THINKING AND THOUGHT.

It is strange to find searchers coming here seeking thoughts, followers after truth seeking new lamps for old, right ideas for wrong. It seems fruitless to affirm that our business is to annihilate thought, to shatter the new lamps no less than the old, to dissolve ideas, the "right" as well as the "wrong." "It is a new play of artistry, some new paradox," they reflect, not comprehending that artistry and paradox are left as the defences of power not yet strong enough to comprehend. If a man has the power that comprehends, what uses has he left for paradox? If he sees a thing as it is, why must he needs describe it in terms of that which it is not? Paradox is the refuge of the adventurous guesser: the shield of the oracle whose answer is not ready. Searchers should not bring their thoughts to us: we have no scruple in destroying their choicest, and giving them none in return. They would be well able to repair the depredations elsewhere however, for nowhere else, save here, are thoughts not held sacred and in honour. Everywhere, from all sides, they press in thick upon men, suffocating life. All is thought and no thinking. We do the thinking: the rest of the world spin thoughts. If from the operation of thinking one rises up only with thoughts, not only has the thinking-process gone wrong: it has not begun. To believe that it has is as though one should imagine the work of digesting food satisfactorily carried through when the mouth has been stuffed with sand. The process of thinking is meant to co-ordinate two things which are real: the person who thinks and the rest of the phenomenal world, the world of sense. Any part of the process which can be described in terms unrelated to these two—and only two—real parties in the process is redundant and pernicious, unnecessary by-product which it would be highly expedient to eliminate. Thoughts, the entire world of ideas and concepts are just these intruding and irrelevant excesses. Someone says, apropos of some change without a difference in the social sphere, "We are glad to note the triumph of progressive ideas." Another, "We rejoice in the fact that we are again returning to the ideas of honour and integrity of an earlier age." We say, leprosy or cholera for choice. Idea, idea, always the idea. As though the supremacy of the idea were not the subject of men, slaves to the idea. Men need no ideas. They have no use for them (unless indeed they are of the literary breed—then they live upon them by their power to beguile the simple). What men need is power of Being, strength in themselves: and intellect which in the thinking process goes out as a scout, comparing, collating, putting like by like, nearly like, is but the good servant which the individual Being sends afield that he may the better protect, maintain and augment himself. Thinking, invaluable as it is in the service of Being, is, essentially, a very intermittent process. It works only between whiles. In the nadir and zenith of men’s experience it plays no part, when they are stupid and when they are passionate. Descartes’ maxim "Cogito ergo sum," carried the weight it did and does merely because the
longfelt influence of ideas had taken the virtue out of men's souls. Stronger men would have met it, not with an argument, but a laugh. It is philosophy turned turtle. The genesis of knowledge is not in thinking but in being. Thinking widens the limits of knowledge but the base of the latter is in feeling. "I know" because "I am." The first follows the second and not contrariwise. The base—and highest reaches—of knowledge lie not in spurious thoughts, fine-drawn, nor yet in the humble and faithful collecting of correspondences which is thinking, but in experienced emotion. What men may be, their heights and depths, they can divine only in experienced emotion. The vitally true things are all personally revealed, and they are true primarily only for the one to whom they are revealed. For the rest the revelation is hearsay. Each man is his own prophet. A man's "god" (a confusing term, since it has nothing to do with God, the Absolute—a mere thought) is the utmost emotional reach of himself: and is in common or rare use according to each individual nature. A neighbour's "god" is of little use to any man. It represents a wrong goal, a false direction.

We are accused of "finesse-ing with terms." No accusation could be wider of the mark. We are analysing terms; we believe indeed, that the next work for the lovers of men is just this analysis of naming. It will go completely against the grain of civilisation, cut straight across culture: that is why the pseudo-logicians loathe logic—indeed, it will be a matter for surprise that one should have the temerity to name the word. So great a fear have the cultured of the probing of their claims that they are counselling the abandonment of this necessary instrument. They would prefer to retain inaccurate thinking which breeds thoughts, to accurate thinking which reveals facts and in its bright light annihilates the shadows bred of dimness, which are thoughts. Analysis of the process of naming; inquiry into the impudent word-trick which goes by the name of "abstraction of qualities; re-estimation of the form-value of the syllogism; challenging of the slipshod methods both of induction and deduction; the breaking down of closed system of "classification" into what they should be—graded descriptions; these things are more urgently needed than anything thinkable in the intellectual life of to-day. The settlement of the dispute of the nominalist and realist schoolmen of the Middle Ages in favour of the former rather than the latter would have been of infinitely greater value to the growth of men than the discoveries of Columbus, Galileo, and Kepler. It would have enabled them to shut off into nothingness the mountain of culture which in the world of the West they have been assiduously piling up since the time of the gentle father of lies and deceits, Plato. It is very easy however to understand why the conceptualists triumphed, and still are triumphing, despite the ravages they have worked on every hand. The concept begets the idea, and every idea instals its concrete authority. All who wield authority, do it in the name of an idea: equality, justice, love, right, duty, humanity, God, the Church, the State. Small wonder therefore if those who sit in the seats of authority look askance at any tampering with names and ideas. It is a different matter from questioning the validity of one idea. Those, who, in the names of one idea do battle against the power of another, can rely upon some support. Indeed, changing new lamps for old is the favourite form of intellectual excitement inasmuch as while it is not too risky, is not a forlorn hope, it yet ranges combatants on opposing sides with all the zest of a fight. But to question all ideas is to leave authoritarians without any foothold whatsoever. Even opposing authorities will sink differences, and combine to crush an Ishmaelite who dares. Accordingly after three quarters of a thousand years, the nominalist position is where it was: nowhere, and all men are in thrall to ideas—culture. They are still searching for the Good, the Beautiful and the True. They are no nearer the realisation that the Good in the actual never is a general term, but always a specific, i.e. that which is "good for me" (or you, or anyone) varying with time and person, in kind and substance; that the Beautiful likewise is "beautiful for me" (or you or anyone) varying with time and person, in kind and substance, measured by a standard wholly subjective; that the True is just that which corresponds: in certainties, mere verified observation of fact; in doubt, opinion as to fact and no more, a mere "I think it so" in place of "I find it so." As specifics, they are real: as generalisations, they are thoughts, spurious entities, verbiage representing nothing, and as such are consequently in high repute. The work of purging language is likely to be a slow one even after the battle of argument in its favour shall have been won. It is observable that egoists for instance use "should," "ought," and "must" quite regularly in the sense which bears the implication of an existing underlying "Duty." Denying authority, they use the language of authority. If the greatest possible satisfaction of self (which is a pleasure) is the motive in life, with whose voice does "Duty" speak? Who or what for instance lays it down as a "Duty" that our actions must not be "invasive" of others? An effete god, presumably, whose power has deserted him, since most of us would be hard put to it to find action and attitudes which are not invasive. Seizing land—the avenue of life—is invasive: loving is invasive, and so is hating and most of the emotions. The emphasis accurately belongs on "defence" and not on "invasion" and defence is self-enjoined.

No, Duty like the rest is a thought, powerless in itself, efficient only when men give it recognition for
The following remarks are to be considered as pendant arguments to those contained in the article in our last issue, "The heart of the question." A contributor, Mr. Clarence Lee Swartz, raises the objection that the main cause lying at the base of prostitution—the apparently excessive sexual requirements of men as compared with those of women—is systematically ignored in discussions which pretend to deal with the question. He likewise, very courageously, raises the issue of the necessity of prostitution from the aspect of the matter, and points out that this has not been fairly considered and certainly not been disproved. So far, so good: when however the "undersexing" of women is implied as a fact, and for this, Christianity is cited as the cause, the argument goes, we think, much too rapidly for acquiescence. On the one hand, prostitution did not make its appearance with Christian morality, nor does it show any signs of diminution now that Christian morality is no longer established even in theory. On the other hand, while one school of theorists is proclaiming women to be oversexed the assertion that the opposite is the case has to bring its proofs along with it.

In the preceding article to which we have referred we showed at length that all forms of prostitution are the outcome of the lack of property, or primarily, the lack of the power which leads to the acquisition of property. Psychological effects inevitably follow upon this impoverished condition, and it is upon this condition, or so it seems to us, that the explanation of the phenomena of sex-prostitution rests, rather than upon the sway of Christianity or any other religion or cult.

Externally, prostitution reveals two factors: lust in men (lust is a good crisp word for the use of which there is no need of apology) and a hapless condition among women which makes them surrender themselves as victims to it. This is the accepted picturesque description, a mixture of sinfulness (not altogether uninteresting, be it confessed) and pathos, and to it must be accounted all the excitement and veiled pleasure with which the subject is ordinarily tackled. For the lust, men are held primarily responsible, and the chaste minds of women are held up as pleasing contrasts. It is this view of the matter which makes prostitution in the eyes of many men (and some women) seem inevitable, and which gives them the satisfaction of virtue realized when they attack it. During the agitation for the Criminal Law Amendment Act, women and womenlike men have wallowed in righteousness. There has been an orgy of virtuous feeling, highly pleasurable no doubt to all those who shared in it. Yet it was over-hasty, for of the few things of female manufacture in a man-made world, foremost stands this affair of masculine lust. It is women who evoke it, fan it to flame, feed it to keep at fever-heat. They must, when each right has to be matched by the might which first secures and then retains it? When men acquire the ability to make and co-ordinate accurate descriptions, that is, when they learn to think, the empire of mere words, "thoughts" will be broken, the sacred pedestals shattered, and the seats of authority cast down. The contests and achievements of owners of "powers" will remain.

The dismay when it is reluctant to quicken is as sincere as profound. Such a phenomenon will cause to forgo the wish among women, and give to their specifics the respect due to mothers in Israel. The foolish hasten to become wise by instruction. Have they been forward, they will make themselves rare and remote. Have they been obvious, they will seek to become a mystery; they will go veiled, and draped and bonneted. Always however there will be the frill which flutters "Come and find me." To be provocative, they learn that nudity is inferior to clothing. To the womanly women the whole philosophy of dress is just—provocativeness. The frill is not fluttered by men even the most lustful, it will be observed.
scientist and plain man alike—still life, still enough to be known and yet alive. This is the kind of woman who through all the romantic ages has lured men on; her lure was the suggestion that in her, with the essence of life so quiet that it appeared seizable, would be revealed the genius of life. The nameless, the inarticulate, the unacknowledged, at the same time, appears to offer more, and yet offers less than the great run of women, including herself, can. She suggests a mystery, and it is a fraud; she has nothing mysterious to reveal: she suggests two the impossible phenomenon—passive life. She lured the men to her, to see the results of her work, of propagating a belief that the meaning of life can be revealed objectively. 

The extraordinary fascination which has attached itself to the human female form can only be explained by the tactics of the passive woman, the womanly woman. The preoccupation with the mere form of women (which is the basis of lust) is confined to men, and the fault—if it be such—is women's. Women are not preoccupied with the male form in any appreciable degree at all; the reason is that men ordinarily have sufficient mind to prevent attention wandering from their own bodies. There is something about women, however, which is different from men. It is quite the hardest thing that could be said of women, the harshest comparison that could be made; but it unhappily cannot be denied. The mindlessness of women recoils upon them in every turn; they would have mind, they would not have sunk to the condition of propertylessness: had they had mind, even being propertyless, they would not have sunk to the level where it became possible to treat them as mere bodies. Had they had mind, they would not have been content to live by rousing emotions which in the long run visit their distressing evils upon themselves.

These facts of the situation being kept in view, it seems that the question of the cessation of prostitution is scarcely one for men to answer, but rather for those who are the cause of it—women. It is therefore to be noted that women are more hopeful in the matter than are men. During the last fifty years—to go no further—the awakening of mind in women, the consciousness of personality, and the realisation of the motives behind attitudes and maxims has become a tremendous fact. That it is a fact which women are more aware of than men is due, partly to the extent of consciousness of individual preference. This explains the heartburnings which the insurgence of women is causing, despite its many obvious advantages. But more than any other difference which mind effects is the fact that it changes women from "negative" to "positive." A great deal of pseudo-scientific nonsense has been uttered upon this question of "positive" and "negative." It has been held to be a biological difference inhering in the different genders of the human male and female, the embodiment of some great mysterious underlying law. As a matter of fact, it admits of the homeliest explanation, and the supposed difference vanishes like smoke with the intensification of consciousness, as involving women. The "negative" characteristic of women was nothing more than a willingness to be эффaced: to forego her preferences in order to have others dictated to her: to be amiable, tractable, useful. Her "negativeness" was just her wantlessness, her lack of individual preferences, and personality. With the main thing for women is causing, despite its many obvious advantages. It is necessitating a vast, almost ilimitable displacement. With the main thing for women is causing, despite its many obvious advantages. It is necessitating a vast, almost ilimitable displacement. With the main thing for women is causing, despite its many obvious advantages. It is necessitating a vast, almost ilimitable displacement.

Men's instinctive attitude towards the positive characteristic in women has had a unique chance of displaying itself over the recently published letters of Charlotte Brontë. The commentators have been chiefly men, and the tenour of their comments has been a mixture of quite sincere pity, considerable embarrassment, and a slight shame, the expression being duly moderated, the person being dead. The editor of the "Spectator" feels it is "very painful." That champion of the poor, who originated the spirited retort to the canting philanthropists, "Poor! Poor! Poor!" says "this poor soul" (poor! also, one may assume). All rejoice to be assured that the thing "went no further," that it had "no sin it." It is a pitiful sight, this complete "domesticising" of the judgment of men, this combined prudery and timidity. The offensive part of their conventional "vices" is that they are hypocritical and furtive. Their fear of scandal, of what "they say," the intrusion of their dramatic situations throw off their lurid Mephistophelian character and are revealed for what they are, a silly sort of amusement. The melodramatic qualities with which the situation is invested by morality—to which by the way its existence is a necessity, as in a coin reverse is to obverse—invest it with just that mysterious, even moral destiny which enable it to keep up its attractions. A sense of humour would shrivel the situation up and desolate it as the morning light tawdries the scene of a revel. It is the sense of sin which gives it the glow, the warm light and seductive shadows. Remove the moral from the scene, imagine women with minds and there is precious little left for prostitution to maintain itself upon. The presence of mind in women reacts upon the situation in manifold ways. To be conscious of one's self as a person eliminates to a large extent the consciousness of oneself as a mere body. Attention shifts from oneself to that of others; consequently, it fails to be concerned with the little tricks of dress and attitude whose purpose is to focus attention objectively upon bodily features. In short a woman with a mind is not intent upon rousing physical passion in connection with herself. She is interested in her own button and so doing she is failing to exert the ordinary sex stimulus. She gives men a chance to escape by that avenue at least. Lust is permitted to sleep. In the second place, should it not be so, she is not tractable to its satisfaction, any more than men of sensibility could be turned to toys, and treated as such. But more than any other difference which mind effects is the fact that it changes women from "negative" to "positive."
The Eclipse of Woman.

IV.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It may seem strange that the political emancipation of women should find opponents among distinguished women, and that among those who have been unwilling to give women a Parliamentary vote was the woman in whose name every Act of Parliament was passed for sixty-three years. For the explanation of this seeming anomaly we must turn to the most loathsome rites of the most degraded savages. I do not mean, of course, to suggest that the attitude of these ladies was adopted as the result of a scientific study of the puberty institutions of the Australian Blackfellows and the natives of Tierra del Fuego. We may attribute it to instinct rather than reason, but instinct is still capable of being dissolved. And certainly in unconventionality for her day, she travelled very far. “I will not submit”—to a wrestling away of friendship—the tone of a person of quality with wants more important than another’s preferences! It is the positive nature of such wants, the demand for satisfaction which men do not like. To want satisfaction and demand it, is their prerogative. A woman should sit motionless until wanted. “This poor soul.” There have been in plenty who have loved in vain, without eliciting “this poor soul.” Rather, they have been admired for their definiteness and pertinacity. True, Charlotte Brontë’s womanliness got the better of her. Had she been a man, unanswerable letters would not have terminated the matter. A learned elderly bespectacled school-mistress would have been compelled to give something other than silence to an ardent young author with all the promptings of realisable power within him. One is led to wonder indeed why Charlotte did not have the sense to set up her complete self, a person of quality, in person. For there are no limits to invasive attempts in the emotions. One goes as far as one can. Limits are the concern of the other party. It is of small purpose to speculate upon the attitude of Monsieur Heger, whose name is preserved to the world, like a fly in amber, only in the stuff of a woman’s genius. Probably he was attracted to her as a pupil, but was so taken aback by the intensity of the response that he thought it discreet to retire. Probably it was only a passing incident, not worth wasting a letter over, and school revenues so go down when masters are not the white soul of discretion with their pupils. And tongues readily wag. Still there must have been in this pedagogue a very heart-whole fear of their venom to have held out so resolutely against cries of obvious pain. A cry of pain in an animal, a whimper from a dog, even the writhing of an insect, evidences of pain in any shape or form, we make some effort to mitigate, or end. M. Heger must indeed have been fortified by a virtue and discretion almost heroic to have maintained so pure a position at a time so sure and so close.

At this late date, it strikes observers as curious that letters too insignificant to merit answer at the time they were written, waste paper whereon to note a cobbler’s address and suchlike domestic concerns, should have been preserved for three quarters of a century. It would have been supposed that these evidences of anguish to one who found himself unable to do anything to alleviate them, would have been objects to be removed from sight and as far as might be from memory. Apparently a little vanity is not incompatible with a quite virtuous virtue. Instructive are the workings of the minds of the respected and righteous.

gate of the chancel in our churches, and of the more
spiritual kind in the form of ball-room and
hideous masks, by which the Negro lodge is protected
from feminine intrusion. It is in the same spirit that
the Free Masons guard their mysterious rites from
cowans and earsdroppers—the word
being apparently an archaic form of queen (Anglo-Saxon
Auen).

The institution is therefore by its very origin a
masculine one, just as monarchy is by its origin a
feminine one; and hence it is quite logical on the part
of those who have no objection to a female sovereign
to oppose the admission of women to the Men's
House, just as monarchy is by its origin a
to oppose the admission of women to the Men's
House. To be perfectly consistent, perhaps, they
should restrict the throne to females. But the taboo
House. To be perfectly consistent, perhaps, they
sleeping quarters of the males must be qualified,
puberty and marriage that it is so used. As in an
English barracks, the married men of the tribe
generally live with their wives, and merely resort to
the House in the daytime as a club and council-room.
Thus it may be observed that having the House of
Commons as "the bachelors' camp" or
"bachelors' club-house." (See Parkinson's account
of the Arol of a New Guinea tribe in Intern. Archiv.
f. Ethnogr., XIII (1900), 33-35.)

Viewed in that light, it may be a true, if slightly
far-fetched, instance of modesty that inspires the
opposition to the modern feminist demand. It would
be more levy to refer to such facts as that all-night
sittings are a feature of the British House, and that
on a recent occasion a Cabinet Minister came into the
division lobby in pyjamas. It is quite as incredible
that actual breaches of modesty have influenced the
opponents of the Suffrage, as that unbecoming anticipations can have influenced its
supporters. The opposition is doubtless due to the
same feeling that underlies the segregation of females
in Hindu and Muhammadan civilisation.

It is at the age of puberty that the Australian or
Red Indian boy is received into the Men's House, and
it would appear that the age of admission to the
House of Commons was till lately fixed by common
law at the same natural stage. The poet Waller
entered the House before he twined himself
Amer's feature which identifies the modern with
the primitive institution is the oath administered on
admission. Among most peoples this takes the form of a
dreadful and degrading ordeal, in which the youthful savage is tested and tortured, as in our
public schools. And in the regiments of the Honourable Brigade. It would be only unpleasant to reproduce
the details given in learned works like Spencer and
Gillen's "Native Tribes of Central Australia," but
some idea of their character may be gathered from
Amur's which Mr. F. S. Flint writes: "Some curiosity has
been aroused concerning Imagisme. They had a few rules, drawn up for their
endeavour, ignorance of the best tradition forming no
excuse. They had a few rules, drawn up for their
imaginative and as I was
been aroused concerning Imagisme and as I was
endeavour, ignorance of the best tradition forming no
两手酸痛, 因为在他们所希望的"imagistes" suffered no disgrace; texts and unaccustomed to being
sung and as I was
been aroused concerning Imagisme and as I was
endeavour, ignorance of the best tradition forming no
hands to the work of the Imagistes and the Futurists;
with intent to discover
imagine more or less who desired the poet to be as
"movement," I gleaned these facts.

"The imagistes admitted that they were contemporaries of the Post Impressionists and the Futurists;
but they had nothing in common with these schools. They had not published a manifesto. They were not a
revolutionary school; their only endeavour was to
write in accordance with the best tradition, as they
found it in the best writers of all time—In Sappho,
Catullus, Villon. They seemed to be absolutely
intolerant of all poetry that was not written in such
endeavour, ignorance of the best tradition forming no
excuse. They had a few rules, drawn up for their
own satisfaction only, and they had not published
them. They were:
1. Direct treatment of the 'Thing,' whether sub-
jective or objective,
2. To use absolutely no word that did not con-
themselves from the natural sovereignty of the female
sex. It has, without doubt, trespassed by usurping
right to the Suffrage movement. The question is one of
sentiment, a sentiment inherited from the primeval
past, in the form of instinct. The House of Commons
is in essence a guild of males organised to defend
themselves from the natural sovereignty of the female
sex. It has, without doubt, trespassed by usurping
right to the Suffrage movement. The question is one of
sentiment, a sentiment inherited from the primeval
past, in the form of instinct. The House of Commons
is in essence a guild of males organised to defend
their own sovereignty; and hence it is quite logical on the part
of those who have no objection to a female sovereign
masculine one, just as monarchy is by its origin a
state. The poet should love nakedness and the thought
of the skeleton under the flesh. But because the
public will not pay for poetry it has become the
occupation of learned persons, given to soft living
among veiled things and unaccustomed to being
sought for talking too much. That is why from the
beautiful stark bride of Blake it has become the idle
hussy hung with ornament kept by Lord Tennyson,
handed on to Stephen Phillips and now supported at
Devonshire Street by the Georgian school. But there
has arisen a little band who desire the poet to be as
"movement," I gleaned these facts.

1. Direct treatment of the 'Thing,' whether sub-
jective or objective,
2. To use absolutely no word that did not con-
tribute to the presentation.
Come let us pity those who are better off than we are.

Rebecca West.

The Contemporania of Ezra Pound.

TENZONE.

Will people accept them?
(i.e. these songs).
As a timorous wench from a centaur
(or a centurian).
Already they flee, howling in terror.
Will they be touched with the truth?
Their virgin stupidity is unextinguishable.
I beg you, my friendly critics,
Do not set about to procure me an audience.

I mate with my free kind upon the crags;
the hidden recesses
Have heard the echo of my heels,
in the cool light,
in the darkness.

THE GARRET.

Come let us pity those who are better off than we are.

The New Freewoman.
And I am happier than you are,
And they were happier than I am;
And the fish swim in the lake
and do not even own clothing.

SALUTATION THE SECOND.

You were praised, my books,
because I had just come from the country;
I was twenty years behind the times
so you found an audience ready.

I do not disown you,
do not you disown your progeny.
Here they stand without quaint devices,
Here they are with nothing archaic about them.

Watch the reporters spit,
Watch the anger of the professors,
Watch how the pretty ladies revile them:
"Is this," they say, "the nonsense that we expect of poets?"

"Where is the Picturesque?"
"Where is the vertigo of emotion?"
"No! his first work was the best."
"Poor Dear! he has lost his illusions."

Go, little naked and impudent songs,
Go with a light foot!
(Or with two light feet, if it please you!)
Go and dance shamelessly!
Go with an impertinent frolic!

Greet the grave and the stodgy,
Salute them with your thumbs at your noses.

Here are your bells and confetti.
Go! rejuvenate things!
Rejuvenate even "The Spectator."
Go! and make cat calls!
Dance and make people blush,
Dance the dance of the phallus
Rejuvenate even "The Spectator."

Here they are with nothing archaic about them.
Here they stand without quaint devices,
Here they are with nothing archaic about them.

IN A STATION OF THE METRO.

The apparition of these faces in the crowd:
Petals on a wet, black bough.

"The Horses of Diomedes."

(Translated by C. SATRORIS.)

I.—ROSES.
"The ideal fragrance of roses which will never be gathered."

"This hermit's hut with its thatched and perhaps reeded roof, with its wattle door and its mud walls and the death's head in a corner and the pitcher! Ah, but the joy of being alone, and the silence, and to have crushed desire under one's naked foot!

There were times when one rushed to the desert. Returning, after having chastened a few unmanageable Slavs, the surprised soldiers would meet a pilgrim going to kneel in the solitude of newly made devastation, and to plant the rampart of a wooden cross between Rome and the barbarian! The one would start, still intoxicated with the fragrance of a rose too passionately inhaled, and when night came would throw himself on a heap of dead leaves; the other haunted and troubled by the acrid perfume of deceased philosophies, would fashion his last sandals out of the 'Enneades' scroll and would for ever close his heart and eyes to intellectual luxuries; again the other, who had been cruel, would before fleeing, kiss the hand of his tortured slaves. All scourged themselves according to their sin, but they had sinned first in loving life too well and they were now destined to cherish only phantoms and to smile only on the invisible.

Those were Christians. Paganism also had its hermits whose proud minds isolated them from the rest of mankind, magnificent egoists tired at last of sharing vulgarised pleasures with the ordinary, fragile sensitive, wounded three times a day by the rude touch of uncouth bestiality; contemptuous who, weary even of their contempt for human mediocrity, would essay to worship the trees and perhaps, following the commandment of Pythagoras, to adore the sacred whisperings of the tempests.

And all would away, parched with the same thirst, urged toward the same fountain-head, the fountain which springs forth but in the cells or amidst other rocks under the powerful spell of solitude, and, having denied social contingencies, they would drain the divine.

To be a man, that is to say a participant of the infinite, one must abjure all fraternal conformities and wish oneself special, unique, absolute. Those alone will be saved who save themselves from amidst the multitude."

At this point in his meditation, Diomedes was interrupted by the chime striking the hour of one.

Christine would arrive.

Ever since he had cut himself off from pleasure that had turned to nothing, annihilating himself, almost, remaining prostrate by the side of the road, he had wished to divert himself with the smile of passers-by. This one was frail, mute and luminous. She would enter like a glance, as if gliding through the chink of the door and would move with no more noise than was made by her moving grace in the mirror. Neither love, nor slight disrobing—whether by his hand or by his look, nor his apparent kisses upon her throat, nor the ambiguous prayers—nothing of these reassured and nothing troubled the clearness of her wondering eyes, eyes like those which hailed the angelic visitation, but without faith, and passive. Each time she came, Diomedes heard inwardly this old-time verse of which nothing in Christine justified the evocation, except perhaps a remote air of a victim.

"The sobs mingled with the cries of dying hosts."

Silence and sudden night were the adorable witnesses to the sacrifice.

She was a very comely young woman of wholly Christian chasteness, but curiously attired and suddenly half-nude. Her beauty was candid and quiet, monachal, and aristocratic.

Diomedes dreamt her to be one of those noble women who timorously, but without blushing, would extend a rope ladder to their lover over the wall of the cloister. Stories nearly all of them tragical and so rarely gallant. Her rule, in the old days, would have been to love without a word, to pursue her love in defiance of the world and to give account of the use she made of her life to God alone. Moreover she was candid and happy in the depth of her heart,
although of a happiness of which no one, and especially her lovers, would be confidant.

Her fidelities lasted several months, one whole season, summer loves, winter loves; then Diomedes would not see her perhaps for more than a year, for she had revolutions like the stars and ommissions like the comets.

"What doubts her golden hair, to eyes that wept for her, had but once appeared in the heavens.

Christine would arrive, enter like a glance through the chink of the door.

She did not come.

Diomedes was grieved.

Other hours passed. Numbed by the torture of waiting, he had little by little taken up his meditation. Disappointed and deserted, he soon found himself irritated with the want of perspicacity of his desire and once again, envious of the state of wisdom of those who have abolished in their soul all worldly lust, so that they would have been able to inhale, in silence, the beauty of the chase Christine.

He reopened at the forseken page the second volume of the Lives of the Hermits of the Occident and carefully unfolded the plan of the Monastery and of the desert of the monks of the Order of Saint Benedict. This extinct order by the mere fact of its non-existence fascinated him especially. Thus it came to him in the book, "as a precipice and cragged mountain, difficult of access, one descends as through a precipice towards a vale where was built the Monastery of Saint Benedict; from this Monastery each day all that is necessary is sent to the Hermits. Between the Monastery in the Valley and the Hermits at the top of the mountain there are five quarters of an hour's walk and one meets on the road quantities of green trees and several torrents which one must pass over. This mountain is all covered with a dark wood of large pines which give out the annual shower, as these, always retain their leaves and their greenness, they form in the midst of the forest a shaded haven and the most beautiful retreat in the world, continuously irrigated by seven fountains with pure and clear waters, the effect is very agreeable. . . ."

He shut his eyes a moment, awaiting the presence of his friend; then he read over this verdant page.

"Very agreeable. . . . Truly, very agreeable," and Diomedes thought dreamily that by well-chosen readings, and by slow meditation upon them, one might re-create one's life with an almost wanton facility. The man of action is but a digger; the meanest desires and rockets? — Pascase, my dear friend, when yes and no are said in the past their meaning is equally void, they are lost in nothingness.

— But having cr me, you would now still have on your hands, eyes and lips the sensation of a real reminiscence, of an evident joy. The scent of roses where roses have flowered. You are pleased with your phrase. It is charming.

— I say what I think.

Diomedes did not answer. He could not without wounding him, explain to a friend of Pascase's character his plausible habits of language. Smiling he resumed:

— Why do you believe in the existence of Christine? Have you seen her?

— Never. And I would not wish to see her. She frightens me. If I saw her I would love her. Do not let me see her ever, ever!

He had risen, excited, hustling the carpets, tearing with mad fingers at a fan which lay on a table.

— She did come! Here is her fan. I recognize it. It smells of the fragrance which must be hers, the fragrance of roses, the ideal fragrance of roses which we can never be gathered. Would I be afraid if I did not feel her to be alive and tempting? This room is filled with her, I did wrong in coming here. If I loved her I would contain myself no longer. She would hold me, she would cling to me, she would suffocate me in her arms fragrant with the scent of dying roses. I fear nothing, I fear not.

He was at that moment thinking of Pascase so gently and sensitive, without his nervous brutality, and by whom he felt himself loved with a proud timidity.

— Pascal, tender and brave heart, why not have a mistress, a real mistress? I have several . . .

— What, you deceive her? Her!
— We do not quite understand each other, resumed Diomedes, smiling in friendly manner, and the fault rested with you, my dear fellow. Fashionable women, flowers on hedges, belong to those who gather them. Let them, women, better endowed than briar-roses, wave the warning of their thorns if they do not wish to be plucked. Before giving themselves they are free, and having given themselves, they are the most innumerable lovers. Where would she learn love? One learns love, as the French express it, of herself, of her own heart, of her, but how will you? Besides which you fear her. Let us leave dreams. I have Fanette, a thoughtless child, fair-haired and refined, whom I love for the freshness of her soul, but Fanette has innumerable rests I think, with other things. If I love her, perhaps, through ennui, pity, exhaustion.

I do not know what to suggest to you, I am very fond of Cyran. It would merely please me to thwart destinies and with a word to wipe out writings which the senile hands of celebrated planets formulate in the astrological heavens. It is the interreign of the infinite.

II.—POPLARS.

At dawn Diomedes was released. He then thought of Pascase and pitied him for his folly. He judged him capable really of letting himself be caught or even of giving himself freely, born to bear contentedly the so heavy burden of sentimental bondage. His fear was but the instinctive cry of the beast surprised amidst the peace of the cavern, but once captured, he would enter the new cage (so similar to the cavern) with proud docility. It would be curious if he were really in love with Christine! A pleasing psychology to follow! One must thwart Nature. Nothing is more humorous than to mock the old airtless goddess and to lash somewhat her lovers. Simple souls will be baffled into tears.

There, I always know exactly what I wish to say, and from image to image, as at the relays one changes one's horses but not one's course, I arrive at the inn.

Ah! yes to lie down and sleep! Thought is an illness which causes sleep to flee. Tomorrow I will go and see Fanette. That is quite amusing.

Once more alone, Pascase having hardly closed the door, Diomedes felt a sharp feverish thrill. His idea of an armchair with a red lily. Everything else is white, nothing save red lily. Everything else is white, nothing save
white, and a snowy dew falls from the pale heaven. It is very beautiful.

Somewhat domineering with Pascase and a few others, Diomedes did not feel so much at ease with Cyran, whose headstrong and tortuous imagination puzzled him sometimes. Nevertheless he liked him. To give himself time, he wished to discuss the technical question of white on white. They are just as much corrupted as you are, but innocently; they do not know it. Little girls, you know what one does with them?

I have known it, answered Cyran, with a certain gravity. He put his eulogy away and resumed gently after a silence:

— Diomedes, I do not pretend to deceive you, and you know me too well not to be able to detect my true thought among the false stones. Well, I really have need of candour, of freshness, of whiteness, of snow. I have burnt myself so deeply, I have soiled myself so much.

— Yes, said Diomedes, sin is a morphine; one dies from its pricks, and one dies from the absence of its pricks. It is perhaps better to die pleasantly.

— But I was dying stupidly, with the sensation of sinking in a morose bed of one's days; I was reading pages of "Hello." Emotion overruled the smile, I dreamed, I meditated. Ultimately I was overwhelmed.

— Saint Paul, saint Cyran, as says Cyrène. Perhaps what has become of her?

— Nothing good, said Diomedes. She is weary and still loves you. Cyran resumed without insisting.

— I am very happy, I live in peace, I wallow in snow and in white-leads. I do not fear Cyrène or any other woman and I paint frescoes on the walls of an absolutely bare church. I have work for twenty years more; I will die there if I am given a bed of straw and some ashes when my hour comes. Adieu. How suddenly he went! He is afraid I should speak to him of Cyrène, mused Diomedes. Cyran is afraid. Pascase is afraid. And I? I also am afraid.

I! Yes, I. I am afraid of the woman who moved me, of the woman whom I desire, of the woman whom I love. I am afraid of the only one, I am afraid of a real one. Yesterday, Pascase spoke as I thought, and now Cyran!... There is but one. It is perhaps the same one diversified to suit the forms of soul and body which clings like a cuirass, or a hair-cloth shirt, to our rebellious breasts.

... Oh! when I saw her brown eyes look at me so softly and so imperiously!... No. I wish to toy with life, I wish to pass dreamingly, not wishing to believe; I do not wish to love; I do not wish to suffer; I do not wish to be happy; I do not wish to be a dupe. I look, I observe, I judge, I smile.

But Pascase, but Cyran? Why do they fear? Pascase is afraid of the unknown and Cyran of the too-well-known. I? I am afraid to bend my knee, that is all.

Ah! Christine, Mauve, Fanette, save me! Enough! Moreover I can deny her existence in no. thinking of "To-morrow Europe."

But during the whole evening, dragged through dark streets or under withered trees, he thought of Néobelle. She was a young girl, strong, full of life and will-power, caught sight of, one day in the past, and loved forthwith, painfully beautiful in the semi-nudity of a ball-dress and almost forsaken because of the severity of her brown eyes and of the full-bloom of a body whose power gained the light and gentle fancy men have of a virgin. She would have been worshipped on the stage, amongst the measured exaltation of the tragic verses which her somewhat massive arm would have scan with certitude. Looked at on the same level, on the floor of a drawing-room, she seemed exiled, such as a sumptuous hydrangea in the close of a pauper's yard. Verily her richness frightened one and desire died of an almost painful intensity, before the violent vision of the twin cupolas of the loins, of the womb with its proud promontory of gold, of breasts blossomed deeply with bronze and purple, of shoulders salted with cloves like rocks of white marble sprung from amidst the lavenders, thymes and mints, under the opulent redness of juniper. She was red-haired and darkened by a skin whose pallor drank in all the lights and only gave forth a rich and warm shade of yellow roses.

"Deny her? resumed Diomedes. She is undeni able. Flee from her, at the utmost flee from her! Her name alone, and I see her nude, womanly, mute, smiling, and if she breathes, if her breasts swell like sails, I embark on the ship and am carried towards the high seas, and the ancient islands of sensual felicities. But she is not the stupid flesh that enjoys the joys of the beast and then retires and returns to the pastures. There is a grace and an art which are her majestic sensuality: she is gifted with the smile.

She smiles seriously, she is as serious as a divinity. On bended knees. No, neither before men or women will I offer or accept. There are so many of these eyes of good-will, or of these robes which fall before a glance. I want to be touched without overcoming me, without fear—and so alike all of them to those who hide in shrines! It is such artlessness to wish oneself robbed by the bursting of a lock that a tear will force open, or the breaking of a mirror that a prayer will shatter.

I will neither pray nor weep. I uplift my desire and my desire uplifts me. We will go long and far, burden each in turn, towards nothing, towards forgetfulness, towards silence and perhaps towards peace.

She troubles me. I do not wish that the waters of the lake should be dimmed with burst bubbles; it annoys me when I look, among the green pebbles and the grasses, at the playings of the blue devils which are my beloved thoughts.

Let me be uneasy, sad and free, rather than be happy by the abandoning of my hands! And yet her hair would make beautiful ropes, soft as silk, strong as hemp. ...

No. To play with Fanette.

Will she still amuse me? Yesterday Christine would have perhaps disappointed me! Cyran froze up. To be touched without overcoming me. When one has been Cyran, the man of abrupt words, precise gestures and dry eyes. "To change is perhaps to decline."

REMY DE GOURMONT.

(To be continued.)

Religion and Riches.

It is naturally difficult for most of us to realise that the thing we think we want most is probably the last thing it is good for us to have. Nine people out of ten, for instance, think they want bigger wages, while as a matter of fact it is less and not more wages they really want. The happiest person I have ever met, among the poor of course—the rich felicities. But she is not the stupid flesh that enjoys the joys of the beast and then retires and returns to the pastures. There is a grace and an art which are her majestic sensuality: she is gifted with the smile.

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REMY DE GOURMONT.

(To be continued.)
be free. Wages mean that we have to get our food and clothes and cottages from other people instead of making them for ourselves; surely a servile condition to be reduced to! A slave may be a benefactor of society because every fool and a hanger-on to whom, so long as he cannot escape from his thraldom, or, what is worse, prefers it to liberty, so long he must accept the stigma which slavery implies. The great delusion of to-day, a delusion instinctively fostered by the richer class, is that England is a free and enlightened land because everybody feels it even to whether the links of his chain shall be round or square; into such an absurdity has commercialism, machinery, and political equality, so far as they have gone—and we only speak in the hope of checking their further advance—led us, that we have become a nation of slaves self-hypnotised into the belief that we are lords of creation by an unspokenable conceit or pride.

To shake this pride and substitute a corresponding humility is the initial, as it must be the hardest, task of any true attempt at Reconstruction, for not only is our present inaffability taken for granted, but a whole profession is employed in bringing the contrary virtue into ridicule. The real meaning and value of Humility has been missed because it has been too exclusively associated with a personal state of mind instead of with a national state of body. Indifferently incited by Church, has been the rich oppressor's best friend. It has unnerved rebellion by undermining justifiable indignation, and indignation without action is vicious. "Better kill an infant in its cradle" says Blake "than nurse unsatisfied desires." It has justified robbery by preaching the sinfulness of resistance. Now, Humility in its bodily instead of spiritual meaning is Poverty, but Poverty in the classical and biblical sense is very different from what it has come to mean to-day. In the Bible it holds a dignified position as Riches, as a part of the physical condition of pride, is the contemptible and disintegrating element in social affairs. The "Poor," or those of humble estate, are the Peasants, who in all ages constitute the true nation, because they support it. The "poor" or the rich are the capitalists who never represent a country till they have ruined it. If the Church had been a perceptive or faithful Church, it would have known that a "rich" nation can no more enter the kingdom of Heaven than a rich man can; that the true principle of Christianity is far less to relieve poverty than to bless and advance it. To have made Christ palliate our poverty is naturally to have brought Christianity into disrepute. To see in poverty only a reason for charity is to divert attention from its criminal manufacture. How could any reasonable person continue to respect a religion or a church that is responsible for maintaining a slavery so widespread, so degraded and so justifiably unenviable as ours!

That Humility then, which is so indispensable for our national salvation, is less a personal sentiment, creditable only as it is concealed, than the restoration of that honourable and desirable state, as it used to be called of Peasantry, Poverty, or, if I may use the term without being misunderstood, the Simple Life. Excessive wealth, or rather excessive control of poverty by a few persons is dangerous to the State, but much more dangerous is the feeling and the chance that they may be doing some intellectual work in exchange for their power. When, however, there are a great many more rich people than there is intellectual work to be done, Idleness becomes proportionately difficult for any gospel of Humility or Poverty to gain a tolerant hearing. No other gospel however can ever be thoroughly successful; firstly because the greatest happiness of the greatest number can only be secured when the greatest number are poor. It is obvious that only a minority can ever be rich, because people are only rich in proportion to the number of slaves they employ. What would be the worth of a hundred motor cars with only one chauffeur, or a hundred feather beds if one had not only to make but to lie on them? The only real reason for preaching Humility or poverty is that, after all, the strongest appeal you can make to anyone is to ask him to sacrifice himself. We are proud of our martyrdoms, real or imaginary, than of anything else, and Socialism has failed because it failed to preach the spirit of self-sacrifice. The first condition for everybody to aim at. Socialism could never clear its mind of cant, the cant that Money, the symbol of slavery, the mere uncertain promise of things, can possibly be better than the actual possession of the things themselves. It succumbed to the popularity of the cheap socialism of the second millennium, and descended to a vulgar and foolish appeal instead of rising to a wise and refined one. Foolish, because in assuming that the national wealth could be redistributed, it accepted the very slavery that maintains it, and carried on by any name will smell as nasty. Socialism that failed the test of human necessities should relieve the stoker and guard, but took it for granted that the train would continue to run. A humble state, a poor state, a peasant state, a happy state would question the need of the train to run at all. It would insterpolate the whole system of modern industrialism. It would repudiate a debt it never incurred and could never repay, and begin instead to accumulate a national store bearing a different sort of interest in rosy cheeks and happy hearts.

Forty years ago such "sentimental" language was dismissed at once as unscientific and unpractical. To-day, a different note may struggle with the scorn exercised by the actual material pressure of modern slavery than by the horror and hatred of it, people like you or me who have had leisure enough to read and write articles on our social problems which the people would never read and the people whose point of view is obviously transitional and ephemeral and who would consequently and naturally miss the right, and only, and eternal solution, which is the religious solution.

When I say that, many of my readers will, as I feared before, discontinue to do me that honour, in contempt or pity for my obsolete state of mind, for they believe that either the resources of religion have proved utterly ineffectual to cope with modern conditions, or that Religion was never intended to grapple with the task. But this opinion of theirs is only due to their ignorance, firstly of what the real object of Religion is, and secondly of the nature of the problem with which we are faced. I will attempt as briefly as possible to explain both of these matters.

We saw in a former article that Religion meant something that bound people together, before it bound them separately to somebody or something they could not understand, and that the chief thing which could do that was a continuous interest which they could share. Let me take a further step and say that the only enthusiasm which can bind people together in any satisfactory, or permanent and progressive manner, would be the belief that life is a spiritual business before it is a material one; and that we not shrink from the inevitable challenge to explain what I mean by "spiritual" and "material," but in the meantime I shall use these words in preference to more metaphysical ones, with which I should not feel at home; or to simpler ones such as "feeling" and "fact" which would be open to still greater ambiguity, because these two words spiritual and
material do I think convey better than any others a radical and inherent and generally confessed antithesis in most people's minds.

Without more definition at present, let us then say that religion—the enthusiasm that binds people together through our physical or mental condition depends on our spiritual condition, instead of vice versa; and that consequently any alteration in our material surroundings, or the state of our bodies, must be preceded by an alteration in our Ideals; so that the first question to be asked to-day and to-morrow, before any practical step can be taken, is from a religious point of view, "What are our Ideals?"

Ideals, if you please, or rather Utopias, for the most materialistic of us has his ideals. Utopias, then, and not merely theories purporting to be based on experience, still less policies prompted by expediency or despair. We must hitch our wagon to a star, or we shall inevitably stick the mud. The vital question is, as somebody has said, "To what star?" We must insist too on putting our Utopias in the front of the fighting and not in the reserve, because people who have no visions of a promised land are always apt to think of the mud. "That is all very pretty" they say "but in the meantime what are we to do? We cannot possibly leave the poor to be starved and sweated and ill-housed and ill-treated and unrepresented as they are at present." To which we can only answer that for our part we have no objection to helping people to anything for as long as they do it themselves instead of deputing others to do it for them; for the truth is that those who insist on the urgency of "doing something" generally think that wrong can be set right by legislation, and that all we have to do ourselves is to "vote for the right man."

Now, if there is one thing that a new religious movement should stand for, it is this elementary fact, that wrongs cannot be set right by legislation, but only by our finding out what are the right thoughts to think and what are the right things to do, and by thinking those thoughts and doing those things ourselves, of our own accord, instead of being forced, or forcing other people, to think and do them. It is perhaps just conceivable that Legislation might oppress the rich and proud, and exalt the humble and meek; but even supposing a dictator could be found to do anything for those things, let us remember that it is our character, not change our character, and it is character which, as religious people or idealists, we wish to see changed.

To believe that Legislation in some form or other, by shifting material conditions, is going to affect us is to suppose that Mammon and Machinery do. Legislation is only one form of Machinery, and belief in its efficacy is a comfortable superstition that society at large can get rich and young again by some inscrutable magic, and without that personal labour and individual conviction which are used to be inseparably associated with all effective reform.

This superstition has been carefully fostered by the whole of our recent development with its many mechanical inventions. It has been the object of these inventions (and it is curious to notice how completely successful they have been) to supply every kind of tinned and packeted American bread, Brittany butter, and Dutch eggs, and to replete our stomachs with every kind of tinned and packeted commodity; and the people love to have it so. Thus the whole trend of our "progress" is to remove all memory of the degrading necessity of labour further and further away from our senses and sensitive selves. The telephone, the electric light, the typewriter and all the rest of the machinery which "nobody now could possibly do without" have really separated us from the facts of nature and the greater laws of God. In believing that they were serving us we have become their absolute slaves.

The Ideals which aim at the extension of these luxuries, are not the kind of "riches" which come from a religious point of view: they are not Utopias or schemes subversive to a spiritual vision, but are directly opposed to such being, so far as they are visions at all, based on the belief that our welfare is a physical and not a mental condition. Against such opinions we must rebel, for they are the taskmasters of Egypt to which we are in bondage. But while we deny that the spiritual can be the outcome of the material, or that any good can come out of Egypt, except in reaction to it, we do believe that prosperous material conditions will ultimately and inevitably spring from spiritual ones, only they will not be of the nature usually associated with prosperity.

The sort of prosperity which a more spiritual civilisation than ours would illustrate, would be such a modest one that everybody could claim an approximately equal share in it. Such an equality could obviously only exist among people who were indispensable to each other, and who were therefore free in that paradoxical but true sense. Now, none can answer to such a description better than those who produce the food for the community, for it is they who keep the community alive, they who are really "free of the community because the community is dependent on them. This indispensability between the members of the community should however, as far as possible, extend to them all. Everybody should be honoured and free because he is useful to his neighbours in one of two ways. Either he helps to feed them or he is fed by them in consideration of doing something which they think is worth doing. This division is a very important one because while we can have no doubt at all about the value of food, we must have very considerable doubts about the value of many things, which are nevertheless handsomely rewarded to-day with a great deal of food—of money which stands for food.

By those who produce food for the community, I mean of course those who get it out of the ground; peasants as they should be, agricultural labourers as we only know them to be. I do not at all mean "breadwinners" in the modern sentimental and pathetically misleading sense of wage or money earners for the family.

Money was perhaps originally invented to facilitate exchange, so that barter might take place in which one of the parties would give some document or coin, in lieu of goods, as a promise or token that he would hand over the goods on return of the token. Money is consequently the symbol of debt or credit, the sign of slavery, but the ideal of our age. By those who produce food for the community, we have seen that not only do they repudiate the token they never invented or gave; but of the rich to the poor, or shall we rather say, of all those who put their trust in that form of "riches" rather than in their own ability to do honest work.

So we can conclude that if religion has anything to do with our exchange, our money, our debts, and our rights, it will be to do with them; and if morality implies, as we saw it did in the case of Humility, a political and social as well as a personal ideal and practice, Religion must be the solution, and the only solution of our political or social difficulties, only it will have to be a religion which is to be eternal and not only of the authorised holders of the keys are able or are anxious to disclose.

Godfrey Blount.
The Latest Freaks in Taxation.

I NSANE as the State is, no one has ever dreamed that it would contemplate the levying of a special tax on people so unfortunate as to be afflicted with disease. Yet this is what it is on the point of doing. In the New Woman News, published last August by the call for attention to the growing tendency of State legislatures in the United States to require certificates of health from both parties to a marriage. Now comes the congress of the United States with a proposition for a general income tax, graduated for all incomes in excess of $3000. That is to say, the celibate is to be taxed on an extra thousand dollars. But, if ill, he is forbidden to marry. Therefore those whom the State forces to remain celibates are to be taxed virtually because they are diseased. You are damned if you do, and you are damned if you don’t. France, more logical thus far than the United States, will damn you only if you fail to marry. But this damnation, though single, is far the more serious. Under the income tax proposed in France the benefit who enjoys an income of 10,000 francs will pay a tax of only 25 francs a year, while the bachelor enjoying the same income will pay 1025 francs a year. Besides paying the same income tax as the bachelor must pay, in addition, every year, twenty per cent. of his entire income in excess of 5000 francs. This proposal is being assailed vigorously by such writers as Urbain Gohier, Victor Margueritte, Paul Brulat, and Remy de Gourmont; and a special way in which it will work injustice is pointed out by Paul Desachy, who says in "Gil Blas": “The project is dominated by a veritable spirit of reaction. It is a manifestation against free union, against those who think that marriage, as it now exists, is an immoral contract because love does not figure in it, because it is a guarantee only for the rich, because it has been instituted solely for the maintenance of property and the consolidation of castes, and because it is not adapted to a society where each participates in the social capital and in the social task. Those who profess these theories, on which Stendhal has written vigorous pages, are becoming more numerous every day; and still more numerous those who, under the influence of the movement for woman’s emancipation, are proclaiming them and founding families, by the simple assent of two free wills, without the aid of scarf or chasuble. Well, Mr. Lawgiver, do you intend to tax heavily, doubly, the life of these beings who, regardless of social conventions, love and procreate?”

Remy de Gourmont attacks the proposal from various points of view, but his conclusive objection is that “a tax of this sort is an assault upon liberty.”

But, my dear Monsieur de Gourmont, what tax is not?

Benj. R. Tucker.

The Humanitarian Holiday Recreational Party & Food Reform Summer School.

The Rape of the Drama.

Down in a sea-girt hollow that fronts my window is an unquenchable blue flower has lifted its head to the coveted sun. For two days a blustering gale has trampled on it. The flower suggests the question, Is this the last gasp of the August gale that has trampled on it? Will it become cosmic once more? Much stress is being laid on the renewed activity of the drama. Can it be the activity of a reptile masquerading as an angel? That the drama is still on the dark and soulless side of human life and is plying for hire in establishments where gambling, gin and the palaces and glorified doss-houses run by members of the drama procuring trade, is I think obvious to all open-eyed persons. And that it was not always so is plain also. Centuries and centuries ago, as I explained in my last article, the drama was born in a pure form and motion. It was reborn as words because primitive man had the capacity to be provoked into motion. That it was born as words because mankind had lost this capacity. Its pure and original form as motion the drama expressed the Cosmic Consciousness and Harmony. Later it was succeeded by Spalding to an exploitation of the Middle Class Consciousness and Conflict. A freak was born possessing scholarly leanings and a perverted sexual nature. With barrenness as its chief characteristic it found no difficulty in becoming the prostitute of the material world. And as age succeeded age, generation followed generation, so it was to be met “soliciting” the changing phases of civilization what time it exclaimed to its patrons in the financial line “Here I am completely at your service Messieurs les Procureurs dramatiques.” It has been described as the most deplorable condition of to-day. It has been “getting on” so well with present-day procurers, procuresses, assistant-deputy procurers and procurers that it looks like a Smyth-Piggotted English typist.

Concerning what I said as to the seduction of the drama, a friend writes to point out that Nietzsche has a similar idea relating to Art. It seems that Nietzsche has referred somewhere to Art as the Arch-seducer. He was aware that the deadly formalism and fallacies arising from the artist-fetish had bred a race of intermediaries called professional artists who are engaged in doing on behalf of laymen what laymen should be doing for themselves. Art practice (not Art itself as Nietzsche seems to imply) has in fact been used to seduce human beings from Art expression. This is the first I have heard of Nietzsche’s theory owing no doubt to the fact that I have not filtered through the German philosopher’s work. From time to time I have dipped into the unilluminating translations and interpretations by red-tie bleaters and top-hatted males including Dr. G. T. Wrench, Mr. Bernard Shaw, J. M. Kennedy (of T.P.’s Weekly) A. R. Orage, Professor Antony, M. Ludovici (of University College) and Dr. Oscar Levy, without however finding anything except an instinct for avoiding Nietzsche altogether. Of NEITZSCHE—Nietzsche of the future—there is not a trace in the work of these commonplace plagiarizers. They have simply picked at him not looked at him, made a civic pyramid not a cosmic circle of him. They have taught us to understand why Nietzsche shivered with fear at the thought of this descent into mediocrity and why the fear wrung from him the prophetic cry—“My disciples will kill me.”

All that matters to me is Nietzsche’s vision, not the little heaps of manufactured intellectual dust. And I suppose all that mattered to early man was the never-ending stream of Life, not the gable of Gods, or man or beast. The Exhbitors and their agents through him, and as it flowed so arose the necessity for expression. He was accessible to the flow and responded to it. Thus dramatic expression was a necessity to
The root is there. One cannot look upon certain scenes of human life without realising it is there. It makes itself felt as the life of each scene—of which scene the conscious dramatic motives of the actors are infinitesimal parts. Writing in "A Living Theatre" (an excellent shilling publication that comes from the Arena Goldoni, Florence, to explain "The Gordon Craig School") Mr. John Balance describes how he feels its presence in Florence. He says:

"Actors spring from the soil here, instead of through traps in a stage or the dressing-rooms of the wealthy... In the very streets excitement creates the Drama for us. Every shop is a theatre, working men's doorways, in the town, their favourite songs as in the olden time, (and the songs are enchanting), is the scene of a drama. Drama played by a City of Actors on the open-air stage. Drama delicate and amusing. Drama ever so refined and lastingly humorous. Comedians in the piazzas. Comedians on the steps by the river. Comedians on the bridges—down the alleys—in the market-places—everywhere! Delicate comedy all the time, and now and then a very little fierce tragedy.

It is because the root is there that the dramatic rebirth of civilised human beings is possible. The question is, how is the root to be fertilised? How are human beings to be weaned from the Drama of Daily Life. How are they to be led to see that all this appalling caricaturing is a symbol of the loss of their capacity, to be provoked into expressing their own spiritual motive power? The answer is in two ways. The first would be of course the sudden elimination of all substitutes and substitutions; the second, the gradual elimination of them. Contributions to the first have been furnished by Mr. Gordon Craig and may I think be summed up as both destructive and constructive. Mr. Craig is for destroyingconstable and substitute and place of the Drama. The qualities have changed their names, that is all. Virtue is now Mrs. Parson-parrot is able to adapt its sermon to its congregation. It is nothing of the sort. The so-called new religious drama now stirring in our midst is simply the old Morality Play with a modern dress. Morality clothes itself in the odds and ends of a theatrical plays. I do not suppose that this view of the Theatre is that they indicate a change in public opinion wrought by philosophy and religion. Philosophers..."
by Mrs. Percy Dearmer, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and other benighted members of the bloated Morality Society. It is possible, said Mr. Stanton Coit in introducing the Old Morality with faked music to the Ethical Church is aware that he is conspiring to restore the Diction Drama to the Church where it may soon become addicted to the theatrical habit. The Diction Drama has been struggling for some time in the ashes of a discredited Determinist theatre and now, under the guidance of salvos, its fears have been manifest. By opening its arms to its long-suffering disciple we may reasonably hope to "figure gloriously" in our midst. His Majesty's Theatre is about to allot it splendid opportunities for "progress" and under a spreading Beebohm Tree it may be trusted to develop the inane follies which our Middle-Aged ancestors elaborated.

In this attempt to free itself from the restraints imposed upon it by the Viewsite and Discussionists in order to become Biblical the Diction Drama will have the help of its many "enlightened" specialist friends. The following gay and gaudy samples of high-class thinking on the drama, culled from a contemporary "Morning Post" and from other sources, are sufficient to prove it.

"The English stage has never been more flourishing, more vigorous, nor in a more hopeful condition... but as Mr. Knoblauch says, with our British genius for self-depreciation, we are always in danger of falling below the average of those wretched the Little Engagers" (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). Slobber. "English plays invade other countries successfully, being strong enough to overcome national prejudice in doing so" (Mr. Edward Knoblauch). Not we know why other countries are so dull. "I entirely agree with what Mr. Knoblauch says about the evil effects of our national mood of self-depreciation. It does no good to our playwrights, our books, or our authors. Indeed it acts as a very bad quicklime to such genius as we still have with us" (Mr. Hall Caine). "Caine's joke on the principle which entirely prohibits laughter, "The supply of first-class plays is far below the demand" (Mr. Wewood Grossmith). This may be regarded as dangerous evidence of the decay of the Drama. If the wealthy merchants and bankers of the city would not disdain to give some financial support to the theatre, then it would seem to me, without a doubt, in John Street there would be the hub of the Renaissance of the Drama" (Miss Gertrude Kingston). This is a thin layer of tosh covering a solid block of personal interest."I venture to say boldly that the people of Great Britain are hungry and thirsty for the Drama" (Mr. Louis N. Parker). "Mr. Parker speaks as one who has had an honourable connexion with the theatre. Mr. John \O\liver was inclined to kick over the traces and to stand upon its head" (Mr. Sydney Grundy). It has had enough of Miss Grundy's stain. A feature of the Theatre: Are we not to present the public with a much-favoured appearing in certain types of parts, but I think in time they would come to recognise acting as an art ("Miss Marie Nasmyth"). "Now we know why the English quick to observe the state of the British theatre, and the Little Theatre in John Street would be the hub of the Renaissance of Drama?" (Miss Gertrude Kingston).

Let us examine the proposition more closely. Why is the function of sex singled out from among all the other functions of the human body to be consecrated? It may be asserted that it is the most important, since it is by means of that that the individual never reaches the reproductive age, nor in a more hopeful condition... but as Mr. Knoblauch says, with our British genius for self-depreciation, we are always in danger of falling below the average of those wretched the Little Engagers" (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). Slobber. "English plays invade other countries successfully, being strong enough to overcome national prejudice in doing so" (Mr. Edward Knoblauch). Not we know why other countries are so dull. "I entirely agree with what Mr. Knoblauch says about the evil effects of our national mood of self-depreciation. It does no good to our playwrights, our books, or our authors. Indeed it acts as a very bad quicklime to such genius as we still have with us" (Mr. Hall Caine). "Caine's joke on the principle which entirely prohibits laughter, "The supply of first-class plays is far below the demand" (Mr. Wewood Grossmith). This may be regarded as dangerous evidence of the decay of the Drama. If the wealthy merchants and bankers of the city would not disdain to give some financial support to the theatre, then it would seem to me, without a doubt, in John Street there would be the hub of the Renaissance of the Drama" (Miss Gertrude Kingston). This is a thin layer of tosh covering a solid block of personal interest."I venture to say boldly that the people of Great Britain are hungry and thirsty for the Drama" (Mr. Louis N. Parker). "Mr. Parker speaks as one who has had an honourable connexion with the theatre. Mr. John \O\liver was inclined to kick over the traces and to stand upon its head" (Mr. Sydney Grundy). It has had enough of Miss Grundy's stain. A feature of the Theatre: Are we not to present the public with a much-favoured appearing in certain types of parts, but I think in time they would come to recognise acting as an art ("Miss Marie Nasmyth"). "Now we know why the English quick to observe the state of the British theatre, and the Little Theatre in John Street would be the hub of the Renaissance of Drama?" (Miss Gertrude Kingston).
invasive way. We must defend her right; it should be inviolable. And, while the law of equal freedom does not compel us to associate with her, it is certainly an evidence of lurking superstition if, for no other reason, we withdraw from her society.

Society, as at present constituted, refers to her course of conduct as prostitution. We have only to consider the etymology of this word to see that its use has been perverted to that of a reprehensive epithet, and in this sense it should become obsolete. When we have banished the ghosts that have handed down to us their antiquated standards of morality, then, without the use of a term, the mere application of which is a condemnation, we shall be able to speak calmly and naturally of a woman who earns her daily bread by means of her sexual organs.

The use to which the sex-workingwoman puts her body differs only in degree—and sometimes not in that—from that to which most married women subject theirs. The woman who deliberately marries, without love, for money, position, a home or children, needs only to be mentioned to be placed in the same category. And even when sexual favours are granted for love, there is no denying the quid pro quo. As long as anything—love, caresses, money, support, a name, or what not—is exacted or accepted in payment, therefor, what differentiates one voluntary sex-association from another?

The trouble with the usual treatment of the problem is that the biological factor is overlooked. There is a difference between the male and female of all Christian peoples that is only slightly apparent in the people of the rest of the world. The logical deduction from this fact is that the asceticism which the Christian religion has imposed upon women for nineteen centuries has so atrophied her organs and suspended their functions that in varying degrees the sexual desire has been extinguished, the natural result of such long-continued suppression of normal instincts. The male, not having been subjected to that rigorous discipline, has retained his normal desires. The result is a demand on his part for sexual satisfaction greatly in excess of the natural supply, with the inevitable consequence of a rise to correspond in the value of the supply. Hence, a premium that can be, and is, exacted and paid. The character of the consideration is of concern only to the contracting parties.

If women will be free, they must demand freedom for all of their sex and for all of their non-invasive activities. There must be no discrimination against those women whose means of support differ from those of some others. There must be no discrimination on the point of respectability—no class distinction. And, if the true spirit of equal freedom is to be observed, there should be mutual helpfulness; furthermore, if any advantage is to be gained through trade-unionism, sex-workingwomen should be encouraged to organise, to the end that a scale of prices may be adopted and maintained, mutual insurance secured, disease prevented and health preserved. Under such conditions, there is no reason why sex labour with full knowledge of all modern preventives and prophylactics, should be more hazardous than any other of the gainful occupations open to women.

The foregoing is offered for serious consideration, since what is known as prostitution cannot be abolished, even if that were desirable (which has by no means been demonstrated). It is of such magnitude, so many women are engaged in it, that it cannot be ignored. No movement for women's emancipation, standing any reasonable chance of success, can afford to deny recognition to this branch of feminine industry and it must be envisaged in any plan of reform.

CLARENCE LEE SWARTZ.

[The differences between our point of view and that of our contributor of course turn upon the question of “property” and the “expediency” of selling the person (man’s or woman’s) into the “employ” of others. We redirect attention to the editorial “The heart of the question” which appeared in the last issue of The New Freewoman. Other aspects of the above contribution are referred to in the present issue.—Ed., The New Freewoman.]
Prove that nothing is entirely wasted or harmful, not even Miss S. Pankhurst's catchpenny literature—all this letter suggests in the way of assistance to be given a girl who is developing tuberculosis in a tenement house. If the people who have the courage and energy to visit tenement houses were not cranks or climbers, people working not for their own advancement or that of others, they would help a young girl like the one described by Miss S. Pankhurst to become a farm-hand, they would go to the railway companies and, instead of plaguing those in influential positions to get them votes, ask for cheap fares into the country for poor citizens who have the greatest difficulty in finding assistance. I do not know much about English farm-life but enough about it to realise that this suggestion is perfectly practicable. For instance, the honest, hard-working farmers of Cumberland—no more deserving race—have the greatest difficulty in finding assistance. It is all very well to be always working on one's pity by describing poverty—that is not difficult, but it is downright bad faith to do so when you know—or ought to know, and before going in for philanthropy it would be as well to make some inquiries—how easily the remedy can be supplied. On a Cumberland farm the servants are given the best of the excellent home-cooked food, they take their meals at a common table with their masters, with whom they work side by side; the system is, therefore, democratic; they have plenty of company, jollity and freedom; no responsibilities, no taxes, no rent; they are sufficiently paid. And if the conditions do not suit them how easy it is for them to change their situations or to ask for other terms seeing that the demand for servants is so much in excess of the supply. People who would in this way help to save the agonising tuberculosis in a tenement house. If the people who have the zeal to do so might send them to starvation for a certainty. For, as soon as the rebellious leader meets with success in his enterprise he invariably settles down to order—necessarily so—and leaves the others in the lurch and to pay the piper.
THOUSAND CLUB MEMBERSHIP
FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

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

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

THOUSAND CLUB MEMBERSHIP.

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

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Miss Edna Kenton, 240, West 15th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
Miss Marjorie Jones, City National Bank, Evanston, Ill., U.S.A.

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

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Orders should be sent to Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and should be crossed and made payable as indicated above.

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

FRANCIS GRIESEON.—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.

R. W. WELLS.—I rejoice beyond measure in the enrilal of THE FREEWOMAN. Its policy even at its worst was a wholesome weekly irritant, and its columns were more illuminating 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.

HARVEY ELLIS.—I admire so much the energy and courage of THE FREEWOMAN that I am really sorry I cannot identify myself more closely with its spirit and outlook. No doubt a newspaper requires both funds and publicity. The first is usually difficult to obtain, but I frankly 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 money, it is most wonderful how widely this paper is known.

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

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

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

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