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INTERPRETATIONS OF SEX.

IV.

THE two lines of thought which we developed in our last issue in "Interpretations of Sex," and "Freewomen and Evolution," had reached a point at which it is easy to treat them together. On the one hand, we were faced with the "mythical, mystical entity," and on the other we had arrived at a conception of life-conduct, which, if prolonged to its ultimate limits, would lead to a cessation of human life as we know it. Let us take the last consideration first. No conception of life-conduct can be pushed to its ultimate limits without bringing into question considerations of life's tendencies—that is, considerations of religion. *Where is life going?* All basic principles of conduct turn on the answer to that question. *We* think life is setting unmistakably in one direction. Give life chance enough, and it tends to show itself for what it is. It tends to assume individual form in the soul. This characterised, form-impregnated life with articulated differentiation is personality. A personality is no ordinary achievement. It is the biggest thing in creation. This differentiation appears to us to be cut out of the life-force itself, and unless obvious *soul*-deterioration sets in, it is not possible for this differentiated life to fall back into the undifferentiated whole. At dissolution, i.e., death, differentiated soul, personality that is, does not, as is held in common parlance, "go back to God." When the worn out sheath falls away, the articulated soul remains, to our thinking, just what it was, save with the added knowledge which comes of slipping a grosser veil, a recognisable and individual soul with expression as we have expression here and now, with

spatiality as our personality is great or mean, here and now. If it be objected that this is merely guess-work, we at once agree. It is guess-work for others, but it is certainty for us. And we point out that above a certain level of inquiry, all is guess-work, for all save the individual. The individual has his own inner voice, and if he is wise he follows it, though it seem a siren voice to others. The individual has no final guide, save the inner voice, and if he is deaf to that, he travels without chart or compass. That is the reason why freedom is demanded so constantly—that we may follow the voice. It is why we believe in free institutions, and why in the last resort we recognise there is no law save the law of our own being, why we are anarchists, in short.

If we now turn to that conception of ideal sexual passion, which shuns all relations in the physical, we find its real solution in this conception of continued existence of personality. A great spiritual experience such as a passion is must have a spiritual consequence, and its consequence is found in the individual spiritual entity, which is personality. Passion creates personality, and personality is the differentiated form of life which will not sink back into the undifferentiated. That is the sequence. Passion creates its own power of permanency and continuance in itself. That is why it can afford, if it desires—instinctively it shows it can afford—to let physical pledges slide. Great love-passions are often childless, and the willingness with which physical life is given up by great souls is a sign that they can afford to. The impulse to die for a person or cause beloved is common enough to have entered into

the general currency of the world's ideas. Let us consider personality. It is a fact of common observation that there exist large numbers of very able men and women who strike all of us as incredibly dull, and boring. "Clever, but no personality," we say, and at first encounter are puzzled to know why. Later it becomes clear. They are interested in everything, and have a passion for nothing, and their incapacity for passion spells poverty of personality, their intellects notwithstanding. Passion differentiates human life into personality—it creates personality, and personality is lasting life. That is our chain of sequence. Life will not die out, even though the human species be not propagated; not if, we hasten to add, it fail to be propagated in the interests of passion.

This, of course, is a very ancient and familiar thesis—the permanency of the individual life. It is behind the impulses which have made hermit, monk, and nun. It is open to disapprove of such impulses, but it is not open to ignore them. They are too widespread and too spontaneously recurrent. It is, moreover, wide of the mark to say they are impulses towards death and not towards life—exchange of bogeys and spooks in place of "warm, pulsating life" *That* prejudices the entire question. The thesis involves that that which pulsates in life is that which survives. Therefore it cannot be expected that the appeal that human life will die out will have much force with those who consciously believe it will not. These remarks have been made to meet a specific difficulty advanced by more than one reader. We do *not* intend to lay down a guide for conduct. What is intended is to give a sense of direction. So much vapid nonsense is put out week by week by an otherwise esteemed contemporary, the *New Age*, for instance, on the subject of sex, concerning its degradation, its woman's purpose, its pairing, that any who try to look at life healthily, and as a great endeavour, have to insist upon this realisation of direction. It appears to us that this attitude towards sex of men with muck-rakes is the attitude of persons of limited knowledge and experience; limited, that is, to the experience of sex in its grosser aspects only. These limitations can usually be detected in the same sort of person in regard to religion, and any of the less material factors which actually make human life. Just as when, sex being mentioned, they call up some vision of pairing, some female individual to be "lived with," so, religion being the topic, they give an outpouring about parsons and the Gospels. We can, of course, understand the point of view, but owing, doubtless, to our not-over-long acquaintance with "clever" people, our amazement at the limitations has not yet abated. People who quite obviously have never known the outer courts of love, write the last word in "cleverness" on "Sex," with results about as pleasant as come from probing a dung-heap, or as from their own "affairs." The same people would judge the beauty of a cathedral by its underground passages, and religion by some country parson.

Hence, when we interpret sex through passion, we are restating a truth which is being impugned with great show of cleverness by the ignorant.

Sex more than any other human factor is still to be the means of springing life higher. Given a clean chance, it can create a "personality" for a man. It can give him a soul. Its value over and above other passions lies in the fact that it is within the reach of all. It is the democratic passion—and its possibilities and range are not limited on that account. When the novel writers are deprived of the purely fictitious interest which hangs about "Married and Betrayed," and understand that "Before, During, and After," is a played-out business, passion as a creative mind-force will separate itself from its baser exploitations, and, being rid of these, it will be rid of its false shame. There is no shame in passion, save in making it impossible. Passion is for the soul's sake—it makes the soul. And the body is the servant of passion, to be used as it pleases. The danger is born when passion becomes the servant of the body, interpreting itself in terms of the body. It all amounts to the same thing, one says. We think not. At any particular point it may appear the same, but movement to the next point makes the double difference clear. Tendency is the main characteristic in life. It has been said life *is* a tendency. That life *has* tendency no one will deny, and the measure of the tendency is the gauge of the quality of life. Tendency fixes the ideal, and the ideal is more important even than the accomplishment. Provided men know in which direction they *are* going, they can take their own path. That explains why the modern interpretation of sex, to which we have already referred, is so putrid. It heads straight for putrefaction and decay—in the physical. Tendency explains why the passionate conception of sex is right. It leads to increased life-force here and now, to the creation of personality, which is, we believe, the master of death. There is no immobility in life. There must be movement. Frustrated in one direction, it will find another. Dulness, for instance, means that life can not get forward. It promptly goes backward, duller and duller, until it flickers out in death, with its soul—its differentiation—its personality unachieved.

There is an argument advanced that personal immortality such as we have conceived is scarcely to be accepted. It gives us too much what we want. That immortality for the many is achieved vicariously for them in progeny, and that for the few—the artists—it is achieved in the children of their mind, is as much as we may fairly depend upon. On the high ground of such as this last spiritual immortality—it is held that one must leave diverting influences, such as passion, and apply oneself assiduously to one's creative work—that there may be something for one to leave behind to achieve one's immortality. It seems to us our concern should not be with what we are to leave behind, but with what we are to take forward. A man's master-work—his supreme creation—is his own Soul. And passion forges that. Moreover, as it happens in this curiously fashioned world, the immortal works of men—the works which live—must bear on them the impress of the workings of an immortal soul. They must bear the imprint of passion. Otherwise, they die, however perfect their form may be.

Works can be nothing save an overflow from a man's personality. The last must be established before there is anything of the former worth producing, or worth keeping. Immortality must be achieved in a man's self before it can be achieved in anything he may leave behind—in his works.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Those Eugenists Again!

"THE time has come!" They've started. We shall now have to take to secret arming, or to set a price on the head of every Eugenist—starting with McKenna. The last would be cheaper, and present fewer objections. Last Friday the Feeble-Minded Persons Bill passed its Second Reading without a division, and a Government Bill "to make further and better provision with respect to feeble-minded and *other mentally defective persons*," is to be presented shortly by the Home Secretary, and its passage is promised for this Session. The Government Bill is already in print, and it will be enough merely to quote some of its clauses to show its temper and scope. We cull these few gems from the hoard. Others omitted are of almost equal lustre.

17. (2) The following classes of persons shall be deemed to be defectives within the meaning of this Act:—

- (a) Idiots; that is to say, persons so deeply defective in mind from birth or from an early age as to be unable to guard themselves against common physical dangers;
- (b) Imbeciles; that is to say, persons who are capable of guarding themselves against common physical dangers, but who are incapable of earning their own living by reason of mental defect existing from birth or from an early age;
- (c) Feeble-minded persons; that is to say, persons who may be capable of earning their living under favourable circumstances, but are incapable, through mental defect existing from birth or from an early age,—
 - (i.) of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows; or
 - (ii.) of managing themselves and their affairs with ordinary prudence;
- (d) Moral imbeciles; that is to say, persons who from an early age display some mental defect coupled with strong vicious or criminal propensities on which punishment has little or no deterrent effect;
- (e) Mentally infirm persons; that is to say, persons who through mental infirmity arising from age or the decay of their faculties are incapable of managing themselves or their affairs.

18. It shall be the duty of every overseer, relieving officer, district medical officer of any poor law union, medical officer of health, and constable who has reason to believe that any person is a defective within the meaning of this Act, to notify the case to the local authority.

We may not find ourselves included in the above, but most of us will find a place among the following, who are likewise subject to action under the Bill, to wit: Those

17. (a) who are found wandering about, neglected, or cruelly treated;
- (b) who are charged with the commission of any offence, or are undergoing imprisonment or penal servitude or detention in a place of detention, or a reformatory, or industrial school, or an inebriate reformatory;
- (c) who are habitual drunkards within the meaning of the Inebriates Acts, 1879 to 1900;
- (d) in whose case, being children discharged on attaining the age of sixteen from a special school or class established under the Elementary Education (Defective and Epileptic Children) Act, 1899, such notice has been given by the local education authority as is herein-after mentioned;
- (e) in whose case it is desirable in the interests of the community that they should be deprived of the opportunity of procreating children;
- (f) in whose case such other circumstances exist as may be specified in any order made by the Secretary of State, as being circumstances which make it desirable that they should be subject to be dealt with under this Act.

Have you an enemy? Is your presence inconvenient or troublesome to others? You will be glad to see how easily you may be removed. "Any relative or friend!"

20. (1) Any relative or friend of a person alleged to be a defective and subject to be dealt with under this Act or an officer of the local authority authorised in that behalf, may make a private application by petition to a judicial authority for such an order as is herein-after in this section mentioned:

Provided that if the petition is not presented by a relative, or by an officer of the local authority, it shall contain a statement of the reasons why the petition is not presented by a relative, and of the connection of the petitioner with the person to whom the petition relates, and the circumstances under which he presents the petition, and that if the petition is presented by an officer of the local authority it shall state that it is so presented at the request of a relative or in consequence of the failure of the relatives to present a petition.

(2) Where such a petition is presented it shall be accompanied by two medical certificates, or by a certificate that the alleged defective has refused to submit himself to medical examination.

25. (1) The parent or guardian of a defective who is under the age of twenty-one may place him in an institution for defectives or under guardianship: Provided that he shall not be so placed in an institution or under guardianship, except upon a certificate in writing of a duly qualified medical practitioner (in the prescribed form) stating that the person to whom the certificate relates is a defective and the class of defectives to which he belongs, accompanied by a statement, signed by the parent or guardian, giving the prescribed particulars with respect to him

Failing relative or friend, you will be glad to finance a local authority to keep an eye on you and your idiosyncrasies.

12. It shall be the duty of the local authority, subject to the provisions of this Act and to regulations made by the Secretary of State—

- (a) to ascertain what persons within their area are defectives and are subject to be dealt with under this Act;
- (b) to keep such persons under supervision and, where necessary or expedient, to take steps for securing that they shall be dealt with by being sent to institutions or placed under guardianship in accordance with this Act;
- (c) to keep registers of defectives.

Perhaps you think you will be able to hide in the privacy of your own dwelling. That is a mistake. You will be brought to light, *by force*.

23. (2) If it appears to a justice on information on oath laid by an officer of the local authority that there is reasonable cause to believe that a defective is being neglected or cruelly treated in any place within the jurisdiction of the justice, the justice may issue a warrant authorising any constable named therein, accompanied by the medical officer of the local authority or any other duly qualified medical practitioner named in the warrant, to search for such person, and if it is found that he is being neglected or cruelly treated, and is defective, to take him to and place him in a place of safety until a petition can be presented under this Act, and any constable authorised by such warrant may enter, and if need be by force, any house, building, or other place specified in the warrant, and may remove such person therefrom.

Nor will you escape.

40. If a patient escapes from an institution for defectives or from the person in whose charge he has been placed under licence, he may be apprehended without warrant by any constable or by the managers of the institution or any person authorised by them in writing, and brought back to the institution.

49. If any person induces or knowingly assists a patient in an institution for defectives or a certified house, or a person out on licence from such an institution or house, or in a place of safety or under guardianship under this Act, to escape from the person under whose charge he has been placed, or to break any conditions of his guardianship or licence he shall be guilty of an offence under this Act.

Suffragists and agitators generally may take note of what awaits them when they are brought up for trial, or when they attract the notice of the police.

27. (3) Where any person tried before any court of assize or quarter sessions is acquitted, the court may, if it appears that there is reasonable ground for believing that he is defective, notwithstanding any enactment or rule of law to the contrary, order him to be examined as to his mental condition, and for that purpose, if necessary, to be detained in an institution for defectives pending the examination, and for such further time as may be required for the presentation of a petition for an order under this Act.

(4) Where it appears to the police authority that any person charged with an offence is a defective, they shall communicate with the local authority, and it shall be the duty of the police authority to bring before the court such evidence as to his mental condition as may be available.

Thus shall your pestilential kind be wiped from the earth's face:

50. If any person intermarries with, or attempts to intermarry with any person whom he knows to be a defective within the meaning of this Act, or if any person solemnizes or procures or connives at any marriage knowing that one of the parties thereto is a defective he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour.

Moreover, do not store up malice in your heart against those who have provided for your good in a nice secluded institution—because it will be no use:

58. (1) Any person who presents a petition for an order under this Act shall not be liable to any civil or criminal proceedings, whether on the ground of want of jurisdiction or on any other ground if such person has acted in good faith and with reasonable care.

"Lord have pity on us, miserable serfs!"

New Hearts.

Conviction of sin should precede regeneration of heart, a fact to which any salvationist would be able to testify. For the past week Mr. Wells has been preaching the necessity for new hearts to the capitalist readers of the *Daily Mail*, yet in a strangely absolute fashion he has shunned the preliminary imputation of sin. In the lengthy diagnosis of "labour unrest," and in the inducements held out to alter the attitude of *Daily Mail* readers towards it, Mr. Wells keeps away from the crucial concern, the fundamental injustice which is causing that healthy unbalance in the community, "labour unrest." Perhaps it is because Mr. Wells is writing down to his audience; it could not be that he did not know. Still, what is the good of being Mr. Wells if one cannot say just what one likes? However that may be, it seems a pity, with the vast *Daily Mail* audience awaiting his pontifical utterance six days in succession, that Mr. Wells should have left it without any plain, naked conception of what quarrel labour has with the possessing classes. The possessing classes have laid hold on to that which is not theirs, and the community will not return to a state of stable equilibrium until they loosen their hold; and until such time as they do, their "changed hearts" will be merely added vexation and aggravation. To speak of "change of tone, and a new generosity on the part of those who deal with labour speeches, labour literature," as a factor of any appreciable importance upon our emergence "from these acute social dissensions" is to bespeak an easy peace to those for whom there can be no peace—not until they have abandoned the plunder. It seems a pity to mislead these poor people, to lead them to suppose that the unrest is based upon more easily removable causes than it is. The unrest is based upon a sense of Justice, abstractly conceived and concretely translated—a sense of Justice outraged—and no highering of wages and bettering of conditions will avail until Justice is done. Justice is Balance, Equilibrium; Injustice is Unstable Equilibrium, Unrest. Accord Justice and Unrest will disappear automatically. The workers want the full value of their labour—not its "market" value, but its intrinsic value. Their animus is against the entire capitalistic system, lock, stock and barrel—currency, capitalists, and bankers. Capitalism,

to-day is in its essence immoral. A millionaire, whether he knows it or not, is in an immoral situation. He holds that which he never earned, and which his fathers before him never earned. Here is a queer sentiment. "It is only by the plea that its inequalities give society a gentleman, that our present social system can claim to endure," says Mr. Wells. No gentleman could endure the present system we should have thought. Moreover, a person who needed a special start over his fellows, in order to become a gentleman, i.e., a man of worth, evidently could not have had the stuff in him to arrive on equal terms. If inequalities are necessary for the production of "gentlemen," then we would gladly forego "gentlemen." They cost too much. But we are quite sure they are not. There are born gentlemen, individuals of such native worth that they outdistance their born equals in life. The essence of a gentleman shows itself in what he *gives* of his own qualities. It is part of his honour not to force external advantages over his fellows. Hence, it is easier for the camel to enter the needle's eye than for a successful capitalist to be a gentleman. A gentleman is the highest development of which we can form a conception. He is the embodiment of the higher human law—chivalry, for instance. He is measured not by what he has, but by what he is. His own problem for himself is how much he can give out of his native wealth. He would be appalled at the idea of a whole body of men toiling in order that they might give to him. Hence we find it difficult to concur in the attitude of mind which can speak of the possessing classes as "the fortunate minority." It seems to us a singularly unfortunate position to be in, i.e., to be conscious of holding more than one's due at the expense of injustice to others to whom more is due. There is a very vivid pleasure in knowing that one gets at least no more than one actually earns, that one has no share in the blood-sucking of humanity of which we see evidence on every hand; that one is not a drain upon the labours of the community. The possessing classes are far too conceited, and one must regret that Mr. Wells has failed to deflate their conceit, but has inflated it rather. To our thinking, he did not make it clear to them that there is no question of the rich being generous to the poor, but that it is a question of how generous the poor may be induced to be to the rich. The rich are in the dock; the poor are their judges; and no mildness of tone on the part of the rich can avail to alter this relationship. The poor may be generous in their judgment, but they will never rest until justice is done—"labour unrest" will go on. This is why "labour unrest" is righteous; why it must go on, and must be encouraged to go on; why agitators must be regarded as the salt of the earth—as those who keep it going; why also Mr. Wells' principal remedy—proportional representation—is likely to prove no remedy at all, nor any other political nostrum. This belief in political rearrangements is as naïf as that of the Suffragettes! It seems a pity that with such an opportunity Mr. Wells failed to break the news to the wealth-holders that their game—with honour—is up; that respect even will only be theirs when they begin to disgorge; that it would be a sign of returning grace if they, for instance, gave up the land. (Mr. Wells does not mention land. Even in a diagnosis, we think *land* might have been mentioned—more especially when we are presented with proportional representation!)

The Case of Strindberg.

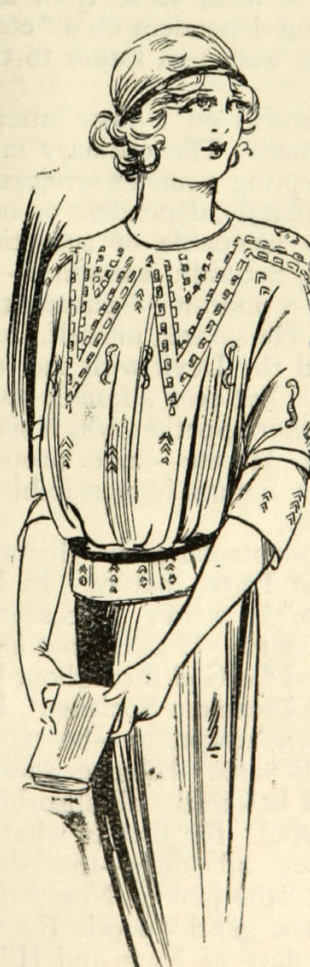
THOUGH at first sight it may appear irreverent, it is by no means unfitting that we should feel a deep sense of satisfaction at the knowledge that the man of whom Ibsen, in the heyday of his genius, remarked, "Here is one who will be greater than I," is no more: his death may, with perfect accuracy, be described as a "happy release." For if ever a man was "unwanted" by the world, it was August Strindberg. Poet, essayist, scientist, dramatist, novelist, mystic, and through and above all revolutionist, his life was one black hell from start to finish. Only in writing, in a ceaseless expenditure of his genius, would he find relief from his earthly torments—it was as though, inundated with a constant flux of poison, he must be for ever discharging it, pumping it out in self-preservation. He saved his life by losing it, much as Nietzsche did; like Nietzsche, too, his mind collapsed under the strain. His fits of madness must have been a positive relief after the continuous storm and strife of his ordinary existence. He is said on these occasions to have presented himself calmly and resignedly at a neighbouring asylum, accepting the inevitable. He never accepted anything else. One is reminded of some noble bruiser, felled again and again, yet rising each time undaunted and eager to renew the fight. And now the fight is over. It has lasted long enough in all conscience; Strindberg was sixty-three years old when he died. What living man, revolutionary or otherwise, can boast of such a struggle? We can only echo Shaw, who anticipated Strindberg's epitaph years ago, when he said of him that he would prove "the noblest Roman of us all."

And Shaw should understand the soul of Strindberg, if anyone can. When his plays were first published, plagiarism was openly hinted at. And, in truth, there is an amazing affinity between their mental attitudes. Over and over again, in examining the terrible psychological analyses of the Swede, we are arrested by some forcible reminder of the "hackneyed Shaw touch." Dramatically, too, their minds seem to have moved in an almost identical orbit: both present their characters from the same aspect, the will stripped bare, swift, startling, spiritual conflict, crisis on crisis, without any attempt at construction as the conventional stage craftsman understands the word. There is, too, the same ruthless, unsparing wit wrestling with the same deadly sincerity—in Strindberg rising often to despair; the same utter disregard and contempt for tradition and "good taste." One imagines their internal workings of a very similar order. And yet, *externally*—what a stupendous contrast! Strindberg, with his poverty, his hosts of enemies, his matrimonial scandals, his mental breakdowns, his unmourned end; Shaw, at the zenith of popularity, in almost proverbial enjoyment of the fruits of honest labour, not to mention domestic bliss; in short, on perfect terms with the world. When we remember that both sprang from the same class—the lower middle, equally without means—it is almost staggering to think of the complete divergence of the ways carved out by their so strikingly similar instincts. But perhaps it is unfair to describe them as "equally" without means. Shaw was supported in his early days by the scanty earnings of his mother—and, indeed, it is possible that this fact alone may explain much of the difference between them. The

tragic failure of Strindberg is, I think, almost wholly attributable to a trait in his character which the timely comfort of a "Candida" might have gone far to eliminate. The whole bitterness of his life was due to an ineradicable hatred of women. He was more than a mere misogynist; he was an *active* misogynist. The thought of women to Strindberg was as a red rag to a bull. Literally, he saw red in them!

And it was his bull-like qualities that ruined his life. A little civilised discretion would have made all the difference. The Misogynist is, after all, no *rara avis* in these days. He may be found in every *milieu*, in every household, one might almost say—by men. For, batlike, he is careful not to fly by day. In the presence of ladies he is polite, genial, flattering, and he manages to jog through life in comparative serenity. But the taurine Strindberg would never resist charging at his red rag—and the world turned this to account, even as the Spaniards make use of their bulls. Strindberg provided "sport" for the world, at the expense of his blood. Incidentally there was for him that fierce and unholy fascination about the thing he hated that is one of Nature's grimmest jokes. He married three times—and, like the bull again, was—Gallically speaking—horned!

It is no exaggeration, this comparison of the misogynist with the baited bull. To appreciate it one has only to analyse the popularity of any public figure: nine-tenths of it is feminine. In a previous article I instanced Christ, Goethe, Shakespeare. On the face of it, man is too busy looking after his own career to bother about lionising his brother; what spare time he has is spent in his own pleasures, which are more in the nature of bearing his sister. With the exception of party-political meetings



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18/9

SENT ON APPROVAL.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore St. (Cavendish Sq.), London, W.

(which are only business meetings in disguise) woman forms the incomparably predominant factor of every audience. And Strindberg deliberately set himself in the face of this factor. Intellectual intercourse with women was anathema to him—he would have none of it. Whether he expected a following among men or not, it is difficult to say—probably he never thought about a following at all, except the following of his own tastes and instincts. In fact, he was pitching himself against a brick wall. Recently a couple of his plays were presented by private societies in London. It is almost superfluous to mention that about nine-tenths of the audiences were women. And these were plays violently insulting to the whole sex. What a public he might have had if only—if only, indeed, his tastes had been different!

But Strindberg's misogyny brought him a good deal more (or, rather, less) than even his dismal failure as an artist. It is true that the Genius is dependent on women for his success; but even more so is the ordinary man. I have said that the ordinary man falls back on women in his intervals from money-making. From his Pagan point of view, woman is something inherently desirable and serviceable; his hand is against every man—his foot on woman. So long as woman looks after him he does not worry about her moral nature; if he is handsome, or successful, and she runs after him—so much the better. Strindberg would not accept this. He found himself, at least in one respect, horribly dependent on women; his temperament was strongly sexual. Association with women from this point of view was simply necessary to him—and it revolted him. His was one of those natures opposed to dependence of any sort. It is not unlikely, I think, that much of his fierce talk about woman not being a complete human being, but only an appendage to man, arose from this distaste at the idea of being dependent on a "complete human being." The wish was father to the thought.

And the wish was founded on a taste utterly foreign to the ordinary man. The ordinary man makes no bones about accepting woman's services—he is willingly, only too willingly, dependent on her. Strindberg was naturally incapable of accepting anything—he was, in fact, naturally *unnatural*—as a man. He was at heart a puritan—a puritan not on principle, but at heart. He shrank, himself, from the World, the Flesh, and the Devil with the fervour of a religious fanatic. But even a fanatic must eat, and Strindberg had other appetites which similarly required gratification. He ate—under protest, so to speak; and by a very natural human foible—he complained of the food.

We must grasp this fundamental point—his was the very antithesis of the Pagan nature. In his autobiographical "Inferno," he writes: "To search for God, and to find the Devil! That is what happened to me." He searched for God throughout his life. In his later years he became a Socialist. He never worked for his own advantage—he never sunk to pander to the public taste—he never spared himself—he never flinched before the all-absorbing duty of laying bare his soul; for that is what it became—a duty. It was all duty—the duty preached by his *bête noir*, "the famous Norwegian spy"—as he called him, the gentle, poetic Ibsen; the duty to oneself; the duty of Nora and Hilda Wangel.

How Strindberg would have raved had anyone pointed this out to him! Yet he was an ideal illustration of Ibsen's theory—about women. Nora Helmer, it will be recalled, voluntarily left her home and her children, all that had previously contributed

to her happiness—at the call of her duty to herself. Is this not a perfect analogy to the case of Strindberg? Did he not in the same way renounce happiness for—what? "To search for God." One sort of happiness for him, the man, was—woman; and if he did not, could not, renounce her, at least he *denounced* her. She brought happiness only to a lower part of his consciousness—the Pagan part—she did not satisfy the best in him. "I find the joy of life in the powerful, terrible struggle for life; the capability of experiencing something, learning something, is a pleasure to me." This is not Nora lecturing her husband; it is from the preface of Strindberg's "Miss Julia." Strindberg—misogynist, forsooth!

Let us dip a little into his works, and sift out some of the autobiography. The student of his plays will notice a curious fact about his male characters. They are all heroes—that goes without saying—but Strindberg appears to have divided his sympathies between two totally different and, indeed, conflicting types. By far the rarer of the two is that of which "The Father" affords the best example. It represents Strindberg at his most personal and profound; we see the very germs of Strindberg's own soul. "The Father" is the most hideous and realistic of his plays. Its hero is a sort of Hamlet—a poor devil, obsessed with an all-gnawing suspicion. And this was a failing that materially contributed to Strindberg's own misery—there is no mistaking the self-delineation. But as though to remove the matter beyond all doubt—this wretched character is (on the flimsiest grounds) actually driven mad. Now, it is well known that Strindberg always observed and retained his impressions during his mental lapses. Indeed, the appalling details in this play would be otherwise inexplicable. Strindberg was evidently very strongly under the necessity I mentioned at the beginning of this article—viz., of drawing himself and his poison at one. And in this searching and intimate picture, he has caught that religious instinct which was at the root of everything he did. The Father is a thorough-going altruist, a "Searcher for God"—his suspiciousness, his violence, his insanity, all have their roots in this generous idealism. Moreover, like Strindberg himself, he is touchingly sensitive. He asks:

"Yes, I am crying, although I am a man. . . . Why should not . . . a soldier cry? Because it is unmanly? Why is it unmanly?"

Now compare this with Strindberg's other and more common type of hero. He is a callous, unscrupulous, selfish tyrant, the forerunner of the "great blond beast" of Nietzschean fame, the true "manly man." The servant hero of "Miss Julia" is of this kind. Beyond his own personal advancement, he has no ideals. He has the nobility—of the horse. He could no more sink to tears than a stone. There is nothing of the "Father" in him. It seems extraordinary that the same man could have drawn both these types. Yet Strindberg, the "Searcher after God," sympathises with this archfiend—this antithesis of his own nature—not merely in his sexual triumphs, which are probably autobiographical—but in the sheer force of his brutality and strength. He is here not so much the woman-hater as the man-worshipper—a very different thing: The ordinary misogynist is pessimistic to the core. Strindberg—like Nietzsche—exploits his misogynistic instincts in the interests of an ecstatic faith in the Supercad.

And this cad-worship, though entirely foreign to the nature of the ordinary man—who, being a cad himself, is merely jealous of other cads—is a very common characteristic of women. We see it

strongly developed in the average mother, who instinctively prefers her male to her female children. How often do we meet with cases where a mother has sacrificed her means, her comfort, her very life to an utterly worthless and selfish son; or a wife to her husband! There is something about this manliness that appeals irresistibly to her self-sacrificing instincts. She refuses to recognise his worthlessness; to her he represents something of infinite importance—of far more importance than herself. It is one of Nature's commonest illusions. Maeterlinck has drawn a very chronic case in his "*Ariane et Barbe bleu*," where the women, brutally treated by their scoundrel of a husband, yet find a something about him (not physically sexual, *bien entendu*) that induces them to reject the opportunity of escape, to stay on and sacrifice themselves still further. It is this blind grovelling to the "manly" that we find throughout Strindberg. He himself was as superior to it as wheat to chaff—yet in his imagination it was the all-important element. To its glorification, he dedicated, sacrificed his whole life and work.

I have already drawn attention to his strong sexual propensities. The physical facts of sex—while utterly repugnant to his inner sense of self-respect—revealed themselves with nauseating detail to his impressionable genius. Added to his maternal idolatry of the "manly," they provided him with an enormous case against the sex to which in all but body he belonged. And his physical taste inclining, by the same natural process as Shakespeare's, towards manly women, his knowledge of the sex was more or less confined to that variety. "I feel myself stirred by an angry need of resisting this enemy, inferior in intellect, but superior by her complete absence of moral sense," he writes—quite oblivious, for the moment, of his manly heroes, whose superiority depends on precisely the same deficiency. Even sense of humour was in abeyance on these occasions. His analysis of woman's share in sexual relations coincides almost exactly with Shaw's as expounded in the Hell scene of "Man and Superman." Sense of humour, however, permits Shaw to see the biological justification of his "Everywoman"—and to sympathise. Strindberg, obsessed by the moral unscrupulousness of her instinct—of which he no doubt had somewhat unpleasant experience—can only villify and abuse, momentarily blind to these higher issues.

The real limitation of Strindberg's point of view may be explained by another reference to Shaw's masterpiece. Don Juan is proceeding to dogmatise on woman according to the Strindberg formula:

"Is that your idea of a woman's mind?" retorts Ana. "I call it cynical and disgusting materialism."

Don Juan corrects himself: "Pardon me, Ana: I said nothing about a woman's whole mind. I spoke of her view of man as a separate sex."

There's the rub. To Strindberg, sex *was* woman's whole mind. A lonely, disagreeable man, wrapped up in himself and his purpose, shunning and shunned by his fellows, his relations with women could only be of one sort. Doubtless he came across women who were "all things to all men"—but we need not ask what they were to him. Of the really womanly woman he had no conception. Shaw learned otherwise: his mother, Mrs. Annie Besant, Miss Horniman, Josephine Butler, Ellen Terry showed him woman as a moral, intellectual, artistic force—a force that "*zieht uns hinan*." Fate seems to have denied to Strindberg the privilege of an acquaintance with free women. Perhaps it was the shock of the "*Freewoman*" that killed him!

H. F. RUBINSTEIN.

The Problem of Illegitimacy.

II.—ILLEGITIMACY AND PROSTITUTION.

"We devote some women recklessly to perdition to make a hothouse Heaven for the rest."—JAMES HINTON.

PROSTITUTION is at once the most pernicious and flagrantly unsocial result of Ostracism. It is the completion of the vicious circle of our present Social System.

Everyone at heart is a Philosophic Anarchist, desiring a world where laws are unnecessary because its people are actuated only by one desire: a desire to live out their lives in the fullest possible way—the true duty of citizenship: a desire to kill themselves by living. But "it is not a universe we live in. It's a cascade of muddles; it is chaos exasperated by policemen." We are taught the doctrine of mock patriotism, "my country right or wrong, my mother drunk or sober!" our whole education is a determined attempt to blind our eyes, to compel us to glorify the physical, and to despise the intellectual. Thus, while we teach our daughters to sell themselves for money and position, we most heartily despise the unskilled labourer who plies for casual employment on the street. The motto of past generations has been, "We are the conquerors of the world, *we* have the knowledge. If we do not understand anything, it is beneath our contempt. Let us talk of something else." And so this dastardly conspiracy of silence came about—with the result that too many people to-day are obsessed by sex. Children have only the Bible and an indiscriminate loss of innocence and virginity to guide them. Thus, too, do well-meaning parents drive young men to seek the satiation of their natural desires with women, few of whom are free from venereal disease, and if this method is nauseating (as it should be), there is the eternal horror that they may be the means of supplying another woman to meet the constant demand. We drive women on to the street, and then, rolling in satisfaction, say, "I told you so."

The duty of this generation is clear. It is up to us to lay bare the Great Secret. Knowledge alone is Wisdom. There must be no more "innocent victims" seduced. Innocence can and does co-exist with Sexual Knowledge. There are many virtues greater than chastity.

It is the condemnation to utter wastefulness and ruin by this Fleishy Civilisation which rankles. Of course, under our present damnable system, many "unmarried mothers" find their natural place on the streets. But I have at least four young acquaintances—"ladies!"—(who may be virgins for all I know), whose ultimate destination I could vouch for. My first lesson in the psychology of sex was the first time I walked alone from Leicester Square down Piccadilly. I had heard so much by the whispered half-information of the public school-boy of the wickedness, gross behaviour, and utter evil of the prostitute that for awhile I walked, too shy to look at any of them. But when, greatly daring, I ventured to do so, very often I saw the exact *replica* of some woman who lived in my native town, who had been the friend of my family, and in whose company my early ignorant days had been spent.

Under our system the unattractive woman has the easiest chance. Yet we condemn what we call "the unsexed woman." Any American will tell you that this is a man-run country, and therein lies the reason for this condemnation. The "unmarried mother" is cast out because *she* interferes with the

marriage market of the great Trade Union of Women. And we poor fools of men let this happen, although by her very action she has proved herself capable of fulfilling at least one of the functions of marriage.

But these "unmarried mothers" whom we drive on to the street—are we to condemn them all as wanton? They may be roughly divided into two great classes. The first, all those women whose education has been cursory, and who must have some excitement to counteract the atmosphere they live and work in—barmaids, factory girls, servants, who have lost the piece of paper we call their "character." We educate them damnably, and then turn them into the world to work, open to seduction by their masters, their fellow-employees, or the men to whom they turn for enjoyment. We fill their heads with so-called romance; the books they read, the only drama they know is full of this twaddle. And then we expect them to "keep straight"! A working man once said to me when I was suggesting to him the limitation of families as a means of raising wages, "You want to take away the only pleasure we have!"

Then there are the women who find it "a terrible world if it is not embellished by children," and who are tired of waiting for the right man and the fitting economic circumstances to come along. The eternal pity of it all! No one believes less than I do in the indiscriminate propagation of children, but there are ways and means ready to our hands to stop this endless waste, this driving of women to perdition, and (what I have only just touched on) this "perennial massacre of the innocents." There is a solution, practical and far-reaching, vastly more important than the most efficient institutions that can be built. But it is a solution which calls for the determined co-operation of all Freemen and Freewomen.

WILLIAM FOSS.

(To be continued.)

"A Modern Crusader."*

I AM inclined to agree with the Anti-Suffragists in their opinion that "there are some things which can safely be left to the men." Writing bad plays is one of them. Therefore I regard Mrs. J. A. Hobson's "A Modern Crusader" as an unfeminine usurpation of man's sphere. It is true that she meanly dodges the accusation of writing a bad play by calling it a "dramatic pamphlet." Most of us have a sentimental tenderness for the drama-form, for as a nation we are soaked in Shakespeare, and all of us who are under thirty-five mean to write a play some day. Hence the performance of "A Modern Crusader," which took place during Health Week in the theatre of the National Sporting Club, was unkind. Its publication is unprovoked cruelty.

I have not the least idea why a play concerned with the troubles of a vegetarian doctor who is in love with a butcher's daughter should be funny. But it is so. Just as to the discerning mind there is something irresistibly comic about Eustace Miles' Restaurant. The food is good, the air is cool, but. . . . Perhaps it is the dietetic point of

* "A Modern Crusader." By Florence Edgar Hobson. 1s (A. C. Fifield.)

"Vale." By Leonard Inkster. 1s. (A. C. Fifield.)

"Indian Tales of Love and Beauty." By Josephine Ransome. 3s. 6d. (The Theosophist Office.)

view. In any case, I have never seen anything so mournfully comic as the second act, laid in the butcher's shop, with the refined heroine visibly wilting among the joints, what time her father's former customers defile through the shop, announcing their conversion to vegetarianism as the result of a lecture given by her lover. The insistency with which Mrs. Hobson presents the dietetic point of view may be judged by the fact that when the heroine's mother finds her abandoned to passionate tears after her rejection of the doctor's proposal, she immediately proffers consolation in the form of a glass of milk—"Take this; *there's an egg in it*; it'll do you good!"

Even the emotional crisis of the play is arrived at by the horrific influence of meat, the accursed thing. So far as one can judge, a cyclone springs up among the joints. "The wind has risen, and is heard whistling; it comes in gusts, making strange noises in shop. . . . Joints and carcasses sway. . . . The pig which hangs from ceiling R. C., not far from desk, has begun to sway back and forth in a sort of rhythmic motion, started by a gust of wind from open window R. C., and goes slower and slower, As it swings its head comes fairly near to Josephine, who stares at it in horrible fascination, her eyes becoming fixed in terror. At last she can bear it no longer; rises slowly like one in a dream, keeping her eyes fixed on pig as if under a spell, reaches out mechanically, and takes down Freddy's apron hanging on door, walks with it towards pig, holds it up to cover up pig, when, just as she has raised her arms, holding the apron, still staring at pig, a horrible squeal is heard from slaughter-house of a dying pig, and with a piercing shriek Josephine falls fainting to the floor."

This is nonsense, such nonsense that it is rather funny; but it is also blasphemy. Words are sacred, pen and ink are sacred, because of the noble uses they have been put to by artists, and propagandists who mishandle them ought to be punished for sacrilege. The Pioneer Players and the Actresses' Franchise League are perhaps the most shameless offenders in the way of producing degradations of the drama written by propagandists, whom nothing but the fire of Prometheus could make into artists. It is untrue to say that these impertinences towards Art are innocuous by their own ineffectiveness. For the public taste has already been so perverted that dislocated Suffrage speeches, such as Miss Cicely Hamilton's plays, stand the chance of wide popularity.

What makes Mrs. Hobson's assault on the drama the more reprehensible is the mischievousness of her propaganda. In the last act the vicar's wife lengthily explains to the vegetarian doctor that she is dying of cancer, but is such a perfect lady that she had not liked to mention it before; and that she has left him her fortune on condition that he marries the butcher's daughter, and goes through the country preaching a mission to mothers. What this mission is is stated in an accompanying reprint of Mrs. Hobson's article in the April number of the *Contemporary Review*.

From this it appears that Mrs. Hobson desires to see the Kingdom of Heaven established on earth, and thinks this will be brought about by teaching women domestic economy. So she has evolved a scheme for planning training schools all over the rural districts. "In connection with my daughter's education I felt the need of some such place in order to prepare a very unpractical bookworm for an early marriage." Mrs. Hobson has a most devastating idea of marriage. Robert Louis Stevenson described it as a field of battle, but she goes further. It appears to her as a marooning on a

desert island, a violent destruction of civilisation, a denuding of life of every modern convenience; a period of such woes and privations as the Litany describes. The late Miss Hobson (for in this outburst of candour Mrs. Hobson omits to give her daughter's married name) "worked for several months in the workroom of a West End dressmaker; she took a three months' course at Mrs. Buck's Housekeeping School at Malvern, supplemented by cookery classes in London; she taught the younger children for a term at her old school; and, last of all, spent several months." Why this eclecticism? Why not three months at Callard and Bowser's Butter Scotch Factory in Duke's Road, W.C.? The experience gained therein would greatly endear a mother to her children.

As a result of this peripatetic preparation for marriage, Mrs. Hobson has arrived at the conclusion that "Home Schools" ought to be established throughout the country. These are cottages under the care of a "practical, sympathetic lady," where girls between sixteen and twenty-five would in six months learn how to be good wives and mothers by learning domestic economy and looking after a couple of resident babies. "The inclusive fees for students would be 7s. weekly. . . . It is assumed that these payments would be met by ladies interested in the training of the girls." They would be. Rich ladies who, sensibly enough, hardly ever see the insides of their own kitchens are always willing to give money towards the domestic enslavement of poor women.

This would open a new and not unpleasant career of crime for women. For what could be more attractive to unprincipled young women like myself, with a genuine and fervent dislike for work, than to spend their lives between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, settling down in various rural districts, convincing local ladies of their fitness for marriage, and spending the next six months tending the two babies? At the end of this period they would vanish silently to another district, other ladies and two other babies. "Baby-lingering" would be as common an offence under the Home School System as Tory members fear malingering will be under the Insurance Bill.

Now all this exhibits that devastating confusion of thought which assumes that because a woman is a mother she must necessarily be a good housekeeper, and that if she is not she ought to be. There seems evidence to the contrary. Of course, we want the finest women to have children; and those who have the care of children must have the precious gifts of vitality, a quick intelligence, and a fairy-tale way of looking at things. But it was a recognised fact at the school where I was educated—a secondary school with over nine hundred pupils—both among teachers and pupils, that the girls of dulled intelligence and weak intellectual powers would probably go in for domestic economy, and probably be most successful. I remember the deep sympathy and indignation extended to me by my schoolfellows and teachers when, on leaving school, I was induced by a deluded family to enter a School of Domestic Economy. Since then I have worked at various things in various places, including a Scottish market-garden in the depths of winter. So I am in a position to state that digging up rhubarb roots on a November morning, with an east wind whistling round one's ears, is cleanly and exhilarating compared to cleaning down a gas-stove or spending a morning at the wash-tub. Domestic work is monotonous, soul-destroying drudgery, and Mrs. Hobson might as well attempt to popularise rat-poison.

Now that women have tasted the sweets of freedom, it is madness to make their entrance into marriage their entrance into the worst of slaveries. What we must do is to abolish the problem of domesticity. That will be done in the laboratory and the workshop, not in the kitchen. You want architects to build communal kitchens, and homes that require the minimum amount of attention; you want electricians to apply electricity to domestic uses; you want inventors to simplify laundry work. But you do not want the exhausted drudge bent over the ironing-board, with half a dozen children pulling at her skirts. Mrs. Hobson would wish a mother to spend her days making baby clothes and cooking the dinner. But if she is made of such valuable stuff as mothers ought to be, she should be earning her living either in the labour market or by looking after her own children and those of other self-supporting mothers. The baby clothes can be bought from a specialised worker. The dinner can be cooked by a specialised worker.

What Mrs. Hobson really wants to remove from the cottages of England is indifference to discomfort, that last pitiful result of the lowered vitality of men and women accustomed to live in insanitary cottages, eat poor food, and wear rotten clothing. What can life be worth to those nine hundred thousand agricultural labourers who earn from nine to twenty shillings a week that they should trouble to live fastidiously? Let Mrs. Hobson agitate for the building of more and better cottages, and so remove a part of the need for the domestic drudgery of these tired and starved women.

The worst of this tradition of domestic slavery is that joy of any kind is looked on as a disorderly dissipation for women, just as middle-class mistresses disapprove of their servants going out to the

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theatre. You have poets like Mr. Leonard Inkster excusing a bride's happiness like this:—

"And I was glad to let you go, for then
(While terror whispered), even as I bent
To touch your lips, there spoke this bravery
And pride: 'I shall be mother, mother of men.'"

My sympathies are entirely with the bridegroom. It must be most damping to be regarded in this utilitarian spirit on one's wedding-day. That such a sensitive writer as Mr. Inkster, who writes so pathetically about the sorrows of the frustrated artist in "The Journalist's Chant," can so complacently describe a passionless woman means a lot.

The type that is supreme in motherhood because of its submission to domestic slavery has none of those qualities which we recognise as valuable in all other forms of human activity—quickness, intensity of perception, nervous energy. In turning over the pages of "Indian Tales of Love and Beauty," an excellent collection of historical stories suitable for girls of twelve or fourteen, I come on a passage describing the essentially motherly woman. "Surely that wide, ample bosom was meant to pillow tired little heads. . . ." This sounds like a feather bed. But this is the cow-like type of woman who will succeed in married life because of her fitness for drudgery. The other women—the women unsuited for slavery, made for nobler things—break under the yoke. And no one is a halfpenny the better. For it is not good for children to be brought up in the neurotic atmosphere of a home governed by an unhappy and disappointed woman.

REBECCA WEST.

At the Royal Academy.

IT is very nearly sufficient to go into Gallery I. and look towards the entrance to Gallery II. Just to the right you will see the finest picture in the exhibition. Of course, I can refer only to "The Red Shawl," by Miss Amy K. Browning (No. 48).

The effect of this work of genius is immediately and powerfully striking. Miss Browning's picture dominates the entire gallery. Standing about the middle of the apartment, and looking round carefully, you will see nothing else to attract you in such a way. "The Picnic," by Mr. George Henry, R.A., and "The Market: Nice," by Mr. George C. Haité, are the only two canvases in this gallery which can be compared with Miss Browning's picture. There are, naturally, the usual stock subjects. "An October Morning: Dulwich," by Mr. J. Moffat Perkins; "Ploughing: Sussex," by Mr. Cecil R. Burnett, and "Penelope and her Suitors," by Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson, are typical examples of stock subjects and stock treatment—careful, well done, well drawn; but absolutely uninspiring to the last degree. "The Red Shawl" has nothing to do with Penelope; but there is more of the true Greek spirit in Miss Browning's picture than in Mr. Orchardson's.

Last week I spoke of the type of art which should interest our so-called progressive thinkers and people of culture generally. It does not follow that we tend to the Futurist school the more we become "advanced," for we shall find in the end that we are simply picking up the thread of tradition once more. Perhaps what I said last week on this point, taken in conjunction with what I propose to say now on the subject of subjects, stock and otherwise, may help us to realise the genius in Miss Browning's picture, and to realise also why the other two works I have referred to—"The Picnic"

and "The Market: Nice"—stand out above the ruck. It is all a matter of the choice of a subject and its treatment.

Whistler once referred with some contempt to "the British subject." The British subject is usually sentimental, and that was precisely why it met with Whistler's disapproval; for sentimentality is not art, and cannot be made art by any process of treatment. Who does not remember reproductions of some picture, called, I believe, "The Doctor"?—a medical man bending over a bed, child in grave condition, parents anxious, atmosphere of stuffiness and closed windows. Sheer sentimentality and bathos like this are enough to arouse the ire of any man with the slightest pretensions to culture. This is, perhaps, an extreme instance; but it is very little worse than the lily-like women of Rossetti, or the equally dreadful females of Burne-Jones. It is not to be denied that this period of artistic idealism in England corresponded to a similar period in France and Germany. Compare Burne-Jones's "Wood Nymph" or Watts's "Artemis and Endymion" with Moreau's "Plaint of the Poet," or "The Beheading of John the Baptist," by Puvis de Chavannes. There is the same over-delicacy, the same lack of spirit, in all of them.

But, while an atrocity like "The Doctor" is wrong as to subject, the pale ladies of Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, etc., are deplorable as to treatment. We may vary a well-known expression by saying that no woman was ever half so innocent as Watts's women looked. Watts, for example, a sentimental Englishman, a nineteenth-century epigone, should never have tried his hand on the Greeks. We see nothing of the old Greek spirit in his representations of Artemis, or Endymion, or Ariadne. Those fierce Greeks, those powerful warriors and passionate women—what had Watts in common with them! It is not sufficient to sketch a pattern of virtue on canvas, and call her Penelope or Astarte Syriaca. The artist must, first of all, know what the Greek spirit was—a difficult task this, but not an insuperable one; he must consider in what precise form or forms this spirit was reflected in the women of Greece or the goddesses of Greece; and his picture should enable us to feel and appreciate this spirit. In other words, when we look at his picture we expect to see not merely the artistic representation of a woman, but something beyond and above: we must, in short, be made to feel different from what we are—not in the sense that we should feel more degraded and downcast, but nobler and higher. Compare Rubens!

Now, an ugly subject, it must be said at once, cannot be made beautiful by the greatest artistic genius that ever lived. "Ugly" is meant in a wide sense—the word here includes the dull, the uninspiring, the wretched. A doctor at a patient's bedside is ugly; Dulwich, *pace* Mr. J. Moffat Perkins, is as ugly on an October morning as any other morning; and a coarse-featured, dull-looking, or shapeless man or woman should not be painted. Mr. R. G. Eves, for example, has given us a portrait of the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Cozens-Hardy, Master of the Rolls. There may not be more than two or three men in the country who can equal the Master of the Rolls in knowledge of law; but there are, not to put too fine a point on it, several who are his equals in physical beauty. Mr. Eves chose an inartistic subject there. On the other hand, Mr. J. H. F. Bacon has given us a portrait of Mr. Edmund Nicholas Prideaux-Brune, a remarkably handsome, intelligent, and fearless-looking youth—a boy whose face even now inspires confidence and respect, and of whom it may be said that he will go far. He is an artistic subject. Again, Mr. G. F.

Bird's "Grace: Daughter of Sir Henry Lennard, Bart.," Mr. Peter Leslie's "Miss Doris Pearce," and Mr. Hugh de T. Glazebrook's "Miss Strauss" are all excellent pictures, and pictures which are likely to last, simply because the ladies represented are in every case well worthy of artistic treatment, and they are in every case worthily treated—subject and treatment are both nearly perfect. There are other ladies on exhibition to whom these remarks do not apply, but in this connection I prefer to mention no names. I may add, however, that there are still other ladies and gentlemen whom I shall have occasion to mention favourably, from an artistic standpoint, in the course of a succeeding article.

Now let us come back to "The Red Shawl," and see whether we understand it better. As a picture, it has all the dominating qualities of aristocratic art. We are captured and held. Miss Browning has placed the woman arbitrarily, and she has placed the shawl arbitrarily on the woman's shoulders. The red of the shawl and the white of the costume are in contrast, but not in glaring contrast; the colouring does not offend us by being bizarre. In a word, Miss Browning has shown us that she possesses a selective faculty of a rare kind, that she knows not merely how to draw and mix her colours, but also how to deal drastically with her subject. She has not blindly followed "nature"; for there is nothing artistic in the chaos of "nature"; but she has selected from "nature" just what she wants, and no more. And all these qualities combined go to make up the finest picture in the show. On a later occasion I hope to examine some others.

EDWARD K. GUTHRIE.

The New Order.

IV.—THE NEW WORKER: FREE PRODUCTION BY CONCERTED EXCHANGE.

I.—*"The New Parliament: Social Reconstruction by Free Concert"*; II.—*"The New Landholder: Social Freedom by Security of Subsistence"*; III.—*"The New Money: Free Exchange between Free Organisers"*; V.—*"New Maids for Old: Free Women in Marriage and Out."*]

I.—THE WORKER, SLAVE OR FREE?

EVEN in the old days, when slavery was the natural sequel to war and conquest, the victors not seldom found it difficult to retain in enslaved conditions the bolder spirits amongst their captured foes, these not being inured to the slave habit of mind. The masters ultimately discovered the necessity, if they were to get any work out of their slaves at all, of holding out to them some prospect of buying their freedom after a term of years. This was achieved by allowing them awards for good behaviour, diligence, or skill, and the more rapidly they accumulated these tokens of merit the sooner they could pay the price of their freedom.

When in more modern times the idea dawned in men's minds that serfdom and slavery were alike anti-human conditions (a conception foreign to the thought of Aristotle), the money token became the supposed weapon of freedom, which, placed in the worker's hands, might make him master of his own fate. Tempted by this alluring prospect—the sole preoccupation of those enthusiasts who fought so bravely the battle for emancipation—the worker of modern times in Western civilisation has dreamed that he is free, but only to wake again and again and find himself groaning beneath invisible fetters too grievous to be borne. In the light of the New Order interpretation, he takes up and examines

afresh this reputed tool of freedom, and sees it in a changed aspect, as the latest and most insidious weapon of dominance.

Whence comes this glaring contradiction?

The freed slave of ancient Greece, who had rendered up his tokens and obtained his discharge, really changed his status, becoming a master by contrast with the slaves beneath him; but the modern worker is enslaved by his very conception of himself—else what does the class consciousness of the workers mean?—no less than by the tacit understanding of his rulers embodied in the now famous secret circular of the bankers (1862), which boldly assumed that, hemmed in by the master monopolies of gold and land, he could wield his weapon to little purpose. In that circular the financiers explained clearly how the control of labour might be effected in America, as in Europe, by controlling money through the gold basis (see "The New Order," pp. 5-7); and what is slavery, as they pertinently ask, but the control of labour?

Under present conditions, it is exceedingly difficult for the average worker to get the chance to examine the uses to which this money tool is put, or study the science of its operations. Instruction in all such matters is confined to more expensive commercial and other colleges than he can ever hope to attend, while the inner mysteries are jealously guarded even from the lower ranks of the bank staffs by the ringleaders of high finance and the master-organisers of the world's great produce exchanges. Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties and concealments, he is beginning to perceive the truth, and its perception must sooner or later lead him to traverse the logical pathway of the New Order, *i.e.*, he will see that the only inalienable monopoly consistent with a free world is that which gives a man the right to his land equivalent, namely, the food he consumes, and, further, that the only medium of exchange consistent with such a world must be based on that which alone each man can and should control for himself, his own work-time.

In the movement known as Syndicalism, there appears the dim perception that the worker's work-time is his own, and that, by giving or withholding it at his discretion, he can exert a control over industry from his side, or resist the superimposed control, whether of the master class as such, or in the guise of government officials, cabinet ministers, etc.

The increasing practice amongst co-operators and others of taking up land, which they cultivate primarily for their own use, and only secondarily for purposes of exchange, may, by similar reasoning, be interpreted to mean that they are feeling their way to the land principles of the New Order (see "The New Landholder," Tract 2). To speed up these processes, and make clear the true inwardness of the method in each case, is one of the aims of this series. The more speedily these confluent, as it were, of social effort meet in the main stream of organised and conscious human progress, the more rapidly and peaceably can the social revolution be achieved.

II.—THE WORKER IN THE NEW WORLD.

What aspect, then, will the industrial field present when the new principles are at work? What salient differences will mark the organisation of production, transport, and exchange in the New Order by contrast with that of the present day? The differences will be radical, and mainly of two kinds. Firstly, as already pointed out (see Tract 3), the things produced will be different from those of to-day, the supply being related to the demand made by the needs of healthy human beings safeguarding in their occupations the development of

their own lives, instead of being, as now, produced to tickle abnormal palates and jaded and satiated minds. Secondly, the conditions of production will be so different as to constitute a new world—a world wherein the joy of life is not extinguished—for “the labour we delight in physics pain.” Who does not delight in work freely and consciously entered upon for the development of his own powers, whether of body or mind?

It is impossible at this stage in the industrial campaign to predict how rapidly these larger changes can be brought about, but the immediate problem for the individual worker is to choose his own occupation, so far as possible, from the standpoint of his own development,* and if he is happy enough to be able to form or enter a New Order group, he will gradually enhance his freedom and gain practice in the new art or instinct of free organisation by producing more and more for his own use and that of his comrades in the group, or other like groups, and less and less for the competitive markets outside.

This leads by a natural transition of thought to the inquiry as to how and where workers may be looked for who are ready for the new line of organisation, and prepared to take a part in the conscious social experiment so urgently called for by the crying needs of the time. It is clear, in the first place, that workers from every rank of life fall into one natural scheme of grouping by contrast with idlers of every grade. The next point is less clear, but no less founded upon a true psychology. Harking back to the opening idea of this tract, where the difficulty was emphasised of retaining in servitude those not inured to the slave habit of mind, it should be noted that this habit is not confined to any class, sex, or occupation. The cleavage it makes is likely to yield to the new groups a highly varied assortment of workers—varied in taste, in means, in temperament, in faculties, and in employments, yet all alike in the one salient characteristic that it is their dearest ambition, their very religion, to be neither enslavers nor enslaved, neither exploiters nor exploited, neither rulers nor ruled. The stage of mental and spiritual evolution at which they have arrived is, in fact, the basis of their unity.

The great constructive brains of the so-called captains of industry will find full scope in readjusting to the needs of the new spirit of freedom the life and death exigencies of the railway and steamboat systems, the coal mines, and other forms of supply necessarily conducted on a large scale. Once freed from the entanglements of the money system, they will be able to reduce to a minimum, if not wholly to eradicate, that tragic element of overstrain and wastage of human life with which, in the present industrial system, we are so painfully familiar that we look upon them, for the most part, as inevitable happenings. From the insight born of the changed sense of values, introduced by the new principles of living, they will be discerned to be quite as preventable as the black plagues which formerly ravaged Europe. Among these varied solutions will, no doubt, be an increasing reliance upon short shifts, with complete change of occupation and interest in the intervening time, increased application of mechanical inventions to routine work, and last, not least, the increased reliance on the educational ideal and aim in all industries and at all periods of life, an ideal which, at the present time, is almost wholly lost sight of except amongst the art workers, properly so called. From this point of view, it is even possible to imagine that the now daily news-

* This seems to be one of the illuminating ideas of an interesting social sketch, entitled “Now,” by Charles Harris, published in 1910.

paper may be produced as occasions inspire them rather than by periods of clock-work time, the subsistence of the free organisers who pen them no longer depending upon the daily or weekly wage. It should here be observed that the very common phrase in use nowadays, “to make money,” contains, in a nutshell, the whole vice of the old régime. If it were, in fact, an exchange system, as it professes to be, money could not be “made.” In the New Order nobody could take on jobs with the view of “making money.”

The new unit of work-time, applying impartially to both sexes, removes for all time that economic rivalry and jealousy between men and women, which has increasingly marked the progressive development of the modern money system, while the choice of occupations from the view-point of race culture will tend to the solution of all other sexual conundrums.

III.—HOW TO FORM GROUPS.

Groupings in the New Order will emphatically not be determined by considerations of class, or nationality, or mere occupation, but by the stage of evolution, together with the natural affinities of the people who find themselves moving in the same direction, *i.e.*, how far they have evolved out of the conceptions and habits of the old order, and can co-organise harmoniously in the spirit of the New Order. In the early stages, persons of comfortable means may find themselves at considerable disadvantage through sheer lack of experience in the work-a-day world, but these will gladly devote some of their resources to the interests of the group, while availing themselves of the instructions in useful duties which their poorer but more efficient fellows can place at their disposal. By the adoption of simple life ideas, and by the economy of organisation through group methods of supplying the necessaries of life, such members will find their expenditures markedly decreased, and they are likely to contribute to the group, so long as it needs funds, the amount of the savings so effected. So much may justly be expected of them, indeed, without involving the New Order in the practice of communism so far as their economic possessions, derived from the old order, are concerned. This practice is excluded as making for failure by the general experience of communities hitherto.

According to the degree of their ripeness for the pursuits of the New Order, or the extent of their responsibilities in the old, members will group themselves as week-enders, day-enders, residents, or occasional visitors desiring to experiment in the exercise of the new sense. In this classification it will be found that there are many masters who do not believe in masterhood, nor allow their minds to fall into that mode of thought, while there are workers, on the other hand, who are yearning to exercise the master habit of mind, these being, under present circumstances, usually picked out for foremen or gangers. Spirits attuned to the New Order will meet together from all ranks, inspired by a common enthusiasm to shape anew the destinies of humanity, and bring to the test of the new and nobler estimate of social values every trade or profession, every industry, and even every form of recreation. Many industries, which absorb much time and energy in our day, when tested by these new values, will disappear with the spirit of dominance, enforced by monopoly, which evoked them.

Efficient week-enders, by working one day in the week, or two half-days, and day-enders, by working one hour a day, could produce their own food in free organisation, as a first step towards emancipation. During their seasons of unemployment they could

do more than this, and be of material aid in building up the group resources as well as their own. The group at their back would, in fact, prove for them (see No. 1, "The New Parliament") to be the best and most wholesome form of insurance. Those who have worked independently, including artists, authors, and handicraftsmen, would, in all likelihood, be best adapted as residents for reasons both psychological and practical.

The question will here inevitably arise whether a New Order group is a natural refuge for the workless, the destitute, and the casual labourer, who are the despair of social reformers everywhere. Here the psychic cleavage drawn by the New Order principle will not seldom effect strange transformations. The so-called unemployable, or work-shy, the men who will take to the open road sooner than be mastered, or chained to hopeless drudgery against their will, may frequently prove stalwarts under the new conditions, their sense of justice being satisfied, and their pent-up energies set free to work alongside their fellows on self-respecting terms. The destitute and hopeless, crushed under a weight of economic misfortunes, may be tested for a while in the guest-houses, or on surplus land held by New Order groups, till the natural bent of their disposition has had time to declare itself. If they respond to the new impulse, from innate aptitude, they will settle down, more or less permanently, in the group; but should they prove to have an inherent craving for discipline and control, or, on the other hand, a tendency to dominate their fellow-workers, or exploit them to their own uses, they would be reinstated in the old order at the earliest opportunity. At the same time, since progress in enacting the new arts of human fellowship is necessarily gradual, such points will not be easy to determine, and differences of opinion may arise in respect of individuals, or differences of practice between group and group. Some lovers of their kind may make it their especial task to conduct colonies, in which unemployed and unfortunate persons not yet conscious of the free instinct, might in time acquire the habit of working for themselves without masters.

Surrounded as we are by symptoms of industrial revolt on all sides, what sense of security arises from the idea that when producer and consumer are one, the era of strikes is at an end! In a world distracted by the incessant cry of the overworked and underfed, how great the peace of mind which must spring from the welding of a fresh human link by the free exchange of mutual and agreed services between members of the human family! It may be asked, in conclusion, where the community are all workers, can there be said to be any workers at all? Then all arbitrary distinctions will have disappeared, and the output of natural energy in the supply of the needs of development, individual and social, alone will remain. At work, at play, or at rest, the natural man or woman will be equally at home in the New Order.

W. A. MACDONALD.

HELEN M. MACDONALD.

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The Maternal Instinct.

NO human trait has been more wholeheartedly revered than the mother's instinct. In their wondering admiration for it men have usually tended to overlook any other virtue in women.

But even in this shrine the feminine iconoclast has looked round with critical eyes. We must admit the existence of little girls who fiendishly break their dolls, and loathe the old ring-games which deal with woman's sphere. It is not uncommon to find a girl student nervously out of place during the family ecstasies over the rite of washing and dressing a baby. Not content with failing to identify in herself the Madonna-traits, a modern woman may even ruthlessly accuse certain members of her sex of simulating love of small children in order to show feminine orthodoxy. With such cases in view, the sentimental male observer in anxious moments sees his country as forlorn as the Land of Lost Boys before the advent of Wendy.

It is, perhaps, consolatory to look at the matter more closely. Melodramatic revelations of the mental results of physical incompleteness have recently alarmed the unmarried into a search for diseased traits in their own natures. One ventures to suggest that many have been a little disappointed by their apparent sanity. It is only natural that this really large number has not come under the notice of the medical expert. But, although relatively sane, they are not necessarily without interest.

Stevenson says: "Some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids; and those old maids and wives who are unhappily married have often most of the true motherly touch." And, if the pessimist observes that this refers to a past state of things, and to imply at least the dream of love and marriage, one may urge that in actual experience the maternal instinct seems often to be detached from even the conception of such experience. Seeing that the sex-activities exist especially in women in a diffused and largely unconscious form, it is not unnatural that the desire to care for children should come to have a certain independence. The animal world supplies curious and instructive instances of the foster-mother.

Now, although marriage is growing rarer among women of the middle-class, they have increased opportunity for the collective mothering of children. When one hears laments that the children of the poor are herded together in school instead of trotting about with their mothers, sharing the adventures of the back streets, one must remember the part played by the elementary teachers. Doubtless they have their faults, but no one knowing them will deny them in overflowing measure the gift of motherliness. We read with shuddering respect how the saints of the Middle Ages tended the leper and washed the beggar's feet, but we take it for granted that the infant teacher will pick up and cuddle the filthiest of her babies. One may have a long experience of elementary teachers without being able to remember a single instance of physical shrinking from the least attractive children. The outsider who supposes that school is all a matter of sitting in rows and marching in lines does not realise how much time the teacher gives among little children to hats and shoes, and faces and fingers. Nor should one be misled by the bouncing, dictatorial manner of a certain type. The teacher capable of this appalling aid to mental arithmetic—"If I gave you three smacks on one hand and three on the other, how many would that be?"—may be on most intimate terms with her class. "The Old Woman who lived in a shoe" adopted hasty

methods, but is not an unpopular figure with the young.

One may sometimes see the actual mothers watching through the railings while their substitute conducts a game in the playground, and may overhear the admiring comment, "I wish she could come and make our Tommy behave like that at home." It is undeniable that in the infant school, the poor child's nursery, he gets a kind of mothering, not replacing, but completing that of his home.

But, it may be said, these teachers are largely young and normal individuals, whose maternal tendencies find an outlet among their pupils as a sort of interlude before marriage. Their case does not diminish the fear that "modern" ideas may make woman less motherly. There remain, looming in the background of the professional ranks, those ominous celibate figures in whom individuation, to use Herbert Spencer's phrase, seems to have prevailed over reproduction, not temporarily, but for good and all. And yet the formula fails to cover the facts. Reproduction in the ordinary sense is absent; the main energies certainly go into intellectual work of some kind; but in the barren and blighted soil blooms none the less devotion to children. It might well be argued that real ability in amusing children on their own lines demands rather subtle intellectual powers, and the highly trained mind, given a little practice, shows real genius in the nursery. Indeed, the student who is shy of the baby may have brilliant success among the Red Indians of a slightly later age. A railway journey with a family is generally enough to convince one that there is plenty of scope for supplementing the mother. There is surely room for some division of territory—the fundamental matters of food and sleep, and authority about primitive taboos will always be the mother's, but in her

anxiety over other domestic cares she can only rarely *amuse* the children. Actually, she may not even possess the gift. Those who rely upon the divine, primitive instinct will often be disappointed in its manifestations beyond babyhood, and even at times startled by its perversions. There are sometimes unwanted children. Is there not a magnificat of the foster-mother also, when her soul is satisfied in caring for these?

While one may miss the intense emotion of actual motherhood, the sense of being a small child's chosen playmate has certain exquisite compensations. But the pure delight of such a relation is not marred by any pathetic craving for ownership; there is instead the thrill of being *owned*, when the child nestles against one, announcing, "I likes you."

And if it shall be urged that the case described is no more feminine than masculine, that the ideal playmate and foster-parent may be illustrated by Stevenson, or Barrie, or perhaps even the Herbert Spencer of later life, one is not greatly concerned to contest the point, for in this ideal sphere, doubtless, parental traits assimilate. But, as according to the physiologist, women have deviated less than men from the child-type, we clearly have the best claim to other people's children.

WINIFRED HINDSHAW.

The Cult of Incompetence.

ALTHOUGH this book is written by a Frenchman who draws his arguments mainly from the state of things in France, yet it is a book which every Englishman interested in his own country ought to read, and read with care. Indeed, as Mr. Thomas Mackay, in a careful Introduction, points out, M. Faguet's criticism of modern democracy should be read with the daily paper in hand, when it will clearly be seen, taking chapter by chapter, how in some aspects the phenomena of English democracy are identical with those described in the text of "The Cult of Incompetence," and how in others our English worship of incompetence, moral and technical, differs considerably from that which prevails in France.

Having discovered that the law of nature is the survival of the fittest, all our human energies are to-day concentrated on the attempts to assist the survival of the unfit. Philanthropic legislation is the means adopted to help those who cannot help themselves. Philanthropic legislation is the natural outcome of the humanitarian spirit that is being sedulously fostered throughout the land. It is most creditable to the hearts of all concerned, but whether it makes for the good of the race a generation as yet undreamt of will alone be able to decide. A brief interchange of remarks, germane to this subject, between two distinguished political editors the other day, may, perhaps, here be given. Said one, speaking of the improved sanitation imposed on the country, "England is the healthiest country in the world. Its death-rate is steadily declining." Retorted the other, "England's death-rate is steadily declining, but that is not necessarily because the nation is healthier, but because we keep the unhealthy alive longer." Without going into any elaborate arguments on the subject, it is obvious that there is much to be said in support of the contention of the second speaker. We do keep the unhealthy alive longer. That is the gospel of to-day: protect the unfit and the incompetent. It is human nature, but it is rather hard on the future

* "The Cult of Incompetence." By Emile Faguet. Translated from the French by Beatrice Bastow. With an Introduction by Thomas Mackay. 5s. net. (Murray.)

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generations that will have to pay for the kind-heartedness of the forebears as heavily as many now are paying for the sins of commission in the way of wine and women of the Georgian men about town.

Incompetence M. Faguet finds everywhere, from the workman to the Prime Minister. It is his King Charles's head. After reading his book, we feel almost that no one is quite complete without a goodly portion of incompetence. Here is one of his summings-up. "Our examination of modern democracy has brought us to the following conclusions. The representation of the country is reserved for the incompetent, and also for those biased with passion, who are doubly incompetent. The representatives of the people want to do everything themselves. They do everything badly, and infect the Government and the administration with their passion and incompetence." This indictment is so sweeping as almost to make us despair, and the only comfort we can derive is from our dunder-headed insular pride, which tells us that we are not as other nations, that at least somehow or other we (whatever may happen to other nations) shall blunder through the darkness into the light. But M. Faguet has not yet nearly had his say. "This is not all," he continues. "The law of incompetence spreads still further, either by some process of logical necessity, or by a sort of contagion. It has often been made the subject of merriment, for, like all tragedy, when we regard it with good humour, the matter has its comic side, that it is very rare for any high office to be given to a man who is competent for the post. Generally the Minister of Education is a lawyer; the Minister of Commerce is an author; the War Minister a doctor; the Minister for the Navy a journalist. Beaumarchais' epigram, 'The post required a mathematician—it was given to a dancing master!' strikes the keynote much more of a democracy than of an absolute monarchy." The qualifications of Cabinet Ministers for their offices are, as M. Faguet says, often made the subject of merriment; but, at least in the opinion of the present writer, the laughter more often comes from the unthinking than from the thinker. Obviously the permanent staff of any department must consist exclusively of specialists; but specialists are notoriously specialists, that is to say, in course of time they become devoted to their subject to the exclusion of everything else. What is wanted in the chief of a department is general, as distinguished from the specialistic, knowledge; thereby he can keep his department in its true relation to the other departments of the State. Of course, if a man appointed to the Cabinet is incompetent, there is no defence to be made for him—that goes without saying. On the other hand, for instance, a great soldier, learned in war, versed in organisation, gifted with a thorough knowledge of the world and of affairs, is the ideal head of the War Office. When you find him by all means appoint him. But until then, let your soldiers manage the detail, and entrust the policy to the "outsider," as they call him, who brings with him a fresh vision.

The day of the right of might is on the wane. To-day the theory of the greatest good of the greatest number rules the roost. Protect the weak is the cry everywhere and of all—except the strong, who can protect themselves. M. Faguet seems to see in this the utter downfall of the human race. The utter downfall of the human race it would be in course of time, since the incompetent outnumber the competent; the utter downfall of the human race it will be beyond a doubt, if the incompetent continue to outnumber the competent. But there is a ray of hope in this matter as in all others. Co-

temporary with the safeguarding of the unfit, are the movements to improve the unfit, to render the incompetent less incompetent. It will be a race between these issues, but looking at the enormous progress made during the last century in the educating, housing, entertaining, and well-being of those who could not then shift for themselves, a man may not, perhaps, be regarded as unduly optimistic who sees as the ultimate outcome of the cult of the incompetent the elimination of the unfit.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

Co-operative Housekeeping and the Mother.

III.

WOMAN has now come to a time in the history of her development, when, if she looks beyond herself for help and guidance, she will look in vain. She must either progress by her own unaided exertions, or lose the ground that she has already gained. Thus it is that the future of the mother is a matter for the immediate consideration of every thinking woman. Women and women alone have the knowledge, the enthusiasm, and the desire for better things, which are essential to those who would successfully attack and overcome the difficulties which beset the path of the modern mother. Let us consider for a moment the nature and extent of those difficulties that we may be clear as to the ailment before we prescribe the remedy.

Leaving on one side the case of the wealthy woman, who is in a position to hire as much skilled help as she requires, it is readily apparent that first and foremost what the middle and lower class mother wants is more time. She wants time to be a mother in the true sense of the word. She is expected to be a wife, a companion, and a housekeeper, even when she has no children. Maternity, a function which is by its nature a central and vital interest in a woman's life, comes, under present circumstances, as an additional duty, and is made subservient to matters of much less importance. It is no uncommon thing to hear a woman boast that the birth of her child has been so easy that it has hardly interfered with the discharge of her domestic duties. It is hardly necessary to point out that it is much better that maternity should interfere with housework than that housework should interfere with maternity.

In the early years, the human child is a helpless mass of material wants. It must be fed, clad, washed, and nursed, and is constantly in need of attention. The average middle-class wife, busy with the perennial problem of how to make one shilling do the work of two, has as much as she can do to attend to the merely material needs of her child, and the only kind of helper she can afford is not merely unskilled, but often ignorant in the extreme. Distracted by petty household cares she cannot come fresh, patient, and alert to the task of developing the baby brain, and as the child grows older and reaches the inquisitive age, the mother is all too often tempted to discourage a natural and healthy curiosity, which, if properly treated, should be the means of instilling much valuable knowledge. The crowning ill of all, none the less tragic because it is so common-place, becomes apparent when the mother finds that her adult children have outgrown and lost touch with her. While her own mental and spiritual growth has been checked and stunted by constant preoccupation with the material cares of wifehood and motherhood, her adolescent family

—they at a period of rapid intellectual growth—have assimilated and acquired the ideas and outlook of their own generation, ideas which the busy mother has had no time to study. All the care and thought of years have been spent on a work the fruits of which she can never enjoy, and she wakes up one day to find that the young men and women whom she has reared with such an infinity of love and care are spiritual strangers to her.

It is like the fable of the young gardener who devoted his life to growing a perfect rose.

Early and late he laboured, wet or fine, digging and trenching, bringing rich earth and fair water. Round his garden he built a high wall to shelter his treasures from the rude winds, and he toiled untiringly for many years. As time went by the blossoms in his garden grew more and more beautiful, and every season his wife would say to him—

“Let me call in our neighbours, for surely this is a blossom from the garden of God, and no fairer flower can grow.”

But he always replied—

“Not yet, good wife. Wait but a little while, and my labours shall be crowned with success.”

So he worked on, and his back grew rounded and his hair white as snow.

At last there came a morning in June when his wife went out into the garden and cried—

“See where it blooms! It is the perfect rose!”

And he answered—

“Call in the people. I can do no more.”

All his friends and neighbours came flocking into the garden, and they looked on the rose, and rejoiced, for it was as beautiful as Innocence. But the gardener stood a little apart from the others, and when they turned to give him joy of his handiwork, they saw that he wept, and said—

“Why do you weep brother, on this, the day of your triumph?”

And he answered them, saying—

“Long years have I toiled, giving my youth and my strength, and behold—to-day I am blind!”

Let it be said at once that it is essential that a mother should grow with her children, if she is to do her best for them. The fact that a child's first wants are purely material tends to lead the young mother into the material groove, and leave her there. Thus it happens that in later years the rising generation regards home as a place where the body is well tended, while the soul is left to perish, and they go elsewhere for intellectual life and fellowship. Then the mother is left bewailing the fact that in spite of all she does and has done for her family she cannot keep them with her and cannot share their interests. One cannot blame her for feeling thus, neither can one blame the children for acting as they do. Home to them simply means stagnation, and to the quick blood and dancing feet of youth stagnation is the worst of all evils.

If the mother is to keep in touch with current thought, she must have leisure. She ought to be enough out in the world to understand the world if she is to be competent to educate her own children. Moreover, it is desirable that she should, at times, be away from her children in order that she may never feel that they are eternally with her and impossible to be rid of even for an hour. This leisure for the mother should bear fine fruit. The wisdom of the mothers is needed in the councils of the nation, but the mother is at home watching her babe, and the hand that rocks the cradle, though it may be doing an infinity of useful things, is certainly not ruling the world. Otherwise we should have a better world. The matters of housing, feeding, and clothing the world are truly woman's busi-

ness, but women are shut up one by one in little houses, cooking, cleaning, and nursing, and they have no time to look beyond the business of the daily round or to dream of the City Beautiful.

The conclusions to be derived from the above considerations are briefly as follows:—

Firstly, that the mother is too long occupied about other matters to enable her to give really adequate attention to her children.

Secondly, that motherhood at present brings with it no compensating relief from other work, but comes as an added responsibility.

Thirdly, that such help as is obtainable in the ordinary way is worse than useless, and so it follows that the mother cannot spend enough time away from her children to give her a reasonable opportunity for rest, recreation, and self-education.

So much for the disease; now to consider the remedy.

The remedy for all the above evils is to be found in Co-operative Housekeeping, for that system alone enables the middle-class wife and mother to delegate her household or maternal duties at will. While the isolated family purse will not stand the strain of a trained nurse, it is quite simple, if several households unite their resources, and form a Co-operative Colony, for that colony to be equipped with a night and day nursery, and a children's playground, together with a staff of trained nurses under an experienced matron.

The mother who wished to do everything for her own child could, by calling on the services of the staff of domestic workers, leave herself entirely free. If she wished to give some part of her time to her house, she could either hand the child over to the Central Nursery, or employ one of the Colony's nurses in her own house. In no case, at no time, need she be torn between the claims of her home and the claims of her children. Not only would this system benefit the mother, but also the child. The companionship of other children would be highly beneficial, especially to only children. The Co-operative Nursery would be better equipped and better tended than the individual nursery ever could be—it would be larger, sunnier, airier—and the children in it would reap the benefits of specialisation. The child would not suffer the disadvantages of being with the mother at times of mental stress or physical illness, and would, moreover, find in the common life of the nursery and playground a training-ground for the common life of the school.

Under such circumstances as these, motherhood need not be the end of all things. The fact that a woman is a mother will no longer preclude her from reasonable opportunities of rest, recreation, and change. She will still have time to be a wife and a companion to her husband, and an active citizen of the great world beyond the four walls of home. Once we have ceased to make these four walls a prison, they will become dearer to women than they have ever been before. Once the child of her body ceases to be an eternal drag on the mother, motherhood will be a happier and easier state of life than it is to-day. The restrictions and hardships attendant on motherhood under present conditions are not inherent in motherhood, but in the system under which the mothers live. That the old system is a bad one I have tried to show. Sweep it away. When we have done this let us turn and consider the constructive proposals, and inaugurate a new era for mothers by means of Co-operative Housekeeping.

ALICE MELVIN,

Hon. Secretary, The Society for the Promotion of Co-operative Housekeeping and House Service.

"The Freewoman."

WE mark the beginning of the second volume of THE FREEWOMAN by a change in the sub-title of the paper, which in future will be described as a Weekly "Humanist" Review in place of "Feminist"—a description which might have been applied to the paper from the commencement, save for the fact that what was nothing more than masculinist had been accepted as "humanist" in a culture which is largely male. All the reviews which are termed simply reviews are essentially masculinist, and we hold it to the credit of THE FREEWOMAN that while it has insisted that there is a neglected feminist point of view, it has never limited itself to the merely feminist. In duality of interest, in range of subjects discussed, and especially in the temper of these discussions, it has from the outset been humanist, and now that the emphasis which we have placed upon the existence of a feminist point of view has done its work, we feel we can, without danger of misinterpretation, assume that description of THE FREEWOMAN which is truer to the nature of its work and ideals. It can, we think, be stated that the most striking feature of THE FREEWOMAN is that the earnestness of the women contributors in seeking to comprehend the masculinist point of view has been equalled by a corresponding eagerness on the part of the men contributors to comprehend the feminist, an earnestness and eagerness which have not ruled out mutual criticism. That is, we think, as it should be, and is the basis of the dual interest which we should describe as humanist. Hence the change.

During the past three months there has been a steady increase in the circulation, but slow in comparison with the cost of the production of the paper, and we feel it incumbent to make the strongest appeal for co-operation on the part of readers who appreciate the paper to push the sales. Personal recommendation is the main factor upon which we rely in our comparative absence of advertising. That much can be done in this way, we know from experience. The paper, when it is known, sells itself. A single copy left, by permission, lying on one of the Tube book-stalls, was the means of getting four permanent orders within the week. The placing of a single poster sends up the sales at an astonishing rate, and we think much helpful work in this direction can be done by sympathisers.

The remarkable success with which the Central Freewoman Discussion Circle has started makes it clear that what THE FREEWOMAN is saying has a living interest. We therefore welcome the Circle as the creation of THE FREEWOMAN, and as an encouragement for its continued existence. With the co-operation of readers, contributors, and editorial staff, we look forward to the time when THE FREEWOMAN will be self-supporting, a time which will justify the faith of our publisher, Mr. Stephen Swift.

Owing to the very great kindness of G. C. Beresford, Esq., we shall be enabled to publish from time to time a photographic supplement, which will lend additional interest to the paper. The first we hope to publish in next week's issue.

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Correspondence.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—While quite willing to publish letters under noms de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the editor.—ED.

CHIVALRY.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—As one who reads THE FREEWOMAN every week (often with pleasure), may I say that I am disgusted at the tone of your remarks about Mr. Bruce Ismay? I am quite willing to believe in your assurances of frank admiration for chivalry when you find it, however mistaken you may think it, but I ask from you more than empty assurances of admiration; I ask for ready chivalry from you yourself, and that you have not shown in your attitude towards Mr. Bruce Ismay.

If Mr. Bruce Ismay had gone down with the *Titanic*, what would you have said about him? Of course, like every other paper, you would have gladly ranked him with Captain Smith and the other "heroes" of the wreck, and not one word would you have dared to say of him as one on whom the loss of 1,500 lives must lie most heavily. But because, after helping to save many lives and carrying himself, as the evidence all goes to prove, as a brave man, he is alive and has come home to face the responsibility, you, madam, alone among the honourable journals of England, you, in common with the American Yellow Press, for which, until lately, you had so good a right to express your contempt, you have chosen to greet him with self-righteous vituperation. And in your self-righteous exaltation, you are so blinded and perverse as to forbid anyone to say, in your last number, that the Board of Trade is in any way to be held responsible for the disaster. No, the White Star Line alone shall be held responsible, you say, and for some reason, best known to yourself and the Yellow Press, the White Star Line is to be personified in Mr. Bruce Ismay.

You say that Mr. Bruce Ismay could only have redeemed his fair fame by committing suicide upon the *Carpathia*. Such a remark smacks of the most useless and detestable sentimentalism that I can well imagine. And I can picture to myself, from your abuse of Mr. Ismay alive, with what shrill, spinsterial outcry you would have denounced him had he taken his life upon the *Carpathia*, as a coward who feared "to face the music." But because he is facing the music, you clamour as loudly for his death as any guttersnipe journalist of New York.

Your answer to "A Woman" in the last number shows the weakness of your case; nay, more, it shows that you yourself feel that your case is untenable. You ignore "A Woman's" very pertinent question, What would you honestly have said had Mr. Ismay taken his life? Instead, you complain feebly that your intelligence is "boggled," and that you "reel" at some assertions that she never made. I quite understand that you were in a distressing condition of "boggling" and "reeling" when you penned that answer; I should have guessed it even without your help. How otherwise account for your remark that the Board of Trade is not to be held responsible for the disaster? How account for your remark that Mr. Ismay, alone with Captain Smith, was responsible for passengers not being warned of the extent of their danger? Why is Mr. Ismay, alone with Captain Smith, to be held responsible? If you abuse Mr. Ismay, why do you not abuse Captain Smith? If you have the courage of your convictions, you will repeat everything that you said of Mr. Ismay in the case of Captain Smith. But if you do so, you must not hope for a reputation for real chivalry.

No, madam, for once in your career you have been childish and sentimental. A little plain speaking from an admirer (*j'ose le dire*) will do you no harm; and I hope that for the good name of THE FREEWOMAN (and it has won for itself a good name) you will frankly admit that for once you have been wrong, and will withdraw your remarks about Mr. Ismay. You will earn the respect of everyone whose respect is worth having, and you will once more have a right to condemn the Yellow Press.

KENNETH GREY.

[If Mr. Ismay had refused a place in the boats, we should still have held him culpable as chairman of the White Star Line of incredible negligence and untrustworthiness, as we consider on this unhappy occasion Captain Smith was guilty of careless seamanship, but we should have acknowledged in him a recognition of the higher law of chivalry which we pay homage to in Captain Smith, and whose absence we are aghast to face in a certain lady and her husband. Our correspondent appears to be ignorant of the fact that Captain Smith actually committed suicide. Have men said he did this in order

to avoid facing the music? We think not. Each man *knows* why Captain Smith acted as he did. It is becoming increasingly plain that it is possible for men and women to live without honour. That is their concern. Our concern is to repudiate such living.

As for the "American Yellow Press," we are not very intimate with it, and are as little concerned to condemn it as we are to extol it. It appears for once, however, if our correspondent interprets it aright, to have been saying a few urgent and necessary things.

Finally, we must add, that should any further correspondence reach us with phrases such as "shrill spinsterial outcry," we shall be compelled to deprive our readers of their accompanying wisdom. We publish this phrase as a sample of what we shall refuse. There is plenty of space for this kind of thing in more than one honourable journal, and we do not, under the circumstances, feel inclined to lend ours.—ED.]

THE SERPENT.

MADAM,—Thank you for answering my questions so fully. I am waiting with interest till next week to read you on the "Ghost." I am glad you now make a distinction between the life force and the distinctly human "spirit," which seems to me to take us "up another street."

You see, I'm quite a vulgar person, and I'm passionately fond of simple terms. What cannot be put in simple terms, I'm inclined to doubt.

I want to get clearly in my mind what you want to say; and greatly as I hope for new fields of thought, and have sometimes expected that the next upward move will come from a woman, I have my fears that Weininger's serpent is on all, or nearly all women, and even on you.

Weininger would condemn *woman* to extinction, for to him woman is the evil of the world.

You would lift (?) sex from the physical to the spiritual, thus condemning the human sex contact, thereby ending humanity.

Why is it even the Freewoman has the shame of sex clinging to her?

Sex is not an evil nor a low thing. Humanity could be made such a good thing that I am very jealous for it, and am shy of the superman.

When are the women going to kill the serpent?—Best of all good wishes.

ARTHUR HEWSON.

May 17th, 1912.

[There is no shame of sex. There is only a mistaken ideal of a realisation through the physical, an ideal which can never satisfy human beings.—ED.]

SOME THOUGHTS ON RELIGION.

MADAM,—Your paper has recently published several articles dealing with atheism and religion. In some others, too, I fancy that I have detected many sentiments which might be considered secular. I welcomed the articles as something novel and unusual in a woman's paper. THE FREEWOMAN is already bold; but, to venture on such a controversial question, her courage is undaunted. The very mention of "The Authenticity of the Gospels" is enough to scare many women who, with pride, style themselves advanced, and who may be among your readers.

I have been watching your correspondence with interest, hoping to see what views your readers take, and was delighted to see that one, like myself, is a stranger to the religious sense claimed by most advocates of religion.

Another writer this week, "in criticising D. Cameron's letter," tries to define religion as just—love. Why does she call religion love? Love is common to us all, and I venture to think that Atheists have a considerable share. Love which makes to live, makes to do. Thoughts which

cannot express themselves in deeds are useless and wasted as far as humanity is concerned.

Your religion, as expressed in "Some Thoughts on Religion," is not clear to me; but encouraging as you do articles on Socialism, Syndicalism, Individualism, etc., I conclude that it is anything but orthodox.

My feeling against the orthodox is intense; to me, it is all that upholds tyranny, prejudice, and ignorance. I cannot understand the worship of a mysterious Christ, who, God-Man though he was supposed to be, showed such ignorance of science as would not be found in a rural schoolboy to-day—a Christ whom priests worship with barbaric ceremony in modern forms of the corn and wine festivals and the stone worship which characterised the religious rites of our primal forefathers.

I realise possibility in your remark, "Every man is God." Why not? Why any particular Christ? When one looks back and around, one can see that there have been many Christs, Christs crucified, who have more claim on us than Jesus—Christs whose humanity has been as great, whose courage and teachings have been as godly, whose works stand out in valuable service to us, and who were only men like ourselves.

Far is it from my desire that all women should be Atheists. Freedom is my creed; and I believe that I have enough sentiment not to be intolerant of religion—a religion broad and humane, one not too high-flown—an ideal which can be applied every day to our fellow-beings.

I wish, in this way, women were more like men. I have found men more tolerant of opinion, possessed of sympathy and comradeship such as is lacking in the average woman.

Church teaching is responsible for this. It has given the average woman a sense of righteousness which makes her unapproachable and undesirable as a friend and worker. One has only to look at her on Suffrage and reform platforms to see that she is not far removed from her sister who assists at mothers' meetings. She preaches reform in the same patronising voice; and the tone, savouring of soup-tickets and blankets, is most offensive to a self-respecting audience, such as one meets in towns.

They claim to be advanced and free; they affect experience and interest in the movements of the day, yet they still shrink from their atheistic sisters as if they feared pollution.

They pride themselves in their knowledge of history, yet they declare the woman's movement a Christian one, and that moral reforms are born of Christ. On such occasions, I have known many young men chivalrous enough to refrain from reminding them that there was a feminist movement before Christ was born, and that the moral teachings of pagan philosophers could not be improved on by Christ.

It is sometimes almost pathetic. If they really did read history, they would not feel quite so grateful to the Christian Church. One has only to look at it to-day to see that it is against the advancement of woman. It is true that some clergy come out on Suffrage platforms, but they are very careful not to commit themselves too much.

Women who support the Churches because of a religious sense they have, or imagine they have, should feel responsible for what the Church allows to be done. If they thought about it, they could not respect a religion which, without any protest worth speaking of, allows men to be thrown in prison for blasphemy. It is mediæval still. In more ways than one it forces people to accept it. I could tell many instances where people have suffered in their capacity to earn a living because they would not believe.

Incidentally, there is a letter in this week's paper commenting on hospital nurses, and I feel sure very few people realise to what extent the old domestic and religious ideas hamper her advance. To-day, a nurse must have a religion, or pretend to have one. The question is on most of the application forms in our London generals. If it is not, the matron asks it at the interview; and, should the answer be "None," testimonials and ability will not avail.

Now, is it necessary for a nurse to read prayers and sing hymns? There is a chaplain for those patients who wish for religious ministrations. Is it just that nurses should have to assemble for prayers, like domestics at a country parsonage, and this after twelve hours' duty, and very often before supper? One doubts if the subscribers wish such things. Petty tyrannies are just as cruel in these days of enlightenment as were the more severe ones in the dark days of bigotry.

Women to-day cannot pretend to believe in a Bible which advocates slavery and which loads her sex with vice. They must be true to themselves, and think without the prompting of a priest. If they must have a religion, can they not have one which is understandable—one which is not contradictory to science, one that is a simple, humane doctrine, and not a theological muddle? Why be

THE FREEWOMAN

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mysterious? Can they not aim at a simplicity which allows them to live boldly, with eyes open to see and senses alert to feel?

Let them throw off the cloak of assumed righteousness, and let them recognise what is good in their fellows, even though he be an Atheist, and, in fairness, let him have equal opportunity.

RACHEL GRAHAM.

May 18th, 1912.

[We are obliged for our correspondent's interesting letter, and agree with almost all her specific statements. We should be glad, however, of a definition of an Atheist.—ED.]

✻ ✻ ✻
A SEX-HERESY.

MADAM.—I, as a woman, was interested in the article on "Sex Heresy," by Dr. C. J. Whitby, criticising, to a certain extent, what he terms "Weininger's Masterpiece," or, rather, a chapter of the same. A "masterpiece," in the sense that his book is powerful and telling, it certainly is; but surely Dr. Whitby, in common with many other men, has reached a higher plane in thought and mental development in appreciating the spiritual side of sex love, than the man of "genius," who lashes out in invectives at woman, and looks at her only from one point of view—as a means of gratifying the fleshly and animal side of his nature. As one goes through life, one realises so often that there are *men* and *men*, and *women* and *women*. By that, I mean that one can never place men or women in a class. No two women are alike; no two men are alike.

Some men are only capable of the animal outlook on the sex question. They choose their mates as animals choose theirs: they are bound absolutely by the finalities of their own outlook. They cannot reach the realms of the spiritual, because they are not of the spirit; and this same outlook makes them choose their mate in a woman who is probably also incapable of understanding the spiritual side of love; and so all the best of life, which I should term the spiritual, is lost to them, because they always find their own level, and are bound fast by their own limitations.

The noblest and highest outlook on questions of sex can only be reached by those who possess the power to separate the spirit and the mind from the body.

A few of us only are capable of understanding the ideal in love, which, perhaps, we have learned by loving, and which is surely well expressed by Dr. Whitby when he says it is to be the "complement" of the beloved—one sex merged in the other sex, when the two halves make the perfect whole.

Sex-love, rightly appreciated, should be so complete in its spiritual union that it carries us far away into the regions of illimitable space to which our bodies do not belong.

Our bodies are, after all, only the means to the end of our being. Our bodies are mated only for the sake of the human side of our existence.

A woman gives herself to the man absolutely and completely because she loves, and therefore obeys the highest in nature. She bends to the inevitable law of sex-love in nature.

She becomes his in act because she is his in spirit, and not because she is "indifferent to all other interests than that of pairing." P.

May 16th, 1912.

[We were very glad to publish the criticisms of Weininger from Dr. Whitby's point of view, and we hope to give our own in an article following upon the "Interpretations of Sex."—ED.]

AN INTERPRETATION.

MADAM,—Your correspondent "O. K." writes that she is "damned by a nervousness," and that "the least thing depresses her and makes her feel positively suicidal." She gives as the reason for her condition her mother's state of mind before her birth. May I suggest that the reason is far more the method of living adopted by "O. K." than any one-time condition of her mother's mind? In my experience, nervous and easily depressed people are people who know and care nothing about a sensible and reformed diet. Their nervousness and depression are due to the condition of their blood, and to the conditions which bring about such a condition. They eat impure, unbalanced, idiotic food, and then blame their ancestors for their illnesses! I know of no food-reformer who suffers from the diseases mentioned. It is a strange thing that so many pioneers in other reforms are blind to this fundamental reform of the method of living.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be instrumental in putting "O. K." and other sufferers on the high road to health. If they would like to communicate with me, I will do my best for them. W. A. W.

May 19, 1912.

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THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

We have received the following communication:—

A new committee, called "The Pass the Bill Committee," has been formed for the purpose of bringing before the public the need for immediate legislation to stop the infamous White Slave Traffic. Amongst the promoters are many who have felt this effort to be especially incumbent on them since the irreparable loss of Mr. Stead, to whose courageous self-sacrifice the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act in 1885 was due.

The committee will work for the enactment during this session of the Criminal Law Amendment (White Slave Traffic) Bill, 1912, of which Mr. Arthur Lee has charge. This Bill was drafted in collaboration with the Home Office, and it has in principle been approved by three successive Home Secretaries.

The main provisions of the Bill have been summarised as under:—

Clause I.—To give power to the police to arrest "procurers" caught in the act, without the delay of obtaining a warrant (as they can arrest a pickpocket).

Clause II.—To strengthen the law dealing with keepers of brothels.

Clause III.—To provide that if a house is used as a brothel, the tenancy may be terminated by the landlord, and that if he does not terminate the tenancy, he shall be held liable for any future similar use of the house.

Clause IV. (a).—To amend a paragraph in the Vagrancy Act, 1898, which deals with solicitation by male persons for immoral purposes, by making it clear that it includes soliciting persons of either sex.

Clause IV. (b).—To extend the definition of cases in which a man may be presumed to be living on the earnings of immorality.

What is now needed is to press the Government either to give facilities for the Bill, or to bring it in as a Government measure.

Lady Bunting has kindly consented to act as hon. treasurer. Contributions should be sent to her at 9, Torrington Place, London, W.C. Miss Howes has been appointed as secretary. Further particulars will be announced shortly.

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