

To such an audience as ours, it is quite unnecessary to go into details. I wish only to point out how these two things are closely connected. If the equality of right to the earth is really acknowledged and carried out; yes, if we can only put it through sufficiently so that each young man who wishes it, will know that there is some corner of the land of his country waiting for his work; and that his work on it will not be just a hopeless labor, would not such a country put into his mind a barrier against war and violence? There would still be competition, but work would no longer be like on a race-track. This economic progress may come in a less forced tempo, but that is all to the good. No one can be blind to the way in which the race of competition and the advertising that belongs to it, makes life difficult in so many ways, even in the world of Art.

The international problem is merely a question of the general right to the land. A "Place in the Sun" is there for all of us. But individual ownership of the source of wealth is the foundation of mastery. There is enough of it all, even of rubber and oil that the world is now fighting for. But Imperialism demands sole ownership and preparation for war to secure this sole ownership. It is in this pin-wheel that the war-psychosis grows to the verge of insanity. With the free exchange of commodities between nations, this dangerous pin-wheel could no longer exist.

But if we would go into the very depths of war's roots, it is not enough to talk of Free Trade policies. The fear of over-population: one man's death providing bread for another, something to be gained by ruining one's neighbor—these make war seem a bitter necessity. Save yourself, push the others into the roaring flood of over-population! . . . But this theory overlooks the fact that it is really one man's *life* that is another's bread, and that it is better to have prosperous customers on the other side of a national boundary line rather than impoverished enemies.

War's apparent unavoidability, the bitter necessity of it, has been raised up in the popular consciousness until it becomes a patriotic service instead of the meaningless ugly mass-murder that it is in reality. Such superstition gives to the war god, as to any other Moloch, all that its worshippers have to give; their wealth, their lives. In an insane self-sacrifice and self-glorification they throw themselves under the wheels of their god's triumphal chariot; worse yet, they try to destroy the same ideals in their neighbors, who in the same insanity throw themselves against them—and earn thereby popular praise and admiration.

War is not a necessity. It is the world's greatest stupidity and scourge. The war-god is a false god who delights in devouring his adherents. This must be clear. Then will *deeds* done in *peace* become the things people admire, and the ordinary every-day householder will be a higher ideal than all the war generals and other Priests of Moloch. Then indeed will the sword be made into the plowshare.

This is the aim of true freedom for the people. We in Denmark have come mayhap a bit nearer to our ideals in this sense than the rest of Europe. Educated in the school of defeat, we have tried to raise ourselves in the world of work and of humanity. We do not know whether in the years to come we will still be able independently to work for the people's freedom. But at least we can in our thoughts and in our work go on building up the House of the New Freedom. . . . No outer power can hinder us. What we give will determine our power to live as a nation—and that nation's worth in life.
