ON HUMAN NATURE

SIMILAR CASES

There was once a little animal
No bigger than a fox
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus,
And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value
When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish old Dinoceras
And Coryphedon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.
Said the little Eohippus,
"I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
On the psychozic plain!"
The Coryphodon was horrified,
The Dinoceras was shocked,
And they chased the young Eohippus
But he skipped away and mocked.
Then they laughed enormous laughter
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father's bones.
Said they, "You always were as small
And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be."
"What! Be a great big handsome beast
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why! You'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Loxophodon.
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene;
That's the way they argued
In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him
And they gave him shoulders cool.
And when they had to mention him,
They said he was a fool.
Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
"I'm going to be a man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees
To make my house higher!
I'm going to kill the Mastodon.
I'm going to make fire!"
Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
Which didn't seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons,
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, "In the first place,
The thing cannot be done.
And, second, if it *could* be
It would not be any fun!
And, third, and most conclusive
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature?
We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
Unusually bright.
Unusually clever he,
Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbors,
Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time
We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities!
We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth and take
As much as we can hold!
We are going to have diseases!
And accomplishments!! and sins!!"
Then they all rose up in fury
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, "This is chimerical,
Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another, "What a stupid life!
Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all, "Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
"You must alter human nature!"
And they all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

CRITICS OF SOCIALISM

WE WELCOME YOUR VIEWS.

Our European Trip

Our train from Paris arrived at midnight in Vienna, which fact caused us some anxiety. Being alone at an unearthly hour in a strange city and with no sleeping accommodations was a bit unnerving. But our worries were quickly dispelled, for waiting to greet us at the station were several Austrian comrades who bundled us into a taxi and took us off to the hotel which they had arranged for us.

It was wonderful to behold the energy and enthusiasm of the little group of Austrian socialists who are waging a ceaseless ideological battle against the spurious, reformistic, Austrian (so-called) Socialist Party. Comrade Frank's efforts for the cause of a genuine socialist organization are amazing in themselves and belie his four score years. We believe that such dedication is bound to bring results, and soon. After several lengthy sessions with our Austrian comrades we left Vienna for Amsterdam — again at midnight — and were bade Auf Wiedersehn! by the nucleus of a new, scientific, Austrian Socialist Party.

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Arriving in London by plane from Amsterdam we were met at the airport by a group of comrades from the Socialist Party of Great Britain armed with a beautiful bouquet of flowers for Ida. As one-time members of the old, reformistic Socialist Party of America in the days when it boasted a membership of 140,000; and having experienced the devotion and ardor of the membership of the old "Wobbly" movement in its heroic period; we were indeed pleasantly surprised and delighted to find the old enthusiasm and dedication as strong in the genuine socialists of Great Britain. Our entire visit was an exhilarating experience.

With Comrade Fenton, the delegate from the World Socialist Party of the U. S. who had arrived with his wife, Ann, in time for the Annual Easter Party Conference, I was invited to sit