“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 befriend hint to later voyagers 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 foetid 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 where with instinct it bought it dear. It can there­in the outer world, by means of Intellect as by a 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 Torch­bearer. 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 it was unable to grasp the fact that the thing which it knew and dominated—objects in space. The historic record of human life on earth, is the tale of this bewilderment of Intellect 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 too­officious 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 aggrivated 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 navvy 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 much nearer home. Let us consider our 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 from the " Free" we pointed out in our the horror of being mistaken for a Buddhist; and contrary however, and say that "Nothing which is not temporal is real," and incidentally deny the supporting it has given us enough of a fright to nerve 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 I mean to say that saying that "Woman," spelt with a capital, Woman- us to the task of being explicit even at the risk of being tedious, and I mean to say that there is no definite reality which can be substi­ tuted 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 " Free-
dom." 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 Amoeba as to any particular woman. Its notion is that of anything sploshing, 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 "Amoeba"? And when has she, 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 on one side. Then there came the creak of the machinery, the winding up of the wax­ works and the performance began. She moves, she waves, she flings, she lifts her head, stands on her two legs, stands with a bit more, and toddles off. End of scene one. Punch is spry in comparison. See the twain: Woman-as-type against this thing, figure, Reason. More creating 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, see that your dress is not wet. Do you think 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, same of the sort. Well, well; this would be first-rate on the village fair-ground, a perfect Aunt Sally while there was a chance; but we are too busy 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 "straight-nose movement," or a "mole movement," or any other move­ ment based upon some accidental physical conta­
There have been numerous requests that discussion of Mrs. Pankhurst's position be dropped. As to the making a discussion there must be two sides, we can obligate 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 selfish 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, that you are fairly "vulgar" women? The concepts have got you! "Thoughts have gone forth whose power . . ." and so on! There is more in that that meets the eye 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 one asinine election, 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 topical 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 the pavement," and the "Others." 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 straightforwarded of the three. He would use fewer head-churning phrases about Liberty and the Workers. On public affairs: the Babe we think once explained it was for such as were not topical to go in for triposes—awkward.

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.

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

All orders, letters, &c, concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The New Freewoman, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

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"Would not your Cause be better promoted . . . ?"
Dear friends and readers, The New Freewoman

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 will be debarred beforehand. In the clash of opinion we shall expect to find our values.

NOTE.

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.

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."
T
HE other night we went into a café in Seville. It was a dust-coloured place, full of the odourable
smell that intoxicates the land that planty poured golden cornfields that stretch from the bare
dark hills to the Guadalquivir and the barren, darker hills
beyond. In their quiet, hideous dress of tobacco-
 coloured Cordovese hat, short coat, and tight trousers
hills to the Guadalquivir and the barer, darker hills
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
all bearing the resemblance to the late Queen Victoria
which early overtakes ladies of evil life in Spain,
tation which flowed through the room in the rasping,
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

commonness of their self-consciousness broke as
black hair: from their averted faces, romantic in
many eyes that lay on them. But the stiffness and
depth 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
brought among their skirts, and they became three
dolly 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 melodictions 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
dughter'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
among the courtyards of a cortijo by the 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, fifty or so young ladies of evil life in Spain
and shouting a song whose humour had swept Spain,
though three of the four dancers who bounded out

frosted glass of that day's Spanish Daily Mirror.

clucked approval at a thick-fleeced flock of sheep, and
such a spectacle at eleven o'clock at night in a hot,
rolling about a loose-box: but only the Spaniard,
excited place. As the curtain fell the men clapped
insatiable appetite for physical vigour, could enjoy

the dancers and cried out to them as they might have

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

to watch the turn that followed. Six men stood in a
room blazing at cracked cornets,

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When one watches with delight a horse full of beans
rolling about a loose-box: but only the Spaniard,
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 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 vital, foreign character of creation of contrivances that sprang her Nanahood, as plump straw-berrries lie on good earth and dung. She stopped and smiled a bountiful, promising smile. Behind her a nakedness. As the gaslight glowed off her body, her shoulders as though I was a child. 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 and the power. I was then too inter­connected 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 Nana’s dazzling body declaimed lucidly: “Here am I, nothing but flesh and blood. When your toys are too strong for his ordinary powers, he wants to break the workers’ ultimate bonds, is the abolition of the Wage System.” I don’t know 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 Snowden were I, he would feel depressed by this sort of advice. Similarly in the Woman’s Movement were dancing all night because it was the Virgin’s month, mules cornetted from the shadows, and in the tower which grows from Seville like a tree there rioted many bells. 

Toward Reconstruction.

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 flesh which one would certainly find the sympathy that gives its kisses freely and barges no price of repentance. It was Nan: Nana’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 Pépé 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 she ended she retreated no further than the shelter of the back-cloth and revealed a bare arm gripped aside the back-cloth and revealed a bare arm gripped aside the back-cloth and revealed a bare arm gripped aside the back-cloth. We saw the blue satin frock flash to the ground and she frollicked 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 not 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 vital, foreign character of creation of contrivances that sprang her Nanahood, as plump straw-berrries 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 spilled wine, where men caught it up and munched it as the mind and the spirit are all of them—whether 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 Snowden were I, he would feel depressed by this sort of advice. Similarly in the Woman’s Movement were dancing all night because it was the Virgin’s month, mules cornetted from the shadows, and in the tower which grows from Seville like a tree there rioted many bells. 

Towards Reconstruction.

AN eminent French occultist who realised the help­less 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, that his answer to all 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 accurately 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 is no 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 implies, surges 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—those of the Democratic and the Woman’s Movement, seen in their true light, are reactions in favour of life and feeling against the anaemic degeneracy of the present day, but both of these movements must shake off the symptoms of the prevalent and contagious anaemia 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 those institutions. When and where they went wrong, 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 suicide, not martyrdom. 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 decay. 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 means of ambition, force, energy, responsibility, and that is what no one really likes. In the anaemic 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 anaemic, as distinguished from earlier forms of robbery, because it is marked not by enterprise but by the want of enterprise. It is so anaemic 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 Movements are threatening 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 in 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, Jean Sandberg, 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 corrupted. How, then, do people who have seen the whole political system, disorganised and complex. 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.

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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, cwian. Icelandic, kvan, a wife; kona, a woman. Danish, kvinde, a woman; kone, a wife.**

**Old High German, quené, a woman.**

**Greek, gyne (or gune), a woman.**

It would be easy to extend Skeat’s list by including the Latin virgin- and vesica- and other related forms.

With sound, associated with the sense of smell, and carrying from the abstract term a name for his own mother.

The real root here is the nasal sound *len* or *gn*, as it meets us again in the English know, the Latin (g)nosco, Greek *ginai*, and the same 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 to the bee. And Adam knew her—

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 king, 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 kining (Anglo-Saxon cyning, Swedish konung, German konig, &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 the 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 household were kings, and they were 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, vulga). 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." It need not be said that the matriarchal family just described was a 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 it was 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 war is sometimes found to be the meaning of arm; 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 folkier, or dryghting. 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 folkyer 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 feeble 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 anthropocertive 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.

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It was 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.
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 remains. 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 experiencd in daily life in terms of the abnormal and the unknown.

This border region, this jungle of mad, impetuous gloop. 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, unwarranted poverty—condemned to life-imprisonment as a murderer by the society which had made her very existence a crime. Immorality—these are the world's oldest and banned sins, against those few, or are the least, 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. For no more powerfully and 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 that 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 renunciating hands, have reference and significance for us all. None escapes wholly from repression, the fierce diagonal described by the feeble limbs, the renunciating hands, have reference and significance for us all. None escapes wholly from repression, the fierce diagonal described by the feeble limbs, the renunciating hands, have reference and significance for us all.

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 somewhere in Horace Holley. But the Comic Spirit, surely, will decide more wisely than I.

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, that we owe nothing to the poetical to be taken seriously and, dear young, I would fain hold converse with you. You are the friend of Lysis, Pheidrus, 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 Palaestra of Taurus, the 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 you and cultivating the idea of the audacity with 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—Modesty and modesty and sober doubt—they 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 groups of the youngest among you.

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 youthfulness" than in life and in expressing repressing, 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 proposition, "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 the earth, and a growth of weeds, a growth almost unworthy of the earth. But as a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and 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, 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 of the Core education continue throughout the whole of life, that we may be such that we understand so 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 first. Through the study of philosophy and the use of reason along that better path, and after serving the state by holding office and begetting children in the plentitude 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 "inhabitants of the life of men being as nothing to them, nor death any way fearful.

How admirable it is, 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 why should those who know not how 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 the praiseworthy exploits of the wonderful brothers from Chios who can fight in armour 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 not be altogether unknown to him. After the proof had been given and the dog had been chided for his unpardonable crime, even the 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 why should those who know not how 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 the praiseworthy exploits of the wonderful brothers from Chios who can fight in armour 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 not be altogether unknown to him. After the proof had been given and the dog had been chided for his unpardonable crime, even the 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 why should those who know not how he knows and barks at those he does not know?

Even Socrates, who said that the men who dwelt in the city were even more his teachers and not the trees or the country, was delighted when Phaedrus, one summer's day, led him out of the city along the Illissus as far as a lofty and spreading plane tree, under which they sat discoursing until late into the afternoon. Phaedrus 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 Phaedrus himself happened not to be wearing any that day). The master told Phaedrus 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 perhaps more to the purpose that he told a perfectly charming myth about the grasshopper which actually prevented Phaedrus 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. What Phaedrus said was, 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, and in whose footsteps let every one 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.) Phaedrus added that the only other occasion on which he had known Socrates to be in a manner at all comparable to this was at a banquet, justly stated to be the most delicious and beautiful love-feast 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 a great arrangement (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 Diotima 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 soul the body forme doth take For soulë is forme, and doth the body make . . . .

That true lovers draw from "the object of their eyes A more refynd 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 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, towards the knowledge of 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 been guided by such systems have failed as artists? Why is it that aesthetic critics who have been guided by such systems have failed as art critics? Why is it that painters with aesthetic 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 found in the stern search after Art as an expression of the Good, Beautiful or True? Why are some of the big Independents who are suckling 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 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 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 the 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 one only. I found that the three abstract terms by which the three philosophies of yesterday did from nineteenth century biology, 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 reach­

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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 become accustomed to look behind the word Art for that which it communicates; not for the ludicrous 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 and Art may become seriously and practically serviceable to us in the future of civilization. It is needful to say that without this classification there is the danger of confusion.

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 which has since been applied by followers 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. To avoid the suffixes and sentences which offends the 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 and Art may become seriously and practically serviceable to us in the future of civilization. It is needful to say that without this classification there is the danger of confusion.

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 sing 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 cannot keep my Art and Art together. "The late "Rhythm." The person who wrote this is Mr. (A. Clutton Brock, in "The New Statesman"). Here and there is nothing admissible. "word art is useless; art-forms or..." They will not break art." It would be scarcely "cricket" if they did." Here is new art (Mr. A. Clutton Brock, in "The Nation"). And here is unadjective art, of which abundant examples are furnished by irresponsible art journalists. "The vast mass of art is at present in a bad way" (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 the "art" of some ancient poet who understood that which it communicates; not for the ludicrous 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 and Art may become seriously and practically serviceable to us in the future of civilization. It is needful to say that without this classification there is the danger of confusion.

Thus the misuse of the word Art conceals the tidental 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 numbers of this class there is 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.

HUNTY 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 the recognition of the individuality is the beginning of deliance of "external" world of nature 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 guide, who, Miss Marsden says, "holds the reins in the kingdom of varying wants and desires."

The Egoist is the guide, who, Miss Marsden says, "holds the reins in the kingdom of varying 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? We know it simply through history of the kind 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.

Self-realization is an act 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 Centurian once very rare. He can be found as a 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, 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, it will be still 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 satisfied 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 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 subtest forms of gases. All activity proceeds from the 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. LEISERING.

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 ever the case, if it is a manifestation of wide understanding, generosity, and the fact that the author 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 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—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 deals as 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 manifest that a great path is laid for the future by the women of Egypt 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.

"This is 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 paragraph:

"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 but true that we are the mothers of men that we claim to be free. We claim this as our right. We calme 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 when it exists, is primarily mental, 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 moral teaching.

I grant willingly that men often talk brutality 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 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 common sense, which is by no means very usual on this question. Another matter which exempts 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 farther 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. And so on, 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 between 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 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 cannot burke the truth—the seduction and flattery of man by woman is writ large over the face of our present society . . . . It is 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."
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SOME OPINIONS ON THE FREEWOMAN.

FRANCIS GRIESON.—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.

HOLVECK 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 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 that her torch is to be rekindled, and I shall always be at your command to do whatever I can to help to guard the flame.

BNJ. 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 so much I have not been aware of, I think it is a valuable medium of self-expression for a clever set of young men and women.

CHARLES LAPHORT.—I am really glad 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.

EDNA KETON (Hon. Secretary, The New Freewoman Committee, New York).—I cannot tell you how unreservedly I admire your courage and your stand. Until the advent of The Freewoman no woman had not the same feeling of breathless wonder at the voicing of heteroerotic unprinted things since reading “The Ego and Its Own.”

CHARLES T. HALLMAN (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. 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 about the future of marriage, are possible only by an emphasis 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.”

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 . . . a 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, I believe, eagerly reads. . . . Arguments against the immortal permanence of marriage, complete freedom of union under the guidance of passion between men and women, and other speculations about the relations of the sexes. This woman and the handling of them shed a flood of light on certain aspects 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, “Moreover, 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 Freewoman, reaches 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 personalities and the advancement of their own personal aims.

CURRENT OPINION (New York, January, 1912).—The Freewoman reaches the new doctrine with a great deal of vigour and frankness.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS (FRANCES ROBJORMAN), (January, 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 her erudition and her directness make 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.