

made from the wide variety of subjects offered. Painstaking study and careful thought are required to prepare and present a properly balanced and generally acceptable radio program.

In the present development of broadcasting, freedom is greatly to be desired, but in any event the exercise of control must be by the government, not by any private corporation or combination of corporations.

Radio—The Fulcrum

By HUDSON MAXIM

GIVE me control of the air that a man breathes, and he shall drop his opinion and adopt my opinion and he shall vote as I vote.

Not only is the air our breath of life, but also it is the *why* we have ears and organs of speech. Give me control of what goes into a man's ears, and I shall control his organs of speech.

Public opinion goes in through the ears. Give me control of the sources of information to which public opinion lends its ears, and I shall be able to exclude all opposing opinions and shape public opinion to suit myself.

Archimedes said: "Give me the *where* to stand and the fulcrum, and I will with my lever lift the world." Radio supplies the *where* to stand and the fulcrum for the Archimedean lever with which he who controls radio may raise or lower the world.

Let the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League have control of the evening radio talks to children, and they will be in a position to fill their minds with superstition, and make them into men and women who

shall be the pawns of propagandists of blue laws and prohibitions.

Give the control of radio to the scientists and rationalists, and they will be in a position to fill the children's minds with science and rationality, and make them into men and women who shall be governed by reason, and not by superstition, fanaticism, and prejudice.

The private monopolist of radio broadcasting would be in a position to extinguish freedom's last remaining flickering glim that federal prohibition has not yet doused. He would be in a position to wipe out the last vestige of self-government still left by the Anti-Saloon League to the American people. Although the people might still believe that they were doing their own thinking, their own choosing, and that they were voting with their own volition, they would actually be mere pawns in the play.

Radio broadcasting is both the most marvelous mystery and the greatest potentiality that has ever been harnessed to man's use, and it has such vast possibilities of misuse as a club that its possible clubbing use should be most wisely considered before a private monopoly should be permitted to control it.

I distrust the wisdom of allowing radio broadcasting to be controlled by any private monopoly, but I also distrust the wisdom and the ability and the justice of federal control of radio. The solution seems to lie between the devil of private monopoly and the deep sea of perilous paternalism. The government has the right of eminent domain over the air, but the Anti-Saloon League exercises eminent domain over the government.

I must confess that I am puzzled. Perhaps the control of radio should be made quasi-private and quasi-governmental.

The Sex Uproar

By H. L. MENCKEN

IT is the economic emancipation of woman, I suppose, that must be blamed for the present wholesale discussion of the sex question, so offensive to the romantic. Eminent authorities have full often described, and with the utmost heat and eloquence, her state before she was delivered from her fetters and turned loose to root or die. Almost her only recognized trade, in those dark days, was that of wife. True enough, she might also become a servant girl, or go to work in a factory, or offer herself upon the streets, but all those vocations were so dreadful that no rational woman followed them if she could help it; she would leave any of them instantly at the call of a man, for the call of a man meant promotion for her, economically and socially.

The males of the time, knowing what a boon they had to proffer, drove hard bargains. They demanded a long list of high qualities in the women they summoned to their seraglios, but most of all they demanded what they called virtue. It was not sufficient that a candidate should be anatomically undefiled; she must also be absolutely pure in mind. There was, of course, but one way to keep her that pure, and that was by building a high wall around her mind, and hitting her with a club every time she ventured to look over it. It was as dangerous, in those Christian days, for a woman to show any interest in or knowledge of the great

physiological farce of sex as it would be today for a presidential candidate to reveal himself in his cups on the hustings. Everyone knew, to be sure, that as a mammal she had a sex, and that as a potential wife and mother she probably had some secret interest in its phenomena, but it was felt, perhaps wisely, that even the most academic theorizing had within it the deadly germs of the experimental method, and so she was forbidden to think about the matter at all, and whatever information she actually acquired she had to acquire by a method of bootlegging.

The generation still on its legs has seen the almost total collapse of that naive and constabulary system. Beginning with the eighties of the last century, there rose up a harem rebellion which quickly knocked it to pieces. The women of the Western world not only began to plunge heroically into all of the old professions, hitherto sacred to men; they also began to invent a lot of new professions, many of them unimagined by men. Worse, they began to succeed in them. The working woman of the old days worked only until she could snare a man; any man was better than her work. But the working woman of the new days was under no such pressure; her work made her a living and sometimes more than a living; when a man appeared in her net she took two looks at him before landing him. The result

was an enormous augmentation of her feeling of self-sufficiency, her spirit of independence, her natural inclination to get two sides into the bargaining. The result, secondarily, was a revolt against all the old taboos that had surrounded her, all the childish incapacities and ignorances that had been forced upon her. The result, tertiarily, was a vast running amuck in the field that, above all others, had been forbidden to her: that of sexual knowledge and experiment.

We now suffer from the effects of that running amuck. It is women, not men, who are doing all the current gabbling about sex and proposing all the new-fangled modifications of the rules and regulations ordained by God, and they are hard at it, very largely, because being at it at all is a privilege that is still new to them. The whole order of human females, in other words, is passing through a sort of intellectual adolescence, and it is disturbed as greatly thereby as biological adolescents are disturbed by the spouting of the hormones. The attitude of men toward the sex question, it seems to me, has not changed greatly in my time. Barring a few earnest men whose mental processes, here as elsewhere, are essentially womanish, they still view it somewhat jocosely. Taking one with another, they believe that they know all about it that is worth knowing, and so it does not challenge their curiosity, and they do not put in much time discussing it. But among the women, if a bachelor may presume to judge, interest in it is intense. They want to know all that is known about it, all that has been guessed and theorized about it; they bristle with ideas of their own about it. It is hard to find a reflective woman, in these days, who is not harboring some new and startling scheme for curing the evils of monogamous marriage; it is impossible to find any woman who has not given ear to such schemes. Women, not men, read the endless books upon the subject that now rise mountain-high in all the bookstores, and women, not men, discuss and rediscuss the notions in them. An acquaintance of mine, a distinguished critic, owns a copy of one of the most revolutionary of these books, by title "The Art of Love," that was suppressed on the day of its publication by the Comstocks. He tells me that he has already lent it to twenty-six women, and that he has more than fifty applications for it on file. Yet he has never read it himself!

As a professional fanatic for free thought and free speech, I can only view all this uproar in the *Frauenzimmer* with high satisfaction. It gives me delight to see a taboo violated, and that delight is doubled when the taboo is one that is wholly senseless. Sex is enormously more important to women than to men, and so they ought to be free to discuss it as they please, and to hatch and propagate whatever ideas about it occur to them. Moreover, I can see nothing but nonsense in the doctrine that their concern with such matters damages their charm. So far as I am concerned, a woman who knows precisely what a Graafian follicle is is just as charming as one who doesn't—just as charming, and far less dangerous. Charm in women, indeed, is a variable star, and shows different colors at different times. When their chief mark was ignorance, then the most ignorant was the most charming; now that they begin to think deeply and indignantly there is charm in their singular astuteness. But I am not yet convinced that they have attained to a genuine astuteness in the new field of sex. On the contrary, it seems to me that a fundamental error contaminates their whole dealing with the subject, and that is the error of assuming that sexual questions, whether

social, physiological, or pathological, are of vast and even paramount importance to mankind—in brief, that sex is a first-rate matter.

I doubt it. I believe that in this department men show better judgment than women, if only because their information is older and their experience wider. Their tendency is to dismiss the whole thing lightly, to reduce sex to the lowly estate of an afterthought and a recreation, and under that tendency there is a sound instinct. I do not believe that the lives of normal men are much colored or conditioned, either directly or indirectly, by purely sexual considerations. I believe that nine-tenths of them would carry on all the activities which engage them now, and with precisely the same humorless diligence, if there were not a woman in the world. The notion that man would not work if he lacked an audience, and that the audience must be a woman, seems to me to be a hollow sentimentality. Men work because they want to eat, because they want to feel secure, because they long to shine among their fellows, and for no other reason. A man may crave his wife's approbation, or some other woman's approbation, of his social graces, of his taste, of his generosity and courage, of his general dignity in the world, but long before he ever gives thought to such things and long after he has forgotten them he craves the approbation of his fellow men. Above all, he craves the approbation of his fellow craftsmen—the men who understand exactly what he is trying to do, and are expertly competent to judge his doing of it. Can you imagine a surgeon putting the good opinion of his wife above the good opinion of other surgeons? If you can, then you can do something that I cannot.

Here, of course, I do not argue absurdly that the good opinion of his wife is nothing to him. Obviously, it is a lot, for if it does not constitute the principal reward of his work, then it at least constitutes the principal joy of his hours of ease, when his work is done. He wants his wife to respect and admire him; to be able to make her do so is also a talent. But if he is intelligent he must discover very early that her respect and admiration do not necessarily run in direct ratio to his intrinsic worth, that the qualities and acts that please her are not always the qualities and acts that are most satisfactory to the censor within him—in brief, that the relations between man and woman, however intimate they may seem, must always remain a bit casual and superficial—that sex, at bottom, belongs to comedy in the cool of the evening and not to the sober business that goes on in the heat of the day. That sober business, as I have said, would still go on if women were abolished and heirs and assigns were manufactured in rolling-mills. Men would not only work as hard as they do today; they would also get almost as much satisfaction out of their work. For of all the men that I know on this earth, ranging from poets to ambassadors and from bishops to statisticians, I know of none who labors primarily because he wants to please a woman. They are all hard at it because they want to please themselves.

Women, plainly enough, are in a far different case. Their emancipation has not yet gone to the length of making them genuinely free. They have rid themselves, very largely, of the absolute *need* to please men, but they have not yet rid themselves of the *impulse* to please men. Perhaps they never will: one might easily devise a plausible argument to that effect on biological grounds. But sufficient unto the day is the phenomenon before us: they have

got rid of the old taboo which forbade them to think and talk about sex, and they still labor under the old superstition that sex is a matter of paramount importance. The result, in my judgment, is a vast emission of piffle. In every division of the subject there is endless and ludicrous exaggeration. The campaign for birth control takes on the colossal proportions of the war for democracy. The venereal diseases are represented to be as widespread, at least in men, as colds in the head, and as lethal as pneumonia or cancer. Great hordes of viragoes patrol the country, instructing school-girls in the mechanics of reproduction and their mothers in obstetrics. The monogamy which produced all of us is denounced as an infamy comparable to cannibalism. Laws are passed regulating the mating of human beings as if they were horned cattle and converting marriage into a sort of coroner's inquest. Over all sounds the battle-cry of quacks and zealots: "Veritas liberabit vos!"

The truth? How much of this new gospel is actually truth? Perhaps two per cent. The rest is idle theorizing, doctrinaire nonsense, mere scandalous rubbish. All that is worth knowing about sex—all, that is, that is solidly established and of sound utility—can be taught to any intelligent boy of sixteen in two hours. Is it taught in the current books, so enormously circulated? I doubt it. Absolutely without exception these books admonish the poor apprentice to renounce sex altogether—to sublimate it, as the favorite phrase is, into a passion for free verse, Rotary, or the League of Nations. That admonition is silly, and, I believe, dangerous. It is as much a folly to lock up sex in the hold as it is to put it in command on the bridge. Its proper place is the social hall.

As a substitute for all such nonsense I drop a pearl of wisdom, and so pass on. To wit: the strict monogamist never gets into trouble.

Revolution—New Style

By GEORGE SOULE

THE recent victories of the needle-trades unions in New York emphasize the function of labor organizations as creative forces in industry. Not one was fought over simple questions of wages and hours. Not one was an out-and-out conflict for power between exploiter and exploited. The chief gains of each battle were greater cohesiveness and better organization of the industry, elimination of economic waste, and constructive measures like unemployment insurance.

It is a dogma of the extreme left that industry is inevitably drifting toward larger units of production and concentrated capitalistic control. A corollary of this dogma is that the only proper course for labor is amalgamation of the unions and a "militant" spirit leading to strikes on an ever larger scale. At every point the workers must refuse to cooperate with employers. Anything of that sort is damned as "class collaboration."

The lefts in the heat of their dogmas apparently have failed to make a realistic examination of the clothing industries of New York. Here the development has been precisely opposite to that which they say is inevitable. Units of production have been growing smaller. The amount of capital necessary to start a shop is so small that the industry has become overcrowded and competition has been intensified beyond endurance. The comparatively large "inside shops" which make entire garments under one roof have been gradually giving way. The jobbers or stock-houses have been encroaching on their market to the retail trade. The small contractors, making up orders for the jobbers, have been encroaching on their manufacturing function. In the cloak-and-suit industry the jobber furnishes the material, and sometimes even the design, to the contractor, who gets the jobber's order through the bitterest kind of competitive bidding.

The result of all this overlapping is manufacture in wastefully small shops, overequipment of machinery and personnel among the contractors, heavy seasonal unemployment, a dragging down of labor standards, deterioration of quality of the product. No amount of union amalgamation or "militancy" would help a situation such as this. The

need is not for a simple test of power. It is a problem in industrial engineering.

Likewise the type of trade unionism which thinks of the task of labor as a matter of shrewd bargaining with an employer who can if he will grant any desired concessions, and which concentrates on wage rates and hour schedules to the exclusion of problems of industrial organization, would not have much to offer in a situation such as this. A traditional argument is that seasonal unemployment may be minimized by shorter working hours, and that it should be compensated for by higher wage rates. Such arguments did, indeed, crop up in the recent struggles in New York. But a strike for these objects alone, even if nominally successful, could not have made much headway against the industrial chaos which set the limits to the advantages which the workers might win.

A short strike of the men's clothing workers, conducted by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, brought an element of cohesion into their industry which had been lacking ever since the break-up of the Manufacturers' Association and the impartial chairmanship after the 1921 lock-out. A new association of employers was formed and an agreement was made with it. There will be a guaranty of union conditions in all shops. There will be minimum-wage scales based on production—a measure which will tend to deprive the small shops of any competitive advantage. There will be an unemployment-insurance fund, beginning next December, built up by a weekly contribution of 3 per cent of the pay roll, one-half contributed by each side. There will be an impartial chairman to administer the agreement and settle minor disputes. Thus the measures for stability which have been successfully tested in the Chicago market have been introduced in New York, and the industry may be expected to convalesce under a scientific treatment.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers had a more difficult situation, and had been working at it longer. For months before the expiration of their agreement on May 1, they had been endeavoring to bring about a scientific investigation and a remedy for the ills of their industry through