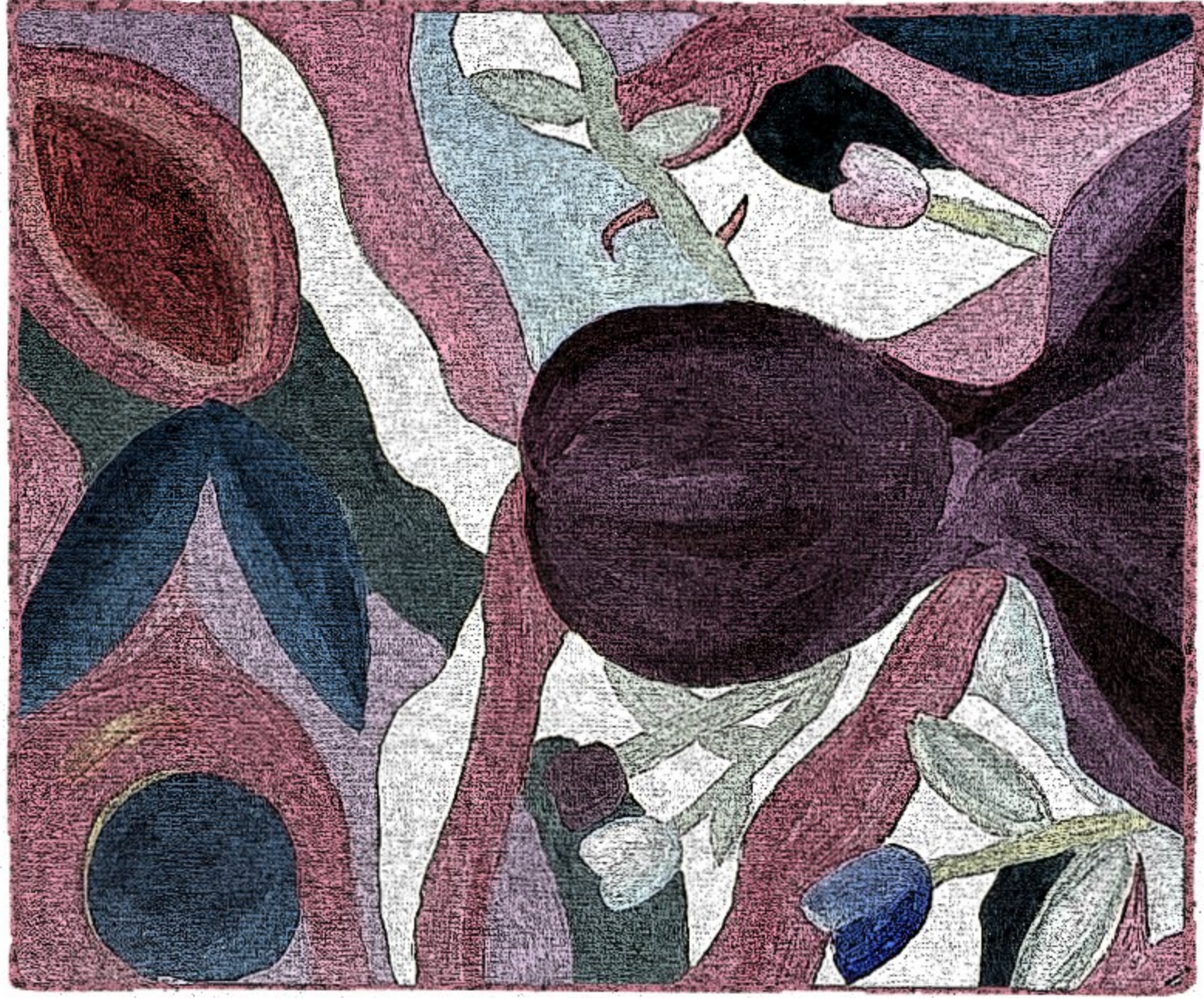


The

AUGUST 1913

10 CENTS

MASSSES



"Hope Springs Eternal—"

Contributing Editors

Rhett Burgess...
as Max Eastman

Ainsley Maddalena...
as Alice Hallam

Alex Halpren...
as Emma Goldman

N. B.

WE request that all suits at law be postponed until fall, as our fall editor, John Reed, has gone to Europe.

Throw Out the Life Line

COMRADE W. HARRY SPEARS, of Hamilton, Ohio, and the originator of the Findlay plan of co-operative Socialist newspapers, wants to sell as many copies as he can of "Why Things Happen to Happen," which is the pamphlet form of his lecture on the National Lyceum Course, delivered on the Central Circuit. This is "Economic Determinism" in plain, simple, every-day language. Send ten cents (silver) for one copy, a quarter for three copies, a dollar for a dozen.

Comrade Spears' printing plant, on which he was getting out a daily Socialist paper for the Mid-West, a weekly for Hamilton, a weekly for Cincinnati, and several syndicate papers, was wrecked by the Ohio flood. That's why he asks you to buy the booklet, and that's why **THE MASSES** prints this notice.

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THIS MAGAZINE IS OWNED AND PUBLISHED CO-OPERATIVELY BY ITS EDITORS. IT HAS NO DIVIDENDS TO PAY, AND NOBODY IS TRYING TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF IT. A REVOLUTIONARY AND NOT A REFORM MAGAZINE; A MAGAZINE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR AND NO RESPECT FOR THE RESPECTABLE; FRANK, ARROGANT, IMPERTINENT, SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE CAUSES; A MAGAZINE DIRECTED AGAINST RIGIDITY AND DOGMA WHEREVER IT IS FOUND; PRINTING WHAT IS TOO MAKED OR TRUE FOR A MONEY-MAKING PRESS; A MAGAZINE WHOSE FINAL POLICY IS TO DO AS IT PLEASES AND CONCILIATE NOBODY, NOT EVEN ITS READERS—THERE IS A FIELD FOR THIS PUBLICATION IN AMERICA. HELP US TO FIND IT.

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Anna M. Sloan, Business Mgr.

SOCIALISTS ON VOTES FOR WOMEN

The Cost of Living and the Ballot, by Lida Parce. Price postpaid, 2 cts. per copy, 6 cts. per dozen, 33 cts. per hundred.

Is Woman Suffrage Important? by Max Eastman. Price postpaid, 4 cts. per copy, 20 cts. per dozen, \$1.50 per hundred.

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National American Woman Suffrage Association

505 Fifth Ave., New York City

In writing please mention **THE MASSES**.

Contributing Editors

Dan Usher...
as Jeannie Rodgers

Lizzie Allen...
as Maud Preston

Al Lehto...
as Neith Boyce

A Rose Between Two Thorns

THE MASSES, a paper ostensibly Socialist, but which has finely drifted towards the bogs of dilettante, intellectual anarchism, has this coarse lillet on the last-ile-scared Socialists who have kept the American movement straight and regular during all the years of trial and stress:

"But I can't not explain. All I could say was that a good share of the Socialist party and the American Federation of Labor have forgotten all about the Class Struggle, and seem to be playing a little game with Capitalistic rules. 'Button, button, who's got the Vote?'"—*Social Democratic Herald* (Milwaukee).

ONE may not always agree with this paper, but vitriol is not always kind of the niceties of life; and sincerity is worth more than a score of compromising subtleties. I heartily recommend this vigorous healthy magazine to those who need the constant questioning of their pleasant, comfortable attitudes. This will shock many but we all need shocks—and these will be in the right direction."—*La Follette's Magazine*.

I KNOW you will want me to be frank about your paper, so I shall say at once that I don't like its tone. I have decided Socialist leanings, or at least very democratic interests and beliefs; but your paper has done as much as any other one thing to make Socialism unattractive. The only reformation of society that, so my thinking, promises anything desirable and permanent is a reformation founded upon reason. Your kind of Socialism impresses me as an apical away from reason to blind prejudice. In spite of which, **THE MASSES** is interesting, and if I were going to be in this country next year I should subscribe to it.

—From a College Professor.

THE MASSES

VOL. IV. NO. XI.

AUGUST, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 27

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

A Brief Eulogy

My dear compatriots, we gather today to mourn the life and celebrate the death of the beloved Queen Victoria of England. She was Vic to her friends, Tory to her numerous political enemies, mother to her nine children, and Cuddlebuns to her husband Arthur, but that was only in private.

The reign of Cuddlebuns was marked by increasing moral standards, beautiful art, mysticism, the bringing of morals to the uncivilized, and improvements in science and medicine. Though Cuddlebuns may have remained rather moderate, she did see some improvements. Say what you will, but now far fewer children are being worked to death in the factories and coal mines, and we have her to thank for that. It is thanks to her that the home has become a facade, to allow individuals the freedom to hide their misery and show the world a happy face. Who does not want to see a happy face?

My dearest friends, let us not forget the life and legacy of Cud-

dlebuns, but rather metaphorically spit on her grave every day! (As I am sure the guards would be rather unpleasant towards us if we literally spat on her grave). Do not let your contempt die, let her live eternally on in your hearts...

Freedom, a Sign of the Times

The question that must be answered as the editor of this Magazine is that of whether I should know everything. The historical precedent is long—from the time of Moses's legendary publishing of the Ten Commandments it has been a custom for editors to be all knowing. Business used to be best performed in this way, from prophets to astrologers to philosophers and even midwives. In modernity, editors are the final remnant of this time long past, the last ones expected to know all. Especially due to my lack of pay in this position, I vehemently refuse to know all. My editorial ignorance will be

made all too clear by virtue of my specialization. Revolution. A rather beautiful word in and of itself, but the implications are far from superficial. However, I have chosen to dedicate my time and learning to the most superficially evident of these. Freedom. An unachievable ideal? Undoubtedly. But we do not dress in the morning to look perfectly beautiful, rather to take a step closer.

Women spend their time with makeup and working on their hair to look closer to that elusive Aphrodite, and it is appreciated by all around them. It is a sacrifice, an endeavour undertaken on a daily basis. The fight for freedom should be the same. A daily task to bring greater beauty into a world so desperately in need of it. Freedom does not mean what it used to. The Crown no longer rules over us. The slaves have been freed. And nonetheless, women are still taxed without representation, and there is no choice but to work in the factories. The battle rages on.

The Pursuit of Liberty

Alice Hallam

Shall we sit idly by and not participate?

Women's suffrage will not dissipate.

We have a mind and thoughts and feelings.

We will not fall subject to these beatings.

Our voice shall be heard,

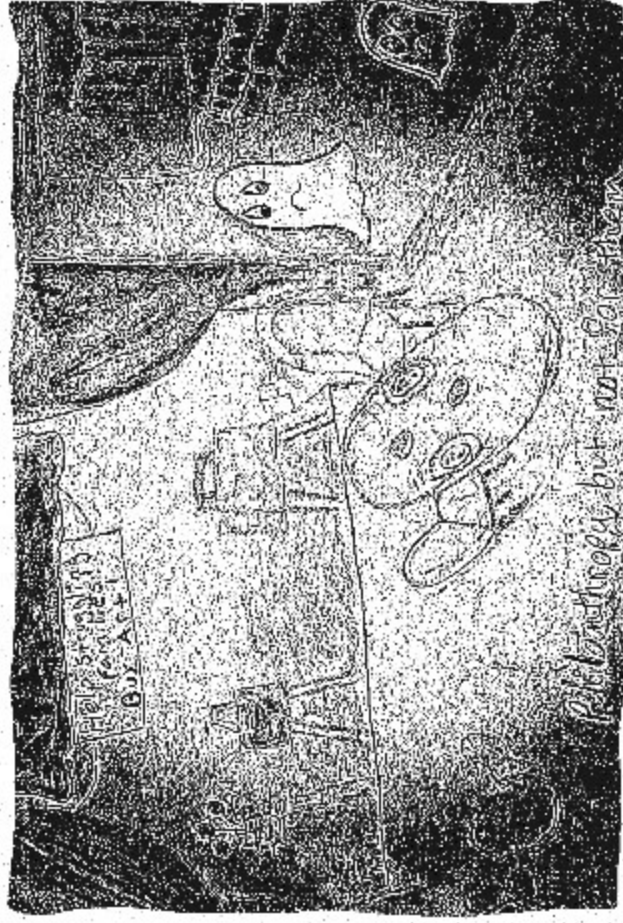
Our vision no longer blurred.

For we will fight until the end of time,

We will not give up this onerous climb.

For our rights listed in the constitution;

Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.



Drawn by John Sloan

Liberation Through Expression

Emma Goldman

I write to you, the learned and enlightened citizens of this polity, that which seeks to bestow full liberty unto the individual as the founding document of this nation entailed, that same ideal of liberty that the leviathan nation-state has seemed to have abandoned.

This same leviathan and many of its sycophants have done their best to slander any dissension that has come to the forefront, even myself. Why is this the case, you may ask? For the sole reason of holding the land of liberty and freedom, the "proposition nation" accountable in keeping its promises.

The main topic of discussion is the rehabilitation, no, reclamation of a dirty little word that we are familiar with. This word has faced every slanderous comment under the face of the sun, all thanks to the vast legardmain of the powers that be. That dirty word is Anarchism. On numerous occasions, when I walk out amongst the comrades of the day, they talk of action, but not too much action! Too much action would lead to the criminal sentence of deligitimization by the State, leading to the masses to become disaffected. I ask the questioners of real action:

What happens when the State, which is inherently backed by moneyed interests in London or Wall Street, is too powerful? Where these moneyed interests will do just anything to keep the working class down, either through soft or hard power. Anarchists like myself answer the call to real action, not by waltzing in a parlor or electing the tenth supposedly incorruptible bureaucrat, but through internal and external liberation.

Society, society at large took everything from me. Not just me, but you, the reader, as well. From the moment you are ripped from your mother's arms, your soul is crushed by

the societal expectations of family or wage slavery; You are used as a weapon, and then cast aside when you are old and meek. Personal liberation has a strange way of making our paths. I was to be a mere Jewish housewife, a devoted and loyal baby-maker for my husband, that was the beginning and end of my agency. I knew I was more for that and rebelled against my father's wishes. I sailed for the land of milk and honey. Personal liberation is just as Anarchistic as revolutionary liberation is. It is about liberation from the dominion of religious orthodoxy, the inherently tyrannical leviathan state, and dehumanization, along with mechanization, in fulfilling the capitalist's quotas. Your agency is everything and if God made humanity, then humanity can become God.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF EXTERNAL LIBERATION?

This is the most controversial point of Anarchism, which earns it the undeserved slander from not just the leviathan, but other "comrades" as well. There is no universality in the methods of external revolution. What methods that are used in Britain or Russia might be, and in most cases entirely are, different to the methods within

the United States of America. Methods grow out of the material and social needs of the given time. However, it always stands for the revolutionary spirit. No matter what the Socialists or Suffragettes will tell you, there is no proper revolt through working within the oppressive and tyrannical leviathan. The State, along with the individuals who are supposedly representing the interests of the working class, and even some of my colleagues venerate the golden calf of universal suffrage. An American freethinker like myself, Henry David Thoreau once said: "All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers, or backgammon, a playing with right or wrong; It's obligation never exceeds that of expediency. Even voting for the right thing does nothing for it. A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority." Would the boss gladly step aside as his means of production, his main source of power, was taken away through an election? Of course not, it is entirely utopian to think along these lines. This then in turn gives the State legitimacy as the individual is always playing by their rules, they have the real power. As a result, the people vote in supposedly morally pure folk and get plutocrats in return. These people are easily bought by the

establishment. All that is left is character demoralization and utter destruction of conviction. They rely on their economic master, the State, to get things done. Their entire electoral legitimacy is maintained through that life force. The wolf in sheep's clothing of political change, like the siren's song, has mesmerized the working class. True lovers of liberty know that direct action is the only way. The open defiance, fiddlek odder nist, to all laws, economic, social, and moral. The shindle cries out: But defiance and resistance are illegal! That is the silver lining, defiance is self-reliance. It requires integrity and courage. Since the fifteenth of August, 1885, I believe we as friends, companions, comrades, and lovers can build a new world. Arbeter froyen, far mayern forn lan!

BLACKLIST NOTICE

Corporations are hereby warned against giving employment to Walter C. Noyes, white, aged 47, until recently employed by the undersigned as a circuit judge. In severing his connection with the Government the agitator, Noyes, publicly alleged that he was unable to live and bring up a family on his wage of \$19.18.

THE PROSTITUTE

Commonplace Tragedy in One Act of Three Scenes

Neith Boyce

(A MERE CHRONICLE OF ACTUAL EVENTS)

SCENE THE FIRST

Scene opens in a crowded bar. The woman bartender preemptively pours a drink for a young woman coming down the stairs from the business on the second floor. A disheveled man ambles down behind her.

Barmaid : I've got the usual for you, love. Come have a sit by me.

The young woman sits on a stool in front of the bartender and nods in appreciation. They are clearly comfortable with each other. The young woman's kitten heel twists to hook to the back of the stool, making her legs stride the bench. Her hair is fashionably bobbed and her dress barely grazes at mid-thigh. There is an amiable silence between the two women as the barmaid goes about her business, pouring a drink for the man who had followed the young girl down the stairs

Prostitute: Ya know the kind of early night I've had? What have you been serving 'em, ma'am, for the fellas to be so eager to catch a little death out there in this cold?

Barmaid : *Chuckles* When I tell ya some of them customers can't check their cravings' after a couple a' strong ones ... I'd be hard-pressed to run a smooth establishment if you weren't around to soothe the lot o' their troubles.

Prostitute: Ya got that right, a regular shrink I am! You know, for being so desperate for my service and wares, rowdy men are sure pressed to handle a stiff one. I end up 3 in and they're out of the game at 1!

They both share a laugh and return to their duties; The Barmaid cleans the counters and the young woman looks over the crowd, looking for her next customer.

A man enters through the door. He has a fitted coat and fine, white leather gloves. He orders a drink from the barmaid and sits a respectable distance from the young woman

Prostitute: *leans into the barmaid* Now there's the kind of customer you gotta look out for. Quiet type, respectable... Give it till the end of the night and we'll make a patron of him yet.

The Barmaid appears dubious. She eyes the man, who is frugally sipping his drink, unaware of the conversation happening to his left

Barmaid : Are ya sure? This one seems real proper. He's even got a ring... Not very bohemian.

Prostitute: *Waves her hand dismissively* You watch. Those dilltante sorts got it from somewhere, didn't they? Who's the original romantic, if not a conservative man with a night free from responsibilities? He'll come to me by the time he's on his third drink, I bet one my babes for each mug.

Barmaid : *shrugs* if yer so sure. It's your dime your bettin' on, not mine.

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SCENE THE SECOND

About three-quarters of an hour pass. In that time, the young woman invests her time raptantly chatting with the regulars. Eager, hapless men who cling to her arm as she playfully brawls with them. One, in particular, has been pestering her for the better part of a half-hour

Man: Could I get the lady anything special?

Prostitute: *turns to the barmaid* mug of whiskey, ma'am.

Man: *jokingly* Aha! So you fancy yourself a manly one? Barmaid, I'll take the whiskey, the lady'll have a tonic.

The barmaid hands them both. The woman scoffs, clearly displeased, and ignores the tonic water in front of her. The man laughs at her expense

Man: Aw come on now. don't be like that. We don't wanna miss like yourself gettin' in a bit of a keg, just cause you took one too many tastes of the drought... You seem much too pretty to risk teasin' the fellas with a chance like that!

He guffaws and takes a large swig. Nearby patrons and the barmaid look on in distaste at his crudeness

Prostitute: *mutters* what a fluter...

The screech of a pushed back chair interrupts her thought. The man, young woman, and the barmaid look for the source of the noise and see the original customer approaching from their right

Customer: Just what are you implying of this young lady, sir?

Man: *A bit indignant, but trying to pass as unbothered* And what would you have to do with it? Be off with you, old man.

Customer: When you are harassing the innocence of this young lady with your implications? Never, dodger. Be gone.

Man snarls something vulgar but concedes his seat. The customer sits down where the man had been, and turns his attention to the woman

Customer: What alarming claims he made about you! An innocent girl like yourself shouldn't be in a bar like this so late without a companion.

Prostitute: *feigns naivety* Well I just never would have expected it! He seemed so sweet! I'd feel so much safer if I had a respectable man like yourself to share companionship with...

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Customer: Well I can certainly stay a bit for your ease. Care to share a drink with me?

Prostitute: Why that would be real nice of you!

Prostitute motions to the barmaid, who slides over another of the Prostitute's regular drink, preemptively made

SCENE THE THIRD

The young woman and the customer share a drink and conversation, lasting the better part of an hour. Although towards the beginning, the customer was withdrawn and formal to her, he seems to feel more comfortable now. He's ordered the third drink, and more than once his eyes drift to her chest.

Prostitute: Don't you like my pearls, sir?

Customer: They are as lovely as you are; Pearls Venus herself would wear.

His eyes greedily take permission to view her necklace. He doesn't do well at hiding his attraction. Prostitute sees his excitement pique and sits a little more forward in her chair.

Prostitute: Pearl necklaces are very fashionable in France, I just had to have one of my own! Of course, it cost me a good half' penny's worth of a night to afford. *She flicks her eyes to the bar stairs and the customer reddens. Her bare hand is now resting on his gloved one.*

Customer: The french fashion is how I like it.

Prostitute: I guessed.

Brief silence. The customer is tense

Customer: You know miss, I am a family man. I have a wife and three daughters, I could very well be your father.

Prostitute: It is rare to meet such a respectable gentleman as yourself!

Customer: Ah yes, isn't it? The pressure is great, I assure you. I hardly think I am up to the task sometimes. But I have found a way to relax the strains of being a member of society.

Prostitute: *Bats her eyelashes* And what would that be?

Customer: Every so often, a naval engagement keeps the best men on his toes. It is quite common, I assure you. Very occasionally, when the burdens of the family degrade my spirit... I am obliged, as an upstanding member of the male sex, to get some relief. I'm sure you understand.

Prostitute: But of course! You are a moral man, you have needs.

Customer: Yes... Yes! I am you know. My wife just doesn't understand. Neither do those bohemian "free associations" sort. Unemployed half-wits. It's not easy being me.

THE PROSTITUTE

Commonplace Tragedy in One Act of Three Scenes

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(A MERE CHRONICLE OF ACTUAL EVENTS)

Prostitute: *nods empathetically*

Suddenly, the Customer removes his glove. Placing it on the bar table and grasps her wrist urgently with his unclothed hand. He speaks in a low whisper

Customer: Do you know where you would find an opportunity for a naval engagement in these parts, young lady?

Prostitute smirks and glances over at the barmaid, who is shaking her head good-naturedly into the glass she's polishing, the Prostitute turns back to look up at the Customer, pretending to be hesitant.

Prostitute: Well... I do know of a private space upstairs... Of course, more than a hal'pence is needed. But they sell more gentlemanly products than pearls. I could show ya if you like?

Customer: Ycs, Ma'am!

The customer hurriedly gets up from his seat, tipping the barmaid and jerking his head unsubtly to motion her to the stairs. As he dodges up, she takes her time gathering her belongings from the bar. The young woman looks up at the barmaid and cheekily grins

Prostitute: Looks like I was right, ma'am. And what would you figure of that?

Barmaid : Well I suppose you were right. Shoulda known such a respectable man needed a break from his commitments.

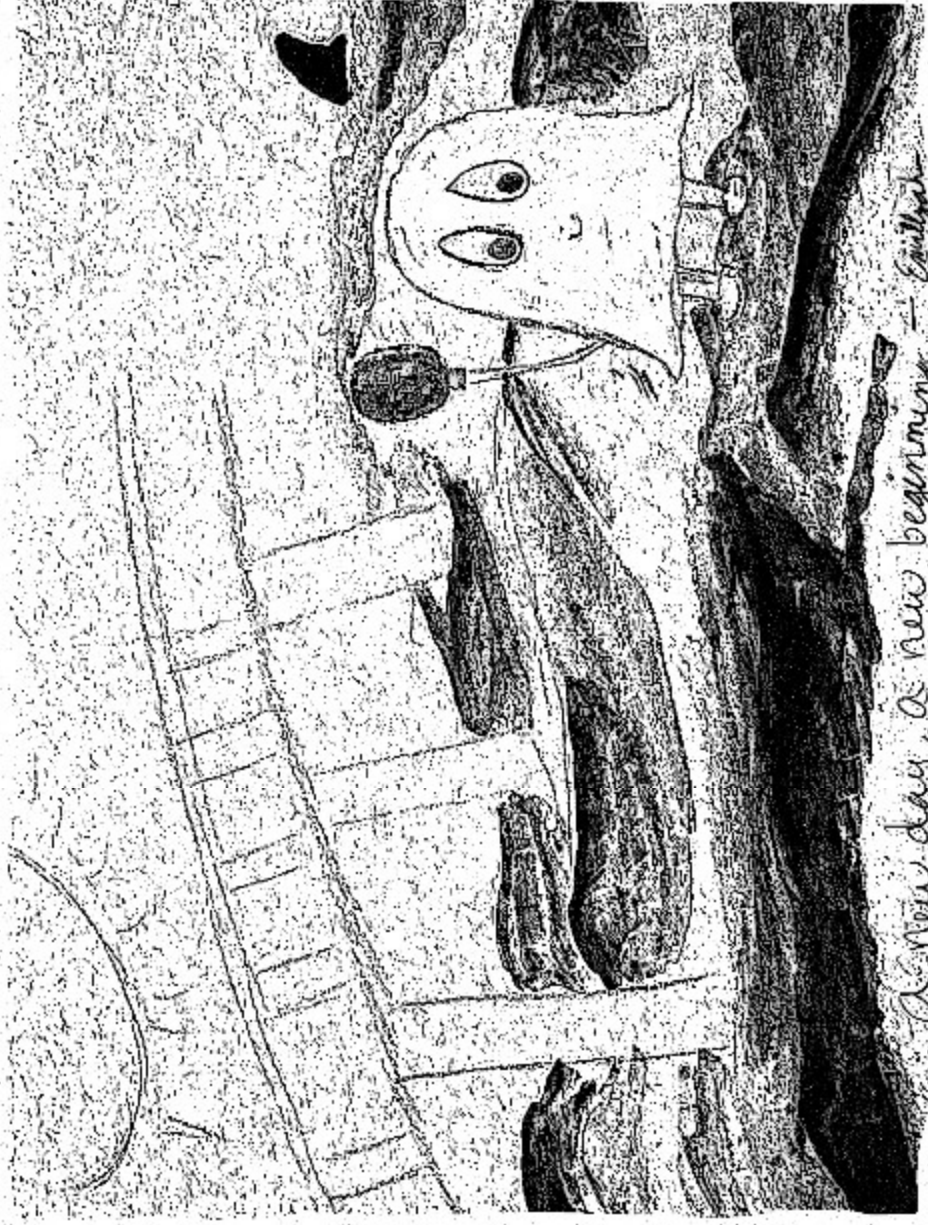
Prostitute: I'll be expecting my regular then on the house tomorrow! Bet's a bet.

Barmaid : *laughs* It sure is, innit. Get your money's worth, ya harlot.

The prostitute walks leisurely up the stairs to meet her customer. The woman bartender returns to her shop until she notices one of the white leather gloves of the customer lying on the seat. She picks it up and places it behind the desk in a worn wooden box of other men's gloves

Barmaid : They always seem to leave something behind... those upstanding men. A reason to come back for another drink, I suppose.

Curtains.



Drawn by John Sloan

The Vote, The Individual, and Labor

Jeannie Rodgers

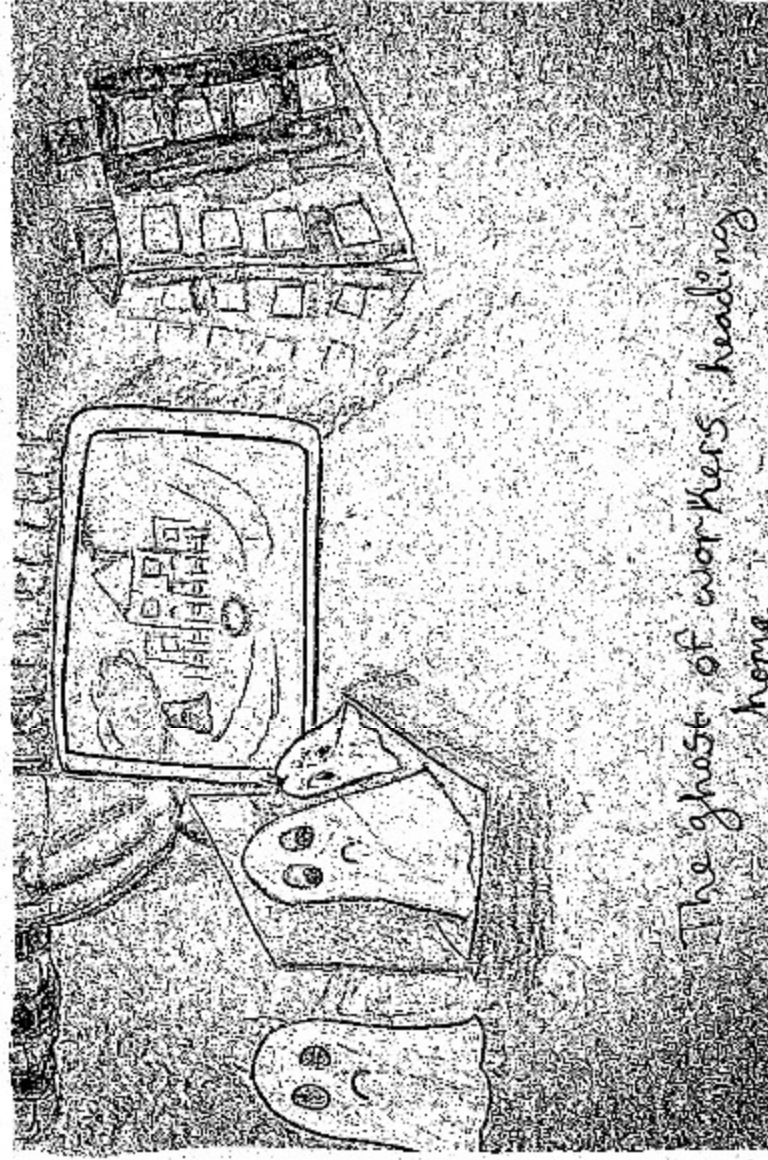
The vote is an integral part to the emancipation of the modern woman. Many discussions about the benefits of voting have been done on a systematic level, however we must also investigate the subject from the individual significance of the vote. The culture surrounding womanhood is much more libertine than it had been for most of our nation's history. Gone are the days of the stay at home mother, many women have jobs and their own incomes. Women are marrying later and generally living more free lives. Regardless of your opinions on this development, it cannot be denied that it is happening. However, this liberated culture is coming into conflict with the fact women are still not politically independent. They rely on the men in their lives to express their political beliefs on the ballot. Surely if we want to truly liberate women, we must grant them the right to vote.

A sizable chunk of villagers I have encountered are rather skeptical of the electoral system. That is understandable, and I by no means advocate compulsory voting like has been instituted in the Dominion of Australia. Rather, I believe that women should, just as men, be given the right to vote should they desire. Women should be allowed to express their political opinion on the ballot just as they are able to express themselves in other fields. It is a matter of liberation that should come naturally. Voting rights have been extended as a mark of full citizenship. Shouldn't women be allowed to express their citizenship by influencing policy? The question itself is not a particularly difficult one. In my discussions with the labor faction, many of them seem supportive of suffrage. Suffrage itself seems to be a universal topic of support, to some degree or another, within The Village.

The labor faction denounces us as "not doing enough" for working men and women. I counter that by saying that giving women the right to vote is the beginning of a mass movement. It is a common goal, an achievable goal, and I would argue a goal that leads naturally into much of what the labor faction is discussing. Suffrage and Socialism are more linked than the binary one or the other we have been perceiving them as. Socialism is a long-term goal that will

THE MASSES

Socialism is a long-term goal that will take much work, educating the masses, learning from them, and struggling with them to improve their conditions. If the socialists wish to win over the mass of women who desire to have their voices heard at the ballot box, it would be in their best interests to support the suffragists. Women hold up half the sky, yet there cannot be a united struggle without equality. The present situation of voting rights subjugates women to still be politically reliant on men, by giving them the vote and raising the status of women to that of men's political equals, we can ensure that future struggles do not neglect women's issues.



Drawn by John Sloan

A Walk in Greenwich Village

Maud Preston

A woman walks in Greenwich Village

Her voice, a light in many hues.

There is no silence which may remove her,
She walks forward, ever rising above the din

A man walks in Greenwich Village,

Holding out his hand to the masses,

Speaking up to raise the people to the heavens

To make anew the fire Workers hold within

A Worker walks in Greenwich Village,

Their footsteps drag across the stone

Their back weary, their eyes overcast

Hands cracked and bruises on their skin

A voice calls out in Greenwich Village

So much to change, so much to fight

With no relief to be handed freely,

What pain will be the cost to win?

The fire burns in Greenwich Village,

Suffragettes loud among the masses,

The worker hears his fellows' sing

The song of Revolution carried o'er the wind

We hear the women louder than e'er

Their voice will become their vote

We raise women, we raise this nation

Each and every soul therein

Women, I salute you,

Who have brought us thus far

Our sisters valiant, our mothers wise

We're closer than we've ever been

Walk with us in Greenwich Village,

Lift your fellows with your voice

We've far to go, but looking back,

I see our children's joyful grin

I see you, refulgent ones,

Invite you to link arm in arm

To raise your voices clear and proud

To join with us, our Suffragette kin

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Paul, Minn.

Wm. English Walling, Cedarhurst, L. I.

Alice Beach Winter, 53 East 59th Street,
New York.

Ira Haynes Gilmore, 140 84th Street,
New York.

Ellis O. Jones, care Life, New York.

Joseph Margolis, care Brennan's,
New York.

Louis Untermyer, 231 West 97th Street,
New York.

George Allan England, South Paris, Me.

H. J. Turner, 119 Washington Place, New
York.

Eugene Wood, 40 West 10th Street,
New York.

Charles Winter, 53 East 59th Street,
New York.

John Sloan, 35 6th Avenue.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other
security holders, holding 1 per cent
or more of total amount of bonds,
mortgages, or other securities. None.

Signature of Business Manager.

Signed to and subscribed before me this

8th day of July, 1918.

ALEXANDER FOX,

Notary Public, No. _____

New York County.

(My commission expires March, 1918.)



Drawn By John Sloan

"I Buried A Hatchet, It's Coming Up Lavender"

