from Seattle or San Francisco, or Hawaii. And who can gainsay that possibility?

Objection sustained, said the court curtly and regretfully. Prosecutors looked very unhappy. But there remained the third count. Darrow can't make hash of that, can he? The defendant did obtain money under false pretences, didn't he?

Not exactly, slowly said Darrow. What he obtained was credit, not money. After obtaining the credit, he presented his bank-book to another teller and got money. The indictment used the wrong word, and that was fatal!

It was. The third count was quashed. The defendant walked out of the court a free man. He was never indicted again. That would have been double jeopardy. Technicalities? Yes. Darrow was legally and morally justified in taking full advantage of the technicalities of legal procedure and practice. He did not believe in punishment; he thought imprisonment for long terms a crime worse than that for which such imprisonment was the

penalty. He agreed with Tolstoy that punishment never prevents crime, and that, if we abolished all our criminal courts and demolished all our prisons, society would lose nothing and risk nothing. Conditions and circumstances cause crime, he contended, and punishment does nothing whatever to remove the multiple causes of crime. Conservative lawyers failed, in criticizing Darrow's court tactics, to take into consideration this basic conviction of his. He was no crank, no eccentric, no sentimentalist.

A few words about the Leopold-Loeb case and Darrow's masterly handling of it. He was asked to become chief-counsel by the legal firm which had been intrusted with the difficult and baffling case, and he accepted that role. Very little of the work on it was done in his office, and none of his associates had any part in it. But he and I had many talks about the psychological and pathological angles of the case.

Darrow's first move was to look into the possibility of a plea of insanity, which naturally suggested itself to lawyers and laymen. He consulted several eminent alienists and psychiatrists, who convinced him that insanity as the defense would collapse utterly under the examination and cross-examination of experts. The boys were too keen, too bright, rather than not bright enough. What they lacked was a moral sense, "the bowels of compassion." They had read of "perfect" crimes, and were anxious to try to commit one themselves, in contempt of law, ethic, and society. With insanity out of the picture, Darrow reluctantly concluded that only a plea of Guilty might save the boys from the gallows, provided a "right" judge would try the case. Public opinion, inflamed by the press, was bound to hang the boys. The judges in Illinois are elected, and most of them defer, or pander, to public opinion. They seldom offend the press, the support of which they need, to be elected or reelected. Fortune favored Darrow—the judge assigned to try the case was old and not well, having just recovered from a long illness and being in no con-

dition to run again and make a fight. He had nothing to lose politically and very little socially by exercising mercy. Although Darrow spoke many hours, consuming four court sessions, he knew that the judge would not be moved by eloquence or philosophical and ethical considerations. Darrow relied solely on the fact that Illinois had never executed a minor for murder, and the defendants were minors. His arguments and pleadings had for their purpose the building up of an atmosphere in which the judge might feel justified in following a tradition, and the public would acquiesce in his decision, though the papers might rage, shout and foam at the mouth.

He said much about the boys' education, reading, habits, associations and fantasies. He read poetry, quoted Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, the Bible, etc. The press reported him at length, and the daily accounts were eagerly awaited. They did, no doubt, soften up the heartless and the vengeful.

At last the judge delivered his sentence—imprisonment for life. He referred to the "tradition" and commended it. Darrow had won, and gossip had it that he received \$150,000 as his fee. This was false. He received less than a fifth of that sum, and that after considerable delay.

Darrow was never mercenary, though his foes often called him that and sneered at his humanism. He helped many financially as well as professionally. Twice he offered me money to pay medical and hospital bills, or vacation and travel expenses. I was able to refuse, but had no doubt of his kindness and absolute sincerity in tendering me substantial sums. Darrow lived simply, frugally, paid little attention to clothes, and ate and drank sparingly. He dispensed with lunch, occasionally ordering a glass of milk even when he was a guest and a luncheon speaker.

He indulged himself only in two ways. He and his wife lived in a spacious apartment, and he purchased many books. His office desk and his round table at home always displayed new and important books in letters, science, poetry, drama

and philosophy. He thus continued his education to the end; was determined to keep abreast of modern knowledge.

His lectures—and he lectured every Sunday afternoon in a Chicago theater, packed by admirers and disciples, were popular and familiar. He had a few themes—the value of life, human nature, happiness, immortality, etc.—and each had variations. He loved to pose as a pessimist and a cynic, but he was neither. His partner, Peter Sissman used to say, facetiously but truly, that Darrow was a pessimist because he loved life deeply and hated the fact of death. If Darrow was a cynic, the Hebrew prophets were cynics. He expected little from the average man, and was charitable toward all. He knew that criminals were no worse than many respectable people who were law-honest with the aid of unscrupulous lawyers. He hated no one, though he vehemently denounced greed, egotism, cant, hypocrisy and arrogance. He liked all sorts and conditions of people.

He once told me that the hardest thing he had found in life was cruelty—cruelty in industry, in penology, in inter-racial relations. He had his ingrained prejudices, and he occasionally dropped remarks that sounded anti-Semitic. He said that Jews were not brave enough to commit murder or burglary, and preferred swindling and fraud as means of exploitation and money-making. All business, he would add, is tricky and morally shabby.

It scarcely needs saying that Darrow was a radical. He refused, however, to tag or label himself. He was neither a Socialist, Communist, nor a philosophical Anarchist. His radicalism was essentially negative. He had no panaceas, no completely satisfactory solutions for our social and economic problems. He was not sure of progress as a definite scientific concept. He admitted that the world was more tolerant than in the past. He argued, however, that we are tolerant only where we are indifferent. Religious bigotry was fading, but in the field of economics and finance bigotry and intolerance were as pronounced as ever.

To understand Darrow's ideological "neutrality," which puzzled many, it is important to bear in mind two cardinal facts—one, that as a young man he fell under the influence of Tolstoy, the Christian Anarchist, who hated all forms and degrees of punishment and urged literal non-resistance to evil. Darrow wrote a booklet on the question and wholeheartedly embraced this extreme view. Many years afterward—this is the second fact—he underwent a veritable intellectual revolution, caused by the study of Prof. William Sumner's sociology. Darrow was a free trader, also under Sumner's impact, but when the latter had turned his attention to sociology and developed his theory of folkways, Darrow magnified it and declared himself a realist, not a visionary, and realism meant to him acceptance of man as he is, with all his faults and defects, and pressing no reform that assumed non-existent human virtues, or mistook mere potentialities for actualities of behavior. Few of Darrow's friends sensed the implications of this event. Darrow became indifferent to pure theory and rigorous logic. We are not, he often said, rational or logical.

I recall a conversation on the subject of jury-bribing. He had been indicted and tried on that charge, and the jury had disagreed. I never asked him directly what the facts were in that notorious case, but he said to me: Do not the rich and powerful bribe juries, intimidate and coerce judges as well as juries? Do they shrink from any weapon? Why this theatrical indignation against alleged or actual jury tampering in behalf of "lawless" strikers or other unfortunate victims of ruthless Capitalism?

The newspapers Darrow disliked and distrusted. Many reporters and special newspaper writers were more than friendly to him, and some called on him in order to get ideas and hints. They had, of course to write about him as their bosses dictated. He did not often blame them. On the whole, the Chicago press treated him with respect and fairness. His ability, sincerity and tender-heartedness were recognized and acknowledged.

"EGOISM" BEDEVILING ANARCHISM

Benjamin R. Tucker's rather sudden conversion to Max Stirner's philosophy of Egoism was a calamitous accident. There is nothing in common between individualist and philosophical Anarchism as Tucker developed it on the foundations laid by Jefferson, Thoreau, Emerson, Warren, Spooner, Spencer, Herbert, Green and Andrews, and Stirner's German political metaphysics. Some of Tucker's adherents uncritically swallowed Egoism and persuaded themselves that it was a corollary, if not a logical deduction from anarchistic premises. This was a gross error. Egoism is half platitudinous, half fallacious. Philosophical utilitarianism and evolutional ethics have not been discredited or undermined by the new sciences or the discoveries in the old sciences. No element of superstition or dogmatic theology renders them alien to the modern temper and spirit. They remain sound and rational.

Tucker never even attempted a refutation of the postulates and principles of evolutional ethics. He printed my editorials on Spencer's "Justice" with full approval, and certainly Spencerian treatment of ethics was not pseudo-metaphysical. Stirner would have quarrelled with it had he understood it and its vital connection with English philosophy, from Locke and Hume down to Mill and Spencer.

What the Stirnerites overlook is that undue emphasis on "The Ego and His Own" is inconsistent with the basic fact that man is a social animal, and that individual growth and self-realization requires a high degree of social evolution. The individual's property is a social product. The right of the individual is limited by the equal rights of other individuals. Respect for the individual and his dignity is impossible

in a society of a predatory and aggressive character. Peace, external and internal, is essential to freedom and equality of opportunity. Society is merely a name for many organizations and institutions, voluntary or compulsory, designed to promote the education, security and other satisfactions of individuals. The "Ego" is a fiction.

Another egregious error of the Stirner school has to do with the question of "taste" and degrees of culture. To say that all tastes are equal in some sense is a half-truth. If you like whisky, and I prefer port or Champagne, or if you enjoy Sousa and I love classical music, you are entitled to Sousa programs as I am to Bach-Beethoven-Brahms programs. But it is absurd to contend that my taste is not "superior" culturally to yours. All cultured persons know that the taste for great music is acquired by acquaintance with the masters of great music, by hearing and reading about such music. The musical elite is small in any society, but common sense recognizes that it is an elite.

In morals or human behavior, likewise, there are recognizable differences of degree, if not of kind. The high-minded person is universally admired, and the selfish, crude and callous person is generally despised. Manners are inferior morals. Morals are superior manners. We do not cultivate the society of boors and vulgarians. We seek our social equals.

Human conduct is not easily described or characterized. But we know that certain acts are selfish, other acts altruistic, and still others ego-altruistic. We commend some acts and condemn others. We are aware that motives are complex, mixed and obscure, and our distinctions and classifications are rough

and approximate. They serve useful purposes, however, and only the pedant fails to recognize them.

I have never seen any valid criticism of Spencer's "Data of Ethics" and his discussion of justice, negative beneficence and positive beneficence, or altruism proper. I agree with Spencer that the highest product of social or moral evolution is the human being who finds pleasure in giving pleasure to others, and to whom "duty" is not a bur-

den or sacrifice but a spontaneous expression of evolved natural feeling.

These ideas are at no point in conflict with philosophical Anarchism. Stirner's Egoism is based on German pseudo-science and pseudo-metaphysics. Tucker and his followers alienated many potential Anarchists by their thoughtless acceptance of that issue of half-baked nihilisms.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER--THE MAN

Of Benjamin R. Tucker, the founder and leading exponent of individualist philosophical Anarchism, I have written elsewhere. Of Tucker the man, little has been written by anyone, and I propose to record here impressions and recollections of him based on many years close association with him, personal as well as intellectual and ideological. For two or three years I was associate editor of *Liberty*. For several years I was his next-door neighbor at Crescent Beach, Mass., and a fellow-boarder of his. We had several open clashes in the pages of *Liberty* and we did not hesitate to use harsh words about each other's views on issues not directly connected with essential Anarchism. But our friendly relations were not for a moment marred or interrupted by these avowed and published divergencies. Tucker wanted and welcomed my contributions till the end of his American career as editor and publisher, and in 1893 and 94 he insisted on paying me for my work for *Liberty*, which he valued highly, though I did not need the money and never expected a cent from Tucker.

I first met Tucker at a meeting in New Haven, Conn., where he, at the invitation of a small group interested in his theories and reading his paper and his pamphlets, read a paper on Anarchism and Socialism. The meeting had been advertised in a labor weekly, *The Advocate*, and was

well attended. The discussion that followed the paper was lively and interesting. I do not now recall what my remarks were on that occasion, but they attracted Tucker's attention. In the evening, after a little dinner we gave in his honor and some informal talk, Tucker called me aside and asked what I was doing for a living and whether I had any plans for the future. He also wanted to know what sort of education I had received in Russia and what, if anything, I had done for or in the revolutionary movement. I answered his questions briefly and frankly.

To my surprise, he suggested that I give up my job, move to Crescent Beach and work for him as printer, proofreader, copy editor and regular contributor. He said he had no doubt I should learn these vocations readily and speedily, and shortly earn enough to live comfortably. He spoke of Boston, only 29 miles east of Crescent Beach, and its facilities and advantages—a good library, a fine stock-company, concerts, recitals and opera season, interesting discussion groups, friends and acquaintances of his who would welcome me. As I had saved over \$700, I could take time to acquire new skills and get along with scant earnings. I accepted his tempting offer then and there. My ambitions were modest and my requirements simple. Journalism was the profession I had chosen in Russia.

I had written for a revolutionary journal, and my articles had been praised by mature and educated revolutionists. Here, unexpectedly, was my chance!

A week or two later, I boarded a train for Boston and Tucker met me at the railroad station. We walked a few blocks to a suburban station and took a train for Crescent Beach.

There I was introduced to Sarah E. Holmes, Tucker's intimate companion, who had agreed to give me room and board for \$5 a week. The room was comfortable, fairly large and quite bare. But it had light and air, a cot, a desk and a few chairs; what more did I need or care to possess?

In the evening we dined with Miss Holmes. The food was good and well cooked. The meal was frugal but satisfying. After dinner we talked for an hour and then returned to our respective rooms. Tucker had rented two cottages, one for himself and his books and printing shop, the other for Miss Holmes. Each cottage was primitive but new, clean and spacious. Tucker slept on a bed sans mattress—newspapers plus one pillow served his needs. I worked all day and many evenings in Tucker's cottage. He left at 8 in the morning and returned at about 5 in the afternoon. He worked on the Boston *Globe* as copy editor till all matter for the final evening edition had been sent up. He told me his salary was \$35 a week; which, he said was more than enough to live on. *Liberty* had a small circulation and Tucker practically met all the deficits out of his own pocket, except that he not infrequently received contributions from well-to-do readers and disciples.

Tucker was an exceptionally hard worker. He had no secretary. He often sat at his desk till midnight, writing, reading contributions, answering personal and business letters, wrapping and addressing booklets, pamphlets and sample copies. Until I relieved him of proofreading and the making up of the pages of the journal, he continued to do these jobs himself.

He was a good sleeper, fortunately, and in the morning usually seemed rested and fresh.

I soon realized that he had few intimate friends. He was cold and reserved. He was no mixer and no conversationalist. He seldom attended meetings and hardly ever spoke impromptu. He commanded respect and, in some circles, admiration. He had little time and less inclination for social intercourse.

The publication of *Liberty* was irregular, and Tucker needed and wanted money to insure its future and to build up an anarchistic library. He was full of plans and schemes with that end in view, but he was in no sense a businessman. He believed that a good idea somehow made its way without costly publicity. This was a strange misconception. He reckoned without the inertia and indifference of the reading public. He never had enough capital to give his intrinsically sound idea a chance. He couldn't wait.

He decided to resign his position on the *Globe* and go into the publishing business. He launched two periodicals—*The Transatlantic*, a monthly of the type of *Littell's Living Age*, but with this important difference; *Littell's* depended wholly on British periodicals, which no copyright law then protected, whereas Tucker intended to procure translations from the French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian languages. The format, too, was to be more attractive. The second enterprise was a weekly *Bulletin*, devoted to listing, cataloguing and briefly indicating the contents of the current articles in the periodical and daily press.

These were excellent periodicals, and there surely was a potential market for both of them. But Tucker did not advertise them sufficiently. He got a few favorable notices for the first number of the handsome *Transatlantic*. How many issues he published I do not remember, but his funds were soon spent, and he had to suspend the publication of that most promising periodical. The *Bulletin* did attract considerable notice, but it too

failed because of lack of publicity, and Tucker sold it to a friend who continued it for several months at a loss and then retired from the publishing and editing business, the 1893 depression having hit him hard.

Tucker left Boston and settled in New York, where John Dunlap, the editor of *The Engineering Magazine*, an admirer, gave Tucker a job—the conducting of a bulletin section, limited to technical and scientific periodicals. *Liberty* resumed publication from a New York office and printing shop. At Tucker's flattering request, I continued my work for *Liberty* and had one or more articles in each issue.

The depression cost me my job in Boston, and I too moved to New York. Tucker and I continued our collaboration. We dined together often at a French restaurant—a luxury Tucker permitted himself once a week only. We went to some concerts and operas together, and joined a discussion group of Single Taxers, liberals, Socialists and independents.

Tucker, in addition to his routine job with Dunlap, was engaged to edit *The Home Journal*, an old and conservative weekly, mainly literary. He wrote editorials for it, and I contributed signed literary and critical pieces. But some one informed the timid publishers that Tucker was an Anarchist and the editor of *Liberty*, and that scared them. They became cool toward him, and he promptly resigned his job with them.

Tucker never wrote a line which did not express his convictions. He never forgave me for writing unsigned editorials occasionally for conservative and even reactionary papers. I did not share his extreme view. To write for a paper and its editor-in-chief is not to assume personal responsibility for the ideas expressed. You lend them your style and your superior knowledge of their own side, and make the best case for them. It is not your case, and the public is aware of that fact. You either use the editorial *We* or else you say *The Blast*, or *The Call* thinks so-

and-so. Tucker sternly held that this was still "prostitution." I emphatically disagreed.

The money problem continued to worry Tucker. He had learned his lesson with respect to advertising, and no longer entertained publishing projects. One day he told me that he would like to go to Monte Carlo for some weeks and make at least \$10,000. How? By beating the bank. He had devised a "perfect system," he said, to insure success there, and was ready to demonstrate it in his own flat. He had already done so to several friends, and would like to persuade me. I consented, and for two hours Tucker played his system and steadily won imaginary dollars. I was impressed but not exactly convinced. He sought financial aid and secured it. He wanted me to take full charge of *Liberty* and edit it "in my best fashion" during his absence. He had complete confidence in me, he said, as editor and writer. He offered to pay me \$20 a week—he expected to return a rich man.

He returned, penniless! Monte Carlo had licked his system without much difficulty. I never said a word to anyone about this queer episode.

In 1896 I moved to Chicago. Tucker remained in New York, publishing *Liberty* irregularly. Then a fire destroyed his printing shop and much of his library, which he had deliberately refused to insure on the ground that the charges of the better companies were excessive and exorbitant.

Fortunately, he had a small but not inadequate income from a trust his fond mother had established for his benefit under severe restrictions. He could live in Europe on that income, and to Europe he retook himself. He corresponded with a few friends in this country, wrote little, remained a plumb-liner, rejected all idea of compromise but admitted that Monopoly Capitalism was powerful and free-banking was not likely to weaken it. The trend toward Socialism he recognized and regretted, but its inevitability was clear to him. However, his duty was to

preach the pure and undiluted anarchistic gospel. He occasionally gambled in the morning at San Carlo, taking slight risks.

Tucker was devoted to Pearl Johnson and his daughter, Oriole. They in turn were devoted to him. He was a gentleman and an individualist. He lived up to his contractual obligations in spirit and to the letter. He was too formal and too rigorously literal in his attitude. He despised contract breakers. He accepted no alibis or excuses. Contracts were sacrosanct, the foundation of any free, civilized society. Those who treated them lightly were foes of civilization. They were not Anarchists. There was no health or hope in them.

In all frankness, Tucker at times astonished and oppressed me by his rigidity, lack of kindness and Shylock-like insistence on the "bond." I will give two relevant instances.

Tucker employed a printer with the understanding that he would pay him a certain weekly wage whether he had work to be done or not. *Liberty* was frequently suspended for several or many months. During these periods the printer, to get his pay under the agreement, was required by Tucker to set up pages and pages of type, distribute it and start all over again. There was no benefit to Tucker in this vain and useless labor, but "no work, no pay" was

his principle. He might have given the man a holiday or vacation without loss or inconvenience to himself, but that never occurred to him.

Tucker had a friend and warm admirer in Chicago who had made and lost several fortunes on the board of trade. Tucker, on learning that the man happened to be broke, offered to finance him for speculation in provisions on certain conditions. The profit, if any, was to be divided equally. If losses should be incurred, Tucker would bear them. But under no circumstances should the whole sum entrusted to the friend be risked. At a certain specified point, the operations were to be suspended, and the money left in the account returned to Tucker. The friend failed to keep the contract to the letter. He did continue to speculate till he lost the entire sum. He had felt sure, he said, very sure, that the last operation would yield him and Tucker a handsome profit. Was his breach venial or unpardonable? Tucker angrily repudiated his friend and disciple, roundly abused him, charged him with willful dishonesty and never mentioned his name again. Why, the wretch had violated the bond!

Thus Tucker demanded strict fulfillment of contracts, or justice, but he did not love mercy. He could be generous—provided no contract would be violated thereby.

Austin W. Wright

WAS DARROW RIGHT, AFTER ALL?

Years ago, during the Wilson-Lodge-Knox controversy over the League of Nations and America's membership therein, with or without reservations, Clarence Darrow and I, at my suggestion, staged a debate on the whole question before the City Club of Chicago. A dinner preceded the talk-fest, and the audience was unusually intelligent and representative, particularly of the legal profession.

Why the debate? Because Darrow had consistently and vigorously opposed the League and all its political and diplomatic works. He hated the reactionary Republican gang in the Senate which viciously fought Wilson, whom Darrow admired and had campaigned for in two elections; but he vaguely sympathized with their anti-League attitude. I, on the other hand, was fervently pro-League and for unqualified American membership in it. After private discussions, it occurred to me that a public ventilation of our respective stands under impartial auspices might clarify the issue and enlighten the doubters and neutrals.

Judge William Holly, a former associate of Darrow, like myself, was glad to preside over the contest, the explicit understanding being that each of us would speak twice, at least, and without any limitations as to time, matter or manner of dealing with the subject.

The audience applauded both of us frequently and noisily, but the feeling after adjournment was pretty general that it had agreed with me on all the major points and had been surprised and perplexed by Darrow's principal argu-

ment. It was this: The League, under the restrictions of the Covenant, could in no wise serve or promote international peace and understanding. The big powers were insincere and theatrical: they had no intention of surrendering any part or element of their sovereignty, and would make war when and as they pleased without the slightest regard for the League. Moreover, the weak and impotent organization would be worse than futile; it would, in the course of time, transform itself into an instrumentality of reaction and aggression—namely, by intervening in civil wars, by aiding and abetting tyrannical and corrupt governments, and defeating all liberal reform movements. This, Darrow insisted, was inevitable under Capitalism and monopoly.

The League languished and died. The big powers did not lament its passing. Now, in view of recent and current trends, I must ask myself, Was Darrow right; was he a true prophet, and we, the champions and defenders of the League were deluded and Panglossian optimists? Here is the U.N., not only backing the U. S., but urging other big powers to fight for the dictatorship of a superannuated reactionary grafter? And it rushed to his side in indecent haste, refusing to hear his opponents and smearing them as reds and criminal aggressors!

Has the U.N. been captured, mutilated and perverted by ignorant and plutocratic war-mongers? I wonder, and, frankly, I am apprehensive and disheartened.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS BOOK SHELF



by VICTOR S. YARROS

CONFESSIONS BY CROSS-DRESSERS

Transvestists' Unexpurgated Letters. By D. O. Cauldwell. M.D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c

To the present reviewer the term "cross-dresser" was totally unfamiliar until the postman brought him the booklet consisting, in the author's words, of "intimate letters written to a doctor with the request that they be published as written." Now he has learned the meaning of that term and some interesting things about the phenomenon itself. And, to confess, he is a sadder, if not better, man by reason of the peculiar information.

The transvestists are not homosexuals. The males of that species are not timorous and shy, by any manner of means. They can be aggressive. They don't all brag or seek publicity. They are not all over-sexed. They have much fun together. There are even organizations of cross-dressers, and there is talk of a special periodical by and for them. One of the writers exclaims pathetically: "Why can't I meet one like myself with refined tastes! and who would think of the spiritual side of life as well as the sexual?"

There are bizarre tales in the booklet, such as troubles with the police, reactions of matrons ordered to undress suspects, various adventures in peace and in war. Masochism is characteristic of some, but not of the extreme kind. There are complaints and gripes in



VICTOR S. YARROS

the confessions. The request that the letters be published without revision or expurgation is perhaps significant. It points to a wish to be understood and appreciated.

Psychologists and artists should study the phenomenon of cross-dressing. It may throw some light on the state of civilization, on the decline of religion and conventional morality, on the revolt against parental and social tyr-

anny. Few transvestists are Communists or Socialists, I opine. Few will fight in the streets or throw bombs. The inquisitors at Washington may challenge them as un-American in their domestic or sartorial habits. One infers that they would gladly testify and answer all leading questions.

PAUL ELDRIDGE

Flesh of the Flesh, and Other Stories. By Paul Eldridge. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

How to Get Rid of a Woman, and Other Stories. By Paul Eldridge. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

The writer of these lines has long had to deprive himself of the pleasure of reading fiction in the English or American languages. He simply has had no time for this form of the literary art, and what he could spare, with difficulty, he preferred to devote to French letters—just as one way of maintaining some vital contact with French culture and art. He regrets the necessity of the choice, but *que voulez vous?* Life is too short and too complex, and too exacting and urgent.

The receipt of two booklets of the above genre came as a surprise and a challenge, to be perfectly frank. To read these "different," unconventional tales is to wonder how to classify them and to what traditions and influences the author is indebted. Futile speculation, perhaps, but unavoidable to a curious and fresh mind.

Some of the stories suggested Thomas Mann, some reminded one vaguely of Maupassant; others of Poe and still others Dreiser. No trace of Steinbeck or Faulkner or Hemingway, is discernable, which is strange.

But, after all, the story is the thing. Mr. Eldridge strikes me as a literary mugwump. He is original and heretical, even where the plot is not novel. He is afraid of none. Incest is the theme of one of his most delicate stories. Would it shock any puritan? Probably not, because of its manner and style. Ruthless bigness in business is another theme, and many novelists and story-tellers have all but

exhausted it. But elements of originality are not lacking even here.

No story is hackneyed, and none open to the charge of imitation of this or that famous master. So, forget labels and classifications, and read them for interest and spontaneity, for thought and spirit, for drama and insight.

WIDE ECCENTRICITY

Transvestism in Disguise. By D. O. Cauldwell, M.D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

Several books have been written on the traits and characteristics that are supposed to be truly American. Who needs to be told that Americans are enterprising, energetic, optimistic, practical in their idealism, free and self-reliant? In none of the books is the fact mentioned that, in the words of Dr. Cauldwell,—“transvestism is a nationally popular eccentricity,” or the further fact that some transvestists appear to be the last to find it out, clever and curious though they are as busy and successful Americans engaged in professional or industrial activities.

There surely is something odd and unconventional about all this, and what is the scientific explanation thereof? Why do so many males enjoy wearing female attire? Why do females love to dress and pose as males?

It is news to most normal persons that there are several types of transvestists. Some are genuine, others are self-deceived. Some disguise themselves, others are frank and only fear the police or the rural, and small-town suburban mind. The right to one's tastes and preferences—when these are not injurious to society or the family—is recognized in theory but too often violated in practice. Whether the phenomenon increases the divorce rate, whether it is somehow related to homosexuality or sensuality and the desire for promiscuity, are among the other questions asked of and answered by the author.

Verily, there are more things strange and mysterious on earth than is imagined by the self-styled

respectable and law-abiding citizens. Hamlet made this observation long, long ago. When one feels it, the point of originality becomes wholly irrelevant and immaterial.

THE WAY OF ALL FADS

The Male Hormone and Male Hormone Therapy. By D. O. Cauldwell, M. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

Who hasn't heard of "the magic of the hormones?" How few of us are rational and skeptical enough to resist fads and crazes—in medicine, in fashions, in nutrition, in pseudo-science and pseudo-religion? Man is gullible, emotional, addicted to wishful thinking, the easy prey of demagogues and quacks of all sorts. The rages, fortunately, are short-lived, but this is cold comfort, because the passing of one rage is almost a signal for the emergence of another, equally absurd or futile.

In the booklet under notice, Dr. Cauldwell makes a sober, judicious comparison of the facts and the fallacies in the theory and practice of hormone therapy. He begins at the very beginning, with the question, When, and by whom, was the male hormone isolated? and concludes, scientifically, with the amply substantiated affirmation that "male sex hormone therapy has a definite place in medicine," though, "its scope of usefulness is limited."

In view of the many questions treated in the study, some general and many technical, Dr. Cauldwell emphasizes the proposition that the laity should leave this type of therapy to competent and responsible physicians. The cases illustrative of the benefits as well as of the dangers of the use, or abuse, of this therapy are interesting in themselves, and the medical profession will find them instructive and illuminating.

THOSE IN DARKNESS

The Psychology of the Blind. By Hereward Carrington, Ph. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

There are, according to estimates, 250,000 blind persons in this country, and this figure means

that several million people face the problems associated with the loss of sight—families, relatives, friends and neighbors of the afflicted or handicapped. What do we who possess all our senses and faculties know about blindness—the psychology of the sightless, their dream life, their feelings and reactions in the various relationships of civilized existence? How shall we treat them, what shall we say to them at a dinner table, at a tea party, at a meeting of a discussion group? If we sincerely wish to make things easier for them, how shall we go about it, without committing blunders and complicating difficult situations?

It is, of course, well known that throughout history blind persons have not only contrived to enjoy life but to distinguish themselves in science, the arts, and the highest reaches of thought. Autobiographies of famous blind men and women have answered many of the questions we naturally ask about blindness. Many, but by no means all.

Dr. Carrington's booklet was written mainly for the benefit of those who are associated in business or in professional activities or socially, with blind persons. It draws upon history, psychology and literature for practical instruction and guidance. The list of Don'ts is as long as that of Do's. The reader is sure to avoid much embarrassment by following the instructions given.

The vital point stressed by the author is that the blind are normal human beings and want to be dealt with as such, without sentimentality or condescension. They are not to be pitied, since nature has her own way of compensating us for losses not due to our own reprehensible sins or faults. The compensation vouchsafed the blind is a fascinating subject and is illustrated by many surprising examples.

SEX AND IDEAS

Priapic Divinities and Phallic Rites. By J. A. Dulaure. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 75c.

The existence of phallic worship has long been known to scholars.

and it is occasionally or parenthetically mentioned in scientific works, with which the moralistic censors do not meddle, as a rule. A complete and candid account of this widespread form of worship, from ancient times down to modern, is a valuable contribution to sound and useful knowledge. The booklet under notice certainly fills a major gap in our literature, as the author claims, and should commend itself to earnest students as well as to cultivated lay readers.

The origin of phallic worship has been traced by some to the "corruption of the human race," but, as the author rightly observes, religions are never born of depravity, though primitive ignorance and fear largely explain it. Sun worship, on the other hand, might naturally evolve into the phallic form. This theory is elaborated at considerable length. The life-giving power of the sun and the influence of that power on human activities might well suggest the adoption of the emblem of masculinity.

Not only is phallicism a worldwide phenomenon—it existed in America as well as in Asia and Europe—but many religious rites and social customs, now almost incomprehensible, have been connected with it. Legislation otherwise strange is accounted for by the needs and conditions of primitive societies. Climate, too, has something to do with phallicism and the attitude toward nudity and sex. Today we are worrying about overpopulation, whereas in ancient times depopulation was the ever-present menace, and religion lent its powerful aid to crude politics in attempts at the solution of the problem. To quote the illuminating final paragraph of the booklet:

"It may have been that weak and sparse peoples were the first to institute solemnities where girls had to give themselves to foreigners. The motive would be political, the explanation religious. And such ceremonies would develop, they would gain in attraction, they would serve their end, and other nations would turn to

the same system of worship. Then, by simple extension, phallic symbols would be used for a number of purposes, for protection, for meditation, and ultimately for veneration. But always at the back of priapic worship would be the primitive need of increased population."

WOMAN, SONG AND WINE

Gay Poems of Bubby Love. Edited by A. H. Bullen. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

This booklet is a companion of another anthology, published some years ago. It deals with the love poetry of the Restoration and Revolution, the earlier one harking back to the first half of the 17th century. The poems in this volume are light, lively and good-humored. Those who prefer the love-death poetry and music of Tristan won't relish them. Nor will the Puritans. Some of the verses pass the bounds of strict and conventional morality, but they'll scarcely shock the generation which is devouring Professor Kinsey's explorations in the dark realm of sex. At any rate, the indiscretions and venial offences are redeemed, as the editor says, by "happy jerks of fancy or playful sallies of wit." The readers will agree. Manners were rather loose in Restoration days, and the literate and fashionable circles enjoyed double-entendre and ribaldry. The poets shared their sentiments and reflected the mood of the period. They left us no—or very few—masterpieces, but much that is droll, half-serious and half-satirical, and provocative of mirth and indulgence. They will amuse and tickle moderns as does the music of, say, Delibes and Offenbach.

Several of the poets represented in the anthology are hardly known to American readers. Some are still read and discussed in college classes. The editor is to be thanked for his brief but illuminating comments on the poets and their personal traits and characteristics as well as the place in letters and society. He is a tactful, gracious and reliable guide. He even tells us

which poems are the finest in the generous collection, and which breathe the clear and exalted spirit of authentic poetry.

No time will be wasted by the cultivated reader who has a sense of the past, an appreciation of good work in any genre, and an interest in cultural and literary evolution, if he spends an hour or two of an evening on the anthology.

MAN, PHANTOM OR MYTH?

The Mangasarian-Crapsey Debate on the Question: Did Jesus Ever Live? Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

The writer of these lines will confess that a study of the available literature on the historicity of Jesus has convinced him that the answer to the above question is, Yes. The work of the Jewish scholar, Joseph Klausner, formerly of New York and now of Israel, seemed to me conclusive. Moreover, the matter has lost most of its importance. Jesus did live and preach, and did claim to perform miracles. He did make enemies and he did attract crowds of poor and illiterate people. He was justly accused of blasphemy by the orthodox rabbis and of subversive, anti-Roman agitation by the spies of Pilate, and he did die on a cross. What of all this? Much ado about very little, say the Rationalists.

The so-called Christian faith was not founded by Jesus. He founded nothing. No one, save a few tramps, have ever even attempted to obey his so-called commandments or live up to his vague and mushy ideas. There is no Christian religion except on paper, and few know anything about it.

Nevertheless the old debate between Mangasarian, who followed William Salter as preacher of the Chicago Ethical Culture Society, and Professor Crapsey, an Episcopalian minister denounced and ousted as a heretic by his church, is worth reviving and pondering. It was a stirring and sensational affair in its day. It must have been "the talk of the town" for a week.

That Mangasarian had the better of the exchange all the way through needs no saying. He had the facts of the case, the logic and a master-

ly grasp of the many points at issue. His opponent was lame and inconsistent. He was quoted against himself, and some questions he ignored or dodged. Each debater made three speeches and the moderator was a distinguished judge. The reaction of the fine audience is not recorded.

One is tempted to quote many keen and apt remarks from Mangasarian's speeches. I shall limit myself to two. They give us a taste of his quality.

"Dr. Crapsey says that Jesus knew men. I ask what is the evidence? If it is admitted that Jesus is made to say many things which he did not say, then let the doctor tell us of one thing that we can be sure Jesus did say. Speaking of the moral teachings of Jesus, let it be noticed that those who deny the deity of Jesus as a rule are quite enthusiastic over his moral perfections as a man. . . . Generally this exalting of Jesus as a man is for the purpose of reconciling the people to the passing of Jesus as a God. While the preacher is praising the man Jesus he is quietly putting away for good Jesus the God."

"I have one objection against Christianity—the Jewish-Christian religion. It is not true. And not until this phantasy which has been imposed on the world for 2,000 years as fact has been overthrown, will the world swing in earnest toward truth, toward justice, toward love, toward liberty."

POETRY OF PASSION

Letters of Love. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 25c.

When men and women fall in love, just what do they feel and just how do they express their emotions and passions? Is there a language of love, or of sexual attraction and longing? Do lovers naturally write poetry? Are they a little mad or do they retain their realism and sobriety?

Whatever psychology and physiology may say on these perennial questions, the best answer obviously is supplied by actual love letters,

ancient, medieval and modern. This empirical evidence is worth more than volumes of speculation.

We should all like to read the love letters of Homer, Dante, Plato, Kant, Spinoza, Newton, Voltaire, Heine, Bergson, Lenin and Tolstoy. Meantime here is a collection of letters by Napoleon, Congreve, Diderot, Goethe, Byron, Hugo, Burns, Hazlitt and a few others. Some are more eloquent than others, some are extravagant and imaginative. All sound sincere and spontaneous. Hugo no doubt wrote to his beautiful mistress, Juliette Drouet, notes quite as fervent as those he had previously addressed to adored Adele, whom he married. But, as Shelley asserted, the more people we love the more love we have to bestow.

Contemporary lovers have their own vocabulary and will not borrow from the great and famous. Some day another generation will read *their* outpourings of passion and devotion.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM

Debate on the Question: Is "Scientific Socialism" Scientific? Yes: Arthur Morrow Lewis. No: William F. Barnard. Haldeman-Julius Publications. Girard, Kansas. 35c.

Here is a verbatim report of a debate which must have consumed about four hours. The speakers gave themselves plenty of time, and the presiding officer, if there was one, had little to do. The audience, if it was intelligent and prepared for the quite unusual discussion, learned much about Socialism—its history, its basic principles, its relation to science and philosophy, its goals and its methods. What its conclusion was, with whom it agreed, we are not informed.

The debaters, for reasons not clear to the present writer, failed to mention Fabian Socialism and the program and achievements of the British Labor Party in the past five years. True, they debated Marx-ian Socialism, not Fabian, but some of the points brought out all but clamored for explicit references to the types of Socialism now prevalent and steadily making headway.

Mr. Barnard disputed the preten-

sion of the Marxian Socialists and denied the scientific character of their system. But his arguments, closely considered, applied to all Socialist schools, not to the Marxist alone. He is opposed to State Socialism and to revolutionary methods, and he believes that economic, political and scientific evolution is gradually solving the problems we now face and remaking Capitalism, correcting its evils and solving its new problems. He expects the trade unions to gain more and more power and influence without allying themselves with revolutionary Socialism. He is optimistic and complacent.

Neither of the debaters seemed to be aware of the significant fact that Marx himself, in his last phase, conceded that in progressive and democratic countries Socialism might, and probably would, be ordained and established without violence and civil war—by legal and peaceful means. Recognition of this one fact would have substantially changed the spirit and tenor of the whole debate.

Socialism has evolved. St. Simon and Fourier, and even Owen have been utopian, not scientific, in their thinking. Marx and Engels meant to be scientific—that is, appealed to history, experience and a few generally accepted principles. Unquestionably, Marxism is not free from utopian elements, and the scientific method is not necessarily a guaranty of correct and cogent reasoning. Facts have to be interpreted, measured and weighed. Marx's timetable has had to be repeatedly revised. The proletariat has proved erratic and unreliable.

In fine, the debate as reported makes good reading and is educational and profitable. But it raises questions that require further study and will have to be debated by other radical thinkers of ability and erudition.

MARX'S THEORY OF VALUE

Lewis-Kennedy Debate on the Question: Is the Marxian Theory of Value Exploded? Yes: Prof. John Curtis Kennedy. No: Arthur M. Lewis. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

For several decades, Marx's theory of value was regarded as the cor-

nerstone of Marxian Socialism. It was assumed that the concept of Surplus Value, or of Proudhon's "Property Is Robbery," rested on that theory. The Fabians were the first Socialists who dispensed with it and built their system on different economic ideas—mainly on the theory of rent, including "the rent of ability." The Austrian school of political economy, with Boehm-Bawerk at its head, radically modified the classical theory, but without any adverse effect on theoretical Socialism.

Today no Socialist school or movement attaches much importance to mere concepts of value. The case against the capitalist system is strong enough without any particular "theory" of value. Whatever errors or fallacies Marx fell into, his contention that Capitalism is digging its own grave, is dying of inherent and fatal contradictions, and is certain to be superseded by a Socialist economic system, remains valid and irrefutable.

The booklet under notice has, however, considerable historical interest. It revives memories of exciting debates, elucidates some aspects of Marxism still imperfectly understood, and exhibits skill, ingenuity and knowledge of economics and politics.

The debaters were both Socialists. The controversy is limited to one pillar of the original Marxian edifice: What creates value, and what is the exact relationship between value and price? Mr. Lewis contended that Marx's theory of value is sound, complete and demonstrably true. Professor Kennedy, on the contrary, argued that Marx's theory is defective in at least three important respects, namely:

"First, it does not explain the relation of the utility of commodities to their value; second, Marx leaves out of consideration the important role played by land, capital and risk in determining value; and third, Marx practically ignores the important role played by the strategic position of buyers and sellers in determining value."

This reviewer will discreetly re-

frain from taking sides, the more so, because, as stated above, Socialism is now safe, vigorous and secure no matter what theory of value we adopt. Capitalism has discharged its mission. It was a phase that couldn't be skipped. But it is through and the next system is everywhere on the horizon and in some places already in possession of major segments of the national economy. There's no arresting its march.

EROS TRIUMPHANT

500 Epigrams About Love. Compiled by Dr. Patsy O'Bang. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

A touch of malice makes the world kin. In the present collection of cracks and digs aimed at love—and marriage—to which we are treated by the inscrutable Patsy O'Bang, there is more than a touch of malice. Cynics, skeptics and sex-hungry, anemic bachelors and spinsters will enjoy many of the hits, and we shouldn't begrudge them this poor satisfaction. Think of what they miss!

Eros can afford to smile at our witty darts leveled at him. For instance: "Vanity and love make the world go round—vanity first, and love a long way after." Eros knows better. He has conquered vanity too often to be jealous of it.

"Women are idiots when they fall in love," one of the paradoxes avers, "and marriages ought to be made by the States for fitness." Fiddlesticks! What about men who fall in love—early and repeatedly? Are we all idiots? If so, who discovered that fact?

Sneering at marriage, and calling it "the great public school of life" or a prison and hell, suggests sour grapes. Marriage is what you make it. Marriage is more than "just an experience": it is the supreme experience. But "it takes two to be happy—a truth about which most people are not so familiar as one would have expected."

Yes, "it is easier to fall in love than to stay in love," but that is why divorces are so popular. After all, "A love affair is always more interesting than a marriage." Where is it written that we are

limited by nature to one love affair?

Apropos of this hint; "Nothing that is necessary shocks really sensible people." Bear in mind that, "If one always did the things one ought to do, life would be even less endurable than it is." Fortunately, "Most women regard men as they do the Ten Commandments—something to be studied but not obeyed."

Despite an adage to the contrary, one can live comfortably with an epigram, and a chain of 500 epigrams enhances the comfort and fights off boredom and dreary, prosaic consistency.

A NEW YORK TRAGEDY

Maggie—A Girl of the Streets. By Stephen Crane. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 50c.

Reading "Maggie" for the first time 50 years after the novelist's death, one can't fail to think of the famous Dreiser novel, "An American Tragedy" and his less famous but more striking and realistic novel, "Sister Carrie." The latter story was distinctly Zolaesque, and shocked critics said so at the time of its publication. Crane's "Maggie" outdoes Zola. It sacrifices everything to stark, naked, palpitating and raw truth. It makes painful reading today: it was a challenge to action at the time of the depressing narrative.

Not many of the youthful New Yorkers have seen, and heard and smelled the lower-east-side tenements as described by Crane at the beginning of his second chapter. It will do us good to read the passage:

"Eventually they entered a dark region where, from a careening building, a dozen gruesome doorways gave up loads of babies to the street and the gutter. A wind of early autumn raised yellow dust from cobbles and swirled it against a hundred windows. Long streamers of garments fluttered from fire-escapes. In all unhandy places there were buckets, brooms, rags, and bottles. In the street infants played or fought with other infants or sat stupidly in the way of vehicles. Formidable women, with un-

combed hair and disordered dress, gossiped while leaning on railings, or screamed in frantic quarrels. Withered persons, in curious postures of submission to something, sat smoking pipes in obscure corners. A thousand odors of cooking food came forth to the street. The building quivered and creaked from the weight of humanity stamping about in its bowels."

This prepares us for the characters of the story and their mutual relations and behavior. Drink, poverty, lack of privacy, brutality, coarseness, animalism—all these factors combine to cause the sordid Irish-American tragedy portrayed by Crane in this convincing tale. He knew his several types well and he knew their environment. He draws no copybook moral, but all authentic art is essentially moral. Crane's art may be called, in present-day terms, existentialist. The readers' feelings are not spared. The inevitable is allowed to work itself out. Society is blind and does nothing to save either Maggie or Jimmy. The churches and settlements in the neighborhood take no interest in Rum Alley and the Devil's Row.

The tenements are gone, as are the sweatshops and the slave-drivers. The physical and technological conditions have altered radically. But the Petes, Jimmies and Maggies are still with us. Crane's pitiful tale affects us deeply and has the purging virtues of classical tragedy.

CULTURE IN CAPSULES

Witty, Wise and Wicked Maxims. Selected by Dr. Patsy O'Bang. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 25c.

Maxims Are Gadflies: The Wit and Wisdom of Paul Eldridge. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. \$1.

Matthew Arnold's definition of culture has been derided but never bettered. To know the best that has been said in all the ages is to possess culture. But who has the time and the strength to study and ponder all the philosophical and scientific works of the ages? No one of course. Must, then, the majority renounce culture and die ignorant, untutored, benighted?

No. Not while we have Bartlett and his predecessors and successors. The coin of the realm of culture knows no boundaries and no national flags. This coin makes the world kin.

The books of quotations, maxims, epigrams, saws, proverbs, literary gems are invaluable to editorial writers, critics, poets, lecturers and teachers. Too many lay persons haven't yet discovered their utility, richness and delight. They are in truth a joy forever.

Start with Solomon and Ecclesiastes and end with Dr. O'Bang and Eldridge. You'll be wiser, wittier and perhaps just a little wicked. A touch of malice is often refreshing and not incompatible with kindness and charity.

Turning over the pages of the new booklets under notice, we meet many old friends, experience some surprises, and shake hands with new ones. Occasionally we shake our heads and wonder. Have times changed not only our songs, as Heine remarked, but also our judgments, our basic principles?

I select at random epigrams or saws that particularly appealed to me:

Good maxims are germs of all good; firmly impressed on the memory, they nourish the will.

In reality history is of no avail. Humanity is caught every day with traps that have served before.

There is nothing so trifling as to be without effects.

In this world one must be a little too kind to be kind enough.

Life, which we find too short, is made of many days which we find too long.

In fine, there is nothing in life except what we put in it.

Recollections makes one pen- sive; anxiety, dreamy.

The heart has no wrinkles.

Sublime: a beautiful thought simply expressed.

If my hand was full of truths, I would take good care not to open it.

Journals! Railways of un- truth.

Justice is impersonal revenge.

In the court of man: preju- dice vs. prejudice.

What cables are there as strong as apron strings?

Those who bury ideas do but plant them.

To the natural we impugn illegitimacy.

Never to have sinned is the unforgivable sin.

How topical and relevant some of these epigrams are! I deliberately withhold names. Curiosity is hu- man but one must pay for gratifi- cation of it.[Is this, perchance, an unintended and original saw?]

SEX, SENSE, SEMANTICS

Is Anyone Sexually Normal? By D. O. Cauldwell, M.D. Haldeman-Julius Publi- cations, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

The world is full of people whom their neighbors or fellow-citizens and fellow-workers consider odd, cranky, bizarre, strange, subver- sive, undesirable. The implication, of course, is that there is such a thing as normality, and that the normal people alone are worthy of respect and entitled to inherit the earth—or get all the honors and fat jobs.

Well, it seems normal for the average person to think or talk of normality. But what has science to say about it, or horse sense?

In politics many of us are in- different to the charge of abnor- mality. In religion we are not afraid to declare ourselves Agnos- tics, Skeptics, Freethinkers, even Atheists. In social intercourse, we don't mind being considered orig- inal, unconventional, independent —provided we are not ostracized and boycotted. But is it safe to be dubbed abnormal sexually? Not, certainly, in small communities. But what is abnormality in sexual relations?

Dr. Cauldwell, in the booklet under notice, seeks to give "direc- tions for finding a dependable key to sexual normality and abnor- mality." His exposition and con- clusion remind one of the late Dr. Osler's answer to questions from all sides concerning normality in diet and the need of this or that vitamin. "Be sure your diet is a

balanced one and forget all about it," he said.

In love and sex, too, there is such a state as balance. Over-indulgence is bad, and continence is equally bad. Where the line is to be drawn, the thinking individual must decide for himself, perhaps after trials and errors. At 20 or 30, intercourse once a week is undoubtedly insufficient for the majority. After 50, it may be "normal." After 70, what is normal?

The cases discussed in the booklet are typical, and together they spell out not indeed a dogmatic and absolute answer for all sorts and conditions of males and females of the human species, but a duly and soberly qualified one. It is, moreover, not expressed, in a narrow formula.

The key is there. And it is not moralistic. It stresses the one fundamental or central element—*anxious and vigilant care not to violate the rights of others or the rational social codes based on the great principle of equal and maximum freedom in a developed civilization.*

NOBILITY IN THOUGHT

A French Woman on Life and Love. By Comtesse Diane. Translated by Dr. Patsy O'Bang. Haldeman-Julius Publications. Girard, Kansas. 35c.

France has no modern salons of and for the elite. This is a pity. She has grand and charming ladies to preside over such, and artists and thinkers of talent and genius to adorn them. The ancient cultural center still has a role to play if we give it a chance under the more democratic mores and fashions. Here is a booklet which conduces to nostalgic reflections. A French lady, no doubt an aristocrat, expresses her ideas and sentiments which salons would take delight in discussing. Not all are feminine—one suspects masculine influence. Can it be that of the erudite and versatile translator?

The countess is witty, wise, charitable and philosophical. Here are a few of her fine epigrams and gems:

To your cultured and ener-

getic spirit, leisure is only liberty to choose an occupation.

Those who have never suffered can do nothing for the suffering.

Absence strengthens deep love, and destroys shallow.

Of two duties it would seem that the more irksome is the more imperious.

Lying is degrading: we would all of us like to say we have never lied . . . but that would be lying.

To the noble ability is a merit; to the mean, a defect.

The happiness of those we have helped is our richest reward.

He is a proud man who dares to be himself.

Old age appears hideous to us until we have to choose between it and death.

Truly, brevity is the soul of wit. Still, there are many sayings in less economical form. Yes, the countess has lived, meditated, experienced joy as well as sorrow. She is a little sad, but who can be cheerful in our world?

GRASS-ROOTS PHILOSOPHY

The Wisdom of the Ancient Jews. Compiled and classified by Dr. Isaac Goldberg. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 50c.

What is a proverb? Who conceives and writes down proverbs? Do scientists, professional philosophers, poets? Do we owe proverbial wisdom to the elite? To what extent do proverbs express the genius of a race, an ethnic group, a people? If we had characteristic collections of, say, Chinese, Indian, Jewish, Arab, Slav, Teutonic and Italian proverbs, would a comparative study of them reveal psychological and moral differences between them?

These are among the questions suggested to the reviewer during the attentive perusal of the compilation under notice here. Some of them are answered by the erudite compiler and editor, and some must await further and deeper study.

Proverbs are in truth grass-roots philosophy. Many of them are

plainly rural in origin. Some betray the ancient notion that trade is necessarily tricky—what one gains, the other loses. Since proverbs are popular, they illustrate the manners, morals and thoughts of the common people. It is noteworthy that Jewish proverbs are seldom coarse, though I have been told that this is decidedly not true of the Yiddish ones.

The collection before us contains practically all the sayings that have been preserved of those used by the Jews 2,000 years ago. They display insight into the operations of the Jewish mind in times of crisis and struggle. They throw some light on the New Testament.

The classification is logical and simple. We have sayings on human destiny, fortune, family life, rules of conduct, virtues and vices, occupations, etc. Some are striking indeed. Not a few are rather cynical or pessimistic. And how modern many are!

The desire to quote must be resisted, but I just can't refrain from reproducing a few:

Silence is a healing for all ailments.

A myrtle standing among reeds still retains the name of myrtle.

Apes are apes though clothed in scarlet.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

If thy comrade calls thee ass, put the saddle upon thy back.

In a field where there are mounds, talk no secrets.

OUR INTELLIGENCE AGAIN

A Study of American Mental Shortcomings. By B. Liber, M. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 75c.

Dr. B. Liber's two booklets on the subject of American intelligence proved their thesis up to the hilt. As a nation, we are shockingly immature. We have more than our quota of brains, but somehow intelligence is conspicuous by its absence in many of our public activities. What is wrong with us collectively?

In the new booklet under notice here, Dr. Liber, largely as the result of certain criticisms and sym-

pathetic suggestions, gives us a more scientific or exact definition of our mental state, and, what is just as important, fortifies his negative verdict impressively by recollections of personal experiences, professional and social, as well as by many other examples of adult inadequacy. The record is indeed startling.

Here is the author's diagnosis of the average American mentality—"a subnormality that would correspond to dullness." From another, more technical viewpoint, "Americans are, as a whole, passively and intentionally held back, retarded without their knowledge, but amenable to teaching and progress." This reviewer begs leave to amend the quotation by substituting the word "actively" for "passively." The retardation is active and persistent. Consider such influences as the daily press, the movies, television and about 80 percent of the radio programs!

There is hope for us if we realize our plight and bring about certain radical changes in education, social habits, politics and economics, but, "for the moment, we are harmful to ourselves and potentially to the entire world," in Dr. Liber's sober words.

The additional and manifold evidence adduced in the booklet cannot be summarized here. Besides, a summary, however painstaking, would be unfair to the reader, who must digest the data and reach his own conclusion. Suffice it to say that under the caption, "Personal Experience," we are introduced to stupidity and corruption, to quackery in various forms, to fake campaigns, to guilt by association, to Christian Science, to anti-Negro behavior, etc. Under "Other Examples," we obtain glimpses of anti-Semitism, diplomatic bungling, alcohol, peonage, bizarre and foolish customs, farcical results of our culture.

Not the least interesting section of the booklet is that on correspondence, readers' objections, answers to questions and misunderstandings. Altogether, a rewarding and illuminating treatise.

WHERE, HOW AND WHEN

Sex Life and Sexual Problems of Adolescents. By D. O. Cauldwell, M. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications. Girard, Kansas. 35c.

There is still, despite much effort and propaganda of the right kind by the right persons, much stubborn and ignorant opposition to sex education in the grammar and high schools. The objections to scientific treatment of sex by trained teachers are, of course, foolish and infantile. It will not be overcome in a year or a decade. We must reckon with it.

Meanwhile, the teachers, the parents of adolescent children, the ministers likely to be consulted, or the social workers who evince tact and judgment in dealing with "hard cases," need to know how to answer questions, perhaps even anticipate and suggest questions, concerning the sex and love life of plain and normal people. Existing textbooks on sex are admittedly crude and unsatisfactory. Better ones are wanted and badly needed.

Dr. Cauldwell, aware of this situation, has just published what he himself describes as "a booklet for parents, teachers and those whose sex nature is maturing." It scarcely requires saying here that the booklet is strictly scientific, sensible and candid. It puts and answers a great many questions asked, or thought of and secretly discussed, by adolescent and bewildered boys and girls.

Among the major questions treated I will mention only a few—masturbation, venereal disease, the generative systems, menstruation, pregnancy, the castration complex, impotence. Knowledge on these is manifestly essential, and yet how few parents and teachers possess it.

This writer has been told by eminent professors of philosophy and ethics that they simply and absolutely cannot be frank and specific on matters of sex with their own adolescent children. They were anxious but helpless. Dr. Cauldwell might have measurably relieved them of their worry.

May I add that we need another type of booklet, consisting of im-

aginary conversations between father and son, mother and daughter, married sister and engaged sister, etc., on the whole subject of sex, marriage, initiation, coital position today and in antiquity, contraceptives, orgasm, frigidity. The curiosity of the young is natural, and if we fail to gratify it, the back alleys, brothels, and smutty tales will do the job. And what a job!

LOVE VS. TIME

Sex and Age Disparity. By D. O. Cauldwell, M. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

"All Passion Spent" was the title of an interesting novel by an Englishwoman of artistic and intellectual gifts. Its psychology was rather disturbing to oldsters. At what age can passion be said to have been wholly spent? Can the young sympathize with manifestations of passion by grandfathers and grandmothers? Why do young girls marry old men and what pleasure, if any, do the half-impotent old derive from intimacy with the young?

Such questions as these are not discussed in drawing rooms or at the tea table. There is a tacit belief that ultimate sexual delights are the monopoly of the young. The sexologist knows better, and the truth in this as in other matters would make us free and unterrified—and unashamed.

Dr. Cauldwell in a new booklet discusses these topics: Why are older males attracted to younger females? Is there an equal attraction between young males and older females? What are the effects of striking disparity in marriage or illicit unions?

Many people have learned to trust and respect the scientific views and methods of our author and have poured out their most secret longings and obsessions to him. The result is a mine of information not to be found elsewhere.

The actual cases reported in the booklet should be read and pondered. Each has its peculiarities. However, the general conclusion may be briefly stated here. It is

this—the disparity in ages is not necessarily fatal to happiness in a marriage otherwise reasonable. Incompatibility has little to do with age. When two wholesome persons desire to enter into the marriage relation, the disparity simply does not exist for them. Marriages fail at any age for a variety of causes. Disparity is often blamed where deeper examination would disclose factors totally unconnected with age. The problem is a complex one, and dogmatism concerning it is unwarranted.

For example, one element too often overlooked is this—a great deal of physical love-making is in the dark, and “under the stimulus of thought and close body-contact age becomes ageless.”

LOOKING FORWARD TO 1999

The Next Fifty Years. By Joseph McCabe. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas, \$1.

Two or three literary and social reactionaries have lately sought to shock and inflame us by picturing the society of 1980, the alleged product of alleged communistic ideas and planning, in the blackest possible colors. In that utopia the individual had neither freedom, dignity, nor opportunity, while the masses were regimented robots, and beauty, truth and goodness were totally unknown values.

This sort of malicious rubbish delighted the beneficiaries of privilege and iniquity. It was too absurd to annoy the enlightened radical.

Now our Joseph McCabe, in his turn, heartens and gratifies the liberal and sober-minded radical groups with what he, in his subtitle, describes as “a forecast of the triumphant progress of the race in the next half-century.” No utopia, this anticipation *a la Wells*. It is a picture based on already realized or half-realized potentialities and the pledges of science and humanistic philosophy. There are, of course, big “Ifs” to bear in mind. McCabe is no modern Pangloss. He sees life steadily and sees it whole. But he has reasonable hopes and expectations. The society he envisages is by no means perfect or ideal. There is even some vice and

crime in it, some aggression and compulsion. Mr. McCabe has no illusions about average human nature.

On the other hand, being a democratic Socialist, he is convinced that economic security, full employment, justice to the worker, and scientific management will combine to eliminate most of the waste, inefficiency, friction and mutual hostility which characterize capital-labor relations under sick Capitalism.

It scarcely needs saying that Mr. McCabe omits no activity or interest of civilized men in his sketch of the new society. He covers architecture, city-planning, transportation, education, politics, family life, entertainment, recreation and the several arts and crafts. He solves the congestion and traffic problems. He brings beauty into the home and the country into the urban centers.

He tells us what the men and women of 1999 think of the people of today—the insane slaughter in war, the death and disabilities caused by crazy speed and wanton negligence, the neurotic jazz and night clubs, the vulgarity of the idle rich and the brutalized poor.

No prediction in this sketch of the true civilization is merely fanciful. Everything in the attractive picture is a logical and natural development of techniques and arrangements already in existence or in some degree foreshadowed by inventive minds.

Most of us will shuffle off the mortal coil long before 1999, and will not enjoy membership in the new civilization. Those who will, this reviewer likes to think, will read McCabe's unusual utopia with keen interest and amusement. Our current controversies over the welfare state, progressive education, atomic warfare, Communism and the like will give them an extremely poor opinion of the intelligence of the first half of the century.

ALL MADE IN HEAVEN?

Questions and Answers on the Sex Life and Sexual Problems of Transsexuals. By D. O. Cauldwell, M.D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

Is there no limit to sexual abnormalities, eccentricities, deviations and aberrations? Can't nature settle down and evolve a normal, wholesome, satisfactory sex life? Are the gods playfully, or maliciously seeking to confuse us mortals? If marriages are made in heaven, as the believers think they think, who creates the bewildering complexities of trans-sexuality?

Ah, you don't know the meaning of this strange term? Well, you are not really supposed to know it. Let Dr. Cauldwell give it:

"Trans-sexuals are individuals who are physically of one sex and apparently psychologically of the opposite sex. Trans-sexuals include heterosexuals, homosexuals and others. A large element of transvestites have trans-sexual leanings."

Naturally, this definition arouses your curiosity. What are these persons in terms of behavior; what makes them so queer and anxious, and what do we do with them, or to them? Are they ill, and do they want to be cured? If so, who can solve their problems?

These are among the first questions that occur to any intelligent reader of the title of the booklet under notice. There are other questions, too, of interest to science, to society, to morality. Dr. Cauldwell puts them and presents the answers. His scholarship, added to professional experience and the voluminous correspondence of all sorts and conditions of males, females and pseudo-hermaphrodites (authentic hermaphrodites are not positively known to exist), enable him to throw much light on the phenomenon in question.

Respectably wedded and comfortably situated couples have no idea of the nature and emotional consequences of trans-sexuality. Verily, there are more things on this, not quite sane, planet than philosophers dream of and the majority suspect. Oh sex, how many follies and blunders are committed under your prompting! How about us? Do we know ourselves, have we cravings and drives we don't understand? The growing library of

the Cauldwell booklets is here to guide us.

SEX THROUGH THE AGES

Sex and History. By D. O. Cauldwell, M.D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

Hegel asserted that we learn nothing from history. This is a serious mistake and an exaggeration. We are, of course, governed mainly by passion and emotion, and no study of history will deter us in most instances from doing what we strongly want to do. Still, we learn a good deal from history about human nature and conduct, and this knowledge is interesting and not unprofitable.

Sex is a notable example. Our sexual behavior is not determined by lessons from history, but our sex ideas and sentiments are largely the product of gradual evolution, and we must know the stages of that process.

In the booklet under notice, which answers questions concerning sex in its protean aspects through the ages, some surprising facts are disclosed and light is thrown on problems that perplex most of us. For example, have wars been fought over sex? Family feuds, yes, tribal conflicts probably, but no international war. How old is homosexuality, and when was it first observed or made a penal offense? Did the ancients know the so-called Rhythm method of avoiding pregnancy and undesired children? What is wrong with being a transvestite? What was the origin of exhibitionism? Who are, or have been, the most influential advocates of sexual freedom?

These and many other queries are answered briefly and adequately in the booklet. On one point the author is in error. Plato did not advocate or favor communal marriages and families. Only one group, the guardians, or rulers, were, under his republic, to possess nothing they might call their own—not even wives and children. This was absurd enough, but not as wild and irrational as communal families for the whole population.

Sex is so pervasive and basic that the impartial historical study

of its manifestations and expressions is supremely important. Dr. Cauldwell has provided considerable scientific knowledge on the subject in his latest addition to the "Questions and Answers" series.

LOVE IN MARRIAGE

Sexual Ethics and Sexual Esthetics. By D. O. Cauldwell, M.D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

The marriage relationship is perhaps the most complex and difficult in the human world. There are few happy marriages, we are told, and one in six is dissolved by a divorce court. How many ought to be dissolved, we can never know. That there is much friction, discord, misery and mutual dislike in marriage is a fact.

The ideal marriage is rare indeed. Husbands and wives should be lovers, companions, mates. They should faithfully and thoughtfully observe the conditions which make for stable and successful marriages. But what are these conditions, and how many married couples try even to ascertain what they are?

Dr. Cauldwell, in a new booklet, discusses precisely these knotty questions. He shows the path to contentment, if not happiness, in marriage. He limits himself to the major conditions. He deals with sexual ethics and sexual esthetics. Both are essential, though not many American males are aware of this. Without due regard for esthetics, love is apt to evaporate and to give place to indifference and mere tolerance. Without ethics, the relationship becomes a nightmare and a calamity.

I shall not quote any of the passages on either the ethics or the esthetics of the marriage relationship. I want interested readers to buy the booklet and not substitute for it any commentator's remarks. The author himself says that the topics treated by him "include common courtesy between married lovers, such sexual practices as cunnilingus, fellatio, and such sexual states as those involving homosexuals, transsexuals, transvestism, etc."

It is needless to assure the

fastidious readers that the spirit, style, tone and vocabulary of Dr. Cauldwell leave nothing to be desired. In fact, the moralists and sophisticates should be the first to circulate the booklet.

FOR THE GLORY OF GOD!

Black Lies as Evangelic Aids. By Frank Swancara. And other articles by eminent authors on interesting and vital subjects. Haldeman-Julius Publications. Girard, Kansas. 25c.

Many of our conventional moralists are, or pretend to be, shocked by the cool disregard of ethics in Communist or semi-Communist circles. What, they cry, the end justifies the means? How unprincipled and base!

Is this hypocrisy or dumbness? In war, as in feverish preparations for war, the end has always justified the means. Bombs, poison gas, bacteriological warfare, when has a capitalistic or feudal country refused to use any weapons if the military deemed them necessary to win? And what of organized espionage and systematic fraud and deception in times of peace?

Mr. Swancara, a brave debunker of gross and silly superstitions, shows convincingly that defamation and character assassination have been, for ages, ingredients of evangelism. In the name and for the glory of a savage, jealous and anthropomorphic God, the churches and the so-called Christian governments have indulged in reckless and shameful lies and slanders.

Volumes could easily be filled with instances of this practice. Mr. Swancara would be embarrassed by riches, as the saying is, were he to attempt the job. He makes only a few historical references, because he is anxious to reach and make an important point. The militant Rationalist expects to be slandered and libeled, but "he doesn't always anticipate that a lie aimed at him will be so many-pronged as to strike members of his family, stigmatize his wife if living, or blacken her memory if she is dead."

This odious form of defamation has been leveled at Haldeman-Julius and his (late) first wife

Marcet. Fundamentalist and religious sheets and persons invented a cruel falsehood about their marriage and their foster-daughter, Josephine, and harped upon it in malicious editorials and fake reports. The real story is, of course, told very simply in the booklet, and needn't be summarized here.

The God of the Fundamentalists demanded animal and human sacrifices, but he didn't favor deliberate lies and criminal libels.

The rest of the booklet is devoted to brief essays on Communism, Socialism, pseudo-Christianity, slavery and birth-control. All will repay perusal and reflection. The philosophy of Rationalism underlies all of them.

CATHOLIC "KNOWLEDGE"

The Myth of Catholic Scholarship. By Joseph McCabe. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 75c.

Encyclopedias are supposed to give their readers the maximum of scientific and historical knowledge in condensed but accurate summaries. Not all of them live up to that obligation, to be sure, but some of them do.

An encyclopedia with a minimum of knowledge and a maximum of falsehoods, distortions and willful violations of the truth is a wonderful and fearful exception, and the Catholic Church is entitled to the dubious credit of possessing that exceptional encyclopedia.

Our erudite and vigilant friend, Joseph McCabe, has found time and strength to write a characteristic expose of "the absurdities, falsehoods and distortions of the Catholic encyclopedia." He has again done a splendid job. The promise in the sub-title of his booklet is fully redeemed. He patiently examines and discusses the various articles of the misnamed work, and demonstrates every point he makes up to the hilt.

There are eight sections in the 30,000-word book, as follows: Lives of the fathers; holy fathers who were fathers; the rank odor of the martyrs; Catholic scholarship on the Bible; scientific lying about science; monks, crusaders and inquisitors; the church and the

workers; odds and ends of mendacity.

Some of these are serious and severe. Others are great fun. One can't help pitying the scholars or near-scholars who contributed the articles on science, for example, or on the morals of many of the successors of Peter, the bizarre "rock" who built the very rocky foundation of the holy church.

The treatment of evolution in the encyclopedia is a masterpiece of distortion and clumsy dodging of facts. Concessions to truth and science are made most reluctantly, if at all, and flagrant disregard of facts is accompanied by transparent sophistry.

On the intriguing question of the moral and intellectual caliber of the holy popes, the Catholic historians are forced to admit that "there have been a few bad popes,"—licentious, vicious, criminal ones. "A few," comments the author, why, the statement should be, a few *good* popes. The whole record is so ugly and abominable that one hates to dwell on it out of a decent regard for human nature.

The articles in the encyclopedia on labor, illiteracy, education, slavery, McCabe shows, are replete with false claims, glaring misrepresentations and audacious perversions. What an encyclopedia!

NOT FOR ART'S SAKE

The Second Book of Freeman Cartoons. By James Erickson and Harry Fowler. Editorials by E. Haldeman-Julius. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kans. \$1.

Here is art decidedly not for art's sake. These cartoons are propaganda, and very effective propaganda. They point morals and adorn tales. Each is accompanied by an editorial from the editor of *The Freeman*. Not that he needs the cartoons, or that the cartoons need his remarks. The combination is not necessary, strictly speaking! But it is designed to make assurances doubly sure.

In the beginning was the Word, we are told. This may not be good history. The beginnings in human evolution may have been cave cartoons—of a kind. At our stage of

culture, there are causes which demand the collaboration of all the arts and techniques. Peace is one, truth is another. In fighting superstition, chicanery, fraud and humbug, all weapons are legitimate.

Some of the cartoons, like some of the editorials, are not without "malice toward some." But I am no Christian non-resister. I do enjoy a little malice where it is deserved. I do believe in answering some fools according to their degrees of folly—and malignity.

It has been charged that *The Freeman* cartoons satirize Catholic priests exclusively. This is not substantiated by the second book of them. It spares none. It hits and lambastes supernaturalism generally, the hypocrisy of all "men of God", greed, oppression and exploitation, stuffed shirts, infantilism. It exposes the basis of all faiths—fear.

The combination of word and illustration is unbeatable. I am not able to make up my mind as to the relative merits of the cartoons, but I can say that some of them ring my inner bell more insistently than others. I will name a few: "Skeletons in the Closet," "Listen," "We Are a Queer People," "Jesus Saves," "They Ain't Married."

Children love picture books. The children of larger growth needn't be ashamed to confess that they, too, love biting satire and invective in pictures. So, get the collection for the family and the neighbors. It is better than television.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

Domestic Relations and Their Management. By Dr. D. O. Cauldwell, M. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

Marriage has been called a gamble, though orthodox opinion is that it is made in heaven. To the great majority, marriage is in truth a gamble. It is also, at best, the most difficult relationship in life. One marriage in five or six, recent reports show, suffers shipwreck. It ends in a divorce court or in a far from friendly separation. How many marriages are unhappy and how many homes veritable hells, we do not know.

What can be done by self-respecting people to make a reasonable success of their marriage? What kind of quarrels and disagreements are likely to occur between husbands and wives, and how can they be prevented or adjusted?

Dr. Cauldwell, in this new booklet, after presenting many instances of unsatisfactory marriages, has this conclusion near the end:

"Is there a remedy for poor domestic relations, sex offenses, even divorce? Yes. A potent remedy is at hand, but it is being circumvented at every turn possible by the perpetrators of superstition and the propagation of human misery. The remedy is sex education."

No panacea is proposed by the author. Some of the reported cases do teach the moral of sex education, but not all, by any means. It must be remembered that friction and misery in marriages have not one cause, but several. Dr. Cauldwell describes his booklet as "a searching inquiry into poignant situations between husbands and wives, parents and children, relatives, in-laws, neighbors, the public and the courts." In-laws are often a nuisance. Other relatives—uncles, cousins and aunts—sometimes butt in and complicate delicate situations. Jokes about mothers-in-law are familiar. One's own parents, with the best intentions, interfere at the wrong time or in the wrong way. Sex-education is not "the" answer to such meddling and muddling. But there are many cases where good sense and fine feelings will supply answers.

The questions and answers discussed in the booklet are typical, and thoughtful readers will be grateful for the constructive suggestions in the answers. Aside from this, the illustrative cases are human documents, whether tragic or comic.

REMEMBRANCE OF FIGHTS

Sham-Smashers at Work. By Albert Mordell. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

In this booklet Albert Mordell adds, as it were, some interesting and instructive chapters to E. Haldeman-Julius' two-volume autobiography, chapters omitted by him either inadvertently or deliberately, for reasons left to readers' speculation. The subtitle of the Mordell narrative calls it "a study of the aims and methods of the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* and *The Debunker*." It is also a study of a period in American culture and journalism now scarcely remembered. E. H.-J. was a pioneer, but he had rivals and imitators. His originality and daring cost him much financially, but he never wavered or entertained the idea of lowering his sights.

We learn from Mordell that *The Monthly* had a longer life than any other of H.-J.'s periodicals, with the exception of the *Haldeman Julius Weekly* (later *The American Freeman*). The short-lived *Quarterly*, "an elaborate, profound and scrumptious adventure in magazine publishing," in H.-J.'s words, relieved him of \$30,000, but [he] never batted an eye. I hope he could afford that tribute to perfection.

In founding the *Monthly*, H.-J.'s modest purpose was "to do in the 20th century what Voltaire had done in the 18th!" The contents were not to be abstract and super-highbrow. The weapon was to be caricature, ridicule, the job a major debunking operation. It was to make war, not peace-war on bigotry, hypocrisy, holy pulpits, demagogues, snoopers, editorial humbugs, patrioteers.

In fine, sham-smashing pieces were wanted, and they were not long in coming. To be sure, there was considerable flogging of dead horses, as Mordell observes, but this was surely unavoidable. Even today, in *The Freeman*, the same horses are still flogged. They do not know they are dead. Millions think them quick, and the task, after all, is to reach some possible converts in these millions.

I cannot here follow the changes, vicissitudes, adjustments and readjustments which the years

brought to H.-J. as editor and publisher. At one time he managed to edit three magazines while carrying on a growing publishing business. And all his periodicals unfailingly reflected his own complex personality. He pleased himself, and in pleasing himself he served unpopular causes and took chances. The censors and official moralists were watching him. An article like "Crazy Jesus" almost invited prosecution. Where were the pious crusaders, the hooded heretic-hunters?

For names, titles, contents of revolutionary and startling articles the reader is referred to the booklet. He will sigh, perhaps, as he turns the pages, pause to reflect on times vanished and times regained, to borrow Proustian terms, and he will rejoice in the present phase of a singular and characteristically American career. Clarence Darrow, after perusing several issues of the *Monthly* and *Quarterly*, was moved to write these lines to the editor:

"I really believe that there is no one in the country who is doing anything like the good for freedom of thought and action that you are doing."

Darrow was never a flatterer or uncritical admirer. He worked in the same vineyard as H.-J., and he knew sorrow and trouble. He also knew good work when he saw it.

LOVE, MARRIAGE AND—?

Light on Operation Third-Sex. By Dr. D. O. Cauldwell, M. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kans. 35c.

Is there anything more thrilling and life-giving than what we consider normal sexual intercourse by married couples deeply in love? What necessity, then, is there for irregular forms of intercourse, or for uncommon preliminaries and introductions to the "Sex Act" proper?

This reviewer, an ex-puritan and super-fastidious male, is learning a lot about love, marriage, sex and so-called perversions. There is no end apparently to the things most persons do not know about sex, and want to know badly—either because they are not happy, feel that they miss something delightful,

and want the maximum of possible satisfactions in marriage or illicit love, or because they are curious and dislike to remain ignorant of anything of interest within their ken and range.

Dr. Cauldwell is not a corporation, but he is doing more than any other sexologist known to me to meet the demand for scientific knowledge of sex and the pleasure it yields to the right approach and response.

The booklet under notice is about cunnilingus. Is it legitimate or shameful? What does it do to enhance contentment and the sense of well being in marriage. What types of persons cultivate it?

The questions and answers on the subject are surprising and illuminating. They cannot be summarized. Anyone interested in them will want the booklet in his library. It is sufficient to say here that Dr. Cauldwell brings reassurance, comfort and rational hope to hosts of anxious people, since he rejects the pious and primitive idea of sexual perversions, and boldly asserts that any act of love between married or otherwise united couples enhances the tenderness and devotion existing between them. The home is our castle. Society has no rightful business behind the iron curtain of the family. The individuals are sovereign there, but science can help them, and they should consult science, not superstition and hypocrisy, when they face difficult problems.

INFANTILISM AT WORK

Sex and the American Attitude. By Dr. O. Cauldwell, M. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kans. 35c.

There is much gratifying evidence that sex education of the right kind is gaining headway in this country, despite the fanatical opposition of bigoted and benighted "moralists." This medieval attitude is responsible for unhappiness and misery in and out of the marriage relationship. Women are less likely to free themselves of the superstitions and conventions inherited from Puritan days than worldly men. They suffer more than men and only the psychiatrists and

sexologists are able to help them. Unfortunately, not many married women or bewildered and timid girls about to be married consult honest and enlightened experts. False shame deters the majority from seeking guidance and aid.

Dr. Cauldwell, in the new booklet, deplores and illustrates what he rightly describes as the extreme infantilism of the American attitude toward sex. He has, he tells us, combed press reports, books, magazines and other sources for the data he presents. His cases undoubtedly reflect characteristic attitudes toward sex in its biological, legal, economic, social and other aspects.

Virtually all of them enforce and emphasize one moral—namely the necessity and importance of candid and scientific sex education—in the home, the school, the church, the new type of panels and group discussion of the manifold problems connected with sex. All the half-baked talk of sexual perversions and abnormalities tends to confuse the public eager for sound knowledge.

Broken homes, unnecessary divorces, venereal and mental diseases, juvenile delinquency are traceable in many cases to ignorance, shame, bad habits, parental negligence, and fear. The truth alone can bring balm and healing, and the truth is frowned upon by our infantilism. Indeed, the truth is often angrily resisted by victims who vaguely know better but lack elementary information. Some of Dr. Cauldwell's correspondents are frank in confessing their weakness and failures.

There are cases in the booklet which will startle, amaze or depress the rational reader. There is, however, no occasion for despair or pessimism. Solutions and remedies are available—if society would learn what they are and determine to apply them.

HALF-GENIUS?

Frank Harris and Haldeman-Julius. By Albert Mordell. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 60c.

This reviewer feels that he ought to disqualify himself, as justices

do, from judging this book. He conceived, away back, a prejudice against and dislike of Frank Harris, the "hero" of this weird tale. He had read two volumes of Harris' short stories, "The Bomb," and chapters of the book on Shakespeare, and then had dismissed the author as a self-deceiving quack, half-genius and amoralist. Harris lectured in Chicago several times, but this reviewer attended none of them. A report of the last in the press was rather adverse. Harris had boasted of his amorous conquests and had called himself "a lucky dog." The reporter intimated that some spicy details of the pseudo-lecture were unprintable. The puritan and fastidious reviewer was thus confirmed in his disrelish.

Now here is a most interesting and intriguing account by an eminently judicious and fair-minded critic of what he describes as "a series of quarrels without equal in the annals of American letters," between Harris, the international adventurer, and Haldeman-Julius fixture of the respectable god-fearing American community named Girard, Kansas. The quarrels were not at bottom personal—they arose out of intellectual, ethical and esthetic differences. Who can resist the desire to read the piquant record, plus the author's balanced comments?

Not the reviewer, anyway. To render, my verdict and set forth the reasons for it would consume about half a page. I must forego that pleasure. The reader is entitled to his fun—and his doubts, misgivings and perplexities.

Harris's career was indeed extraordinary, without a parallel. He, an American, had managed somehow to acquire and edit one of Britain's ablest monthlies and most brilliant, if erratic, weekly. Under him, gifted artists and intellectuals did their best work. Shaw, Max Beerbohm and Runciman were for years Harris's co-workers, and took orders from him. He knew the great intimately and won their sincere praise. His range, as an author and biographer was

exceptional, and he confidently tackled the most difficult and complex problems. He was eccentric, daring, original and arrogant. He was vain and conceited. He was a revolutionist and a mystic, an anti-Semite and Atheist. He was unhappy and aggressive, abusive and alien.

What is the true final appraisal of this inscrutable character? Mr. Mordell—most excellent and thorough of critics—confesses that Harris has held him spellbound, though he was no thinker, no scholar, and no prophet. He adds that he can readily understand the enthusiasm of Harris's admirers, and returns to him again and again. Haldeman-Julius, after belaboring Harris with warranted hostile and harsh criticisms, winds up with the seemingly paradoxical qualification that "Harris was always a good, sincere, talented writer," whom he "had liked, admired and respected." Well; I give up in confusion. I still dislike Harris as a person, but do I do him justice as an artist, and fail to sense his rare distinction? Perhaps. Let the penetrating reader make up his own mind.

CLEAN MINDS

Questions and Answers About Pornography. By D. O. Cauldwell, M. D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

To the questions people of all ages and condition ask, or would ask if they were not ashamed, about pornography, there is no end. If they consult the dictionary, they learn the several synonyms of that term, but nothing else of real value. A special treatment of the subject has long been badly needed. We now have it in the booklet under notice here.

Dr. Cauldwell, after a candid introduction, gives us questions and answers actually posed and met. They cover various aspects of sex, normal and abnormal, because, as inquiry discloses, all talk and writing about pornography reduces itself to the irrational and contemptible Christian attitude toward sex. The majority of our educated and civilized men and women in the West can never get rid of

the notion, or feeling, that sex is unclean, "nasty," something that we all avoid discussing in our drawing rooms and educational institutions. The bedroom is another story, but who ever mentions the exercises and activities of married or unmarried couples in bed?

To do habitually and naturally things that we would rather expire than *talk* about is, of course, utterly incongruous and absurd. Man is paradoxical, and most paradoxical in his thoughts and ingrained sentiments concerning the love life.

Dr. Cauldwell has no illusions on the subject of human behavior. He advocates and stresses sex education—real, frank, detailed sex education and, as a result, a radically altered social attitude in the premises. The clean and healthy mind in a clean and healthy body is an ancient Greek ideal. We can develop clean minds and healthy bodies, if we resolve to face the facts of nature and life, repudiate religious superstition and ignorant dogma, and adhere to the spirit and methods of science and scientific philosophy.

A sane, simple message, yet how utopian today. The distribution of a million copies of the booklet would serve to bring that utopia considerably nearer.

EROTIC WRITING

Relation of Literature to Sex. By D. O. Cauldwell, M.D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

Sexology is a science. Few men of science write books that belong to literature. Much writing about sex is outside of literature. On the other hand, it is impossible to imagine literature without the themes arising out of love, passion, jealousy, romance, marriage, divorce, illicit relations. Great moralists have written novels, plays, short stories, poems, essays that are erotic in the broad sense of the term. "Sexy" books are not literature. The artists do not write to excite sexual desire. But sexual desire cannot be ignored or belittled by literary artists. There is sex in the Greek tragedies and comedies, as there is in Shakespeare, Moliere, Corneille, Racine,

Balzac, Zola, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Thackeray, Meredith, Goethe, Schiller, and hosts of others.

In the booklet under notice, Dr. Cauldwell gives us "a resume from the first symbol of sexual thought to the news of the day." The newspapers, whatever their motive, record cases which challenge the attention of psychologists, sexologists, ethicists, philosophers and artists. Tolstoy made the suggestion that novelists, instead of imagining their plots, might take them from the press reports and develop them with art and insight. Henry James actually did this, using odd anecdotes and casual table-conversation.

Of those who have thrown invaluable light on sex and its problems not a few wrote scientifically as well as artistically. Havelock Ellis and Freud are shining examples. Others laid no claim to literary power. Their data and disclosures serve often as the raw material for genuine literature.

Dr. Cauldwell first treats of primitive sex customs, including the biblical, then turns to sex and the literature of the Middle Ages, and closes with modern sex literature, starting with Freud, and winding up with up-to-the-minute sex stories in the news. Sensational cases are referred to and analyzed scientifically. The information supplied is interesting and absorbing from the opening paragraph down to the brief conclusion. The tone is just right, and there's considerable amusement in little-known historical accounts.

MAN AND HIS "GLORY"

Cybernetics—the New Science of the Electronic and the Human Brain. By Joseph McCabe. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

Well, we did not have to wait long. The need so many of us have felt for an elucidation of Cybernetics has been met sooner than any one had expected, and met not by a specialist but by our own lay scholar and popularizer of deep things scientific, McCabe. Here is the booklet we want and which answers most, if not all, of our questions in the given premises.

The answers require the modi-

fication of the poet's dictum that "the proper study of mankind is man." The proper study of mankind in this age of science and techniques is man and the machines he constructs for our benefit and—destruction. If man explains the machine, the latter may reciprocate by explaining man. Man thinks, said Pascal, and that is his glory. "I think," said Descartes, "therefore I am." Pretty soon, perhaps, the machine will echo this famous saying. "I, the machine, created by man, think, therefore I am, and therein is my glory."

McCabe looks backward as well as forward. He traces the evolution of the modern electronic machine in over two centuries, from the simple adding and multiplying types; proceeds to examine Cybernetics, and then ventures the prediction that some decades hence our conscious thought may be satisfactorily explained. He is, of course, correct in remarking that "mystical or philosophical explanations were never more than empty phrases." The few books we have on the art of thinking tell us nothing of the thinking process—they do tell us how to prepare for thinking and make it fruitful.

I confess I can't understand why the scientists say that very soon the electronic robot will play a "moderate" game of chess. Why not a masterly game, if the robot is constructed by a master chess-player? Nor am I clear as to certain other phenomena in thinking. Will robots ever hesitate, take time to decide upon the next move, as humans so often do, change the intention while the hand moves to carry out the command of the "tablespoonful of gray matter" in the cortex?

Be this as it may, the fascinating subject of this McCabe booklet is bound to engage attention and stimulate speculation and invention during the next several years. We will do well to keep abreast of the discussion. Begin right now with McCabe's up-to-the-minute contribution.

PASSION AND THE DOCTOR

Sex and Medicine. By D. O. Cauldwell, M.D. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 35c.

As the intelligent public knows, often to its sorrow, the physician today is apt to be a narrow specialist. If you are ill and advised to go to a hospital, you will be treated by several simultaneously resident and other doctors. Each will send you a bill, and each will magnify the value of his service. The cost of medical, surgical and other forms of care is prohibitive for all but the very rich and very poor.

This is not progress. The old family doctor was far more competent to heal, arrest and prevent disease than the trained specialist of our time. Without knowing it, he was a sexologist, among other things. He was also a psychologist, and, above all, he had good sense and varied rich experience.

We may never see his like again, but medicine is marching, evolving and the general public is playing a modest part in this evolution. It is demanding a national health service, and, according to Dr. Cauldwell, "there is a growing tendency of the public to force the removal of the traditional false cloak of secrecy and silence in the manifestations of sex. This wholesome tendency, says the author of the booklet, "may lead to the establishment of a chair of sexology in the medical schools of the country."

Such a chair is overdue. It is highly desirable. Some medical schools have boldly established chairs of social hygiene, and this is a step toward the more radical innovation. For sexology, as Dr. Cauldwell points out, is a branch of medical science, and it deserves the place of a specialty along with psychiatry, obstetrics, gynecology, pediatrics, geriatrics, etc." To study sexology in its relation, past and present, to medicine and other sciences, as the booklet does, is to become convinced of the soundness of the above suggestion.

There was sex hygiene in pre-historic ages—as the Bible shows—

and we have lurid accounts of sex hygiene in the different civilizations of so-called historic times. The connection between sex and medicine commanded the attention of famous physicians and lay authors centuries ago. Today the scope of Sexology is much broader, because of the extraordinary developments in other sciences. Indications of that scope or jurisdiction are found in the type and range of questions put to and answered by Dr. Cauldwell. Here are examples: asceticism or abstinence and its effects on health, adultery in its medical aspect, sex physique, hormones, the rhythm methods and mechanical birth control, transvestism, vicious and dubious modalities, including the fake French "tickler."

The sexologist will be in great demand as the new science develops, and if he is also a physician and general practitioner he will deprive many clergymen and priests of their functions as consultants or directors of family clinics or centers dispensing advice to married or engaged couples pathetically ignorant of sex—its ethics and esthetics, its pleasures and pains.

CRACKED CATHOLIC VOICES

Rome's Syllabus of Condemned Opinions. By Joseph McCabe. Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. 50c.

The sub-title of this booklet is as encouraging as it is expressive and significant. Who hasn't heard of the famous Syllabus, and who has read it or has any idea of its contents and its dicta? Hosts of Americans, including good Catholics who are also loyal Americans, will be amazed as they scan and examine this document. Amazed and at the same time reassured by the thought that, in McCabe's words, it is "the last blast of the Catholic church's medieval trumpet." Yes, the blast has a medieval and uncertain sound, and few are disposed to rush to the barricades or the ramparts and do battle for the Pope or his God.

The translation of the Syllabus by McCabe is a service to candid and cogent thinking. It not only

sheds light on the past, it also answers a question often asked by American Protestants, Jews and Rationalists—namely, what would our Catholics, under papal leadership or command, do to our system and our fundamental laws if they found themselves in power politically by virtue of a majority mandate?

We are not losing sleep over this theoretical possibility, but the question is nevertheless full of interest. The Syllabus answers it to our complete satisfaction, and no sophistry or double-talk by astute American cardinals and archbishops can raise a doubt in any honest mind. Not a single American principle would be acceptable. All of them are damnable and heresies, and to suppress them would be a sacred obligation and a cherished privilege.

Didn't the late Monsignor J. Ryan admit that Catholics have to be intolerant, because "error has not the same right as truth?" And, of course, the truth is what the infallible Pope thinks it is. As simple as that!

In vain will the American liberal quote Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, Emerson, Parker, in support of our basic principles. They were fallible men, and to err is human. The Pope alone is infallible. He will rule America as he ruled Europe in the Dark Ages. To resist him is a mortal sin.

And what about the liberal Catholics? These are often quite sincere in believing that Rome has toned down and adjusted its traditional uncompromising dogmatism in deference to American convictions and sentiments. Sincerity, however, is no guaranty of validity and realism. Rome makes no distinctions: all liberalism is deadly poison to it, and it knows that intellectual concessions would be fatal to its authority. Opportunism and expediency are another matter. Rome can play the crooked political game, and deceive others, but never itself.

NO, MAN IS NOT OBSOLETE

I AM grateful to E. Haldeman-Julius for his republication of my

paper, "Pessimism and Optimism." After reading Editor Norman Cousins' editorial, "Confessions of a Universalist," a revealing piece of noble writing, I feel particularly grateful. Mr. Cousins arrives at the conclusion which I reached and expressed 'way back in 1916! He protests he is not the alarmist or pessimist many readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* believed he was. He is not a complacent, cheerful, "Rotarian" optimist, either. He did not mean to say that man is obsolete, or that a thoughtful realist must resign from the human race. He appears to have been misunderstood, and he blames himself for it, since his emphasis was on the perils we face rather than on the extant grounds for hope and faith which he recognizes, and which make him a Meliorist and a dynamic worker and fighter for World Federation and World Government.

His position as now clarified is sound, philosophical and inspiring. So, I believe, is my old paper. I do not, however, quite agree with Editor Cousins that, in the light of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs, the need for a world government is "urgent." The sense of urgency argues insufficient appreciation of the extraordinary ambivalence of man, his infinite complexity and flexibility, his reserves of courage and depth, subtlety and vision.

Man can now destroy himself. Collective suicide is possible. But it is not probable—it is, indeed, highly improbable. The recent and current developments in politics and diplomacy are not all disheartening. Some point to genuine and substantial progress in the near future. Man is drawing on his vital reserves, half unconsciously, but also consciously to some degree.

The atomic bombs are not likely to be used in the next war—if there is to be another war. The feeling against that weapon is growing in religious as well as Humanist and Rationalist circles. More and more of our military experts are now willing to say, flatly, that we were guilty of an atrocity and grave blunder at Hiroshima and Naga-

saki. Japan would have surrendered anyhow, and without heavy losses for our forces in the final hours. Our conscience is not clear. We shall be far more careful and deliberate hereafter. We shall consult our scientists, educators and religious leaders "next time" before dropping our "eggs" on Russian centers, and the advice of these groups is certain to be "Don't!"

Meantime the U.N. and its agencies are functioning and earning credit for notable achievements as well as for projected enterprises. War talk is much less frequent and much less truculent and violent. The forces of peace and decency are more confident and quite active. Conferences and constructive suggestions are the order of the day, despite the silence of the plutocratic and commercial press. Wild and mendacious charges against the Kremlin now fall on less receptive ears. The humbug in the artificial scares and panics is being exposed by many speakers and debaters, and the public is not unimpressed.

Trustworthy and experienced observers in Europe agree that no nation there is disposed to fight Russia, and that millions will refuse to fight, defying the governments and the war lords, if the irresponsible American reactionaries succeed in precipitating a totally unnecessary and disastrous conflict. The man in the street is at last ready to admit that the only way to "defend" any country today is to prevent war in any part of the small world.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SEX

Love and Death. A study in censorship. By G. Legman. Breaking Point, New York. 95 pages.

THIS is an angry and violent book. True, the provocation is great and the intelligent lover of freedom and candor can make a strong case for overstatement and unrestrained wrath. Still, the problems treated by the author are as old as history and exceedingly complex. Epithets and invective, however justified in principle, do not shed any light on profound

questions of this character. After stormy protest, the cultured, studious Rationalist should seek knowledge and understanding. Psychology, anthropology, comparative religion and other sciences can and ought to account, in part at least, for human perversity and apparently vain and unnatural behavior.

The booklet under notice is more than an indictment and condemnation of censorship in letters of art. It is a study of the religious, puritanical, genteel and philistine attitudes toward sex in its normal and abnormal manifestations. What is wrong with sex? Why are we ashamed of our organs of reproduction and of our pleasure in sexual intercourse? Religion is natural to primitive, ignorant and curious humans, and why evolved religion should dread and shun sex is itself a question in need of explanation. Moreover, Rationalists are not all rational in dealing with sex. Whatever reason may tell them in maturity, habit, tradition, lingering superstitions, lack of independence and of moral courage resist the judgment. An eminent professor of philosophy and a man of the world told this writer that he had found it impossible to discuss sex scientifically with his only son, who, he thought, might not "keep himself clean" physically and mentally, despite a thoroughly rational upbringing. Conventional morality, of course, was rejected by both of them.

Mr. Legman divides his book into these sections: Institutionalized lynch; not for children; avatars of the bitch; open season for women. In each of these sections he has much to say that urgently needed saying. He is, to repeat, bitter and intemperate here and there. Of the average writer who has to dodge or fool the censor, he says: "He gibbers, he capers, he thumbs his nose and fires off popguns, but the truth is not in him. . . . From leader, light-bearer, he has fallen away to jester and dishonorable jape."

The theme of the whole discussion is perhaps summarized in the following quotation:

There is no mundane substitute

for sex except sadism. . . . Sadism does substitute. It can dispense with all earthly relation to sex; can dispense even with orgasm, thus allowing its adherents to preen themselves on the 'purity' of their ruthless delights."

The study of the "Bitch," in literature, from Delilah and Salome down to Carmen, Becky Sharp and Scarlett, is revealing and candid. What causes the eternal war between the sexes? What has the emancipated modern woman contributed to our knowledge of the bitch? And what is the poor male doing to vindicate his honor and self-respect?

For pungent, pointed suggestions relative to these matters, I must refer the reader to the booklet. It is, to use a hackneyed phrase, exciting and stimulating.

THE SHEPHERD SPEAKS— AND FORGETS

O Shepherd, Speak! By Upton Sinclair. 630 pages. \$3.50.

UPTON SINCLAIR, novelist, democratic Socialist, indefatigable propagandist and fighter, has decided to end the absorbing and incredible story of Lanny Budd with the 10th volume, under the above title. A great deal has been written about this extraordinary series of fictional histories of our tragic period. Not all of the comment has been laudatory, some of it has been double-talk, and some frankly adverse. In not a few instances reluctant admiration has been felt—and expressed. The achievement is indeed colossal, and no other living American author could have conceived it and persevered, despite unforeseen complications and calamities, till the word "finale" seemed logical and appropriate.

I shall not condense the plot of the long story or even of the final volume. The newspapers have done that for us, and if this or that reader has no desire to buy or borrow the volume and peruse it at leisure, no summary will do any good in his case. What this reviewer has said to many friends is that fictional history has never tempted him as a literary genre. Life is stranger than fiction, and

life during the decades covered by Mr. Sinclair beggars any description or imagination. Nothing in the story is in the least improbable. Anything can happen in our so-called civilization.

Naturally, Mr. Sinclair writes and paints from his own point of view—that of a Socialist, American democrat, humanist and artist. As a reformer, democratic Socialist, American (by adoption), realist and student of philosophy, this reviewer is in agreement with much of the author's interpretation of events, characters and movements. With much, but not with all. To the "interview" with Stalin I take vigorous exception. To the qualified but still far too eulogistic and romantic estimate of Harry S. Truman, nominal President of the United States, I demur sharply. The note of hope in the final paragraphs is legitimate and gratifying, however. The intelligence service commits, egregious blunders. But the people do not want war, will not suffer dumb or thrifty politicians and merchants of death to precipitate war for the sake of Hitler prosperity, and will weary of false alarms and fake red conspiracies against the U.S. government.

On second thought, it would be interesting to know what Lanny would say or do about the Greek-Turk policy of Truman, the North Atlantic (war) alliance, the re-arming of western Europe, and the restoration of Nazi power and influence in Germany. Perhaps Sinclair was well-advised by his daemon to stop just when and where he did.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

VINCENT SHEEAN'S thought-provoking piece on love in the July *Atlantic* should also provoke candid discussion, à la Kinsey. We Anglo-Saxon-Americans (North), take the "romantic" view of love and marriage, and think the Latin idea cold-blooded, if not subhuman. Marriage for convenience, as a calculated risk, under the guidance of reason, and even of parental planning, what treason to love!

Mr. Sheehan, apparently, leans

toward the Latin attitude, while recognizing that love at first sight is not mere fiction. Darwin, no mean witness in matters of sex and genetics, opined that love at first sight is more than a frail reed to depend on in assuming the responsibilities and tasks of the marriage relationship. On the other hand, romantic love is certainly no guarantee of permanence, or of durability. It is eminently fleeting. Variety, of a moderate degree, seems natural to males, and probably to females as well—as some of them frankly admit nowadays.

But Mr. Sheehan did not stop to distinguish the elements of what we call love. Let us be semanticists, and carefully define our terms. Attraction at first sight is not love. Desire is not love. Passion is not love. The poet said, "Beauty draws us by a single hair," but if a given embodiment of beauty, doll like, lacks intelligence, good temper, abiding charm, marriage in that case would soon end in divorce or separation. Without companionship, comradeship, common interests and common tastes, the so-called love turns to indifference and often dislike. Love follows marriage, say the Latins, in many instances, given the right qualities of mind and character. Most women are attractive to most men, and vice versa. The French, realistic in these things, say that you cannot safely leave any man and women alone in a room for hours, unless both are deformed or disgustingly ugly. Is this cynicism or the sober voice of experience? Yes, as Mr. Sheehan says, love can be creative and can convert ordinary persons into models of virtue and steadiness, at least in family life. But not all ordinary persons. The requisite qualities are not to be taken for granted, though they are not as rare as the pessimists think.

THAT ABSURD TRIAL

WE CANNOT expect the newspaper press or the commercial weeklies and magazines to deal honestly and candidly with the trial in New York of 11 Communist leaders, the evidence offered by the prosecution, the arguments of counsel, the

verdict of the extraordinary jury and the contempt sentences vindictively passed by Judge Harold R. Medina. We can ask the bar associations and the faculties of the university, law schools to do that. They cannot afford not to study and ponder the record, not to analyze the statute upon which the indictments and trial were avowedly based, and not to express a considered opinion on the rightness and legality of the verdict. This is still a tolerably free country, and the professors and practitioners of law have the obligation fearlessly to assess and appraise important, not to say momentous, "criminal" trials involving constitutional issues and the freedoms we are supposed to enjoy under the Bill of Rights.

Meantime, I humbly suggest to self-respecting and sober-minded lawyers to start an investigation of the notorious trial by reading, without prejudice, George Marion's exciting and penetrating account of that sordid affair "The Communist Trial—An American Crossroads," (published by Fairplay Publishers, 25 West 44th street, New York 18, N. Y. \$3.)

Several of the charges leveled by the author at the Department of Justice seem incredible, but the evidence in support of them is most persuasive. The trial was a foolish blunder, as the liberal journals now recognize, but it was a partisan and political move, motivated by Tom Clark's desire to deprive the Republicans of the "Communism" or red-herring issue. Law and national security had little to do with the crude plot.

The indictment was exceedingly vague, and the verdict illogical and, to the public, paradoxical. No deeds of violence had been committed by any of the defendants. No reason was shown why 1,100 or 11,000, Communists had not been indicted for teaching the duty and necessity of overthrowing the capitalistic regime. If the 11 are guilty, all Communists are guilty of this "crime." The First Amendment authorizes such "crimes." Jefferson and Lincoln believed in the right of the people to overthrow by

force a corrupt and iniquitous government.

Moreover, if the 11 are guilty, then the Communist party is guilty. That party teaches the duty and necessity of revolution in the conviction that Capitalism will never surrender its power to rob and exploit the wage-workers. The party is still legal; thousands of its members are still free to teach and preach revolution, yet the 11 face penitentiary terms! The utter absurdity of the affair leaps to the eye.

As for the prosecution's witnesses, they were mostly a bunch of traitors, spies, renegades, professional liars and cheap fakers. None of them were worthy of credence. It is doubtful whether the queer jury believed any of them. Its verdict was not the result of "deliberation." It had neither the time nor the disposition to weigh the evidence in all the 11 cases and satisfy itself that the defendants were each and all guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. It is an insult to average intelligence to pretend otherwise.

The trial established nothing and cleared up nothing. It was a waste of energy and money, a scandal and fraud under the Bill of Rights.

FAKE ADS INSTEAD OF BREAD

AMERICANS who have traveled in Europe have often asked themselves why our bread is so poor and insipid, and English bread even worse, while French bread, wherever you eat it, in the best hotels or the most modest bistros and boulevard restaurants, is so appetizing and excellent. What's the secret of the French housewives and ordinary bakeries? Or is there any secret?

A most illuminating article in *Commentary*, that ably edited and informing monthly, recently dealt with this matter. The author of this article is James Rorty, a noted writer on ecology as well as on our advertising fakes. The entire article is worth reproduction, but I've no space for it just now.

The great milling and baking interests, writes Rorty, are unable to provide us with a decent loaf of bread. They find themselves in a

financial and technological cul-de-sac. Rorty continues:

"One notes, in this not untypical human ecological situation, such factors as the vested interests established by the food industries in nutritionally obsolete methods of producing and distributing flour and bread, and in popular food preferences and habits which they themselves are largely responsible for creating or perverting by means of advertising; the utilization of chemistry and other sciences to serve the technical convenience and financial profit of the manufacturer rather than the health and nutrition of the consumer; the progressive liquidation of the consumer press that began around the turn of the century and was completed during the early New Deal by the emasculation of the Tugwell pure food bill and Henry Wallace's purge of the consumer advocates who had gained a brief foothold in the Department of Agriculture; the food lobbyists' terrorization of the Food and Drug Administration and other government agencies; the 'cartelization' of the food scientists by the establishment of industry-supported foundations that control most of the funds available for nutritional research.

"Once this situation is grasped it becomes possible to understand the tragicomedy played by our War Food Administration with its wasteful and compromising 'enrichment program.' (While the public was given to believe that the nutritional elements originally removed from the wheat to make American flour had been restored, actually the 'enrichment' restored only a relatively small fraction of the lost minerals and vitamins.) It is also possible to extract wry amusement from the fact that today if you want to eat a decent piece of bread your best bet is to get yourself committed to one of the New York State

mental hospitals. As a result of the joint labors of Commissioner MacCurdy and Dr. Clive M. McCay of Cornell University, these hospitals are now serving the best bread in America."

What a situation! Meantime, the bakers and allied industries pile up their lying ads, their phony claims, their romantic names for the poorest bread imaginable in a country proud of its technology and its science. We demand good bread, and we get instead plain and fancy lies about the inferior bread we have to eat. Why can't a French company open bakeries here and make a fortune? There's no law to prevent it. We have some good individual bakers, like Mrs. Rudkin, in Connecticut, but they're just a drop in the bucket.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN COURT

SEVERAL months ago a clique of notorious and vulgar anti-Semites won a libel case against a Chicago small and struggling Jewish weekly. Heavy damages were awarded the plaintiffs by the jury and accepted by the presiding judge. The trial was a disgrace to justice and law. It shocked not only Jews but liberals and enlightened Americans of all factions and schools. The commercial press ignored it—of course. It wasn't "news fit to print," was it?

Well, the Cook County Appellate court unanimously reversed the verdict in the sordid case and incidentally administered a stinging rebuke to the court and jury. It is a pleasure to print a few of the courts ringing sentences:

"... In our consideration of this appeal we found it difficult, at first, to believe that the evidence and the arguments to which we have referred form a part of the transcript of the record of a trial in an American court. The 'testimony' of plaintiffs McWilliams and Mrs. Dilling consists partly of wild attacks upon Jews, their religion and Jewish organizations, although there is not the slightest competent evidence

to warrant the attacks. The 'arguments' in behalf of plaintiffs to which we have referred are mere vicious, rabble-rousing appeals to religious and racial passions and prejudices, and the harm done to defendants by the appeals was greatly aggravated by the fact that the court remained silent while they were made, although the 'arguments' constituted a grave affront to justice."

Let the moronic anti-Semites bring more libel suits. I am sure The Freeman would be glad to appear as defendant and thus get a chance to wipe the floor with a few of the pestilential breed.

POOR PRESS REPORTING

I HAVE just put down the February 14 issue of *The Reporter*, a new fortnightly launched by newspapermen for the purpose of criticizing and reforming certain features and practices of the daily and weekly press. It is not another *In Fact*, nor an antidote for the lies and fakes of the press. If the issue before me is typical, *The Reporter* will do very little good. Its diagnosis of "the matter with the press" is singularly superficial and crude. If it has no higher mission than that outlined by the Editor, Max Ascoli, and illustrated by Dwight MacDonald in a long and futile piece on the *New York Times*, it might as well go out of business.

Let me quote from the editorial:

"The major trouble with the American press—daily and weekly—is that it doesn't give its readers or writers time to think. As a wistful editorial in *Life* puts it, the 'system . . . all too often allows no pause for reflection.' There is no reason why a weekly should not pause to reflect now and then, and even the dailies, with one-seventh of the time, could unquestionably pause more often than they do.

"The American press is unquestionably sick. The remedy, we believe, lies in tackling the most dangerous aspects of the

illness and in showing that the public is best informed when it is given proven facts and a chance to see them in perspective—a chance to think. If we had not been convinced of this, we never would have bothered to start *The Reporter*."

To be frank and blunt, the above is nonsense. You might as well indict a cold-blooded murderer for breaking the strict Sabbath laws. The major trouble with the sick American press is that it is not honest, not fair in presenting news, not unprejudiced. The press is Big Business and reflects the ignorant and reactionary opinions of Big Business. In doing so, it slants news and suppresses news. In short, it serves not the public, but the advertisers who alone can give the press generous profits.

The editors and contributors of *The Reporter* either do not read *In Fact* or, if they do read it, prefer to preserve silence on the vices and failures of the commercial press. The same is true of the report of the so-called Chicago commission on the press under the title "A Free and Responsible Press." They either have never read that remarkable document or they discreetly refrain from any reference or allusion to its severe indictment of the press and its recommendations.

That the newspapers and weeklies are altogether too bulky and leave one little time for reflection, is true enough. The Sunday paper is an abomination. But after all, one can skip the sporting pages, the ads, the gossip, the comics and much else, and read only the pages dealing with politics, economics, esthetics, recreation and entertainment. The best papers are not properly edited. But we could tolerate considerable inefficiency, waste and tiresome repetition if the press were truthful, reasonably progressive and responsible.

WHY DO WE LAUGH?

A GERMAN journalist, after a short visit to this country, reported to his readers in Berlin that Americans are inordinately addicted to

laughter. Everything makes them smile, grin and laugh. All the ads, whatever the product, be it beer or toothpicks, cradles or beds, potato chips, candy bars, or even coffins, those who sell or buy them are invariably represented as laughing.

As a matter of fact, it is the photographers, working under instructions from their fathead employers, or the hired psychologists of the latter, that insist on laughter, even at funerals. Statesmen, diplomats, presidents, scientists, generals—all have to pose as directed and to laugh. Few Americans have the moral courage to resent and ignore this demand.

If we aren't a laughing people par excellence, we do laugh up to our full quota. Why do we, or any other people, laugh? The psychologists and moralists have often wrestled with the question, and their conclusions are not satisfactory. Spencer, in an early essay, discussed learnedly the physiology of laughter, and I am not aware that his explanations have been shaken by recent inquirers. Henri Bergson, though a philosopher, wrote a little book on laughter and advanced a novel and ingenious theory. According to him, laughter is a mild form of social punishment or discipline. No one enjoys being laughed at, and hence certain behavior, socially obnoxious, but not deserving punishment under the code, will be avoided.

The weakness of this theory is this—it makes no distinction between laughing at people and laughing with people. The difference behind this distinction is not unimportant. An explanation of either kind of laughter fails to explain the other kind also. We need then, two theories.

In the February, 1950, *Atlantic*, one of our contemporary humorists and satirists, Al Capp, advanced a theory of laughter not very different from the generally accepted one—that we laugh because we feel superior to and safer, better-off than the creature we laugh at, the Chaplin tramp, the pompous and pretentious humbug, etc. Capp thinks that all of us have a sense of inferiority and insecurity, and

desperately need reassurance. We are not, then, cruel or heartless, we are simply full of doubts and fears.

There is some truth in this hypothesis, but as *Life* observes editorially, it fails to explain why we laugh with some people when we are cheerful and in high spirits, or when telling and listening to smutty stories while sipping a champagne punch or imported port.

The theory that will cover all causes and varieties of laughter is yet to be evolved.

STOKES ON PRESS VS. NEWS

IN A volume of journalistic confessions entitled "Dateline: Washington," the question of news coverage and reporting is treated in gingerly fashion by all contributors save one—Thomas L. Stokes, to whom *The Freeman* paid a merited tribute in a recent issue. Stokes is the only surviving liberal correspondent in the Scripps-Howard service, yet he is not afraid to tell the truth about the press and the responsibility for the suppression or emasculation of news.

The brass-check editorial writers who pretend that all is well with the press can't dismiss Stokes and his charges as they dismiss lay critics. They will ignore him, as they do other insiders and keen observers. They are not fooling the public, however.

I regret that the lack of space restricts me to brief quotations from Stokes' chapter. But they are revealing enough: He writes:

"The New Deal era was a great story. There was an equally great story when the reaction against the Roosevelt-reform era set in, when the giant economic forces that Franklin D. Roosevelt had checked for a time revived and came back to do battle. They moved in en masse after election of the Republican Eightieth Congress.

"That was a great and dramatic story with the exciting ingredient of conflict. Yet this counter revolution was not nearly so well covered from Washington as the original revolution. The devious opera-

tions of powerful interests in Washington politics did not get the coverage that they deserved, though there were some Washington reporters who dug constantly and deeply to reveal how, for example, the private utilities were trying to break down federal regulatory laws and stop the needed expansion of public power projects already authorized; how real estate interests worked to defeat rent control and needed housing legislation that had been promised to war veterans by both parties; how other special interests tried to weaken the Wage Hour and Social Security Acts; how certain tariff-protected industries almost succeeded in killing the reciprocal program; and so on.

"This conservative counter revolution, which was carefully plotted and promoted by corporate wealth and finance, was minimized and underplayed in news dispatches out of Washington, and what went out was in turn given even less attention often by the newspapers themselves, all of which might be explained on the editorial page where this same counter revolution was either overlooked entirely, condoned or even praised."

The news coverage is inadequate, in short, because the press is not impartial and not honest. Some news the public never gets. The correspondents may send it, but it is consigned to the waste basket. The press is the willing and zealous servant of plutocracy, with but few laudable exceptions.

MATURITY AND EDUCATION

AN ENGLISH philosopher emphasizes the need of the Unitary Man. At present most men are divided against themselves. They aren't "integrated." An American professor of sociology stresses the need of "mature men," and at present this type is scarce. I've said much about the infantilism of Americans, and of the success with which this trait is exploited by commercialism. Of course, I've let Dr. B. Liber say

a great deal more on this subject of the backwardness of the American mind. Maturity would transform many aspects of our life. It would revolutionize politics.

The question arises, How can we promote maturity? Just what factors keep us juvenile or even infantile? What's wrong with education? The high-school graduates, to say nothing of college and professional-school graduates, should certainly be reasonably mature. What's education for if not mature living?

Education has been sharply criticized from many points of view, and dissatisfaction with it is apparently universal. It's too technical, charge some. It's too superficial, say others. It's too miscellaneous, scrappy, and lacks a solid basis, according to nearly all students of it.

It's obvious that if maturity is to be the desideratum and objective in education, it'll have to be reconstructed from top to bottom. Character and conduct will need to be given much more attention than now and mere sermonizing will have to be dropped in favor of activities, physical and cultural, which require co-operation, unselfish devotion to a common aim, discipline and high seriousness. Music, dramatics, discussion, exploration, construction, severally tend to build character. We don't use them with any system or method.

The studies, too, will have to be overhauled and reorganized. The past is important but not as important as the present. Neither can be comprehended in isolation. To know either, one has to know both. But the point is, the problems of the present must be defined and clearly formulated in the first place, and light from the past, if such there be, sought and applied.

Actual problems, particularly complex ones, profoundly affect youth. Indifference to them would be ascribable, mostly, to poor, perfunctory, dry teaching. The good teacher would move, stir and impress his students and make them work hard and earnestly. Theory should be accompanied by

vital contacts and experiences. The possibilities and facilities in industry and politics are infinite if school and shop, factory, farm, railroad and communication contrive to organize co-operative tasks.

Sighing and yearning for maturity won't yield any results. Educational reforms of a significant character would graduate mature men and women, capable of planning and achieving constructive action in all social fields.

MAN AND HIS ETHICS

WHAT is Man, and what is his origin and history? What is his true place in nature, and what is continued evolution likely to make of him?

These and similar questions of basic importance are treated with unusual vigor, clarity and candor in a book by Prof. George Gaylord Simpson, entitled, "The Meaning of Evolution: A Study of the History of Life and Its Significance for Man." The bold author completely ignores antiquated theology and mysticism. He follows science as far as it goes, and stops when it stops. The mystery of life remains a mystery. The vitalists and telefinalists mistake new terms for new ideas. They merely give a name to inexplicability, and this is not science or sense.

Man is still evolving, but with this difference: he can now control the development of his society. He has evolved ethics, his ethics, not cosmic. Organic evolution is beyond his powers of comprehension.

These views are identical with T. H. Huxley's of two generations ago. They are open to question, however, in the light of the new data in biology and psychology. Man is unique, in some respects, but he has no monopoly of altruism. There is, we now know, mutual aid in the animal world, and there are forms or degrees of sociability in lower forms of life.

Pseudo-scientists of the duNouy type have confused many half-baked religionists by talk of evidence of purpose and design in the cosmos. This has brought much comfort to the theologians. Professor Simpson has no patience with

this line of argumentation. He discerns no trace of method or design in the universe. He cannot imagine a creator capable of so much waste, so much blundering, so much cruelty and brutality, as the universe presents to our intelligence. Evolution, he points out, is partly random and partly oriented. The whole process has been irregular, with many dead ends and lost motion, and the notion of purpose seems excluded. The existence of God is a mere assumption, and it explains nothing in any case. If the cosmos had been planned for a purpose, the evolutionary process would have been more orderly and more economical.

ALL PASSION SPENT?

THE UNDERSIGNED begs to thank Editor E. H.-J. for the solicitude and kindness he manifested toward me by suggesting that I give my tired brain a rest and my emotional nature a lift, or thrill, by looking at the pictures—too glamorous—of girls, girls, and more girls. A periodical called *Eyeful*, with a minimum of text and a maximum of temptation in the shape of semi-nudity, provides this stimulating fare.

"Oh, to be 70 again," sighed Justice Holmes at 90 at the sight of two attractive young females walking past him. This writer is not yet 90. He is not likely to get excited by girls appearing not "in person," but in poorly printed photographs. The issue in question, moreover, lacked beauty. There wasn't one good-looker in it, if faces be the criterion. There were legs, bosoms, more legs, more bosoms, and buttocks too. Alas, none appealed. All lacked something. No allure!

So the undersigned regrets to report that neither his eyes nor his brain got any rest from the aforesaid exhibits. He gets it occasionally from *Life*, which does a better job with the same material—feminine legs, bosoms and buttocks. He would get more if he were tired and 70 again. He isn't at all tired, and passion is all—well, nearly all—spent. *Eyeful* is for the young and inexperienced, for the unimaginative and anemic.

He denounced people's pet notions and made them like it

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