

THE NEW FREEWOMAN

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW.

No. 2. Vol. I.

TUESDAY, JULY 1st, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

Editor:

DORA MARSDEN, B.A.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
INTELLECT AND CULTURE	21	EPSTEIN'S OSCAR WILDE MONUMENT. An Interpretation.		A RACE OF INDIVIDUALS. By Winnifred W. Leisenring, B.A.	34
VIEWS AND COMMENTS	23	By Horace Holley	30	A NEW ALTAR. By Barbara Low	35
NANA. By Miss Rebecca West	26	PLATONIC FANTASIAS. By M. Holmes	31	THE PLAIN WOMAN. By Horace Holley	37
TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION By Godfrey Blount, B.A.	27	THE EVIL THAT WORDS DO. By Huntly Carter	33	CORRESPONDENCE	37
THE ECLIPSE OF WOMAN By F.R. A.I.	29				

INTELLECT AND CULTURE.

“WATER, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.” A shipwrecked mariner stranded on a raft in a waste of waters, dying of thirst, would be a fair image to advance of those who are trying to cultivate the life within them on historic culture. So much there is about them which would seem to be able to nourish and satisfy life, and yet scarcely a beggarly drop to be squeezed from any source of culture known to men. From the West, men turn to the East; from the East they hurry to the West; from the Present into the Past; from the Past into the Future, and all with like result—life mocked with the lure of a satisfaction which invariably fails. This is the knavish trick which Intellect has played on Soul. Like an incompetent guide, it has tempted life away from paths where it is at home into strange territory where guide and follower alike are at a loss. The mirror of the intellect turned inwards—which is self-consciousness—has quickened life with wants which await satisfaction, but for which there appear to be no means at hand to satisfy. The guests invited to the feast sit at the bare board, some dissatisfied, and some making pretence that they are full-fed. But Hunger presides and, in truth, all know it. The life which is in men is lured on with false hopes, cheated and disappointed, and it is Intellect which plays the knave. The task attempted is one too difficult to be accomplished by the strength of effort which has hitherto been essayed by Intellect. Historic cultures and historic moralities are the chronicle of the effects of this insufficiency of

intellectual effort. For, note the rôle which culture fills in life. Culture in any community is the body of ready-made opinion, all-pervasive in the region where it holds sway, which is regularly accepted as a guide to conduct in human affairs. What the guide-book and sign-post are to the traveller in a strange country, culture is for conduct in life. It is the expressed digest of the experience of men, the would-be friendly hint, to later voyagers, of travellers who have earlier passed that way. Culture therefore if it were what it is apprehended to be, would be a thing of extreme value, which none could afford to miss; which would be as necessary to wayfaring men as is the chart to the seaman. If this is what culture should be, why then is it that human culture has proved a deadly snare, pestilential as the vapours which hang over a fœtid jungle; fatal to the people by whom it has been created? Precisely because—intellect being limited to what it now is—any culture is premature. The people which evolves a too-early culture has as much chance of prospering as has the infant strictly dieted on green fruits. It is plain to comprehend why. *Self-consciousness* has taken Intellect unawares. The method which it had learned through acquaintance with the static *outward*, bore no relation to the method necessary for the treating of the vital *inward*. Intellect has fashioned itself to meet the needs of conscious life which it could serve in the capacity of efficient tool far better than could instinct. It acts as an advance mirror, reporting

the nature of external conditions inwards to its employer. Life is able to prejudge experience in the outer world, by means of Intellect as by a proxy. Life by Intellect can buy experience cheap where with instinct it bought it dear. It can therefore afford to buy more, as it has. Intellect has indeed canvassed the entire globe of material experience. It leaps to its task. It takes the universe for its province, reports home wonders, and carries its knowledge with ease. It grasps it into the fold of the hand and resolves it into systems. It classifies and labels, and has its pigeon-holes waiting in advance for aught new it may discover. And it is ever searching for the "new" on which to turn its mirror—that is why it has chanced to turn it inwards on its employer—on individual life itself, and so has made conscious life, self-conscious; incidentally mistaking its function. Intellect, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master, and its successes have given rise to the notion that intellectualisation is a master-rôle in life. In place of being directed it becomes director: in place of its performances being judged by Soul—the individual basic life—it begins to judge the Soul—to prove that Soul is *not there* in short, and establishes itself in its place. The Torch begins to account itself greater than the Torch-bearer. That such a reversal should take place is natural enough. The Intellect was created and designed for the purpose of marking out safe pathways for life to tread among things in the outer world—in space. To recognise, know and trace the outline of things in space is its reason for existing. When therefore curiosity turned it back upon life, which it could feel but could not outline, it was unable to grasp the fact that the thing which it served—life—was of a totally different order from the things which it knew and dominated—objects in space. The historic record of human life on earth, is the tale of this bewilderment of Intellect faced with the phenomenon of life. It cannot—rather hitherto it has not—made the successful effort to mirror life. Science is a triumph; Art is a tragedy, for Art is the attempted tale of the Soul. Science is a correspondence; for that to which it relates, it is true. Art is a fake; it is the putting up of something else to save the trouble of finding out what is truly there. In pressing its mirror back upon the inner life and failing to find the spatial qualities with which alone it has experience, Intellect has adopted one of three courses: either it has maintained that it could detect nothing there distinct from itself, or that the something which existed was identical with itself, or finding nothing but being conscious of a vague uneasiness, it has faked up false images and declared that these were what it found. The last is the common way. The faked concepts are the basis of human culture which is the outcome of human Art, of which the "progress"

is a progression in falsity. True Art would be the expression of the human soul through Intellect, and Intellect jibs at the task, because to tackle it is to be compelled to act in a medium with which it is wholly unfamiliar. Its associations have all been with the concrete and the static, and life which reveals itself to the intellect only when it moves, in its moments of change, is an enigma. If, however, Intellect left the situation at that: declared life's meaning beyond its range, life might fare better. But not at all; like a too-officious servant, Intellect presumes. All external things fit into frameworks; stow themselves up neatly in concepts, and so must life. Accordingly, we get the Symbols: the "Essences" of the things of the soul, which in reality, are nothing more than chance by-products of life's impulses. But they serve to meet the limitations of Intellect saturated with the associations of spatiality, and promptly Intellect makes effort to bundle life into the creaking frames. Thus is the Symbol begotten: the Symbol which is not even an approximation to anything in life, but is the tracery of an arrangement among dead things which accidentally life in its passage through, has left. Is Life restive inside the Symbol? Then must Life learn Duty. Intellect garbed as Reason steps in to play the Clergyman, to preach Duty to the ideal, and rational submission.

"Thus spoke I to my heart in accents of chiding:
Patience, I pray thee, my heart; thou hast borne
even greater affliction."

The Ideal is any concept which can manage to gain a pedestal inside the sphere of the Intellect. The number of the Ideal is Legion, and the entire host of sacred concepts play guardian over the Soul, each laying rival claims to its allegiance—Liberty, Truth, Humanity, Justice, and the rest. The Soul squanders itself among them: the All spends itself on the Nothing. Not in vain do the lying thoughts take birth. The Self makes sacrifice to them as to a very Moloch. Even as Minerva, the goddess of Sham-Wisdom, sprang forth at birth, full-grown and fully armed from the brain of Jove, so these spurious children of the Intellect imported from alien realms, are born matured, strong to hold sway over the subjugated Soul.

It has been therefore almost inevitable that the soul should fall a victim to its own creation, and the explanation is forthcoming immediately the situation is squarely faced. Intellect unlike soul is a faculty, and like any other faculty acquires facility with training and practice. Growth of soul on the other hand, the integrating of personality, is a different matter. How to assist and quicken it is the problem which the culture of mankind has hitherto wholly failed to solve, and it is the common experience of men that Intellect of exceptional facility can be combined with a personality small out of all proportion to its intellectual mechanism. Intellect is far

commoner than strength of being—Soul, to wit. Hence its presumption. Only when personality is strong is Rationalism put into its proper human relationship and only then do we get the creator of true art, the Light-bringer. The artist-in-ordinary, the creator of the marsh-lights which glimmer in human culture, is the worker in Intellect rather than in Soul, such a one as has never hovered over the deeps of personality—sighted his own vision of the moving impulse first-hand and face to face, and he fills in his mind's mirror with mind's conceits. He is a garland hanger, a weaver of dead patterns.

It is not to be considered that because our Art and Culture are intellect-bred, that they are therefore intellectual; that in inveighing against their production we are railing against the use of Intellect in Art. For quite the contrary is the case. The language of the soul—Art—can never be produced until Intellect grows into itself—becomes Intellect more perfected. The function of Intellect is not absolute: it is relative; it is the furnisher of a concordance. It has worked well for Soul in matter: it has furnished true correspondences and laid nature like a book open ready for life's action to trace its paths therein. Its twos and twos have worked out into fours. In Art they have worked out as threes: of the living moving soul-impulse Intellect has established the wrong correspondence, the lying concept: and hence our deadly culture. The Soul, self-conscious life, calls to Intellect for illumination, that its darkness be lit up. Goethe's cry, "More light, Oh Lord, more light," is the common cry of the Soul that Intellect should revise and complete its work in relation to life. When Intellect responds we shall have Art, the record of the Soul moving consciously in Light. The creation of Art is the supreme effort of Soul and Intellect. Soul brings forth from its depths to the surface where mind with its mirror confronts it, the living impulse in its complex totality: the sum-total of all the attractions of all its lives in one complex retort. Mind presses to deliver as steadily as soul reaches upward for deliverance; and when each grips other, expression is achieved, light bursts forth, Art has birth.

"And the tremulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,

As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky."

If for heaven we read Intellect, and for earth, Soul—the permanent Self—we have here an account of what happens when Art is born. No slack affair assuredly; not yet afterwards for Intellect, which cherishes the sighted impulses and plies them as with a good machine for correspondences, until they yield their true form and direction, which hand and eye and ear combine to publish forth. Such is Art. Much it has to do with Intellect, but with *thought* nothing save to learn to avoid it. Our present culture is a thought-culture—sicklied over with the cast of the pale concept: it has nothing to do with changing life—nor with what is essential and true in Intellect. Thought is delusion: thinking is a definite process: set in motion to liberate not *thoughts* but living impulses, not the fixed frameworks of concepts, but self-directed force whose direction will be as unforeseeable as the individual—whose living soul it is—is solitary and unique; sole one of its kind; thinking's effect is to liberate life ready for action, not to bind it up to construct a system. Good thinking would prevent the formation of thoughts, as a good machine minimises waste. When we rally the forces in the depths of ourselves and we pray, our prayer should be, "Cleanse me of all thoughts. Let me not be stifled by their power." Culture has produced nothing but thoughts and to make room for them has stifled life. *We* are at once a re-assertion, and a repudiation—a repudiation of thought and an assertion of life. We do not seek to solve the riddle of thoughts. We throw both thoughts and riddles overboard.

"A shipwrecked sailor, buried in this coast, bids you set sail,

Full many a gallant barque when we were lost, weathered the gale."

Not in the seas of thought, oh mariner! Two thousand years of failure have proved you too hopeful. It is not the gale which is to be feared but the waters sailed in, the depths of thought whose purpose is just to overcome men, suck them down and engulf them. We eschew them.

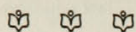
VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

An aggravated subscriber (yea, *subscriber*) writes to ask what on earth THE NEW FREEWOMAN is driving at. "Can you not state the paper's attitude clearly?" and another writer in the current issue asks whether we are advocating the "so-called Buddhist view that nothing temporal is real." We ourselves had felt that, like some navy saddled with the task of boring through the Himalaya, we might potter about with the spade for a bit, and get to work gently, as it were; but apparently not; we are in danger of being held up for suspicious loitering. So let

us lay to. Our quarrel with things in general is difficult to state in words for the precise reason that the biggest part of our quarrel is against words—against "thoughts." It is a quarrel with human culture, with the kinds of labels put on things—or rather on living activities. Following on this primary quarrel there are the quarrels by implication, quarrels with the stupid and deadly actions which take place misguided as they are by wrong labels: actions such as that of Socrates who courted death out of respect for the "State"—a fiction; or as that of Miss Davison

who did the same out of respect for "Freedom"—a nothing.

We can however bring the working out of our "attitude" much nearer home. Let us consider our own title, to which another irate subscriber begs us to "live up." ("Play up," she might have said with a more delicate sensing of what the process involved.)



THE NEW FREEWOMAN: What there is of "New" in our attitude may to some extent be gathered from the preceding article in this issue; what may and what may not legitimately be inferred from the "Free" we pointed out in our first issue; now, taking the third bite at our titular cherry we come to the "Woman," last and most feared. Not so much to be feared however as the horror of being mistaken for a Buddhist; and therefore in reply to our contributor we hasten to say that we are *not* maintaining that "nothing temporal is real." We shall be prepared to maintain the contrary however, and say that "Nothing which is not temporal is real," and incidentally deny the Buddhist philosophy. The suggestion that we might be supporting it has given us enough of a fright to nerve us to the task of being explicit even at the risk of being tedious, and we will explain what we meant by saying that "Woman," spelt with a capital, Woman-as-type, had no existence; that it is an empty concept and should be banished from language. We meant that there is no definite reality which can be substituted as that to which Woman corresponds, which is a thing and not an idea. If we take "female reproductive organs" away from this concept Woman, what have we left? Absolutely nothing, save a mountain of sentimental mush, such as we have when we take away the definite action of breaking through a barrier from the concept "Freedom." Woman-as-type is reproduction-in-all-its-stages personified, that is, a simple reality messed up into a fiction. It is as nearly related to the first Amœba as to any particular woman. Its notion is that of anything splashing, something too big to contain itself: a bowl of dough worked on by the yeast. We said its "notion"—that is its nearest associated reality. A bowl of dough is wholesome and real enough but "Woman" is not *real* even for the thing it suggests. Do you remember Olive Schreiner's "Three Dreams in a Desert"? There you have perfectly portrayed Woman-as-Type, Woman-as-Mother, Woman with the capital letter. You remember how the great bulk lay prone on the ground, with another lay figure tied on to her—Man—standing like a lath by her side. Then there came the creak of the machinery, the winding up of the wax-works and the performance began. She moves, she stares, lifts her head, stands on her two legs, stares a bit more, and toddles off. End of scene one. Punch is spry in comparison. Scene two: Woman-as-type again, and third lay figure, Reason. More creaking of machinery, ventriloquist, with deep sepulchral note, says: "Listen! Feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands more—Woman. Beating this way: Following you: Track to the water's edge: dead bodies to make a bridge that IT may walk over. IT? What? *The entire human race.*" 'And the Woman grasped her staff and I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.' Scene three, more of the same sort." Well, well; this would be first-rate on the village fair-ground, a perfect Aunt Sally when her hinges should have become too rusty to perform as a wax-work figure; but to carry it about in daily life: mould an action upon it, saddle it upon individual women; found a "movement" upon it. Pshaw! The fact is that we have had far too much of this "skirt" nonsense. We are weary of the sound of it. "Woman Movement" forsooth. Why does not someone start a "straight-nose movement," or a "mole movement," or any other movement based upon some accidental physical contoura-

tion? They would be as sensible as we who have run a "Skirts movement" which is the essential meaning of "woman movement." Woman? Is there such a thing even as a woman sensed from the inside? If so, we have got to learn what it is. Never in the course of a long life have we felt "There, I feel *that* as a woman." Always things have been felt as individual and unique, as much related to other women as to other men—which is none at all; everything has been sensed as of *Ourselves*, of which the gender has yet to be learnt: the gender of the self we have yet to learn. For us it has no community with women: nor has it with men. It is solitary and unique. Do we then repudiate sex, one asks? Again the questioner confuses the accidental outer with a real inner. Inner feeling, attracted impulse, occasionally enters the sphere of sex. But in itself feeling is sexless. It is not necessary to repudiate feeling or to harbour it; we can please ourselves regarding it. On the other hand the physical differences which are all which exist of sex, obviously are not exactly in our province either to repudiate or to acquire. If men and women would try to turn their attention away from the infinitesimally small differences which distinguish them, as handsome people have to turn their attention away from their good looks, we should soon have heard the last of Man and Woman spelt with capitals, and the day of the individual would be at hand. And the measure of the individual would be not sex, but individual power.

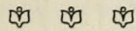


Our reference to the Race and the Individual, has raised an old controversy which could, in our opinion be laid at one stroke, by denying the validity of the concept: "Race." It can be effectually maintained that the "Race" concept is made up as we make up the concept Eternity for instance, by adding together chunks of time-lengths placed end by end, until we are tired; then making pretence of totalling the additions, calling the total Eternity and placing this over against Time as an opposition. The Race is the concept formed by adding one individual to another, carrying on the process to boredom, slurring the finish, and dabbing on a label. Thus is the Race formed and placed in opposition to that which composes it: *i.e.*, Individuals, as Eternity opposes its sole substance—Time. Our answer then is that the "Race" is empty when that which it opposes is taken from it. It is *Nothing* apart from the individual. The word should be abolished and a periphrasis put in its place.

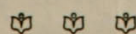
But granting to the opposition for the moment, that "Race" may have a reason for existing—that what it connotes is a reality as yet uncovered by other and concrete labels, we can still state our attitude towards pretensions advanced in its name. If it is a reality, and has anything to give, we will accept it, but without any corresponding reciprocity. We have nothing to give to it. It is welcome however to our leavings when we are dead; old thoughts for instance, old systems, and any other cramping vestments made only to our measure we may leave behind. (Such things as these are we believe the only bequests of the race which the race-cultists have to show.) While we are alive however, we are too much engrossed with our own performance to be prepared to sacrifice to the Future. Moreover we believe that the individuals of the future, if they are worth anything at all, will be as well able to look after themselves, as we are to look after ourselves. In short there may be glorious and radiant individuals in the dim future as there have been in the past: but they are no concern of ours. Our joy is not in them: their beauty is not ours. We can adapt George Wither's lines and say of the future with truth,

"If it be not such for me,
What care I how good it be?"

There have been numerous requests that discussion of Mrs. Pankhurst's position be dropped. As to make a discussion there must be two sides, we can oblige between limits by dropping the correspondence, which we are willing to do for the occasion. There is one feature of this correspondence however of which we cannot deny ourselves the mention, to wit: the observation that we are "vulgar." One point at least in our "attitude" has been caught—our "commonness." It is cardinal, and we must insist on it. We are "common." This does not mean, either on our lips, or on others', that we are like everybody else. *Tout au contraire!* It means that we are egoistic, individual, selfish. To be "common" with the "fine" means to be in the bonds of self-ish motives and to see others in the same; not to be under sway of the fine concepts; the "noble" emotions; to be running *amok* of the whole cultural structure. And so we are. We are seeking our individual satisfactions, and find instruction in tracing out the ridiculous figure cut by those who are gadding about pretending to seek other people's. To be insisting on dying for the benefit of nobody in particular—why you are fairly "fey," women! The concepts have got ye! "Thoughts have gone forth whose power . . ." and so on! There is more in that that meets the eye all at once. It is truer than it was meant to be! And so we, true to the vulgar, stridently break in on the harmonious dying, to endeavour to scatter the banshee horde. Again we suggest to Mrs. Pankhurst that she swallow the phrases of her yesterdays, and incidentally some of ours; grind the lying thoughts under her heel; scatter the wailers, and get back into life.



We are asked to write more on "Topics." We imagined we *were* writing on topics. If we are not, the explanation may be that we are not topical, and to attempt to write on topics when one is not topical is, as the Babe we think once explained it was for such as were not triptical to go in for triposes—awkward. Probably, the explanation is that what is topical to us is not topical to others, as we noted when we saw school children writing on the pavement "what stakes on Ascot." The universe for us is divided into "Ourselves" and the "Others." The Others are all mixed up one with the rest; like a returning bank-holiday picnic, they are linked together all in a row. It is impossible to tell where one begins and the other leaves off. It is consequently impossible to differentiate. Take politics for instance: the bye-election at Leicester. Three candidates offer to undertake the "government" of the people, and ask to be appointed to the job. What is the difference? : government is government. Who holds the whip makes little difference. Probably if one could be there to listen to the rival candidates, the Tory would doubtless be the most explicit and straightforward of the three. He would use fewer head-churning phrases about Liberty and the Workers. On public affairs: Marconi for instance. Mr. George and his confederates, when they pocketed the profits made between buying and selling, did what the denizens of Bow and Bromley would do if they dared and could. What other meaning has that "Insurrection" they speak of, than grabbing what they can by force of superior power? Doing, that is, what Mr. George did? No: we do not agree with our correspondent. We are not merely topical; we are the only people who *are* topical, marked by differences, since we are the only individuals definitely cut off from the rest—the only self-acknowledged Egoists, occupying a place apart.



"Would not your Cause be better promoted . . . ?"
Dear friends and readers, THE NEW FREEWOMAN

has *no* Cause. The nearest approach to a Cause it desires to attain, is to destroy Causes, and for the doing of this it finds its reward and incentive in its own satisfaction. THE NEW FREEWOMAN is not for the advancement of Woman, but for the empowering of individuals—men and women; it is not to set women free, but to demonstrate the fact that "freeing" is the individual's affair and must be done first-hand, and that individual power is the first step thereto; it is not to bring new thoughts to individuals, but to set the thinking mechanism to the task of destroying thoughts; to make plain that thinking has no merit in itself, but is a machine, of which the purpose is not to create something, but to liberate something: not to create thoughts but to set free life impulses. Its effect will be *as though* it had created new life-force: but in reality it will bare life to the light as the threshing-machine lays bare the corn.

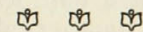
Something like the foregoing is what the editorials will have to say: but for the rest of the paper, only a general sympathy with our "attitude" will be sought. Having no Cause we have no sacred ground, and no individual interpretations of life will be debarred beforehand. In the clash of opinion we shall expect to find our values.

NOTE.

The Editor of THE NEW FREEWOMAN regrets the lateness of appearance of the first issue of the paper, which was due to reasons which it is now unnecessary to state. The Editor has every reason to believe that the paper will be available in future at the time specified, the 1st and 15th of each month.



Posters.—THE NEW FREEWOMAN would be very materially helped by the exhibition of contents bills. Will anyone who is able to arrange for a bill to be shown kindly write *at once* to the Editor?



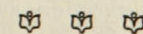
EDITORIAL.

Letters, &c., intended for the Editor should be *personally* addressed: Ainsdale, England.

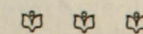


PUBLICATION.

All business communications relative to the publication of THE NEW FREEWOMAN should be addressed, and all cheques, postal and money orders, &c., made payable to THE NEW FREEWOMAN LTD., Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and should be crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch."



Terms of Subscription.—Yearly, 14/- (U.S.A. 3 dollars 50 cents); Six Months, 7/- (U.S.A., 1 dollar 75 cents); Three Months, 3/6 (U.S.A., 90 cents). Single Copies 7d., post free to any address in the Postal Union.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

All orders, letters, &c., concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, THE NEW FREEWOMAN, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

Nana.

THE other night I went into a café in Seville. It was a dust-coloured place, full of the adorable men bred of that burning country planted with golden cornfields that stretches from the bare dark hills to the Guadalquivir and the barer, darker hills beyond. In their quiet, hideous dress of tobacco-coloured Cordovese hat, short coat, and tight trousers they might have been Pennsylvanian farmers; but animation throbbed through their bodies, their brown faces were patterned blackly with merry wrinkles, their awkwardness reminded one that their proper place was astride and suggested a background of adventure. Among them a few disreputable women, all bearing the resemblance to the late Queen Victoria which early overtakes ladies of evil life in Spain, preserved a sediment of gravity under the conversation which flowed through the room in the rasping, quickening Andalusian voice as new wine flows through the veins. They sat with their faces turned towards a wooden stage that projected from a maroon curtain which told one in corruptingly vulgar advertisement, where to buy beer; many kinds of beer. High up in the wall on each side of the stage was a little window. Through one we saw three women in loose ballet-shirts rolling up their shining black hair: from their averted faces, romantic in deep shadow, glowed a delighted knowledge of the many eyes that lay on them. But the stiffness and commonness of their self-consciousness broke as something burst into the room behind them and burrowed among their skirts, and they became three jolly girls. With round arms they lifted it high, a brown little boy, heavy with sleep, and played with him and enjoyed the smoothness and softness and warmth of his drowsy little bodily in the candidly animal way of the Spaniard with children. Then a masculine voice shrieked maledictions from within, and the window was slammed: behind the frosted glass three docile shadows powdered their noses. The audience now fell to discussing the double-page photograph of that day's Spanish *Daily Mirror*. Some days before a military gentleman had invited his daughter's lover to tea and after dividing him into manageable joints had walled him up in the drawing-room. The photographer had been present at the discovery: the remains were shown tastefully arranged in the middle of a courtyard surrounded by policemen, who were evidently having the time of their lives, in appropriate attitudes of horror and dismay. With great veterinary knowledge, with wit and really beautiful vivacity, these Andalusians were identifying the joints. . . . Above us, facing the stage, half-a-dozen girls leaned from the shadows of a gallery, their faces flower-like with gravity. Through the stone tracery of the balustrade they put their narrow little feet: the white stockings and black shoes looked like delicate hoofs. The rhythmic line of their bare arms lying along the balustrade, the glimmer of their stiff print dresses and the tempered bronze of their flesh through the darkness, the sleepy backward droop of their long throats, made them seem a band of holy women set apart, whose contemplation caught passion from the universe, whose benevolence showered it on these men below and made them live so wonderfully.

The badness of my drink convinced me that this was an extremely disreputable place: and when the curtain lifted it disclosed one of those mysterious family jokes of vice which baffle the innocent. For though three of the four dancers who bounded out were clad in chiffon skirts of a pillar-box red, the other, a woman of about thirty-five with a likeness to the Emperor Trajan, wore a white silk shirt and black satin trousers. God knows why: like the rest of their gambols it made no allusion to either beauty or sin. This magnificently eupeptic exhibition was strange for both time and place. There are moments

when one watches with delight a horse full of beans rolling about a loose-box: but only the Spaniard, with his splendid indifference to noise and their insatiable appetite for physical vigour, could enjoy such a spectacle at eleven o'clock at night in a hot, excited place. As the curtain fell the men clapped the dancers and cried out to them as they might have clucked approval at a thick-fleeced flock of sheep, and the women returned once more, chastened and beautified by shadow, to those romantic little windows. The Emperor Trajan came forward with her mouth full of hair-pins, which she spat out a little carelessly when an admirer handed up a glass of wine. She drew her dark hand across her mouth and leaned over her folded arms to watch the turn that followed. Six men stood in a row blaring at cracked cornets and shouting a song whose humour had swept Spain, which I had already heard in a cornfield in Old Castile, in the dry courts of the Escorial, in a grey crumbling arcade at Valladolid. A man complains that he wasted a year in courting Mariquita, who insisted on dying five days after they were married and had to be put into a big black box. "A box, a box, a *black* box!" the six men sang furiously, their lean arms whirling the battered cornets above their heads. "A big black box!" It was a good song. One had not even to be specially alive to the beauty of coarse and simple things to perceive its goodness, which was sanctified by literary precedent: for Stevenson has described this irritation which we feel at the sickness of our loved ones and all our artists have treated death with laughter. What a crown jewel of wit was made by Henry James when he called death "the extremity of personal absence"! And this gaiety which flashed from the performers to the bright mirror of the audience's attention was not merely the good joke and much manzanilla wine warmly irrigating veins chilled by dusk. It was the pretty expression of an untimorous attitude to death that is as strong by sunlight. The Spanish woman goes out to the peril of child-birth as a galleon goes out of the harbour to sea: her courage guards her, she returns unshattered, unsoured by its injustice, miraculously uncorrupted by its pain. And since civilisation has robbed man of war, that elaborate device which for a time made his life as hazardous as woman's, the Spanish man tries fantastically to recapture that adventure in the bull-ring. Once one sees past their noisy hatred of pain, which is only the healthy rage of the personality against mutilation, one finds something that is almost the instinct for death in which Metchnikoff thinks the race will find its happiness: a sense of decency which perceives the loveliness of timely mortality, of a proud withdrawing of the soul from matter. So their joy rippled on untroubled from those well-nourished dancers past this song of death to the chief excitement of the evening. The curtain was down for a long time. The bright-eyed men began to clap their hands rhythmically so that their expectation was itself as entertaining as an overture before the curtain rose on the woman of their worship and of mine.

I love shiny things: the glossy tiles in the corridors of the tubes, the gleam of the water as it slides to the weir, well-polished boots. So I love this lady. In all directions she presented smooth white surfaces and pleasant bulges; her hair rose from bright low forehead like a solid and newly-blacklead iron fender; her shoulders beamed like a newly-enamelled bath. And this amazing incandescence was only the glittering façade of an attractiveness whose rich texture pleased the eye as the pile of a Benares carpet pleases the finger. She was the original model of the full-bodied young women who, bearing scrolls marked "Wisdom" and "Science," float on the ceilings of the younger Universities. Now I knew what was in the heart of the elder Dumas when he wrote of "an opulent female." Moreover, the indestructible dignity which made her short blue satin skirt as seemly as a bishop's apron told me that this comeliness was the envelope of something of value.

A sudden generous smile of the big brilliant mouth showed it to be something of the very dearest charm. For about her glowed the rarest warmth in the world, the comfortable warmth of hot bread-and-milk consumed beside the nursery fire : and in that bosom which should have been sheathed in starched linen one would certainly find the sympathy that gives its kisses freely and barges no price of repentance. It was Nan : not Zola's Nan, but the Nana who baths one before one is ten.

She could not sing : Nana, you remember, never could. But she pleasantly halloed a tale concerning her love of P  p   the matador which told us on what diet she had been nourished to her present health, by how many embraces she had been kneaded to this ripe and wholesome consistency. So might the hostess of an upland inn sit by the fire roasting chestnuts and with good jokes as raw as her wine encourage a ring of young men and maidens to carry on the torch of merry living : any winter night since there were fires or men. That song ended she retreated no further than the shelter of the back-cloth. We saw the blue satin frock flash to the ground and she frolicked forward in a baby dress of pleated tulle clipped to her by a scarlet sash. As some light great lady of the middle ages might gambol with a pretty page she now sang to us that Mother wanted to marry her off but she would rather stay single, and betrayed an excessive delight in the flesh which one would not call grossness : for it made her the more tender to the warm little bodies of children. Indeed, it was from this blending of her vitality with the liberal contemplation of country matters that sprung her Nanahood, as plump strawberries lie on good earth and dung. She stopped and smiled a bountiful, promising smile. Behind her a bare arm gripped aside the back-cloth and revealed a hole of darkness patterned with women's faces, dirty with shadow, that interest stirred like a little wind. She clapped her broad hands to her waist. The scarlet sash streamed over the heads of half-a-dozen men and floated across a marble table mottled with spilt wine, where men caught it up and munched it with mock kisses. Then the fleece of tulle too she ripped from her and cast backwards to the darkness. And there she stood.

I have had dreams of a Godiva who should be more than tax-resister : a virgin of the mountains who should perceive the loveliness of her body to be an incarnation of the divine principle come to earth to convert men to beauty. On her dark mule she should ride white to the plains, herself her gospel. That was a literary imagination. This was inspired nakedness. As the gaslight glowed off her body, whose wholesomeness immediately frustrated her attempt at indecency, and the lines of her trembled because she continued to sing deeply from the chest, I remembered how I once saw the sun beating on the great marbled loins and furrowed back of a grey Clydesdale and watched the backward thrust of its thigh twitch with power. I was then too interpenetrated with interests of the soul and the intellect to understand the message of that happy carcass : if my earliest childhood had realised that the mere framework of life is so imperishable and delicious that with all else lost it is worth living for, I had forgotten it. Now Nana's dazzling body declared it lucidly : " Here am I, nothing but flesh and blood. When your toys of the mind and the spirit are all broken, come back to my refreshing flesh and blood ! " I clapped my hands, I wanted to touch her, I wanted to rub my tired face against the smooth downs of her shoulders as though I was a child. But when the curtain cleft my Nana from me I did not grieve : I felt myself heir to the earth's multitudinous treasure of humanity. At my applause the men beside me turned smiling faces to offer friendship that could have been worth nothing, being based on a misunderstanding. So I went out into the sickle-shaped streets whose darkness ached with romance : castanets chattered in courtyards where the girls

were dancing all night because it was the Virgin's month, mules cornetted from the shadows, and in that tower which grows from Seville like a tree there rioted many bells.

REBECCA WEST.

Towards Reconstruction.

AN eminent French occultist who realised the help-
less muddle into which civilisation had drifted, declared that the world could be saved by finding a single answer to all the vexed questions of the day, an universal dogma to settle all doubts, and a cure for all diseases. We might venture to add that whoever can comprehend all the questions in one question, all the doubts in one doubt, all the diseases in one disease, has already found the one answer, the one dogma, and the one medicine. I would even go so far as to say that we shall hardly discover the cause of our many difficulties or be able to explain what they exactly are, and how they exactly oppress us, until we have accidentally and almost automatically stumbled upon their solution.

It is a strange fact, but illuminative of modern complexities, that, in spite of all the analogies which history and nature are ready to supply, our " progressive " movements miss the preliminary condition of all possible reformation. The first step to take in order to put things right is surely to find out when and where they went wrong. The cause of all our degradation, mental and physical, public and private, is loss of Life or Feeling. When a man dies, life or feeling leaves his body entirely ; when a man is born into the world his life or feelings enter his body ; when he does a courageous act it is because his feelings were too strong for his ordinary powers of resistance ; when he does a disgraceful thing it is because his feelings, being few, have run away with him. Feelings, the stronger and the more the better, are life, are everything that is worth having ; we can give them no greater praise. Death, disease, cowardice, cruelty, commercial civilisations such as ours, are want of life or feelings. That is all one can say for them.

All really great Movements are Revivals, are, as the word shows, inrushes of life, restorations of feeling. Nature abhors a vacuum. Such a civilisation as ours has become is a vacuum, clamorous for some reassertion of feeling.

The two great Movements—if we may separate them—the Democratic Movement and the Woman's Movement, seen in their true light, are reactions in favour of life and feeling against the an  mic degeneracy of the present day, but both of these movements must shake off the symptoms of the prevalent and contagious an  mia before they can commence any really reconstructive work. Both must learn to distinguish between cause and effect, means and end. At present, in common with all the world, they put the cart before the horse and mistake the power for the product. They suppose Life and Feelings are the *outcome* of just institutions. They are not, they are the *origin* of them. When we have all got Life and Feelings again, we shall get living and sensitive institutions. What is the use of tinkering with moribund Politics? A great teacher has said, " Let the dead bury their dead ; come and preach the good and *new* thing. "

The official leaders of progressive movements welcome enthusiasm eagerly, but it is only to enlist it for inadequate ends and forlorn hopes. In the interests of the Labour Movement, for instance, an able and quite disinterested editor wrote, " What Mr. Snowden must make up his mind to fight for if he wants to break the workers' ultimate bonds, is the abolition of the Wage System. " I don't know what Mr. Snowden wants to fight, but if Mr. Snowden were I, he would feel depressed by this sort of advice. Similarly in the Woman's Movement

Miss Davison has sacrificed her life. But for what? As a protest? But to sacrifice one's life as a protest is suicide not martyrdom. It was devoted, but not wise. Now, the truth is that in a moribund civilisation all systems, as systems, whether upholding or repealing wages, and all Votes, whether given for or against existing laws, are not means of revival or reconstruction, but simply evidences of further disorganisation and complexity. Obstruction would be the only use I could find for a vote, the power to cry "Stop!" But no man with regard to his safety would dare to throw such a challenge in the teeth of the whole political force of the country.

In a decent sort of society wages may or may not be the means of distributing pleasure and maintenance. In a righteous community the vote is more a nuisance than a privilege, for it entails responsibility, and that is what no one really likes. In the anæmic commercialism by which everybody is dominated to-day, the abolition of the wage system could only imply more confusion, the acquisition of the vote greater delusion. I call our commercialism anæmic, as distinguished from earlier forms of robbery, because it is marked not by enterprise but by the want of enterprise. It is so anæmic that it can only live on the life and enterprise of others, or rather on the hunger of slaves. It is a vampire commercialism. It hypnotises and then sucks the blood of its victims. Sometimes it does not stop to hypnotise them. It is most cruel because it is most obscure. It is not the honest labour of a healthy society. It is the drug that supports the drunkard to greater debauches. In a discussion which followed a lecture I recently heard on the religious aspect of the woman's need of a vote, I asked the lecturer whether she recognised any scope for the enthusiasm which has been so miraculously evoked, other than the political which she desired and the domestic which she scorned; but I fear I failed to make either her or her audience understand the significance of my question, or of their own inspiration. It is true that both the Labour and the Feminist Movement are beginning to pretend that their political claim is only a mask to conceal wider and deeper revolution. My object is to induce them to discard the political symbol as dangerous and misleading, and to adopt others more helpful and creative. For the depth of our degradation to-day is exactly gauged by our inability to realise that our enthusiasm for reform is not confined to political expression. There is another sphere of action in which our feelings would come to find, not only free, but their legitimate play; one which would absorb all our intelligence, crown all our aspirations, satisfy all our ambition, and dignify all our martyrdoms. I hesitate to state what it is for fear of being misunderstood; let me soften the shock of the revelation by adding a few further words of analysis and warning.

The political view of life has assumed such gigantic proportions in our minds to-day that, as we have seen, a lecturer on the Woman's Movement fails to see the possibility of any progress except through legislation. All other forms of energy are subordinate to that. People are no longer men and women, rich and poor, clever or stupid; they are not even consumers and producers. They are either Members of Parliament or people who have got the Vote, or people who have not got it but hope to get it. The extraordinary thing about it, however, is that numbers of people see the absurdity of the position, but fail to see why it is absurd. We must be duly grateful to our sense of humour, for our intelligence has evidently been hopelessly cornered. How far politicians themselves have been parties to the deal, I have no opportunity of judging; but I am inclined to think that the average politician is a typical Englishman just as much as the ordinary stockbroker, carpenter or clergyman. I think that in the absence of a different sort of ideal from that

which obsesses the entire nation, it is silly to set one class against another. It is persons and not classes who are either good or bad. A capitalist is not necessarily a bad man, though a vampirish character may become a capitalist the better to wallow in the blood of the poor. It is persons we should punish or forgive, not classes. Classes are again only Systems, and systems are only symbols or symptoms, generally of degradation. It isn't this or that System we should try to capture or improve or abolish. You cannot separate a System from the national genius or want of genius that invented it. They grow, like the corn in the parable, automatically out of the ploughed field where they were sown. They always will grow, out of any sort of ground—rough, stony, thorny, or good. They will grow in the same way out of every new movement, out of its spirit, enthusiasm, character; but one field is cultivated for one kind of crop and the adjoining field for another. Systems are perhaps the tares which the enemy sows among the wheat, but the moral is the same in any case; firstly, that we cannot help their growth; secondly, that we must leave them strictly alone till the harvest, when they will automatically be burnt up. There is a great deal of worldly wisdom in these old-fashioned parables; perhaps, after all, they were intended to apply to societies as well as to individuals. Anyhow, if we are bent on fighting, we should attack individuals and not systems or classes. As you would tell the kind of apple tree by the quality of its apples, so you can tell the character of a nation by the nature of its systems. The whole tree is of one kind and the whole nation of one character. You can't grow Blenheims from a Codlin. If you don't like Codlins, plant a Blenheim, but put up with the Codlins till the Blenheim has begun to bear.

Now, the mistake we are all making to-day is hoping to get Blenheims from Codlins. It cannot be done. We have got to plant a *new tree*. We have grown so used to the idea that Politics are the sole power in the world that we can't believe there is room for anything else; but it is just because Politics have grown so cumbersome and its fruit so blighted, that we must invent, not new Politics but a new nation, not a new expression but a new spirit. There is nothing new under the sun. It will seem a new civilisation only to those whose horizon is blocked by the cursed leaves of this fruitless tree. It is the policy of decadent authority to fuss about details, to take tithes of mint and cummin, to tax the charwoman and to irritate the innocent. It is only the decoration of the sepulchre. We shall soon discover that it is only a sepulchre, and shall appeal for a resurrection, a reversion to the original inspiration of any organised life. How sad it is in the night to see a ship beating against the rocks, when a few feet away the river's mouth invites to a safe haven, quiet waters and a continent to conquer. The present state of things are rocks of adamant to any frontal attack. The "world" is unassailable. The dying man has barricaded his front door. Real treasures need little protection; besides, every wreck is an advertisement for the rock. What, too, should we do if we could force the barriers? To mount guard in their place? To see justice done instead of injustice? To distribute wealth and privileges fairly instead of unfairly? What kind, disinterested, self-sacrificing people we must be! Alas, I fear we should only have captured an empty Moscow. It is characteristic of modern commercial warfare that the victorious army captures positions and not treasures. There is no treasure to capture. Let me tell you a secret. Our vast wealth is a delusion. There is no money to put our hands on. Those pompously optimistic articles and noughty statistics are the clever passes of a mesmerist persuading the beggar that he is Cræsus. The Government is really afraid, not of our finding it out, but of our finding ourselves out. The Government is, after all, really representative of the nation, as a Govern-

ment always must be. It is there to keep up our delusion, the unreal state of mind we have so seriously and so foolishly adopted. Do not divide us any longer into classes of any kind. We are all one class, one big class of fools. A fool, my dictionary tells me, is a pair of bellows, a wind-bag, a thing that first inflates itself with nothing, and then lets nothing out. We picture ourselves, or our representatives, sitting on bags of gold. It is typical of our state of mind that we should think of money as wealth. Could we prick those bags there would be a great explosion of gas and deflated parchments. What was the Government guarding with so much tape and care? Not money or wealth in any shape; only documents—promises to pay. Why should it protect them so jealously? Because they are forged, and consequently worthless. Why should it pretend that the bags are full of money? Because so long as we think there is some real treasure there, we shall waste our time in futile efforts to steal it, instead of coming to our senses and—beginning all over again. How shall we begin doing that? Ah, that is indeed coming back to the original question; but we shall be a little nearer solving it if we have learnt that there is no national store, but only a national debt, at best a national emptiness.

These superior people you see about, from policemen to Prime Ministers, ought to tell you, if they were real "words" if they could really speak (but they can only blow) that you are living not in a real world, but in a huge exhibition of waxworks. Do you not see that they are all dolls? Do not touch them; do not so much as breathe on them, for they are of the very best composite. Pull down the blinds for Heaven's sake, lest the sun should settle on them and they should melt, and their ears be opened and God should pardon them and give them new forms to deceive us.

GODFREY BLOUNT, B.A.

The Eclipse of Woman.

II.—QUEENS AND KINGS.

AS long as philologists remain ignorant of the rudiments of anthropological science, it is useless to turn to their compilations for any information about the origin of words. The New English Dictionary, in defining a queen as the consort of a king is guilty of a blunder from which any undergraduate in the history school could have saved the editor.

The word now written *queen* or *quean* (in Scotland), according to whether it is used as a term of compliment or reproach, is almost, if not quite, the oldest definite word in human speech. A medical friend of the writer has suggested that the natural order of the consonants is from the throat outward to the lips. Such words as Pappa, Baby, Mamma, &c., merely copy the sounds produced by the sucking motion of an infant's lips, and their vague and indefinite character is shown by the fact that *mamma* means the breast in one language and the mother in another.

Very different is the origin and significance of the sound underlying the word that appears in various languages in the following forms, which I take from Skeat's Etymological Dictionary:—

"Anglo-Saxon, *cwen*. Icelandic, *kvan*, a wife; *kona*, a woman. Danish, *qvinde*, a woman; *kone*, a wife. . . . Old High German, *quená*, a woman. Greek, *gyne* (or *gune*), a woman."

It would be easy to extend Skeat's list by including the Latin *virgin-* and *regina*, and other related forms.

With sounder sense than the editors of the New English Dictionary, Skeat connects these words, or rather forms of one word, with *genus* or *kin*, although he has put the cart before the horse in proposing to derive them from a root *GAN*, to germinate.

An anthropologist can only smile when he is asked to think of primitive man coining words out of nothing, as it were, to express the abstract philosophical conception of "beginning," and then deriving from the abstract term a name for his own mother.

The real root here is the nasal sound *kn* or *gn*, as it meets us again in the English *know*, the Latin (*g*)*noscere*, Greek *g-ignoskein*, &c. It is a nasal sound, associated with the sense of smell, and carries us back to a stage of human evolution when that sense dominated the brain and thought of man more intimately than now, and when the female attracted the male by the same natural radio-activity as that of the flower. "And Adam knew Eve."

From this purely instinctive stage it was a considerable advance to take intelligent notice of even the maternal function. The human race had begun to exercise the faculty of reason when it recognised that every individual had a birth and a beginning; when it distinguished the female sex as the child-bearers and, as it seemed, the creators of the children they bore; and when the name of the maternal gate of life, *vagina*, became in every language the root of the word *begin*.

The word *kin*, or in Latin *genus*, thus means offspring, and has acquired the special meaning of offspring of the same stock. The women of the clan were queens, their children were the kin, and a member of the kin, not being a woman, was a kinning (Anglo-Saxon *cynning*, Swedish *konung*, German *könig*, &c.) Thus, instead of defining a queen as the wife of a king, it would be etymologically correct to define a king as the son of a queen.

The word *king*, in short, is substantially identical with the word *gentleman*. It meant what we now mean by a native, as distinguished from a foreigner. Such were the Roman *gentiles*, as distinguished from the plebeians, and it is here that the notion of class distinctions takes its natural rise. When we call a man a gentleman nowadays we mean that his thoughts and manners are agreeable to us,—in short, that he is "one of the right sort."

The primitive queen, like her namesake of the hive, was the centre of the house, and its legitimate sovereign. In Slave countries the "house" still comprises several generations all living together, and holding their property in common. In modern times the head of the house is the common father, and his sons bring their wives under his sway. Of old it was the other way about. The common mother reigned, surrounded by her daughters, and her and their husbands were foreigners. Only the males born in the house were kings, and it was their fate to be turned out as soon as they grew up, to seek a place elsewhere as husbands.

The husband, or house-bond, was, as his name shows, regarded as a servant. The males collectively were called the *folk*, or vulgar (Latin, *vulgus*).

There is no word in any language, so far as I am aware, which denotes a male parent. The word *father* means merely one who feeds or protects. Savages often have only one word for "father" and "uncle." For it need not be said that the matriarchal family just described was not universal. It is the natural type of early European society, but endless modifications of it are found in different parts of the world. In some places the sons of the house remained at home, and it was their guardianship of the offspring of their sisters which gave rise to the term father. In many cases, of course, they entered into the conjugal relation with their sisters, as Abraham is stated to have done, and thus became legitimate members of the family.

War is too regular a feature of primitive life for the males not to have had a certain importance of their own. The word *folk* is sometimes found to bear the meaning of army; indeed, it may be related to the Sanskrit word for shield, though Skeat is inclined to connect it with flock. The war-chief was known as the folk-yeer, or dryghtning. The point is

that he was not, in primitive times, known as the king, nor does he, even among the Red Indians of to-day, owe his rank to descent. The folk-yeer was a mere emperor, a military commander, not a sacred idol.

It may seem strange to a modern mind that the men should have deferred to the authority of the physically feebler sex. Yet we have only to remember that this deference was that of sons to their mother to see nothing unnatural in it. A more powerful motive, however, was supplied by primitive religion. The woman was sacred. The Goddesses are older than the Gods.

As the only visible Creator, the mother enjoyed a sanctity which she was afterwards obliged to share with the father. But this was not her only title to veneration. Weaning was a slow process, and the longer a mother suckles her offspring the more firmly she rivets her influence over it. Both functions, those of mother and nurse, appeared magical, that is to say supernatural, in the eyes of primitive man.

Still more marvellous in his eyes was the mysterious monthly tide that links woman with the changing moon. Woman was the first almanac, and all religions are still bound up with the measurement of time. Much foolish theorising has gone on about the observation of the ocean tides, and their relation to the moon, by savages. But among inland races, who had never seen the sea, the first glimpse of astrology was afforded by the apparent sympathy between the lunar orb and their own womankind. The Queen of Heaven reigned for ages before any masculine God.

In the most ancient Egyptian planisphere the sky is depicted as a woman bending over the earth. The celestial birthplace was fixed at the north pole, and the constellation since called by so many names, as the Great Bear, the Plough, the Churl's Wain, and so forth, was also known to the Egyptians as the Thigh.

To understand the place of woman in ancient society we must put together all these considerations. For the primitive male she was at once mother and goddess, as well as mate. She was the magical creator of the species, and the witch who by her involuntary spells governed the moon in heaven. For human science is naturally anthropocentric as well as anthropomorphic, and all early magic proceeds on the assumption that nature is subject to the control of humanity.

There is no need to do more than refer in passing to woman's industrial function. It is generally recognised that the arts of agriculture, or weaving and pottery, and probably to a great extent of architecture, are mainly due to her. It is of importance, however, to note the influence on the relation between the sexes of the gradual division of mankind into nomad and settled races.

As the males were naturally marked out as the hunters of the primitive community, so the transformation of the tribe into a nomad one, following the half-wild flocks and herds from pasture to pasture, tended to aggrandise the importance of the males; while the development of agriculture tended to reduce their importance. The Indian women do almost all the work of the village, and the men become mere soldiers, degenerating, in time of peace, into loafers.

It was in one of his two capacities, as herdsman or as soldier, and perhaps in both, that the male arrived at the great scientific discovery which was to change the face of society, although its truth has not come home fully to the believers in the Virgin Birth.

F.R.A.I.

Epstein's Oscar Wilde Monument.

AN INTERPRETATION.

IT is a fallacy of modern thought to suppose that about the time of Luther, or at least as long ago as the French Revolution, a decisive battle was fought between the forces of bigotry and liberality, ignorance and magnanimity, since when the creative genius of the race has been permitted to devote itself without hindrance and without fear to its rightful task of constructive beauty. To all those who even unconsciously hold such an opinion—and it is my experience that they are many, too many—the fate of Epstein's remarkable and significant monument to Oscar Wilde will come as an unpleasant revelation and awakening.

As perhaps is generally known, this monument was erected in the Père-Lachaise Cemetery, Paris, during October last. It immediately met with some public hostility on the grounds that it was offensive to morality and taste. This criticism finding official support, Mr. Robert Ross, the owner of the plot, was notified that the statue must be altered or removed. But some influential journals defended it with truly artistic appreciation, and the prefectural committee apparently withdrew the condition of their acceptance. For one reason or another, however, the permit for the dedication ceremony was delayed, and finally, in February of the present year, another writ was served on the owner, setting a period of fifteen days within which the original condition had to be met. Although the monument has neither been altered nor removed during the intervening six weeks, yet it remains in Paris under official disapproval, and there is grave doubt whether the monster petition now in circulation will exert sufficient influence to reverse the committee's decision.

The whole episode, indeed, is one of those crucial events that from time to time throw light upon the real elements composing public opinion. On public opinion alone the final judgment rests, and as the preponderant influence seems to find subject for scandal and offence in a mere representation of the nude masculine figure, it will be instructive to realise the popular feelings and motives chiefly involved.

I visited the cemetery recently to see the monument for myself, and passed some time studying the strange artistic design and reflecting on the sources of the public hostility. This antagonism, this fixed and unreasonable class prejudice and antipathy, here finding vent through the action of a petty official committee, is it merely a survival of the outraged feeling maliciously played upon and inflamed by Wilde himself, or is it rather a later outbreak of the same feeling in the presence of an equally distasteful object? Standing before the monument and comparing it with the conventional representations of death round about, I inclined to the latter conviction, that the design has not been condemned for its fortuitous relation to Wilde, but for some quality self-possessed, intrinsic to its own nature and conception—the quality of the strange, the untoward, and the unknown.

The fear of the unknown. The greater darkness, not of night but of self-detesting ignorance and helplessness, which utterly and forever surrounds prudent, respectable lives. Like a small glade cleared in the midst of a great, ominous jungle, the consciousness of the middle class, that limited area continually ploughed over and worked by the accumulated experience of commonplace lives, finds itself beset and threatened by the terrible gloom of a strange outer pathless region. At some crisis in his life nearly every man is compelled to cross its dread boundary, but these brief excursions, blinded by terror and an unconquerable passion to return, teach him nothing. He has neither more reverence for his own nature nor more charity for others. A vague

BOOKS on all subjects, Secondhand, at Half-Prices. New, 25 per cent. Discount. Catalogue 761 free. State Wants, Books Bought.—FOYLE, 121, Charing Cross Road, London.

impression of sadness and despair, of catastrophe averted and shame mysteriously incurred, is all that remains. It is in and by the experience of dynamic, creative lives—the poets of the race—that new paths are opened and a wider area of thought and feeling secured for their stifling fellows. For either the glade itself must be continually enlarged, continually flung back across the threatened border, or all those huddled by the edge are lost in irrevocable gloom. Farther than any man before him, Shakespeare wandered there; but his message, uttered upon the despised tongue of a fool, is disregarded or misunderstood. And Wilde also—but the distinction between Wilde and Shakespeare is that the latter's character was firmly centred in common experience, while Wilde habitually dwelt beyond the border. He was born there, and his tragedy was that he experienced everyday life in terms of the abnormal and the unknown.

This border region, this jungle of mad, impetuous gloom. . . . Not long ago an English woman committed suicide because she had lost her husband's devotion. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of insanity. And the charwoman who stifled her three-months child to save it from a life of desperate, unrewarded poverty—condemned to life-imprisonment as a murderer by the society which had made her very existence a crime. Immorality, insanity—these are the world's oldest and handiest weapons against those who wander, or are thrust, too near the fatal line. What memorial, now, could an artist fittingly create for that life which, for our civilisation, typifies all that we most fear and hate, all that we would blot out from existence if we could conventionalize nature and the universe?

Not as a symbol of Oscar Wilde, but of the strange divinity who must brood over that border region of consciousness common to all human life, is the answer to that question I find in Epstein's great work of art. I know no monument expressing more completely and more powerfully the true inner idea of the occasion it was called upon to interpret, penetrating into the hidden soul of the immediate occasion and revealing the one essentially universal element. More than we would willingly admit, the brutal, heavy wings of this Assyrian figure, its flat profile made expressionless by the sheer effort of self-repression, the fierce diagonal described by the feeble limbs, the renouncing hands, have reference and significance for us all. None escapes wholly from the punishments, the rewards, rendered by the god of the uncontrollable unknown.

So, if a petty official authority outlaws the monument from its present resting-place, there is more than local interest in the question as to where it can best be permanently placed. For myself I would suggest But the Comic Spirit, surely, will decide more wisely than I.

HORACE HOLLEY.

Platonic Fantasias.

I.—SOCRATIC IDEALS.

FAIR and honoured Charmides—Greeting! It is now the hour when I should give myself to the study of the rhetorical divisions and to the interpretations of the various sayings of the poets; but it has been by us two clearly established, alike by the rules of dialectic and by the common experience of both, that we ever hold the congenial to be the good, and so, dear youth, I would fain for a while hold converse with you.

You are become the friend of Lysis, Phædrus, Agathon and the rest, disciples of our master Socrates. It is therefore easy and natural to me, through the mere thought of our love, to rise above certain particulars of sense to what according to the measure of my poor abilities I am able to understand of the nature of true being. And I dare now affirm

that neither human discipline nor divine inspiration can confer a greater blessing on man than this our gentle intercourse and communion of the good, unless indeed it be the continuance and further increase of the same.

Our master Socrates once showed Justice to be closely allied to Temperance, being led thereto by the consideration of harmony, which is the principle of both. He also stated that Justice consisted in doing one's own business and not being a busybody. Now this last view of Justice recalls to my mind a discourse of Socrates in the Palæstra of Taureas that day when you complained of having morning headaches. You remember how, when pressed by Socrates, you said you thought Temperance meant doing our own business. This you had from Critias, but you did not then say so, being desirous perhaps of drawing him into the argument and thus exposing his riddles and quibbles to the plain words of Socrates. But I liked best your own definition:—Temperance is Quietness, and also the second one you gave:—Temperance is Modesty. For these two qualities, Quietness and Modesty, with your beauty, have ever in my eyes distinguished you. Beware lest the alertness and activity which you so readily acknowledged on that occasion to be better for body and soul than slowness and quietness, disturb in any way the fair and friendly harmony that should reign among the diverse elements of your soul.

Did you notice how ironical and provoking (aye, and provoked!) Socrates was when Callicles during the exhibition that Georgias made at his house, cast scorn on philosophers and philosophy? Yet Callicles did it not out of discourtesy; he did but state with his accustomed force and vigour, bred of worldly success and a good digestion (is it not so?) the saving truths of his lower level:—namely, that an intelligent interest in philosophy is an excellent thing in youth, but there are some qualities that have "better grace in youth than in age." Lispering, charming in a child, is in the grown man not only unpleasing, but ridiculous, said he. The strong man must of necessity develop, and, regardless of measure or temperance, run to great lengths of good and evil, moulding like plastic wax the natures of weaker calibre, for they are to him but a "*tabula rasa*" on which he may engrave his stronger well. From such doctrine the mind of Socrates turned with revolt and loathing. "You are describing a cormorant," he exclaimed. It was to him as though a man should take upon himself to defend in public exhibition the thesis:—Might is Right, or Being is Becoming, or any other such lie in the soul. The self-development of the powerful and passionate is like the rank, grassy growth of weeds, a growth almost unworthy of pruning and cultivation; for men like Callicles have not even learned the fact of their own ignorance. To all such, philosophy must ever appear useless and perplexing. But we have ever heard from the master a strain of higher mood: "Let our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and receive the good in everything; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, will flow into the eye and ear, like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason." Of the many great things Socrates has given us, an educational ideal is, I think, one of the greatest. He said long ago that our only hope is in education—education—aye, even of our women—his first of the "three great waves," you remember. Moreover, the master would have education continue throughout the whole of life, that we may grow old learning many things. A proper outlet for youthful passions and emotions may be found in gymnastics, in music and in friendship, but weakness and false pathos must be eschewed. Hence many pathetic passages in the poets ought to be expunged, for, to the minds of the young, they seem to be but imitation, and the simulation of passion is ever an unworthy thing. We would not, I suppose (said he one day), wish our

youth to be degraded to the position of actors, poets, rhetoricians, imitators of imitations. Let their minds be directed towards philosophy and then there will be no danger of their becoming poets by remaining in the imaginative, which is the false, and in which they were very rightly trained at the first. Through the study of philosophy they will advance along the better path, and after serving the state by holding office and begetting children in the plenitude of their powers, they will grow familiar with the multiplicity of phenomena and may at last behold the Unity of Idea and become lovers of truth, "spectators of all time and all existence," man and the life of man being as nothing to them, nor death in any way fearful.

How admirable is it, sweet friend, that the smaller things are never by Socrates excluded or ignored! It is ever by homely illustrations and analogies of the commonest things that he rises to the contemplation of the sublimest truths; so that, in these great matters "elephants," if any there be, "may swim and lambs may safely wade afoot." Did you hear him prove that your dog is your only philosopher? A dog welcomes friends and barks at strangers, does he not? Of course. Then he welcomes those he knows and barks at those he does not know? Yes. Then he goes by the criterion of knowing and not knowing; would all humans were as reasonable! Were you there that day when he was telling Crito at the Lyceum about the exploits of the wonderful brothers from Chios who can fight in armour and fight with words too? Socrates was proved at the same time to know and not to know, the gods to be animals, and Ctesippus brother to his bitch's last litter of pups! At the end of this nonsense, Socrates gravely declared his wish to become a pupil, saying that the rhetorical art seemed to him one that might fairly easily be imitated. And did Hermogenes tell you, I wonder, about the discussion he and Cratylus had with Socrates on the correctness of names? Remembering perhaps that Protagoras is fond of declaring that all the best poets and musicians of past ages were really concealed sophists; Socrates proved that sophists are akin, etymologically, at any rate, to the heroes. Then he poured forth in one continuous stream etymologies true and false, probable and improbable, of the names of gods, goddesses, animals, men, heroes, things abstract and things concrete, things in heaven and things on earth, and things under the earth, pretending all the while that he was being run away with by the prancing steeds of Euthyphro of the Prospaltian deme who had that day given him a long lecture commencing at dawn. Hermogenes, poor simple youth, was altogether bewildered and could only answer:—True; quite so. I think so, Socrates; until Socrates said that the givers of names were like some philosophers who fancy that the earth goes round because their own heads are always going round. Then Hermogenes began to see that Socrates was poking fun at the etymologists and perhaps just a little at himself, for his own head was certainly going round, and he could sympathise freely with Cratylus, who, at the end of the discussion, told Socrates that he, for his part, inclined more than ever to believe in the Heracleitean flux. No man can fail to see, dear youth, that you speak of poetry without any art of knowledge, indeed like a very rhapsode. He you mention is of the barbarians. However Socrates has convinced Ion and me that poetry is a whole, and so by rules of art we are now able to speak justly of other poets besides Homer. I confess that I have heard it said of your poet, that there is a rough kind of music in his numbers. It is your music-loving nature that is cause of the quick perception in you of the strain appropriated to the god by whom you are possessed. It is known also that there are passages wherein this man very sweetly describes the flowers, the beauty of the spring and the singing of the birds. These methinks are the best of the lines you quoted:—

Of instruments of strengēs in acord
Herde I so pleye a ravissing swetnesse,
That god, that maker is of al and lord,
Ne herdē never better, as I gesse;
Therwith a wind, unnethe it might be lesse,
Made in the levēs grene a noisē softe
Acordant to the foulēs songe on-lofte.

And yet I should mistrust your barbarian as a judge in music. He certainly meaneth by his "instruments of strengēs in acord" other than lyre, pipe and flute; and how is the meaning of melody to be made clear without words? I like him better when he invokes:—

Polymnia

On Parnaso, that with thy sustrēs glade,
By Elicon, not far from Cirrea,
Singest with vois memorial in the shade
Under the laurer which that may not fade.

or tells how

The bisy larkē, messenger of day,
Salueth in her song the morwē gray;
And fyry Phebus ryseth up so brighte,
That al the orient laugheth of the lighte,
And with his stremēs dryeth in the greves
The silver dropēs, hanging on the leves.

Even Socrates, who said that the men who dwelt in the city were ever his teachers and not the trees or the country, was delighted when Phædrus, one summer's day, led him out of the city along the Ilissus as far as a lofty and spreading plane tree, under which they sat discoursing until late into the afternoon. Phædrus told me that Socrates took a childish delight in wading the whole way up the stream, and that he could not refrain from remarking how very wise it was not to wear sandals (fortunately Phædrus himself happened not to be wearing any that day). The master told Phædrus afterwards that he had proved an admirable guide and it is my opinion that a day in the country really did the old man much bodily good, or as he would say, his soul was refreshed and hence his body also, for medicine is a science of the whole as well as of the parts. Be that as it may, it is certain that he told a perfectly charming myth about the grasshoppers which effectually prevented Phædrus from going to sleep in the heat of the day, and as for his recantation to Eros, whom he conceived to have offended by his mimicry of Lysias, never before or since has Socrates been known to make such a speech. Phædrus said that he spoke as in a kind of divine fury and with, for him, a most unusual flow of words. He was, as it were, possessed by the spirit of youth and passion; his very voice was softened and fervent as he spoke. At times one could have sworn it was Agathon in his best vein praising the youth and tenderness of love, and hymning love the universal artist and creator. (You know Agathon's manner when his heart is full, eager yet gracious and his beauty heightened by a blush:—"Glory of gods and men, leader best and brightest, in whose footsteps let every man follow, sweetly singing in his honour and joining in that sweet strain with which love charms the souls of gods and men!") (I can hear him now.) Phædrus added that the only other occasion on which he had known Socrates discourse in a manner at all comparable to this was at a banquet, some time ago now, in Agathon's house. Socrates was sandalled and in his best finery, quite a beau in fact, and Agathon had put him in high good humour by some well-turned compliments at the beginning of the repast. It was agreed that all the guests should speak in turn; the theme was to be love. There was great merriment (Aristophanes was of the company) and a vast deal of foolery as well as wisdom uttered. When Socrates' turn came, after a bit of preliminary cross-questioning, he held them all spell-bound with a tale of love that he heard from Diotina of Mantinea,

whom he called his instructress in the art of love. No bait we can devise will make him mention her name again; but she must have been a rare woman.

These are some of her ideas :

That of the soule the bodie forme doth take
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make

That true lovers draw from "the object of their eyes
A more refyned forme, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment"

That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme. . . .

You know how the banquet ended, I think. Soon after Socrates had finished speaking, Alcibiades came rolling in, drunk, with his arm round the flute-girl and wearing a garland of ivy and violets. He amused the company, and that rather at Socrates' expense, but, by the dog of Egypt, the philosopher had his revenge, for he drank most of them under the table and was discovered next morning awake and quite fresh, making those who could keep their eyes open listen to him while he maintained the thesis that the genius of comedy is the same with that of tragedy.

Alas! my Charmides, you will smile at the length of my letters, and fling back at me the taunt we cast at Apollodorus, namely, that for him the whole world was summed up in the words:—Great is Socrates! But you too have allowed yourself to be charmed by Socrates, you follow him and have promised your guardian never to desert him. So as true friends have all in common, with other things we share together this our reverence for Socrates.

May Eros and all the Gods guard you!

M. HOLMES.

The Evil that Words Do.

ONE of the showy questions put by M. Bergson to an English audience, and translated by "The Times," was this:—"What would have happened if all our science, for three centuries past, had been directed towards the knowledge of the mind, instead of towards that of matter?" The answer is obvious. The discovery of the mind at an earlier period of our history would have stopped the growth of many obstacles to spiritual progress; and instead of a new philosophy, religion and reality beginning to emerge from psychology, as they are doing to-day, just as those of yesterday did from nineteenth century biology, they would be founding themselves lastingly on mysticism. As it is we have got to listen for a century or more to the psychologist's explanation of the Universe, and to watch the new psychological fashion passing as mysticism. We know that the All-seeing Eye of the new psychologist is a fearful and wonderful affair. But it is too much to expect that it will seize the truth, namely, that psychology itself cannot give us the highest form of philosophy—the philosophy of mysticism. And so the All-seeing Organ will be rounding us off in quest, not of advance, but of delayed fallacies.

I think that M. Bergson would have been nearer the present point of interest if he had asked, "What would have happened if man had been governed from the first by a spiritual instead of a material desire?" Clearly the answer is, there would not have been the present material world. The very primary motive with which man set about his worldly business would have made such a world impossible. The first and absolute condition of the world reaching the stage of materialism which it now presents, is that human beings shall desire to make it so

without wanting to change it. That there was some such desire, and the determination to maintain it, would seem to be proved by the fact that human beings have gone on paying more and more attention to the social ideal and less and less to the ideal of personal and spiritual liberty. Look at the great fuss we have been making about the social ideal lately. We may go on for ever; and so long as we confine ourselves to this ideal we shall never get anywhere—except perhaps to the beautiful land of silent contempt—for each other. If we wish to advance our motto must be, take care of the individual and society will take care of itself. We must exchange the word social for personal. This may partly help us to change our ideal of life. But, of course, the ideal cannot be wholly changed, until a change has been wrought in our desire.

In a previous article I expressed the belief that a change in desire may come through the medium of Art. I did so because I am inclined to think that Art and the Soul are one, and hence they have a common approach. And I felt it would be serviceable to try if there may not be determined some of the simplest laws which belong in common to them, and which are binding on art practice and judgment. But in doing so, it would be as well to avoid all discussion as to whether the Soul considered as Art has any relation to the Good, Beautiful or True, the three abstract terms by which the three philosophies coming respectively from China, Japan and India are known.

For many centuries æsthetic philosophers, critics and men of letters have sought to label Art with these terms, and all have failed; and why? Is it not because they have not recognised that Art will not bear labelling with any other term except Art; that the moment we endeavour to speak of Art in any other term it ceases to be Art; and that in seeking to identify Art with terms which do not belong to it these philosophers and writers have set up a confusion of terms resulting in a confusion of ideas? In short, they ceased to mould their thoughts with the term Art. If Art will bear superfluous names, if it can be interpreted in terms other than its own, if it is merely a word covering philosophical and ethical ideals, merely a peg for philosophical systems by philosophers who have never produced works of art, why is it that artists who have sought to apply the logic of such systems have failed as artists? Why is it that æsthetic critics who have been guided by such systems have failed as art critics? Why is it that painters with æsthetic theory have invariably written contrary to their practice? Why did Ruskin hopelessly fail as an art critic when he tried to drag Turner out of the Sun and re-exalt him as a moral philosopher? Why did Reynolds fail to paint the generalisations which he formulated with his lips? Why did Watts, aiming to paint philosophy, achieve hopeless mediocrity? Why are some of the big Independents who are sucking up the new philosophy with parched lips, threatened with artistic extinction? For no other reason than this, that in the stern search after Art as an expression of the Good, Beautiful or True they have been led by a distinctive name to pursue an ideal not yet established as having any connection with Art. They have ceased to mould their ideas and feelings with the word Art, and in doing so have affected a kind of looseness of thought which distinguishes the man who believes that he can swallow the ocean.

Words mould ideas and feelings, a confusion of terms means a confusion of ideas; ugly words, ugly thoughts and feelings. In view of the present-day tendency of words to mould ideas and feelings, and of the fact that there is not a class which is not

affected by words, it seems to me that there is a pressing need of the rescue of the word Art from the multitude of terms which encumber it, so that it may have a single and simple use and meaning. It is by such a use and meaning, alone, that we may become accustomed to look behind the word Art for that which it communicates; not for the ludicrous associations suggested by feeble and slovenly minds, but for the spirit or active property which actuates the human soul; in the discovery of which Art-impression may become more generally recognised and Art may become seriously and practically serviceable to us in the future of civilisation. It is needless to say that without this classification there is the great and growing danger of the impression perishing without memorial.

To-day the word Art has quite lost its meaning and application. Indeed, we cannot see it for its terms. Under the guidance of scientific art criticism, which was initiated about twenty years ago by sociologists, anthropologists, psychologists and biologists, and has since been applied by professors of political science, pathologists and penal philosophers, aided by the newly-invented "art" doctor, detective and journalist, it has become a term wide enough to comprehend everything, and to communicate anything, by means of prefixes, suffixes and unutterably stupid application, from mathematics and statistics to sex-relations. Hence the word is now used in the broadest sense, and by many persons who are not thinking of Art as Art, nor are conscious that Art exists. Instead of confining it to its essential meaning and use they treat it as a maid-of-all-work and put it to any odd job that comes within the field of human activity.

The criminal misuse of the word, then, has evolved a malefactor who is busy in our midst setting up endless confusion. The following examples, taken at random, illustrate how the "creature" is made to act:—

"Art is really emotional discovery" ("The Times"). For instance, if I discover that I am in love with my rose, because it sings. "There are quite as many aspects of *life* that either have no significance for *art* . . ." Note my italics. I can scarcely keep my ribs together. "Art is consciously eternal." The late "Rhythm." The person who wrote this is unconsciously an ass. "Art then, is the Emotional Utterance of Life. Art is our emotional means of communion with our fellows . . . Speech is the means of communication of the Intellect; Art is the means of communication of the Senses" (Mr. Haldane Macfall). In other words, it is the business of Art to sense Life (whatever this may mean). "Post Impressionism is an avenue opening to the day when Art shall be universal, expressing all life, the daily walk as well as the month's holiday, buying a piece of finery as well as burying a child" (Mr. Lewis Hind). A pretty picture of Art handing out ribbons and coffins. "For a long time it has been tacitly accepted that art is concerned solely with the representation of Nature, and that anything which is not so concerned cannot be art." I seriously advise Art to try a box at the Opera for a change. "The qualities of art—form, colour, rhythm, etc., are abstract things. And an harmonious manifestation of these qualities may be art, although it reveals no plausible representation of life as it is generally understood. Harmony and rhythm may be effectively expressed by conventional forms—cubes, squares, triangles, etc.—as by other means, but such arbitrary forms are not conducive to the realisation of the highest form of art, the value of which lies in its power of interpreting and communicating fundamental qualities of life" ("The Athenæum"). There is here a confusion in the writer's mind between Science and Art. The first part of the paragraph suggests that he has the painter's subject—the harmonies of composition, colour and line—in mind; while in the concluding part he is thinking of Art itself. It expresses the idea of Art possessing the fundamental qualities of Life being communicated through art forms. This is perfectly correct. "If Sociology is ever to vindicate itself as an art it must be able to analyse and explain the present, and to some extent to cast the horoscope of the future" ("The Sociological Review"). How can science vindicate itself as an art? The late Dr. Emil Reich defined Art as "organised tact," and remarked that "tact had done more for the greatness of the British nation than anything else." This was simply tacking Art on to politics with the slightest provocation. Referring to the Futurists' attempt to harness themselves to the dazzling wheel of perpetual motion, Mr. Bernard Lintot, of "T.P.'s Weekly," informs us that "if they break themselves in the endeavour,

they will not break art." It would be scarcely "cricket" if they did. "Here is new art"; "Here is bad art" ("The Nation"). And here is unblushing adjective art, of which abundant examples are furnished by irresponsible art journalists. "A vast mass of our experience does not get into art at all" (Mr. A. Clutton Brock, in "The New Statesman"). Here the word art is useless; art-forms or technique is admissible. If Mr. Brock is thinking of Art, the sentence should be transposed and made to read, "a great deal of Art does not get into our experience." We are so adulterated with culture that we are incapable of receiving Art-impression. The following examples of the queer use of the word Art are taken from the aimless controversy on "Modern Art" in "The Morning Post." "There is no doubt that our art is at present in a bad way" (Sir Hubert von Herkomer). And so are some of this gentleman's "works of art." "Decadence in art is simply stagnation" (the Critic of "The Observer"). The phantoms of dead words called forth by art journalists are even worse. "Far be it from me to gauge art by what it will fetch in the market, but, after all, the price of the product must be taken as some criterion of its excellence" ("Matter of Fact"). In point of fact, the best way to gauge art is with a foot-rule. "H— condemns the whole of our art output to-day" (Stephen L. Norris). (An it be that when H— saw "art" he saw a cow and was thinking of the milk output.) "The acquirements of the elements of his art" (Mr. L. Cope Cornford). Mr. Cornford means the elements of science, and should say so. "The man who takes an interest in living art" (Mr. A. Stodart Walker). Such a man will not talk foolishness under his critical hat. "All art is part of a great whole, and more the better—nothing is wasted" (Mr. William T. Wood). Mr. Wood's great thought is well worth wasting. "The progressive decay of art" (Mr. Roger Fry). Mr. Fry is referring to the decay of vision as artists enter the dense pillar of smoke of culture. "Neither artists nor critics have any basic concept of the significance of art" (Mr. Haldane Macfall). If Mr. Macfall will say simply, "neither artists nor critics understand the origin and nature of Art," I will agree. Otherwise he might as well talk to me of "the basic concept of the significance of a mothers' tea-fight."

Thus the misuse of the word Art conceals the tidal river of Art: It will be seen from the foregoing that the offspring of misuse form an exceedingly numerous class. With the multiplication of the members of this class there is an increase of the difficulty of adjustment to the ideas or feelings called forth. Sometimes they lead in a wrong direction; sometimes they fail to lead anywhere; at all times they confuse and distract the mind. If Art-impression is clear, simple and direct we can comprehend it only through a medium subject to the artistic conditions of clearness, simplicity and directness. To hope to reach the Sun upon the frozen wings of a swarm of Lapland witches, is appalling stupidity. I should say, English stupidity.

HUNTLY CARTER.

A Race of Individuals.

IN the last paragraph of "Views and Comments" in the first number of THE NEW FREEWOMAN, the Editor writes on the distinction between the individual and the race. This is a problem which constantly arises at a certain point in evolution, and though to some it may seem a mere metaphysical, or even an academic matter for discussion, it rises on the horizon of a thinker like a new star in a firmament of older and failing lights. This idea of "salvation" through one's own Individuality is the beginning of defiance of "external" authorities and of reliance on the "inner" authority. But who among us yet know the real, inner Guide? Is it to be found in our desires and personal wants which, after all, we have inherited from "the race." The Egoist is the Self, who, Miss Marsden says, "holds the reins in the kingdom of varying wants and desires." But is the satisfaction of this Self, "the resultant of these different forces"? If so, the Individual satisfaction is only found in exploiting racial characteristics. Is not the satisfaction of the Self rather the result of its guidance and control, for its own ends, of these forces, otherwise blowing at random as temporary, racial wants and desires?

I maintain that the Individual could not exist apart

from the race. Whatever interpretation we give to the term "the race" we cannot escape from participation in its existence. We have been produced by it. We are each, one of the human beings now on the earth. How do we know but that "the race" exists to supply "the wants" of individuals? The race is composed of individuals; individuals constitute the race—they rise or fall together; within limits; their needs are mutual, they do not conflict, though in our present *melee* there is apparently a mighty conflict. In fact, all movements, all efforts to change conditions throughout the history of mankind on this globe are cyclic actions of a pendulum swinging between race "rights" and individual "rights," but all these movements take place within One Consciousness, the finding of which will solve the apparent paradox. The turmoil is the effort of individuals to realize for themselves a more extended sphere of life than existing "conditions" permit. But to do this racial conditions have to be changed; in fact, are constantly being changed by individuals as evolution proceeds.

Individuals are born of "the race," of its blood, its cells, its chemical elements, its thoughts, its aspirations. Each aspires to be himself, and this is a common racial characteristic. If he aspired to be something not himself he would be defying the very nature of things. And so it is indeed true that the Centre of the Universe can only be found by each person in his own individuality—whatever that really is! We cannot know what is alien to us. We can know nothing "outside" ourselves. What we know of other men and women is our *own* experience. We know "the race" *in* ourselves, it is not *outside* us. And what is in our interest is in the interest of the race because we have been produced by it in order, no doubt, to further the purposes of Self-interest and Self-development. We shall have a new race when each individual realizes the Self, but it will still be a race—a race with different, higher needs than the majority have now.

How do we know what we need? Are we on such intimate terms with the Self that our daily ambitions tally with Its requirements? Shall we find the Self—the goal of human evolution—by giving free-play to "self-expression," the exercise of which would be merely perpetuating our present "lower" racial characteristics at the expense of "higher" ones? Is the race a soul, a mind, or a physical body? I believe it is all these and the "needs" of the soul, the mind and the body must be unified before the Individual may be fully realized. An Individual gains experience by using bodies provided by the race. Each of us has this opportunity because some *man* and *woman* exercised their functions as such. Does anyone know an individual apart from a body?

No individual *exists* without employing the dual root-principle of the universe. There can be no expression of any "centre" of consciousness except by means of the positive and negative forces which are found inhering in every substance so far examined by science, even to the subtlest forms of gases. All activity proceeds from the attraction and repulsion set up by two opposite "poles" of force. In fact, we can never be aware of the existence of any individual consciousness unless it has made itself known in the world of expression, and to do this it must set in operation the negative and positive currents which by their inter-action maintain life.

Each physical form is an electric battery, the Generator of which is unseen. The Individual in each man and woman is the Generator. He Himself cannot be seen nor felt. We can "see" Him or "feel" Him only through the activities of His thoughts, emotions and desires to express which He is using, consciously or unconsciously, the two electric forces.

Rightly speaking then, from the point of view of the Individual, there should be no "Woman's Movement" as the Editor says; but if all women realized

their Individuality would they then repudiate sex and scorn to be either male or female? The fact remains that as things are now, the race is represented in the physical world by *men* and *women*. All the physiological signs show that *physically* a woman is negative (if she be a natural person); but *within* she must be positive in order to maintain her existence. The opposite is true of men. The Individual appears as a woman or as a man. "He" cannot appear otherwise amongst us human beings.

Now, if to express oneself the two electricities are required, should we not be in a better position to start the motor, so to speak, if we knew which was which in our make-up, if we could distinguish between the positive and negative elements of our natures, if we understood how and when to use them, how to combine them? We cannot get rid of sex by repudiating the root-principle of expression, but we may be able to "rise above it" by learning how to use it. Has any man ever achieved a true realization of himself by repudiating his physical manhood? I trow not. And many women have achieved Self-realization by using their physical womanhood and recognizing that no *outward* "rights" could ever "give" them what they had striven for and found within themselves, by using the dual force at their command. I am not speaking here of the exercise of a woman's function as a mother of "the race," for, though inevitable, that is only by the way in her consciousness if she is seeking her Individuality. I am trying, rather, to emphasize the folly of attempting to contravene a law deep as the race itself. The glory of Individuality is known only to those who are freed of fear and who do not repudiate facts nor deceive themselves by trying to use a negative current as a positive one. Monstrosities are degenerates, they have fallen *away* from the race; and a person, who has a woman's body and tries to use it positively, perverts her positive inner nature and gives it no opportunity of expression.

The Individual may use the body as "He" *wills* when the forces are able to play through it naturally. And, if the body of a man or woman be a servant, then the Mind, the Individual, comes on the scene and we have a great *man* or a great *woman*, not a neuter person who wishes to be known neither as a man or a woman. And, in such a case, the great man or great woman is concerned only with Self-realization, not with functional activities—these are simply tools. Each seeks his own wants or her own wants, those inner, individual needs of every man and woman.

"Woman as such has no reality," Miss Marsden says in the same article. Is this the so-called Buddhist view that nothing temporal is real? But a self-conscious knowledge of reality cannot be reached except by means of temporal things—else why this world at all? And a self-conscious knowledge of one's own Individuality cannot be reached except by means of temporary male and female bodies.

W. W. LEISENRING.

A New Altar.

IT is to be hoped that very many people are reading, and will read, this book—primarily on account of its extreme interest, secondarily because it proves that it is possible to desire fundamental changes in woman's outlook and destiny without for one moment sharing in the ignorant and narrow views of many of those who loom large in the "Woman's Movement." Mrs. Gallichan's book is one of the best contributions yet made to the study of woman, her needs and her possibilities; a courageous enquiry which aims resolutely (and largely

succeeds in my estimation) at discovering facts, the less "pleasing" with the others. But it is more than this: it is a manifestation of wide understanding, generosity, and much acute penetration, so that even if one should differ from the author on many points, one can yet admire and appreciate the spirit of this book.

The Preface to the book shows its scope: the work is divided into three parts, the first biological, the second historical, the third dealing with "the present-day aspect of the Woman problem, the differences between woman and man, and the relations of the sexes."

Probably, to most readers, the third section will prove the most interesting, but the other two sections are undoubtedly of value in collecting many biological and historical facts bearing on woman's development, with the theories held by most of the more important writers and workers on this subject. And here let me say, in passing, that Mrs. Gallichan's reading has been unusually extensive as is witnessed by the admirable Bibliography at the end of the volume, and still more by the evidence throughout of careful and comprehending study.

In the Biological section we get a survey of the Origin of the Sexes, Growth and Reproduction, Early Relationship of the Sexes, Courtship, Marriage, and the Family among Birds, and Mammals. From this survey, two important conclusions are reached: one, that "woman is the predominant and responsible partner in the relations of the sexes"; the other, that "the individual exists for the race." If we add a third conclusion, gathered from the same section—namely, the desire for sexual variety, with its developing influence, amongst all animal life (including the human)—we shall find ourselves in possession of the three main ideas of the book, points of view which I will return to later.

The Historical Section shows us the Mother—Age Civilization; the Matriarchal family in America, Australia and India; the Transition to Father-right; the position of Woman in the Ancient Civilizations, such as Egypt, Babylon, Greece and Rome. This portion of the book covers a very wide sweep, and again the main conclusion reached is that, to quote the author herself, "One truth cries out its message: 'Woman must be free face to face with man.' Does not the records of these old-world civilizations show us the dominant position of the mother in relation to the life of the race. . . Has it not, indeed, become clear that a great part of the wisdom of the Egyptians and the wisdom of the Babylonians, as also of the Romans, and, in a different degree, of the Greeks, rested in this, *they thought much of the mothers of the race.*"

Part three, the modern section, deals with Sex differences (in the physical, mental and psychic spheres), social forms of the sexual relationship (marriage, divorce, prostitution), and lastly, the general conclusions, drawn from the whole enquiry, bearing on the future of Woman, present Women's movements, and a new free relationship of the sexes. "The end brings us back to the beginning," says Mrs. Gallichan, "to that beginning which claimed Woman as the supreme factor in human existence, since she is the 'predominant partner' in the sexual relationship which subserves race-purposes." I cannot do better than quote from the book the concluding passages, to illustrate this point of view. "Woman, both by physiological and biological causes, is the constructive force of life. . . The female was the start of life, and woman is the main stream of its force. Man is her agent, her helper: hers is the supreme responsibility in creating and moulding life. It is thus certain that woman's present assertion of her age-long rights and claim for truer responsibilities has its cause rooted deep in the needs of the race. The race flows through us. All our effort lies in this—the giving of all that we have been able to gain. And it is sufficient. This

is the end and the beginning. Thus we are brought back to the truth from which we started. Women are the Guardians of the Race-life and the Race-soul. There is no more to be said. It is because we are the mothers of men that we claim to be free. We claim this as our right. We claim it for the sake of men, for our lovers, our husbands, and our sons; we claim it even more for the sake of the life of the race that is to come." I have endeavoured to give some outline of the scope of this book (believing that the reader of a Review desires, primarily, information), but a very slight outline it must remain. Throughout the book are scattered arguments and theories of great interest, and I can only urge my readers to study them at first-hand. I mention a few only. I would especially draw attention to the excellent and sane handling of the "Woman's Superior Morality" doctrine, so often in the mouths of the "advanced" woman. "It is a text of common belief that in all matters of sex-feeling and sex-morality the woman is different from, and superior to, the man. I find in the writings of almost all women on sex-subjects, not to speak of popular novels, an insistence on men's grossness, with a great deal in contrast about the soulful character of woman's love. . . . Now, from this view of the sex-relationship, I most utterly dissent. I believe that any difference in virtue, even where it exists in woman, is not fundamental, that it is against nature's purpose that it should be so; rather it has arisen as a pretence of necessity, because it has been expected of her, nourished in her, and imposed on her by the unnatural prohibitions of religious and social conventions. . . . I grant willingly that men often talk brutally of sex, but I am certain that few of them think brutally. We women are so easily deceived by the outside of things. . . . I confess that I doubt very much the existence of any specially soulful character in woman's love. I wish that I didn't."

Here, with the exception of the very last sentence quoted—which appears to me as an odd abandonment of much which has already been maintained—speaks a fine commonsense, which is by no means very usual on this question. Another matter which exemplifies Mrs. Gallichan's wise outlook is her attitude towards the cry of "Woman must develop alone: her destiny is her own affair." In response to this we read: "There can be no woman's question that is not a man's question. . . . Women must not permit themselves for a moment to forget it. Women have to find out what work they can best do; what work they want to do, *and what work men want them to do.* (The italics are the author's). I must insist, against all the Feminists, on this factor of men's wishes being equally considered with woman's own. Woman, without man at her side, after obtaining her freedom, will advance even less far than man has advanced with his freedom without *her* help. . . . Not 'Free from man,' is the watchcry of women's emancipation that surely is to be, but 'Free with man.'"

I have no space to do more than mention some others of the most interesting arguments; the desire of woman for man's protection and her willing submission to his dominance, productive of so much in our social system: the futility of the attempt to keep woman in the Home of modern days—a sphere which has lost so many of its finer possibilities, and does not even exist for a large number of women: labour, as such, a necessity for woman as well as for man, but modern conditions of labour intolerable for woman equally with man: the necessity for a better understanding by women of varying sexual needs, are a few of the more important.

And now I am anxious to raise a few questions, since this book is one which calls forth our serious consideration and criticism. There is so little of the dogmatist in Mrs. Gallichan that one can scarcely dispute with her, but her own mind is firmly made up in certain directions—which adds to the value of

the book, of course. I can only state certain criticisms, without developing them in any way, hoping that some may be found to follow up the arguments—perhaps the author herself.

Take, once more, the two main ideas in the whole work, namely, that "Woman is the predominant and responsible partner in sex-relations," and, "The individual exists for the race." Can it be maintained that the woman is consciously, even if it be proved biologically, "the predominant and responsible partner," and are not the psychological and psychic factors in the sex-relationship as vital as any other? Mrs. Gallichan herself maintains, in a later part of the book, that woman has *desired* submission to man's dominance; how exactly does this fit in with the former doctrine? "The Individual exists for the race," we are told—but again, is not the unconscious purpose as conceived by the author made too paramount? Does any individual feel, with his consciousness, that he is "but as a bubble or cluster of foam on the great tide of humanity," and is not the conscious mind of man a tremendous factor in his evolution? Yet another query. Is it conducive to clear reasoning to employ the term "natural" when dealing with primitive life or the simpler stages of civilization, reserving the epithet "unnatural," for more complex and (in the author's view) less desirable manifestations? It seems to me utterly to obscure our vision. Why, for instance, should we argue that "natural woman," and woman's true "inborn nature" is to be discovered by "going back through many generations to primitive woman," as the author bids us? Is not the woman of to-day as "natural"—if by this word we signify a phenomenon which is the outcome of its whole environment—as the woman of any other age? But a whole theory is built up from this argument of the "natural" woman, one which only results in confusion, I fear.

My last query (but many others remain unasked) is this. Is Mrs. Gallichan quite clear as to what she is demanding? I, at all events, am not. I will cite one matter only which seems to me to show that there is some conflict in the theories put forward. In the Modern Section (P. 266) we meet with a discussion on sex-attraction and sex-antipathy. We read: "In this so-called 'duel of sex,' while woman's moral equality has not been recognized, women have employed their sex-differences as the most effective weapon for compassing their own ends, and men in the mass . . . have wished to have it so. What significance arises out of this in the so-much belauded cry, 'Woman's influence!' 'By thy submission, rule,' really means in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, 'Rule by sex-seduction and flattery.' Yes, we women cannot burke the truth—the seduction and flattery of man by woman is writ large over the face of our present society. . . . It is to this prostitution of love that sex-differences have carried us." But why "Prostitution," why this contempt, I must ask, if the sex-differences (which we have already been told bulk so large and are so vital to development) have inevitably produced this condition of affairs? It is as though the author should plant a dandelion seed and then feel resentful at the appearance of the dandelion flower.

I end by reiterating that we must all be glad at the appearance of a work so fearless, so generous, and so sane as "The Truth about Woman."

BARBARA LOW.

Correspondence.

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

DIDEROT ON MAIDENLY EDUCATION.

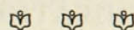
To the Editor of THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,

False shame and concentration on dress as powerful causes of the subjection of woman have seldom been dealt a neater double blow than in the following from Diderot, whose bi-centenary is about to be celebrated in France:—

"If we men have more reason than women, they have much more instinct than we. The only thing that has been taught them is to wear properly the fig-leaf that they received from their first ancestor. All that is said and repeated to them during their first eighteen or nineteen years comes down to this: 'My daughter, have an eye to your fig-leaf; your fig-leaf sets well, your fig-leaf sets badly.'"

BENJ. R. TUCKER.



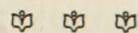
DOES GOD EVER THINK TWICE?

To the Editor of THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,

Drumont, the Anti-Semite, lamenting the decline of the French army, declares, in his journal, *La Libre Parole*, that France should have assumed the offensive between 1876 and 1896, when her army was at its best, and taken back Alsace, Lorraine, and the war indemnity. "When a country," he says, "has made enormous sacrifices to re-establish its army, when this army is ready, and when the country knows what it wants, it passes at once to brutal action, and God does the rest in favour of the right." But in 1870 had not Germany made great sacrifices to perfect her military power? Was not her army ready? Did not Bismarck know precisely what he wanted, and pass at once to the brutal action? And did not God render His verdict "in favour of the right"? Does Drumont, then, expect Omniscience to plead guilty of error, and reverse its judgment in the light of "a sober second thought"?

BENJ. R. TUCKER.



THE PLAIN WOMAN.

What is the beauty of women?
Listen!—a song that makes the whole world sob
Its aching heart away.
But I?
I am the silence closed about the song
That keeps it beautiful.

HORACE HOLLEY.

PREPAID ADVERTISEMENTS,

1d. per word, Minimum 1/-.

The Fifth International Summer School

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

Chairman—D. N. DUNLOP.

TO BE HELD AT

THE PEEBLES HOTEL-HYDRO,

PEEBLES, SCOTLAND,

JULY 29th to AUGUST 2nd, 1913.

SOME LECTURES:

THE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE FOR THE TRANSMUTATION OF MATTER and its conclusions, with Demonstrations.	Mr. Karl L. Schwabe.
WHAT IS ESSENTIAL IN ART? (Section V.) (With Lantern Slides.)	Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy.
RECITAL OF INDIAN MUSIC (Section V.)	Ratan Devi.
THE PLACE OF THE CHURCH IN THE LIFE OF TO-DAY (Section III.)	The Rev. A. B. Robb.
THE MESSAGE OF THE GITA (Section I.)	Dr. R. V. Khedkar, F.R.C.S. (Kolhapur, India.).
THE FREE WOMAN (Section IV.)	Miss Dora Marsden.
TAKING POLITICS SERIOUSLY (Section IV.)	Mr. William L. Hare.
EROS AND PSYCHE (a typical Greek myth, with Lantern Slides) (Section III.)	Mr. Percy Lund.
THE EXPRESSION OF ART IN LIFE (Section V.)	Mr. W. Wroblewski.
INITIATION AND ILLUMINATION (Sections I. and III.)	Dr. K. C. Anderson (Dundee).
THE SOUL AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGY (Section I.)	Miss Charlotte Woods.
NURTURE versus EDUCATION.	Miss Margaret McMillan.

Hon. Sec., WINNIFRED W. LEISENRING, B.A.

Classes and discussions will be held every day during the School.

TERMS.—BOOKING FEE: For two weeks, 10s. per person. For one week, 5s. per person.

BOARD: From £1 15s. to £3 3s. per week.

MUSIC a special feature—MISS MARIAN COLLIER, pianist; MISS MAY MUKLE, 'cellist;

MR. HAROLD GOOSENS, violinist.

Complete Programme giving further particulars will be sent on application to the Hon. Secretary, Fifth International Summer School, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

“THE PATH.”

July Number Now Ready.

No. 1. Vol. IV.

THE CONTENTS.

TRANSMUTATION OF THE ELEMENTS AND THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.	Dr. August Kirschmann.
THE SECRET WAY.	D. N. Dunlop.
COMMENTARY ON THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.	Dr. R. V. Khedkar.
THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.	Rabindranath Tagore.
SUPERHUMANITY.	Isabelle de Steiger.
ONE AND MANY.	Charles Lazenby, B.A.
NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.	

Writers for forthcoming issues—

G. W. Russell (Ireland); Dr. August Kirschmann (Germany); L'ouis Rubio Amoedo (Spain); P. D. Ouspensky (St. Petersburg); Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy; William L. Hare; Percy Lund; Karl L. Schwabe; Dr. R. V. Khedkar, F.R.C.S. (Kolhapur, India); W. W. Leisenring; Madame Isabelle de Steiger, whose work on “Superhumanity” is running serially, and others. An article from the Editor will appear each month, and writers for previous numbers will continue to contribute.

Subscription is 7/6 per annum, post-free, to all Countries; single copies 6d., postage 1½d.

Published Monthly at Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

THOUSAND CLUB MEMBERSHIP

FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF

THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

THE NEW FREEWOMAN undertaking is entered upon in the knowledge that the philosophy of which THE FREEWOMAN was the vehicle has roused a vital interest among a steadily-widening circle of thinking people, and it is particularly on account of the further knowledge that this circle has widened even since THE FREEWOMAN ceased to appear, that we are prepared to assume gladly the responsibility which is inseparable from any journal not abundantly financed. We feel, however, that once the initial step of inaugurating the paper has been taken, responsibility for its continuance must rest with its readers, upon whose attention is urged the fact that no paper can be *secure* which has not a substantial permanent subscription-circulation, as its basis. With THE NEW FREEWOMAN we hope to reduce productional cost to sixpence per copy, which sum we charge to the public. We believe that no more than in the case of any other commodity, should a paper be offered to the public at a figure less than cost price.

To keep down the annual charge of THE NEW FREEWOMAN, and also to relieve the promoters of much anxiety, it has been decided to change the weekly issue into a fortnightly one, the dates of publication being limited to the 1st and 15th of each month. This arrangement will be maintained until there are 2,000 direct subscribers on the books. When we have secured these we can reduce the price and set about considering a weekly issue.

THOUSAND CLUB MEMBERSHIP.

To secure this quota of 2,000 direct subscribers we are pushing forward the Thousand Club Membership scheme in England. This scheme, devised originally in the paper's interests in America, where it is already being carried into effect by influential friends, has for its object the gathering together into a Club Membership a thousand readers of THE NEW FREEWOMAN who are willing to finance the paper to the extent of £1 (5 dollars in U.S.A.) by taking out *forthwith* a long-length direct subscription of eighteen months (thirty-six numbers), thus giving the paper the necessary support and backing during the first difficult year of its independent existence. The Membership Schemes are intended to furnish the necessary organisation. Membership forms are given below. Friends of THE NEW FREEWOMAN are earnestly asked to give their assistance to secure their successful completion during the next twelve months. They are asked either to send for forms to fill up from the Hon. Treasurer, or to make out a form on the lines of the draft given below. The filled-in forms should be returned to one of the Hon. Treasurers:—

- MISS HARRIET SHAW WEAVER, *Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., England.*
- MISS EDNA KENTON, *240, West 15th Street, New York City, U.S.A.*
- MISS MARJORIE JONES, *City National Bank, Evanston, Ill., U.S.A.*

Thousand Club Membership Form.

I wish to become a member of the Thousand Club Membership, and herewith enclose the sum of £1 (5 dollars, U.S.A.), this being the price of an eighteen months' subscription to THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

*All Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders should be crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch," and made payable to THE NEW FREEWOMAN, LTD.

Ordinary Subscription Form.

Please send me THE NEW FREEWOMAN for.....from.....for which I enclose....., and continue until countermanded.

Name.....

Address.....

Orders should be sent to MISS HARRIET SHAW WEAVER, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and should be crossed and made payable as indicated above.*

THE NEW FREEWOMAN LTD.—A company to own the paper has been formed, in which a limited number of persons have interested themselves financially. As the company is a private one, the number of shareholders is restricted to fifty and no public request for the taking up of shares can be made. Anyone, however, who is interested can be supplied with all necessary information by applying to the Secretary of the company, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

SOME OPINIONS

ON

THE FREEWOMAN.

FRANCIS GRIERSON.—I predict for you brilliant success in the near future. No new movement will succeed that gives quarter to the blind forces of the material. The psychic, being superior, will over-ride the material, and that is what is occurring in certain parts of the world, notably in America.

H. G. WELLS.—I rejoice beyond measure in the revival of THE FREEWOMAN. Its policy even at its worst was a wholesome weekly irritant, and its columns were more illuminating and entertaining than anything since Mr. Frank Harris's "Saturday Review."

EDWARD CARPENTER.—THE FREEWOMAN did so well during its short career under your editorship, it was so broad-minded and courageous, that its cessation has been a real loss to the cause of free and rational discussion of human problems.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.—I admire so much the energy and courage of THE FREEWOMAN that I am really sorry I cannot identify myself more closely with its spirit and outlook. No doubt a newspaper requires both funds and publicity. The first is usually difficult to obtain, but I scarcely think you can complain on the second head. Considering the inevitable difficulties, the limited appeal of so revolutionary a journal, and the closure of the usual method of procuring publicity, it is wonderful how widely the paper is known.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, Author of "Daughters of Ishmael."—THE FREEWOMAN was a torch in the night. I am glad indeed that that torch is to be rekindled, and I shall always be at your command to do whatever I can to help to guard the flame.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Thirty years Editor of New York "Liberty."—I consider your paper the most important publication in existence.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.—I am delighted to learn that THE FREEWOMAN is not dead, but merely in a fainting condition from lack of necessary nourishment. May she soon be her dashing self again.

MRS. G. BERNARD SHAW.—I am really glad to hear that there is a chance of restarting THE FREEWOMAN, for though there has been much I have not agreed with, I think it is a valuable medium of self-expression for a clever set of young men and women.

CHARLES LAPWORTH, Editor of the "Daily Herald."—It was while Mrs. Lapworth and I were leading the lives of tramps in Italy that we were first introduced to THE FREEWOMAN, and we fell in love with its fine upstanding, vigorous attitude towards "Life Problems." I hope it will go on.

EDNA KENTON (Hon. Secretary, THE NEW FREEWOMAN Committee, New York).—I cannot tell you how unreservedly I admire your courage and your standpoint. Until the advent of THE FREEWOMAN I had not had the same feeling of breathless wonder at the voicing of heretofore unprinted things since reading "The Ego and Its Own."

CHARLES T. HALLINAN (Associate Editor, "Chicago Evening Post").—I am delighted that THE FREEWOMAN is again to take the field. There is work for it to do here as well as in England. I believe that a large and intelligent minority in the suffrage movement in this country is ready for the discussion of something else besides votes. It may take them some time to get used to the libertarian emphasis of THE FREEWOMAN, but they will be able at once to recover through its columns a perspective of the woman's movement which, through no fault of its own, is suffering at present from an excess of politicians and a shortage of general ideas.

FLOYD DELL on THE FREEWOMAN in "Studies in Modern Feminism."—She provokes thought. And she welcomes it. She wants everybody to think—not to think necessarily, nor the right thought always, but that which they can and must. She is a propagandist, but it is true. But she does not create a silence and call it conversion. She stimulates her readers to cast out the devils that inhabit their souls—fear, prejudice. She helps them to build up their lives on a basis of will—the exercise, not the suppression, of will. She indurates them to the world. She liberates them to life.

C. F. HUNT (Chicago).—Every progressive individual I know will hear from me in regard to making the future of your paper secure.

LUCIAN CARY (Chicago).—THE FREEWOMAN is one of those forces which are proving all the old generalizations about women untrue.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD on THE FREEWOMAN in "The Times."—A newspaper has recently appeared amongst us which . . . is written by women of high education who, generally speaking, sign their names to what they write. The paper shows in some respects conspicuous ability, and is, I believe, eagerly read. . . . The doctrine of the economic independence of women which is everywhere part and parcel of the Suffrage movement leads, in the case of this ably-written paper, to strange results. . . . Arguments against the immoral permanence of marriage, complete freedom of union under the guidance of passion between men and women, and other speculations and contentions with regard to the relations of the sexes. . . . These matters and the handling of them shed a flood of light on certain aspects of the "Woman Movement." . . . It seems to me, and to others, what they (i.e., Suffragists) have no right to do is to ignore this dark and dangerous side of the "Woman Movement."

EARL PERCY on THE FREEWOMAN in the "Morning Post."—With regard to the Church League, the welcome (to THE FREEWOMAN) would appear to be equally cordial, if less official. In the issues of THE FREEWOMAN for July 11th and July 18th, appear letters from the Rev. —, a member of the League. In the first case the letter is placed close to one entitled "The Children of the State," advocating open immorality, which hardly seems a suitable situation for a clergyman's letter. In his second letter, however, he says: "It is refreshing . . . to meet somebody who has the courage to champion," &c. This refers to the Editor, whose courage in that particular issue took the form of an article entitled "The immorality of the Marriage Contract." So that on one page a clergyman writes on "The Idea of God," and on another the marriage state is described as immoral. Presumably "The Idea of God" is, in his opinion, quite consistent with this view of marriage. If the Church League is not in sympathy with the doctrines of THE FREEWOMAN, why does one of its members, an eminent divine of the Church of England, correspond with it?

MORNING POST Editorial on THE FREEWOMAN.—The battle, then (i.e., the women's), is against society, and naturally there is a tendency to alliance with the Socialist Party, who have also a quarrel with our established institutions. A Socialist feminist organ, the THE FREEWOMAN, preaches the new doctrine with a great deal of vigour and frankness.

THE FORUM (New York, October, 1912).—THE FREEWOMAN came with the incredible heresy that the woman movement was nothing if not an effort on the part of the women to lift themselves for ever out of the "servant" class and to place themselves definitely and finally among the "masters," using their faculties, like all masters, for the upbuilding and development of their own personalities and the advancement of their own personal aims.

CURRENT OPINION (New York, January, 1913).—The feminist movement has evolved its superwoman; or rather, the superwoman is the ultimate expression of that new philosophy of feminism preached by the daring "humanist" review, the London FREEWOMAN.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS (FRANCES BJORKMAN, quoted in December, 1912).—The writer of THE FREEWOMAN editorials has shot into the literary and philosophical firmament as a star of the first magnitude. Although practically unknown before the advent of THE FREEWOMAN last November, she speaks always with the quietly authoritative air of the writer who has arrived. Her style has beauty as well as force and clarity. Merely as an essayist she makes us wonder why we have never heard of her before.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST (October, 1912).—Year by year THE FREEWOMAN, if unhampered, will precipitate for the English and the American woman's movements some new and lasting conceptions of the vital problems which confront us.

Some of these expressions of opinion were written to the Editor under the impression that the old paper would be revived. For reasons unnecessary to enlarge upon, that plan has been abandoned in favour of the present plan of commencing an entirely new and separate publication.