

THE NEW
FREEWOMAN

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DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRACY is a weed of the tuber order. When its visible leaves are lopped off, the underground root remains strong as before. Proof that the worship of democracy is just the apotheosis of tyranny, that democracy is tyranny erected into a cult, does not make patent the absurdity of the conclusion that democracy is the gospel of the free. Proof is not proof that is : a sure sign that one has formulated the wrong proposition. The argument ostensibly only is on democracy; a democrat arguing his creed is arguing something else which he does not state. To convince him one must reach beyond democracy and grip hold of the subconscious something which is bolstering his belief in spite of argument.

Democracy viewed on its own merits of course reveals itself almost as a mathematical error. Starting from an aversion towards the tyranny of One—the historic Tyrant—the impulse towards democracy has spread tyranny—i.e. government—through a wider area, through oligarchy, and plutocracy, the Few, and the Rich, and presses onwards as to a desired goal, to the government of All by All. “Government of the People by the People.” To how many million millions of speeches has not this phrase given a fillip during the last century and a half? Yet its meaning is clear. Democracy is a special form of government, that is, a particular form of according to some or all the privilege of meddling with the lives of the rest. Considered in the light of an agreement conferring this power to meddle between Smith, Jones, Robinson, and Brown,

each of these persons severally agrees to place the regulating and governing of his life outside his own ordering and under that of the majority of the rest. For the sake of meddling in the affairs of the others, each one abandons power over himself. When Smith wishes to adopt a course of action to please himself, he finds he has placed a possible majority over himself with power to decide against him. He has agreed to the placing of a constant blockade upon his course of action. In return he can help to blockade the actions of any of the rest. Previous to the compact he was, as far as his own power enabled him, the equal of any; after, he finds himself automatically faced by a constant superior of his own making—the alliance. He has fenced himself round with restrictions, and receives as the utmost reward for his pains—alien responsibility. Govern himself he may not—but to govern others he is pledged. If, abandoning the instance, we look at the same relationship in its vastly extended form, i.e. in democracy, the viciousness of the situation is found to be proportionately increased. Here in these British Isles, an English democrat, in return for having the one seven millionth part of a unified tyranny over each one of his fellows, suffers the accumulated weight of the remaining six million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine parts in his own person, should he elect to deviate by a hair’s breadth from the authority of the alliance. When British democracy completes itself and unto the seven million are added women, tinkers, tailors, soldiers, beggarmen, thieves, and

the rest the effect will be correspondingly worse. The alliance will smite with the force of Jove and the "free" little democrat will put up his share in the bargain with the force of the moth's wing. This is what Democracy in Excelsis, means—democracy perfected, democracy with proportional representation, with respect for minorities, and the like. This is what asking for a "vote" means: strangling by request, the bludgeoning of the individual by the alliance, by majorities. This is the freedom of the people which the poets have sung.

"The common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

That is Democracy's vision splendid, "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

That the above is the only description which can be given of democracy, *i.e.* a vast system of tutelage, a system impossible of conception by men accustomed to exercise their own judgments freely, none who use an intellect with precision can deny. Of all the forms of "government," democracy is the one most nicely calculated to overcome free instincts, and for the same reasons which make government under a "Tyrant" the least pernicious viewed from the same aspect. This, by the way, explains why there is now an increasingly popular demand that the royal power should be increased. It is a harking back to the single "Tyrant," in the interest of fuller play for free instincts. Democracy may have its good points, but whatever these may be they are the reverse of everything which tends to encourage free agents.

When an effort is made to account for the deluge of democratic sentiment which is submerging our times, one naturally turns to the doctrinaires of the Revolution period, with their conceptions of inflated "Humanity" and belief in the increasing perfectibility of "Mankind as a whole." "Humanity" has sat very heavily upon men for the last hundred years. In making schemes for the perfecting of "Humanity" the myth, men, the realities have been forced into set moulds, like clay into bricks to become fitting building-material for the purpose. Observation of individual men would never have led to the formulation of the static conceptions upon which the democratic edifice is founded, such as justice, equality, fraternity, order. These are based not on the traits of living men but upon schemes for the aggrandisement of mere thought-creations—"humanity" "mankind." Indeed the "characteristics of men" are something to be explained away, something to be overcome in the interests of "mankind." The individual *Will* mars the thought-picture, just as testy individual people mar Mrs. Webb's vision of a perfect state. If the individual will can be

annihilated, so much the better; if unhappily it cannot, then it must be seduced by guile into the service of the concept—and all for the benefit of "mankind."

"Our wills are ours, we know not how.

Our wills are ours to make them Thine,"

says Tennyson. Emmanuel Kant means exactly the same thing when he speaks of the Will being free to obey the "Moral Law." "Free to obey"—a curious phrase! The name of Kant here is opportune because he more than any other is responsible for the introduction of the idea of independent law to be realised in human conduct. This notion has sunk deep, this idea that we do not belong to ourselves, that we are not our own. The shackles of democracy do not offend because at heart men have come to believe that they ought not to be free, to be their own masters. They believe that there exists underlying law, an underlying harmony, and that to learn this harmony, to get into step with it, is the proper rôle—the "duty"—of men. They may not actually be in tune with the infinite but they feel they *ought* to be. And here we have it. Men love the "ought," the duty, the submission to "something higher," the categorical imperative. They are in truth fearsome and very timid, the sons of men! The real Ishmaelite among them, the real outcast, is the man who says "I desire to be free, not free to obey or free to serve, but free (as far as my power goes) to please myself." Of the Egoist in thought human culture bears small trace: men cannot easily suffer this view of themselves; but of egoism in action all that is hard and lasting has been built up.

So with democracy: timid hearts and feeble minds have made common cause to raise up false gods. The soul says "Thou shalt have no other gods but *me*," but the alien gods arise notwithstanding and democracy has its full share of them—Equality, Justice, Fraternity. Because these are lies, *i.e.* without correspondence to anything real, the men who have raised them aloft for worship do not worship for long, and the people cry out that democracy, in these its bases, is being undermined. The "People" bitterly complain that their politicians betray them. They are betrayed surely enough, but their own minds are the culprits. They are the victims of their own hasty and mistaken generalisations, their own false analogies, and slack efforts of attention. For it is to be noted that the democratic idea, *i.e.* all governing all, is one not at all incapable of realisation. There are circumstances where it would be the perfect adjustment: in living organisms for instance, such as the human body. There in the inter-relationship of each single member of the body with the rest we have in their common health and well-ordering the "Each for all and all for each," the "government of

all, by all, for all," of democracy. But the living organism is an actual unity, not a "thought" unity—but a reality. Its indivisibility, its separateness and oneness are its distinguishing marks. Attempt to divide it, chop it up into members and we kill it. Not so mankind. Only by false analogy is "humanity," "mankind," conceived as a unity and hence our "human" woes. Out of the disparities, diversities and separateness which "mankind" comprises, to create a semblance of unity in order to fit the concept these naughty frauds of thought are perpetrated: Equality to level differences, Justice to keep them levelled; Fraternity to cement the mixture permanently together, into "the brotherhood of man"—mankind.

What is wrong with democracy is that it is calculated to fit mankind: a homogeneous, ardently-desired, much-vaunted but non-existent unity. It does not fit men. Hence this quarrel of "human" culture with egoistic men. If men do not conform to the "ideals of humanity" then they *ought to*. That has been the claim of all moralists, and egoists have usually lost the argument. Rather they have never attempted to win it, but in a shamefaced way

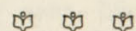
they have acted on their egoism. The "Moral Law" has held the entire platform, "humanity" has had full innings, and we have all agreed that humanity would be uplifted and glorified, with democracy fitting like a glove, if only men were free (to obey), equal, just, loving, and guided by law. And men have piously admitted that they *ought to be* these things, and have cast a glance in their direction in leisure moments. No institution can thrive however on attention so casual, and as for democracy it has clattered down in a straggling ruin. The clatter of its fall may prove capable of breaking the spell of hypnotism which the architects of mankind—the moralists—have laid upon their living material—men; capable of dispelling the authority of the "Moral Law," the authority, ruling in an alien interest from without. Then the ego, the wayward will of the individual man may have courage to mount the throne and ask, "Now what precisely does it avail *me*, Oh my Soul, to be free, to be just, to be loving?" and the individual value of the satisfactions to be derived therefrom will be the measure of their intrinsic value of these.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

"THE NEW FREEWOMAN is clever." So it is and with encouragement would inevitably become more so. We feel the tendency, and really are struggling against it. Hence these explanatory "comments," in which we can revert from the Greek to the Anglo-Saxon and change the illustration of the Dithyramb into that of the Cradle. The fact that, at present, THE NEW FREEWOMAN has no intellectual kin, that the "spirit of the age" is the opposite of ours, makes it necessary for us not only to set up our own creed but to create the *milieu* in which this will be able tolerably to live and be known for what it truly is. Hence these attacks upon what may seem cobwebs, atmospheres and mere conceptions. But let us revert to the "cradle." So exquisite an example of what we were attacking under the guise of the "Nothing worked on by the Dithyramb" has recently come our way that, can we get it accepted for what it is, we shall have taken possession of the substance of every false style, shivered the rhetoric of every platform and created a wide retreat from human "culture." The function of the cradle is open to no question: it is to rock, and the rocking is designed to deprive a lively and wakeful occupant of so much of its consciousness as is involved in going to sleep. The luxurious swaying is designed to overcome intelligence, and ordinarily it is very successful. Rocked in the cradle the infant sleeps and so do the intelligences of grown-ups worked on by a similar mechanical process. Impregnated with the rhythm of matter, mind is subdued; assailed by its opposite, mind gives way, in a luxury of abandonment; overcome by material rhythm mind will embrace renunciation, annihilation, death, and with the relax of strain involved in the abandoning of mind's hold on life comes the voluptuary's pleasure, the thrill. The "thrill" of pleasure comes always where "feeling"—i.e. life, impinges on matter. The "thrill" in feeling is not part of the emotional impulse itself; it is to the surge of emotion what the fretful surf at the base of the cliff is to the deeps of the sea: it is the phenomenon which shows itself

only in the last stages of feeling, when the impulse has spent itself. Voluptuousness, the mechanical creation of "pleasure" is the attempt to create "pleasure" in a reverse order: by *imitating* the material rhythm of matter and endeavouring to implicate it in the outer fringe of feeling. It is of necessity doomed to disappointment, since this outer fringe, too frequently worked upon becomes one with the outer agent and dies. The small amount of feeling which is necessary even for mere pleasure is not forthcoming, which accounts for what is essentially vicious in "vice"—i.e. that pre-occupation with the by-product, the mere accidentals of real feeling which blocks up the channel of feeling itself.

There is no difference in the essentials of this process whether it be observed in the obvious spheres of "sense" or in the subtler realms of intellect. It remains the difference between reality and a fake, sincerity and insincerity, joy and pleasure. This may appear a long excursion away from our original instance, but in reality it is not. It is a plain statement of what is amiss with "bodily health," "happiness," "thought" and "culture"—amiss because insincere, "touched-up," merely associative; lacking real foundations.



The instance to which we referred we give at length below. The flower of modern culture is to be seen in Woman; the flower of Womanhood are Englishwomen; and the distinguished of the distinguished among these are the Englishwomen of literary genius—those of "the Pen and of the Press." At a moment of national sorrow, calamity, yea disgrace, these bright particular stars unburden their souls (to the Press—not to THE NEW FREEWOMAN by the way) of what is at once an indictment and an exposition. And this is what they have to say and how they say it:

"We, the undersigned, women 'of the pen and of the Press,' who stand 'shoulder to shoulder' with

men in the art of literature 'without let or hindrance,' without 'favouritism or animosity,' who share with men the 'pleasures and pains' of our profession, 'its rights, its wrongs,' its 'praise, and its blame,' hereby—'individually, and as vice-presidents of our league'—'assert and maintain' that the present 'attitude of rebellion,' 'anarchy, and defiance' which many otherwise 'loyal and law-abiding' women have adopted towards the Government is largely due to the 'lack of straight dealing and to the almost inconceivable blundering' of that Government.

"That Government, *sir*, has paltered with a problem of the deepest significance. It seems to have forgotten that 5½ million of women workers, forced by our social laws into the labour market, instead of being, as heretofore, dependent upon men for their livelihood, are 'taxed unconstitutionally, many of them sweated unmercifully.'

"It has failed to see that the whole conditions of woman's life are different in this 'twentieth century from what they were in the tenth'; it has failed to realise the elemental nature of the movement, and has treated it in a spirit of shuffling insincerity unworthy of serious statesmen.

"By this appalling 'ignorance and negligence' it has 'induced and encouraged' a state of 'tyranny and resistance' which is a disgrace both 'to England and to Englishmen.'—(Signed)

FLORA ANNIE STEEL and BEATRICE HARRADEN,
ALICE MEYNELL and GERTRUDE BAILLIE REYNOLDS,
ELIZABETH ROBINS and EVELYN SHARP,
MAY SINCLAIR and MARGARET TODD, M.D.,
MARGARET L. WOODS and E. AYRTON ZANGWILL.



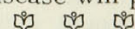
It will be noticed, thanks to our careful pointing, that there are "two of everything" (like underclothes), even of signatories. "Its rights" "its wrongs," "its praise" "its blame," "to England and to Englishmen." This is the cradle—of Rhetoric. If one carefully reckons up the amount of real matter in the above effusion, a fairly accurate estimate will be acquired as to the value of the platform-created phenomenon which is called the "Woman Movement." Rumour has it that this rhythm-intoxicated "Cause" is to ally itself with the forces represented by Mr. Lansbury. The prospect makes the head giddy. Mr. Lansbury has, we believe, a heart of gold but he has a *literary intellect*, that is, he suffers badly from cultural brain-rot. One would have hoped that Mrs. Pankhurst, after her escape from the alliance with Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, would have shunned the rhetoricians like leprosy. Instead, unhappily she appears herself to have caught the plague.



Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, who seemed to annoy members of the House of Commons very considerably by mentioning the fact that "killing is murder" even in South Africa, writes in a seemingly astonished way, to the *Herald*, "Now we know what the army is for. Two hundred and seventy men and women of our own blood have been shot down by other men of our blood—men paid with our money to do the work." But an infant in arms knows what an army is for; what even the elders appear unaware of is what we unarmed are for. *We* are targets. That is the relationship of civilians to the army. Mr. Wedgwood appears to think that "our blood" should have some deciding force in the matter. He is surely pre-occupied with a non-essential. It is the possession of the gun which matters in a community where there exist two orders—armed and unarmed. It is worse than futile for unarmed men to parley of sweetness, truth and light at the nozzle of a rifle. That they do so and pride themselves upon their meekness reveals the real temper of the new "movement." The only proper retort to the threatened onslaught of armed men is to supply oneself with arms. For corroboration refer

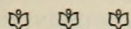
to any of the friends of freedom of the actual as opposed to the verbal sort, Pym, Washington, Lincoln, Garibaldi, even Sir Edward Carson. Conscript throughout the Empire, men and women alike, would to our mind be the strictly accurate reply to the "brutalities of government," presenting an infinitely more prevailing argument than a deluge of argument and an ocean of tears.

It is a thousand pities that THE NEW FREEWOMAN has so few tastes in common with the "Friends of Freedom." It is indeed a difference in taste, and we can only hope that such differences are not so fundamental as experience has led us to think. Mr. Wedgwood goes on to say, "I like the story of the unarmed man, who crossed the line, and, with arms stretched out, asked them to shoot him, *and was shot*." Mr. Wedgwood likes it: so do not we. It is typical of an attitude we cannot abide. It gives us shivers of violent irritation, not directed against the shooters but against the shot. What silly business had the man to cross the line? The place for unarmed men with soldiers about is under cover, unless, of course, the thing is done for sport, in which case we shall not be expected to see in the person a likeness to the figure of Christ which surely enough the writer draws in the succeeding line! The latter-day "Friends of Freedom" are suffering from a disease, which is highly contagious and will be the death of them for all serious plans and purposes unless a sense of humour comes to save them. For instance they have been haunted with this "Image of Christ" notion since the very first days of their activity. Applied to every witless deed, its use was rampant in Mrs. Pankhurst's union, where it was applied not only to shining beacons like Mrs. Pankhurst but to followers too humble for naming. Then it passed to the Revolutionary Labour movement, by way of Mr. Lansbury; and now it has infected our "friends inside the house"! Perhaps the violence of the disease will prove its best cure.



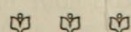
The characteristic of inverted intellectualisation which is the cause of this perverted taste shows itself in the nature of the clamour which is being raised against the "Cat and Mouse" act. It is a "disgrace to the Government," one hears. The "Cat and Mouse" act in our opinion is exceedingly good government. In fact, as *government*, it is a masterpiece. What is government for if not to keep rebellious elements deprived of power to do mischief, to break the "law" with impunity? Suffragists above all others, being the only ones anxious to share in government specifically, ought to know what "government" is. They believe in reform by law, in doing good unto others by compulsion: well, the government is giving them an instance of how it is done; it reforming *them* by law, doing them good by compulsion, when it compels them to save their lives by forcible feeding, when it shows its ingenuity and tenacity by the "Cat and Mouse" act. If "friends of freedom" had a larger supply of brain power than the moiety only with which they seem to be supplied, they would be able to understand why feeling so often runs against them, when reasonably it might be expected to be with them. They would then manage to get some idea of the force of underlying assumption. When for instance a man of teeming benevolence like Mr. G. K. Chesterton gives it as his opinion that while he likes the suffragette tactics better than their ideals, he nevertheless holds that they, upon refusing food, should be left to starve in prison, they would realise that some weighty consideration must be operating to overcome his natural softness of heart: that he is not influenced unaccountably by some sudden irrational spite. The consideration is that Mr. Chesterton believes in government and political law. Government must govern, law must be vindicated; if law is belittled, reduced to impotency in one case, so it may be in a thousand cases. Therefore let the law be upheld in every case, and let government be strong to govern:

Anyone who *believes* in government believes the same thing: suffragists at heart believe it, and so does the country at large. That is why there is no popular outcry against the barbarity of these circumstances. The "horror" which the suffragists hold that the country feel against the government in this particular simply does not exist. They alone have the tale for the telling. The "country" regards the situation as a deadlock with the argument as well as the advantage against the women. Had the women spent the smallest proportion of the time which they have expended trying to persuade a sceptical public as to the powers and virtues of votes in examining the nature of government, making this clear to themselves and the people, they would have had sympathy and comprehension where now they have only hostility and misunderstanding.



The charge of misappropriation of a sum of money which was brought so precipitately against Mr. Charles Granville by some of his former colleagues and upon which judgment has been postponed from December last, recently has been decided against him, and many among the wide circle of literary people who benefited by his generosity and sympathy with struggling authors and "advanced" writers generally, will learn with regret that a sentence of several months' imprisonment has been passed upon him. The ridiculous and impertinent charges of bigamy which were unearthed no doubt very strongly prejudiced the case, though their worthlessness is indicated by the fact that even in the eyes of the judge, they were considered not to warrant punishment, and the sentence passed in respect of them runs concurrently and will have terminated before the expiration of the major sentence. Although there appear to have been but few friends about him to bear public testimony to his worth and work, Mr. Granville must have the personal knowledge that but for his assistance most of that which to-day comprises the braver note in journalism would probably have no existence. In undertaking the complete financial responsibility of inaugurating and maintaining a publicist organ of hitherto unprecedented outspokenness such as the *Eye-Witness*, he performed an invaluable public service; he came forward to save the *Daily Herald* at a moment when it seemed impossible for it to go on, and for a short period kept that voice of the new temper among the dispossessed audible; of what he did in financing THE FREEWOMAN it is perhaps not our place here to speak: the efforts we have made to carry on a like work in THE NEW FREEWOMAN will sufficiently indicate the value we set upon it. He gave his help freely and graciously and without any reservations. He occupied the truly unique position of financing journals without attempting to "control" them.

Of his personal generosity there is no need to speak since throughout a wide circle of literary London testimony could be taken of it. It is somewhat ironical that the one journalist who gave evidence in his favour should be probably the most disinterested—Mr. Orage, the editor of the *New Age*. Perhaps the benefit of the doubt should be given to beneficiaries, whose offers to help may have been made but not called upon. We sincerely hope that such was the case.



The *Eye-Witness* has recently published a series of opinions on the Jewish question under the quaint heading, "What shall we do with our Jews?" Considering the relative powers of Jew and Gentile at the moment, the naïve question suggests another situation, the conference of Tails debating "What shall we do with our Dogs?" The humour of the situation is quickened by the presence at the sitting of one of the Dogs, the contribution of that super-Christianly courteous Jew, Dr. M. D. Eder, who thinks that in consideration of the difficulties all round consequent on their presence, the gentlemanly

thing to do would be for the Jews to retire into voluntary exile to—Angola, the only place available as far as the Commission appointed by the Jewish Territorial Organisation to inquire into the question can gather. Moreover, and gentlemanliness apart, the Jews want a country, a nationality. Well, Angola seems a long way off, so why not England? Dr. Eder quotes M. Poincaré saying to the French in England: "Keep carefully before your eyes and in your hearts this sacred image of France." "Ah, that is the image of a reality," says Dr. Eder. But is not England real, and more interesting and "on the spot" so to speak, than is Angola? We should advise the Jews to keep their eyes on England: the people seem to be peculiarly adapted by nature to submit to them, and what more can seekers of new homes want? They will have a far easier task than the Saxons had with the Celts, or the Normans with the Angles. And respect for priority of occupation has no place where vital matters are concerned. It holds good only in first-class railway carriages and drawing-rooms where there is not adequate elbow-room even were there the necessity to fight such matters out. In fighting for a land and a home more drastic measures are necessary. "This seat is intended to accommodate five" does not hold good in the last excursion train from, say, Blackpool to Oldham. It oftener accommodates ten. Dr. Eder's gentlemanly attitude would be emulated by the incommoded gentlemen pushed, in such circumstances, into a far corner rising and saying "Gentlemen, I see there is an inconvenient crush to which my presence contributes. I hear, I know, that there is plenty of room at the head of the pier, where I will go and spend the night." Of course there is a conceivable possibility that the Jews will prefer Angola to England: and if so that ends the matter. But if so, why the necessity for symposia on "What shall we do with our Jews?" There is nothing to prevent them departing thither, any more than to prevent them going up in an aeroplane and disappearing in the clouds. If, however, they want to remain here, and if it should please them to call England the "New Judæa" why should they not? We know of no scruple which should deter them, and the chances of successful occupation are heavily in their favour.

The Belief in Personal Immortality.

THE desire for personal immortality is the desire for one day of happiness and the recognition that that is an impossibility. Perfection of events, obviously not being in life, is tucked away beyond death, just as Paradise, obviously not being on earth, is tucked away beyond the stars. As God, according to M. Remy de Gourmont, said to the representative of *The Northern Atlantic Herald* one night in the Jardin de Luxembourg, "The immortality of the soul was without doubt the masterpiece of the ecclesiastical imagination. With this truth in his pocket a man may wander through all countries and always find servants. The woman who has lost her lover kisses the feet of the impostor who promises her the renewal in the beyond of her temporal felicities. The priest offers his slipper with indifference. They are the happiest of men, for they have ended by believing in a fable so productive. How should they deny the truth and beauty of this marvellous tree whose fruits are gold and love together?" The inherent improbabilities of this imagination are discussed by Mr. E. S. P. Haynes in a little book* that is not the least of the battles won on the playing fields of Eton: for great bumfly things like Leibnitz' *Monadology* are chased into a paragraph and Kant is bowled in an over. It is all done

by kindness, too. For Mr. Haynes would like to be immortal so that he could cross-examine Tennyson as to why he faintly trusted the larger hope and Browning as to whether his hope for spiritual immortality was not caused by a desire for a few more last rides together.

The chief difficulty of the journey beyond death was put by M. de Gourmont's God when he inquired: "At what moment would you undertake the journey? When one is dead, it is a little late for travelling." And another difficulty, as one realises after one has read Mr. Haynes' abstracts of the principal theological and philosophical routes, is created by man's growing realisation that one is not oneself but a crowd. The importance of the discovery is obvious from the distress it causes to the young. I remember when I was seven years old arresting my hoop in full flight on Richmond Green at the discovery that my life was losing colour because I was beginning to think of things not by images but by words. In view of this grey transition and my consequent gloom I arranged myself with a certain satisfaction in the first division of the two into which I had divided all mankind with the instinct for classification natural to one born in the lifetime of Herbert Spencer. Melancholy blokes I thought men, or cheerful coves. I use that classification still as a rough gauge of artistic matters for a bloke or cove who is not true to his type is insincere and therefore no artist. Mr. Galsworthy is The Melancholy Bloke and Mr. H. G. Wells The Cheerful Cove. They are all right. But Mr. Hilaire Belloc is a melancholy bloke trying to be a cheerful cove, and so he is damned. As a critical test it is adequate; as a definition of men, my adolescence uncomfortably discovered, how weak! Obviously the cheerful cove invades the temple of the melancholy bloke in the early morning and in Spring or with a more dancing step in the hot gay night: and all classifications break down as easily. For every living soul is a public meeting with seventy speakers and a million "voices," convened by the devil. Some of these selves cry out for mortality. As a storm washes the sand from a long-wrecked boat so an emotional disturbance may discover a disgraceful maternal grandmother buried hull-deep in the sands of one's personality. And for other more loveable selves, which answer most prettily to the call of the sense, it is useless to ask immortality, for they are plainly only enchanting peculiarities of the nervous system. In fact half the passengers one must take across the Styx are undesirable aliens and the other half will die on the journey. The human race of yesterday tripped on the deck of the steamer with the splendid irresponsibility of a celibate on holiday: the human race of to-day lags behind her on the gangway, driving before her a vast family disordered by the most uncontrollable virtues and all the criminal instincts.

The Egyptians recognised the pluralistic self: they were a subtle people, as we know from the liberty they gave to those that loved. But they lived in a land that terribly presents an image of eternity and their lives, cupped in the hollow of the desert's hand, seemed pitifully short. So they feared death. One of the most interesting things in Mr. Haynes' book is his account of the elaborate ritual with which they attempted to carry out the difficult task of pushing over into immortality so many things so kneaded into mortal substance. "There are six immortal elements, which are only re-united in the case of the righteous. These are:—

1. The *Ka*, the divine counterpart of the man which corresponds to the Memory-image: this could live without the body, but the body could not live without the *Ka* and it required feeding. . . .
2. The *Ab*, or heart, which was immortal. . . .
3. The *Ba* was the soul and is represented as a human-headed bird. It flew to the gods after death.
4. The *Sahu* represented the hull of the man without contents: it is depicted as a swathed mummy.

5. The *Kahib*, or shadow had also a separate existence. . . .

6. Osiris was the counterpart of the mummy. It is the dead man without soul and life, but with an *interim* kind of existence, feeling, and thought. . . . The mummy relentlessly remained in its chamber, so the Osiris was invented as a counterpart which went on a journey into the underworld. The *Book of the Dead* very fully describes this journey, at the end of which the Osiris finds itself in the hall of double Truth. It is tried by various judges, and the heart is weighed in a scale against the symbol of Truth. If the scales turned in his favour, then the god Thoth commanded the heart to be returned to the dead man, and to be set again in its place. This done, all the immortal elements were restored to the Osiris, which was admitted by the gods into their circle." That is a complex manufacturing process which, living as we do in a country that suggests not eternity but pretty ways of wasting time, we have not the energy to invent.

If when we have felt ourselves all over for the compact soul that would be handy for immortality as a man feels for his tram-ticket, we cannot find it, must we hand to the conductor as excess fare all our wealth of seemly living? Mr. Francis Grierson, in that puzzling book of sensitive recollection and insensitive prophecy, "The Invincible Alliance,"* declares that it must be so. "A man who does not believe he has a soul is a man who does not believe I have a soul and there is nothing to stop him but the fear of the law. So long as he escapes the law he cares for no one. Why should he fear conscience if death is the end of consciousness?" But indeed though our mob of selves are mortal they may create a masterpiece that is worth the body's ruin to protect. There must be some real and surpassingly beautiful experience which casts this illusion of the divine particle upon men. For poets have written of the soul in good verse, and beautiful poetry is commonly true as a beautiful bridge is commonly strong. And healthy nations think of the soul: not till they have sunk to the slums or to Park Lane and thereby forgotten their tribal hygiene do the Jews become materialists. Moreover we constantly meet people such as teetotallers and drunkards, whose deficiency we cannot express except by saying they have no souls. And when one is caught by poverty or unhappiness or frustrated love one cries out that the soul in one has been killed. These cases of the soul's absence give us a clue to its source. One despises the teetotaller because of his unnatural dread of excitement, and the drunkard because he subordinates his life to a vulgar and undignified form of excitement which destroys his power of reacting to more subtle stimulations. And the poor and the unhappy resent the numbness that coffins them like lead. In vain has protoplasm toiled through the ages at the making of a nervous system that shall touch matter and make joy of the touching: their short grief has undone the long work of life. And what is it that all religions have promised their devotees? Is it not an excitement so splendid and delicate that the body must take the epicurean vows of poverty and chastity rather than spoil its appetite by indulgence in less divine enjoyment? What men have thought of as the soul is the excitement that grows like a flower from a healthy body jewelled with fine nerves: what shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses the power of ecstasy? Is it likely that because we know that ecstasy is not a supernatural ingredient of us but a product of the flesh we shall turn to cruelty and grossness and all the other wreckers of this miraculous flesh? Rather will we live more delicately when we realise that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us and not on the other side of death. We

will fight more eagerly for it: instead of trusting to the Book of Common Prayer each man shall invent new and personal rituals of passion to create more splendid ecstasy.

This ecstasy must surely live on after us, for it is inconceivable that anything should come to an end. Mr. Haynes deals with this assertion in the one arguable passage in his book: "It seems odd to reflect that, although there will be an absolute chemical equivalent for a human body if cremated, there will be no equivalent known to us in respect of human consciousness. The answer is of course that the effects of consciousness persist in the memory of others, and sometimes in written or printed matter, long after the death of the person, though, of course, by no means for ever." But this is a false analogy. Mr. Haynes can only count a book as the equivalent of the ecstasy that produced it if he is prepared to count a cabinet as among the physical equivalents of a dead cabinet-maker. Nor is his objection that force is not an entity apart from matter and therefore cannot exist apart from the really valid. The force liberated by one mass of matter may ensoul another mass of matter, and perhaps it may be so with the ecstasy made by our bodies. Some such belief is hinted at in the superstition that storms follow the death of the great. (One sees a tombstone:—*"To the memory of Mary A. Ward, author of Robert Elsmere. Died ——. For three days after she died there was a thick fog in the Metropolitan area and a heavy groundswell on the Atlantic."*) And perhaps the appetite for intense experience, which is really the desire to become the universe can only be gratified by the destruction of personal identity and the pouring of the ecstasy that has grown in one into a main stream of mind. It is not a desire for annihilation that drives people to commit suicide but rather the feeling of a man who breaks a window in a room full of beautiful but heavily-scented flowers. One feels that if one was not so pent in by the limitations of one's own humanity one might rejoice in the tragic emotion that is destroying one. The event is like a picture painted on a too-tightly-stretched canvas: it is ruined by cracks and veinings of the paint, yet all that it needs is expansion. And it may be that one gets the expansion of the self that is necessary before all experience is endurable by submitting to a process that is its apparent elimination. There is a parallel to this in the progression of one's enjoyment of movement, which is a dramatic representation in matter of change. When one is little one enjoys movement in its crudest form, in the roll of a hoop and the spin of a top, and grows slowly to apprehend that the wave of the sea or the long-haired cornfield holds the quality of movement in a more exciting way. It takes some time for the infant eye to pass the delight of the colour of clothes and the little jolly things of texture and see that more alluring than the wave is that stiller thing, the human body. And the less dancing sex has the most grace: the man's flat breast is liker the breast of the soaring eagle than the woman's bosom. Our further discontent at our limited perception of this dynamic thing leads to the contemplation of the most static thing. When by an intuitive effort the self enters the upward rush of the mountain it knows thereby more than it could have learned from any more immediate contact with movement. To silence and monotony one turns for any further knowledge of chance: it lies enfolded in the stillness of the desert as heat is caught by a white, quiet flame. So man, eager for experience, turns from the ordering of his own body and fortune to the life of action; and if he be more eager breaks through the restriction of dealing merely with the tangible into the life of thought and art. It may be that for further experience of the universe he must lift the time-mask of consciousness from his face and be enfolded in absolute death, whose other name may be our heart's desire, absolute life.

REBECCA WEST.

The Eclipse of Woman.

III.—WHITE SLAVERY.

MARRIAGE, that is to say, the private ownership of women, is the oldest form of slavery, and was the result of savage warfare. The most venerable record of the White Slave Traffic is found in the legendary chronicles of Israel. The followers of Moses had made a successful raid on some Midianite tribes, and this is how the inspired prophet instructs them to deal with their human spoil:—

"Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him. But all the women children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves." (Numbers xxxi, 17-18.)

The Deity subsequently directed Moses to levy a tribute unto Himself, to the extent of 0.2 per cent. on one-half of the booty, the percentage of virgins coming to 32. "The Lord's tribute was thirty and two persons." (Verse 40.) These were given by Moses to Eleazar the priest, but we are not informed whether they became his private concubines, or passed into the class of sacred prostitutes (*kedishoth*) attached to the shrine of the Deity.

It is clear that these regulations were a modification of a simpler and more primitive custom, by which the adult males only were slaughtered, the whole of the women and children becoming the chattels of the victor. The Israelites themselves are represented as adopting the more merciful course, and being rebuked for so doing by Moses. The Divine purpose in prescribing a more drastic policy was apparently to preserve the racial purity of His chosen people, and at the same time to restrain them from the worship of other gods. This jealousy on the part of the Almighty had been manifested on a previous occasion, when the daughters of Moab

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induced some of the Israelites to worship a false demon known as the Baal of Peor. (Numbers xxv, 1-5.)

The priesthood showed great zeal on behalf of the exclusive claims of the Lord, a zeal which was suitably rewarded by their receiving the Divine tribute. On the previous occasion an Israelite was seen taking a Midianitish woman into his tent. Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, snatched up a javelin, followed the guilty pair into their shelter, "and thrust both of them through, the man of Israel. . . and the woman through her belly." Numbers xxv, 8.) This prompt and drastic punishment of sin may well have entitled Phinehas to a portion of the virgin tribute subsequently allotted to his reverend father. Although the Lord's tribute is now collected in money, in lieu of more archaic media of exchange, the agitation against Welsh Disestablishment shows that the successors of Eleazar and Phinehas have cooled but little in their piety when that tribute is at stake.

The point which comes out clearly from this and other records of the past is that the institution of slavery established a second class of women in the primitive community. The female slave, taken in warfare, was the first wife. She was a foreigner, outside the circle of the sacred kin, and she enjoyed none of that reverence which attached to the native women in their character of queen-mothers. Thus Queen Hecuba of Troy sinks into a slave in the household of her captor.

We must allow something here for the play of those natural feelings which are always at work under every religious and political system. The slave-owner could not lie night after night in the bosom of his wife without some affection springing up between them. It is clear that the wife must from the first have been a formidable rival to the queen. The story of Sarah and Hagar is a very lifelike illustration of the mutual jealousy between the two, and between their offspring. Perhaps Sarah was the legitimate owner of Abraham's flocks and herds, the sacred mistress of the Hebrew clan, whom her brother Abraham had been obliged to marry in order to legalise his position as tribal chief. In that case it would be within her prerogative to order the banishment of the offending slave. Be that as it may, it is evident that the rise of marriage tended to undermine the power of the matriarch. The males were provided with another means of satisfying their sexual appetite, and were to that extent less dependent on the favour of the legitimate queens.

It is unnecessary to do more than glance at the overwhelming evidence which exists that marriage originated in the manner thus indicated. Among many peoples the marriage ceremony still preserves the feature of a mock raid and capture of the bride. More interesting to us is the old English or British law, still in use among the populace, of wife-sale. The strict rule, still observed in the eighteenth century, requires that the husband shall lead his wife into the market-place, with a rope round her neck, exactly as though she were an animal, and dispose of her publicly to her new husband. The refining influence of Christian civilisation has so far modified the custom that the rope has been dispensed with in recent years, and the sale usually takes place in a public-house. By the common law of England a husband is entitled to beat his wife, without being liable to an action for assault and battery; but here again Christian judges have laid it down in modern times that the instrument of correction must not be more than one inch thick. Even so, the good old custom is falling into disuse, and it may be doubted whether our squeamish Divorce Court would not hold such a beating to amount to technical cruelty. The word "obey" in the marriage service of the Church of England is another survival of White Slavery, though it comes to us from a foreign source.

One of the consequences of slave marriage was to

modify the relation between the queen and her husband, which tended to become a union resembling that of the wife and her owner. According to Maspero there were two classes of wives in early Egypt, one which lived with their husband, while the others resided under their own roof, and merely received his visits. It is evident that the former were slaves, while the latter were FREEWOMEN, the survivors of the primitive queens.

It is remarkable that in ancient Rome, where society was so strongly patriarchal, the marriage law preserved many traces of the older state of things. The three forms of marriage most in use were *Confarreatio*, *Usus*, and *Coemptio*. In the first the wife was adopted, as it were, into her husband's kin, and sank into the legal position of a slave, so much so that on her husband's death she passed under the legal authority (*potestas*) of her own son, as part of the inheritance. Marriage by *Usus* merely consisted in the wife taking up her residence under the husband's roof. One year's residence completed his legal title, and in order to avoid this it was customary for the wife to pass one night in every year under another roof. By so doing she interrupted the prescription and retained her freedom. But the most interesting form of marriage was *Coemptio*. This was, as its name denotes, a mutual purchase and sale, the wife buying the husband at the same time as the husband bought the wife. The effect of this ceremony was to put man and wife on a footing of equality, and hence the wife married by *Coemptio* was distinguished by the honourable style of *materfamilias*, corresponding with that of *paterfamilias*. It was only by courtesy that this designation was extended to Roman wives in general.

Underneath these formalities we can discern the gradual assimilation of the status of the old sacred queen to that of the slave wife. The queen surrendered her freedom reluctantly, under the pressure of the new patriarchal theory of descent.

The last glimpse we are afforded in European literature of the true queen is in the Kalewala, a compilation of the old songs and ballads of the Finns. The character who is styled the Queen of Pohjola by respectable translators is styled "The Whore, the Lady of Pohjola," in a more scholarly version by Isabella M. Anderton. (See Professor Compagetti's *Traditional Poetry of the Finns*, pp. 158-168.) It is not difficult to see her successor, actually reigning over the same territory, in at least one Russian empress of the eighteenth century; and we may fairly account for the extraordinary feat of Catherine II. in seizing the throne of a country of which she was not even a native by the strength of the patriarchal tradition in that part of the world. Down to very modern times, indeed, it was the custom for the Czar's ukases to run in the name of the Queen-Mother as well as his own.

When we thus see primitive society divided into two sections, the wives and their slave progeny on the one hand, and the queens with their royal or "gentle" offspring on the other, we shall appreciate what interests were at stake in the conflict between the old and new theories of parentage.

F. R. A. I.

The Humanitarian Holiday Recreative Party & Food Reform Summer School.

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Paris Notes.

I read in "L'Homme Libre" that in the home of the painter Lauth, who married George Sand's granddaughter, it is forbidden to speak the name of Alfred de Musset. Visitors are warned in advance by the familiars of the house. Sometimes, however, the hazards of conversation lead someone to mention the poet of "Les Nuits," whereupon an icy silence marks the offender's blunder. This reminds one of Vizetelly's apology for Zola's illegitimate children. What a pity that our heroes and our ancestors are not always precisely as good as ourselves—not a whit better! A cat may look at a king, but may it expect royalty to be feline?



Mademoiselle Renée Mignot, having been classed as a feminist by Monsieur Victor Méric, in *Les Hommes du Jour*, apropos of something that she had written in *La Cravache*, of Reims, sends Monsieur Méric an answer, from which the following is an extract:—

"I know not what you mean with your 'free women.' Why this plural? I am a free woman who troubles herself very little about her companions. I am a 'lone Amazon.' In the last analysis I am nothing at all; my opinion is to have no opinions. I doubt everything, am certain about nothing. I criticise everything. I analyse ideas. I gather impressions without ever feeling the need of coming to a conclusion. To conclude is to be pretentious and vain.

"I entertain no illusions as to men, or as to myself, or as to love, and yet among men I count some good comrades. I take love for what it is worth—a physical passion, almost a physiological necessity which I am not free to escape.

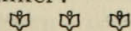
"I write solely for my own pleasure. I do not utter ideas with a view to inducing others to share them; the clash of ideas alone interests me.

"As for the usefulness and charm of life, of which you see evidence in love, the family, and beauty, permit me to dispute them. Your affirmations have value only for one individual, whose name is V. Méric. Why generalise from one's own phenomenon? For my part, I deny both the charm and the usefulness of life. . . . I do not believe in happiness, because I do not believe in justice. I do not believe in the perfectability of people or of things. I call in question the benefits of the arts and sciences.

"Although my nihilism is of a rather joyous nature, I would willingly say with Leopardi: 'All that is evil. Existence is an evil, an abomination, a monstrosity!' Yet I do not commit suicide; whose commits suicide desires life.

"Confess that I am not simply a charming lady, but also a mad woman! But reassure yourself, I am not in the least deranged, not in the least ugly.

"Would you believe me if I told you that I am twenty-five years old, that I am not dyspeptic, and that I am a water-drinker?"



The following is an extract from Remy de Gourment in *La France*: "It seems that the Tribunal of the Seine (it is composed of numerous chambers and sections) is working with an incomparable ardour. It judges everything that comes before it with a celerity that leaves one overwhelmed with astonishment. Ten, twenty, thirty thousand cases do not frighten it. In spite of everything it is fourteen thousand cases in arrears. All these are about to be cleared away. And the work is beginning. Ah! how far we are from the oak of Saint Louis! Shall I say that I have not read the reports of these precipitate labours without a certain fear? These judges really know their trade too well. Their skill is a little disturbing. One of my friends has just had occasion to be present at a session of the court, and he confesses that he went out a little frightened, so thickly rained the days, the

months, the years of prison on the heads of the poor devils. Nobody understood what was going on, least of all the unfortunates whose debatable acts seemed to call for a certain discussion. But the judge, and especially the hurried judge, the judge who clears away heaps of fourteen thousand cases with a shovel, sees only categories where we see individual offences. Ten robberies seem to us ten very different affairs, the attitude of the robber varying no less than that of the victim, but to the judge there is only one affair, only one offence, and it is the offender that becomes an abstraction. Is the judge right? Are we obsessed by our naivete? A deed is a deed. Very well, but there are individuals who lend their special quality to the deed. Oh! if we were to enter into all these matters of psychology, there would be no end. And we must end, since there is always a re-beginning. Next case!



Unless the Free Woman is uninterested in the Free Man, your readers will enjoy a translation that I have made of a passage from one of Clemenceau's leaders in his new daily, *L'Homme Libre*, the birth of which in Paris was almost coincident with the revival of your *Femme Libre* in England. Sympathizing with his friend, the Abbé Lemire, the Catholic Republican whom a recent papal decree has prevented from renewing his candidacy for the Chamber of Deputies, the freethinker Clemenceau says:

"We both are victims, I tell you. You, because, aspiring to liberty, you can find it only in yourself, outside the support, on which you had counted, of a faith freely accepted, freely practised, which ends in imposing a constraint upon you. I, because, wishing to liberate in my turn, and clashing with the formidable opposition of a past of violence, I see myself condemned to impose constraint, not on those who must face history under the weight of deviations disastrous to humanity, but on unfortunates who have received the sad inheritance and are bound to suffer, whether they repudiate it or choose to enwrap themselves alive in the winding-sheet of the things that have been.

"Do you wish an example borrowed from my own recollections? When Minister of the Interior, it fell to my lot to secularize the hospital service of the Hôtel-Dieu. So I sent for the mother superior of the congregation concerned. There came to my office a venerable and wrinkled old woman, with mild and timid eyes, in which was summed the anguish of an accident long foreseen. I welcomed her respectfully, and tried to explain to her, not only what the law required, but how we had been driven, in the very interest of the liberty of belief, to see to it that abusive acts of propagandism, of which I myself had often been a witness, should no longer occur in hospitals maintained by taxpayers of different faiths.

"That I might not wound, I carefully weighed my words. How could I have succeeded? I saw the poor, sorrowful face contract without a word, and big tears, following the lines of the deep wrinkles, fell on the sad and discouraged hands. Much moved by this silent breakdown, I gently made excuses for being the cause of it. 'We both are victims,' said I, 'of a situation that far antedates us. You expiate faults that are not yours personally, and I, who seem to you an agent of cruel constraint, establish in the end a situation of liberty for all.' She did not move or speak, but her tears continued to flow.

"They flowed till the moment of her departure, marked only by a trembling gesture of politeness. And, although I was very certain of having acted in the interest of liberty—remembering as I did so many instances of religious pressure on the sick and dying—I remained obsessed by the spectacle of sorrow which an act of liberation had imposed upon me. No good without an accompanying ill, such, we must believe, is our misfortune. I know, moreover, other cases of secularization whose history lends itself less to the suggestions of philosophy.

"So the only thing that astonishes me in your

letter is that it makes you sad to quit Paris and the Chambers to which you have become acclimated by twenty years of work. Are you then so young? When one is near to quitting the movement of men for a still longer time, the determination of our destinies calls for a superior detachment. Between ourselves, I am persuaded that politics has no joys save for those whom I would advise to let politics alone. You are not of those, and that is why, my priest, you are forbidden to remain in politics.

"Chance and malchance! Who knows if they do not render you a service in separating you from those sad battles in which there is often less heroism than sound, before you begin to feel the need of peace for your approaching end? You will go back to your parish, you will live there as a good priest, under the reprimands of an old servant who, I am told, knows how to make herself obeyed, happy with your hens, your leeks, your roses—symbols of the extreme needs of humanity. You will have neighbours (one realises that only in a village), the good and the bad. I recommend to you the latter, who are of an excellent school for the sound conduct of life.

"And then you will ascend your pulpit and say things that your parishioners will not understand. That is of no importance, because they will come to you in search, not of a doctrine the comprehension of which surpasses their degree of culture, but simply of a voice of sympathy, a resonance of fraternal compassion, in earthly trials. They will find it, because you are good and goodness bestows all things. In short, this biblical flock will derive consolation from the gestures of their shepherd, which will place them, as they think, under the august protection of the Unknown.

"Of necessity you will be hated, because, being a republican, you will not sack the secular school, and because the prevailing liberalism, in the village as in the city, has no comprehension of love without a corresponding hatred. Perhaps your windows will be broken, perhaps an assault will be made upon your friendships; that is no great matter, for those who can be separated from you will not be worth your regrets.

"And then, as soon as you are dead and no longer a source of embarrassment to anyone, all will begin to speak well of you and even to think well of you. You will see what a fine funeral they will give you. It annoys me to know that I shall not be there, for I shall have long since quitted this world. It annoys me still more to think that I shall not meet you in the other world, for I could entertain such a hope only on an hypothesis that would be rather uncomfortable for you."

Léon Daudet, in his Royalist journal, *L'Action Française*, declares that Clemenceau (known as "The Tiger") sheds crocodile tears over the mother superior. At least he sheds them well. An artist always.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

AMONG the resolutions with which I set out in life was one never to write a review. My literary standards are too severe for me to praise much in contemporary literature, and to attack men who are earning their livelihood by their pens seems to me just as wicked as to attack barristers or butchers. The law permits attacks on me as a writer which it does not permit on me as a lawyer, or as a shareholder in a frozen meat company; but that is because the public which makes the law has been taught for 1913 years, more or less, that the sufferings of genius are for the benefit of humanity—an opinion I do not share.

It is not my intention to review the new book of my friend Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee. "Crowds"* is more than a book; it is a prophecy and a policy; and it includes as part of its vision and its purpose the protection of genius from the policy of crucifixion.

Gerald Stanley Lee is the prophet of the plutocracy, as Carlyle was the prophet of the gentry. Carlyle's appeal and warning to the ruling class of his day was summed up in the sentence: "The organisation of labour is the universal, vital problem of the world." Mr. Lee's more genial appeal to the millionaires adds something to that text. For he treats the organisation of industry as a high art, the new art of our new age, and he invites the millionaire to take himself seriously and nobly as an artist, that is to say, as a genius, of the same race and calling as the inventor, the poet and the prophet.

Carlyle's prophecy fell on deaf ears. The squires, as he bitterly observed, were too busy in preserving their game to think of preserving men; and as a consequence they failed to preserve themselves. Their reign is over. The old English aristocracy, the aristocracy of birth and breeding, is sinking into the servile class. The Norman peeress earns her living as the chaperon of the Jewish financier's wife and daughters. Eton and Oxford are turning out private secretaries and travelling companions for the graduates of Wall Street. "Public school boys" advertise in the "Morning Post" for situations as valets. And the Duke of Rutland thinks this is the doing of Mr. Lloyd George.

It will be interesting to see whether the aristocracy of business and gambling—for half of business is gambling—pays any more heed to its prophet than the Duke of Rutland paid to Carlyle. Will the Rockefellers consent to be saved? What are the Hooleys and Whitaker Wrights and Barney Barnatos going to do with Gerald Stanley Lee? I do not bracket these names together with any intention to reflect on any of them. The difference between the successful and unsuccessful gambler or financier does not seem important; and whether these persons succeed or fail in keeping themselves out of the law courts often depends more on the state of the law than on the nature of their operations.

Whoever reads between the lines of Carlyle will see running through nearly all that he has written a prayer for employment. It is well-known that he cherished hopes at one time of being allowed to serve the public in some administrative function. Lord Morley (I believe) sneered at him for writing thirty volumes in praise of silence. A successful politician can afford the luxury of silence. A poor man with no other source of income than his pen cannot. Herbert Spencer tells us in his autobiography of his own unsuccessful endeavour to obtain employment from the Tite Barnacles and Stiltstalkings who then ruled England. Dickens asked them in vain for the post of a stipendiary magistrate—and Dickens would have made an ideal London magistrate. I have more than once mentioned these facts in addressing public audiences, and on every occasion the allusion has been greeted with laughter. Humanity sees something comical in its being deprived of the services of its best servants.

Gerald Stanley Lee takes a different view. His remedy is to create a fellow-feeling between the inspired millionaire and the inspired thinker. He is offering salvation to the plutocracy, and through it to civilisation. Whether modern civilisation is worth saving is a question I will not here discuss, but it is clear that it is badly in need of saviours. At present the relations between the plutocracy and its serfs are those of intermittent civil war. The battle fought in Johannesburg the other day between the German Jews and their English serfs was decided in favour of the former by British troops, exactly like their

* "Crowds." A Study of the Genius of Democracy and of the Fears, Desires, and Expectations of the People. By Gerald Stanley Lee. (Methuen & Co.)

previous battles with the Dutch. But there are many signs that this will not go on for ever. Sooner or later the Huns and Vandals of the slums, as Macaulay called them, will prove too strong for the legions of the plutocracy, and the civil war will end in universal anarchy and destruction.

To jealous minds of course it will seem that prophets like Carlyle and Mr. Lee are actuated by selfish motives. A public post—any post—is a perquisite in the eyes of the Socialist, including the Socialists who run our Government Departments. Only in an hour of extreme need does a Department ever consent to employ a man of genius. Gordon, over whose grave the Court and the Church, the Lords and the Commons have slobbered so much, was boycotted in his own country till the last moment. He made a great name in the service of foreign Governments like China and Egypt. England had no use for him till it was too late for him to be of use. Richard Burton was a man whom the Indian Government ought to have retained at a bigger salary than the Governor-General, as its Native Agent. He was banished to an Adriatic Consulate, and we are reaping the fruits in what is called Hindu unrest.

These are the considerations that influence honourable minds. The saviour is more anxious for work than wages. His disappointment when he is not allowed to save is on behalf of others beside himself. This book is rightly named "Crowds." Its appeal is inspired by love of crowds, and not by love of millionaires. Its author seeks to inspire his millionaires with the same love; and to save them by teaching them to become saviours in their turn.

In this age such a book has much prejudice to encounter. The crowds are no more alive to their true interest than were the squires. The Labour army wants to conquer without officers. Each private is to be commander-in-chief in turn.

One chapter in this book is concerned with myself. The writer knows me only as the author of a certain book. But I also am only a writer by necessity. When I was younger, and the Labour Party weaker, I was allowed to render practical services to the labouring people of South Wales, such as securing them the right of public meeting, saving them from an obnoxious toll, putting down malicious prosecutions in labour disputes, promoting labour federation, and making legislative proposals which were unanimously adopted by the National Trades Congress. The proposals have not yet become law. When I sought the privilege of rendering further help in Parliament, I was rejected in favour of a millionaire also mentioned in "Crowds," who has since broken the back of the miners' organisation. While "Crowds" was being written I met in the streets of London a Labour member from South Wales, whom I was once allowed to help; and I happened to say to him in all friendliness: "I am afraid you did not gain much by rejecting me in favour of Mr. D. A. Thomas." He surprised me by answering sadly enough: "I sometimes think there has been a curse on us ever since: nothing has prospered with us."

That is the moral of "Crowds." The class or the nation, the aristocracy or the democracy, that cannot tolerate its saviours places itself under a curse from which no one else can relieve it.

We have no right to expect more wisdom from the democratic or the plutocratic crowd than from the old land-owning vulgar. Gerald Stanley Lee closes his book with a new suggestion. Here it is:—

"I have been trying to suggest in this book that the moment the Saviours in any nation will organise quietly and save themselves first, the less difficult thing (with men to attend to it), like saving the rest of us, will be a mere matter of detail."

ALLEN UPWARD.

Religion and Make-believe.

I OFTEN feel speechless with terror at the strange inconsistencies among which we flutter—for that is all we can be said to do. For instance, I had a long scolding the other day from a Catholic lady of my acquaintance for mildly suggesting that Christianity must be symbolically interpreted before it can become useful again. She accused me of a quite plebian onslaught on bishops' incomes—a crime I feel entirely innocent of, and overwhelmed me with the news that thousands—I am not sure it wasn't millions—of people, from the highest to the lowest in the land, spent all their spare time in ministering to the poor under the good clergyman's directions. I wonder how I, a man of limited experience and opportunity, can possibly judge between her opinion and that of my sceptical friends. For it is really important, not that I should know, but whether as a matter of fact Englishmen are or are not actuated by a burning enthusiasm for helping those who, physically or spiritually, are poorer than themselves.

These problems meet one in different shapes everywhere now. Yesterday I spent the time, while waiting for my train at a little country station, in reading the labels on the various goods with which the platform was littered. I am sure the optimist would have been delighted with so many signs of industry and trade, but being neither an optimist nor an economist, I was only puzzled. For it appeared that Harting sent all its milk away and imported all its cheese and bacon, and I wanted to ask the station-master why Harting could not keep its milk and make its own bacon and cheese; but happily the train arrived in time to save me or the station-master, and whirled me off to some fresh dilemma. Indeed, there seems no end to these dilemmas. They huddle behind each other like

"White-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares."

They lurk in spectral battalions, riddle within riddle, labyrinth behind labyrinth, coil below coil in a long infernal spiral. I am not surprised that Danté called his poem a comedy. One is obliged to laugh to keep sane.

But the dilemma that pinches me most just now is not whether we are rolling in prosperity or squalor, nor why, if there are so many generous and disinterested people, there is such need for charity, but whether we are civilized or savage; whether, to put it more pointedly, all our culture and science and art is not more a dead weight on our real progress than wings.

That, at any rate, is the first question we ought to ask ourselves, if we have reached any healthy pitch of scepticism. Are we on the right road or on the wrong one; are we magi or madmen? A Latin proverb says that God maddens men he means to kill. Is He maddening us before He sends some exterminating plague; or is our strange optimism, a divine inspiration, the creative rapture of a new age and a new religion? Are the Capitalist and the Eugenist and the Politician demi-gods or devils? One or other they must be, for they cannot be both. Is the crimson in the sky flush of dawn or sunset, a drop-scene or the curtain? My reference to the theatre is intentional, for the most popular feature of our life to-day is its theatrical display. The stage used to be a recreation; to-day it is a business. It has invaded everything, and everything is done for effect. People with over £200 a year can't be natural, but the great difference between rich and poor is not their incomes, but their voices. This prevalent fashion finds its greatest and most public exponent in the Pageant. Our planet seems passing through a veritable shower of Pageants, Carnivals, and Masques. Even sober Commerce, content no

longer with dressing its shop windows, wallows in "International Exhibitions." White Cities spring in one night like fantastic fungi into real presence. Nay, they return a dividend! Wonder of wonders, in this wonderful age, even pleasure can be made profitable, and advertisements to pay themselves! But the Pageant is more than a riot of Stagery and a commercial venture, it is the Triumph of modern culture, of modern education and science. We not only know all that has ever happened, all there is to know, we can conjure it up again, and chew the cud at our ease. Was ever victory more complete or knowledge more vindicated? Thank God, we do at last, as Ruskin said, know what the dog-star smells of. How clever and wise we are!

The pageant is the ritual of the Religion of the present day. What is Religion? I heard a clergyman say the other day that Religion is what binds us to God. It was typically a clergyman's answer, and therefore only half right. A truer and simpler definition of Religion would be that it is what binds *men together*, for how can we be bound to God, whom we do not know till we are bound to men whom we do know? Indeed, it is only in being bound firmly to each other that we can in any sense be bound to God. Is not the binding power itself God? That is how Enthusiasm got its name. It is a divine inspiration, and has to be shared. It is a secret that you burn to divulge.

I said the pageant was the religious ritual of to-day. Most of my friends seem rather confused about the relation of ritual to religion. Orthodox people score there. With them religion involves ritual, as the soul does the body; but with people who never go to church religion never means more than private sentiment and behaviour, a system of ethics. There are, of course, experiments in ethical churches, but they do not appear to inspire much rapture. Religion without ritual only means either being good, or doing good, or both. To the Agnostic, it never means Worship or any "hocus-pocus" of that sort. The best it can do along that line is to "meet for discussion." Now, a "hocus-pocus" is not only a very useful and enjoyable thing to have, when you have an enthusiasm to share, but it is a thing you cannot escape whether you have an enthusiasm or not. You only escape the conventional ritual to fall into the unconventional, the conscious to fall into the unconscious, the traditional to fall into the anarchic. It may be imperative to repudiate the former, but it is the repudiation of a particular form, and not of the principle. The most agnostic among us is always going to church, if it is only a little Bethel of his own in which he is sole worshipper; and in time it will cease to be his protest and begin to be his sacred conformity.

The Pageant has become the almost sacred and conscious ritual of our real religion, that is to say of the greatest enthusiasm of to-day. It is the worship or the glorification of our success, our wealth, our strength, our beauty, our intelligence, our science, our selves. It is the apotheosis of our civilisation, our great, clever commercial civilization. We have returned from conquering the world, and we decree ourselves these triumphs to hide our tears that there is no more left to conquer. We are the outcome and the true epitome or quintessence of all previous civilizations, the fulfilment of all their prophecies, the realisation of all their ideals. That is why we can so justifiably dress ourselves up in the quaint clothes of our forbears. They were types of us. How proud they would have been had they only foreseen our day. We, who understanding now their drift, can forgive their shortcomings; may even play at making the same mistakes.

At Reigate, the other day, there was a Pilgrim Pageant, I believe. Colley Hill, on the old route to Canterbury, became public property. "The people got back a piece of their own, and promptly they

made picturesque use of it." Of course, what else should we expect in a theatrically journalistic age? But did the "people" really get up the pageant, or was it engineered for them? Anyhow, there was the indispensable dressing up, and young ladies got into graceful gowns, and for half an hour parodied a pathetic but superannuated custom.

In Rome, conquered Kings graced the triumphs—but in chains. Captive gods paid homage to the image of Augustus. We have adopted a more effective method. We celebrate our victory over the past by invoking its shadow. We prove the death of our old worship by imitating its life.

A cynical friend of mine to whom I sometimes confide my feelings on such matters, attributes the vogue for pageants to that feminine domination which he thinks characteristic of the day. He says it is nothing more than the vanity of the sex, its infatuation for posing and drapery. I think there is much truth in his suggestion, and that this age will be remembered as a flabby or sentimental period in which women's thoughts directed men's energies, and women's fashions inspired their art. From that point of view the pageant would be typically representative, because women are essentially actors. But if that is the case, the feminine element in pageantry betrays its fundamentally religious character, for clergymen are also instinctively fond of acting and dressing up. Do not run away with the idea that I am trying to say rude things about women and clergymen: it is only when women pretend to be men, and priests laymen, that we are sorry for them and for ourselves. There was never a time when we wanted real acting and real dressing up more than now, instead of pageants and Punch-and-Judies. I am not joking when I say that the future of England depends on her women and on her priests, let me say rather on her feminine and priestly, on her histrionic capacity, much more than on the ballot-box. Nobody before this waxwork age would have thought otherwise for a moment. There is nothing superficial in the mere fact of acting and dressing up; on the contrary, it is perhaps our most precious faculty that we can pretend to be something different from what we are, for it is conceivable that instead of pretending to be dead we might pretend to be alive; instead of acting for a little time like people in the past whom we don't in the least really want to be like, we might learn to act like people in the future in the hope that we might really become like them. We shall even vindicate the "origin of species" if we can show that that same despised imitative faculty is the noblest we possess, if up it, as by some Jacob's ladder, we can persuade ourselves into heavenly souls and bodies as well as clothes. There is no folly in pretending to be what we are not, the folly lies in pretending to be what we never want to become. We do not want to go back. I am sure it would be wrong to wish to do so, but in condescending from our consciously superior positions to imitate their past, we infect our souls with their follies which is all we can imitate. Our pageants are necessarily retrospective. The great drama of religion is, or should be, prospective; it is the drama of what we want to become. Our pageants are the ritual of our *actual* religion because we only believe in ourselves. They are the drama of the victory of the present over the past—a melancholy victory. If the churches of our *nominal* religion had been faithful to the drama they were founded to act, there would be no pageants (as there were few in actively religious centuries) which were not inspired by the spirit of Christianity, the spirit of revolution; not the feeling that we have evolved to our present height from inferior circumstances, but that we must make haste to climb into superior circumstances to those in which we find ourselves.

Now, so far as the fashion for Pageants is a revival of make-believe, a throwing aside of the

serious scientific mood, if only to gambol in its honour, it is a religious movement in a true sense, for religion is, as I say, Acting, the reassertion of the childish imaginative and imitative instinct. It is because the Church forgot its acting and took its dogmas literally, that it lost its influence. It was because the theatre became realistic that it lost its charm; because poetry forgot to sing that it began to bore; because art became photography that it became stupid. When our work became commercial it became deadly, and as soon as our Life ceased to be play it became ridiculous. Pageants are a healthy influence to the extent they revive the spirit of acting—the woman and priest—in us all. They are morbid so far as they only pander to our pride and conceit, so far as they reflect a past instead of anticipating a future, so far as they conclude an era instead of opening one. For the first condition of any Reconstruction is humility, the consciousness of our being a failure, of having everything to learn and everything to make; and this is not an obvious characteristic of our present manners. I do not, however, think that we need take our pageants very seriously. They are a sign of the times, and little else. Our Saviour will not be born in that stable. There are marks of their speedy passing. The cinematograph has swallowed them up, and the electric theatre, even with scenes from the life of Christ, will hardly convince a weary world that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

GODFREY BLOUNT.

A Palimpsest.

I STOOD not long ago beside an English painter in his studio in Paris. After dilating on some telling canvases which lined the walls, he said, pointing to a twelve-footer, "That is the last picture I have painted. It is the best thing I have ever done. It has got Space. I do not think there is any other painting in all the world which is more entitled to be called a creation. It is not an enlarged sketch of one of those most terrible things which the half-witted Italians bequeathed us." I thought of the pernicious influence that once crossed the Alps and moulded the current of European painting as strongly, persistently and tyrannically as ancient Greek culture entered the brain of the modern world and has dominated it ever since. Then I looked at the picture. It certainly was vastly uncommon. It was not a lovely thing, a charming thing, but a perplexing thing. It stood twelve feet high, was six feet wide at the base and tapered to three feet at the top. At first glance I was reminded of the open door of a temple the interior of which is dense with darkness so that one begins by peering into a profound space, and then as the vision penetrates farther into this rich vein of mystery there arises a disturbing sensation of something working and working and coming out at one. Man is a blend of coward and hero, and for a few moments I found myself responding to the call of the soul in the picture and yielding to a suggestion of awful fear. I felt the stored impression of a great elemental struggle clearly expressing itself; realised the subjection of spirit to a savage erring life, the government and conquest of the soul in man by an insatiable false desire. The thing gripped me. I had seen nothing so wild and strange yet so peculiarly fascinating, in the expression of soul conquest achieved in a picture; nothing so simply stated. At the base was merely a dead black mass, springing from this at the sides were tall shafts lifting the eye into a realm of life, then, bending in on themselves, hurling it back to death again. So I imagined the spirit of man drawn by eternal aspiration to the light and hurled back by cultivated ambition to darkness again. And the

imagination went on working and working, excavating deadly shapes expressing the appalling mockeries of human life.

By the time the picture had drawn me into itself and initiated me into its absorbing mystery, the painter had almost exhausted his painter's babble. He went on to speak for a minute or two of his construction in line as distinct from colour, as an expression of an inner feeling. He believed he had projected his mind into Space and helped himself to something which was working there. Then arose the necessity to create a new form. But he really could not explain what had happened. "How can I?" he demanded. "When one looks at a magnificent cloud one does not ask what it means. An irresponsible physicist might. To an artist it is a creation—a thing moulded in Space, a thing that never has been and never will be again. And each enjoys it according to his imagination and intelligence. All I can say about my picture is that it is something that came out of me. There it is. You must bring your imagination to bear upon it. If it fails to communicate my spiritual adventure then it is not a work of art and all the explanation in the world will not make it one." The words arrested me. Here, I thought, is one painter who despite all his faults and failings is not far behind the true individualistic conception of Art. Reflection or intuition has shown him that Art communication is not to be sought in verbal description or explanation but resides in the illuminating power of the personalities or souls of its ministers. To him a work of art is an illumination. It illuminates both him that gives and him that receives.

One peculiarity of this painter's talk was his frequent use of the word Space. Asked to explain the term he showed that it was something associated in his mind with mentality. He thought that the pure or creative mind started with Space. Space and the movement in Space were the first things. Having received Art impression the creative mind projected itself in Space, or an *x* world, there remoulded itself and thus repudiated traditional form, such as a city which is a place in Space. Thus to him Space in a painting represented so much mind-stuff. Here it seemed to me was a re-interpretation of the word Space which no longer had any relation to the general surface arrangements of a picture and the relative measurements of parts. I remembered I had read somewhere that every era demands its own distinctive words and either re-adapts old ones or invents new ones. What the writer should have said is that significant words consist of two parts, the shell and content, and now and again an age catches a glimpse of the content, extracts it and comes to the life of the word. I began to see that Space was being rescued by painters from its surface writing and a fresh and special application of it to the requirement of Art illumination was being made. And I realised that this was nothing less than a sign of an expanding consciousness of the Universe; it was a fresh sign indeed that the painter was being driven out of his narrow little materialistic hell by science, and forced to recognise that photography had made it impossible for him to specialise in putrefaction, to express themes of material loathsomeness, to sound the lowest depths of contagious rottenness, in short, to nourish any longer the fallacy that every place, thing and person is paintable. And this was leading him to understand that the only thing that is paintable is the world of his imagination.

And I was aware that the separation of shell and content must lead to fresh confusion of term and thought especially in the minds of persons who though born for drapering do not hesitate to engage in more elegant forms of intellectual recreation. In a thin and hungry volume which lies before me, and is described on its cover as "Cubism" by MM.

Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzinger (elsewhere in the book Jean appears as Metzinger which is correct according to the catalogue of the Salon de "La Section D'Or"), I have special opportunity of noting how terms are being misapprehended and misapplied by those whose present business it is to employ them; and how the reckless manufacture of words bearing the mark of the mint of current tendencies is carried on. There is no evidence to prove that the book was written to serve as a guide to its authors' slovenly thinking. It appears rather to say that if authorship is a trade for idiots it is one for painters also; and it is important that when painters have covered so many cubic feet of canvas they should turn out a volume bound in black like a funeral mute and murmur, "There-you-are-the-best-explanation-of-our-cubicity-in-the-market - five-shillings-net - of-Fisher-Unwin-Londres-Angleterre."

Of course there is not much harm in their book so long as you are not expected to read it. But if you are, the wisest thing to do is to send it to the nearest undertaker for an opinion, and having received it proceed to open the book with caution. The opinion I so received on the volume in question was summed up in the word "Rot." On opening the volume I found its margins black-edged with useful hints on the author's style and dislocations of meanings of which I will proceed to give a few samples:—

The first plunge is as follows. "To estimate the significance of Cubism we must go back to Gustave Courbet." I go back further. Turning to the current issue of "The Mask" which makes its appearance in a gorgeous golden cover, I discover an enlightening article on "Cubism Unveiled; an extract from the treatise on the proportions of the human body, written and illustrated by Albert Dürer 1520-1523." This article, a further illustration of the valuable research work which "The Mask" is engaged upon, reveals that Dürer forestalled Cubism by four hundred years, being himself forestalled by an earlier master, Jacopo de Barbari. Dürer's play of straight and curve and the reduction of the human figure to geometrical form was Cubism in the strict sense. It is not to be confused with the so-called Cubism of Picasso to whom the straight and curve form a rod to divine the essential. Courbet really introduces us to a discussion of "superficial realism" (meaning sheer imitation) and "profound realism" (meaning idealism and not realism). Realism may only be apprehended as realism. After Manet who "marks a higher stage of realism" there "comes a scission" and the gay company of "Impressionists" appear. Why Impressionists? All artists are Impressionists; Art itself is an impression. If the Cubists are not Impressionists they are not artists. But the said Impressionists are in a bad way. In them "the retina predominates over the brain." And it seems that the Impressionists are aware of this disorganisation of the cinematograph of the eye and brain, and consequently repudiate the intellectual faculties. This is a sad blow for MM. Gleizes and Metzinger who are nothing if not intellectual. Following this dish of confusion between artistic sense and intellectual faculty is a special tap of Cézanne; and we get nearer to the heart of Cubism. Cézanne "teaches us to overcome universal dynamism. He reveals the reciprocal and mutual modifications caused by supposedly inanimate objects," and "realism plunges with Cézanne into the profoundest reality, growing luminous as it forces the unknowable to retreat." This is the sort of stuff on Cézanne and prisms which authors turn out on a diet of stewed prunes. In chapter two MM. Gleizes and Metzinger contrive to make more lures and to catch their tails in them. Thus in contending that they are creators of form they prove incontestably that they are fakers of form. In their theory the Cubist (1) conceives an idea; (2) verifies it by an external form; (3) having found an external form which corresponds to his idea, he prefers it to all others; (4) then rejects the natural form while retaining the qualities. But why trouble about a preconceived idea when all the Cubist has to do is to extract the qualities from the existing or traditional form? For instance, the utmost horrors of contagious disease from a person afflicted with small-pox. Coming to the consideration of Space, there is a further demonstration of the fact that if we scratch the Cubist we shall find the dogmatic pedant. The messy mixture of visual space, pictorial space, associated space, and Euclidean space defies examination. The only thing that emerges is that the "Cubist painters indefatigably study pictorial form and the space which it engenders." It sounds like reckless gallops of straights and curves across pieces of millboard. If MM. Gleizes and Metzinger desire to label their class of painters as louts of intellect they could not do it more effectually. And if they desire to label themselves as dull simpletons they must continue to rap out such sentences as "Confided to the chromatic excellence strictly determined by industry the task of lighting their pictures" in the endeavour to say "made a scientific use of pure colour to obtain the effect

of light." It is impossible to record all the stupidities contained in the unintelligible text of this book and committed in an insane attempt to expound the theory and laws of Cubism. Apparently the text has been written to demonstrate that the authors' power of applying mathematics has no worthier aim than the perpetuation of the word Cubism. If this means anything it is that labels are cheap nowadays. Every group of painters that finds its way to Paris assumes a terrifying label. Some months ago Mr. Roger Fry, Professor C. J. Holmes, Mr. Walter Sickert (who is so fond of spoofing the new age with titles) and others drifted across to the Foubourg St. Honoré where they duly labelled themselves "Quelques-uns Indépendants Anglais" meaning, of course, "Esclaves Anglais." Elsewhere there were "The Equilibrists" balancing form as representing balance of mind. As though by way of protest the illustrations of "Cubism" fly in the face of the text asserting that MM. Gleizes and Metzinger have failed to fit facts to their aesthetic theories. According to their practice a Cubist picture means an academical drawing with cubes stuck all over it. In view of this I quite fail to understand what Picabia, Picasso and Marie Laurencin are doing in the book; unless it be that the authors are aiming to secure on behalf of their own little parish a corner in big painters who are not Cubists.

In my previous article the word classification should be clarification.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Private Morality & Public Life.

ONCE more has the hideous philosophy of Mrs. Grundy, born in that Victorian era of Sham, triumphed, and another good man is to be hounded out of public life, where he might have been of lasting use to his country. For once, little comment has been made in the papers of this case, probably because of the more party-serving Marconi business and partly, it is to be hoped, because people are beginning to realise how ludicrously unreal is the moral reason which has enforced this philosophy before. But in no paper has it been suggested that to be cited as a co-respondent in a Divorce case does not of necessity destroy one's usefulness to the public. It is time, however, that this should be said, and said so definitely, that the necessity for re-stating it may never occur again. Dilke and Parnell were destroyed this way, and if Mr. Crawshay-Williams has not attained their eminent position (and so has escaped the machinations of his political enemies, as they could not), yet he had given us sufficient grounds to believe that in him were the personality and brain which might place a man very high in the political world.

But beyond the irritating fact that in so short a time we have wasted three good men in times when the Parliamentary personalities are by no means giants, it is the gross hypocrisy of the "morality" which demands such sacrifices which is so nauseating to any right-minded person. Is Mr. Crawshay-Williams the least moral of the six hundred and fifty Members of Parliament? No, of course not, and not even your most clamorous advocate of this damnable philosophy would dare say so. He would "regret" that there were others as bad! The hard-bound, cast-iron morality which appears to be demanded still in public life is the half-baked clerical morality which the Churches insist upon, which they believe to be founded on the dictates of the Bible, but which in reality is the half-chewed sentimental hope of the most class-conscious and sycophantic of professions the world has ever known. If this is the morality of Christianity, so much the worse for Christianity. But it isn't; it is a new religion with one commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out"—the religion of a plutocracy, the most hypocritical of all doctrines. If this is denied, then let my opponent ask himself (or, indeed, herself) these few questions: Is adultery the most venal of sins which a man can commit? Theologically this may be so. I confess I am not an authority on Christianity, but even then I cannot believe it is so, and Mr. Justice

Phillimore, who appears to have more direct access to the Deity than I have, rather suggested a short while ago that there was another, a pagan crime, which we euphemistically call "inversion." Are our legislators all guiltless of that even? Let us be charitable and say they are (though Mr. Bottomley seems to have had evidence about the Eastbourne crime), let us assume they are all "normal," and that adultery is the most deadly of sins, but even then only half the question has been answered. These men who have been found out are supposed to be unfitted for public life because of their adultery, but can anyone seriously affirm that this act has rendered them the less capable of using their brain, their powers of oratory, or their knowledge? Was Sir Charles Dilke in any degree the less brilliant man after the divorce case than he was before it? Does adultery render a man less capable than drink or drugs? Yet it is an open secret that some M.P.'s, aye, and hereditary peers, are drunkards, and some take drugs. No man of commonsense believes it for a moment. But if my opponent still doubts, let us take the supposititious case of a rich M.P. seducing a girl, buying her silence and getting some country parson to look after the child. Why should he resign? Of course he wouldn't.

No, the truth is that the same rules which serve for the conventional gentlemanly code of morality in private life are enforced more rigidly in public life. These rules are convenient for the persons who framed them, because in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred silence can be bought. They are also convenient for the political friends and opponents of some great men who stand in the way of the advancement of the desires of their enemies. (To-day nobody can deny that the Parnell and Dilke cases were not "inspired" for political reasons.) But they are not convenient, nor, what is more important, healthy amongst honest men either in private or public life. They are part of a code of lying and pretence which is the existing make-believe for Christianity. There can be no doubt that the majority of sensible men are against the waste and against the code of morality; but then, as Samuel Butler has pointed out, "all sensible men are of the same religion, and no sensible man ever says what that religion is." Too often one is ashamed of one's fellow-countrymen, and nearly always it is when one's fellow-countrymen are more than certain on a moral point.

WILLIAM FOSS.

The Literature of the Theatre.

The Play of To-day. By Elizabeth R. Hunt. (Lane. 5/-.)

This book is an example of the kind of public service which the Drama League of America is performing. The League forms a specialized body through which the ideas of present-day forms of drama may be disseminated to tens of thousands of American citizens, all of whom are anxious (or so we are told) to learn the dramatist's devices. The discussion of technique which bulks so largely in this volume illustrates the nature and aim of this organisation and shows how far it is fitted to become a vital instrument for promoting the interests of the theatre. Assuming that the public is anxious to study the manufacture of the drama, here are the "Preliminaries for Study":—

Extract the story of the play and set down all events in chronological order.

Notice at what point the first curtain rises, and determine, if possible, why a beginning was made precisely there, instead of earlier or later.

Next consider the matter of building the five parts. These parts are:—

First, the exposition or introduction.

Second, the rise, or growth, or crescendo, or development of the action.

Third, the climax, or top of the ladder, or apex of the pyramid, or sharpest turning point, or knot of the plot.

Fourth, the fall or decline, or diminuendo of the action.

Fifth, the close, or denouement, or catastrophe, or disentangling of the lines of the plot and readjustment of the characters.

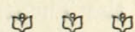
The author's tautologies ought to help the public. Among "The Subtler Dramatic Qualities" to be studied are:—

The shading and grading of effects; adroitness in making transitions; cumulative pressure towards the end; dramatic irony; direction and indirection in conveying information; the choice between the fixed character and the developing or deteriorating character; and in general, everything pertaining to skill in overcoming difficulties, and economy in the use of material and means.

We suggest to the author that economy should begin at home. The rules for "Seeing a Play" are:—

First see the stage performance; then read and analyse the play; then see it again on the stage; then re-read it for final effect. Anyone who does this for a season or two will be far on the way toward that general, non-professional understanding of the play structure which he must have if he is to be a creative listener and spectator in the theatre.

We congratulate the author on her belief in human endurance. Having framed these rules for the guidance of the public and students, she applies them to various plays, including Ibsen's "A Doll's House." The book will be popular with aspiring students who are exploring the "machinery" of the drama. But the ordinary playgoer will waste his time in reading it. Twelve hours a day practice of its queer rules will not bring him into the essence of a play, and unless he can get mixed up in this subtle essence, called genius, he had better go where beer and tobacco are being handed round.



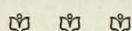
Shakespeare in the Theatre. By William Poel. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5/-.)

In these lectures, and articles reprinted from various publications, *The Era*, *National Review*, *Westminster Review*, &c., Mr. Poel's aim has been to answer certain important questions on Shakespeare as poet-dramatist. The questions may be put this way.

1. What is the Shakespearean theatre really like?
2. What are the dramatic conditions in which Shakespeare worked?
3. What are Shakespeare's intentions in:—
 - a. The construction of his plays.
 - b. The method of their representation.
 - c. The method of their interpretation.

Mr. Poel has been asking and answering these questions for the last thirty years and to-day we are all more or less familiar with his answers. So, not much need be said concerning them. It is well known that Mr. Poel's great desire is to have Shakespeare simple, clear and easily understood. Obscurities of all kinds caused by incompetent and commercial-minded editors, actors, managers, producers and others, therefore, have to be removed. And this can only be done, as Mr. Poel demonstrates, by reading each play as a whole, in the earliest printed edition, thus getting beneath the superstructure of false tradition composed of stage-directions, cuts, interpolations, and commentaries. In this way a large field of discovery is opened up to the inquirer in the matter of Shakespeare's craftsmanship. And this is as it should be—for he is a poor author who leaves nothing to discovery. From Shakespeare we expect an unending impulse to discovery; and he does not disappoint us. Even Mr. Poel, with his amazing equipment for the voyage which he has undertaken, does not exhaust the possibility of further discovery. Surely, his fresh news that Shakespeare's plays have "unity of

design" is an incentive to a new departure. Where is the "unity of design" in "The Winter's Tale" which is simply a lot of odds and ends loosely strung together? Where is the "unity of design"—the big rhythmical pattern into which harmonious details have been poured—in any of Shakespeare's plays? There is none; his scenes simply happen. There may be unity of purpose, though never leading to unity of effect; there is unity of time, and unity of spirit. Perhaps Mr. Poel is thinking of unity of spirit, say the joy of life spirit contained in "As You Like It," which Mr. Poel himself quickened with the aid of a number of joyous children. This unity has been overlooked; we have only lately learnt that it exists. And now everything in a Shakespearean production has got to be woven together with it. Then we shall attain full enjoyment of Shakespeare's spiritual resources.



The Civic Theatre. By Percy Mackaye. (Mitchell Kennerley. 4/6.)

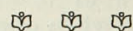
This is one of the most important books on the ideal theatre which America has sent us of recent years. It embodies a very big idea, no less than that of the "redemption of leisure" of the American people; and it affords another proof that the drama follows each new conception of the Universe. To-day there has arisen a civic conception, and men are renewing the quest for a heaven on earth and means to organise access to it. Along with this goes Mr. Mackaye's quest for "The Civic Theatre," forming a social institution by which the American people may escape from the hell of idle leisure and gain access to the heaven of play leisure. Throughout this book we see Mr. Mackaye as an idealist playing recreatively with the old unities and re-composing them into a higher one. There are, for instance, the School, the Theatre, and the Church—three institutions of paramount importance passing in his hands from rivalry to unity. In order to this unity he outlines a civic structure containing theatre within theatre, wherein may be focussed all the play activities, or, as he terms them, "the artistic expressions of the civic spirit." Needless to say, this new form of social unification by means of the organisation of the play spirit of the people is a vast affair; so vast, indeed, that we wonder whether Mr. Mackaye is fully aware of its proportions. But it is clear enough that he has some idea of the magnitude of the movement which he is initiating. His inquiries into the practical possibilities of "The Civic Theatre" have led him to put on record the full resources out of which the play-spirit may be organised, and to conclude that the people is the proper custodian of these resources. Later will come the test of this social unification—can the people play? Is the terrific force of Power against it? However, Mr. Mackaye believes in his dream, which has produced a book valuable for reference and rich in suggestion.



Henrik Ibsen: Poet, Mystic, and Moralist. (Fifield. 2/6.)

If this book had appeared some years ago we should have been spared Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism." For it contains at least one chapter to convince Mr. Shaw that he is not the sort of person to get Ibsen into the front rank of poets and mystics, or into any front rank, except that of a Fabian Society and any other similar fossilised organisation. The said chapter comes last in Mr. Rose's book, whereas we should like it to come first, seeing that it contains the key to the re-interpretation of Ibsen for which true Ibsenites are waiting. It proclaims that Ibsen was a mystic endowed with "a spiritual insight" and "a faith in and a fidelity to the inner light"; he had a cosmic

vision and saw not only the local but the eternal aspect of his characters; he was a truly religious man "whose attitude towards all schools of religion was peculiarly broad, universal and detached." We should like to know more of Ibsen's mysticism, cosmic consciousness and religious conception of the drama. It is no doubt the fault of Ibsen's misinterpreters, but until quite recently we never heard of Ibsen's theory of a religious drama. Perhaps Ibsen is slightly to blame also, for there are not a few of his plays with which we have to wrestle long in private before we discover that we are confronted with a great and amazing form of drama—the Drama of Initiation; and when we have discovered this and have learnt how easy it is, once we have found the clue, to trace in each play the birth, struggle, death, and resurrection of the Ideal—so fully expressed in "A Doll's House"—we confess that we have some difficulty in believing that anyone—however uneducated, blind or silly—could with patience avoid discovering it also. Mr. Rose has had the power to make this important discovery, but unfortunately he has not used his discovery to the best advantage. Instead of tracing the secret of Ibsen's genius which lies in its power of his religious development, which can only be known by a study of the spiritual transformation and redemption of Ibsen's principal characters (who Mr. Rose reminds us time after time have a spiritual affinity), he has traced the development of Ibsen as social reformer, psychologist, mystic, &c., in his plays, which he arranges in order for the purpose. He has achieved, in this way, a reconstruction of Ibsen according to his experiences—historical, social, psychological, symbolical and so forth. But there are many experiences which are not accounted for such, for instance, as his spiritual descent from Kant of whose ethics he is the greatest artistic exponent. Mr. Rose, however, opens up many new points of view and provides material for writers who shall deal in the future with Ibsen as the great religious dramatic influence of the 19-20th century, and who shall seek to re-interpret his types as embodying a principle of Eastern philosophy. For them life on earth has neither meaning nor continuity, for the value of Life begins with death.



The Joy of the Theatre. By Gilbert Cannan. (Batsford. 2/-.)

Whether this little book will serve its purpose of reminding thoughtful persons that the theatre is in a state of transition, is not certain. For though the author is convinced that the theatre should represent a simple and beautiful arrangement, and that it can only do this by the elimination of certain degrading elements, he is not clear as to what these elements are. In short, his vision of joy lacks proper direction. Before he can discuss the theatre as a House of Joy he must get rid of the habit of talking about it with one eye on its ugly old elements. We should like to point out for his benefit that the drama follows the current of philosophy, and always has done; and a side stream of the drama which is still setting in the direction of determinism, as the present highly-developed discussion drama is doing, is not a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. On the contrary, it is demoralising, and the sooner Mr. Cannan recognises this and keeps its chief exponents, Messrs. G. B. Shaw, Granville Barker, and John Galsworthy, out of his discussion of the Joy Theatre, the happier we all shall be. If Mr. Cannan had dealt with the current tendency in the theatre—the tendency to break away from joylessness—on the philosophical side, he would have avoided a good deal of profitless thought. He would then have told us that philosophy is once more renewing its high quest and have demonstrated that the drama in following this tendency could not possibly do so on its present low level. Mr. Cannan,

however, prefers to view the theatre from the dramatic critic's standpoint, to discuss its change in the light of recent dramatic events and to prophesy the coming of a time "when the theatre will be a place of art, an exchange of ideas, the subtlest and finest engine of society, the first to feel, to express, and to inform new desire, new vision, new impulse, and new hope." The volume is one of a series of Fellowship Books, and it deserves a word of praise for its tone and general get-up.



"Poetry and Drama"—June. 35, Devonshire Street, Theobalds Road, W.C. (2/6.)

From the second number of this comprehensive Review we are better able to judge of its value to the movements in poetry and drama for which it stands. We think we can guarantee that it will materially assist the current which is setting in a new direction under the present feeling of discontent, not unmingled with genuine disgust. Not that the journal is singular in this respect. On the contrary, there are other periodicals working towards the same end. In France and Germany such artistic propaganda is carried to lengths not dreamed of in this country; though perhaps it is true that what English artistic propaganda lacks in quantity it sometimes makes up for in quality. We use the term artistic in the strict sense. Here in "Poetry and Drama" is artistic propaganda. In addition to an attempt to realise the poetical resources for a fresh start towards a poetical drama, this journal is introducing an ordered note into the present scheme of rebuilding. Consciously or unconsciously, it is following the lines of the 18th century Sturm and Drang period initiated in Germany by Shakespeare. First came the translations by Weiland and Eschenberg, then the criticisms by Lessing, then the productions and acting by Eckof and Schröder, and the dramatic compositions by Goethe—all leading up to the great outburst of lyricism. Here, too, are translations, criticisms, comparative and other, surveys of current tendencies, here in this country and abroad, appraisements of Georgian poetry, and a full list of recent books—all pointing towards a poetic renaissance and perhaps the coming of a great Sturm and Drang period of our own. On the whole, the judgments and knowledge of the contributors are sound, and it is rarely that we have to smile as when Mr. Michael T. H. Sadler tells that Verhaeren "is a synthesis of modern art," or when we read of "the *Commedia dell'arte* as developed and modified by Molière and Goldoni," and of Surrey melodrama being the stuff of which the National Drama is composed. Such misdemeanours are no more serious than letting off crackers in an empty street.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Correspondence.

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

NEO-MALTHUSIANISM AND THE WOMEN'S QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—In the April issue of the "Malthusian" appears a letter signed "Homo," which raises indirectly the question how far the Woman's Suffrage campaign and the Neo-Malthusian movement are related.

I sent the following remarks upon the subject to the Editor of the "Malthusian," and, as he was

unable to print them, I venture to think they may be of interest to your readers.

At the beginning of the former agitation, I pointed out publicly, without any claim to originality, that that agitation was the *effect* of the practice of limiting the size of the family, and *not* the *cause*, i.e., it was because women had already achieved freedom that they were able to make themselves heard so effectively by such capable representatives. This point of view is, I think, sound, and it is creditable to those who have worked for the Neo-Malthusian cause, in spite of the ridiculous excesses which have ruined the chance (for a generation, perhaps) of women receiving the vote.

As "Homo" hints, the unreasonable way in which every evil suffered by men and women (particularly the latter) has been attributed to man's incapacity, deliberate intention, or disregard of women's claims—has done the cause of women's suffrage perhaps more harm than the physical violence which is a later development introduced by the same "intellectuals."

Now, the leaders of the movement are not, I believe, students of nature or evolution, if of anything they are students of law. They have small knowledge of nature—because they hate its truths, they hide the significance of them from themselves and their followers. Consequently, they do not know, or never say, that the blame for most of our troubles should be placed to nature's account—to the nature of man (as a genus of animal, which includes woman)—to the too rapid reproduction of human beings. This latter is not merely the cause of poverty. It is also the cause *inter alia* of the restrictions on sexual intercourse; for it is (or was until a few years ago) absolutely essential that men and women should restrain themselves sexually until they were in a position to maintain numerous children. Those of both sexes who did not restrain themselves saw their children starved, or themselves put to shame. It is no wonder, therefore, that the majority of us, the survivors of such conditions, consist of individuals trained to restrain our passions, but the necessity of restraint is *due to nature's methods, not to man*. Why, moreover, it should be considered that men alone have barred women from sexual intercourse I never can understand. The only women they have ever barred are their own wives, who have the opportunity of satisfying themselves in this direction. Other women men naturally encourage (and are blamed for encouraging).

It is evident to all of us that women themselves are far more strongly opposed to sexual intercourse for other women than men are, and the reason should be as plain. Women know quite well that the only satisfactory method of rearing children is by marriage, or after a definite guarantee by a man to support their children by a union intended to be permanent. For that reason, *women* have always caused the most intolerable shame to be associated with women who bear children out of wedlock.

Nor do I understand why Neo-Malthusians waste time in agitating for the *vote*. It is unimportant in itself, women's freedom depends entirely on their ability to avoid continuous childbearing. If they avoid that, they can do anything; but many of their desires are of the same nature as the love of a moth for the light. Women had, at any rate, gained 99 points of their freedom before the present agitation started. That they should adopt what is called "militancy" for the final point shows clearly the fanaticism (i.e., the want of judgment and perspective) of their leaders.

But we all know it is not the vote merely that women want, it is "what the vote will bring." That Neo-Malthusians can support the agitation on this ground is again not easily understood by me. They, at any rate, should know the comparative futility of legislation when not accompanied by reduction of our rate of increase, and that when accompanied by it, legislation is hardly necessary.

It is hoped, however, that when women obtain the franchise women's wages will rise, and it is considered desirable they should be *equal to those of men*. This hoped-for result will not, I think, occur, but if it does, it will be most regrettable to all who have the interest of our race at heart. It is a bold and impudent claim that the woman who marries and has children should be penalised and have *less than one half* the good things that her unmarried sister shall have. I am one who thinks that while children are being born and nourished they should be attended to by their mother, and in the interests of the mothers and the children and of their adequate support, I am against equal wages for men and women and will do my utmost to prevent it. It is, in my opinion, absolutely against the public interest. It is, I think, a corollary from Neo-Malthusianism that women, whether married or single, should have the right to work outside the home when not occupied within it. If it was equally a corollary that they should be paid on the average the same wages as men, it would be the most damaging argument against Neo-Malthusianism that I have yet come across, for it means in practice the abolition of genuine marriages, which must always be encouraged in the interests of human happiness.

My efforts against this claim will not, however, be necessary. Readers of the "Malthusian" know that wages are regulated by supply and demand. The idea that women should be paid as much as men because they do the work "just as good" may (if it is true) be reasonable. It is not, however, more likely to be realised on that account. No work is paid according to its goodness or badness, but in proportion to its rarity. It is true that good work is more rare than bad, but it is paid more, not because it is good, but because it is *rare*—relative to the demand. That this is true is plain from a single instance, the toiler in the fields is paid, perhaps, one fifth as much as a ballet girl.

Still, it is certain that when women *do* work as good as men, and they *are not more numerous*, or partially kept by men, they will command the same wages. Their present lower wages are, however, due largely to the fact that they are almost invariably maintained partially or wholly by men, and compete with other women for *lower* wages in consequence. Thus their low wages are really creditable to men, rather than discreditable, as we are so often told.

Finally, may I say that I personally have little sympathy with those women who, from mere cowardice or mere love of pleasure, wish to avoid having children at all, and presume that on this account they are superior to women who love children and wish to have one. Yet I suppose that no one will deny that the Suffrage Movement comprises more of this type of woman than of any other. Their fear of childbirth leads them to think that man's lot in life is more pleasant than woman's. As a man, I think they are mistaken. For 10½ months out of 12 I am a prisoner during the day, seeing the sunlight only through the window. On a few occasions when I get out into the suburbs on a morning, how I envy the sunny lives of the women tending the children in the fresh air. To abandon the one for the other is, as I have said, the madness of the moth, and will produce the same result—extinction of these women *and of their views*. In so far as Women's Suffrage helps these women to achieve their desires, I think it deserves to be put back for a generation.

I sincerely hope that no Malthusian will give to this agitation any time that would otherwise have been given to our movement. It is of no importance compared with ours, and I think I have given satisfactory reasons for thinking so.

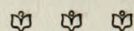
W. R. B.

[The Editor's reply to the questions raised in the above letter will have been sufficiently indicated

in the previous "Views and Comments."—ED., THE NEW FREEWOMAN.]

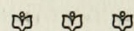
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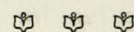


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— Note. —

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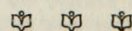
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To keep down the annual charge of THE NEW FREEWOMAN, and also to relieve the promoters of much anxiety, it has been decided to change the weekly issue into a fortnightly one, the dates of publication being limited to the 1st and 15th of each month.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

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

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