CONCERNING THE BEAUTIFUL.

To read the history of the "Idea of the Beautiful" is the best known way of destroying respect for philosophy. It is so revealing of the manner in which philosophers have been wont to "put in their time." Apparently, sweat does not rise to the brow of thinkers of the aesthetic philosopher's level. It may be however that instinctively they felt there was no advance to be made along a track which was a circle: that speeding on was equivalent to hastening back. However that may be, definitions of "Beauty" have made no advance—those of artists no more than those of wayfaring men. The reason is clear—the repeated tale true of almost the entire field of philosophic inquiry. An effect is put up as a cause; from the supposed cause, a quality is supposedly abstracted; the supposed abstraction is given a sturdy name and then set free to roam the thin atmosphere of thoughts. Once fairly on the wing, the philosophers are violently taken with the desire to catch up with it again: they want to find out of what it is made. Being made of "nothing and a name" it has the best possible chance in the world of being elusive, and prolonging the hunt. Beauty is one of the thought-birds created in this wise and set roving. The story of the hunt is the history of the science of aesthetics.

We need therefore scarcely pause to deny objective reality to "Beauty." A name which has to hunt for its connotation is obviously before its time. Names are to be bestowed only as in Christian baptism, with the recipient waiting on the spot. The inquiry sets, therefore, not towards finding out what is the essence of Beauty, but what we mean when we say that such and such a thing appears beautiful to us. We require to know what a beautiful effect is, and this we learn by analysing what happens to us when a thing strikes us as being beautiful. The effect of the beautiful is mainly that of "repose," of entering into possession of the self, of one's soul, whose scattered members under its influence come together like white-winged birds softly folding in home. It is as healing as sleep—and as quiet,—not for the eyes that are tired but for the spirit which looks through them. Like a scatterbrain child, that has been decently laid to rest, fed, clean, forgiven and good, the "beautiful" reconciles us with ourself, part with part. Usually we realise its presence unawares as if subconsciously, the soul lay in wait for it, ready to respond should its opportunity appear. Apparently this is what actually does take place. The soul has a sense for what we call the "beautiful" which has been evolved out of the soul's need of the experience involved in it.

This feeling for the beautiful has its origin in a need of the soul analogous to hunger in the bodily mechanism. The soul apparently has wants whose satisfactions are essential to its growth. Growth physically is expressed in increasing extent, size. Growth in the soul is expressed in increasing consistency, power of holding together, integration as a separate individualised unit. Therefore the condition of want in the soul which corresponds to hunger in the body, is disparateness. Its satisfaction is the achieving of unity. Likewise, just as for the body any chemical combination which is found by an empiric experience to remove the hunger is
called a food, so any geometrical and physical combinations which overcome disparateness in the soul is its food. Both are the required satisfactions, that is, in these connections they are not ends in themselves, but dependent upon the relative and variable needs which they subserve. As the intrinsic feature of a food is merely that it feeds, i.e., that it can be used up in satisfaction of a need, so in the case of what we call the "beautiful," it is anything which overcomes disparateness in the soul, now being one thing, now another. Sometimes the same thing will fairly regularly answer to the purpose. Sometimes not. All depends upon the specific character of the need. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," sang Keats. Not so at all. All that which has authoritatively been termed "beautiful" may fail the purpose as likely as not, Grecian urns and all things beautiful, and Greek.

It has been very commonly noted how large a part symmetry plays in what usually serves as the "beautiful." It has been regularly laid down that in symmetry there lay abiding intrinsic merit, and that in the understanding of its "genius" here if anywhere, the soul of Beauty would be found. Close scrutiny however does not seem to bear out such a view. Symmetry serves, because it is the antidote of the asymmetrical, with which experience is so packed. When experience is otherwise, as when life is monotonous, and of an unvarying "symmetry," the "beautiful" is found in the asymmetrical, for monotony too appears to "thin out" the substance of the soul. Accordingly, when reckoning up the ingredients of "Beauty," the philosophers have found themselves compelled to add "variety" as part and parcel of what is necessary, and alongside these, unity and harmony.

It is of no great profit to catalogue the variety of things which will serve to achieve the effect of the beautiful. It is not necessary to go through the inventory of a grocer's store to indicate foods. It is enough to say that food is what feeds: what satisfies a want. What will feed we find out by a purely empirical experience. The first art of the process in the achieving of this emotional satisfaction lies in the focussing of the emotion, which the "beautiful" does, not so much by attaching it to a fixed point as by drawing it into a coherent whole. The fullness of the response, the sense of answering with one's entire soul to the stimulus is a natural sequence. This accounts for the placing of "unity" among the stock ingredients of "Beauty." It explains the origin of the repulsion of "taste" to ostentation, excessive ornament, to every attempt to achieve the "beautiful" by herding together a collection of "beauties." The over-accentuation of a stimulus destroys that which it is the sole meaning of the "beautiful" to effect, the unifying of the emotional force. This explains why one star in the heavens appears more beautiful than a myriad, one rose than a cluster, one jewel than a blaze.

The unity-character of the "beautiful" is first effected in the soul, and by it mirrored back upon the "object" whose accidental appearance has been enabled to satisfy the soul's need. Likewise with harmony. The test whether a thing will appear beautiful will turn, not upon the question of whether it is harmonious in itself, but upon the fact of its being able to harmonise the spirit of the one who is beholding it. Thus there is nothing intrinsically "beautiful" just as there is nothing which is intrinsically a "food." The South Sea Islander (perhaps we are unjust to the South Sea Islands) is not worried with the thought whether or no the missionary is intrinsically a good food. His only concern is to settle a question of fact, to wit, whether the missionary will suit his particular digestion. Thus the verdict whether anything is "beautiful" turns upon the condition of being satisfied, effected in the spirit of the beholder. It relates to a fact and not to a thought, a distinction which accounts for the stubborness of the instinct which has maintained itself that somehow the "beautiful" was bound up with the religious sense. The religious man, apart from his "religion," is one who feels that he is a soul, a separate emotional entity, and that in some way the charge is upon him to maintain this as such, and secure its permanence. He feels that his states of emotion are bound together and each affects the character of the whole. To be religious, is to have the perception of a separate life, in which there is cohesion—a "present" bound together with an "after" and "before." Perception suggests perhaps too strong and clear an emotion. "Feel" is nearer. The strengthening of this groping feel for the achievement of the oneness and permanence of the soul into a clear perception of its nature, is the line of development from the mindless savage to a Christ, in whom the perception of having achieved the power to retain the permanent individual character of the self becomes clear. This is the meaning of the instinctive apprehension of immortality, as a like apprehension of the possibility of the wearing-down or binding-together of the soul, lies behind the sensing of the "evil" and "good." Very naturally therefore, strongly "religion-sensed" individuals have been loth to abandon the services of the "beautiful," in spite of the fact that most of that which is called Beauty, has effects all to the contrary of those of the simply "beautiful." The sense for it as a necessity of the soul has remained, as the feeling for food would remain even though the only food available were ill-nourishing or poisonous.

There is one other—and somewhat humorous—character which the philosophers have added to the ingredients necessary in the "Beauty" confection. A thing to be beautiful, they say, must bear such a quality as will make the onlookers' attitude towards it impersonal, undesirous of possession. It must allay any desire to derive profit from it. It should inhibit desire; homage being rendered to it as "Beauty in itself." As a matter of common observation however the effect of the "beautiful" is seen to be quite other. The human soul, which is never disinterested, devours it entire. It yields all and demands nothing. The impersonal disinterestedness of one under the spell of the "beautiful" is comparable to that of a hungry man who is dining well, towards the paraphernalia used in serving him.
He is not ordinarily inclined to pocket the spoons. He is getting (for the moment) all that he needs, and "enough is as good as a feast."

It is clear that since the effect of the "beautiful" is sensed—not thought—after the manner in which we sense the effects of putting a hand in ice-cold water or on a hot oven, effects which belong primarily to a thought-process must be eliminated from the category of the "beautiful": all those effects "beautiful because of association" for instance: which shrinks the area of the "beautiful" to very inconsiderable dimensions. As a matter of fact the unmixed sensation of the "beautiful" falls into the experience only of the very virile and very simple souls. It is almost out of the reach of the ordinarily "cultured," who manage however to extract a fairly pleasant if exhaustive experience from the various brands of associative "beautiful" (so-called), of which we will here touch upon the three main—the sublime, the picturesque and the seductive.

The sublime, the intellect-tainted substitute for the "beautiful" which takes first rank in dignity if not in popular affection, usually nas as its solid substratum one of the "stock forms of beauty," that is, a form which is held to be traditionally potent to produce the pure (i.e., free from thought), effect of the "beautiful." But thereto is added a characteristic hostile to the effecting of the "beautiful," in the removing of limitations, which of necessity destroys the possibility of focussing—a main feature in the sensing of the "beautiful." Thus, for instance, to the symmetrical, is added the illimitable progression of symmetrical order, possible only when there exists the intellectual notion of illimitable space. The immensities in nature, the vast stretches of space in the heavens, the thought of illimitable time, the reign of infinite law, the absolute, the all, these are the thought-elements which constitute the "sublime."

Its appreciation carries with it a very considerable amount of pleasure, due in part to the quietness which is necessary to its suggestion, but mainly due to flattered vanity. The mind infected with the suggestion of the sublime, is pleased to imagine that when it lays on the little thought-labels it is measuring, handling, "dealing with" the Immense. Nor does a little pensive after-thought of quasi-humility springing from the consciousness that in spite of this comprehension of vastness it still remains very incomprehensible, detract from the pleasure. It rather adds that deliberately melancholy beloved of the thought-beridden. And more than all, there goes with it, the "vertigo of thoughts" which in its presence are able to swoon from one in-comprehensible to another. This explains why in comparatively healthy minds the sublime and the absurd are twined. The sublime is so packed with preposterous unreality that the mind feels itself hitched up with a position of extreme inequality, a pose as uncomfortable as the intellectually-cricked-necked attitude which is its outward visible counterpart. This swift-following sense of the ludicrous, appears to be due to a kind of inherent weighting of the mind towards fact and actuality, and the faintest touch of the actual will put into operation the sudden slide: the transit from the sublime to the absurd—from the unstable to the stable. It is the suddenness and swiftness of this movement which gives rise to the grasp of pleasurable surprise which is the charm of the comic. The downward sweep of a swinging-boat would be a fair analogy to its effect in a physical medium. Nothing could be further from repose than the sublime, and its distance from repose measures its distance from the "beautiful."

The picturesque is an even more patently obvious, intellectualised beauty-fake. As its name suggests, it is that which takes on the cast of the stock picture-form. It is the natural, interpreted in terms of the made-up. The kind of picture-form which gives its character to the "picturesque" is the one that tells a story, the romantic. The picturesqueness of "ruins" lies in these latter's associations with "glory": armies, empires, kings, knights, warfare, deeds of derring-do: tales which have the glamour of the remote. This is the picturesque of "glory." Further there is the domestically picturesque, the associated love-interest. The marble steps and sheltered fountains, the shepherdesses with crooks and high heels, stiles, country lanes and gardens, moonlit landscapes—these things are saturated with the associations of love in its best traditional manner, meetings, partings, tears, sighs, Dorothy Vernons, et hoc genus omne. To suggest the romantic story is the character of the picturesque. The third intellectual fake which sports the plume of the "beautiful" is the seductive, the associated sex-interest. This is the semblance of the "beautiful" which has become the criterion of masculine judgment of "Beauty" in women. It has of course nothing whatever to do with "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable.
If we are right in defining the "beautiful" in terms only of the thing it does, to wit, restoring coherence, oneness and composure to the soul; and right too in declaring that these things are the effects it accomplishes, it follows that these plays upon associations with the "at-one-time-beautiful" media, are not merely inadequate; their effects tend in a contrary direction. The intellectual *malaïse* connected with the sublime, the sentimental melancholy of the picturesque, the quickened desires which are the effects of the seductive, tend to dispersal rather than to cohesion. They may have their contribution to make to the soul's need. The casting forth of the seed is as necessary as the reaping of the grain; but for the "beautiful" its function lies in the reaping. Its work is to rally the soul into complete self-possession after being scattered by experience. The inquiry is a subtle and delicate one: necessarily so, since it is concerned with the motions of spirit, but it is not so delicate as to be baffling; for we carry the sense for its apprehending within us. The "taste" for it may be cultivated, but only individually, with discrimination working from within. As the epicure can cultivate the fine edge of the palate for food, so a man should be able to cultivate an infallible taste for the "beautiful for himself," separating it weapon-like from that which presents itself with an intellectual taint. As for a *standard* of taste, it is difficult to understand how there could be one. If we have the courage of them, our tastes are fundamental. Men are divided according to their differences of taste as they are united by their similarities. But they have not the decreeing of what these shall be. What a man's tastes are, is his heritage from his past; the character of his ego. How he deals with them here and now is his present contribution to his future.

**VIEWS AND COMMENTS.**

"We are freeborn men, and wherever we look we see ourselves made servants of egoists. Are we therefore to become egoists too? Heaven forbid! We want rather to make egoists impossible. We want to make them all "ragamuffins"; all of us must have nothing; that 'all may have.' So say the Socialists." Thus Stirner, more than half a century ago, in the most powerful work that has ever emerged from a single human mind. The quotation comes very pat to-day, when "ragamuffin" has become—as Stirner prophesied it would—a term of respect. The ragamuffin is the person who is devoid of property and also who has no objection to so being. He is the ideal citizen, the pattern in whose presence the defective property-owning ones feel themselves rightly under reproach. The nobler among these latter are merely hesitating in their choice of the best means of divesting themselves of their property that they may become ragamuffins too, when they will have become good citizens, no longer a menace to the equal authority of the State. This is not irony: it is the description of an actual process. Slowly, all even of the lowest class, are striving to be divested of their real property: the noble, by request; the less noble, by "arrangement." Real property, land, the State can easily obtain by arrangement, i.e. by buying it at the modest market price (oh, shades of Norman William) of good linoleum. The method by which the State may acquire too, the token of its function lies in the reaping. Its work is to rally the soul into complete self-possession after being scattered by experience. The inquiry is a subtle and delicate one: necessarily so, since it is concerned..."
motto of the guild socialists is "Into the guild or starve." Moreover, as the advocates of guild-socialism propose vesting all properties, land, mines, railways, and the like, in the hands of the State, access to the "use" of these properties can only be effected through a "partnership between workmen and the State"; so that not the guild only, but the full weight of the State—two organisations the story of whose moulding of tyrannical power into a finished art composes the major part of history—stand between individual and his bodily maintenance. They constitute, one imagines, two fairly high hurdles that the ragamuffin, who has not the means to acquire what he needs besides, is to jump. They need not be overcome; but a stout heart is needed. It is not to be supposed that because the facts laid bare above are true that we imagine they are welcome. No characteristic of civilised man cuts deeper than that of the ragamuffin. Most men and women desire to prove ragamuffinism to be the right thing because they hate the thought of its alternative. Quite the last thing they desire is to be independent, when independence means in the first place labour, and in the second place, responsibility; and widely extended individual property, and the like. The same is a commentary on THE NEW FREEMAN'S creed in the periodical to which we have referred, makes the following summary of our position: "Power means ownership; a woman is worth just what she owns; this ownership must be of something external to herself; the alternative is to sell her sex in the slave-market; since this is fashioned, the new freewoman must acquire property to become free. How women are to acquire external property; or what they are to do with it when they have acquired it the writer does not say. She has, it is true, conclusively proved that women are a form of proletariat, and, in this way, in the same box with industrial wage-slaves." There follows the comment: "Her adoption of the proletariat solution for the problem of women is surely unreflecting. What natural monopoly have women besides their sex? If THE NEW FREEMAN will not allow women to utilise their sex-monopoly as a means of power, their remaining qualities are worth nothing. To parallel (the "New Age") solution of the wage-system, THE NEW FREEMAN ought not to adopt it identically, but to apply it; and the application is surely this, that women should create a guild monopoly of their sex and utilise it to force a partnership between themselves and men: the Guilds for men and Marriage for women." We have to confess to our Boards and the Labour Party. The exclusion of the suffrage strength would consist of women who are looking forward to the possession of voting rights for no other reason than to protect in one form or other the marriage-monopoly. Strange to say, the guild-socialists do not appear to view this consummation of a cherished ideal with special joy. In an inordinately lengthy review of a trifling book written for maidens of sixteen in the "Won't you join the guild?" stage, containing certain wild dabs at contradictory theories, the staff-reviewer manages to make clear that the Suffragists have grasped the Marriage-guild possibilities with a comprehensiveness which should give guild-socialists points. Why he should pursue the author, Mrs. Philip Snowden, with the distinctly haughty tone of "Now, now I've found you out," it is difficult to tell, for the only thing that exists to be found out is a genuine enthusiasm for the cause of a complete sex monopoly. This monopoly also, like the trade guild is of the "embargo" variety. As is not a deed having already possessed, it is an attempt on a truly Napoléon scale to coerce others into suppressing an activity hostile to the maintenance of the authority of the guild. It is a comprehensive organisation of sex activity in the interests of the married, i.e., guild woman. The power of the vote, in the name of purity and morals, is to be used to stem the rampant leakage of sexual satisfaction now obtained outside the guild. Gathering
from different sources the various tendencies towards this end may be grouped under two heads: the punitive tendency, if a man is reluctant to come into line; and once in, oppressive measures, for the prevention of the contemplated persecution is of the kind which Miss Christabel Pankhurst has in view when she says, quite honestly to her own mind, “Give us the vote and we will end prostitution; give us the vote and we will stamp out venerable disease. She means that, given the vote, women will establish so complete an espousal, will so increase the punishment for certain offences, that marriage by comparison will be a cheaper way out. These measures, added to the fact that she thinks votes will raise women’s wages, she concludes will eliminate prostitution. They are in the interests of the marriage-guild as affected by law. Mrs. Snowden shows how these interests can be forwarded by social convention. Should men, these pains and penalties notwithstanding, “hold themselves free to indulge in vice,” they are to suffer social ostracism. They are to be refused admission to the privacy of the home. Should they still hold out, the law must again assert itself and discriminate against them financially. Such a measure is on the point of being carried into effect in France. If, succumbing to persecution, men are to be forced into partnership and marriage, and are to be made to suffer by law rising out of a sense of “faithfulness” the charges and responsibilities arising out of the liaison (the Suffragists will see to this last). Add to this legal claim the men’s incomes, and a complete control over sex relations inside marriage (“the equality in sex-relations for which the collective (!) sense of women yearns must be yielded to them,” according to Mrs. Snowden), and it becomes fairly clear that for guild-women the guild-monopoly of their sexes will have become absolute—a quite natural development of the guild-monopoly theory. It is the “embargo” spirit triumphant: the ragamuffin espionage, will so increase the severity of the punish

THE ECLIPSE OF WOMAN.

VI.—THE PATERNAL THEORY.

THE theory that a union of the sexes is indispensable to the creation of offspring is now almost universally accepted among civilised races, the only generally admitted exception being in the case of the sea-urchin. Professor Loeb claims to have fertilised the eggs of this creature by a simple infusion of chemical salts, and his experiments have naturally been welcomed by pious minds as a confirmation of Catholic dogma. It would not be for the lay scientist to express an opinion on a theological question on which eminent divines like the Rev. R. J. Campbell and the Lord Bishop of London are understood to differ; although there seems a certain lack of faith in not accepting the miracles worked by his lordship (according to his own public testimony) as decisive proof. It is enough that neither the Bishop nor Professor Loeb seems disposed to regard parthenogenesis as other than an exception to the rule.

The Australian Blackfellows, whose faith outgrows that of his lordship, and puts the Rev. R. J. Campbell to shame, except among tribes whose highest and holiest beliefs have been wantonly assailed by rationalist missionaries, are of a very different opinion. For them every birth is a Virgin Birth, if we may accept the statement of two careful investigators—

“The natives one and all in these tribes believe that the child is the direct result of the entrance into the mother of an ancestral spirit individual. They have no idea of procreation as being directly associated with sexual intercourse, and they believe that children can be born without the taking place. There are, for example, in the Arunta country, certain stones which are supposed to be charged with spirit children, who can by magic be made to enter the bodies of women, or will do so of their own accord. Again, in the Warramunga tribe, the women are careful not to strike the trunks of certain trees with an axe, because the blows might cause spirit children to emanate from them and enter their bodies. They imagine that the spirit is very minute, about the size of a small grain of sand, and that it enters the woman through the navel and grows within her into the child.”—Spencer and Gillen, “The Northern Tribes of Central Australia,” pp. 330-331.

The scientific attainments of the Blackfellows are hardly such as to entitle them to be heard on a question of physiology. But their views are of the greatest possible importance for the historical consideration, because they enable us to see that what is a physiological question for us was a religious question for our ancestors. The Rev. R. J. Campbell of the prime, who boldly challenged the immemorial belief in the Virgin Birth, was attacking the faith of his forefathers. He was exiled by the Australians in the Virgin Mother, as Earth Goddess and as Creator of the World.

We are without any direct evidence on the interesting subject of the great scientific discovery of fatherhood; and this is probably the reason. The new theory was a heresy, shocking to every truly pious mind. To have proclaimed it aloud would have entailed social ostracism, and possibly exclusion from the sacred cannibal meal. We must not expect to find among the heathen that spirit of tolerance and forgiveness which we command from our forefathers. The Vulture totem from marrying with Serpents, and descendants of the Aurora Borealis from wooing descendants of the Witchetty Grub, have not always been able to hold their ground in the face of the spread of free-thought. Every wise man and woman must have seen in the new-fangled theory of paternity the thin end of the wedge.

For these reasons it appears more than probable that the dangerous secret was long guarded by its discoverers from the knowledge of the women. It was communicated under the seal of oaths and terrifying ordeals to the youths of the tribe, as soon as they attained the age at which the knowledge would be of importance to them. The most significant feature of these institutions was the famous rite of circumcision, a rite obviously designed to promote fertility, and hence a proof that the tribes adopting it had grasped the true theory of generation. (The fact that this and other allied mutilations of the male organ are practised by them is generally accepted as evidence that they have degenerated from a higher level of culture.) Women are excluded from these initiation ceremonies almost everywhere, and while their exclusion may be accounted for by fear of their magical contagion, it is at least probable that it was originally due in part to the necessity of guarding the secret of the masculine faith.

The Australians are without domestic animals, as well as without slaves; and this affords additional corroboration to the suggestion that stock-raising
and marriage put the human race on the track of the great secret. It is among the nomads, meat-eating peoples, like the legendary Hebrews, that we find marriage and the patriarchal system first attaining strength; while matriarchy and comparative promiscuity are not less clearly associated with the cultivation of the soil.

The most important of the domestic animals among the early races of Western Asia and Europe seems to have been the ox. The word cow has probably some connection with the Saxon cwen (queen), and in Egypt and most other Mediterranean countries, the great Godess of Creation was worshipped under the form of a cow. The Greek Queen of Heaven, Hera, is regularly styled the “ox-eyed,” a title which points unmistakably to her having been once figured in the same way. The fancy of primitive man, always seeking for analogies in nature, found one between the horns of the cow and the crescent moon; and hence in later mythology it was the Moon Goddess especially who was depicted with a cow’s head.

The worship of the Cow was a natural acknowledgment of its value to the race. But alongside of the benevolent cow was everywhere found the dangerous bull, perhaps the most formidable wild beast of all that roamed the western continent. Its flesh was valued for food, and as it appeared equally useless and miscellaneous when living, the whole efforts of the primitive Europeans were directed to its extermination. We have a relic of this ancient and desperate struggle for existence in the bull-fights of Spain and Portugal, and in the English folktale of the Dun Cow destroyed by Guy of Warwick. (The curious name Dun Cow, we may be pretty sure, is a corruption. In some lost dialect, perhaps, cow was a generic name like horse, and dun signifies the male.) A mosaic representing a bull-fight has been found in the Cretan excavations. The modern bull-ring corresponds as nearly as need be to the corral or stock-yard into which steers are driven for slaughter in America. That being so, we have only to imagine the cow sequences when a tribe in possession of a half-tamed herd succeeded in killing off all the bulls, and settled down, as it supposed, to live on the cows and their increase. Sooner or later the observation would be forced upon the most pious and conservative minds that a herd in which no bull was suffered to live was itself doomed. But the existence of the tribe itself depended on its food supply, and thus the Darwinian law of survival came into operation in favour of the scientific theory of parentage. Sooner or later it must have been perceived that the presence of at least one bull was necessary to the maintenance of herd and herdsmen. We need look no further for the origin of the cult of Apis. The Bull was the Divine Saviour of the whole Semitic world.

It may be urged, doubtless it was urged by the reverent, that the Bull was a false god, and that the true way to salvation lay in the old magic dance by which the Divine Cow was persuaded to give her own accord. Some savage bishop, we may be sure, was found faithful to the venerable creed of his Church, and found urging that the unfruitfulness of the Divine Cow was due to Her anger against the infidels, and would be most effectually cured by their prosecution for blasphemy. Such an attitude must naturally command our sympathy. We cannot but recognise some worldliness in the motives of the apostles of the new creed. Their worship was essentially a worship of Mammon; in the end it became most literally the worship of the Golden Calf.

F. R. A. I.

*(End of Series)*

BOOKS


The Poet's Eye.

I.

WISH to make some speculations as to the differences between prose and verse as they are written nowadays, then begin with a purely biographic, a thing which may be permitted to the verse-writing mode:

My first poem was written when I was fifteen; I was sitting at a piano worrying over a musical composition—for I began, at that tender age or earlier, life as a musical composer, and to me, sitting at the piano, with nothing the resolution of the chord there came quite suddenly certain words, together with a melody that I can still hum over. I was in a mournful mood because I had the day before tried my hand at rendering a Latin poem containing the words "canus" race"—those who remember their schooldays will know what I mean—into English Ovidian metre, and that afternoon my Latin master had treated me with a contempt that it is only given to schoolmasters to express. So, it being twilight and my emotions being aroused, a poem suddenly existed. It was printed in "The Speaker," which afterwards became "The Nation," but even before then it had been printed by "The Torch"—an Anarchist organ owned by certain of my relations. As for me, it was rather fun to be printed in "The Torch" or in "The Speaker," but the thing itself—the poem—was an oddity. I cannot exactly describe the feeling. It was as if I had found a Guatemala stamp in my collection without being aware that I had it—a rather worthless issue. In any case I was much more interested in the Monday Pops—my diary of to-day contains bales of each of those programmes—or in such healthy, boyish things as my batting average. The verses seemed to be—they certainly were—there; I seemed not to be—I certainly was not consciously—responsible for their existence.

But the writing of verse hardly appears to me to be a matter of work: it is a process, as far as I am concerned, too uncontrollable. From time to time words in verse form have come into my head and I have written them down, quite powerlessly and without much interest, under the stress of certain emotions. And, as for knowing whether one or the other is good, bad, or indifferent, I simply cannot begin to hold myself to make a selection. And as for trusting any friend to make a selection, I cannot begin to do it, either. They have—ones friends—too many mental axes to grind. One will admire certain verses about a place because in that place they were once happy; one will find fault with a certain other paper of verses because it does not seem to fit the mental model of verse. But it may be urged, doubtless it was urged by the reverent, that the Bull was a false god, and that the true way to salvation lay in the old magic dance by which the Divine Cow was persuaded to give her own accord. Some savage bishop, we may be sure, was found faithful to the venerable creed of his Church, and found urging that the unfruitfulness of the Divine Cow was due to Her anger against the infidels, and would be most effectually cured by their prosecution for blasphemy. Such an attitude must naturally command our sympathy. We cannot but recognise some worldliness in the motives of the apostles of the new creed. Their worship was essentially a worship of Mammon; in the end it became most literally the worship of the Golden Calf.

F. R. A. I.
pressed open because he had hung down his head in the depths of his reflection. . . ."

Or, if it is to be a long short-story, we shall qualify the sharpness of which one hundred and forty were park-land inter­

connected by the river Torridge, of forty acres of hop­

land, . . . and so on. We shall proceed to

"get in" Mr. Lamotte and his property and his ancestry and his landscape and his society. We shall think about these things for a long time and with an absolute certainty of aim; we shall know what we want to do and—to the measure of the light vouchsafed—we shall do it.

But, with verse I just do not know: I do not know anything at all. As far as I am concerned, it just comes. I hear in my head a vague rhythm:

... ... ...

and presently a line will present itself:

"Up here, where the air's very clear."

Or else one will come from nowhere at all:

"When all the little hills are hid in snow."

And the rest flows out.

And I confess myself to being as unable to judge the result as I am to influence the production.

And, as I have said, I have no outside "pointers" at all. Whence should I get it? From writers whom I revere?

I know that I would very willingly cut off my right hand to have written the "Wahlfart nach Kevelaar" of Heine, or "Im Moos" by Annette von Dreste. I would give almost anything to have written almost any modern German lyric or some of the ballads of my friend Levin Schücking. These fellows, you know,

They sit at their high windows in German lodgings; they lean out; it is raining steadily. Opposite them is a shop where herring

are sold. A woman with a red petticoat and a black and grey check shawl goes into the shop and buys three onions, four oranges and half a kilo of herring salad. And there is a poem! Hang it all! There is a poem.

But this is England—this is Campden Hill and we have a literary jargon in which we must write. We must write in it or every word will "swear." . . .

"Denn nach Köln am Rheine

Geht die Procession. . . ."

For, the procession is going to Cologne on the Rhine. You could not use the word Procession in any English; it would not be literary. Yet when those lines are recited in Germany people weep over them. I have seen fat Frankfort bankers—and Jews at That—weeping when the "Wahlfart" was recited in a red plush theatre with gilt cherubs all over the place.

That I think is why I know nothing about and take very little interest in English poetry. I may really say that, for a quarter of a century I have kept before me one unflinching aim—to register my own times in terms of my own time, and still more to urge those who are better poets and better prose writers than myself to have the same aim. I suppose I have been pretty well ignored; I find no signs of my being a certain stage of folk-consciousness. If it will not or cannot do these things it is in yet other stages.

Heine's "Procession" was, for instance, not what we should call a procession at all. With us there are definite types—there is the King's Procession at Ascot. There are processions in support of Women's Suffrage and against it; those in support of Welsh Disestablishment or against it. But the procession at Köln was a pilgrimage.

Organised State functions, popular expressions of desire are one symptom; pilgrimages another—but the poet who ignores them all three is to my thinking lost, since, in one way or another, the embrace the whole of humanity and are mysterious, hazy, and tangible.

A poet of a sardonic turn of mind will find sport in describing how, in a low pot-house, an emissary of a skilful Government will bribe thirty ruffians at five shillings a head to break up and so discredit a procession in favour of votes for women; yet another poet may describe how a lady in an omnibus, with a certain turn for rhetoric, will persuade the greater number of the other passengers to promise to join the procession for the saving of a church; another will become emotionalised at the sight of the Sword of Mercy borne by a peer after the Cap of Maintenance borne by yet another.

And believe me to be perfectly sincere when I say that a poetry whose day cannot find poets for all these things is a poetry that is lacking in some of its members.

So at least, I see it. Modern lie is so extra­

ordinary, so hazy, so tenuous with, still, such definite and concrete spots in it that I am for ever on the look out for some poet who shall render it with all its values. I do not think that there is any such poet. As the saying is, such poet is a name for a poet; I am brazenly, I am agitated at the thought of having it to begin upon.

And yet I am aware that I can do nothing, since with me the writing of verse is not a conscious Art. It is the expression of an emotion, and I can so often not put my emotions into any verse.

I should say, to put a personal confession on record, that the very strongest emotion—at any rate of this class—that I have ever had was when I first went to the Shepherd's Bush exhibition and came out about country lanes; about the singing of birds. . . . It is certain that my conviction would gain immensely as soon as another soul could be found to share it. But for a man mad about writing this is a solitary world, and writing—you cannot write without writing without using foreign words—is a métier de chien.

It is something on the building of fiction. In France, upon the whole, a poet—and even a quite literary poet—can write in a language that, roughly speaking, any hatter can use. In Germany, the poet writes exactly as he speaks. And these facts do so much towards influencing the poet's mind. If we cannot use the word "procession" we are apt to be precluded from thinking about processions. Now processions (to use no other example) are very interesting and suggestive things and that are very much part of the gnat-dance that modern life is. Because, if a people has sufficient interest in public matters to join in huge processions we are apt to be precluded from thinking about processions.

I think it is not—not nowadays. We are too far from these things. What we are in; that which is
all around us, is the Crowd—the Crowd blindly looking for joy or for that most pathetic of all things, the good time. I think that that is why I felt so profoundly moved by the emotion on that occasion. It must have been the feeling—or the thought—of all these good, kind, nice people, this immense Crowd suddenly let loose upon a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground to pick up the glittering splinters of glass that are Romance, hesitant but certain of vistas of adventure, if no more than the adventures of their own souls—like cattie in a paddock digging out a very rich field and hesitant before the enameled of daisies, the long herbage, the rushes fringing the stream at the end. 

I think pathos and poetry are to be found beneath those lights and in those sounds—in the larking of the anaemic girls, in the shoulders of the women in evening dresses, in the idealism of a pick-pocket slanting through the night, shadow and imagining himself a hero, whose end will be wealth and permanent apartments in the Savoy Hotel. For such dreamers of dreams there are.

That indeed appears to me—and I am writing as sincerely as I can—that the real of our day. Love in country lanes, the song of birds, moonlight—these the poet, playing for safety, and the critic trying to find something safe to praise, will deem the sure cards of the poetic pack. They seem the safe things to sentimentalise over and it is taken for granted that sentimentalising is the business of poetry. It is not, of course. Upon the face of it, the comfrey under the hedge may seem a safer card to play for the purposes of poetry than the portable zinc dustbin left at dawn for the dustman to take.

But it is not really; for the business of poetry is not sentimentalism so much as the putting of certain realities in certain aspects. The comfrey under the hedge, judged by these standards, is just a plant—but the ash-bucket at dawn is a symbol of poor humanity, of its aspirations, its romance, its ageing and its death. The ashes represent the social fires, the god of the hearth of the slumbering, dawn populations; the orange peels with their bright colours represent all that is left of a little party of the night before when an alliance between families may have failed to be cemented or being accomplished may have proved a disillusionment or a temporary paradise. The empty tin of infant's food stands for birth; the torn scrap of a doctor's prescription for death.

Yes—even if you wish to sentimentalise, the dustbin is a much safer card to play than the comfrey plant. For, similarly, the anaemic shop-girl at the Exhibition, with her bad teeth and her cheap black frock is safer than Isolde. She is more down to the ground and much more touching.

Or, again there are the symbols of the great fine things that remain to us. Many of us might confess to being unable to pass Buckingham Palace when the Royal Standard is flying on the flagstaff without some of the sorrows of Cuchullain or to paraphrase the words : "This is life—one damn thing after another." But the anaemic girls, in the shoulders of the women in evening dresses, in the idealism of a pick-pocket slanting through the night, shadow and imagining himself a hero, whose end will be wealth and permanent apartments in the Savoy Hotel. For such dreamers of dreams there are.

This is not saying that one should not soak oneself with the Greek traditions; study every fragment of Sappho; delve ages long in the works of Bertran de Born; translate for years like the minnelieder of Walther von der Vogelweide or that we should forsake the modern for the medieval, or that we should think about the fate of Brangäne, not because she was singing at the Vatican when the Holy Father ceremonially whispered to one Cardinal or another.

War-like emotions, tears at the passing of a sovereign, being touched at the sight of a young prince or a sovereignly pontifical prisoner of the Vatican this is perhaps a little digging out of fossils from a bed of soft clay that the Crowd is. God knows we may just " just despise " Democracy or the writing of Laureate's odes—but the putting of the one thing in juxtaposition with the other—that seems to me to be much more the business of the poet of to-day than setting down on paper certain emotions that he thinks about the fate of Brangäne, not because any particular " lesson " may be learned, but because such juxtapositions suggest emotions.

For myself, I have been unable to do it; I am too old perhaps or was born too late—anything you like. But the task is—it would rather read a picture in verse of the emotions and environment of a Goode Street Anarchist than recapture what songs the syrens sang. That after all was what Francois Villon was doing for the life of his day, and I should feel that our day was doing its duty by Pestroyer much more surely if it were doing something of the sort.

Can it then be done? In prose of course it can. But, in poetry? Is there something about the mere framing of verse, the mere sound of it in the ear, that it must at once throw its practitioner or its devotee into an artificial frame of mind? Verses presumably quickens the perceptions of the writer, but it necessarily quickens them to the perception only of the sentimental, the false, the hackneyed aspects of life? Must it make us, because we live in cities, babble incessantly of green fields; or because we live in the XXth century must we deem nothing poetically good that did not take place before the year 1603?

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I remember seeing in a house in Hertford an American cartoon representing a dog pursuing a cat out of the door of a particularly hideous tenement house and beneath this picture was inscribed the words : "This is life—one damn thing after another." Now I think it would be better to be a picture in verse of the emotions of the sorrow of the South African War and the audience were all on fire; we might confess to having had emotions in the Tivoli Music Hall when, just after a low comedian had " taken off " Henry VIII. it was announced that Edward III. was dying and the whole audience stood up and sang " God Save the King "—as a genuine hymn, that time. We may have had similar emotions at seeing the little Prince of Wales standing uneasily on a blue foot-stool at the coronation, a young boy in his Garter robes—or at a Secret Consistory at the Vatican when the Holy Father ceremonially whispered to one Cardinal or another.

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of whom you will, in the background of your mind or even colouring your outlook. But it is better to see life in terms of one damn thing after another, vulgar as is the phraseology or even the attitude, than to render it in terms of withering gourds and other poetic paraphernalia. It is, in fact, better to be vulgar than affected, at any rate if you practise poetry.

... Ford Madox Hueffer.

"The Horses of Diomeds." By Remy de Gourmont.  
(Translated by C. Sartoris.)

III.—THE GIRDLE.

"Art desires that nude women should be adorned with a girdle."

W hen Diomedes entered, Fanette, nude, fresh, wholly adamic, with her hair down her back, was walking to and fro meditatively, reading a tender book in an undertone. Having kissed the lips of her friend, very cordially, she put, as a book-mark, in the tender book, the ribbon of a garter that lay on the divan, then in a languid voice, said:

— Oh Diomedes! if you knew how mystical I am.
— You must put on a girdle, Fanette, it is more chaste and also art desires that nude women should be adorned with a girdle. The book-mark will do very well. It is enough to fix the attention of the eye with this tiny cameo. The navel is the aesthetic centre. Nature ignores it but Art knows it. Conform artfully to the Nymphs of Jean Goujon: they are very beautiful. Now, slippers with high heels. It is much better so, it lengthens the leg. A nude woman with these notions can acquire nearly as agreeable an attitude as that of the delicate statutes of old. Legs and no belly, hips and no bosom. It is the nympha. Women in the state of nature look always as if rising from child-bed.

— No, said Fanette, all this bores me. I am going to dress. I only like myself dressed or as nude as an angel.

She clad herself in a soft ample robe, tied on a girdle and gentle and good came to kneel by Diomedes who began caressing her hair.

— How fine your hair is, Fanette! How fine and pure you are! Happy Soul!
— Yes, I am very happy. My friends are not all as gentle as you, Diomedes, but their fidelity pleases and reassures me. I live with joy, rose-tree that one despoils and that blooms always as if rising from child-bed.

— Yes Fanette. You are so innocent a child, and so vivacious a flesh!

— What do you mean?

A bird-like flesh which soars to all pleasure, to all music, to all glimmer, to all piffering, the flesh of a bird candid and free.

— You are rather jealous Diomeds?
— Yes, rather.

— I not at all jealous, Diomedes. I give myself to all the lips that please me, candidly without really being able to help it. That is why I live in such happiness. Nothing forces me; no one constrains me; I walk softly towards all flowers, as along the pathway in a vast forest; and if beasts come, I climb a tree, and if I am eaten up, well! what of it. Diomedes, won't all my wicked little sisters be eaten up also sometime or other? Occasionally when I am walking, I think of things far away, of renewals, of fresh cups that invisible hands hold out to ardent lips, of fruits that drop, of kisses that roam, of songs that play, of lambs, of fountains, of a fragrance of eternal love that would perfume the earth. I know I am but a little prostitute but I have the heart of a little Magdalene and sometimes, Diomeds, don't laugh, the soul of a young betrothed. It makes an exquisite bouquet, I am as happy as an angel.

And truly, now, stretched on cushions, her body enveloped in pink, her long fair silken hair cast as rays on her shoulder, she was really, her colour of her cheeks heightened by reflection, her eyes candidly blue, Fanette had the air of an angel, quite young, astonished at life, an air at the same time sumptuous and frail.

Diomedes wished to kiss her feet, so graceful and divine was she, and as his lips touched the cold mother of pearl, he mused somewhat stupidly:

— Morality has mowed all human joy. Fanette is happy because she ignores the distinction between right and wrong.

As was his habit he had thought too rapidly; he resumed:

— That is rather heavy, one ought to explain it, tone it down."

Fanette, being tickled, began to fidget as a child in its cot. She rose, looked at herself in the mirror, shedding light with her hair. Observing the book placed on the mantelpiece, she said:

— Listen: "Of this sweetness is born the voluptuousness of the heart and of all the corporal forces, so that man imagines he is enwrapped inwardly in the divine folds of love. This voluptuousness and this consolation are greater and more voluptuous to the body and the soul than all the luxuries bestowed by earth. This voluptuousness fills the heart to the extent that a man cannot contain himself, so intense is the fullness of his interior joy. Of these delights is born spiritual intoxication. Spiritual intoxication is produced when man experiences more delectations and delights than either his heart or desire can desire or contain." Well Diomedes, I also, the poor Fanette, in hours of pleasant solitude in the morning, if there be sunlight and some flowers around me, I feel such a intense joy at being alive that my heart is rent and I weep. Sounds are to me a music; perfumes, an intoxication; and I remain so, long, enraptured with superhuman voluptuousness. ... Do you believe me Diomeds?

— Why should you not be visited by the infinite? You are blessed because you are pure and sweet, and God returns to you the love you give unto men.

— That does not correspond with the book, said Fanette dreamily. I am carnal as a goat. I do not understand.

One must not want to understand too much, resumed Diomedes. One day working long, I had a sort of ecstasy, I felt a supernatural uplifting and I saw a light, infinitely brilliant, which seemed to me the centre of the world. Then I fell again in my humanity, and that is all.

A large basket of rose coloured violets was brought in. Then they played, excited by this living fragrance, searching the finer sensualities, the most delicate caresses, the most rare embraces. In voluptuous quarrellings, Fanette had indeed the serious and unquiet look of a nanny-goat. Consequently she wished to eat, drink, smoke,—listen: "Of this sweetness is born the voluptuousness of the heart and of all the corporal forces, so that man imagines he is enwrapped inwardly in the divine folds of love. This voluptuousness and this consolation are greater and more voluptuous to the body and the soul than all the luxuries bestowed by earth. This voluptuousness fills the heart to the extent that a man cannot contain himself, so intense is the fullness of his interior joy. Of these delights is born spiritual intoxication. Spiritual intoxication is produced when man experiences more delectations and delights than either his heart or desire can desire or contain."

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Satiated with Fanette’s flesh, he desired Christine, saw her disrobe slowly, almost modestly, rise straight, proud, dumb. Then, by excess of contrast, it seemed fastened, legs flowered with laces and ribbons, vivid an almost furtive possession, a bodice scarcely un­stupidity, and rose asking:

— Fanette, dear child, what is your idea of mysticism?

Fanette answered:

— It is when love is stronger than all.

Diomedes, on arriving home was still repeating the touching answer of the naïve Fanette.

IV.—THE PLAYING WATERS.

"The playing waters I look at always fall again."

The entombed by Michael-Angelo; this Christ upheld by the shoulders and who seems to walk, and who seems also to come out of some foul place, and who is carried to his bed absolutely nude—despoiled by robbers, this Christ, no not dead, but indiscipline, it is the fire. . . . yes it would need require genius, but genius is the innovation, the promise, it is the statuary of the day subjected to that she is even incapable of inventing a new ugliness, it would be quite like those base marble statues you are willing to enjoy each spring.

He had spent all the afternoon rue Bonaparte, in those small museums miraculously rich of all the essence of art, for hours bent over albums, and now, exhausted, he stopped, tenacious despite the jostling, before this grotto, and gazing most of troubled and perhaps impure thought. It really looked like a parody and even like a parade, but so theatrical and so lamentable as if gapping and saying it was the horror less of dying than of living, the stupor of agony, with no certitude save the tomb with its gaping jaws. This Christ will not resuscitate.

Diomedes bought the cartoon, seldom offered to the eye of the public, who would despise it as it despises everything that must be read twice, listened to twice, and twice looked at. There are still and always two worlds, for nothing has changed or will ever change, the world of the common people and the world of the initiated.

Seeing Pascase advancing, he willingly added:

— And the world of the catechumens.

Many again Pascase took his beat, waved his arms, shrugged his shoulders. At last he spoke furious at the variegated statues which he had just seen by the way, new and freshly painted specimens. He took Diomedes immediately to the window where they were, and conversation made him shudder, speechless and he could not explain himself clearly. Diomedes looked, and saw a holy Jesuit, his head covered with a baretta with puffs, his black cassock enriched with a lace surplice and an embroidered stole. He stood, brandishing a crucifix of old ivory, with the gesture of blessing the stars, his left hand on his hip, and with his foot clad in an elegant shoe with a silver buckle he was crushing a Chinese peasant.

Before this work of clear and meritorious symbolism, Diomedes was neither surprised or saddened.

— This seems to you hideous because it is painted and quite new, my dear Pascase, but nude, without being less ugly, it would be quite like those base marble statues you are willing to enjoy each spring. The art of “Saint Sulpice” is nothing else but the official art of to-day put, by a few ingenious touches, within reach of the poor and devout classes. For Religion being prudent, has bent Religion along the Luxembourg, that museum of the indigent? Each social group has its particular ideal of beauty and power, incomprehensible to the others. Higher up, when it is a question of individuals and not of swarming castes, of intelligence and not of instinct, the harmony of tastes and judgments is equally rare and is realised rather on words than on ideas. This small discovery has inclined me towards indulgence, and I admit that the beauty of this Vestry-Virgin since she is pure Beauty to so many gentle hearts and to so many simple souls.

Diomedes added after a mysterious little laugh:

— My friend, indulgence is the aristocratic form of disdain.

— Then again, as if inwardly:

— Oh! how difficult it is!

But Pascase not having thoroughly understood, began his discourse.

— I cannot disdain what wounds me. It is a question of my religion or, in short, of the only religion which is offered to me, that of this beauty I look at always fall again; but those I listen to sometimes are\n\n— Pascase why do you wish me a hypocrite? I have not a violent mind, it is merely rather vivacious. It is this vivacity I would wish to over­come, soften, to find form of intellectual expression. The one must not seek truth but, in presence of a man, understand which is his truth. Live beyond, live above; judge mentally; smile; talk, as a friend of many tongues, many languages, as a friend of many souls, commune at many tables under all human species. Keep oneself intangible yet, having listened to all murmurs, answer with all words.

Pascase looked at his friend with fear. There was such a contrast between Diomedes’ life and his thought, a variance sometimes so intense between his speech and his laughter, between his gestures and his look, that Pascase hesitated between the two ways and would withdraw without daring to choose. Tall, dark, but of clear countenance, with a shadow of a dry and thick heard, with long restless arms and feverish hands, Pascase who had the air, in life, of being an obsolete force, despised,from the outside, reasoned, following too loyal and too regular a logic to follow willingly the complicated imaginations of his friend in their curves and knottings. He loved him with a sort of timorous and fleeting admiration and with the air, really, of protecting physically the nervous and fragile Diomedes, whose complexion was paler even more by burning eyes, and who seemed occasionally to stagger under the weight of a heavy monk’s head, glabrous and shorn. Having prepared an answer, it was not necessary for him to expound it; a gesture of Diomedes brought back their con­versation to its starting point.

Pascase made the admission with sincerity. This row of freakish bronzes, furious males and frenzied females, surpassed in ugliness the saddest display of idols at least silent. They have not the reserve of gesture; they have not the reserve of gesture; they have that of speech. One ought to compare them to women in love. It would make a pretty treatise. I
invited Tanche to do so, he has taste. Playing waters, what an exquisite pretext to set off the grace of our Fontaine de Vaucluse. Since Verlaine, how many subs in marble basins! Would it not be charming and ingenous to classify the poets by the ideas or images evoked to them by the fragile and mysterious playing waters. All that mixed with a little history of the sentimental hydraulics of gardens since Petrarch and the passionate de Vaucluse, who was certainly a fountain... What do you think of it? Encourage Tanche.

At that moment, as a conclusion, as the last page of an album and as moving picture, Mauve was before them. Without a word, stopping suddenly, she took Diomedes’ hands and kissed them in one kiss with sensual devotion, then she said, answering beforehand all questions of eyes and lips:

— It is Mauve.

Pascase bowed not without ceremony. Then Mauve burst out laughing.

Diomedes explained:

— Do not be scared, Pascase. Mauve is also called Laughter. She laughs because she has never seen you. Mauve laughs as a child at all that is new to her. Mauve loves you already knowing that you are my friend.

She answered, with the expression of a gentle animal in her eyes:

— Mauve is quite serious, even when she laughs. Mauve has the right to laugh being young, beautiful and good. Mauve is very good, and also very wicked when she is thwarted, and very ugly when she weeps. Mauve loves Pascase if Pascase wishes to be loved.

— You hear Pascase? And what beautiful language. Mauve always speaks of herself in the third person, with the gravity of a great sachem, as of an important being, precious and rare. Laughter comes before or after, for Mauve values her genius and only unveils it with grace.

While she listened, somewhat perplexed, to these equivocal compliments, Pascase was looking with the cold, assured eye which disrobes, feels and recognises. He begged her to take off her hat and to ruffle her hair slightly. Having mused an instant he said:

— I will make them, of green gold, gold with reflections of emeralds. Supernatural tresses, divine tresses, tresses which will breathe as the grass of the prairies. The wind that turns the concave edge of that ocean, invisible ranunculus will give an odour to the colour. Yes, an odour of carnal gold. Transfigured tresses... All the nude in a transparent shade under the long robe of hair... The head is beautiful.

Mauve wished, following her habit, to kiss Cyran’s hand, but the old painter calmed any such desire by a gesture almost of benediction, saying obscure words:

— Art is an exorcist. The eyes alone know beauty. One must be white, all white... Render the invisible by the visible... Dreams under veils. Fainily, fainily.

He spoke long, his eyes fixed on Mauve and all looked at Mauve. In the midst of this effluvium, among these men who breathed her in, Mauve expanded, exhaled all her perfumes, her flesh took a rosy hue, her eyes became more brilliant, she exhaled herself to a state of radiancy.

Each word of Cyran’s touched her heart as a flame, as a small delight which swelled, flowed, and permeated her body. Her flesh (in ebullition) was working, offered to the hands which knead the dough... Suddenly Cyran felt this violent offering; a flash of desire ran through his loins, a dart of fire, rapid and painful. Then he was silent, contracting his long thin hand on the marble.

Mauve, on the contrary, was softening now, melting. Sure that she had wounded, she kissed the wound, smiling with the pride of a blissful child. Cyran fixed a rendez-vous at his studio. Then feigning to be interested in the hours, her eyes oscillating between her watch and the clock, she got up and vanished after a bow and three little nods.

As they were returning, Diomedes said to Pascase:

— Mauve is a pacha. You saw the scene of fascination. She lures whom she wants. Ah! Mauve gives us a fine example of frankness and liberty. She is not domestic; the kennel has never subjugated or even cramped her. She walks. She has admirable legs, the legs of a woman who walks, who runs after pleasure, legs that are so different to those which wait, bended or lying!

— She is simply lustful, said Pascase.

— Without doubt, Mauve is lustful and that is the reason of the beauty of her legs. Lustful? She is lust itself, active, conscious, almost studied lewdness. She loves that for itself, for that which it brings, with it of movement, life, immediate sensation. Although vain, she chooses her lovers, less for their sexual advantages, than for their name or their wit. I believe she is very happy; she deserves to be so.

— You seem to like her very much.

— Very much, answered Diomedes. She is to me a charming spectacle, instructive and moral. Yes, moral. My friend, in the small world in which I live and which I have contributed to create, morality is not understood on the ancient basis. One believes that the moral being is, not the one who submissively suffers the law, but the one who having created for himself an individual law, consistent with his own nature and his own genius, can realize himself following that law, in the measure of his abilities and of the obstacles opposed to him by society. A new
mode, or rather one found again and reconstituted with some unpublished elements, for it is in short the principle of religious morality for which the soul, that is to say, the individual, the untearable and unbreakable being, exists unique and sacred. This principle of religious morality for which the soul, with some unpublished elements, for it is in short the body is but the visible manifestation of the soul, thus exteriorised according to its power to create the matter and the worlds; yes, the worlds, and imagine the little world you are, so closed even to me, so inscrutable to my ideas and my imaginings. You laugh, that I should ever dream to impose on you a doctrine, and yet you judge the world by the one doctrine imposed on you by force. If I were the strongest, not so much in the perception of certain Take yourself then as common measure, as peddlars, fair and wise, measure cloth by the measure of their arm. I fear, my friend, that you have no religion, for if you had you would understand better your importance in the general plan of the universe, and you would understand what place you fill, larger than communities, than states, than nations—for words are words and man is a man. All that a propos of Mauve, the little gadder! And why not? She does what she pleases, she must be admired. If the infinite is thwarted by her conduct, it will so inform Mauve some day or other. It speaks to Fanette!

And Diomedes broke into the obscure little laugh with which he willingly concluded his discourses. But Pascase gravely asked:

— Diomedes, are you ready to go to the end of your theories?

Diomedes answered:

— To the end? No, not to-day. It would be too far.

In metre.

Love Poems and Others. By D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth & Co.).

Peacock Pie. By Walter De la Mare. (Constable Limited).

A Boy's Will. By Robert Frost. (David Nutt.).

The disagreeable qualities of Mr. Lawrence's work are apparent to the most casual reader, and may be summed up in the emotion which one gets from the line of parody:

"Her lips still mealy with the last potato."

Love consisteth (at least we presume that it consisteth) not so much in the perception of certain stimuli, certain sensations, whereof many would seem—if we are to believe Mr. Lawrence—rather disagreeable, but in a certain sort of enthusiasm which renders us oblivious, or at least willing to be oblivious, of such sensuous perceptions as we deem derogatory to the much derided pleasures of romance.

Having registered my personal distastes let me say without further preamble that Mr. Lawrence's book is the most important book of poems of the season. With the appearance of "Violets" and "Whether or Not" the Mansfield boom may be declared officially and partially over.

Mr. Lawrence, almost alone among the younger poets, has realized that contemporary poetry must be as good as contemporary prose if it is to justify its publication. In most places Mr. Lawrence's poetry is not quite as good as his own prose, but, despite his (to me offensive) habit of rhyming and of choosing half of his words, his verse is considerably better than what we call "contemporary" verse.

I know of no one else who could have presented the sordid tragedy of "Whether or Not" with such vigour and economy. "Violets" at the pen of any of the other younger men would have descended into music-hall sentiment. As it is both poems are great art. The poems are narrative and quotation in fragments is therefore worse than useless. It is for this narrative verse that I think Mr. Lawrence is to be esteemed almost as much as we esteem him for his prose. He is less happy in impressions—I suppose he classifies himself as an "Impressionist"—and the following composition shows his good as well as his bad:

MORNING WORK

A gang of labourers on the piled wet timber
That shines blood-red beside the railway siding
Seem to be making out of the blue of the morning
Something else, pure and fine, the shuttles flying
The red-gold spools of their hands and faces fluttering
Hither and thither across the morn's crystalline frame
Of blue: trolls at the cave of ringing cerulean mining,
And laughing with work, living their work like a game.

To the first five lines one can make little objection beyond stating that they are not particularly musical, but when it comes to " Morn's crystalline frame of blue," "ringing cerulean mining" we are back in the ancient kingdom of ornaments and block phrases and ready, to a degree, to forgive regally, and admit that Mr. Lawrence is a distinguished writer of prose.

"Peacock Pie" is not, is most emphatically NOT a book to review. Mr. De la Mare, the laureled of the Academic Committee, hovers between his own "Listener" and a very charming sort of "Mother Goose." It is one thing to write a book of De la Mare's and read it," extracted from Muttie's he is worse than useless. If you try to read De la Mare you simply declines to impress you. If you keep De la Mare on your shelf until the proper time, a time when all books disgust you and when you are feeling slightly pathetic, you may open him querulously. And gradually, your over-modernized intellect being slightly in abeyance—if you are favoured of the gods—it may dawn upon your more intelligent self that Mr. De la Mare is to be prized above many blustering egoists.

I suppose the present volume will add little to the bays or laurels or whatever vegetable decoration the author is supposed to have received for his earlier labour. It may however confirm a few of his readers in the belief that the spirit of Tom Hood is nearer the earth than some think it, and that the humour of the "Good King Wismamitra" has not followed the gods and the fairies into parts too remote for our comfort and convenience. And as for laurels? Mr. De la Mare is certainly less concerned about such trumpery than any other "poet" now living.

Mr. Frost comes speaking as simply as does Mr. De la Mare and more soberly, without the wanton vagrancy of fancy, without the balladeering flourish, yet I am not sure that one could not slip some of his verse into Peacock book without anyone being the wiser.

"I dwell in a lonely house I know
That vanished many a summer ago,
And left no trace but the cellar walls."
The Newer School.

I.—TO ATTHIS.

(From the rather recently discovered papyrus of Sappho now in the British Museum.)

Atthis, far from me and dear Mnasidika,
Dwells in Sardis;
Many times she was near us
So that we lived life well
Like the far-famed goddess
Whom above all things music delighted.

And now she is first among the Lydian women
As the mighty sun, the rose-fingered moon,
Beside the great stars.

And the light fades from the bitter sea
And in like manner from the rich-blossoming earth;
And the dew is shed upon the flowers,
Rose and soft meadow-sweet
And many-coloured melilote.

Many things told are remembered of sterile Atthis.
I yearn to behold thy delicate soul
To satiate my desire.

Translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON.

II.—SITALKAS.

Thou art come at length
More beautiful
Than any cool god
In a chamber under
Lycia's far coast,
Than any high god
Who touches us not
Here in the seeded grass.
Aye, than Argestes
Scattering the broken leaves.

H. D.

III.—IN A GARDEN.

Gushing from the mouths of stone men
To spread at ease under the sky
In granite-lipped basins,
Where iris dabble their feet
And rustle to a passing wind,
The water fills the garden with its rushing,
In the midst of the quiet of close-clipped lawns.

Damp smell the ferns in tunnels of stone,
Where trickle and plash the fountains,
Marble fountains, yellowed with much water.

Splashing down moss-tarnished steps
It falls, the water;
And the air is throbbing with it;
With its gurgling and running;
With its leaping, and deep, cool murmur.

And I wished for night and you.
I wanted to see you in the swimming-pool,
White and shining in the silver-flecked water.
While the moon rode over the garden,
High in the arch of night,
And the scent of the lilacs was heavy with stillness.

Night and the water, and you in your whiteness,
bathing!

AMY LOWELL.

IV.—THE DANCE.

With wide flung arms
With feet clinging to the earth
I will dance.
My breath sobs in my belly
For an old sorrow that has put out the sun;
An old, furious sorrow...

I will grin,
I will bare my gums and grin
Like a grey wolf who has come upon a bear.

SKIPWITH CANNELL.

V.—HALLUCINATION.

I know this room,
and there are corridors:
the pictures, I have seen before;
the statues and those gems in cases
I have wandered by before—
stood there silent and lonely
in a dream of years ago.

I know the dark of night is all around me;
my eyes are closed, and I am half asleep.
My wife breathes gently at my side.

But once again this old dream is within me,
and I am on the threshold waiting,
pondering, pleased, and fearful.
Where do those doors lead,
what rooms lie beyond them?
I venture...

But my baby moves and tosses
from side to side,
and her need calls me to her.

Now I stand awake, unseeing,
in the dark,
and I move towards her cot...
I shall not reach her... There is no direction...
I shall walk on...

F. S. FLINT.

VI.—POSTLUDE.

Now that I have cooled to you
Let there be gold of tarnished masonry,
Temples soothed by the sun to ruin
That sleep utterly.
Give me hand for the dances,
Ripples at Philae, in and out,
And lips, my Lesbian,
Wall flowers that once were flame.

Your hair is my Carthage
And my arms the bow
And our words arrows
To shoot the stars,
Who from that misty sea
Swarm to destroy us.
But you're there beside me
Oh, how shall I defy you
Who wound me in the sight
With breasts shining
Like Venus and like Mars?

The night that is shouting Jason
When the loud eaves rattle
As with waves above me
Blue at the prow of my desire!
O prayers in the dark!
O incense to Poseidon!
Calm in Atlantis.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.
Lego et Penso.

A PREJUDICE THAT MUST COUNT.

IN THE NEW FREEMANOF August 1st Mr. Edward Carpenter expresses the opinion that pretty positively at the present day the men of Uranian temperament are especially in favour of women in their struggle for liberty and hold them in high respect, and he offers numerous citations indicating that a similar attitude towards women prevailed among the Spartans, the Athenians, the Florentines, the Italian, etc.

I have made no study of Uranian men, least of all historically; but perhaps I shall not be impertinent in suggesting, as far as the present is concerned, that both homosexuals and heterosexualists (let us use plain language, the term Uranian being caviare to the general) may be divided broadly into three classes, the gross, the ordinary, and the refined, in that the attitude towards women is more apt to be determined by the degree of refinement than by the direction which the sexual passion chances to take.

The great majority of high-minded men, whatever their sexual lives, respect women and wish them to be free. If the direction of the sexual passion has any influence at all in this regard, I incline to the view that the women stand higher in the minds of heterosexualists.

There is an undeniable tendency in many homosexuals to look upon woman as an inferior. They sometimes honor certain exceptional women, just as Anti-Semites sometimes honor certain individual Jews; but in either case, as a rule, prejudice must first be overcome. It is hardly to be presumed, then, that the men who entertain this instinctive aversion to women are absolutely uninfluenced by it when summoned by women to support their demand for independence.

\[ \text{OUR RIGHTS.} \]

"Femina" (Madame Bulteau) is writing for "Le Figaro" a series of articles under the general title, "In the Peace of the Evening," one of which is so nearly in line with the teachings of THE NEW FREEMANOF that I translate it in full:

"The anxiety that torments collectivities, and also the nervous discontent, the swift disgusts, the brief duration of sentiments, and a thousand other unpleasant things from which individuals suffer perhaps more than they used to—do not all these arise from the growing concern and firm certainty felt by each and all in the matter of their rights?

"Yet what a queer delusion! It happens, no doubt, that one has the power to dispose as he pleases of beings, of objects, of this or that force. Objects, beings, force, are yours! Possession gives you the means of destroying or preserving them. Yes. But the means is not the right! And if you need to eat and be happy, where was concluded the mystic contract thanks to which food and happiness are due to you? You do not know; but you feel clearly your right to satisfy your instincts. Why should you have it? One finds no other reply than that of stub­

born children who have exhausted their arguments: because!

"When certain men, after having declared themselves kings or caused themselves to be so declared, had the inspiration to persuade their subjects that the right to reign emanates directly from God, they showed great wisdom. One does not see how they could have gotten out of the difficulty in any other manner. For it is only by going back to the marvellous devotion of the divine will that the idea of any right whatever finds a basis.

"In truth, long before he occupied himself with monarchs, the Lord, placing his creature in Paradise, gave him all the delights, or almost all. But, in expelling him, he gave him to understand—as was strikingly shown by the sequel—that nothing more would be drawn from the void for his sole pleasure and definite possession, that every object conquered by his effort, and which he should find good reasons for considering his own, might be taken from him by the effort of another, who also would have his reasons, and that, in short, if his right were of the kind, could be rendered by no means be destined, set aside, for each, prior to his birth.

"With their first steps out of Eden the susceptible Adam and the visionary Eve lost all their rights.

Yet their successors must have kept some memory of the guiltless when the primitive law caused fruits to ripen at the hour of hunger, imposed obedience on animals, and prepared for each desire a satisfaction amid the sublime liberty of the world in flower. Only a persistent recollection of Paradise can explain the mad notion of a right to what one has, to what one wishes, even to what one needs.

"This notion has taken many forms and has never ceased to work upon the mind. Thanks to it, and for the perpetuation of those artificial establishments, societies, has been justified the domination of the stronger, has been qualified as the 'better,' over the weaker and the worse. And with it has been drawn up the catalogue of the virtues and the vices: the former recognizable by the fact that they give freer play to the rights of the neighbour, the latter by the fact that they restrain him, deny him, or annihilate him. Crimes and faults: robbery and murder, which assail the fancied right of each to live and keep his goods; and debauchery, because it compromises the right to endure which the race attributes to itself; and falsehood, which, depriving relations and exchanges of security, tends to ruin all rights together; and moral disorder, which invades, gently or abruptly, a multitude of our recognised rights to the money it screws out of us, the time that it squanders, the peace that, by its very near­

bourhood, it destroys.

"As for the virtues, their rôle is plainly to be seen. The greater and the naturally, are those that appeal to the greatest number, such as heroism or charity, that touching safeguard of the right to wealth, which by generous sacrifices, an exquisite goodness, prevents poverty for a moment from perceiving that it too has its right.

"Then come the little virtues: submission favourable to the right of tyranny; patience, that permits the right to ill temper to display itself at leisure, economy, so helpful to the prodigalities of heirs; and, for reasons of the same type, fidelity, frankness, industry.

"It is a curious and useful experiment to impose upon one's self for a day the obligation not to say or think, in respect to any matter whatever: 'I have the right.' One is surprised to remark at the end that, a propos of some contradiction, some disappointment, some lack of respect, some servant at fault, some letter delayed, some remark reported, the irresistible formula has risen ten or twenty times, or more. We mingle it with everything, and with it we spoil everything.

"If parents were to strike it from their vocabulary, they would lose less certain of having received their authority from heaven, and would no longer believe themselves infallible. Knowing that their little ones are not theirs and do not exist for their sakes, they would bring them up more wisely. And they, the children, if they would refrain from making the absurd formula the basis of their judgments, would realize their parents in the marvellous devotion, to which they are not at all entitled, as it pleases them to imagine. Brothers, cousins, and aunts would not feel authorized to disparage each other more pitilessly than they disparage any stranger. A more delicate modesty would temper the struggles for money. Families would not be, as they so often are, groups of antipathies, where ill—
will is met, and where, amid paltry and cruel conflicts, it seems legitimate to liberate one's faults, one's worst manias, and all that is lowest in the mind. We should respect each other more if we were to forget the rights of blood and of affinities.

"And benefactors would know no bitterness but for their right to gratitude. The most illusory of all is love. Does it not destroy, for the good that one does? Then one does not deserve it! And those magnificent hearts that are generous and devoted because a sublime egoism obliges them to enjoy themselves only in others,—well, such would desire no gratitude. It is they who owe it when they are permitted to serve and to console, so vast is the joy that they feel then. Rare hearts, expert in the art of living, they find no rights.

"As soon as one is certain of having rights over them, objects, situations and people begin to lose their interest. For all vital force tends to conquest. One is called only by that which does not yet belong to one, or that which one is afraid of losing. But one may lose anything! No one has said to you: 'This joy, created for yourself alone, has been conceded to you by an indestructible compact in such a way that no one can deprive you of it.'

"You have tried one love. You have it; you are at your ease. Imprudence! Tranquility on your security, you no longer restrain yourself, uncovering your egoism, your weaknesses. Some one has loved in you a personage who adored his soul as his body, and who, improved by the anxiety of uncertain love, grew more beautiful. You reveal in yourself another personage. Will you continue to be loved? Do not hope too much from your rights!

"And do not count on them in friendship either. Perhaps you would neglect the daily offer of your self with this illusion of the thinging and so precarious, so resisting and so vulnerable! The lapse of time, the long confidence, the firmness of the received affection,—all these things, remember, simply lay upon you duties. And if you, of the two, love the more, it is a happiness for which you can expect no thanks. Have a poor man's prudence, though your heart be full. And keep a close watch on your feelings after doing a service to a friend.

"Take care! Overcome the temptation to believe that, because of this, he will be the more attached. On the morrow of the day when it has been useful, friendship runs a terrible risk. It is an ordeal that tries the strongest. If the disasous idea is in him, the generous friend will lose somewhat of that fear of displeasing without which no sentiment endures. He will lose, in short, the fine appetite for conquest; alive, in short.

"Underlying your pains you will not meet so often the intolerable sensation of injustice. And you will no longer lose your treasures of tenderness by the side. For you will be afraid of losing them.

"If, sure of your rights, we should make a firm grasp on our possessions, they quickly change to ashes, or escape. We must continually renew our deserts, achieve afresh our conquests. We must, or else we shall not be slow to see what our rights are worth.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

When my friend Swartz shall have organised the industry of the sex-workingwomen, presumably advertisements of the industry will in order, and the daily papers will teem with bargain-counter announcements, offering remainders and shop-worn goods at reduced prices. Being a believer in liberty, I cannot say nay. Most people having the idea that every Anarchist is bound to prove that Anarchy and the millennium are one and the same thing, it will be no new thing for me to answer such objectors that on the morrow of the day when it has been useful, friendship runs a terrible risk. It is an ordeal that tries the strongest. If the disasous idea is in him, the generous friend will lose somewhat of that fear of displeasing without which no sentiment endures. He will lose, in short, the fine appetite for conquest; alive, in short.

"None of these things are due to us,—not the sky on fire, not the melody, not the perfumes, not the love that has come, nothing! Say to yourself every morning, joyfully—and anxiously! Why am I free, beautiful, rich, glorious, contented? Why am I loved, instead of another? At once you will feel a wonderful taste for life. Things will no longer wither in your hands. For a long time, perhaps indefinitely, everything will wear an aspect of novelty. You will find a pleasure, mingled with the exquisite acid of astonishment, in remarking your glory, in enjoying your beauty, in spending your money. Underlying your pains you will not meet so often the intolerable sensation of injustice. And you will no longer lose your treasures of tenderness by the side. For you will be afraid of losing them.

"If, sure of your rights, we should make a firm grasp on our possessions, they quickly change to ashes, or escape. We must continually renew our deserts, achieve afresh our conquests. We must, or else we shall not be slow to see what our rights are worth.

Benj. R. Tucker.

The Humanitarian Holiday Recreative Party & Food Reform Summer School.

The Humanitarian Holiday Recreative Party & Food Reform Summer School.

Prospectus giving all particulars from the Hon. Secretary or Mr. & Mrs. Massingham, Food Reform Guest House, 57, Norfolk Terrace, Brighton.

Brighton.

September 1st, 1913
Domestic Studies in the Year 2000 A.D.

I.

Mr. Sydney Wobble smiled wearily from his sickbed on his son George, who was sitting beside him. "It really seems a pity that the Medical Control Board won't let me live a little longer. Of course there is a good deal of pain for one hour out of the twenty-four, which requires a certain amount of medical attention, but I should not mind paying a little extra for that if the State allowed any doctor or nurse to have a private practice. (However I daresay I should never have been born under the new Inspection of Parents Act.) The point is that I am quite interested in the morning paper and talking to all of you and seeing a friend sometimes—and in old days I could have gone on indefinitely."

"Yes, Father," cried George, "One does sometimes regret the anarchy of 100 years ago but in those days you would never have reached the age of 98, and you might have died of a painful and incurable disease without a chance of escape instead of this arteriosclerosis. You yourself have often told me how wildly enthusiastic people were over the Voluntary Euthanasia Act of 1940."

"They were indeed," replied Mr. Wobble, "but of course it had to become compulsory soon. The principles of my great ancestor and namesake had sunk deeply into the more thinking minds of the community, and everything did become compulsory. Besides that they began killing criminals by anæsthetics in 1930 instead of by hanging, and a great many criminals were committed by those who were unlawfully eager to get their revenge and an easy death at the same time. Moreover the expenses of the State medical service have been considerably reduced by the power of the Local Board to decide when a patient is not worth further attention. No doubt, even when I was a young man, many humane doctors accelerated the end of the patient when it could be easily done—and then of course there were the surgical operations, which were fairly well bound to kill many people who preferred to avoid a long period of suffering. However we are far in advance of all the Christianity and Individualism of those days. . . .

By the way, did you see the official form? Did it give me a week or a fortnight?"

George picked up some papers from the table. "Oh here it is," he said and read the form:—

"Sir,—I regret to inform you that my Board have decided to allow you no further medical service after a week from this date, and they are of opinion that a patient is not worth further attention. No doubt, even when I was a young man, many humane doctors accelerated the end of the patient when it could be easily done—and then of course there were the surgical operations, which were fairly well bound to kill many people who preferred to avoid a long period of suffering. However we are far in advance of all the Christianity and Individualism of those days. . . .

By the way, did you see the official form? Did it give me a week or a fortnight?"

"How very odd my father would have thought that letter," the old man remarked, "I think it would have made him very angry. When I was quite young there were a few wild writers—one of them was called Belloc or some such name—who had no respect for the collective wisdom of the community. They thought that individuals should own land and ought not to be compulsorily insured. However they were all ultimately secluded under the Mental Deficiency Act, which substituted some more scientific tests for the cruder tests of the first Acts. Well! I suppose I must make my arrangements. The injection is painless, I believe. Don't they give me an appointment? No; I see not. How very careless! I think I should like it about 7 in the evening. . . . How curious to remember the crude lack of precision with which people used to die in my young days—days when quite ordinary men sometimes committed physical assaults, swore, drank alcoholic preparations at meals, married without medical permission, and even then couldn't get divorced without some legal fiction of adultery. Why, they owned houses and land in perpetuity, and read books which were excluded from the British Museum Catalogue, which I wrote quite seriously about the Government. Those were indeed turbulent times. Everything was so casual and unforeseen. . . . However I must make a new will and get the Law Registrar to send someone to help me with that and the Probate affidavit. A week isn't long, perhaps, but still I doubt if anything will ever be very different now, and of course life nowadays is not so exciting as it was. By the way, you can put my ashes in the safe downstairs, and I should like a few ethical words at the Crematorium. There is an ethical lecturer called Jones in the next street who only charges two guineas. He might just make a passing reference to my work in connexion with the 'Better regulation of female underclothing Act.' What a splendid achievement it was. We never thought it would pass the House of Female Representatives. Well, well. . . ."

(Left dozing.)

E. S. P. Hayes.

"Individualism."

That is not an attractive title nor a new one, but the book has a new idea that cannot fail to interest anyone who cares to understand what he does and why he does it. The author undertakes to reconcile by logic the opposing theories of Individualism and Hedonism and their natural consequences. Socialism and anarchism, Philanthropy and Self-interest, by showing from a scientific point of view that enlightened self interest is Beneficence. The same conclusion may be reached from the sociological standpoint as well as from the religious standpoint, for the fundamental teaching of all true religion is that "the way of transgressors is hard," that the wicked man is the fool; that narrow selfishness is stupid, and that hate is the only sin; or as the original of the New Testament calls it "missing the mark."

The book is radical if not revolutionary, and is a most important and timely work. Beginning with proof of the supreme importance of the individual, it attacks the doctrine of "the common good," showing that the interests and rights of beings are harmonious, just in proportion to their intelligence.

Professor Fite has a hard word for such sloop-shop social reformers as hold that reform is to be effected by them and not by the individuals to be reformed. Naturally he has no confidence in "natural rights," nor in the taking the kingdom of heaven by force,
even of votes. There is not space to consider Fite's contrasting of the Greek ideal with the Hebraic ideal which we have so largely adopted, and which he wishes to supplant with the scientific ideal of "justice, or love, become real through technical adjustment"; nor can we here summarize his illuminating solution of the problem of heredity.

Free communication, free speech, free will, even free trade (whisper it low, although he stops short), free love he shows must follow from the perception of the Thinking Man as distinguished from the Automatic creature that unthinkingly responds to external stimulus.

Professor Fite derives "rights" from consciousness, which he makes out as knowing what one is doing, and thinks that rights are not "natural," but are proportioned to the degree of consciousness and can not be bestowed, nor effectively asserted except by those who exercise them.

As he sees it, a being becomes an Individual having "rights" with regard to others only by attaining consciousness. Only through this consciousness a personality is created; when it is created, it becomes a new centre of forces in social evolution.

"Contingent consciousness," he says, "is measured by the extent to which the Individual perceives the relations of others to himself. We become free then just to the extent that this social consciousness enables us to adjust ourselves with things and with one another.

Gravity is a part of the nature of things whether we know of it or not; but until we do know at least of its existence and its effects, we have no relation to it other than that which inanimate things have. If we have "rights" before we come to know and demand them, they are, at best, only theoretical demand them, they are, at best, only theoretical. We have "rights" before we come to know and demand them, they are, at best, only theoretical.

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repayment can be made in material gifts. The favours of sex are possessions of this kind. I cannot agree with Mr. Lee Schwartz’s view that there exists, of necessity, a *quid pro quo*, however much this may appear a sufficient excuse for taking advantage of ignorance in order to steal: though I believe that many men do not realise to its actual extent, the ignorance of girls. Both men and women, I believe, will stand on firmer ground if they assent to the proposition that material gifts cannot pay for personal favours, for which there is no standard of payment, though such a one existed formerly. For instance, in Leviticus we read that for robbing a damsel of her virginity, the culprit was compelled to pay to her father (should she be unbetrothed) fifty shekels of silver; while if betrothed the “*quid pro quo*” was the man’s life. He was to be put to death. We have to make new standards of value.

“HUMANITY AN ORGANISM.”

To the Editor of The New Freewoman.

Madam,

To say that “Humanity” is a myth is perhaps to speak truth, but to say that there is no such thing as a social organism is not true.

There is no such *organism* as “Humanity,” made up of individual human beings as cells made up of groups of human beings as organs; but there is a *social* organism, made up of cells which are the *doings* of men, in their living relations with one another—made up of organs which are the *functionings* involved in these relations.

This organism is no more an “abstraction” to the cells and organs which compose it than is any other organism to its organs and cells. In this social organism the *social life* of the individual human being makes a cell, the co-ordinated, organised association of individual lives in certain specialized kinds of social living, make the functioning organs; and to these functionary organs, and finally to the whole social organism, the *doing*, the *living*, of every man is invincible bondage.

The tyranny of this social order, is the tyranny of nature. The tyranny of nature must be submitted to, or overcome.

We overcome nature, not by annihilating her to our thought, not by destroying her, but by conquering her, by taming her, by harnessing her to the calendar of our aims and purposes. And it is this that we must do with human nature, as manifested in the social organism, if we will to live.

No individual can do this alone—even for himself. Only the co-ordinated organized doing of a race, evolving to greater and higher complexity of organization can do this—as the evolution of all life plainly shows.

Now in any organism, the cell is, in the very nature of things, at the mercy of the organ, which is in turn at the mercy of the organism. Hence, as I said before, the *social life* of the individual human being is in invincible bondage to the social order; and there is nothing that he as an individual can do to free his life from such bondage.

But *social human nature* can be conquered, tamed, harnessed to the chariot of aims and purposes just as certainly as can be any other manifestation of nature. This is being done, partially, *sporadically*, but growingly and continually, every day. It can be fully done however, only by complete racial organization to this purpose.

And now we come to the question of the individual to himself, “What does it avail me, oh my soul, to be free, to be just, to be loving?” And we fancy that the answer of the wise soul to itself must be this: “It will avail me nothing, except it lead me to cast in my lot with all those who are organized to conquer, to tame, to harness to the chariot of the will to be free and just and loving.—human nature as manifested in the social organism,—for this is the whole of the history of evolution.”

Philadelphia.

Alice Groff.

[It does not seem to us that our correspondent has proved her contention that societies (or humanity, whatever that is) can rightly be regarded as "organisms." She has not attempted to show the existence of any kind of integrating principle tending to bind individuals into an indivisible whole, such as is characteristic of the internal life of an "organism." The trend of "evolution" in any sense in which we are able to understand the term is towards the accentuation of the individual. Inasmuch as a person is recognised as a person, that is, notable and superior among his contemporaries, he individualises himself out from the rest of the pack. He is distinct as an individual just because he embodies, and feels he embodies, differences and distinctions. Because there are many individuals, they find themselves in company, *i.e.*, societies, which are nothing more than a very loose nexus of relationships, dependent upon the will and whim of the individuals. To give to this loose arrangement of individuals, the title of "organism" is to our thinking a totally unjustifiable use of a quite useful term. "Mechanical mixture" was the term which we suggested in the days of The Freewoman, and this we think quite fairly describes the loose set of relationships presented by society.—Ed.]

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* Owing to pressure on our space an article by Madame Ciolkowska and letters from Caldwell Harpur and R. G. are held over.—Ed.*

** Note. **

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

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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."

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