THE POOR AND THE RICH

The machinations of the Rich against the Poor are malicious, ubiquitous, unending. They conspire against them with a zest which could only be born of a lack of any sense of kinship. The Poor can no longer step outside their hovels in safety. The agents of the Rich are watching them, ready to pounce on them and haul them off to some "certified" detention-house. If their tongues loll, if their heads wag, if they are shaky at the knees, if they get drunk, if they have not the business capacity for getting something for nothing, or if any of their ancestors for a few generations back have been guilty of such-like misdemeanours, the agent of the Rich will seize them, and with little more ado, chain them up for life. And these villainies, which have long been hatching in the minds of the Rich, are to be placed under the aegis of the law. Law, of course, has one purpose, which is to make the Poor powerless in the hands of the Rich, and it is not therefore a matter for surprise that the damnable wicked Feeble-Minded Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons with only a handful of members in opposition. The law is definitely against the Poor; and it is now up to the Poor to smash the law. The Poor will be compelled to make their own law, avenge their own honour, and administer their own justice. When they do, it is to be hoped they will accord but short shriving to the authors of this rascally conspiracy against the poor.

"The year 1911-12 is likely to stand out as one of the most important in the history of the Eugenics Education Society. Its record of work accomplished affords abundant proof of the value of the educational campaign carried on by the society during the last four years in creation of a sound eugenic public opinion. The fact that the first International Eugenics Congress should be held in London with what appears to be every promise of success is a striking testimony to the interest taken in this subject. The aims which it exists to further have already won acceptance in the sphere of practical politics. Indeed, one of the most gratifying features in connection with the Congress is the membership of official delegates representing Government departments. And the attitude of the press generally towards the recent Feeble-Minded Control Bill indicates that the people of the nation are not behind their legislators in being alive to the necessity of determined eugenic action. Apart from the Congress three items in the year's work call for particular mention: (1) On December 5th, 1911, a non-party meeting, arranged by Mr. Walter Rea, M.P., was held to consider the Feeble-Minded Bill. Later a letter was sent to all members of Parliament. Grateful mention also should be made of the energetic way in which members of this society canvassed their members, in order to obtain support for the Bill, with the happy result that Mr. Gresham Stewart drew eleventh place in the ballot for private members' Bills, and presented the Feeble-Minded Control Bill to the House of Commons. It was read a
second time unanimously, on May 17th. Before that we had only the vague assurance that within the next four years the Government intended introducing legislation to deal with the feeble-minded. However, on the introduction of the Feeble-Minded Control Bill, the Government finding the opinion of the House, and of the country at large, so emphatically in favour of its principle decided to bring in a Government measure with the same objects. This Bill was read a first time on May 16th. Such a result is a matter of intense satisfaction to those responsible for the Feeble-Minded Control Bill.

So runs the report.

There is so suave a tone about it all that one is brought to the consideration that it is within the realm of possibility that the persons responsible for it may be quite sincere; possibly open to reason; that the conspiracy, as far as they are concerned, is an unconscious one. To such it may be possible to explain why this Bill is so appallingly offensive, and to them, therefore, we will try to make it clear: It will first be necessary to point out who the "Poor" are. They are the creators of wealth. The poor provide for themselves, and they provide for a parasitic class which is either unable or unwilling to provide for itself—the class of the Unfit and the Work-shy. His defect is his lack of strength; the feeble-minded depend on others; he lives on plunder. It reaps what it has not sown; it fitches its living from those persons who have produced it, the Poor. Although these toll late and early, ceaselessly, all their life long, although they produce the vast wealth of the world, the full-fed greed of the Parasites, whom even repetition cannot satiate, sucks up the wealth of the wealth-producer himself. The makers of all wealth are stripped of wealth till even bare living is made an impossibility. The children of the Poor, before they have even seen the light, have been starved into shapelessness. Starved in the womb, they are worse starved when they see the light.

That the "Poor" shall not by ever so little divide back to their own use and not of the wealth which they have created, and which the Rich have filched from them, a criminal code is erected to protect wealth. Wealth, once it has left the hands of those who made it, becomes sacred. Touch it, steal it, even though you are dying for lack of it, and all the venom of the Rich breaks out. Woe to you if you are a criminal. In the eyes of the Rich, you are the Dreaded Thing. The Rich man loathes the Criminal as he would the finger of fate. Perhaps he does not know why; but the reason the Rich hate the Criminal is because the Criminal is Justice. What the Criminal says to the Rich is: "In what I am, see yourselves: Thieves both, and all the beauty and wealth which the East has in a Government measure with the same objects. This Bill was read a first time on May 16th. Such a result is a matter of intense satisfaction to those responsible for the Feeble-Minded Control Bill."

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Hence, if the Eugenics Society does not represent a sinister conspiracy, thus warned it will take stock of the situation, and, if we mistake not, will silently slip out of existence. It will at least understand that malicious intentions, such as we quote below, cannot be brooked by an indignant and outraged people. Their report says:—

"As far back as 1909 a deputation from this society attended to give evidence before the Departmental inquiry upon the Inebriates Act! The evidence was directed to show the harmfulness of short sentences for inebriates, and to urging the introduction into the Inebriates Act of the indeterminate sentence, which would give magistrates discretion without power to deal with inebriates in the same way as with the mentally defective. The principle of the indeterminate sentence has recently been introduced into the Inebriates Act, a change, the vital importance of which must be apparent to every member of this society. . . .

"The society was represented on an influential deputation which waited on the President of the Local Government Board on Monday, June 10th, to present a memorial urging that effect should be given, by detention or some form of compulsory treatment, to the recommendation of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law for the detention in Poor Law institutions of persons suffering from venereal diseases, when medically certified to be dangerous to others."

A society which has such a marked bias for imprisonment, segregation, detention, and indeterminate sentences when directed against the Poor, is something like a red rag to a bull in an irritated community such as ours is now. There should be no confusion here on account of the forcible segregation put into practice against dangerous lunatics and sufferers from virulent infectious diseases, such as smallpox and fever. These people are rightly segregated, because they are an active danger to the community at large. Their liberty is abrogated because the free exercise of it would abrogate the liberty of the entire community. They are segregated, not because of their condition in itself, but because of its swift and active effects upon the entire society. The dangerousness of a small-pox patient is not potential, they are actual; they are not indirect, they are direct; they are not questionable, they are sure, violent, unmistakable, and unavoidable. Very otherwise are the dangers of the feeble-minded and all the persons dealt with under this nefarious Act. Feeble-mindedness is a national disease; and venereal disease is as rife among the rich as among the poor. We will refrain from saying more so. We hope the Rich in general, and the Eugenists in particular, will take our meaning. We have endeavoured to make it unmistakable. We are not primarily fired against their lawful citizens, but the husbandman can at least know the nature of the fruit. He knows his fig-tree cannot be brooked by an indignant and outraged people.

An Exhausted Idea.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

"T"HE wise husbandman plants trees of which he can never hope to see the fruit," we remember, but the husbandman can at least know the nature of the fruit. He knows his fig-tree will not grow thistles. His actions do not represent so many leaps into the unknown as do those of him who experiments with States. It is a difficult matter for men to experiment with ideas. It takes longer for ideas to mature than for a man to mature, and the vision of the longest-headed citizen dims long before the fruit of the idea appears. The spirit in which the Fourth Reform Bill has been received forces some such reflections. The words of the representatives of Representative Government with such good heart would have been chilled could they have looked forward to to-day. The flatness of spirit with which men have greeted the new Reform Bill is the expression of the exhaustion of an idea which a century and a half ago was sufficiently alive to force a war. Failure to respect the representative idea cost England the United States, and came near to losing her Ireland. A century ago the representative idea had its Peterloo, and the First
Reform Bill was passed to avoid civil war; the Second Reform Bill to quiet serious uprisings; a statesman still living threatened to march an army. Reform Bill is here, and no man is deceived in spirit.
The New Socialism.

I HAVE been reading "The Great State,"* and it has reminded me of the time—in 1889 it was, I believe—when a friend gave me a copy of the newly published "Fabian Essays." I was younger and more optimistic then; moreover, I was fresh from a strenuous year's work at the Liverpool East Dispensary. In other words, I had been down into hell, that very hell which broke loose for a moment last summer; and the things that I had seen there had seared my young soul. Fabian Essays and the talks—unforgettable talks!—which I had with my friend, as we rambled over the Derbyshire hills and moors and through the Derbyshire pine-woods, gave me a glimpse of the heaven which might be when the dreams of the essayists had become the facts which, as it then seemed, they soon might and must be. I can hear my companion's deep voice and his mighty laugh now, as he explained it all—so incovertibly and so delightfully. Was he not one of the historical Kelmscott House group—one who had talked with immortals; perhaps, too, an immortal himself? An apostle from the Earthly Paradise of the great William Morris! Those were the days of the revery to the Fabian gospel—that gospel to which he seemed, they soon might and must be. I can hear his voice and his laugh now. I wish Mr. William Clarke had not yet showed his head. And I will tell you why. In 1889 Socialism was merely an ideal; to-day it is practical politics. We are living under a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is much too wise to call himself a Socialist, but who is one for all that. That makes all the difference: for, as Oscar Wilde happily puts the case: "There are two tragedies in life. One is not getting what you want, and the other is—getting it." So when Lady Warwick, Mr. Stirling Taylor, and Mr. Wells inform us in their Prefatory Note how "that old and largely fallacious antagonism of Socialist and individualist is, indeed, dissolving out of contemporary thought altogether," I remain unconvinced. Mr. Taylor is willing to state his case for the Great State on its making the individual freer than he is under Capitalism. Nietzsche was of a different opinion. "Free society? Indeed! Indeed! But you know, gentlemen, sure enough, whereof one builds it? Out of wooden iron! Out of the famous wooden iron!" In my opinion, it is high time that all those who profess and call themselves Socialists considered whether they really want Socialism or not. And that, in the main, really freer than he is under Capitalism. Nietzsche was of a different opinion. "Free society? Indeed! Indeed! But you know, gentlemen, sure enough, whereof one builds it? Out of wooden iron! Out of the famous wooden iron!" In my opinion, it is high time that all those who profess and call themselves Socialists considered whether they really want Socialism or not. And that, in the main, really freer than he is under Capitalism.

Consider, again, the Fabian theory of the rings or trusts, with their neatly assigned role of inaugurating the Socialist Millennium by a sort of reductio ad absurdum, arising out of their own colossal growth. These huge combinations were to grow and grow until each had achieved a monopoly in regard to its own department of industry. When the pears were all ripe they were to be picked and eaten: the perfected and organised industries were to be taken over by the State, and the enrichment of the capitalists. The picking and eating were to be a gradual process—a better metaphor would be that the State was to take a bite out of each in time to time where it hung on the tree. They were first to be "taxed and controlled," later to be "absorbed and administered." But the pears of capitalism are magic pears: when one tries to pick them, lo and behold! they vanish, and reappear on another tree, growing on the far side of the wall! I wish Mr. William Clarke had told us how to pick those magic pears. Perhaps, if he had, we should be well advanced, or at any rate fairly started, in the process of "absorption" ere now. Whereas . . . !

If Mrs. Besant's lecture had been a contribution to the recently published "Essays in Construction" instead of to the twenty-three-years-old Fabian ones, her industrial communes would have been condemned as first instalments of the Servile State. We hear nothing about the Servile State in the earlier collection: that bogy-man had not yet showed his head. And I will tell you why. In 1889 Socialism was merely an ideal; to-day it is practical politics. We are living under a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is much too wise to call himself a Socialist, but who is one for all that. That makes all the difference: for, as Oscar Wilde happily puts the case: "There are two tragedies in life. One is not getting what you want, and the other is—getting it." So when Lady Warwick, Mr. Stirling Taylor, and Mr. Wells inform us in their Prefatory Note how "that old and largely fallacious antagonism of Socialist and individualist is, indeed, dissolving out of contemporary thought altogether," I remain unconvinced. Mr. Taylor is willing to state his case for the Great State on its making the individual freer than he is under Capitalism. Nietzsche was of a different opinion. "Free society? Indeed! Indeed! But you know, gentlemen, sure enough, whereof one builds it? Out of wooden iron! Out of the famous wooden iron!" In my opinion, it is high time that all those who profess and call themselves Socialists considered whether they really want Socialism or not. And that, in the main, really freer than he is under Capitalism.

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The contributors to "The Great State"—those of whom we can be accounted believers—do not seem to have grasped this elementary fact; if they have, they all keep it well in the background. The powder they invite us to swallow is carefully concealed in the jam of optimistic rhetoric: we manage to swallow it without knowing it, and some of us are going to make very wry faces when we are forced to gulp it down. Consider for a moment what is involved in the transformation they advocate, and you will realise the importance of my point.

Mr. Money tells us that, of our present population, only 45 per cent. of the males over eighteen are direct producers of material commodities, namely, 8,800,000 out of 14,000,000 "engaged in occupations." These, with the aid of what two million women and children, produce commodities (mostly rubbish) of the value of about £23 per annum per head of the population. No wonder that poverty abounds! How could it be otherwise? If now we are to replace poverty by wealth, it is
obvious that, of the 55 per cent. of adult males who are engaged otherwise than in direct production, a very large proportion—practically all save those engaged in transportation, distribution, or professional work—must be transferred from their present useless occupations to the army of genuine producers? And then, we are told, that, provided every healthy adult worked hard for some five hours a day (more or less) at some genuinely useful employment, enough commodities could be produced to maintain for all a good minimum standard of life and prosperity. Mr. Money tells us this; and I see no reason to doubt it. What I do seriously doubt is the possibility of bringing about so vast a change otherwise than by the most ruthless compulsion. Is a community, which is moved up to and over the verge of hysteria by the prospect of compulsory "stamp-licking," likely to accept with equanimity the consequences of the doctrine that mere earning power is one thing and social utility quite another? Mr. Money contends, rightly as I think, that under present conditions the two things, as a rule, vary inversely: the more useful a man's work, the less he will be likely to receive for it. But it is a rule with a good many exceptions—of both kinds. My point is, however, that a given clerk, shopkeeper, advertising agent, stockbroker, or commercial traveller will not likely to intensify them a hundredfold; although we are more likely to get rid of class distinctions: we are more naive is its formless eclecticism, so anthropomorphic its theology, and so confidently Christo-centric its point of view. This is a religion for the people with a vengeance; but, then, no one could suspect of sordidly utilitarian views, is no sufficient answer. Every new movement is attractive to idealists; and welcomes them, because of its need of the sophistical web of glamour which they know so well how to weave. But the time of its triumph, we may rest assured that material poverty would be made an end of; but there are other forms. What would be the outlook for the ideal interests—Art, Science, Philosophy? This is the crucial question; and to point to the fact that among the present adherents of Syndicalism, in that it repudiates the need of external discipline and compulsion—the bureaucratic factor. But this repudiation can only be justified on the supposition that the various industries accept, each for itself, the responsibility of self-discipline, both as regards internal administration and as regards the due subordination of their own sectional claims and interests to those of the community at large. Moreover, it has yet to be ascertained whether the scale of values implicit in Syndicalism be such as we can accept. In the event of its triumph, we may well to write in Mr. Wells's good-natured fashion, accept with equanimity the consequences of the Act. The unity of the contributions to "The Great State" consists mainly in the fact that its theology, and so confidently Christo-centric its point of view. This is a religion for the people with a vengeance; but, then, no one could suspect of sordidly utilitarian views, is no sufficient answer. Every new movement is attractive to idealists; and welcomes them, because of its need of the sophistical web of glamour which they know so well how to weave. But the time always comes when idealism, having served its turn, is discarded, and the magicians are left out in the cold. Could it come now for State Socialism, the "practical man " has adopted it, and we begin to see it as it is.

So we have Sir Ray Lankester grimly foreboding an evil day for pure Science under the coming bureaucracy, and Mr. Fry Endeavouring, not very successfully, to conceal his misgivings as to the future of Art. The unity of the contributions to "The Great State" consists mainly in the fact that its theology, and so confidently Christo-centric its point of view. This is a religion for the people with a vengeance; but, then, no one could suspect of sordidly utilitarian views, is no sufficient answer. Every new movement is attractive to idealists; and welcomes them, because of its need of the sophistical web of glamour which they know so well how to weave. But the time always comes when idealism, having served its turn, is discarded, and the magicians are left out in the cold. Could it come now for State Socialism, the "practical man" has adopted it, and we begin to see it as it is.

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his hotch-potch of mediaevalism and humanism. It is on the side of form that his conception and that not.

There is no outline. "Neuveau art" is interesting, no doubt; but its methods, as applied to the supreme task of social architecture, are conducive neither to greatness nor durability. Or, if you reject that metaphor, it must still be maintained that even Freedom cannot dispense with a form, however fluent and elusive, or a discipline, however intrinsic.

But the question, the crucial question, for Freedom remains to be faced; that, namely, of your available building material. For iron will not do; and wood will not do; we must have the paradoxical combination.

CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

"English Literature, 1880-1905." **

M R. J. M. KENNEDY is a bishop manqué. He writes in the solemn yet hiccupy style peculiar to bishops, with a "however," or "indeed," or "of course" interrupting every sentence. "The force of adulatory superlatives has long been weakened owing to the manner in which injudicious criticism is scattered through the voluminous productions of modern novelists." This must have been written in apron and gaiters. Perhaps Mr. Kennedy is a bishop in some secret Church of the Nietzscheans.

This history of modern English literature is irritating because Mr. Kennedy writes as a critic rather than a scholar, and it is as a scholar that he is a distinguished writer. As a scholar he is enthusiastic and ravenous. With him the thoughts of all dead masters of language living in his brain, he can see very clearly the relation of these modern artists to the past. The chapter on Walter Pater, although quite unsympathetic, is very remarkable for its intimate knowledge of every problem that Pater's mind had to grapple with. This point of view the book is well worth reading, if only for the learning that flashes from his pages.

But on the critical side it is not so good. Mr. Kennedy's thesis depends entirely on his distinction between romanticism and classicism. "When we speak of classic work we mean, or should mean, work modelled on the style of the best Greek and Latin authors; works in which the ideas expressed are correctly moulded to the form of their expression, in which the thoughts are clearly and simply outlined, and in which certain definite artistic canons are strictly adhered to. . . ." We must definitely assume that the spirit of the Greek and Latin authors is our highest literary ideal. On the other hand, romanticists are those who saw nothing of the influence of tradition in art and literature, who acted as if the world were recreated from day to day and year to year, who chafed under the artistic discipline to which their opponents, the classicists, willingly submitted.

This is a vague distinction, and leaves out of account that only imperfect artists are either romanticists and classicists. Perfect artists transcend all distinctions. Dante, Eschylus, Shakespeare, and Marlowe, travelling along the different roads of romanticism and classicism, arrived at the same goal when they attained absolute vision. The application of the test makes it

vaguer still. Plato was not a classicist we find, but Plautus was; Plautus, whose plays are bloodbrothers to "Ralph Roister-Doister," Nietzsche, whose style was like a tawdry circus procession of elephants and camels ridden by acrobats in tarnished rugs, is a classicist. The labyrinthine gabled streets of a German village, was a classicist.

Thomas Hardy is a romanticist. "A most important trait of the classicist . . . is his unity, the complete harmony existing between mind and body, his complete self-control and well-developed willpower, while the romanticist is equally distinguished by lack of unity, lack of will, and a resultant disharmony of thought." From pages on which these we discover that "romanticist" is simply a term used by Mr. Kennedy towards those he dislikes. It would be much more vigorous to use some plain English term that we all understand, such as "blighter."

Hence the value of the book depends entirely on Mr. Kennedy's standard of blitherhood. This standard is difficult to define, because of Mr. Kennedy's manqueness. As an example of this there is the contrast between his treatment of Oscar Wilde and of George Gissing. He misses the true tragedy of Wilde, the common enough tragedy of the clever young provincial who enters the deadly dull salons of London, and, finding that the wit which was exacted from him as ordinary conversation by the brilliant and articulate companions of his youth, he is suddenly made to feel himself an inferior man. He has been degraded, he is suffering, he is wretched, and in order to justify his degradation and sorrow and wretchedness, he endeavours to set them upon a philosophical foundation, and to use this new foundation in addition as the basis of a new theory of art and truth.

Of course, "De Profundis" is the most convincing proof of the iniquity of the Quick with the Dead. He was hard and shallow; he wrote of great things, but he wrote with a pen dipped in ink and not in blood. On him the blows of Society could make no impression. "De Profundis" is his last and most successful joke; wherein, by the deitv use of his imprisonment and the Christian code which he had infringed, he induced the world which had inflicted his imprisonment to feel perpetually in his debt. Yet though Mr. Kennedy discredits the doctrine of "De Profundis" because it is the work of an inferior man, later on he gives George Gissing the highest rank as an artist, far above Wells or Shaw. Now, if there ever was an "inferior man," it was Gissing. Other men, such as Shaw, have been poor and inspiring, but none of them have been completely absorbed by poverty. In his depression he lost all sense of colour and all buoyancy of sight. This is proved by the lengthy Nature study quoted by Mr. Kennedy, in which Gissing takes an inventory of a sunset like a not too enthusiastic auctioneer. His books deal constantly with the theme of unrequited love, which is pathetic, but not dignified. A passion that fails to inspire passion in another is defeated in the main object of its being. If there is anything undignified about Christianity, it is not Christ's crucifixion, but His unrequited love for the world. How can Mr. Kennedy consistently praise such a messenger of misery?

Of course, Gissing's novels are great in spite of his wretchedness, for there is very little in this

* "English Literature, 1880-1905." By J. M. Kennedy. 76. 6d. (Stephen Swift and Co.)

75.
theory that art cannot be conceived of sorrow, and that suffering may not be included in the basis of a new theory of art and truth. They say "Hamlet" was written after the death of Shakespeare's son; and certainly it delights in suffering. Such masterpieces as this "D'Urbervilles" leave one not, as Mr. Kennedy declares, with a sense of the valuelessness of Life because of sorrow, but with a sense of the value of everything in Life, even sorrow.

Both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells come under Mr. Kennedy's definition of blighterhood. He scolds at Shaw for writing of an ephemeral phase of humanity, and not of the changeless nature of man, as the Greek dramatists did. To every sensitive mind it is pole to an artist, it is a mechanic on Life from a very local point of view. The nature of man may not have changed since the days of Sophocles, but the conception of Fate has. My humanity feels humiliated when I read of Oedipus gouging out his eyes because an impertinent Fate, who is like the malicious mother-in-law in a Criterion farce than anything else in modern art, has cheated him by carrying his mother and killing his father. No human being can be humanly absolute, unbound by chains of time and circumstance. Hence Shaw and the Greeks are right in choosing the ephemeral journalistic point of view. The attack on Mr. Wells is more loosely reasoned. It depends mainly on the assumption that "If there is any being who is at the diametrically opposite pole to an artist, it is a mechanic on anyone with a mind interested in mechanics"—which is disproved by the memory of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Therefore, because Mr. Wells has a scientific imagination, he cannot have an artistic imagination. Mr. Kennedy also accuses him of timidity in his treatment of the novel. "Like the Church of Rome, it is aristocratic in its nature: its message is flung to the world, and must be taken or left." I like the idea of writing a novel at the public in the same haughty way in which one flings a clothes-brush out of the window at a serenading cat; but it will take some time to accustom me to an association between timidity and Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. Kennedy's under-estimation of the above writers is not really indicative of a bad heart, since he over-estimates other authors just as badly. He gives four pages to Mr. W. L. Courtney, the gentleman who edits a monthly review written by the dead man who edits a monthly review written by the dead. No human being can see humanity feels humiliated when I read of Oedipus gouging out his eyes because an impertinent Fate, who is like the malicious mother-in-law in a Criterion farce than anything else in modern art, has cheated him by carrying his mother and killing his father. No human being can be humanly absolute, unbound by chains of time and circumstance. Hence Shaw and the Greeks are right in choosing the ephemeral journalistic point of view. The attack on Mr. Wells is more loosely reasoned. It depends mainly on the assumption that "If there is any being who is at the diametrically opposite pole to an artist, it is a mechanic on anyone with a mind interested in mechanics"—which is disproved by the memory of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Therefore, because Mr. Wells has a scientific imagination, he cannot have an artistic imagination. Mr. Kennedy also accuses him of timidity in his treatment of the novel. "Like the Church of Rome, it is aristocratic in its nature: its message is flung to the world, and must be taken or left." I like the idea of writing a novel at the public in the same haughty way in which one flings a clothes-brush out of the window at a serenading cat; but it will take some time to accustom me to an association between timidity and Mr. H. G. Wells.

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The atmosphere of the nineties, full of a calm beauty, perhaps more beautiful because undisturbed by any spiritual upheaval, was brought before us last week in a little time, when Miss Florence Farr gave her last recital to the psaltery. Miss Farr is the last of those subtle women of the nineties who veiled their loveliness with a becoming melancholy born of tragedies that were, one is sure, very enjoyable while they lasted. Content to be themselves works of art, they did not desire to project their beauty into eternity by becoming artists. Miss Farr's art of reciting to the psaltery is typical of her period. It is unimportant from every artistic point of view; yet nothing could be more exquisite than the speech of that lovely, level voice, in which the tears glimmer perpetually, like dewdrops in long grass.

Very significantly, this recreation of a past decade was preceded by a play by a woman of this generation—"Edge o' Dark," by Gwen John. It was a brutal thing, a horror of drink and adultery and murder played out in the black squalor of a Derbyshire cottage. Marred by a violence that was probably the sign of an artistic nervousness due to inexperience, it yet had a germ of tragic beauty. The woman, played by Miss Gladys Jones, who is too weary of men to vengeance against them, and goes out to die, is a figure of pity and dignity. There is no doubt that this younger generation would find it much harder to deal with the violent subjects their hunger for a completer representation of Life leads them to choose were it not for the tradition of beautiful technique imposed on them by the "Yellow Book" school.

But there is a savour about Mr. Kennedy's book which excurses his failure as a creative critic—the savour of devout scholarship. He has a gift for illuminating quotation; certainly nothing could better illustrate the enmity between romanticism and classicism than the contrasting passages he gives from Catullus and Tasso. It is an excellent book of reference on a hitherto unexplored subject, though a bibliography would make it still more useful.

I must confess that the passage which gives me the most tranquil pleasure is an entry in the index: "Sex, The unimportance of, p. 224." This is Napoleonic. One yearns to grovel, just a little. This clarion note re-echoes in the letter-press with which Mr. Kennedy exclaims: "Even at the present day there are men, though their number may be relatively small, who would... willingly see the whole female sex at the bottom of the sea if they thought for a minute it would tend to inter-
What is Love?

(The following essay, from the pen of Richard Carlile, appeared in the Republican for May 6th, 1825. It was written from Dorchester Gaol on May Day (Love's Day, as Carlile termed it), 1824. Not so much for his views, as for the frank and bold treatment at a time when despotism was rife, this effort of Carlile's would seem worthy of reproduction and consideration. To this essay I append some quotations from Carlile's contribution to the Republican for 1826, written during the same incarceration in the Dorchester Gaol.)

The first person entitled to answer is the languishing maid of twenty. She will say, that love is a delightful passion, which can only be fully felt by maids of her years, and if hers be an unrequited love, she will deny it to all the other sex. Children, she will say, cannot love; because she never felt such sensations when a child. Older women cannot love; because they are not so giddy as herself. She can tell you who cannot, and who do not love; but though she feels and thinks a hundred things, she cannot tell you what love is. If she attempts to describe it, you will find, that it means nothing more than a love of this, or of that person's company, in particular. If she enjoys that person's company her sensations are only excited, she still loves, she dreads his departure, and would stand side by side on Southend Pier from dawn to dusk, calling our respective opposite sexes down to the vasty deep. But will they come?

Rebecca West.
whilst it should be a mother's duty to explain to her daughter, or other female charge, the question of what is love. There should exist no ignorance upon the subject, after love is felt and can be enjoyed. As for the peevish, exhausted old man, we can only say for him, what Rochefoucault said for old age: that it is a trait that forbids the pleasures of youth under the pain of death. He has enjoyed love, as he enjoyed life, without knowing what it meant, or whence it came, and, if religious, has, perhaps, sought for spiritual phantoms to account for the one as well as for the other. He cannot answer the question what is love. It has not yet been philosophically answered.

The philosopher, in asking himself the question, what is love, solves it by asking another question, what is an animal, or, what is life. Looking at mankind, he finds them of two classes, male and female, varying but little as to external form or internal character. He finds them to possess the same passions, to have the same desires, to live by the same means, and with the difference of the female being the body qualified to breed the species after seminal contact, and the venous evacuations which conduce to that end, he sees them in every respect to be exactly alike. Our Saxon Ancestors called the female womb-man, whence came the corruption of woman, a very proper and the only real distinction between the male and female of the human species.

The philosopher perceives that there exists no other real distinction between the male and female of other animals, though there might be a greater difference as to external appearance. He also sees that the principle of sex, or that of male and female, extends to vegetables, and that, in many instances, they can only be propagated by sexual contact. And, as they have not the power of loco-motion, it is supposed, that this contact is wholly dependent upon the motion of the air, or of insects moving from the male to the female covered with the seed of the male. So that the period when vegetables are bursting with their seeds, may be called the periods of their love. Many animals are also known only to have periodic and annual fits of love. And the fit of love is clearly an overwhelming propensity for the secretion of seed. Impediments to this secretion form the more violent paroxysms of the fit, and it may be truly inferred that love is a disease: a disease delightful in its cure, but distressing and disastrous if not cured.

Reproduction or accumulation of identities similar to self seems to be a common law of animal and vegetable matter; and the disposition to reproduce in all well-formed or healthy objects is as powerful as hunger or thirst or the passion of self-preservation. It is a passion, not criminal in the indulgence; but criminality attaches where the indulgence is withheld; because health, even life, is endangered. It is not a passion of the mind, or an artificial passion, such as a craving to exhibit the distinctions of society; but a natural passion, or a passion of the body, which we hold in common with every other animal. It grows with our growth, and is strengthened with our strength. The passion of love is nothing but the passion to secrete semen in a natural way.

To prove that genuine love is nothing but the passion to secrete semen, it is sufficient to refer to the period or age at which it comes on and at which it leaves us. We hear not of love in decaying age or in infancy; and the attachments of habit, of kindness, of gratitude, or of human, social, individual, parental, filial, or domestic affection have no connection with the passion of love. We talk of a love of virtue, of friendship, of heroism, of charity, of generosity; but this kind of love is a matter wholly distinct from the passion of love between the male and female. All men are apt to feel a passion for a beautiful woman; all women for a handsome and agreeable man; but this expresses nothing more than a desire to associate ourselves with the most agreeable object for seminal intercourse. The every-day occurrences of mankind explain this. He cannot answer the question what is love, for the one as well as for the other. He cannot answer the question what is love. It has not yet been philosophically answered.

This principle or definition of love explains, why married people are generally unhappy, and hate each other soon after marriage, at all times, except the moments for the secretion of semen; and even, in this exception, they prefer other than what are called the lawful associations. It proves, and experience is wholly with it, that the marriage ties in this country are too many for the simple enjoyment of a passion that is not constant, but periodical, that is allied to but one object, that dies with gratification, every existence of which is a new birth, and that should not for an instant be skilfully concealed. Mutual desire should at every period of life constitute the practical part, or the gratification of love; nor can it be shown that it would become more fickle in its attachments if most free. Nature disdains an artificial tie, and feels the attempted shackles to be an insult that generates enmity.

The anatomists support the deduction of the philosopher, that love is a strong desire for the secretion of semen, in their doctrine, that a large or small cerebellum, which is a mass of the brain at the bottom of the skull, forming what we call the nape of the neck, is indicative of a greater or less propensity to love. And the Bible, or that luminous part of it called Solomon's Song, shows both thatneurophrenology and the philosophical definition of love, at chap ii. ver. 6, and at chap v. ver. 3, in shewing that, in the gratification of love, "His left-hand should be under my head (that is, under the cerebellum), and his right hand should embrace me." This was clearly the mode preferred by the phrenologists, who wrote that that theory now assigns a physical reason for it, in showing that an excitement of the cerebellum is calculated to increase the pleasure of gratified love.

There are those who live entirely for the gratification of their sensual passions; such, we must phrenologically suppose, are they, who have an excess of cerebellum. Others have moral passions, or passions founded on the mind, which divide them nearly at the same period from the more gross and sensual passions; such a man was Sir Isaac Newton; and such we may charitably suppose all those to be, who would check the amount of sexual intercourse. Loveless themselves, like the religiousman, they would have the passions of every other person shaped to their own. This is a great error in human judgment; and due allowances should always be made for the actions and passions of those which differ from our own, provided they injure none designedly but themselves.

This essay on love cannot fail to be highly useful, if rightly studied. That which now passes under the name of love is a maudlin, sickly sentiment or passion founded on hypocrisy, and means nothing at bottom but the desired enjoyment of a passion which is felt but not understood, and which professes to be every thing but that which it is in reality. The right consideration in a matter of love is—are our persons agreeable to each other? Can we live together and continue to love each
other? For a knowledge on this head, the Jewish mode of betrothing for a year on trial, was admirable; for, scarcely aught but a year's trial can decide the fact. Love should be stripped of that disguise which is in its long worn and never be seen but in its naked form. To be it cannot disgust; then will its renewals be perpetual; then will seductions and adulteries cease; then will be the day of triumph to solid virtue and sound human happiness. Religion makes every thing like itself, turns every thing into hypocrisy, defaces every thing that is moral and good: at least, this has been the character of the Christian Religion founded by that loveless, wretched Saint Paul. Love has not, in reality, existed or been able to hold up its head and high pretensions since the predominance of that religion. Under the more noble mythology of the Pagans, it was rightly understood and rightly practised. Even the Jews were much superior to the Christians on this head; and the Mahometans almost approach to perfection. A conscientious healthy Christian can never be happy. His passions will be always at war with his religious professions.

It is to be hoped, that no young lady will, after reading this essay, listen to a word about love, without asking the aspirant—what is love? If he has not the courage or the knowledge to state explicitly what love means, he is unworthy of her choice as a partner. It is the test for his sincerity.

What is an unnatural vice, and can only be properly classed that the parties have any knowledge of that of which they are in fancied pursuit? It is impossible: there must be some defect in both. It must be an hypocrisy which professes a passion that is not felt. Genuine love will admit of no such delay. It must be gratified or its victim pines and dies. All the young wife who suffers from Chlorosis, or what is thinkwise called Green sickness, suffer nothing but the disease of genuine ungratified love. All our best physicians have acknowledged this; and Dr. Cullen was wise and humane enough to recommend that such persons should indulge their passion of love at every convenience. If this were properly the case, we should have more beautiful women, more healthy children, and more of every kind of happiness.

It has been a mental disease that has turned love into a fancied sin, and made it commit dreadful ravages, as a disease brought on from the want of due seminal secretions; and even where secret indulgence has been obtained, a dread of discovery has caused an unnatural vice, and can only be properly classed with sodomy and bestiality. It never ought to inhabit the mind of any person; but to a young person, with signs of health, it is a ranking poison.

Then comes the consideration—what a dreadful thing it is, that health and beauty cannot be encouraged and extended, that love cannot be enjoyed, without the danger of a conception, when that conception is not desired, when it is a positive injury to self and to society. This circumstance has been a great bar to health, beauty, and love. Again, see, what an evil arises from bastard children, from deserted children, from half-starved and diseased children, and even where the parents are most industrious and most virtuous, from a half-starved, naked, and badly housed family, from families crowded into one room, from the heads of a large house and garden is essential. All these matters are a tax upon love, a perpetual tax upon human pleasure, upon health, a tax that turns beauty into shrivelled ugliness, and that defaces the noble attitude of mankind; that makes the condition of mankind worse than that of the cattle of the field.

What is to be done to remedy this evil? There is something to be done: a means has been discovered, a simple means, more criminal in the neglect than in the use. The destruction of conception has been sought by acts of violence, by doses of poison, that must injure, if not destroy, the body of the mother to reach that of the fetus in her womb. This is dreadful, truly dreadful. Yet custom has made it a common matter, a little-thought-of-matter of course. Every village has its almost yearly cases of the kind. In this Island, hundreds of infants are yearly destroyed at birth; some cases are discovered, and some pass undiscovered. We condemn and shudder at the infanticides of China and other countries; yet it is a question, if infanticide ever prevailed in any country more than in our own. Then, here, as in every other case of disease or other evil, it is better to prevent than to cure, and here, prevention is most simply practicable, a means within the reach of all.

(EXTRACT FROM THE "REPUBLICAN"
FOR 1820.)

Custom is too apt to pervert the plainest dictates of nature, and to stamp them as criminals, whereas the real criminality lies in opposition to those dictates.

I should consider the offspring of an adulterous intercourse to be bastards equally with those born out of wedlock.

It is from the odium which the law attaches to bastardy, that we find so many females prefer the destruction of their offspring rather than make it public; and, without doubt, many children are actually destroyed which otherwise might be bred up as useful members of the community.

As the property of the father is at his own disposition, except it be freehold, and as all his children, whether born in wedlock or not, must stand in the same relation to him as the common father, so also my reason persuades me that he should make an equal provision for them.

Commonsense seems to dictate to us, that, if there be anything vicious or disreputable in a child being born to a female not in a state of wedlock, the blame should attach to the parent, and not to the infant because it must be unconscious of which, although it was the offspring—it could not control.

There can be nothing scandalous in the laws of nature; and where social laws attempt to attach scandal to the laws of nature, it rather injures than benefits the society at large. What would it matter to me if my father or mother had been deemed bastards, which I am satisfied was not the case. I should not consider it the slightest dishonour to them or myself; and even if I myself were a bastard, agreeable to the vulgar appellation, it would not trouble me a moment, and I should think myself of equal importance to the community, as if I had been born from wedded and what is commonly called noble parents. As to the idle talk about royal or noble blood, it is all a farce: and the child of the peasant has his blood perhaps less contaminated with the effects of vice and disease, than the child of the king and queen, duke and duchess, lord and lady, or any other nick-named gentry. The most noble part of a commonwealth are those who produce an healthy offspring, and support them by their own industry.

RICHARD CARLILE.
On the Utility of Art.

AN APPEAL TO MODERN ENTHUSIASM.

"Not pleasure, but a general completeness of life."—Walter Pater.

I.—FORM.

As spirituality lends life to the concrete, so the ideal, to be grasped, must assume a form. Thus the aesthetic is the most practical of philosophies. It applies itself to, and amalgamates itself with, science, ethics, sociology, and metaphysics, and, by guiding the intelligence, it controls the conduct. And it is its own reward.

Art, by the refinement of our faculties (the senses and the intellect), teaches the acceptance of all that is and the inherent possibilities of all natural possessions and gifts. Art is not a struggle against Nature, but a collaboration with Nature. Art teaches us the intelligent perception of Nature, and reveals to us our ultimate impotence in the face of its forces. It teaches us that these forces have all a purpose, and that, their purpose having been recognised, they must not be opposed, but turned to account. And is this attitude not the most worshipful that can be assumed in the presence of Nature, but a collaboration with Nature. Art divinises Nature, thus Art is not confined to art, when, indeed, art, which is the revelation of the spirituality in man, that is, the manifestation of his eternal quest after the Ideal of Perfection, must be called forth to assist science in the solution of the problems which occupy us of to-day.

Its share in the work is obvious. Science is powerless to suppress discontent and inequalities; nor can it engender wisdom, nor cultivate that politeness—the word taken in its full sense—which is at once the factor and aim of civilisation. And politeness (or polish) is form, and form is art.

But art understood in a vaster spirit than its vaguely surviving existence into being and to formulate it; as also to understand its varying expressions. But as superficial observation will show, for instance, that it exists among classes totally ignorant of "letters," exists not as an acquired gift, it is, rather, associated to religious views (as, for example, in the East), and perhaps fostered by transmitted from a superior class, but as an inherent shadow of a shadow of artistic sensibility, to evoke its vaguely surviving existence into being and to formulate it; as also to understand its varying expressions. But as superficial observation will show, for instance, that it exists among classes totally ignorant of "letters," exists not as an acquired gift transmitted from a superior class, but as an inherent gift, it is, rather, associated to religious views (as, for example, in the East), and perhaps fostered by certain creeds favourable to it than to that enlightenment we call "education," and which, after all, is but one form of education.

For a man who has invented a new and beautiful shape for a wicker basket is surely as educated, or, at least, as cultivated as a man who has learnt to spell a few words. But such is the giddy enthusiasm into which a few generations of popularised reading has thrown us that this small accomplishment—which has proved utterly powerless towards the improvement of a single phase of human life—

* It is impossible to point out a single civilisation which was not "artistic" save our own.

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS AND STORES IN LONDON AND PROVINCES.

THE FROCKS FOR CHILDREN

"DOUGLAFROCS.

AND MAIDS

SEND POSTCARD FOR NAME OF NEAREST RETAILER TO "DOUGLAFROC" (c/o "FREEWOMAN"), 16, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

place of all human gifts and of all Nature's expressions.

There is, consequently, a sociological aspect which has been entirely lost from view in our Occidental discussions of sociological problems and endeavours to apply sociological reforms.

In all periods, in all climates, up to within perhaps a century, the artistic principle has been intimately associated with life.*

With the introduction of mechanical appliances, with their gradual substitution for manual labour, art, or, rather, the artistic principle has been dis-integrated from practical life and attributed a distinction and minor or, at least, separate, part in the minds as in the customs of men. The more our thoughts are monopolised by scientific and sociological considerations the further the artistic principle is repulsed.

We have had periods—all artistic—when these subjects took a secondary place in the minds and preoccupations of men. We have just passed through a period almost entirely devoted to them; the day has now come when they may be reconned to art, when, indeed, art, which is the revelation of the spirituality in man, that is, the manifestation of his eternal quest after the Ideal of Perfection, must be called forth to assist science in the solution of the problems which occupy us of to-day.

Its share in the work is obvious. Science is powerless to suppress discontent and inequalities; nor can it engender wisdom, nor cultivate that politeness—the word taken in its full sense—which is at once the factor and aim of civilisation. And politeness (or polish) is form, and form is art.

But art understood in a vaster spirit than it is now—applied as a remedy where science is helpless, for instance, to our vague yearnings and to the apparent injustices which accompany life—may effectively combat many a seemingly insoluble problem.

The artistic sentiment succeeds where the intellect utterly fails, for the artistic principle is a strictly definable dogma, and as it may be given concrete expression, is wholly satisfactory as a solace to life's pains. Art is a religion with a mystical source (faith in life) and practical ends (the cult of beauty and perfection, form and harmony).

Intellectual and artistic culture are in their essence dissociated. The artistic sentiment may be met with forcibly demonstrated where books and "knowledge" have not penetrated. Intellectual culture may assist us, who have inherited but the shadow of a shadow of artistic sensibility, to evoke its vaguely surviving existence into being and to formulate it; as also to understand its varying expressions. But as superficial observation will show, for instance, that it exists among classes totally ignorant of "letters," exists not as an acquired gift transmitted from a superior class, but as an inherent gift, it is, rather, associated to religious views (as, for example, in the East), and perhaps fostered by certain creeds favourable to it than to that enlightenment we call "education," and which, after all, is but one form of education.

For a man who has invented a new and beautiful shape for a wicker basket is surely as educated, or, at least, as cultivated as a man who has learnt to spell a few words. But such is the giddy enthusiasm into which a few generations of popularised reading has thrown us that this small accomplishment—which has proved utterly powerless towards the improvement of a single phase of human life—
seems to us the greatest of God-sends. Yet, had we, for instance, been able to teach those who are lured to the hell of mechanical labour how to buy some enjoyment from life with their hours of slavery, we would have done a much more philanthropic deed than to force them to acquire such knowledge as does not necessarily give them bread or pleasure.

A prejudice is current that art is a luxury for the rich. Another prejudice has it that art is expressed by the “fine” arts, so called, of painting, sculpture, and music. As they are closely allied, we must deal with both prejudices if we are to deal with either.

If art is not for the “poor,” it is not necessarily designed for the “rich” only, or is its taste naturally inherent with the latter. Primitive minds are often endowed with the artistic sentiment, as we have already decided, although perhaps unconsciously, for it is the privilege of the intellect to discern, if not to create, art. Moreover, it is the object of these pages to point out that, if luxury without art is an impossibility, art is not as a matter of course luxury. It is, on the contrary, our aim to prove that art is a vital necessity.

The prejudice which has limited the so-called “fine” arts to painting, sculpture, and music has its reason, firstly, in the separation of art from life; secondly, in the spirituality which is with justice attributed to music and sought also in painting and sculpture, which, by their apparent freedom of expression, permit the conveyance of ideas and sensibilities bringing them into range with music, the most emotional of arts, and literature, the most comprehensive.

But it is not with the popular, limited, and at the same time more luxurious forms of art—the graphic and the plastic—that we can hope to civilise the world. Rather do we hope, through the exaggerated attention given them tend more than ever to isolate art and sever it from the human heart, which is its natural abiding-place, and failing whose nurture it must perish.

Picture-painting and sculpture are, at the same time, the most easily understood (or misunder­stood), and the most accessible of the fine arts. Imitations of nature’s forms or as entertaining anec­dotes they address themselves to the multitude; but their more secret and subtle qualities escape all but the most educated in these specialties in particular and in the spirit of art in general. They are but a phase of the artistic expression which, in certain cases, may, by reason of the artistic sensi­bilities they retain, attain a very high standard, but in no wise the only high expression art assumes. For the artistic aim is, as we have said, the quest after the ideal, or perfection, in all things. It can, therefore, intimately participate with life and bear upon any one of its aspects, upon its concrete as well as upon its more abstract parts.

We all of us refuse that a pleasant or “artistic” environment is favourable to the health and temper. We realise, therefore, that art is an active influence in incommensurable reach and activity. Why, therefore, do we not use it as an instrument for moulding the world according to our civilising ambitions?

It is, therefore, the artistic spirit the smallest artists excludes the possibility of sordidness. A poor peasant’s home, furnished with a few hand­made tables and chests—and what is hand-made* is made also with the heart—where the inmates wear the apparel of their part in society, thereby affirming their pride in it, instead of humility, by imitating the clothes of the rich; we know that such a house cannot be sordid.

It is undoubtedly that primitive man, left to his own resources, is incapable of turning out work of which “art” made a judgment disapproves. It will not disapprove of it, if only for the reason that, having been produced by that man’s hands—therefore, heart or soul—it at once partakes of his life (character, emotions, personality), and, being in some measure a reflection of it—communicating it, as it were—it is thus justifiable.

There is probably no hope for art, art as a sociological factor, as a universal possession, unless everything possible is achieved to revive the manual crafts.

We cannot expect to convinced the “poor,” or even the middle classes, with mere words that art is not necessarily luxury, and that it may be simplicity, for the monetary value of things impresses too effectively to be often with too good a reason to be combated; we cannot hope to resuscitate peasant costumes and other lost symbols, for what is dead can be stuffed, but not revived.

But what some of us can do is to renovate our own conception of art in its relation to life, and thus widen and to some extent perfect or, rather, complete life by giving it more harmony. Art and harmony is the only happiness for which we should aim.

Muriel Ciolkowska.

(To be continued.)

“The Freewoman” Discussion Circle.

THERE was a very full attendance at the meeting (the seventh of the series) on July 17th, when Mrs. Havelock Ellis read a paper on “Eugenics and Ideals.” Before the reading of the paper, the chairman (Mr. Charles Granville) made a strong appeal to members of the Circle to exert all their efforts to get fresh subscribers to THE FREWOMAN. He gave a short account of the history and financial standing of the paper, emphasising the point that no similar organ exists in England, and indeed in very few places at all outside England. The paper has made an appeal, the circulation has increased in a remarkable way, and it should be a point of honour among all who care for what the paper represents—namely, a courageous attempt to handle, without fear or dishonesty, the most vital human problems—to make efforts, even sacrifices, to maintain it. It is to be hoped this appeal will not be made in vain.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis, in opening her paper on “Eugenics and Ideals,” said that her subject would appeal to women largely, for “one of the chief points in the great circle of women’s progress is for women to realise that in them lies the responsibility for the health and sanity of the nation through their refusal to add to the misery of the world by bringing into it human beings who are badly handicapped even before birth.” The whole paper was of much interest to the Circle, especially as it numbers in its ranks some very convinced anti-Eugenists.

The paper was followed by a lengthy discussion, answered by Mrs. Havelock Ellis, to whom we offer our thanks for kindly coming to us.

It has been suggested, arising out of this meeting, that during next session it would be interesting to get up a debate between a representative of the
Eugenics Education Society and an anti-Eugenist, in order to set forth clearly the Eugenist position in general and the opposing attitudes.

The next THE FREEWOMAN Discussion Circle will take place on Wednesday, July 31st, 8 p.m., at Chandos Hall. Mrs. Gallichan will open a discussion on “The Problem of Celibacy.”

During August there will be no meetings, but these will begin again on September 4th, when Dr. Drysdale will give a paper on “Neo-Malthusianism.” Group meetings will also be continued after August.

GROUP MEETING.

As was arranged at the last general meeting of the Circle, a small group of the members decided to continue the discussion of the subject of “Sex Oppression and the Way Out” until they had obtained more light on the problems involved, and this continued discussion took place on Wednesday, July 10th, in the studio of Mr. Beresford, by his kind permission.

The number present was twenty-eight, and the chair was taken by Mr. Bedborough. Naturally, the discussion was more informal than in the large meetings, and it served to bring out many very valuable expressions of personal opinion and personal experience. This small meeting brought home clearly to all that much is impossible in the large meetings of the Circle, because it is in the development of local sub-groups that the most useful work of the Circle, probably, can be done.

The discussion was not completed at the end of the evening, and it was unanimously decided to adjourn the meeting to Wednesday, July 24th. A suggestion has been sent in for another group discussion, namely, “The Effects of Co-education at School and College upon Sexual Development.”

If any members of the Circle are wishful to carry out a group discussion on the above topic they are requested to send in their names to the secretary.

Suggestions as to place and time of meeting are desirable, and in this connection the secretary wishes to say that a small group will be very welcome to meet at her house, 19, Temple Fortune Hill, Hendon, N.W. (in the Hampstead Garden Suburb). (Accommodation is limited to about a dozen.)

Will all new members, on joining the Circle, apply for a copy of the rules?

B. LOW (Acting Secretary).

[As a synopsis of Mrs. Havelock Ellis’ lecture is held over until the next issue. —ED.]

THE FOURTH

International Summer School

To promote Unity in Religion, Philosophy, and Science, and its expression in all branches of Social Service.

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Director: D. N. DUNLOP.

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Amonest there already arranged are—

Rev. Dr. K. C. ANDERSON, of Dundee; Sir RICHARD STAPLEY, of the Christo-Theosophical Movement; Professor PARKER (of the USA.); Professor A. W. BARDEN; L. MABEL COLLINS (Mrs. Cook), who will conduct group study on "Light on the Path"; Professor A. W. BARDEN; W. TUDOR-POLE; Prof. R. M. MACIVER; MRS. ESTHER WINDUST, of Holland; D. LASENY, B.A.; PHILIP OTTIER, M.A.; W. WROBLEWSKY; Madame POGOSEK; Mrs. OXLEIGH; W. TUDOR-JONES, Ph.D.; Mine DORA MARSDEN, B.A.; and others.

A descriptive Pamphlet and Application Form may be obtained from the Secretary, INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. Early application necessary.

Correspondence.

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

INTEREST.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—The matter reprinted from “The Money Question,” by Mr. Arthur Kitson, cannot be looked on as settling the greatest question in the manner that the author would have his readers adopt.

Without attempting to discuss numerous quotations occurring in this extract, there are a few points in Mr. Kitson’s arguments which, when analyzed, are sufficient to show that his position is quite untenable, and that loans of money at interest are very useful and quite consistent with ethics.

It is far from true that loans are not (meaning “never”) made from capital which its owners can use profitably for themselves.

The rate of interest, like all other prices obtained in free and open markets, is determined by the marginal cost of loans. An enormous volume of capital on loan is composed of an aggregation of little loans, deposits, balances, shares, and stock, each of which can be obtained only by sacrifice, or the self-denial by a host of small, thrifty people, who can only hoard fragments of wealth by painful abstinence, and a large aggregate of which the only possible use is that of interest. The rate of interest is just sufficient to outweigh the profit which the owners could make by applying it directly to trade.

So, no doubt, a good deal of so-called surplus wealth which the owners can easily spare is invested in loans at interest, but this does not determine the rate per cent. per annum. Just as wealthy mines earning a very big profit on the capital and labour applied to winning the gold do not, on this account, sell it cheaper than the poor mines which can only pay expenses and no profit.

Bastiat’s oft-quoted example of the loan of a plane and the increase of value, with a profit of the owner, while it is unquestionably sounds, does not, perhaps, bring the fundamental rectitude and utility of interest to the knowledge of the man in early and simple life. The writer is so forcibly as some other examples which might be chosen.

But it ought to be borne in mind that every case of hiring whatever, such as hiring a cab, or a boat, or a motor-car, contains a positive element of interest paid for the use of a valuable.

In many of these cases the lenders, or a number of them, earn merely a margin where the thing received is barely sufficient to repay the disadvantage of letting the vehicle go out instead of enjoying it oneself. These marginal interests which are reached by the exigency of demand, determine the rate for the whole mass of loans in the same market.

Thus, for example, as trippers and excursionists invade fishing villages, the charges made to them for the hire of boats is largely determined by the profit which the owner might, in the absence of letting the craft to the visitor, obtained out of it by using it for fishing. If the hiring clashes with the fishing, it must yield at least an equivalent.

But for a crucial case it is best to show and to see that interest in marginal cases is a payment for the sacrifice of an opportunity for pleasure on the part of the lender. It is, in fact, a payment for his surrendering a portion of his life to a sort of privation or suffering the loss of some enjoyment for which he may possibly never obtain another similar opportunity. Thus, if one lends his only bicycle on a fine afternoon when one is in specially good health and longing for a ride, and possibly when one has an appointment with a special acquaintance, it is evident that some other pleasure or a sum of money judged capable, in all probability, of affording a recompense in the owners can easily spare is invested in loans at interest, but this does not determine the rate per cent. per annum. Just as wealthy mines earning a very big profit on the capital and labour applied to winning the gold do not, on this account, sell it cheaper than the poor mines which can only pay expenses and no profit.

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tunities (how short is life after all!) are slipping by under a deprivation of pleasure or profit. To lend an overcoat, things, of course, must be speedily sold and consumed, either by direct barter or on credit, if they are to benefit mankind at all.

The producer of early strawberries must rush to the market, or lose all his investment. There must be a constant and copious flow of perishables from the farm to the kitchen. But what of it?

It may, no doubt, frequently pay the owner or producer of perishables to sell them quickly on credit rather than delay the sale and subject himself to a greater loss than that arising from deferred payment. This is only one of a few exceptional circumstances where interest appears to be voluntarily surrendered, but where, in reality, it can be seen that the lender is repaid in a form of convenience, which is of greater value to him than the interest he forgoes. Thus, for example, every holder of banknotes, postal orders, and other instruments of like nature is a lender without interest to the issuer of the paper, but he may obtain convenience in remitting which will outweigh his loss of interest.

But this is no reason why the bulk of the more durable wealth of the world should be lent without a payment for its temporary alienation. Nor is even the fact that the mere storage of gold, iron, wheat, oil, leather, etc., occupies land, buildings, etc., on which rent must be paid, and involves the employment of costly custodians to guard it from home and foreign thieves, sufficient to lead to lending without interest. This may appear very paradoxical, but it is not, after all, so difficult to perceive its reason. Distribution of commodities, as is well known, is a branch of production. More paradoxical than anything yet stated may appear the fact that a commodiousness is not fully realised until it is bought and used as a trinket or in some of the other ornamental arts, such as gilding, photography, etc.

Hence, fundamentally, distribution of commodities is a branch of the production of pleasure, which is the object of all industry and the subject of all economic inquiry. Fundamentally, distribution and all branches of the industry of labour and exchange of services depends upon personal property in wealth. It may be said, broadly, that unless both of the parties to an exchange have personal property with no exchange involved, there can be no exchange at all. Neither of these properties, however, is in any sense more a tool or medium of exchange than the other.

There are, however, many cases subservient to the great process of distribution where one or both of the elements of this process of mutual substitution of two different forms of wealth are not present, and in which the buyer is his own direct consumption. In this case, it may be said that such commodities deviate or wander from the productive stream which would normally flow uninteruptedly from the producer to the consumer. All such purchases for the class known as speculative, even when they are part of the regular wholesale or retail trade of the world; and they are not, on this account, unessential or in the slightest degree immoral or blamable. Out of all these multifarious transactions, and out of all the commodities which enter into them, one feature has gradually emerged into prominence: a certain commodity, or class of commodities, is familiar that its true significance is largely distorted and misapprehended.

In every market some one commodity becomes recognised as of a value, or in a demand, which is not necessarily be far more saleable than the commodity nearest to it, but if it be a little more saleable its preeminence is recognised and it is set apart from all the rest, as the winner of a race is in a distinct category from the second best, although the difference in their speed may be a very small percentage. This commodity becomes money, a monetary value of other commodities is called their price.

Selling money is called buying. Delivering money is called paying, and in a host of ways a new and special nomenclature is formed around this one commodity, which has the effect of confusing enquirers and establishing a mass of mysteries and fallacies about a comparatively simple operation.

In most cases money consists of a very durable commodity, and one, the production and consumption of which is subject to less fluctuation than those of many other commodities. In fact, this is one of the necessarily inherent characteristics of the supreme saleable. But, notwithstanding its small fluctuation in both production and consumption, there are some more or less sudden and some gradual variances. On this account, it is desirable that a large stock of the monetary commodities, as of all other commodities, should be held to diminish the intensity of gluts and dearths of this special or of other commodities, because value is necessarily a relative attribute, varying not only with the commodity itself, but with that to which it is compared, and other commodity, for which it may at any time be exchanged in commerce.

The maintenance of this stock of gold in coin or bullion (gold being now the supreme saleable) is beneficial to the world as a whole, notwithstanding the cost of holding it.

In the majority of exchanges both the parties obtain a profit. That which one buys is more valuable to this party than that which he sells. When salacity is reached, the commodities are of equal value to both parties. The differences are the motive power of exchange. Each party buys in a cheaper and sells in a dearer market than his own.

In order to produce commodities or to distribute goods usefully and economically it is necessary to have these materials; labour, or goods at one's disposal, and for all these, if hired or obtained on credit, something more must be paid than if an outright and complete swap or barter were effected without the interest or moment of credit.

The convertibility of one form of wealth for another by exchange makes it a matter of comparative indifference whether one borrows or hires an implement or its price; whether one is paid in goods purchased, on credit at a somewhat higher price or borrows gold at interest and then buys the goods at the best ready-money prices.

Many of Mr. Kitson's assertions are quite erroneous. Thus, he states that there is a universal struggle on the part of wealth-producers to put by so much capital as will enable them to live without the interest, which is very far from correct. This thrift is not at all universal. There are countless spendthrifts, both rich and poor, who dissipate their wealth and diminish the store of the human race by spending their income as fast or faster
than it comes in. This was fully recognised by the early economists, though it is the fashion nowadays to assume that the temptations to prodigality are generally mastered. If it were otherwise, or even if a sufficiently numerous section of the community continue to save and hoard, the result would be that in the supply of the possible lenders, and that there is a margin of owners of wealth who would sooner hold or spend it than lend it for nothing. If interest continues to fail, it will be necessary for the thrifty to be still more thrifty if they wish to be assured of support in their later years when the power to work has declined or when the irksome necessity of labour has become paramount. This eventuality, however, while conceivable and possibly will be (as Mr. Levy claims in his article) absurd and unavailing. If there were no durable necessity of labour and the desire for leisure has become the paramount. This eventuality, however, while conceivable and possibly will be (as Mr. Levy claims in his article) absurd and unavailing. If there were no durable necessity of labour and the desire for leisure has become the paramount.

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ladies; but it was intended as a suggestion, not as a dogma. Miss F. D. Stella Browne tells us that she felt "a serious desire to marry" at twenty-three. Could any man be able to marry at twenty-three? The average age is twenty-nine. The average age of marriage is twenty-three. How many men are able to marry at twenty-three? The average age is twenty-nine. The average age of marriage is twenty-three. How many men are able to marry at twenty-three? The average age is twenty-nine.

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BLANCHARD'S are the Best of all Pills for Women.

Finally, I am asked to explain my "strange and very inconsistent desire" (inconsistent with what?) for the legal tie in marriage. In reply, I quote a sentence from another part of Miss Oliver's letter, "Figures concerning illegitimacy are, surely, enough to prove the indifference of men to the sanctity of marriage." Exactly. Until motherhood is endowed under Socialism, we may improve the law which makes men legally responsible for the results of their acts. Miss Oliver's ideal of free-love, providing that her men should be the supreme authority in the institution on it universally, would create a condition of universal illegitimacy; and men who took advantage of the opportunity to change their minds, choose again, and desert their families, would be acting in accordance with the strict principles of free-love. These things have been said a thousand times.

One word more, and I have done. Miss Oliver, in her letter, referred to a private correspondence with me, in which I am supposed to have advocated child-marriage. I hate boring your readers with personal matters, but I owe it to myself not to permit a misrepresentation to pass unnoticed. In the course of Commons there is a well-known and salutary rule of debate which requires any member quoting from a document to lay that document on the table, if desired. Now, the correspondence to which Miss Oliver referred to in her letter, referred to a private correspondence with me, in which I have stated that she imagine I have advocated the compulsory marrying-off of girls. If so, she is mistaken. Marriage will, so far as I am concerned, still be voluntary, as before. It appears to be necessary to explain this.

IDEAS OR NO IDEAS?

DIVORCE AND THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

MADAM,—When I drew the attention of THE FREEWOMAN's readers to the divorce reform movement, I did not for a moment refer to the supposition that the institution of marriage as it has existed in history, nor of the present conditions of the marriage contract. It never occurred to me that this conclusion could be drawn from my remarks, which, however, were evidently far from clear.

I think, however, that we should not endeavour to forcibly impose our own ideas and standards upon others, and that we must respect the fact that the majority of our fellow men and women are not Freemen and Freewomen, as Mr. Fletcher Woods pertinently remarked in his able essay on the reform of marriage. Our personal honour and integrity in upholding what we believe to be right, in word and deed, surely need not blind us to the sufferings of others. And is direct frontal attack the only method of influence? I think not. I have once that I share the Editor's preference for "Forward, Charge!" to sapping and mining operations.

IDEAS OR NO IDEAS?

STELLA BROWNE.

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MR. MCKENNA AND FORCIBLE FEEDING.

MADAM,—In his original letter Mr. Norman said that the range of women's ideas, as expressed in such statements as much undertakings as had been asked from the leaders, pointed out that they had not done so because they had not been given the opportunity. Mr. Norman now states that since the women were invited to give certain undertakings at the Sessions, and refused, they had an equal opportunity, and that the opportunity is not equal if the undertakings detailed are different. The leaders were asked to give an undertaking not to incite to illegal acts while in prison; the rank and file were asked to undertake to be non-militant for twelve months out of prison.

Also, it must not be forgotten that, at the trial, Mr. Justice Coleridge demanded from the leaders an undertaking not to incite to illegal acts, and that Mr. McKenna was the judge who asked to accept an undertaking not to do so while in prison. That is, Mr. McKenna suggests easier terms for the leaders; he treats the possibility of further offence less unfortunately than those guilty of the lesser offence. Yet Mr. Norman asserts that the Home Secretary is administering the law in moderation and judiciously, and that he cannot see how otherwise Mr. McKenna could have acted.

July 20th, 1912. A. M. BAIN.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

MADAM,—If "the idea of God" as expressed by your correspondent as to the pity of complicating there would be no need for explanations and arguments on the meaning of Divinity. Is it not true for all the prophets of humanity whose spiritual genius is in advance of their time that they must, in one way or another, be crucified by the orthodox and the ignorant? And is it not due to the fact that the world has always refused to accept simple ideas concerning "the Christ that has led" to religious wars, priests, and "churches"? I quite agree with my correspondent as to the pity of complicating.
or the man who 'went about his business. Surely it would be hard to find a higher idea than that taught by the Man who went about his matters. One has to go a long way, right through morals up to society. We do not make a complex merely by ignoring its complexities. We merely deceive ourselves to agree that justice is another name for expediency. Justice is, to be perfectly frank, an expensive luxury; too expensive to be indulged in at all freely by any of them—notably the "deterrent" idea—with abhorrence. Justice is, after all, a civilisation which means to escape disintegration. But then, are not all ideals expensive and inexpedient? But by service your correspondent denotes the will to punish, symbolism by the woman with the sword and the scales, I cordially agree that her title is Expediency; and that it is high time that she were dethroned and disarmed, or, at any rate, that the bandage were removed from her eyes.

MADAM—Your correspondent, S. E. Hadden, wishes to agree that justice is another name for expediency. On the contrary, I should say that there were few things more essential to the mental health, properly so-called, Justice rules all the claims of expedience, and I think of some of them—notably the "dortent" idea— with abhorrence. Justice is, to be perfectly frank, an expensive luxury which would be indulged in all freely by a civilisation which means to escape disintegration. But then, are not all ideals expensive and inexpedient? But by service your correspondent denotes the will to punish, symbolism by the woman with the sword and the scales, I cordially agree that her title is Expediency; and that it is high time that she were dethroned and disarmed, or, at any rate, that the bandage were removed from her eyes.

CHARLES J. WHITBY.

July 21st, 1912.

MADAM—In the number of THE FREEWOMAN issued on July 11th there were some interesting remarks on "Spinisters and Art" by Miss Rebecca West. She tells us that "a spinister is sentimentalist, and therefore, incapable of art." If this is the case, and only wives and mothers can become artists, in future, instead of sending our girls to studios, conservatories of music, or making them familiar with the masterpieces of literature, we should first see to it that they become mothers. If motherhood is the necessary qualification for the artist, one's brain reels at the thought of the stupendous works of art that must be produced by a mother of, say, twelve or more! Of course, the proportion are feeble-minded, but, of course, they would not be "incapable of art," like the spinister, so presumably, we must owe many works of art to them.

In reply to your correspondent, we are told, "all men are drawn like strong gods. The writer gives, as an instance, Mr. Rochester, calling him at the same time a "noble gorilla." A strong god" and "a noble gorilla," surely rather a weird blend. It has been usually considered that Jane Austen was something of an artist. Is there anything very strong or godlike in Mr. Collins, to give only one example?

MADAM—Now I know that we are living in an age in which a woman who was dealing with Rochester, but the mind of a young girl. Rebecca West has missed the point completely, although she should have been aware of us, in any condition, would have "believed in" Rochester— that is, we should be magnetised by his personality.

My comment on that: In this remark is the very sign and symbol of that "spinster attitude" (if really there is such a thing) which Rebecca West is decrying.
An Open Letter to W. C. Anderson (Chairman of the I.L.P.)

In reply to his article upholding the Independent of the Woman's Movement—"Labour Leader," July 11th, 1912.

Sir,—You said in your article last week that "The Independent Labour Party during its twenty years of life has been loyal to the cause of women's emancipation."

You quote the National Administrative Council's reports of I.L.P. conferences since the birth of the party. You prove from these that from the beginning the women's movement has always been the first concern of the I.L.P. and that from the I.L.P. the utmost encouragement—at least at I.L.P. conferences. You say, with truth, that "in the last twenty years female issues have been more consistently advanced than that for the freedom and enfranchisement of women."

And the party is congratulated that it has always stood for the full enfranchisement of women.

Oratorically—especially at certain times—it always has. A few of its Parliamentary members have been among the women's best supporters. What I want to ask is, what has been the attitude of the mass of I.L.P.-ers; the rank and file who compose your movement? I maintain that 95 per cent. of them have not stirred a hand to help the women in their direst need. Through the years of bitter struggle, fights, strikes, they have consistently opposed the masses and the women's issues, boycotted and scoffed by the Press, excluded and expelled from responsible minister's political meetings, imprisoned upon slight pretexts; while in an appeal from the ranks of the class fighter, the women were equipped and without organisation, the women fought alone, without the aid of your members or your branches. I speak from experience, and anyone who has known the inside of the Socialist and the Women's Movements will endorse this.

In big towns, where your organised members numbered hundreds, the women's questions were raised in the main social cause, but rather a scarecrow that has been set up. That masturbation is brought rudely face to face with it, it is offended by respect. We should say love will always draw people together, contract or no contract; but love has nothing to do with the marriage contract. When love is brought rudely face to face with it, it is offended by respect.

The suggestion regarding advertisements is admirable and very welcome. Are the Discussion Circles inadequate to fill the need for mental stimulus?—[Ed.]

Self-abuse and Insanity

Madam,—Your correspondent "P. T. T." speaks of "the innumerable cases in which self-abuse has led to insanity." This cannot, evidently, be scientifically proved, for Professor Forel, the most determined seeker after the truth in sex-matters, scoffs at the idea, and calls it "a scarecrow that has been set up." We may not believe ourselves slightly culpable had we accused of attempting to gild the gold and paint the lily in this respect. It is often found that individuals who have sometimes found in an acute and constant form among insane persons do not prove it to be a cause, but rather a result of insanity, of self-abuse.

The worst that a woman-doctor, writing very strongly against the habit as practised by women, can say is that "in some extreme cases it can lead to insanity." This habit, more properly called masturbation, is not confined to extreme and isolated cases. It is a certain nemesis which falls, not only on thousands of willing prostitutes, who suffer and die from vile and terrible diseases, but also sometimes found in an acute and constant form among insane persons, even when they may not prove it to be a cause, but rather a result of insanity, of self-abuse.

And, for the distant meaning of insanity, I return to my former proposition—that it is better for men even to drive themselves insane by their vices and be locked up than for them to contribute to the disease, degradation of other people by their habits.

But neither that nor my authority should be accused of "recommendating" any form of sexual abuse, I quote the following from my book on "Normal Morality": "From what has gone before, I in no way wish it to be gathered that every human being should yield, at its guise, to his sexual desires. This radically false interpretation of free-marriage and free-love is, unfortunately, too often met with to-day, and cannot be opposed with too much energy. . . . We insist on the fact that the highest liberty and most complete development of the individual, the development of that man that is truly free who has become the master of his lower instincs."

And, as the summing-up of his whole contention, the writer gives in italics, as the commandment of sexual ethics:

"Thou shalt not, by thy sexual appetite, by its diffusion throughout thy whole soul, and especially by thy sexual acts, do harm to any other human soul. . . . Thine, on the contrary, strive with all thy power to raise the present and future value of those acts."

E. M. Watson.

A book for married women

By Dr. Allinson.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman. The book is conveniently divided into twelve chapters. The first chapter treats of the causes of sterility; also of the second chapter of marriage from a doctor's standpoint; points out the best ages for marriage, and the dangers of marrying before a man is able to support his family. The third chapter tells how to treat the mother until she is up and about again. The fourth chapter tells how to manage the confinement until the baby is born. The eighth chapter tells how to lave easy confinements. Certain people believe that women should bring forth in pain and trouble, but the hygienic physician says this is not wise, and furnishes useful information that one can ordinarily get only from a skilled doctor. The twelfth chapter tells how to treat the mother until she is up and about again.

The book is full of useful information, and no book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. Some may think too much is said; such can scarcely be the case, for knowledge in power and the means of obtaining happiness. The book can be had in an envelope from Dr. H. G. Wells and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw have already signed the "Aurifl" in this connection.—[Ed.]
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