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- December 15 marked the final issue of The New Freewoman, which was continued under the title [The Egoist](#).

THE LEAN KIND.

The New Freewoman: No. 1, Vol. 1, June 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

This is the epoch of the gadding mind. The mind "not at home" but given to something else, occupied with alien "causes" is of the normal order, and as such must be held accountable for that condemning of the lonely occupant of the home-the Self-which is the characteristic of the common mind. With the lean kind-the antithesis of those "Fat" with whom latterly we have become so familiarised-the most embarrassing notion is that of the possession of a self having wants. To be selfless is to have attained unto that condition of which leanness is the fitting outcome. Hence, the popularity of the "Cause" which provides the Ideal to which the "desired self-sacrifice can be offered". The greater the sacrifice the Idol can accept the greater is it as a "Cause," whether it be liberty, equality, fraternity, honesty or what not. If ten thousand starving men, with their tens of thousands of dependants, starve in the Cause of Honesty, how great is Honesty. If a woman throws away her life for freedom, how great is freedom. And no mistake.

"Great is the Cause and small are men," is the creed of the lean kind. Consider the Cause of Honesty-the righteous frenzy for the maintenance of the status quo in regard to property. True it is that all worshippers of honesty have no property; but what of that: the greater the sacrifice: good is it to be a vessel of dishonour if thereby is achieved the greater glory of the Cause.

It is true one may choose one's "Cause," but choice appears to fall fairly uniformly into classes, and as for the lean kind, they choose honesty. "Poor but honest," is the lean one's epitaph. He makes it his honour to see to it that property shall remain "just so". He will fight and die and play policeman with zeal, that property should remain just so. There have been those, however, who have maintained that "Property was theft" Monsieur Proudhon said so, and Monsieur Shaw supports him. "The only true thing which has been said about property," says Mr. Shaw. We-and the lean-beg leave to dissent, what though in dissenting, we differ. The lean scout the base notion, for where would the Cause, Honesty, be if horribly it should prove true? It is therefore not true for the lean. And for us? If the pick and the shovel are the discovered gold, then property is theft. But if the shovel and pick be as a means to an end-the acquiring of gold-then theft is to property in the same relation. Theft is the time-honoured, success-crowned means to property. All the wholesale acquirements of property have come, do come, will come, in this way. Whether Saxon robs Celt, and Dane robs Saxon, and Norman robs all three: whether William Shortlegs robs the English to give property to his fellow-bandits, or bandits, grown bolder, rob the Church for themselves, or the Trust-maker robs whom he will, the process is one and the same. A constant state of flux (Oh, Cause of Honesty), flux of property, from hands which yield into hands which seize. Small wonder the lean kind love not this truth, and cover their eyes with their Cause. Hands which seize are not their kind of hands, the spirit of their Cause makes the muscles relax and the grip grow feeble.

Property once seized, the seizers set about to make flux static. They declare a truce. They send forth a proclamation: *"Henceforth the possessed--and our children must remain possessors: and the dispossessed remain the dispossessed forever: these shall not raise disturbing hands against the state of things: should they, the STATE will visit upon them the penalties due.* For notice: in the process of proclamation, the victors have taken the proclamation for the deed; they have not merely said "this state, now established, shall remain," they have said, without pause for breath "this shall be" and "this is." "The State now is-and we, are the State." And so it turns out. The dispossessed-the lean-make answer: "Yea-great conquerors, as you say, so it is." The STATE IS. Though we perish, let the State live for ever. Thus the State takes birth, the mobile takes on immobility; the Iron Mask upon

which its makers write the law for the lean to keep, descends; hence forth, the lean, the law-abiding, the honest, are the pillars of the STATE, while the possessors of it are left well-established, free to pursue chance and adventure in the flux which has never ceased to flow in the secret order above the State. Hence comes high finance- a game of sport best played like cricket, with limited numbers.

The law of honesty is the first precept written out on the Iron Mask. Honesty is a rule of convenience whose purpose is to keep back the crowd from the excellent game of the select few. But, "Among your selves, seize what you can," which reminds us of Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton charged the financial sportsmen with corruption, and tried to prove his charge by Law. Extraordinary forgetfulness. The law is not for those who make it. It is for the dispossessed only. Mr. Chesterton tried to establish a charge of dishonesty in a sphere where honesty- quite rightly- is a term of reproach. The holders of "un-earned increment" are not concerned with honesty-that Cause of the Canaille-the retail-property holders virtue. He might with as much relevance have charged Mr. Isaacs with doing no work. Working is a lean-man's virtue and so is honesty, but neither are the virtues of the makers of the State. The reason Mr. Chesterton is mulcted of £10,000 is, that he used a word-corruption-which is not held in favour among the herd, who cannot expected to understand that what is crime to them is the sport of a higher order; to whom theft, for instance, is not theft. It carries no stigma as it does with the lean. The State itself has no blush when it reveals its sole right to our money to be its might: makes us pay up for fear of wishing that we had, later, no blush that it steals because it can. All of which goes to prove it is a poor job calling names and explains why we are giving our first article to the lean kind. It is to protest against the irrelevance for the Lean of the doings of the Fat. During the last few months there has appeared amongst us an artist of foremost rate, an artist who is a satirist, who has revealed the very lineaments of the soul of his "Fat Men." Mr. Will Dyson's cartoons, now appearing daily in the "Herald," are the event of recent journalism. The power and truth, the pull and thrust of arm, the clutch upon their material, the face-to-face revelation- that these things should appear now in England is almost incredible. Yet we have not so far forgotten the satiric rage of Swift to be wholly without criterion for judgement of the measure of strength with which he wields this lightning flail, and, notwithstanding their truth and stretch of arm, union of brain and soul, the quality of Swift which leaves us seared and but barely alive, is absent from Mr. Dyson's work. For all his contempt for his thick-necked breed of "fat-men," contempt which we believe Mr. Dyson means to be the last word with his work, this does not create the ache, the burning wound which is at the kernel of contempt, and is that which the outer rage of contempt is meant to hide. He draws "fat men" as *though* he hated them, yet his artists' revelation is truer than his interpretation of it. He has seen the breed of Fat men, and has seen he cannot for the life of him hate them as Swift hated his Yahoos. They are all redeemed by a quality which Mr. Dyson sees revealed, but which he does not know. The last glance at the cartoons always carries a smile. With the arm to wield the superhuman rage of Swift, he does not do so. Did he, his subjects would be shattered. He appears himself to feel he may not let himself go. There exists something he would shrink from destroying.

Mr. Dyson's choice of subjects (unless due, and one hopes to an accidental connection with a spirited journal which itself is engaged in a futile "War! against Fat,") illustrates his difference in relation to Swift, as a difference in what each fears. We hate what we fear and if what is feared is not in itself hateful, the hate recoils back upon us, only in part assuaged. Dyson fears brutal, stupid strength. Swift feared, loathed, writhed at the bare suggestion of weakness, meekness, and what these imply. Swift was girding at the thing which is the woe of men and the tragedy of the Godhead which Arnold assures us "would do all things well but sometimes fails in strength." Swift touches men in the quick; he reveals the shameful sore which we all walk enshrouded to hide. His Yahoo is each of us. His lay figures which bear the virtues, his Houyhnhnms have no soul to save in a bath of fire. He has not misdirected his rage. He lives with the Immortals because of his stupendous courage which dared to turn an unwinking eye upon that which other men dare approach only by stealth and

with averted gaze. He saw, knew and uttered forth, what none but a giant may look upon. Dyson on the other hand, looks and sees, but his head is turned in the wrong direction. What he sees is merit smothered over with accidental demerits. The filthy vestures that meet his gaze, and which a finer breed than these thick-necked Fat would throw off in repulsion and disgust, are the outcome, not of the quality which Dyson reveals in his "Fat," but of the lack of this quality in the figures which crouch behind him- the lean. The vitriolic passion of repudiation which is satire, is with him never called into being. His primary occupation is with what should be his lay figures. He has directed his withering flame against his Houyhnhnms-the Fat, in stead of against his Yahoos-the Lean. At present his work, while it makes the "Daily Herald" notable, is not out of place there, but we trow a man would have a heart of flint who insisted on Yahoos with, shall we say, Mr. George Lansbury, insisted that is on truth the lean are spoon-fed with lies-a diet with no fattening qualities. Even Mr. Dyson's drawings of "the worker" are sentimental. None dare tell the "worker" the blunt truth, that his leanness blights the landscape and that he is responsible. The tales of leanness' woes are told to the discredit of fat) but they recoil in truth to the discredit of lean. It is the last resort of the downtrodden to seek comfort in the relating thereof. There is only one thing the down-trodden with retained dignity can do, and that is to Get Up. And there is only one thing for the lean and that is, to get fat, get property: and it is the one thing they will not do. The efforts to dodge the responsibility of self-defence, self-appropriation, to assume the mastership in their own person, is the unmistakeable mark of the lean. The first conscious effort of mind in any prospective change of circumstance is to look for the chain and the collar and the next retreat. Someone to whom they may belong, serve, work for. If not the slave-owner, then the employer; (employer- someone who keeps him busy!) if not the individual employer, then the State; if not these then the Commune or the Trade Union or the Trade Guild: an "employed person," worker, for ever. Let reproaches be directed where cause lies-home-and then they may bear fruit. As Mr. Tillett might have remembered when he called upon the Deity to perform a task which he could have done for himself had he cared, what a man *wants doing*, he will do himself. And what is true in relation to the deity is true in relation to fat men. The fat man is just as likely to endow the lean scolders as is the Almighty-none at all. He is satisfied in the knowledlge that they can achieve their own endowment as he and his achieved theirs, by *taking* from yielding hands.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 1, Vol. 1, June 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

"The Cause to which I have given my life." This is a message, the last but one of Mrs. Pankhurst. The Cause is the "Vote." With so many shoddy phrases extant we prefer to examine what Mrs. Pankhurst has given in order to secure the privilege of the vote, rather than be put off with the phrase "my life," which may well be rhetorical, as was that of her daughter when she spoke of "doing her bit, for her seven years" and then left the bit and the years to others. Six years ago Mrs. Pankhurst would have said: "I want the vote given to me." Now she has to say "I have given myself to the Cause-the Vote." The alteration in attitude displayed does indeed illustrate what (rhetoric apart) Mrs. Pankhurst has given of herself in this agitation. She has literally abandoned her judgment and her original ambition, which was to be an active participant in state politics. A member of the Labour Party she fell an honest victim to the illusion regarding political power which made Mr. Tom Mann in 1891 say, "When next we strike, we shall strike on the ballot-box," an illusion which increased in intensity until 1905-6 when the attention bestowed on the political side of labour organisation had its effect in the return of a greatly augmented labour party to the House of Commons, and at which time Mrs. Pankhurst's union actually took birth. Its formation was the high tempered response of a capable woman to the snubs and neglects suffered by women in an organization wholly man led. Her ambition for herself was to be of the same

order of power, if of better quality-as the Macdonalds, Hardies and Snowdens. For her daughter, having provided her with the legal training so advantageous to political guile, her ambitions were boundless. She was to be given the choice of office, Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor, and either position she would have adorned. A legitimate ambition founded on a legitimate basis-the Vote. Therefore "I want the vote" six years ago. And now? The first wild passion of women's insistence spent; the effective mouthpieces and actionists fallen out from her ranks; herself in the process of rapidly advancing invalidism, alternating between prison and nursing home, her mouth effectually closed; her daughter settled as a quiet pamphleteering suffragist abroad; and the vote? In the dim and speculative future! What has happened? She has pinioned herself with words-words-words, and these, not her own. She ventured into the maze of the symbolists, whose vulturous progeny-the empty concepts-got her! She began to "lead a Cause," and imperceptibly the Cause became Leader-leading where all causes tend-to self-annihilation. Mrs. Pankhurst may die and great is the Cause. What Cause? The Cause of the empty concept-the fount of all insincerity: the Cause of the Symbol-the Nothing worked upon by the Dithyramb.

"Miss Emily Davison has gladly laid down her life for woman's freedom." This is Mrs. Pankhurst's latest message. Here, then, we have it-the cause of Freedom. Freedom is the devil which drives. We must get a nearer view of it. What have we in mind when we say Freedom? We detect three elements: two notions and an atmosphere. There is the notion of a force, and a notion of a barrier which the force breaks through. A "breaking through" is the single complex which is the "getting free." A definite action, therefore, with a positive beginning and a definable end: limited in time and complete in its operation. There exists nothing in this which explains the vague unending thing called "freedom." To "get free" apparently is not freedom which is something which carries on an independent existence on its own account. This separate existence is the atmosphere. Freedom therefore is made up of loose association with the two notions which coalesce into the one action of getting free, plus an atmosphere. The action is the individual affair, the thing which must be done for oneself and permits of no vicariousness: the other, i.e., the atmosphere, is the part which one can create for others. This atmosphere is an interesting study: examined, it reveals itself, half swoon, half thrill. It is the essence of sensation, the food of the voluptuary. The thrill is the memory, the aroma of far-off fair deeds: the swoon is the suspension of intellect which allows vague association to make these deeds appear in part as one's own. Deeds, mark you ! definite things. Now we can ask the question: What is the relationship of the simple, normal, definable life-process of over-coming specific resistances which we call getting free to the vague symbolic indefinable thing called Freedom. The second is a blatant exploitation of the first. The first is an individual affair which must be operated in one's own person and which once done is over. The second is not an action: it is a worked up atmosphere, secured by culling special nose-gays of "free-ings," the most notable deeds of the most notable persons by preference- bunching them together and inhaling their decaying sweetness with exactly the same type of pleasure as that which the druggaker and the drunkard get out of their vices. As tippling is the vicious exploitation of the normal quelling of thirst so the following after "Freedom" is the vicious exploitation of the normal activity of working oneself free of difficulties.

When therefore a person "dies for the cause of women's freedom" the effect of such a death is to give a crowd of degenerate orgiasts a new sensation. The motive may be,-a motive arrived at by a tragically mistaken process of reasoning-the belief that thereby others can be freed. Such is a tragic delusion. There is only one person concerned in the freeing of individuals: and that is the person who wears and feels and resents the shackles. Shackles must be burst off: if they are cut away from outside, they will immediately reform, as those whose cause is "our poor sisters" and "poor brothers" will find. The prostitution and poverty problems will be solved when the prostitute refuses to be prostituted and the poor refuse to be poor. Flogging the prostitutor, or railing at the exploiter is idle, for the defect is not primarily in these.

But these voluptuous mooners apart, what of freedom? The answer is, that these voluptuaries apart, there is no "freedom"-and the Cause of Freedom is one long course of banalities and mis-statements unlimited. "Freedom" presumes a state and there is no state of being free; there is an activity of free-ing but the activity is limited by time to the duration of the act itself; the act completed, the free-ing is ended. To advance the concept of freedom as a reality is to attempt to give to that which has no meaning apart from expansion of a force, the laid-out, static quality of the objective world; it seeks to establish in space-in the static- that which has an existence only in time; of which the termination is the motive which engenders the beginning. There is no freedom and hence there can be no fight for it. Free-states, (amazing contradiction) free-speech, free-assemblage have just as much to do with the power which works itself free, as amassed collections of wreckage-specimens picked up from a cyclone-area have to the departed cyclone- i e., associations which call it to mind, and no more. Remote connection indeed, for let the storm sweep through once more and in the second wreckage these same specimens will have lost their identity, they will be recognisable no more. So the patient advocates of "free states," "free speech," "free assemblage," what are they but deluded children in the vicinity of forces they do not comprehend? If they want to assemble and speak without let or hindrance, let them increase their own power, their strength of arm until they can speak and meet as they will. But to ask for free speech and free meeting, what is it but an acknowledgement of tutelage, inferiority. If what they ask is given them, what will their speech be but "permitted" speech, something graciously allowed to inferiors and minors. Oh Freedom, subtle deceiver, what chains are forged and riveted in thy Name. (It will be noted that one falls inevitably into rhetoric immediately the blighting word is addressed. Unreal itself, it rallies unrealities to itself as kind to kind.) We have flogged "freedom" and we hope to extinction. We cannot, for the nonce, deal with other members of this confusion-fostering class of words- those of the Empty Concept, the Nothings worked on by the Dithyramb- whose use and implications have gangrened all culture. Their number is legion- Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Unity, Justice, Truth, Humanity, Law, Mumbo-Jumbo, Mesopotamia, Albracadabra, Om-Tat-Sat. Intellectual concepts all- futile products of men who pursue their own shadow. Since Plato, literary philosophers have been digging pitfalls into which a lying Culture lures them and their fellow-men. A true concept is the framework which the intellect puts round something *felt*: feeling experienced either directly in the Soul, or indirectly through the perceptions of sense. An intellectual concept is not, strictly speaking, a concept at all: it represents the giving of a "local habitation and a name" to a "Nothing!" It is a verbal trick, put through from many different and mainly sub-conscious motives, and its immediate outcome is sentimentality- an intellectual "fake" touched up with associated emotion- an easeful, "pleasant" mechanical process, and one almost universally practised' It is the formation of the intellectual concept which makes every successive culture a poison-diet for the peoples which create it. A virile people turns to thought, creates a culture which promptly turns upon it to encompass its destruction. There has been as yet no exception in the history of mankind. Today we see the same process illustrated in the lives of individuals. The unreal concept is at the back of every "Cause". Hear of a Cause and look for the hag, and it will be found in these lying creations of the idle brain. It is the natural sequence, since the brain must guide life's action, that these will o' the wisps should lead the individual astray, and the higher the quality of the individual, the more disastrous are the consequences. "Causes" are the diversion of the feeble- of those who have lost the power of acting strongly from their own nature. They are for the titillation of the senses of the herd, and a person who can act strongly should shun all Cause-ites and their works. Strong natures, who act out their beliefs in their own person, not realising that such grounds for actions as Causes proffer are in place only among those who having lost the instinct for action amuse themselves by words, occasionally are fascinated by the jargon, with consequences disastrous in the highest degree to themselves. Miss Davison, for instance, was in the presence of something innocuous to most of her companions, but very deadly in relation to herself when she lent ear to the pleadings of the great Cause "Freedom." Her soul strong for action, sucked in the poison which would have harmed little one less sincere. Miss Davison we know has long held that in her "Cause" a death was necessary. Were it not for the tragic sequel, one might smile at

the naively-honest mind arguing so simply with issues so stupendous. It was inevitable, that, short of abandoning the "Cause" some such tragedy should gather round her. A fatalism must inevitably attach to those who cannot abandon the phrases of their yesterdays: who must spend more on them; because they have already spent much. She like so many others, trying to endow a state of affairs purely spectacular with the verisimilitude of the dramatic, felt that the situation was not "moving" yet she had not the requisite malice to inform her what was wrong. That the "movement" was engineered, i.e. mechanical not living, that all that was desired was the kind of movement which can be effected by a cinematograph- not a surging, living up rising, taking its own wayward living course. Miss Davison never realised the difference, or realising, like a handful of other persons, was too much bound by the hopes and deeds of her yesterdays to act upon the realisation.

She did not understand that the presence of the tiny handful of people like herself in a spectacular affair was a very considerable embarrassment to the situation, which accounted for the suspicion and semi-disgrace in which they were constantly held; that their presence was just tolerated because occasionally the organization might need to dump them down, one here and one there to act as living beings for an occasion, and then return them to the role of automaton. And yet she might have. If we remember rightly, the last occasion upon which we saw her, more than a year ago, she was under warning of dismissal from her "post with a pittance" (twenty shillings weekly if we remember aright) upon her next attempt to "militate" on her own account, a dismissal which we believe actually had effect later. Apparently she continued to work at the dead situation, as an artist might try to touch up a few bits in someone's daub so to give the thing which has never lived the "air" of life. If a death would be a relieving touch in the monotony of the stale spectacle, then a death there should be.

There has, indeed, been an outcry for "a death," for quite a time. Some male fool stated the need very clearly in an interested section of the press some time back. Mrs. Pankhurst herself appears to have felt it, and has called herself a "dying woman" for nearly a year now. We can find the heart to be sorry for Mrs. Pankhurst, in spite of this tragedy due to the criminally silly situation she has allowed to obtain. We suggest to her, that she takes the first step, sets the example to the others, and casts her yesterdays. For her, in truth, success has been heavily streaked with failures: To gain a crowd, she gave up the best part in herself- her reality. Having gained them, the worst part of her promptly lost them. She has dignity and self-respect and she has put herself in a position which allows of neither. The argument of suffering is not respectable. There is something to be said for a "death as a spectacle", but there is nothing to be said for "dying-long-drawn out" as an argument. There is no virtue in suffering: To be relying on pity as a main argument is the tactic of the weak. Mrs. Pankhurst hunger-striking, negates the spirit of successful defiance which the hunger-strike embodied. She has counted without the ingenuity of her opponents. By adopting the hunger-strike at all, she entered upon a tactic, the meaning of which was that she should bring herself so near to death that a prison would not hold her. The State's reply was to contrive a means of enabling her to leave prison for just so long and upon such terms as would enable her to be held in prison- a negation of her own tactic. The hunger-strike, a brave but brutal thing in itself, is one which can be continued only as it began- in the brutal spirit. When the State turns her out of prison in order to get well enough to return, the logical, solely effective retort is "I will go out of prison, not to befit myself to return, but to carry on my work and do as I will." It would be a great gamble- but only so could Mrs. Pankhurst hope to prevent her sword being turned against her self- only so could she expect to make their cat and mouse effort non-effective. And the situation is not worth it. Far better and stronger would it be for her to take measures to bring the preposterous situation to an end and start afresh. There should be for her an added inducement in the truly horrible position of Christabel Pankhurst who, for £24340 or £24350 a month, wags the militant dog by the tip of a tail attenuated by stretching a few hundred miles. We will not enlarge upon the situation: it should be sufficient merely to state it. We suggest that Mrs. Pankhurst should judge of it with a little sensitiveness, and end it. For Miss Davison, one can only say that she in deadly circumstances maintained entire her integrity of Soul: her sincerity, which was such because her strength was such. It could

not be gainsaid by any chance circumstances in which it became entangled. Her courage one recognises, note and remember. And we are grateful that in her final effort luck was with her. Chance betrays so many occasions, for her as for all who attempt to fill in a spectacle, and her experience had had its bitterne success. Here, luck crowned her courage; she has heen permitted to secure what we know she cared to have: the well-done of those whose work she chose to do. And we are profoundly glad. A daring deed, a perfect spectacle, and the cost all hers. It might have been otherwise and recriminations.

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With the rapid decline of faith in politics and political method, and the collapse of Mrs. Pankhurst's campaign, the fictitious interest which has been worked up for votes for women since 1906 has already largely died down. The method of "influence" in politics has shown its superiority. It has the crowning merit of success- naturally so since where all is guile, methods must be of guile to have effect. Accordingly, it is realised that votes will be given to women, if and when, the fortuitous collection of women holding the positions of first females in the household of members of some future administration decide that it would please them to have them. The prospect of having to win the favour of, say, Mrs. Asquith, does not seem to grace the situation with dignity: but then politics have no dignity. The mistake in the "vote" agitation lay in thinking they had, though it now appears difficult to understand. How it could have been imagined that anything of intrinsic value could be in the gift of the six hundred members of parliament whose personal wills stood between the women and the vote. Understanding, however, is the fruit of making mistakes, and it is now clear that the "woman movement" must find its definition and activity in matters unrelated to voting "rights."

For fear of being guilty of supporting the power of another "empty concept" we hasten to add that the term "Woman Movement" is one which deserves to go the way of all such-freedom, liberty and the restd- to destruction. Accurately speaking, there is no "Woman Movement." "Woman" is doing nothing- she has indeed, no existence. A very limited number of individual women are emphasising the fact that the first thing to be taken into account with regard to them is that they are individuals and can not be lumped together into a class, a sex, or a "movement." They- this small number- regard themselves neither as wives, mothers, spinsters, women, nor men. They are themselves, each cut off from and differing from the rest. What each is and what each requires she proposes to find by looking into her own wants- not "class" or "race" wants- which explains her repudiation of "descriptions by function." If primarily women are to regard themselves as Woman or as the Mother, their satisfactions as individuals would be subordinated to an external authority: the requirements of the development of Woman or Mother as such- Empty concepts again. "Woman as such" and "mother as type" has no reality: the subordination of the individual to the Interest (another word for Cause) of motherhood, or the "Interest of the Race" is the old trick, subjugating the real to the unreal. A woman as a mother, takes on the accidental "mother characteristic" merely by the way, wholly for her own satisfaction. She is so because she wants, not be cause of any wants of the community, the State, the Race, or any other faked-up authority. The centre of the Universe lies in the desire of the individual, and the Universe for the individual has no meaning apart from their individual satisfactions, a means to an end. The few individual women before mentioned maintain that their only fitting description is that of Individual: Ends-in-themselves. They are Egoists. They are Autocrats, and government in their autocracy is vested in the Self which holds the reins in the kingdom of varying wants and desires, and which defines the resultant of these different forces as the Satisfaction of Itself. The intensive satisfaction of Self is for the individual the one goal in life.

INTELLECT AND CULTURE.

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by Dora Marsden

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

Historic cultures and historic moralities are the chronicle of the effects of this insufficiency of intellectual effort. For, note the role which culture fills in life. Culture in any community is the body of ready-made opinion, all-pervasive in the region where it holds sway, which is regularly accepted as a guide to conduct in human affairs. What the guide-book and sign-post are to the traveller in a strange country, culture is for conduct in life. It is the expressed digest of the experience of men, the would-be friendly hint, to later voyagers, of travellers who have earlier passed that way.

Culture therefore if it were what it is apprehended to be, would be a thing of extreme value, which none could afford to miss; which would be as necessary to wayfaring men as is the chart to the seaman. If this is what culture should be, why then is it that human culture has proved a deadly snare, pestilential as the vapours which hang over a foetid jungle; fatal to the people by whom it has been created ? Precisely because-intellect being limited to what it now is- any culture is premature. The people which evolves a too-early culture has as much chance of prospering as has the infant strictly dieted on green fruits.

It is plain to comprehend why. Self-consciousness has taken Intellect unawares. The method which it had learned through acquaintance with the static outward, bore no relation to the method necessary for the treating of the vital inward. Intellect has fashioned itself to meet the needs of conscious life which it could serve in the capacity of efficient tool far better than could instinct. It acts as an advance mirror, reporting the nature of external conditions inwards to its employer. Life is able to prejudge experience in the outer world, by means of Intellect as by a proxy. Life by Intellect can buy experience cheap where with instinct it bought it dear. It can therefore afford to buy more, as it has. Intellect has indeed canvassed the entire globe of material experience. It leaps to its task. It takes the universe for its province, reports home wonders, and carries its knowledge with ease. It grasps it into the fold of the hand and resolves it into systems. It classifies and labels, and has its pigeon-holes waiting in advance for aught new it may discover. And it is ever searching for the " new" on which to turn its mirror-that is why it has chanced to turn it inwards on its employer on individual life itself, and so has made conscious life, self-conscious; incidentally mistaking its function.

Intellect, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master, and its successes have given rise to the notion that intellectualisation is a master-role in life. In place of being directed it becomes director: in place of its performances being Judged by Soul-the individual basic life-it begins to judge the Soul-to prove that Soul is not there in short, and establishes itself in its place. The Torch begins to account itself greater than the Torch bearer.

That such a reversal should take place is natural enough. The Intellect was created and designed for the purpose of marking out safe path ways for life to tread among things in the outer world-in space. To recognise, know and trace the outline of things in space is its reason for existing. When therefore curiosity turned it back upon life, which it could feel but could not outline, it was unable to grasp the fact that the thing which it served, life-was of a totally different order from the things which it knew and dominated- objects in space. The historic record of human life on earth, is the tale of this bewilderment of Intellect faced with the phenomenon of life. It cannot- rather hitherto it has not-made the successful effort to mirror life.

Science is a triumph; Art is a tragedy, for Art is the attempted tale of the Soul. Science is a correspondence; for that to which it relates, it is true. Art is a fake; it is the putting up of something else to save the trouble of finding out what is truly there. In pressing its mirror back upon the inner life and failing to find the spatial qualities with which alone it has experience, Intellect has adopted one of three courses: either it has maintained that it could detect nothing there distinct from itself, or that the something which existed was identical with itself, or finding nothing but being conscious of a vague uneasiness, it has faked up false images and declared that these were what it found. The last is the common way. The faked concepts are the basis of human culture which is the outcome of human Art, of which the "progress" is a progression in falsity. True Art would be the expression of the human soul through Intellect, and Intellect jibs at the task, because to tackle it is to be compelled to act in a medium with which it is wholly unfamiliar. Its associations have all been with the concrete and the static, and life which reveals itself to the intellect only when it moves, in its moments of change, is an enigma. If, however, Intellect left the situation at that: declared life's meaning beyond its range, life might fare better.

But not at all; like a too-officious servant, Intellect presumes. All external things fit into frameworks; stow themselves up neatly in concepts, and so must life. Accordingly, we get the Symbols: the "Essences" of the things of the soul, which in reality, are nothing more than chance by-products of life's impulses. But they serve to meet the limitations of Intellect saturated with the associations of spatiality, and promptly Intellect makes effort to bundle life into the creaking frames.

Thus is the Symbol begotten: the Symbol which is not even an approximation to anything in life, but is the tracery of an arrangement among dead things which accidentally life in its passage through, has left. Is Life restive inside the Symbol? Then must Life learn Duty. Intellect garbed as Reason steps in to play the Clergyman, to preach Duty to the ideal, and rational submission.

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

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

It has been therefore almost inevitable that the soul should fall a victim to its own creation,

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

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

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

If for heaven we read Intellect, and for earth, Soul- the permanent Self-we have here an account of what happens when Art is born. No slack affair assuredly; not yet afterwards for Intellect, which cherishes the sighted impulses and plies them as with a good machine for correspondences, until they yield their true form and direction, which hand and eye and ear combine to publish forth. Such is Art. Much it has to do with Intellect, but with thought nothing save to lean[1] to avoid it. Our present culture is a thought-culture-sicklied over with the cast of the pale concept: it has nothing to do with changing life-nor with what is essential and true in Intellect.

Thought is delusion: thinking is a definite process: set in motion to liberate not thoughts but living impulses, not the fixed frame works of concepts, but self-directed force whose direction will be as unforeseeable as the individual- whose living soul it is-is solitary and unique; sole one of its kind; thinking's effect is to liberate life ready for action, not to bind it up to construct a system. Good thinking would prevent the formation of thoughts, as a good machine minimises waste. When we rally the forces in the depths of ourselves and we pray, our prayer should be, " Cleanse me of all thoughts. Let me not be stifled by their power. " Culture has produced nothing but thoughts and to make room for them has stifled life. We are at once a re-assertion, and a repudiation-a repudiation of thought and an assertion of life. We do not seek to solve the riddle of thoughts. We throw both thoughts and riddles

overboard.

" A shipwrecked sailor, buried in this coast, bids you
set sail,
Full many a gallant barque when we were lost,
weathered the gale."

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

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 2, Vol. 1, July 1st 1913.

by Dora Marsden

An aggravated subscriber (yea, subscriber) writes to ask what on earth THE NEW FREEWOMAN is driving at. "Can you not state the paper's attitude clearly ?" and another writer in the current issue asks whether we are advocating the "so-called Buddhist view that nothing temporal is real." We ourselves had felt that, like some navvy saddled with the task of boring through the Himalaya, we might potter about with the spade for a bit, and get to work gently, as it were; but apparently not; we are in danger of being held up for suspicious loitering. So let us lay to. Our quarrel with things in general is difficult to state in words for the precise reason that the biggest part of our quarrel is against words-against "thoughts." It is a quarrel with human culture, with the kinds of labels put on things-or rather on living activities. Following on this primary quarrel there are the quarrels by implication, quarrels with the stupid and deadly actions which take place misguided as they are by wrong labels: actions such as that of Socrates who courted death out of respect for the "State"-a fiction; or as that of Miss Davison who did the same out of respect for "Freedom"- a nothing. We can however bring the working out of our "attitude" much nearer home. Let us consider our own title, to which another irate subscriber begs us to "live up." ("Play up," she might have said with a more delicate sensing of what the process involved.)

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THE NEW FREEWOMAN: What there is of New in our attitude may to some extent be gathered from the preceding article in this issue- what may and what may not legitimately be inferred from the 'Free' we pointed out in our first issue, now, taking the third bite at our titular cherry we come to the "Woman," last and most feared. Not so much to be feared however as the horror of being mistaken for a Buddhist; and therefore in reply to our contributor we hasten to say that we are not maintaining that "nothing temporal is real." We shall be prepared to maintain the contrary however, and say that "Nothing which is not temporal is real," and incidentally deny the Buddhist philosophy. The suggestion that we might be supporting it has given us enough of a fright to nerve us to the task of being explicit even at the risk of being tedious, and we will explain what we meant by saying that "Woman," spelt with a capital, Woman as-type, had no existence; that it is an empty concept and should be banished from language. We meant that there is no definite reality which can be substituted as that to which Woman corresponds, which is a thing and not an idea.

If we take "female reproductive organs" away from this concept Woman, what have we left ? Absolutely nothing, save a mountain of sentimental mush, such as we have when we take away the definite action of breaking through a barrier from the concept "Freedom." Woman-as-type is reproduction-in-all-its stages personified, that is, a simple reality messed up into a fiction. It is as nearly related to the first Amoeba as to any particular woman. Its notion is that of anything sploshing, something too big to contain itself: a bowl of dough

worked on by the yeast.

We said its "notion"-that is its nearest associated reality. A bowl of dough is wholesome and real enough but "Woman" is not real even for the thing it suggests. Do you remember Olive Schreiner's "Three Dreams in a Desert"? There you have perfectly portrayed Woman-as-Type, Woman-as-Mother, Woman with the capital letter. You remember how the great bulk lay prone on the ground, with another lay figure tied on to her-Man- standing like a lath by her side. Then there came the creak of the machinery, the winding up of the wax works and the performance began. She moves, she stares, lifts her head, stands on her two legs, stares a bit more, and toddles off. End of scene one. Punch is spry in comparison. Scene two: Woman-as-type again, and third lay figure, Reason. More creaking of machinery, ventriloquist, with deep sepulchral note, says: "Listen! Feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands more-Woman. Beating this way: Following you: Track to the water's edge: dead bodies to make a bridge that IT may walk over. IT? What? The entire human race." `And the Woman grasped her staff and I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.' Scene three, more of the same sort. Well, well; this would be first rate on the village fair-ground, a perfect Aunt Sally when her hinges should have become too rusty to perform as a wax-work figure; but to carry it about in daily life: mould an action upon it, saddle it upon individual women; found a "movement" upon it. Pshaw! The fact is that we have had far too much of this "skirt" nonsense. We are weary of the sound of it.

"Woman Movement" forsooth. Why does not someone start a "straight-nose movement," or a "mole movement," or any other movement based upon some accidental physical contouration ? They would be as sensible as we who have run a "Skirts movement" which is the essential meaning of "woman movement. " Woman - Is there such a thing even as a woman sensed from the inside? If so, we have got to learn what it is. Never in the course of a long life have we felt "There, I feel that as a woman." Always things have been felt as individual and unique, as much related to other women as to other men-which is none at all; every thing has been sensed as of Ourselves, of which the gender has yet to be learnt: the gender of the self we have yet to learn. For us it has no community with women: nor has it with men. It is solitary and unique.

Do we then repudiate sex, one asks? Again the questioner confuses the accidental outer with a real inner. Inner feeling, attracted impulse, occasionally enters the sphere of sex. But in itself feeling is sexless. It is not necessary to repudiate feeling or to harbour it; we can please ourselves regarding it. On the other hand the physical differences which are all which exist of sex, obviously are not exactly in our province either to repudiate or to acquire. If men and women would try to turn their attention away from the infinitesimally small differences which distinguish them, as handsome people have to turn their attention away from their good looks, we should soon have heard the last of Man and Woman spelt with capitals, and the day of the individual would be at hand. And the measure of the individual would be not sex, but individual power.

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

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

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

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

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We are asked to write more on "Topics." We imagined we were writing on topics. If we are not, the explanation may be that we are not topical, and to attempt to write on topics when one is not topical is, as the Babe we think once explained it was for such as were not topical to go in for triposes-awkward. Probably, the explanation is that what is topical to us is not topical to others, as we noted when we saw school children writing on the pavement "what stakes on Ascot." The universe for us is divided into "Ourselves" and the "Others." The Others are all mixed up one with the rest; like a returning bank holiday picnic, they are linked together all in a row. It is impossible to tell where one begins and the other leaves off. It is consequently impossible to differentiate. I take politics for instance: the bye-election at Leicester. Three candidates offer to undertake the "government" of the people, and ask to be appointed to the job. What is the difference?: government is government. Who holds the whip makes little difference. Probably if one could be there to listen to the rival candidates, the Tory would doubtless be the most explicit and straightforward of the three. He would use fewer head-churning phrases about Liberty and the Workers. On public affairs: Marconi for instance. Mr. George and his confederates, when they pocketed the profits made between buying and selling, did what the denizens of Bow and Bromley would do if they dared and could. What other meaning has that "Insurrection" they speak of, than grabbing what they

can by force of superior power? Doing, that is, what Mr. George did? No: we do not agree with our correspondent. We are not merely topical; we are the only people who are topical, marked by differences, since we are the only individuals definitely cut off from the rest- the only self-acknowledged Egoists, occupying a place apart.

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

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

DEMOCRACY.

The New Freewoman: No. 3, Vol. 1, July 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

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, beggar-men, 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 man 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 role-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. Hense 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: No. 3, Vol. 1, July 15th, 1913.

by Dora Marsden

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 cob webs, 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 successfull. 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.

The Government, *sir*, has paltered with a problem of the deepest significance. It seems to have forgotten that 5 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 thirteenth; 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.

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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 teckons 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. Conscription 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.

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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 master piece. 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; its 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.

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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 naive 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. Poincare 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 Judaea" 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 HEART OF THE QUESTION.

The New Freewoman: No. 4, Vol. 1, August 1st 1913.

by Dora Marsden

IT is difficult for us in a culture made powerless because it has accepted intellectual concepts as real-denying as we do that the grounds exist upon which these have been given their verbal creation-to handle seriously the arguments of the rhetoricians whose phraseology continues to make thinking farcical and irrelevant to life. If one army uses bullets which upon the opposing army burst as soap-bubbles, there will certainly be a victory but scarcely war. So we feel with the controversialists whose ammunition is words, the meanings of which cut no deeper than the thickness of their written form on paper. We have already looked for the substance of liberty, equality, justice, fraternity: the newest advent is "dignity." Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the mainstay of democracy, has defined democracy: "The natural dignity of man-as-such."

The empty wind of man-as-such tempts us to recall the remarks of Mr. Samuel Pepys about his wife's six-months-old head-dress to the effect that there is a limit beyond which such things will not very well go: literary reputations are of a like decaying order. What man-as-such apparently is meant to imply is "all men," and can be left at that, while we consider "dignity." The dictionary defines it as "Nobleness or elevation of mind based on moral rectitude." As of the words comprising this definition, the verb, the conjunction and the two prepositions are the only ones which to us have meaning, it is useless to us, and we fall back upon common understanding to learn why "dignity" stands in better repute in the real world than many other of the same highflown tribe, and we find the far from uncommon explanation-because of its relations.

"Dignity" loosely understood, is an attitude of mind following upon the possession of worth. To have it, means that for the occasion one possesses enough to render one "self sufficient." To retire from a situation with "dignity" is to withdraw oneself from the network of claims and arguments wound about a case and take one's stand upon the measure of what one has the power to effect: upon one's actual worth in short: great or small as this may be. In this sense, it is the revelation of personal significance; of what, stripped of all wrappings, all donned-on labels, the individual is able to encompass by dint of his actual holding of power. It is from this aspect that the word "worth" shows itself so much more illuminating of real value than is "dignity." Probably it is its ancestry, localised and hence familiar, that has preserved worth from the artificial uses to which its abstract relative "dignity" has been put. "Weorthan," the Anglo-Saxon, "to become," is highly significant. We can be easy in applying the label as to what things are; but our judgment of their essential nature is demanded when we are called upon to say what things will become. We at once get back our scent for reality. We are lavish in ascribing "dignity" because it costs nothing. We are more careful when we begin to reckon worth.

It is time to return to the definition of democracy, "the natural dignity of man as such." We have stated that to possess "dignity" is to reveal oneself as self-sufficient, asking nothing, taking one's stand upon what one is worth. We ourselves, at some length, and irrefutably as we think have shewn democracy to be the "mechanical contrivance for the regulating of a people mutually dependent." Hence Mr. Chesterton's definition is reduced to a contradiction-a veritable *reductio ad absurdum*. Substituting the popularly understood psychological significance of "dignity" for the rhetorical use, we get the definition as "democracy is the natural power to be self-sufficient of men as such." Even democracy one imagines cannot contrive to mean at one and the same time "Is" and "Is not," "dependent" and "self-sufficient."

If, on the other hand, the word dignity is discarded as suspect and the equivalent phrase

compounded with the word "worth" be used, the result is equally absurd: "Democracy is the natural measure of worth of man as such." Obviously the natural worth of men is nil. Men have, as the Americans would say, to make good. In worth, it is the becoming which counts, and not all asserted potentiality. A man as worthless as a mud-puddle is as worthless as a mud-puddle. He has no inherent "as-such" quality which stands to his account to be ascribed to him as worth. He is worth just what he is worth, i.e., what he owns of power no matter in what form. Common speech has it "a man is worth so and so" the meaning ordinarily being that the man owns material goods and properties. This totalising of worth however fails in comprehensiveness: the worth of a man or woman comprises more than material property: it includes ability, skill, beauty, in women sex, everything in short which represents power to achieve one's own ends and satisfactions. It includes everything one owns, and nothing of that to which one has a titular claim only. The "as such" claims for instance are invalid: they have no potency off paper. One's claims as Woman, as Man, as Wife, claims to "Justice," "Right," to "Equality" are nothing-so much empty sound. One may claim with sense, just what one has the power to get. The emphasis put on claiming is the revelation of the impotence and futility of the claimant. It serves merely as a diversion of attention from the thing which matters, from consideration of the "power to get."

The question we are concerned with is the meaning of the disturbance regarding the position of women in society. It has already been noted in the pages of THE NEW FREEWOMAN the strong reaction which has set in among the "intellectuals" against not only suffragism, but against what is called "feminism," the "economic independence of women" and so forth. The "New Witness" has been reinforced by the "New Age," Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc by the Editor of the "New Age," and Mrs. Humphry Ward by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings. As these writers can wield the pen with a force rare among those whom they oppose, their opposition has strength quite out of proportion to their numbers. It is as well therefore that their arguments should receive examination. One of their latest pronouncements is that of Mr. Chesterton, in an article on Women in which the definition of democracy to which we have referred, is but one jewel in a crown. Mr. Chesterton is coaxing women to abandon the "crazy cant" of "economic independence." He complains to them that "the capitalists can treat each woman as that only too common thing, the conscientious spinster," but surely the complaint is lodged in the wrong quarter. If there is anything wrong with this species of treatment, it is the capitalists' affair. Either "each woman" is a conscientious spinster- in which case the treatment is strictly correct, and would be a failure were it otherwise-or "each woman" is not, in which case the capitalists will find out their error and at their own cost. If one has a mixed collection of tabby cats and tiger cubs, and one fondles all indiscriminately after the manner successful with the tabby cats, it is the fondler who has the difference to learn. Similarly, with "each man," whom Mr. Chesterton avows, the capitalists "can treat as that very unusual thing-the economical bachelor." But surely now, God Himself could treat things, for any length of time, and with impunity, only for what they are. If treatment goes down with them, it is presumably the correct treatment. The capitalist, presumably, takes people as he finds them, and gives them the treatment they consent to put up with. He certainly is successful from his point of view, while the rhetoricians who nag the "people" to attempt to persuade the capitalist that he should treat them as he "ought," i.e., as they say they should be treated, fail. The capitalist apparently has gauged their measure correctly, but they have not gauged his. The presumption is that they are what he takes them for, and not what they say they are. When their measure alters, he will probably be swift to make the readjustments necessary. The vital concern for the "lean kind," i.e., all of the "conscientious spinster," and "economical bachelor order" is not what the capitalist does but what they are. "They should claim" continues Mr. Chesterton, this and that. Why claim? If they can get (i.e. take) what they want, there is no need to claim it; and if they are powerless to, then claiming is only another name for whining. The capitalists did not claim the "conscientious" and "economical" attitude. They found it ready to hand, waiting to be used. And they used it. When such attitudes no longer exist, obviously they will not be used. Obviously, therefore, at the heart of the problem there lies the question of worth, power indwelling in the individual. Power, humanly speaking, means ownership, which in turn means the power of using one's

possessions in the service of one's own satisfactions. (Wisdom lies in knowing what one's satisfactions are.) Ownership is synonymous with wealth. A man (a woman) is worth just what he owns. The more extensively he owns, the more augmented is his worth, his power. The scale of values applied to things owned is a matter of individual choice. Fundamentally it is a matter of religious assertion-always a personal affair.

Increasing in strength however with time, unsupported by the main trend of human culture (ordinarily indeed, directly opposed by it) there has persisted a conscious knowledge that the minimum which the individual desires to own, are the powers encompassed in his own person. Individuals in all ages have struggled to win the control of themselves for themselves. To do so, it has been necessary for them to disregard the "cultured" tendency to submit to the claims advanced by gods, churches, states, ideas, causes, institutions and notions innumerable which have waited to prey upon men, like harpies each with its own "Hither to me." In the course of the struggle it has become clear that ownership of one's self is impossible in this life, unless one owns something external to oneself: owns, that is, material property. When the sphere of an individual's ownership has shrunk to the extent where it is coterminous with his own powers and person, unless he can immediately widen the boundary, he has perforce to begin the sale of himself into the service of those who possess and therefore can give him the external property necessary to existence-either wages or gifts in kind. He therefore ceases, as the common language has it, to be his own master. He has become the hired man. He effects the satisfactions of others, whether whole-time as a slave, or part-time as a wage-earner. The brain-worker alienates his brain power, the labourer and mechanic his power of limb; women sell what their power of sexual attraction will fetch, either in marriage or prostitution. The process in each case is the same-the further alienation of one's property from a hoard already too diminished to preserve its usufruct for its own service: it is the progressive inroad made upon that which constitutes the kernel of being; that which constitutes the "I." Peasant women sell their hair; foster-nurses their nourishment; recently a woman put up her entire person for sale for any purposes whatsoever; one man, we read of, sold his nose to replace the damaged feature of a person who possessed property enough to buy. The process is automatic: "To him that hath external property is given; but he that hath naught in addition to his own person, must thereupon give himself."

It now becomes easy to place women's position in society. Women on the whole own little or no property. Automatically therefore the process of bartering themselves begins.

For various reasons, but particularly because of the advent of industrialism, there exists a prejudice against the sale of the strength in their arms or the activities of their brains, even should they have the desire to sell these by preference. Consequently not selling her limbs as does the hired man she sells her sex, which she can sell because there exists a market which can afford to pay. It will be noticed that ordinarily men even among the unemployed do not sell sex. The reason is that women in any extended degree do not possess the property with which to pay therefor. Probably as the poverty question became more and more urgent and unemployment more acute, had there been a market provided by women to encourage the sale, men would have sold themselves in this respect equally with women. It is said, with what truth we cannot here vouch for, that there already exists for men not only a market for sex among men but a rapidly increasing supply; that the practice of what is known as sodomy is increasing and that the number of male prostitutes to be seen at certain hours in London is rapidly gaining upon that of the number of women prostitutes who entertain the liveliest hostility against the male competitors in the sex-market. That this state of things should be is very natural since as we have seen, once the integral ownership of the individual by the individual is abandoned, as it must be when individuals possess no property external to their own persons, the sale of the entire soul and body is a question only of time and degree. It is the problem of hired men (including women) throughout the history of the world-a problem which is no problem, but rather a truism. We are however just now more concerned with the position of women in society, and we must look at things a little more in detail before we pass on to the attitude which various schools of "reformers" take up in regard to the question, thus arriving at a statement of THE NEW FREEWOMAN's attitude,

which is not reforming at all, but religious and basic. Practically all women are on sale: that explains why there is no reality in the attack of the "respectable" upon the prostitute. It is not the sale that society objects to: that is so much a part of itself that it is barely conscious of the fact. "Society" therefore cannot "deal" with prostitution. It would be as impossible for it to do so as for a man to suspend his own person by his own unassisted efforts. What respectable society objects to is the prices which are offered. The respectable, i.e. those who are married, or who believe in marriage, and hope to be married, not only desire to put themselves on the market, they are endeavouring to dictate the price by effecting a corner. This explains precisely what has happened, for instance in the recent Piccadilly Flat case, where the prostitutes called to give evidence are sympathised with, whilst a hue and cry is raised for the purchasers. The venom is against these, because they are buying women cheap whereas marriage sells them dear. "Maintenance for-life in such style as your means will allow, and not a farthing under," is the cry of the marriage-auctioneer. "If I cannot get a bid up to that figure I will withdraw the wares," and so he does, and the long long line of spinsters is the result, "conscientious spinsters" who earn their maintenance (hardly) in a market from which Mr. Chesterton and the Editor of the "New Age" would oust them. They offer for sale their limbs after realising that the price demanded for their sex is not forthcoming. Therefore not "sales" but "cheapness" is the rallying point of hostility. "Don't make yourselves cheap" is a very ancient cry: and excellent advice it is-when one is on sale.

It is interesting to note that the reaction against the "crazy cant" of the economic independence of women should have taken this precise line. It says in effect: "It is a poor business selling your limbs especially in this overcrowded market. Much better to specialise in sex, which by attention to little commercial details such as trimming up the goods, placing them at a coy and tantalising angle, and above all by not allowing the market to appear glutted, will fetch quite a tidy sum: maintenance for life in marriage, no less." This is the course which Mrs. Beatrice Hastings is advising week by week in the pages of the "New Age." Her views are those of a great number of people in whose statements however they are merely implicit. Mrs. Hastings is explicit and quotes well and strongly. She says:

"I am quite sure of it. We have all become so very free lately that even sexual freedom is taken for granted. We are too too sympathetic indeed. We have too soon and too loftily set aside the necessity of securing our maintenance! A man has small need to seek the company of a brothel nowadays, let alone to marry. He need only join one of the innumerable little groups and societies, Suffrage, Anti Suffrage, Fabian, Theosophical, Dramatic, Poetical, Christian, Ethical, Mystic, Vegetarian or what he pleases, to become perfectly comfortable."

"In my opinion, one reason why virtuous women are failing to secure in marriage even a man to whom they would be really devoted is simply their bad manners. Lack of restraint, lack of the graceful subtlety in making themselves scarce, is the characteristic of modern young women. They go everywhere with men on the slightest nod of invitation. They are never out, never engaged, never too whimsically in a temper or busily self-interested to be able to see anybody just now. They must stupidly want to be 'pals' with men, and men, as even the 'Daily Mail' has found necessary to warn its circulation, do not marry their 'pals.'"

"Women knew all these feminine things once upon a time, and we never so much as mentioned them, just did them. Women do not know them nowadays: the modern young maiden is an absolute fool. Mrs. Humphry Ward was lately jeered at in 'Votes for Women' as suggesting a return to the poke bonnet and flounces, but a woman in a poke bonnet and flounces was a charming mystery. She could not be catalogued at a glance as her modern sister may be."

"I should say that the craft of wearing clothes is pretty well lost to-day: we are all too busy putting them on! It is entertaining to me to find myself agreeing with Mrs. Humphry Ward- but I saw the procession to Miss Davison's funeral; they were all amazingly garbed in the true obsequial spirit, where the ideal is to disfigure oneself out of respect for the dead."

"It is no use saying that these things do not matter. They do matter. They are making men most uncharitable, and we positively cannot exist without charity. The women I know who are most determinedly trying to be independent give their secret away with every glance of their pitiful resolute face, with their airs quite as unconcealably as ever the pathetic-eyed maiden of fainting days. Economic independence is a game for youth, and for the rare natural virgin who has the asceticism and solitary preferences of her temperament."

"Let mamma look after her daughter a little in the old-fashioned manner, keep her away from boys, and hockey, and all other cheapening and familiarising fields...Let mamma be a little more respectful to papa, who will not give votes to women, and little miss will soon take her cue. Miss, properly trained, and with all her feminine wits about her, needs not to fear the rivalry of the prostitute."*

* - New Age," July 7th

"The married woman should be legally forbidden to work outside her home, the pin-money girl should be emigrated, and the job-seeker gently chloroformed. To be wholly serious, public opinion ought to tell these women what they are-object for charity, and ought to treat them as such. By this means the woe of one large type of women would cease at least to be public."*

* - "New Age," May 8th.

There we have the sex-market surely enough, with the sale of first-class goods under consideration. Their distinction from the second-class, the distinction of the wife from the prostitute is exactly this question of reserve: power to wait for the quickening of the market. It is merely a question of urgency. The boldness of the prostitute is accounted for by the fact that she wants the purchase money on the spot. The prospective wife can afford to wait, and therefore to manoeuvre, which is the meaning of the flounces and poke-bonnet. It is a difference not of principle or of attitude, but merely of time. "Married or betrayed" is the exclamatory horror of a woman who imagining she was fetching the price of first-class goods, finds that she has gone for an old song.

It is here that we shall feel better able to draw the line of difference which exists between men and women in relation to this matter of sex: which is that whereas with men sex is an appetite which demands food, with respectable women sex as a need seeking its own satisfaction has to be ignored. This accounts for the existence of the "womanly woman," essentially a person who lays herself out to be "sought," in whom, far from thinking of seeking on her own account, would (doubtless truthfully) declare that she has no impulses she might possibly seek to satisfy. She belongs to the category of women who one generation ago were denominated by the title of "the sex." She was without desire, but (for a consideration) she gave herself as a satisfaction. Men had the hunger: the womanly woman was the loaf. So that whereas men had a sex, women were the sex, which regarded as a "commodity," she sold in the best market. Being a property, and not a hunger which, satisfied, is got rid of, sex in the womanly woman cannot be laid aside. It is to be available when called upon, dependent not upon their own desires, but the desires of those to whom it is sold. And they themselves go with it. They are attached to the wares, like grand pianos

given away with a pound of merchandise. This simile from the retail world is illuminating. It explains the existence of the demand for the prostitute. It is the difficulty of housing and caring for non-negotiable grand pianos. They are expensive to maintain in style due. One, is as many as a man can very well keep. The demand for the prostitute is the ruse to avoid the embarrassing gift, just as the marriage-contract is the institution which insists upon it. "Take my love, and you must take me, and keep me, until death doth us part," is the stand point of the respectable woman, and the animosity of the respectable world against the clients of the prostitutes is the rage of traders against customers who have hunted out a cheaper market.

One may in light of the above analysis of the state of affairs in relation to women, well be able to understand, even if not to excuse, the position which men like Mr. Chesterton and the Editor of the "New Age" adopt towards the arguments advanced by such writers as Mrs. Charlotte Gilman and Olive Schreiner to the effect that women should sell the energy of their limbs in whatever market they can command. If a man is to house, clothe and feed a wife, he will find it necessary to safeguard the returns he gets for his form of prostitution, the sale of his energy. He must, like the wife, keep up the price of his hire. If he has to pay so much for some women, he feels he should not be unduly competed with in his market, undercut by other women. His attitude to the woman-worker is analogous to that of the wife to the prostitute: he feels she brings the prices down, and he complains. Unfortunately for the sympathetic reception of his protests, his complaints are not addressed to one and the same person. His position is "Now, Mary, if I am to keep you for life, you Martha must not come prowling round, trying to get my job." Martha's obvious retort is "What you can do, and what you engage to do is a matter you must settle up with Mary. I have enough to do to look after myself. If I can't sell sex, like Mary, I must sell my limbs, like you." Mrs. Gilman and Olive Schreiner state a plain case for Martha, and Mr. Chesterton and the editor of the "New Age" a touching case for John, while Mrs. Hastings and Mrs. Ward have a warning word for Mary. "Times are hard, and if you don't use your wits yours will be a parlous case." And they proceed to expound to her afresh the Gentle Art of Clinging. Truth to tell, it is a parlous condition for all three. Obviously nothing is gained by harrying the poor hired man John, who has both sold and pledged himself. The attitude of what one might call the Mr.

Pethick-Lawrence school is possible only to very unimaginative or very rich men: the school which seeks legal power for women in order that they may exact legal pillage from an overdriven slave. "The legal claim upon a husband's earnings," "payment of wives," is a project which we hope men will resist to the uttermost: if necessary with the help of poker and boot, and this in the interests of women themselves. Women do not need more protection; they need less. They should be taking upon themselves the responsibility for their own protection and maintenance: which can only be achieved by the augmentation of their own individual power. The fact that they possess power upon which they can draw at need is evident by the fact that the despised spinster has been able to hold her own in that hole of iniquity which men's lack of imagination and sensitiveness have permitted to become established-the industrial field. And more than the necessitous spinster: women who, if spinsters, are so by choice, are widening the area of their shrunken competence. They have fenced round that part of themselves which concerns sex and love and said in effect, "This is not for sale; it is for personal satisfaction, and can be negotiated with only as a gift." True, they are doing what the hired men are doing, selling their energy, but if they can make one advance they can make another. They can acquire property, and we believe, will do so, once they realise that the securing of property is essential to the exercise of power. Then their labour, if and when they labour, will be at their own bidding, and will be expended in increasing the value of that which is their own.

It is, we believe, this setting towards Power already existent among a few individual women which is the explanation of anything which is of value in what is known as the women's movement. It is as yet mainly unconscious-instinctive. The danger which immediately besets it, is lest it should be exploited by the rhetoricians-the leaders, whether these be the Mrs. Despards, Mrs. Lawrences, Mrs. Pankhursts or any others, who would lead them to believe that their concern lies somewhere with a Cause outside themselves; who teach them that

dignity can be conferred; that freedom can be given; that Power is in the gift of the opponent. When power becomes more self-conscious, it will make it clear that while dignity and freedom are myths, power is a reality and that it comes from within. The deficiency and defects, if such there be, the failing in strength which entails these woes, are personal affairs and must be settled up personally with-ourselves. The question for each woman who is wasting herself with a Cause is, "Well, what am I worth? What do I own?" The answer will give her the measure of her value even to those to whom she has been offering herself as a gift.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 4, Vol. 1, August 1st 1913.

by Dora Marsden

"All's love, all's law," sang Browning. "And consequent drivel," one must affirm. The most deadening factor in this pseudo-scientific age is the obsessing of the mental powers effected by the notion of law-immanent principle-which is conceived as guiding human consciousness slowly but surely onward to its true destiny. The notion is deadly in exactly the proportion that it is diverting. Men spend themselves easily and readily in the game. The result is that life is turned into a Search (and for that which has no existence) where it might be a Creation (of that which before was not, but now is through our labour). The Divine Wisdom, Theosophia, is supposed to exist, ready-made: and our task is to find it. Supposedly it is like the complete picture which is sold with the box of pattern-bricks only here, somehow, the picture has been abstracted and we are left with the bricks, each bearing its little hint of what the Whole should be, but the collection tumuled and confused together. Like diligent children, we struggle for the correct arrangement and are now near, and now remote: hot and cold, as the children would say. The "Saviours of Society," the "Masters," are the Adepts at the game, who having natural aptitude like born chess-players for instance, are quick to see possible moves. It is true that the patterns indicated by the Adepts do not usually tally one with the other, but that presumably is because they are working on different parts of the pattern, and the disparities will disappear when the Whole is revealed. The working out of the Whole, is the practice of the Law, the Immanent Principle, which slowly reveals itself to the assiduous Searcher. It is all very highly diverting and no doubt has its uses, chief among which is the deferring of the painful realisation that all the Divine Wisdom to which any one of us will attain, is that which we create for ourselves. The picture-pattern is not ready-made. Its creation waits upon us, its creators. Our existence is not dependent upon the will of the gods: the existence of the gods is dependent upon our will. "Can men by much searching find out God?" No, but they can create gods, attain to them, and project more powerful. The character of the future is not enwombed in Time, it is lying in the strength (or weakness) of our Will. Hence the evil of the Gadding Minds, the minds which are seeking saviours and alien purposes. If we have no purposes of our own, we are lost. A force is denoted by its direction: and in life, purpose is direction. The lack of purpose is lack of force therefore. "Saviours" who bequeath causes, i.e. purposes, are exploiters of the bankruptcy of power in men. They foster the delusion that men of no use to themselves may be good for others, whereas one is good for others only by being good for oneself: that is, by being a power in oneself. He who can do most good for a man is a strong man. His strength calls out resistance. He is not a man to shun but to fight and to enjoy. The dangerous man is the one who gathers men about his feet. Either he is a weakling, breathing out weakness and playing upon its presence in others, or he is a strong man hiding power, that the weak may approach unafraid. If so, very shortly, the weak will be his "Followers." No man has in himself the redemption of his fellows: the utmost he can effect for them is to help them to rally together their dissipated strength. No man can found a religion, save his own. It is then, not a religion, but the attitude of being sincere with himself: when what he does is bound back upon what he feels. Thus there are no religions, only religious men, that is, sincere

men.

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Making one with the notion of Law underlying human activity, there exists the inference that life should exhibit some uniform Order. Law and Order are all of apiece. Hence moral codes and conventions, enacted to forward some End. But what End? The only end which it is worth while for the individual to give his attention to, is the increase of his own power, of which he himself is the only one who may be expected to know what is required for its increase. So each man becomes a "law to himself," which is a denial of law, since law essentially involves relation and relation is comparison. If the individual is unique, with a law to himself there can be no comparison-no law therefore, and common life becomes anarchic and disordered. The question therefore turns upon the advantages and disadvantages of Disorder, which in turn leads to a consideration of what is meant by Disorder. Disorder is an absence, not of Order but of the kind of order which one would like to have. When children use books and papers to make trains and tunnels, it is beautiful order to them, but likely to prove aggravating litter and disarrangement to the owner. The order of an army is admirable to a Napoleon: it is galling restraint to the privates who comprise the body of it. Mrs. Webb's idea of a collective state is in exquisite order for her, but many people would consent to her beheadal as a tyrant rather than live in it. The tale is the same of all orders from empires down to families: wherever an authority imposes a uniform order even upon two, there will be uneasiness and rebellion in proportion to the vitality of those upon whom it is laid. The explanation is of course that life is incessantly creative: that life is in no two days the same: the same measure never fits twice exactly. Hence the futility of state-making, law-making, moral-making. All that is of importance is life augmenting, and that is the individual's affair. There is no corporate life. There are only individuals, geographically situated near to, or at a distance from, each other, and the geographical situation, and sentiments brought into being by neighbours or the lack of them incidental thereto, form part of the attributes of the individuals. If we subtract all the individuals, with all that belongs to each from the sum-total which we call "society" there will be nothing left. Society is a collection of individuals- that and no more. Attempts therefore to exploit an antithesis, to raise a problem of "the society versus the individual," can be met by a dissolution of the term "society." In fact, these general, concrete names tend to become as dangerous to the growth of life, as those cultural devastators, the intellectual concepts, have been. For instance, in the interests of the "Race," incredible acts of interference with the individual, are being perpetrated by-individuals. In the interests of the "Family" highly educated men ask women to do something which obviously they do not want to do, and expect them to do it- in the name of the Family. In the name of the State, individuals are robbed, imprisoned, flogged, put to death, and sent out to be murdered in their tens of thousands. If these things were done in the names of individuals, they would be resisted to the extent of men's power: even by those who originally had been the aggressors; but because they are done in the name of a generality: that is in the name of groups of individuals lumped together, they are submitted to as a duty, on the principle hat the whole is greater than the part. It is not realised that the only "Wholes" are just the individuals: that the so-called Wholes are nothing whatsoever-mere verbalities, and that in sacrificing the one to the other the Real is destroyed in the interests of the Unreal, the Living sacrificed to the Non-existent.

Thinking and Thought

The New Freewoman: No. 5, Vol. 1, August 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

It is strange to find searchers coming here seeking thoughts, followers after truth seeking new lamps for old, right ideas for wrong. It seems fruitless to affirm that our business is to annihilate thought, to shatter the new lamps no less than the old, to dissolve ideas, the "right" as well as the "wrong". "It is a new play of artistry , some new paradox," they reflect, not comprehending that artistry and paradox are left as the defences of power not yet strong enough to comprehend. If a man has the power that comprehends, what uses has he left for paradox? If he sees a thing as it is, why must he needs describe it in terms of that which is not? Paradox is the refuge of the adventurous guesser: the shield of the oracle whose answer is not ready. Searchers should not bring their thoughts to us: we have no scruple in destroying their choicest, and giving them none in return. They would be well able to repair the depredations elsewhere, however, for nowhere else, save here, are thoughts not held sacred and in honour. Everywhere, from all sides, they press in thick upon men, suffocating life. All is thought and no thinking. We do the thinking: the rest of the world spin thoughts. If from the operation of thinking one rises up only with thoughts, not only has the thinking-process gone wrong: it has not begun. To believe that it has is as though one should imagine the work of digesting food satisfactorily carried through when the mouth has been stuffed with sand.

The process of thinking is meant to co-ordinate two things which are real: the person who thinks and the rest of the phenomenal world, the world of sense. Any part of the process which can be described in terms unrelated to these two - and only two - real parties in the process is redundant and pernicious, an unnecessary by-product which it would be highly expedient to eliminate. Thoughts, the entire world of ideas and concepts, are just these intruders and irrelevant excesses. Someone says, apropos of some change without a difference in the social sphere, "We are glad to note the triumph of progressive ideas." Another, "We rejoice in the fact that we are again returning to the ideas of honour and integrity of an earlier age." We say, leprosy or cholera for choice. Idea, idea, always the idea. As though the supremacy of the idea were not the subjection of men, slaves to the idea. Men need no ideas. They have no use for them (Unless indeed they are of the literary breed - then they live upon them by their power to beguile the simple). What men need is power of being, strength in themselves: and intellect which in the thinking process goes out as a scout, comparing, collating, putting like by like, or nearly like, is but the good servant which the individual being sends afield that he may the better protect, maintain and augment himself. Thinking, invaluable as it is in the service of being, is, essentially a very intermittent process. It works only between whiles. In the nadir and zenith of men's experience it plays no part, when they are stupid and when they are passionate. Descartes' maxim "Cogito ergo sum," carried the weight it did and does merely because the longfelt influence of ideas had taken the virtue out of men's souls. Stronger men would have met it, not with an argument, but a laugh. It is philosophy turned turtle. The genesis of knowledge is not in thinking but in being. Thinking widens the limits of knowledge, but the base of the latter is in feeling. "I know" because "I am." The first follows the second and not contrariwise. The base - and highest reaches - of knowledge lie not in spurious thoughts, fine-drawn, not yet in the humble and faithful collecting of correspondences which is thinking, but in experienced emotion. What men may be, their heights and depths, they can divine only in experienced emotion. The vitally true things are all personally revealed, and they are true primarily only for the one to whom they are revealed. For the rest the revelation is hearsay. Each man is his own prophet. A man's "god" (a confusing term, since it has nothing to do with God, the Absolute - a mere thought) is the utmost emotional reach of himself: and is in common or rare use according to each individual nature. A neighbour's "god" is of little use to any man. It represents a wrong goal, a false direction.

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

No, Duty, like the rest, is a thought, powerless in itself, efficient only when men give it recognition for what it is not and doff their own power in deference, to set at an advantage those who come armed with the authority of its name. And likewise with "Right." What is "right" is what I prefer and what you and the rest prefer. Where these "rights" overlap men

fight is out; their power becomes umpire, their might is their right. Why keep mere words sacred? Since right is ever swallowed up in might why speak of right? Why seek to acquire rights when each right has to be matched by the might which first secures and then retains it? When men acquire the ability to make and co-ordinate accurate descriptions, that is, when they learn to think, the empire of mere words, "thoughts", will be broken, the sacred pedestals shattered, and the seats of authority cast down. The contests and achievements of owners of "powers" will remain.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 5, Vol. 1, August 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

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

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

Externally, prostitution reveals two factors: lust in men (lust is a good crisp word for the use of which there is no need of apology), and a hapless condition among women which makes them surrender themselves as victims to it. This is the accepted picturesque description, a mixture of sinfulness (not altogether uninteresting, be it confessed) and pathos, and to it must be accounted all the excitement and veiled pleasure with which the subject is ordinarily tackled. For the lust, men are held primarily responsible, and the chaste minds of women are held up as pleasing contrasts. It is this view of the matter which makes prostitution in the eyes of many men (and some women) seem inevitable, and which gives to women all the satisfaction of virtue realised when they attack it. During the agitation for the Criminal Law Amendment Act, women and womenlike men have wallowed in righteousness. There has been an orgy of virtuous feeling, highly pleasurable no doubt to all those who shared in it. Yet it was over-hasty, for of the few things of female manufacture in a man-made world, foremost stands this affair of masculine lust. It is women who evoke it, fan it to flame, feed it to keep at fever-heat. They must, since they live, not indeed on it, but by it. It is their mode of eking out an existence, the market they live by. Merchants do not as eagerly await the coming of the cotton laden ships which keep these spindles busy, as women watch for the rising of desire.

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The dismay when it is reluctant to quicken is as sincere as profound. Such a phenomenon will cause to foregather the wise among women, and give to their specifics the respect due to mothers in Israel. The foolish hasten to become wise by instruction. Have they been forward, they will make themselves rare and remote. Have they been obvious, they will seek to become a mystery; they will go veiled, and draped and bonneted. Always however there will be the frill which flutters "Come and find me." To be provocative, they learn that nudity is inferior to clothing. To the womanly women the whole philosophy of dress is just-provocativeness. The frill is not fluttered by men even the most lustful, it will be observed.

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The essential feature of lust is that it is not an expression of a need of the soul. It is merely desire called into consciousness by external stimuli. It is this feature which differentiates it from love, which has birth in the requirements of the personality itself. This explains why, where lust is profligate, love gathers and garners. Lust is answering the wants of a power external to itself, squandering itself: love explores abroad to feed its own. This explains too what has so often appeared paradoxical, the fact that passion is inhibitive: "chaste," if we can use the word, in proportion to its strength. For the cause of lust (and cure if considered necessary) attention must be turned upon those who supply the stimulus: and these are women. Externally, they appear to be the victims: in reality they are causing the onslaught. They effect a continuous attack; their relation to their victims is comparable to that of a magnet to a heap of iron filings. Men succumb, against their will, and usually against their inclination. They are the victims of an art, the most perfected in the world; so perfect that it has become instinct. For we have not in mind the obvious devices of those who frankly pursue seduction as a trade: we are referring to the far greater artist, the "womanly woman," her of the modest air, the veil and the poke bonnet, the gentle still "mystery" which is the masterpiece: the one who "waits to be asked" but waits on such a wise that she must be asked. That still manner suggesting immobility in life, suggests too the promise that it will bear examination: that it has a mystery to reveal which can be explored; and withal life enough to retain interest. But no more; no jarring impetuosity, no self willed determinations: it is the desired of artist, scientist and plain man alike-still life, still enough to be known and yet alive. This is the kind of woman who through all the romantic ages has lured men on; her lure was the suggestion that in her, with the essence of life so quiet that it appeared seizable, would be revealed the genius of life. The passive woman is the subtlest seducer- she, at one and the same time, appears to offer more, and yet offers less than the great run of women, including herself, can. She suggests a mystery, and it is a fraud; she has nothing mysterious to reveal: she suggests too the impossible phenomenon-passive life. She herself having genius of a sort, escapes the results of her work, of propagating a belief that the meaning of life can be revealed objectively. The extraordinary fascination which has attached itself to the human female form can only be explained by the tactics of the passive woman, the, womanly woman. The preoccupation with the mere form of women (which is the basis of lust) is confined to men, and the fault-if it be such-is women's. Women are not preoccupied with the male form in any appreciable degree at all; the reason is that men ordinarily have sufficient mind to prevent attention wandering from themselves to their physical forms; and women have not. It is quite the hardest thing that could be said of women, the harshest comparison that could be made; but it unhappily cannot be denied. The mindlessness of women recoils upon them at every turn: had they had more mind, they would not have sunk to the condition of propertylessness: had they had mind, even being propertyless, they would not have sunk to the level where it became possible to treat them as mere bodies. Had they had mind, they would not have been content to live by rousing emotions which in the long run visit their distressing evils upon themselves.

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These facts of the situation being kept in view, it seems that the question of the cessation of prostitution is scarcely one for men to answer, but rather for those who are the cause of it-women. It is therefore to be noted that women are more hopeful in the matter than are men. During the last fifty years-to go no further-the awakening of mind in women, the consciousness of personality, and the realisation of the motives behind attitudes and maxims has become a tremendous fact. That it is so is more obvious to women than to men by reason of the necessity with which they are faced of having to refuse the ready-made mental clothing which communities offer to successive generations in the shape of traditions, conventions and codes. The area of its extent is small or great according to the standpoint from which it is viewed. If from the one which it has yet to cover, it is small; if from what progress it has already made, it is vast. And the cessation of prostitution must-and can only-proceed step by step with the growth of mind in women. Consciousness of mind makes such treatment as is accorded to mere body impossible, and it is just such treatment which constitute the phenomena of prostitution. Women as commodities, as "appendages of the uterus," as live-flesh-food, are possible only when such phenomena exist. They can be bought, exhibited, experimented with, only when what they are, is fairly well limited to the possession of such powers as are tractable to such treatment. Mind cannot be denuded, exhibited, "trained" to expose itself. The reserves of personality are denser than clothing: they are impenetrable. We have heard a good deal latterly, too much indeed, of the iniquities of exhibitions of young women, nudities and what not. Mr. Laurence Housman and his friends would we think be well advised if they let the subject drop. The naughtinesses of the nude are as virtues compared with the naughtinesses of the clothed, of the implied "mysteries." Divested of their "wrongess," their furtiveness, and secrecy, the melodramatic situations throw off their lurid Mephistophelian character and are revealed for what they are, a silly sort of amusement. The melodramatic qualities with which the situation is invested by morality-to which by the way its existence is a necessity, as in a coin reverse is to obverse-invest it with just that sense of importance as involving moral destiny which enable it to keep up its attractions. A sense of humour would shrivel the situation up and desolate it as the morning light tawdries the scene of a revel. It is the sense of sin which gives it the glow, the warm light and seductive shadows. Remove the moralists from the scene, imagine women with minds and there is precious little left for prostitution to maintain itself upon. . .

The presence of mind in women reacts upon the situation in manifold ways. To be conscious of one's self as a person eliminates to a large extent the consciousness of one self as a mere body. Attention shifts from oneself to that of others; consequently, it fails to be concerned with the little tricks of dress and attitude whose purpose is to focus attention objectively upon bodily features. In short a woman with a mind is not intent upon rousing physical passion in connection with herself. She is amusing herself differently, and by so doing she is failing to exert the ordinary sex stimulus. She gives men a chance to escape by that avenue at least. Lust is permitted to sleep. In the second place, should it not be so, she is not tractable to its satisfaction, any more than men of sensibility could be turned into toys, and treated as things.

But more than any other difference which mind effects is in the fact that it changes women from "negative" to "positive." A great deal of pseudo scientific nonsense has been uttered upon this question of "positive" and "negative." It has been held to be a biological difference inhering in the different genders of the human male and female, the embodiment of some great mysterious underlying law. As a matter of fact, it admits of the homeliest explanation, and the supposed difference vanishes like smoke with the intensification of conscious personality in women. The "negative" characteristic of women was nothing more than a willingness to be effaced: to forego her preferences in order to have others dictated to her: to be amiable, tractable, useful. Her "negativeness" was just her wantlessness, her lack of individual preferences, and personality is exactly the consciousness of individual preference. This explains the heartburnings which the insurgence of women is causing, despite its many obvious advantages. It is necessitating a vast, almost illimitable displacement. When the main thing for women is not what men want but what they want, the ultimatum is issued, the

glove is thrown down, the fat is in the fire. Men do not like it; it annoys them, not merely for their own sake but for women's also; it is unwomanly; they are ashamed for them.

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Men's instinctive attitude towards the positive characteristic in women has had a unique chance of displaying itself over the recently published letters of Charlotte Bronte. The commentators have been chiefly men, and the tenour of their comments has been a mixture of quite sincere pity, considerable embarrassment, and a slight shame, the expression being duly moderated, the person being dead. The editor of the "Spectator" feels it is "very painful." That champion of the poor, who originated the spirited retort to the canting philanthropists, "Poo-ah Poo-ah," speaks of her as "this poor soul" (poo-ah also, one may assume). All rejoice to be assured that the thing "went no further," that it had "no sin in it." It is a pitiful sight, this complete "domesticising" of the judgment of men, this combined prudery and timidity. The offensive part of their conventional "vices" is that they are hypocritical and furtive. Their fear of scandal, of what "they say," the intrusion of their moral warp between the thing done and their description of it, is a painful spectacle. Since men in spite of their "morals" give way so often to their emotions, it is expected they should have the courage of them, and what they have to say in the presence of a perfectly obvious and recognisable emotion in a woman is indeed a revelation. It explains why silly things have become "bad" things with them. It is quite plain that Charlotte Bronte was "in love with" the person addressed in the letters. What she wanted of him was as much as she could get though probably what she would have accepted was as much as her moral code allowed. There is no certainty however, since being a person of quality, her requirements would probably have assumed a more imperious content than her views. Her wants were of herself; her views would probably have assumed their true character, fancies capable of being dissolved. And certainly in unconventionality for her day, she travelled very far. "I will not submit"- to a wresting away of friendship-the tone of a person of quality with wants more important than another's preferences! It is the positive nature of such wants, the demand for satisfaction which men do not like. To want satisfaction and demand it, is their prerogative. A woman should sit motionless until wanted. "This poor soul." There have been male lovers in plenty who have loved in vain, without eliciting "this poor soul." Rather, they have been admired for their definiteness and pertinacity. True, Charlotte Bronte's womanliness got the better of her. Had she been a man, unanswered letters would not have terminated the matter. A learned elderly bespectacled school mistress would have been compelled to give something other than silence to an ardent young author with all the promptings of realisable power within him. One is led to wonder indeed why Charlotte did not, having gone thus far, seek to settle her doubts in person. For there are no limits to invasive attempts in the emotions. One goes as far as one can. Limits are the concern of the other party.

It is of small purpose to speculate upon the attitude of Monsieur Heger, whose name is preserved to the world, like a fly in amber, only in the stuff of a woman's genius. Probably he was attracted to her as a pupil, but was so taken aback by the intensity of the response that he thought it discreet to retire. Probably it was only a passing incident, not worth wasting good money over, and school revenues soon go down when masters are not the white soul of discretion with their pupils. And tongues readily wag. Still there must have been in this pedagogue a very heart-whole fear of their venom to have held out so resolutely against cries of obvious pain. A cry of pain in an animal, a whimper from a dog, even the writhing of an insect, evidences of pain in any shape or form, we make some effort to mitigate, or end. M. Heger must indeed have been fortified by a virtue and discretion almost heroic to have maintained a position at once so pure and so correct.

At this late day, it strikes observers as curious that letters too insignificant to merit answer at the time they were written, waste paper whereon to note a cobbler's address and suchlike domestic concerns, should have been preserved for three quarters of a century. One would have imagined that these evidences of anguish to one who found himself unable to do anything to alleviate them, would have been objects to be removed from sight and as far as

might be from memory. Apparently a little vanity is not incompatible with a quite complete virtue. Instructive are the workings of the minds of the respected and righteous.

CONCERNING THE BEAUTIFUL.

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by Dora Marsden

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is one other-and somewhat humorous-character which the philosophers have added to

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

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

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

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

The picturesque is an even more patently obvious, intellectualised beauty-fake. As its name suggests, it is that which takes on the cast of the stock picture form. It is the natural,

interpreted in terms of the made-up. The kind of picture-form which gives its character to the picturesque is the one that tells a story, the romantic. The picturesqueness of "ruins" lies in these latter's associations with "glory": armies, empires, kings, knights, warfare, deeds of derring do: tales which have the glamour of the remote. This is the picturesque of "glory." Further there is the domestically picturesque, the associated love-interest. The marble steps and sheltered fountains, the shepherdesses with crooks and high heels, stiles, country lanes and gardens, moonlit landscapes- these things are saturated with the associations of love in its best traditional manner, meetings, partings, tears, sighs, Dorothy Vernons, *et hoc genus omne*. To suggest the romantic story is the character of the picturesque. The third intellectual fake which sports the plume of the "beautiful" is the seductive, the associated sex-interest. This is the semblance of the "beautiful" which has become the criterion of masculine judgment of "Beauty" in women. It has of course nothing whatever to do with "the beautiful"; it is merely the evidence of a suitability in the objective means to a definite objective end. It is soft, alluring, provocative, amenable. The cannibal finds a like suitability, though for other ends, in the soft pink cheek of the gospeller. Many men have been at pains to prove that "mind" destroys the "Beauty" of women. It appears inevitable. Women do not find "Beauty" in men: but they find other things very serviceable to them. It is doubtful indeed, whether the effect of the "beautiful" as distinct from the intellectualised fiction "beauty" is likely to be obtained from the human form, except perhaps in the face of an almost totally non-self-conscious child, or in the faded peacefulness which sometimes is found in the faces of old people. The human countenance, even when dull, is too distracting to produce the effect of the "beautiful." Its interest serves purposes other than those of the "beautiful." This fact possibly accounts for the failure, after unlimited output of effort, of artists to produce a satisfying "Madonna." If her countenance succeeds in expressing the calm of the beautiful, with it, it also sadly suggests the bovine. If on the other hand it retains some human animation, it forthwith becomes invested with suggestions which it is not the supposed purpose of the Madonna-cult to arouse.

If we are right in defining the "beautiful" in terms only of the thing it does, to wit, restoring coherence, oneness and composure to the soul; and right too in declaring that these things are the effects it accomplishes, it follows that these plays upon associations with the "at-one-time-beautiful" media, are not merely inadequate; their effects tend in a contrary direction. The intellectual malaise connected with the sublime, the sentimental melancholy of the picturesque, the quickened desires which are the effects of the seductive, tend to dispersal rather than to cohesion. They may have their contribution to make to the soul's need. The casting forth of the seed is as necessary as the reaping of the grain; but for the "beautiful" its function lies in the reaping. Its work is to rally the soul into complete self-possession after being scattered by experience. The inquiry is a subtle and delicate one: necessarily so, since it is concerned with the motions of spirit, but it is not so delicate as to be baffling; for we carry the sense for its apprehending within us. The "taste" for it may be cultivated, but only individually, with discrimination working from within. As the epicure can cultivate the fine edge of the palate for food, so a man should be able to cultivate an infallible taste for the "beautiful for himself," separating it unerringly from that which presents itself with an intellectual taint. As for a *standard* of taste, it is difficult to understand how there could be one. If we have the courage of them, our tastes are fundamental. Men are divided according to their differences of taste as they are united by their similarities. But they have not the deciding of what these shall be. What a man's tastes are, is his heritage from his past; the character of his ego. How he deals with them here and now is his present contribution to his future.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

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by Dora Marsden

"We are freeborn men, and wherever we look we see ourselves made servants of egoists. Are we therefore to become egoists too? Heaven forbid! We want rather to make egoists impossible. We want to make them all 'ragamuffins'; all of us must have nothing, that 'all may have.' So say the Socialists."

Thus Stirner, more than half a century ago, in the most powerful work that has ever emerged from a single human mind. The quotation comes very pat to-day, when "ragamuffin" has become-as Stirner prophesied it would-a term of respect. The ragamuffin is the person who is devoid of property and also who has no objections to so being. He is the ideal citizen, the pattern in whose presence the defective property-owning ones feel themselves rightly under reproach. The nobler among these latter are merely hesitating in their choice of the best means of divesting themselves of their property that they may become ragamuffins too, when they will have become good citizens- no longer a menace to the equal authority of the State. This is not irony: it is the description of an actual process. Slowly, all persons are consenting to be divested of their real property: the noble, by request; the less noble, by "arrangement." Real property, land, the State can easily obtain by arrangement, i.e. by buying it at the modest market price (oh, shades of Norman William) of good linoleum. The method by which the State may acquire too, the token of property, money, has not as yet been precisely fixed up, but doubtless will be so quite satisfactorily in due order of time.

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Readers of THE NEW FREEWOMAN Will be well aware that it is not necessary to remind us that men own property even when deprived of all external property such as land and working tools: in themselves to wit, in their powers of limb and brain. We have already made that position clear. We had hoped that we had made it equally clear that there was no hope of having control over these personal powers unless external property were possessed also; that they must perforce be used up in working and benefiting the external property of someone else. It makes no manner of difference whether this "someone else" is the state, a corporation, guild, or a private employer. The propertyless person is in the power of those who retain the property, and is a "wage-slave," no matter how loudly he denounces wage-slavery. How easily persons of intelligence will "catch on" to a phrase whose significance they wholly fail to grasp is well illustrated by the argument which the "New Age" offers in reply to THE NEW FREEWOMAN's analysis of its attitude. It says:

"The 'New Age' advises men wage-slaves to acquire property-but the means are clear, and the use to be made of the property afterwards has likewise been defined. The 'property' the proletariat must acquire is a monopoly of their own labour between the workmen and the state."

There, one can recognise the true "ragamuffin" spirit. Not liking the name of being propertyless, they yet so love the thing that they make it the foundation-stone of their new Utopia of the "national guild." Their "property" is to be not "land," a definite posession, which they can use as they please, but a "monopoly of their own labour power," a specious phrase worth the trouble of analysing. Let us look at it. "The monopoly of one's own labour-power," the power of one's own limbs that is. Well, we have the monopoly already. No one else can use the power of our limbs; the meanest retains in himself that power intact. True, most of us do not possess much of our own whereon to expend it, but that is because we have no external property of our own, not because of the fact that we have not the "monopoly of our own labour-power." Presumably, therefore, what the phrase says is not what it means. Let us worry further into it, into the practical meaning of "monopoly of one's own labour-power." This monopoly is not what one usually means by that term. To establish a monopoly ordinarily, means to defend one's own sole possession of a thing from attack on the part of those who do not possess it. Monopolies are effective only where there is a limited supply of the thing possessed. Labour-power is not a limited commodity of this kind. Save for a very few disabled, labour-power is universally spread among all the children of the earth. It is impossible therefore to establish (save in the labour of genius) a monopoly of

labour-power, and likewise impossible to attempt to defend, anything of this nature. What then does this acquiring of a monopoly of labour-power, which is to be carried through by the guilds, mean? If it cannot be a war of defence, it must be a war of aggression. This is exactly what it turns out to be. It is an attempt to lay an embargo upon the exercising of the labour-power possessed by those outside the guild, a very frank attempt to establish a tyranny. The beginnings of it, are already quite plainly in evidence in the attacks on so-called "free labour" by the modern Trade Unions. Just as the cry of militant trade-unionism is "Into the Union or starve," the motto of the guild socialists is "Into the guild or starve." Moreover, as the advocates of guild socialism propose vesting all properties, land, mines railways and the like in the hands of the "State," access to the "use" of these properties can only be effected through a "partnership between workmen and the State"; so that not the guild only, but the full weight of the State-two organisations the story of whose moulding of tyrannical power into a finished art composes the major part of history-stand between the individual and his bodily maintainence. They constitute, one imagines, two fairly high hurdles for him to take before he can begin to enjoy the "monopoly of his own labour-power," which is the supposed objective of the enthusiastic guild-socialist.

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It is not to be supposed that because the facts laid bare above are true that we imagine they are welcome. No characteristic of civilised man cuts deeper than that of the ragamuffin. Most men and women desire to prove ragamuffinism to be the right thing because they hate the thought of its alternative. Quite the last thing they desire is to be independent, when independence means in the first place labour, and in the second place, responsibility; and widely extended individual ownership entails both. The same commentary on THE NEW FREEWOMAN's creed in the periodical to which we have referred, makes the following summary of our position:

"Power means ownership; a woman is worth just what she owns; this ownership must be of something external to her self; the alternative is to sell her sex in the slave market; since this is fashioned, the new freewoman must acquire property to become free. *How women are to acquire external property; or what they are to do with it when they have acquired it* the writer does not say. She has, it is true, conclusively proved that women are a form of proletariat, and, in this way, in the same box with industrial wage-slaves."

There follows the comment:

"Her adoption of the proletariat solution for the problem of women is surely unreflecting. What natural monopoly have women besides their sex? If THE NEW FREEWOMAN will not allow women to utilise their sex-monopoly as a means of power, their remaining qualities are worth nothing. To parallel (the "New Age") solution of the wage system, THE NEW FREEWOMAN ought not to adopt it identically, but to apply it; and the application is surely this, that women should create a guild monopoly of their sex, and utilise it to force a partnership between themselves and men: the Guilds for men and Marriage for women."

The words we have italicised give a typical example of the naive helplessness of the civilised, faced with a primitive problem. Who is THE NEW FREEWOMAN that it may say how women will acquire property. It can easily say how they will not get it: but how they will, can only be proved by the issue. The most than can be said is that it must be in one of the three traditional ways, by buying, begging, or thieving. Whether it can be acquired at all will depend upon women's measure, the possession of that power which they say they have, and which we are prepared to believe in immediately if they show signs of setting about using it. When they have acquired it, to say what they would need to do with it is easy: be prepared to defend the possession of it, and like old-time women to labour on it. Those are the two fundamental requirements which possessions make upon owners. As modern

Mexican history is proving, the rifle and the plough go together in the independent simple life, and a stout heart is needed besides.

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There is nothing to be gained by glancing obliquely at the labour problems of civilisation. The main difficulty of the matter is that the softness of civilisation takes the pugnacious energy out of women and men. Faced with the rigours of nature, they have not the audacious pertinacity of more primitive peoples. The great mass of men are only too glad to creep under the sheltering arm of the few who prove relatively daring, no matter on what ignominious terms of dependence, rather than face the task of justifying their existence by maintaining it. They feel safer, herded together, all mutually responsible, and none wholly responsible. The line which civilised communities take to naturally, is that of the least exertion. This line also marks the road to ruin. We begin to wonder therefore, concerning the amount of dash and verve even in the "overmen." If we take the liberty of referring to the commercial side of this journal, we beg that there be considered in excuse our interest in the project. In an advertisement addressed to "Overmen" which appears on the outer cover of this journal there is an appeal made to:

"brave men and women to take part in an Expedition of Discovery and Colonisation. The object of the Expedition is to found a Free State, outside the territories of the Moneylenders trading as Christendom (alias the Concert of Europe, alias the British Empire, alias the American People, &c., &c., &c.), wherein Art, Science and Literature will not be subject to the control of the British Board of Film Censors and the Labour Party."

The exclusion of the moneylenders is to be noted. It demonstrates how difficult it is even for "overmen" to be exclusive on a planet mainly inhabited by ragamuffins. For the colony is to be founded by "persons of independent means." And what is a person of independent means if not a "moneylender"? What is "rent and interest" if it is not "usury"? Unless the members of the Angel Club intend specialising in the role of Satan rebuking sin, we fear they will find the coral-beach of their island-utopia swarming with Samuels, Rothschilds, and Isaacses.

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We must not neglect to follow to its finish the out at-elbows creed of our ragamuffinarian contemporary. THE NEW FREEWOMAN ought "to apply it," to wit, the guild-doctrine that "women should create a guild monopoly of their sex, and utilise it to force a partnership between themselves and men; Guilds for men, Marriage for women." We have to confess to having arrived about one thousand years too late to do anything original in this line. The women have really shown skilled minds in the business. The existing marriage-trade-union offers monumental testimony to their thoroughness. Nor are they satisfied with great gains; they move onwards to completion as to an ideal. Nine-tenths probably of the numerical suffrage strength would consist of women who are looking forward to the possession of voting rights for no other reason than to protect in one form or other the marriage-monopoly. Strange to say, the guild-socialists do not appear to view this consummation of a cherished ideal with special joy. In an inordinately lengthy review of a trifling book written for maidens of sixteen in the "Won't you join the cause" stage, containing certain wild dabs at contradictory theories, the staff-reviewer manages to make clear that the Suffragists have grasped the Marriage-guild possibilities with a comprehensiveness which should give guild-socialists points. Why he should pursue the author, Mrs. Philip Snowden, with the distinctly baleful tone of "NOW, now I've found you out," it is difficult to tell, for the only thing that exists to be found out is a genuine enthusiasm for the cause of a complete sex monopoly.

This monopoly also, like the trade guild is of the "embargo" variety. It is not a defence of something already possessed, it is an attempt on a truly Napoleonic scale to coerce others into suppressing an activity hostile to the maintenance of the authority of the guild. It is a

comprehensive organisation of sex activity; in the interests of the married, i.e., guild woman. The power of the vote, in the name of purity and morals, is to be used to stem the copious leakage of sex satisfaction now obtained outside the guild. Gathering from different sources the various tendencies towards this end may be grouped under two heads: the punitive tendency, if a man is reluctant to come into line; and once in, oppressive measures for raising charges. The contemplated persecution is of the kind which Miss Christabel Pankhurst has in view- when she says, quite honestly to her own mind, "Give us the vote and we will end prostitution; give us the vote and we will stamp out venereal disease." She means that given the vote, women will establish so complete an espionage, will so increase the severity of the punishment for certain offences, will so make financial responsibility fall upon men outside marriage as well as in, that marriage by comparison will be a cheaper way out. These measures, added to the fact that she thinks votes will raise women's wages, she concludes will eliminate prostitution. They are in the interests of the marriage-guild as affected by law.

Mrs. Snowden shows how these interests can be forwarded by social convention. Should men, these pains and penalties notwithstanding, "hold themselves free to indulge in vice," they are to suffer social ostracism. They are to be refused admission to the privacy of the home. Should they still hold out, the law must again assert itself and discriminate against them financially. Such a measure is on the point of being carried into effect in France. If, succumbing to persecution, men are "forced into partnership" and marriage, they are to be met with a steadily rising scale of charges, partners' maintenance, children's maintenance, and from any lapse from "faithfulness" the charges and responsibilities arising out of the liaison (the Suffragists will see to this last). Add to this a legal claim upon men's incomes, and a complete control of all sex relations inside marriage ("the equality in sex-relations for which the collective (!) sense of women yearns must be yielded to them," according to Mrs. Snowden), and it becomes fairly clear that for guild-women the guild-monopoly of their sex will have become absolute-a quite natural development of the guild-monopoly theory. It is the "embargo" spirit triumphant: the ragamuffin established in authority: the "have-nots" in power. Thus shall we be when "all of us must have nothing that all may have."

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 7, Vol. 1, September 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

It is not our intention to embarrass the pages of this journal with a parent's fond praises: its praises like its misdeeds we leave for other tongues to frame. We merely desire for the profit of our readers and for the elaboration of our own solitary view to point out, how, arising out of the unique character of THE NEW FREEWOMAN, in that it unlike any other English journal, has succeeded in evading the insular stamp, it becomes possible to draw from its pages a comparison of extreme interest bearing on the different attitudes of the differing national temperaments, towards the nature and prestige of the "idea." For the French (represented with such consummate brilliance in THE NEW FREEWOMAN) ideas are very easily detachable. They spin them like coins, and with as little ceremony, and take the ring of them to test their quality. They can offer hospitality easily to all thoughts alike, of whatever colour, blue or golden, jolly little devils or morose, because all being real they must needs be accorded a place. Though quizzical of the value of all, they doubt the reality of none. Thoughts may be evils and as such are merely to be put up with, meriting scant respect; but evil or good, they are real.

For the advanced Americans, as is natural for a young and vigorous nation keenly sensitive to impressions, ideas though likewise detachable, loom larger in size. They are forces to be grappled with in earnest. Their importance increases with their dimensions- and as the area of France is to that of America, so is the dimension of the French idea to the American. In like proportion also is its authority. It naturally behoves the American to labour for the right idea. If honesty and hefty dealing can do it, he needs will be on the side of the angels. That is why he goes forth sword in hand like the knights of old to battle for and against-ideas.

Unfortunately for the symmetry of our comparison, the orthodox English heterodox-idealist is not represented in the pages of THE NEW FREEWOMAN. The atmosphere will not permit it. For unlike the Frenchman and American, with the advanced Englishman ideas are not detachable. They are so much part and substance with himself that he is unconscious of them. The Englishman's idea is built into his structure, like mortar into a wall-facing. Formerly the offspring of thoughtful Englishmen were born little Tories or little Liberals, and there after the rest of their personality was added unto them. Nowadays they are born little Fabians, little Suffragists, little Guild-Socialists, little Heraldites: but all have the same character, mortar dried-in. This explains why there are no thought-battles in England: no battles of ideas that is: no intellectual sport. There are quarrels about systems built about ideas taken ready made and for granted, among persons who primarily represent the ideas, but there are no intellectual quarrels: they are all personal. A lunge at a system is resented in the same temper as would be a jab at a person's vital regions. Where ideas are detachable, attention can be, and is, centred on the idea, as players in the football elevens can and do fix attention on the ball. If for the ball were substituted the players' shins, the sporting relations would resemble the ones which exist among those who stand for diverse ideas in England-too painful for the game to be worthwhile. That is exactly how things stand: the game is non-existent: intellectual sport is ruled out. Those born under the same star, all the little Liberals, all the little Suffragists, all the little this, that and the other idea-ists, cluster together in their special groups to keep each other warm in their allegiance to their one idea. They remain at once the most thought-ridden and the least conscious of thought, like a man with fever, too delirious to know he is ill and in need of attention and care.

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The only person in England who makes a pretence of liking-and therefore inviting-intellectual sport is Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, but his choice of adversary as a rule falls

either upon someone half his own intellectual size, or if nearer his own measure, someone whom he invariably touches upon a well recognised constitutional numb-spot, too paralysed therefore by the fixed idea to have the power to react. While, consequently, Mr. Chesterton's sham fights do not in any appreciable degree affect the accuracy of the statement that intellectual stagnation is the rule in England, it must be conceded that in the main, what stirring of the pool outside the FREEWOMAN influence is done, is done by Mr. Chesterton. Recently he has been rallying Mr. Robert Blatchford upon the failure of the supporters of "Free Thought" to assume the lead in the onslaught upon corruptive laxity in public affairs. The obvious retort from Mr. Blatchford is a "Tu quoque," "Free-Thought-er yourself," for it is as one who has given Thought control of the reins, to another who has dbne likewise that Mr. Chesterton must address the author of "Merrie England," and it is preposterous to expect a man who has abdicated in favour of a Thought to act as though he were a free agent. He has sold out his claim, and become a bondman carrying out orders, a tamed steed harnessed up, with the bit in his mouth and the rein on his neck, with Free-thought in the saddle. The only difference between Mr. Chesterton (who recently we believe entered the fold of the Roman Catholic Church) and Mr. Blatchford, is that Mr. Chesterton has been more select in his choice of drivers. His free thoughts are limited in number: Mr. Blatchford's are in number, legion, a Mafeking night mob. The Christian Trinity with the Vierge Mere, is a select family-party, and picturesque at that, but the Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Humanity, Justice, Democracy, Evolution, beloved of Mr. Blatchford are only the first drops which prelude the deluge of thoughts each powerful enough when free, to hold a man's face to the earth, while those not given to Free-thought follies wreak on him their will. Still Mr. Chesterton most certainly is not the one to rail at the embarrassments to a man's spirit of Freethought. The fitting person is the successful master of men. He is the one who knows what it profits such as he for other men to kneel with crossed hands and bent head under the free and rampant idea. The Socialists have been calling aloud for a defence of capitalism, which is too strong to value a defence. What needs defending, were defence possible, is that crossed hands, bowed head attitude of the idea-riden, towards honesty, equality, brotherly love, peace and order which befriend them not a feather's weight, but which obstruct them wholly in a self-appropriatory career.

Special occasion and an honest mind suggest that it is time again to hurl a shaft against liberty-the subtlest among the Sacred, established on pedestals. What is liberty? Whether it be some thing, or whether it be nothing, we have no respect for it. We do nothing in its behalf. We neither act nor refrain from acting in its name. Liberty, for us, lends no criterion for judging actions. We seek to do anything and everything which ministers to our satisfaction. Our limitations lie only in our ability and lack of it. Those who do not like our ways will stop us-if they can. We have no respect for their liberty, and the folly is theirs if they have a care for ours. Together we will wrestle it out. Let our power and the genuineness of our satisfaction decide; liberty, at least, shall not obtain in the seats of authority. With this present issue of THE NEW FREEWOMAN, the distinguished American scholar who has done English-speaking peoples a service of inestimable value by his translation of Max Stirner's work into English as "The Ego and His Own," Mr. Steven T. Byington, opens a series of articles on "Interference with Environment," a series which we take to be concerned with the limitations of the liberty of the individual in the social community. We shall be among the most interested of Mr. Byington's readers and possibly among his critics. Be that as it may, we can prophesy in advance that our criticism will not be that liberty is laid in fetters. Our only concern is with the means and necessity for self-defenoe.

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Opportunity, in the person of Dr. Ethel Smyth, the English composer, in the role of the "ye compleat suffragist," offers us an illustration of the wound inflicting process which debate is in England. She answers the anti-suffragist view thus:-

"Why dissemble? This is no longer a controversy. It is a fight to a finish against huge odds, and I am glad that objectionable phrase 'our friends the

'antis' has dropped out of currency. Writing from the lines of Torres Vedras, the Duke of Wellington mentions the bringing back by French sentries of our men's muskets, left behind during drunken bouts in the enemy's quarters, and adds, 'I am glad to think a pitched battle tomorrow will put an end to these disgusting familiarities.' Exactly, the duke was in grim earnest; a fighter, not a talker. As for us, some of our women have died; others are facing death and certain ruin af health; others have cheerfully exchanged ease and security for a doubtful future; others are looking on in agony while those they love and honour are enduring these things for their faith. We, like the duke, have no use for that tolerance which is the characteristic atmosphere of sham fights."

Now, whose scalp does Miss Smyth want? It is quite evident she means to have at someone's. Does she really want to see definite persons with names to them, cut up into little pieces? Or by a straining of the quality of mercy, merely laid in irons in deep dungeons? It is our unexaggerated belief that she-and others-does yearn, peak and pine after this latter. If only the Suffragists would be more explicit, the situation would be so very much jollier, even if more savage. Elsewhere Miss Smyth says "if men are face to face with the dread prospect of self-control, it is because syphilis is now such a menace to the State...." If someone applied a little of the pressure of persuasion to Miss Smyth we might now get at what the suffragists mean: what they mean to do, that is, when they become part of the coercive State machinery. For candour's sake alone, it would be so interesting to have a plain statement. And we have been told such long, long years that they are going to do "things" by means of the vote that we may now without assertiveness, ask "how?"

In the same article Miss Smyth quotes Miss Pankhurst. "Under all the excuses and arguments against votes for women, sexual vice is found to be lurking; hence man's instinctive desire to keep women in a state of economic dependence"; and "once women are politically free they will become spiritually strong as well as economically independent, and no longer give or sell themselves to be the play things of men." Perverse to naughtiness! "Once women are politically free they will become spiritually strong." Ye gods and little fishes! It becomes increasingly difficult to realise that Christabel Pankhurst is a comparatively young woman-she has such an incapacity for regarding her pet idea from the outside. She stands for it in that hard, dried-in fashion which ordinarily is found, in equal degree, only with extreme old age.

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It is apparent from expressions of feeling similar to those to which Dr. Smyth gives publicity in the article to which reference has been made, that the hostility of advanced women towards men is a very real thing. Moreover it is growing as rapidly as literature for women is changing from what was, the standard literature for the schoolroom and the hearth. It will continue to grow until this question of supply and demand in sex matters has been finally thrashed out. An American correspondent in a personal communication urges a point of view which may be gathered from the following extract, and of which not the least valuable aspect is that it can leave none in doubt as to the matter which is under debate. Writing of the causes of prostitution, he says that it would be

"more accurate to have said that religious superstitions and social customs were the cause, since we have historical accounts of prostitution as early as eighteen centuries B.C. I think it is perfectly true, however, that the repression of the sexual instinct in women (which lack now certainly is the mainstay of prostitution) has generally been brought about by the inhibition, for some reason or other-usually religious-of the exercise by women of their sexual faculties. And if women are not under-sexed, their sexual apathy is beautifully simulated. It is conceivable that this simulation may exist up to the point of yielding to man, but can it exist throughout the sexual act? Proof must, necessarily, be largely a record of personal experiences, and such a

record might not, in good taste, be produced; but what else can be inferred when widely experienced male sexual varietists almost unanimously concur in the statement that only a small proportion of the women with whom they have associated (not prostitutes) experience a normal sexual orgasm, and that the sphincter of the vagina is rarely active? I trust you will pardon my plain speaking, but it has seemed to me that there are certain physical facts with which you are not familiar. It is, however, possible that, as a friend has just suggested to me, American women in this respect are an exception. If that be true, it simply illustrates the fallibility of empirical generalizations."

As far as the arguments contained in the above passages concern our own theory, i.e., that women consciously and subconsciously inflame the sex-ardour of men by a simulation of apathy, we can only say that the physical facts if they are as stated support our diagnosis. Regarding the cause which originally prompted such simulation there must necessarily be, at present, innumerable opinions, but as regards religious superstitions, it seems to us, that these exploit tendencies which have already come into existence, rather than actually call them there; and that therefore this apparent coldness regarding a matter which is, and always has been, women's chiefest concern, must have found its origin in some thing more fundamental: probably in the cunning of the under-dog which must, first, of necessity, seek to make itself of value to its more powerful superiors: and secondly, if its instinct is strong, to turn the superior power to its own service. This is precisely what women who felt and recognised their own relative inferiority have done, by bringing their own sex-impulses completely under control and exciting those of men to an abnormal degree—an activity which is the main concern of the womanly woman. It is ludicrous to assume, because of a certain trick of attitude, that the passive woman is aloof from sex: the mischief of her is, that she is not vitally interested about any single thing else. She has made it embrace her entire life, including her means to live, and her amusements. As the inhibitory discipline gradually grew into a habit and became more or less easy, its practice became more and more crowned with the success it was intended to achieve: it put power into the hands of the woman, and a refined pastime involving the subtle exercise of this power developed into an exquisite quasi-aesthetic pleasure. Refined love-making for the womanly woman was, is, the most alluring, subtle, choicest of choice pleasures. Common sex is dogs' fare by comparison; inhibition has thus been its own reward, and its method the method of allurement par excellence.

The subtlest sex-charm in women is an alert quietness—an attentive stillness. (The men who notoriously attract women use the same method.) It is used perfectly only by the adepts. The less adroit attempt unlimited variations upon it. Its motive, conscious or otherwise, is to attract sexually. If the continuous employment of a means ends by producing physical effects originally uncounted upon, these effects are accidental by-products which would be removed or altered by any alteration of the means which might become necessary to subserve the original motive. To the majority of women, the essential thing is that they shall be able to attract men: it a matter of infinitely less importance that men should be attractive to them. (If a man is satisfactory in other and, to them, more important ways, money, social standing and so on, they will make the best of his deficiencies, sexually. It is therefore because of the fact that women attract men more when they appear reluctant to be attracted, that women appear reluctant. That there shall be no possibility of miscarriage in the issue, women actually create a super layer of reluctance. Throughout the entire course of their sexual life they adopt and maintain an elaborate pose: married women even more than unmarried, and it is inevitable that so continuous a frame of mind should have a physical counterpart. The real test would be for men to become retiring. The genuine woman would then appear on the surface. As things stand now the miscalculations that are rife between men and women in relation to sex and to each other are due to the fact that respectively they are looking to sex to yield two totally different things: a man expects from it a physical and mental satisfaction, but a woman expects sex to yield her a man entire. A man seeks to win a woman's co-operation in the attainment of a satisfaction at least for himself, but if possible and by preference, for both. A woman looks to sex to give her power: to win for her a dominion external to herself.

She endeavours, by the complete disciplining of sex-impulses in herself, to use the man's undisciplined impulses for his own subjugation. This difference is the real ground of war between the sexes, because both have expectations based on delusions as to each other's motives, and in the eventuality both feel defrauded. When for instance before marriage, a man with devoted humility, offers himself to a woman, and weights his plea to be taken with substantial gifts, she imagines it to be but the prelude of a total surrender. She imagines (we speak of those on the "plane" of the "temperamental") that he is offering himself as a possession which she has only to be good enough to take and mould to her liking. Hence the belief of women that they can "reform" men; hence the nasty jog to women's vanity which marriage gives, hence the cry of the soulful woman-realising that "love" is not strong enough to eliminate the original Adam in a man-for an "affinity," a "twin-soul" which is the search for that particular native bent in the tree in the direction she means her "affinity" to take; she has understood what it is which causes friction and disillusionment: the disillusionment of "love" put on trial. No man ever eats the dust, after marriage, to the extent that any woman whatsoever, imagines he will before. No man could completely satisfy in a woman the craving for dominion which the delusive humility of a man's courtship awakens. When a woman commits the error-from a womanly point of view-of hunting down her man instead of drawing him in by fascination, she awakens the same instinct for dominion in the man. It is the lust to devour, to destroy, quickened into being by the suggestion of its possibility. It explains the cruelty of "love": Wilde's "Each man kills the thing he loves" is not descriptively accurate. It should be "A man is tempted to kill the thing which shows that it loves him." It is, broadly speaking, on a like principle with that which leads the boy to break his watch to come at its insides. It is the savagery of the interest in growth and development.

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We appear to be getting a considerable distance away from the bases from which the above observations started: the physiological facts cited by our American correspondent, and the hot indignation against the lusts of men given utterance to, by Miss Pankhurst and Miss Smyth. We make immediate return to them however, in deductions which follow directly from the observations. The physiological details referred to doubtless are single instances taken from a large number of effects which a physician who IS a psychometrician might have indicated in advance of experience, as following inevitably upon a long continued emotional attitude. They are effects only, not causes, however, and can be left out of account. The emotional cause from which they spring is however a phenomenon to be studied by those who concern themselves with "Woman Movements," "Prostitution," and the like. Those who are satisfied with things as they are, need take no note of any of these things, but those who propose a revolution by compulsory reform would get forwarder with more caution if they took the trouble to find out of what they were haranguing. They need first to analyse the meaning of the smirk on the face of the consciously "pure woman." In the main, with benefits accruing slowly from individual to individual the rise to power of the protected pure woman represents the most successful swindle on record in history. "She," the type which never exists, by the way, first puts the bridle on herself (it is her virtue; the poor inherit the earth)- she stimulates desire in men to an exaggerated need; she holds out promises of satisfaction which she cannot, and does not intend to, supply; she accepts gifts and binds her victim before she bestows the goods; the business transaction effected she does as she likes and will make repudiation of claims into a virtue; whereupon the "prostitute" supplies the needs the pure have created; she pays the pure one's extravagant debts; the pure one thereupon kicks her in private and prays over her in public; from flirting in the drawing-room, she comes to haggle over a "reference" in the kitchen; she flares over the story of the Piccadilly flat in the Albert Hall and buttonholes old friends in the lobby of St. Stephen's to get their promise to vote for a Bill to flog the lust out of men. She is Irony's master piece. She has indeed a case to state, but as yet she lacks the courage to state it. She is an old seasoned cad, but even cads can put up a defence. At any rate, she is worth considering. Indeed, before the fight gets to that "finish" Miss Ethel Smyth speaks of, she will have been thoroughly overhauled, and we suggest that the women of the Woman

Movement take stock of her points before they engage themselves too far in support of her interests.

TALES FOR THE ATTENTIVE.

The New Freewoman: No. 8, Vol. 1, October 1st 1913.

by Dora Marsden

IN the mouth of an old quarry sat an aged crone. From before the birth of the first man she had been there. Men came to her to learn how to make tools. Ages back, she had made the first tool that ever was and this had been of so much use that she had been kept busy ever since, making and teaching men to make tools. She had been too busy to die, and the ages rolling past her had made her face older than the oldest stone. Nine layers of furrowed stone hid her face from the light, and a boulder which a glacier had scratched, buried her knees. Her girdle was the floor of the ancient sea. Her arms were gone, long since worn to the sockets. She did not now speak to common men: they looked hard at the stone veils which covered her face and learnt how.

To scan her face there came an uncommon Youth: uncommon being he, who for that time, nourished the Fires a far-off sire had brought to Earth from Heaven. Eagerly and often the Youth came and searched her face, but saw no sign; the motionless veils hung unchanged. A last time he came and vainly searched, when, he being angered and unaware, the Fires flashed into his eyes and passed from thence, piercing into the gross texture of the stone shroudings. Invincibly they pressed through till, having passed the ninth thickness, they illumined to his eye what appeared to him as a light, moving. Faint, shifting, wavering, it baffled him. He called loud to the Fires in his heart. "Now, if I have cherished you, meet my needs even now."

They heard and answered, and riveted the light which grew in power as his sight held it. He shaded his eyes and saw that the fierce sparkling came from a star which shone between the eyes of a face within, from whence there came to him a voice.

"What dost thou seek?" it asked.

"Thy teachings," he replied. "Why spell thy veils no sign for me?"

"What need for signs have they who know?"

"But I know not."

"Thou hast the Fires."

"I guard them."

"Too well; thy fires are to be spent."

"I have spent them."

"But now, to search out me."

"Wilt thou teach me?"

"Not yet."

"When?"

"When I know that thine is not the dominion."

"What dominion?"

"Of the living."

"Who art thou?"

"I am Mind."

"Why goest thou veiled in this dark heaviness?"

"For my works, for the thing I do."

"What is it thou doest thus ill?"

"My work for men. I work even as I must, since what time I learnt to teach the weak, by cunning how they may destroy the strong."

"Nay ! but thou beliest thy works and those of men who learn of thee. The weak, with thee beside are even as the strong. Weak men, with thee, establish empire on the earth; they read the heavens and fix the stars; they mount the air and ride the sea; pierce the darkness and split the light; they shoot the cloud and harness the tide; before them wild beasts, serpents, and dumb monsters of the deep have need to flee. They build ships and towers and cities. Men build themselves a kingdom, and win earths for toys, aided by thee."

"Now see I thou art but a dazzled youth, deceived as others by these shows I make. The weak, even with me beside, are still the weak. If by trap and gin, I enable them to surmount the strong, it is still as the weak that they persist. I establish for them no escheat, whereby with victory the strong's strength may fall to them. In weakness they have prevailed, and in weakness they remain, the lords among the mean."

"But though strength of Life be less, dost not thou, thyself, become the more ? So much the more ?"

"My works are more, but I, Mind, am of one substance with that whereon I feed. I feed on Life's strength, increasing as it grows, yet when it declines, empowered to aid it nothing. In weakness, Life and Mind wither together. I have not power in aught to augment its substance. I can but play the schoolma'am, and, with pointing ferule, say ' Behold a marvel here, and here, meet to be to such and such of man's uses put '; and then with ill-booting assiduity contrive new needs to give my new found marvels relevance. Thus do I outrun my right commission, and as a too industrious serving-woman, for past benefits set in over great authority, will turn a household to confusion, diverting its true occupant from his own purposes to make occasion for the outrageous exercise of her great industry, so I, to make an audience attentive to my discoveries, do divert men from their lives' sole meaning. Their attention gained, I lay them bare my raree-show and levy toil of their amazement. Its appointment is timed of my activity. Like children, open-eyed, before a showman's booth, men gape at my performances. By use of light beyond proportion to their heat I conjure effects to which their powers of Life can give no tally. They see their vastness, and bow down."

"But thy works are wonderful, no matter howsoe'er diverse from men's necessities."

"Works? What works have men save one-the increase of their living potency ? Long years ere man, the tableau of creation stood forth perfected: matter made and method taken, a magic panorama exhibited to the void. Works enough were there, with matter lent to manipulations multiple. But creation's miracle was other: not works but life; the living force which feels, can leap, and run; the seeing eye, the swift foot, the fierce upspringing heart. Creation's latest comer is the miracle, and men's due wonderment is the living power in men. When I, to muster up the audience for my conjuror's tricks, my booth-man's spectacle, construct the engines which make Life in men beat low, what am I but as the dead resisting force which would press Life deathwards in the scale? Then do I that which it outstrips my

power to remedy. Life I can evade, forestall, defeat, and can lay on it embargos: but not create, or increase. I can serve men's hour of weakness and be a shield, but as arbiter of choice in their hour of strength, I force must be Destroyer. For if I give men the wonders of the earth for toys and yet sap their living strength, what am I but a destroyer still? In the kingdom of the dead, the scaling tower and the level are as one. If with cunning skill, I make my engines race and soar, outspeed the eagle and the deer, and men crawl close to earth and hearts beat feebly there, what merits it? If eyes grow dim to read my lore, and courage fails and sap grows dry, to make meet subjects for my engines' uses, what do I? What do but effect my own defeat? A little less of the living power and my cunning fails; and craft fails with it. All fails: for life greater than man's, already for man's sake my cunning has destroyed. Men were without the heart to brook companionship with the strong. Though the worm might live, the lion I removed. Now, the strong destroyed, they reign sole lords. What seems to raise its head in power to rival man, I deracinate. I, Mind, born to eke out his power's lack, serve his weakness still, and still engender it. That my uses may be perpetuate, man's weakness must be perpetual too. Too useful grown, with too much reverence earned I rule the kingdom I should serve at need. My power's uses need men's weakness and hence it grows. And my works grow with it. Their vastness is my monument and our common tomb; since, moving diverse ways round one circumference, the half-circle stretched, we meet at length in common doom."

"And I? Why lettest thou the burden of thy presages fall on me?"

"I speak to who may hear. That thou hearest is that thou hast the ear. Thine eye too still has the ancient virtue, and sweeping through the cunning signs I lay for men, pierced to me here. Thou art a Life-bearer: but over-well thou, too, hast learnt the ways of common men-their ways of fear-and guardest more than well the primal Fires. The Fire thou bearest is to be spent. He guards well who spends."

"What wouldst thou I should do?"

"Go forth and set free the fires. When all is spent, and in thy heart thou knowest thou art a conqueror, return to conquer me."

He left her there.

His face was become a man's. The power was in him, though how he knew not. Perhaps in the Fires. He would spend them. They should escape as they would. He stretched out his arms and flung back his head. The tight cord he had worn round his heart stretched and snapped. The lightning Fires leapt forth. They coursed through his limbs: the tendons stretched: the muscles tightened: a sharp tingling vivified the heavy flesh. It grew luminous with the inner fire. His stature heightened. Power surged up from within him. It poured in from without. Deep baths of air he drew in with his breath. His throat vibrated like a living column. He moved onwards. The vivid joy in his limbs coursed round his thighs as he walked. Swiftly he covered the ground. Swiftly he covered great leagues, swift as desire.

A film dissolved from his eyes. 'They saw a new world, its colours new and wonderful. His scent picked out new perfumes. His hearing grew keen. As he went forward, in his path rushing headlong to meet him came a strange beast roaring, fierce, and horned like a bull. Its eyes were balls of fire; like fire its hot breath. They fought together. Slowly the beast's savagery gave way before him. He bore him to the ground and printed on him the seal of the conquered. And there, in the path, he left him, still living.'

He came to the edge of the land where cliffs high and stark chafed the sea. The sea moaned ceaselessly, a moan of human misery. It chilled the man's spirit. He took from his bare loins a girdle, the last remnant of the clothing of fear which was left him, and flung it far out beyond the breakers. When it reached the surface it swirled round as in a vortex, and was engulfed in the waters. Straightway the moan changed to the strong low chords of an organ,

which swelled upwards in an anthem of glory. Its gladness and the sea's strong motions, drew him and he plunged far out into the waters. He found himself in his own mobile element. In its motion, its grace and the strength of its seething, he greeted familiars. He dived to look for the girdle, and saw it deep down, entwining a pallid human company. A sight too horrid for viewing, he rose towards the surface. As he rose he saw the black hulls of the ships sailing outwards.

From each hull hung a girdle.

He swam towards the shore, and arriving, shook himself free of the glistening liquid. Wearied he lay down. Above him, wheeled the strong white wings of the sea-gulls. Lulled by the swell of the ocean, he slept. In his sleep there came to him an old dream. At his heart was a fierce trouble. Its beat grew to a throbbing. Aspiration stronger than his limbs burst from it. He awoke and looked up through the blue ether: he knew he could fly. He stretched out his arms and lightly, without effort, he rose upward, borne aloft by his heart's aspiration. Swift and strongly he mounted, his eyes fronting the sunset. When its last rays had faded he was resting on the snow-covered peak of the mountain.

Warm, proud glow of life amid surrounding death, he laughed to the stars in his strength.

Because he was alive.

Long, loud, deep, he laughed out into the dome of heaven, arresting the night and the silence.

The tumult settled. The grey covered the glory. The beat of his heart dropped to a slow measure. In the calm and quiet he gave his limbs to the void. Gentle and silent, he swooped towards the valley.

His foot met the earth. With calm heart he trod the flat road and at length stood at the mouth of the quarry. None sat therein.

The veils were crumbled; the girdle split and jagged; the boulder like a shattered mould, broken; the dweller had departed.

But there stood beside him One, as a forest of spears martial in aspect, clothed in radiance. He knew her by the star on her forehead.

"You are Mind," he said, "I have delivered you."

"I remain to be conquered," she said. She moved from him. He came up with her where the earth's bent back made a mighty ridge round the heavens. Behind was a great waste. Before, far-off, where the sun had set, in the plains lay the cities.

He said again, "I have delivered you."

She said, "You do not deliver me. You deliver yourself from my power. I am yet to be conquered."

"How?"

"By your strength, and desire; your strength against mine."

The man shrank from her. The light hurt him. He feared her.

She said again, "Many guardians of the Fires have stood here, fearing me as you. None have overcome me. Overcome of me, they have knelt to me here, and I have given them the kingdoms of the earth: I made them the shrunken possessors of extended dominions; as, if you fail, I will make you."

"And if I do not fail?"

"In you will be all strength . . . the kingdom, the power, and the glory. You will be a light to your own feet. . . . My star will fall to you when it falls it shall be to you as a Sight. I am to be overcome . . . and devoured."

He grappled with her. The light shocked his sight and his hands. Strong as light, with shoulder levelled with his, she pressed him. She showed him no mercy. Dizzy and faint, with joints become as water, he kept his hold. Dumb and spent he fought on, until the first grey streak of the morning. In the light of day, the fiercest dazzling faded. Hope came to him. The cool air of dawn brought the surge and glow he had known on the mountains. With passion of being, his grip hardened. A wild unseeing movement, and his night-long antagonist was pinioned. He laid his lips on her mouth and withdrew the breath from her. Wraith-like, she dwindled.

Fraiser and sparer, intangible at length, he sucked out the last vapours of her being. Drunk, his eyes closed, his head fell forward. The star dropped upon his hand. His arms were empty.

He was alone.

He sank to his knees, and touched the earth with his forehead.

The risen sun gleamed oll his bent neck. It was as a thing afar off.

Slowly he was aware of a live tingling.

He raised his shoulders: his hand held the jewel.

He rose to his feet and stood upright, and gazed into the morning sun's splendour. He greeted its beauty and turned towards the cities.

His limbs cast shadows before him. He raised his arm and placed the star on his brow, for a glory.

Its light consumed the shadows.

He strode from the ridge and came towards the cities.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 9, Vol. 1, October 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

THERE can be not a shadow of doubt that whatever person or persons first applied the terms "Strike" or "Striking" to the species of industrial phenomena now observable in Dublin and elsewhere did the "workers" and all the poor in spirit-and pocket-a serious disservice. The folly of those who ask "What's in a name," is not far to seek, since the nearest approach to thinking effected by the majority of persons is nothing more than the making of a loose association between the images which a given term may call up. Consider this term "Strike"-a truly tragic misnomer since the complete difference between the industrial lions and the corresponding baa-lambs is held to reside in the attitude which they respectively adopt towards the "Strike." Those who follow the "Strike" are the militant Army, the rebels who storm the rich men's citadels. All this, one must presume, because "striking" has in other connections the meaning of "hitting." But there is no hitting in a Strike, except in the inverted sense it is the Strikers who are hit, by the police-batons no less than by the created circumstances. Which anyone who has been in a strike-area knows.

The "Strike" is essentially a passive thing, almost somnolent in its passivity. It is a cessation from work, a very leisurely, ordinary, and prosaic affair which anyone may do at pleasure. There is nothing except the individual preference of the artist, or the energetic person to make a man work, providing he makes arrangements for the consequences. There is nothing unusual or extraordinary in not working. The extraordinary thing is that so many people work. Of course, work or play, men need to eat: the extraordinary thing to accomplish therefore would be for heretofore "workers" to cease work and still to eat. That is what the people against whom they are measuring themselves have accomplished in advance. The rich need not work and yet they have what they need. They have already possessed themselves of other men's products in abundance. That is the only way in which one may eat and yet not work. The rich believe this is the correct thing to do. They consider themselves of so much importance that they must get what they can. They recognise no "what they ought." The "ought" is a virtue, and, rich as they are, they realise that virtues are luxuries which only the poor can afford. The poor can afford them because they see no impropriety in being poor. "So that virtue be upheld, let their mean persons fall," that is the creed of the poor. It fits like a hand into a glove into the creed of the rich, "That which upholds me is my virtue: virtues are those things which serve me." The rich man is in the happy position of approving of both sides-that is why the teachers and preachers come from the rich: they can be so genuine and strong in their exhortations with both kinds, their own, and that of the poor. The poor are malcontents. Their own creed won't work, and the other works too well. Nevertheless they still approve their own, and disapprove of that of the rich, and spend their time "arguing"-that futile process. They, the poor, attempt by this airy means to persuade the rich to adopt the poor man's creed; the rich are very well satisfied with the creed they have. It is so useful, that they must needs forego the poor man's, which is so very effective as ornament. In vain therefore the poor try to convert the "predatory" into the "honest," taking no account of the fact that they bespeak honesty's benefits in a manner like those sick, who sell nostrums for health.

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Belfast and Dublin at the present moment give a very apt illustration of how the two creeds work, of the two sorts of people-the servers and the served, the yielders and the takers, those whose actions are controlled by their ideas and those whose actions are controlled by their wants, the associates of Mr. Larkin and those of Sir Edward Carson. Mr. Larkin is engaged in stating the "rights" of his case; Sir Edward Carson prepares to establish his right or wrong, and in the supremely effectual way. He recognises that the "rights" of the case are nothing:

all depends on the strength of the defendants. Mr. Larkin understands an idea: Sir Edward Carson understands men. One relies on thought-mists: the other on trial by combat. The Carson kind of person, could we imagine him in a position analogous to that of Mr. Larkin, as for instance with a provisionless army in a hostile country, would solve it in the only genuine way-not by ideas but by power. The Dublin situation stands thus: Starving people: food in the city. To the Carson kind, no ideas are involved in such a situation. It resolves itself into a knowledge of facts and their relation: in this case-the quickest route to the bread-shops. The Larkinites would be smashing arguments what time the Carsonites would be smashing shop-fronts. The "workers" argue that they have a "moral right" to the products of their labour. But it is talk and moonshine. They do not believe it. If they do, their starving condition displays an extraordinary cowardice. If they consider such products theirs, why do they not possess themselves of them?

We may not overlook the fact that to do so it would be necessary for them to make preparations sufficient to empower them to do it effectually. It is a fact however which for all except "born" servants goes without saying. The arming in Ulster, or anywhere where men and women have been in earnest illustrates the truism that ends imply means. Written in words these things are stupid. When a situation is genuine, either as in Ulster as a sport, or in Dublin as a dreaded necessity, no words should be required save to announce their completion.

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There exists at the present time a class of social thinkers, who, while despising the ways and works of the politicians, nevertheless make up an entire propaganda on expressions of despisings and criticisms of these "nothings." We are too well aware of the intellectual haplessness of such thinkers to be in any danger of imitating their quaint practice. What is unworthy is unworthy-even of consideration. The first reference therefore to a politician as such, in THE NEW FREEWOMAN, or to his works, is still to be made. If then, we mention the name of Sir Edward Carson, it will readily be believed that such mention has no reference whatsoever to that gentleman's connection with an empty parliamentarian question as to whether an Ulsterman's masters shall be situated in London or in Dublin when they turn on him the coercion-screw. We know that he can be assured they will do it equally well in either place and that he would be quite as profitably engaged if he were fighting to retain the right to swallow plum stones.

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However, Sir Edward Casson, his "cause" apart, presents a biting commentary on the intelligence of these our times. He has taken its measure and proclaimed it nil. He thereupon proceeds to give a complete, fully illustrated demonstration of the nature of government, confident that these our people will be no whit the wiser. He is quite well aware that all the "lean kind," the "workers" and the "women" will be quite as much at a loss to find a meaning for things at the end as at the beginning. That they will say, "We are armed only with stones and hammers, and he uses rifles. But we are imprisoned while he is free." He knows they will never fall upon the answer, which is "Because." They will never realise that rebels armed with stones will be clapped in prison, but that rebels armed with rifles will be treated with the respect due to such, and be invited to a conference; that the "wrong" adequately defended, for government swiftly becomes a "right," while all the "right" in the universe defended by pebbles and moral phrases weighs with them exactly the weight of the pebbles. Very properly, right being might.

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It is a fact much to be commiserated that the advising of the down-trodden is invariably assumed by the humanitarian and morally-minded-their deadliest enemies. It appears almost inevitable it should be so, since the normal brand of egoists will have little to gain from them

and they are not sufficiently sensitive to be conscious of what they lose by them. It should not however be hopeless to expect the advent of some super-egoist-one sufficiently sensitive of the value of living power to be mortally offended by the forced companionship of the - ineffectual. It should not be hopeless to expect that some delicately proud aristocrat, some poet, should be inconvenienced by the sight of wretchedness to the point of expounding the rich men's code, which is not the close possession of the rich. It cannot be that the lean ones will for ever be so sunk in virtue that they cannot understand facts when made clear to them; that the only way to abolish undue depredations is to abolish the non-predatory; that the poor are the cause of the rich; that when "everyone sees to it that he is a somebody, no one can be anybody"; certainly one could not be a capitalist.

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From pointing out that it is "ideas" of honesty, property, right, order, law and what-not which clutter the path and entangle the feet of workers in the plight of the Dublin strikers, preventing them from securing their necessary bread, we pass to a consideration of "ideas" in general, any and all ideas. It appears that our remarks on the subject which appeared in these comments a month ago, and which to our mind were explicit and clear, have been quite misunderstood. It behoves us to be clearer and more explicit still. All ideas are bad: good, i.e., attractive ideas worse than the silly and repellent, because they win more attention and allegiance; ideas which are considered big are worse than those called little; and the least is too big exactly by its own size. Minds which evolve ideas are diseased; they are moving in the direction in which madness lies. An idea is a label with nothing to it: a preoccupation with nothing. The greatest idea in the world has as much value- and no more- in the life of men as there is in a game of draughts. It is amusing for the sport in the thing , and it has the same amount of relevancy to the business of life. When men try to fit their lives into their ideas and identify themselves with them they are like chess players trying to become chess men. When the teachers and preachers say, "Advance, Justice," and Mr. Smith steps forward, or "Forward, Liberty," and Mr. Jones goes forward, this metamorphosis has taken place. The single concepts are the different pieces; the general ideas are the organised games. In their totality they are "make-believe and mumming," and the further men get away from them the nearer they get to real things. A thought, i.e., an idea, is not a real thing: its existence is verbal, like that of a dragon or snark.

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When therefore Mr. Benj. R. Tucker challenges us, as he did in our last issue, to find him an idea born in America bigger than Proudhon's outlined Social Contract, we are inclined to give it up. It is a thing difficult to accomplish, for not only is Proudhon's idea "big" in itself, but it is of the kind which Americans, being young in social experiment, are likely to judge bigger still. It is, in fact, a very dragon, big and very impossible in everything except words. If we outlined a scheme for building a block of flats as high as St. Paul's with lily-stalks for materials, and carefully went into the joys of living therein, and assessed the penalty for occupants who damaged the joinery, may we say, we should consider we were doing something very similar to that which Proudhon does in outlining the social contract. It need not be asserted in the pages of THE NEW FREEWOMAN that we consider Proudhon was a blazing light in a dark age, but the passage quoted by Mr. Tucker, we think, shows him at his worst. If it were the boyish essay of a youth in his teens, with the instinct of the pedagogue, we should put a pencil through half of it as bombast and fustian. The half left would consist of adjectives and prepositions. It is the kind of things which overpowers our mental digestion. We are aware that some of our American friends think that we quibble overmuch about terms, and we sympathise with them to the extent that in so doing we disturb a very amusing sport. There is nothing more amusing than rhetoric when one has the swing of it. It is as jolly and as chest-swelling as getting drunk, and without the consequences. However, this journal is not run in the interests of sport. We expect from it a return of definite advantages, of which not the least are life data expressed in terms of the mobile. By being critical of the static, we at least create a void which in itself will force the production of a

more accurate substitute. We point out that the entire commerce of any journal is wholly in terms, and writers who proffer expressions in questionable media make matters as difficult as in business, traders would, who tendered doubtful coin.

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While handling the question of "ideas" it is worthwhile referring to "Temporary Opinion," their despised poor relation. It explains much, especially the fact that it is held in general disrepute. The reason it is held in bad odour by the common sense of men is usually held to be because of its "temporariness." A prejudice which is opinion made permanent wins greater respect, while in opinion etherialised still further, lifted high above Time and Space, we recognise the Idol Perfected, the Platonic idea. The truth of the matter is that the emphasis of disrespect has been allotted to the wrong partner in the couplet. It is not the lack of temporariness that offends, it is the fact that it is opinion. To be "of an opinion" is to be still in the grip of an uncompleted process; it is to be "still thinking." Now to think is to hesitate; awaiting the verification of a fact. One half of the thinking process is to arrest action: to hold the thinker in hesitation, doubt and unaction, a deplorable condition for the common sense man. "Temporary opinion" therefore is disreputable because it points to a task begun and left incomplete. We think in order not to think. We think in order to know. The man who "opines" something in the presence of a person requiring facts is in low esteem. A business firm says it requires a "man with ideas." It does nothing of the sort. It would pack him to the right-about in an hour's time. What it wants as opposed to what it says, is a man who already knows facts, or knows how to get them, and who can arrange a series of actions well in accord with them-a matter very different from "having ideas." Most people have had the misfortune to meet the "man with ideas," all complete with a century of suggestions founded on nothing-the happy guesser. He does not venture far within the precincts of the physical scientists; they know too much to suffer an interruption in the shape of an "I think," which a little work in the laboratory would turn into "I know." It is on the fringe of the mental and moral sciences that he finds his untrammeled hunting-ground. There, there exists little or nothing in the shape of definite knowledge to hamper him in his flights. He thinks himself into the empyrean in the course of a morning, and will "construct" a social commonwealth within the limits of a newspaper article. He is however falling somewhat out of esteem. If the Freewoman lives he will be as extinct as the dodo within a generation.

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We shall have gone far towards rounding the Verbal Age to finality when we recognise that there exists nothing save things and the relations between things, and that all words which purport to express anything other-any "thought"-avail for nothing but gratuitous illusion and irrevelance. The first thing of which we have any knowledge-the only thing of which we have first-hand knowledge-is the life within ourselves. We call it our soul, meaning thereby an individuated entity thrown out free by the stream of living energy. The soul is not a thought, and has nothing to do with thought.

It is a "thing" as electricity running along a wire is a thing, with movements, consciousness, repulsions, attractions, making excursions and returning to its shell through the apertures for entry and exit it has made; a thing which forages, feeds, dissipates or grows, by means we can learn if we keep watch.

It is this thing, a soul, which it is the province of art as distinct from science, to make chart of. The difference between science and art is not a difference of method but of subject matter. Art is the scientific spirit applied to soul, observing, collating, noting. The reason "art" so called, sprawls itself out in spectacular incompetence is because art does not know itself. It is in a position analogous to that in which science was, when astronomy was astrology, chemistry alchemy, and mathematics witchcraft, that is, when scientists looked at facts but with a preconceived idea, a thought, interpolated between facts and their

intelligence of them. So inferior artists look at the soul-when they look at it at all- with a notion interposed between it and them.

Moreover, artists no more than other men have escaped the tendency to look for, in soul, the same characteristics which the scientist found in "material" things, and not finding them, they have concocted them. Hence the concepts. A poet concerning himself with ideas is a sad spectacle; so ill-employed, busily propagating illusions. It is when we consider how little grip art has on the world's life that we comprehend the difference between the major and minor artists, a difference which has nothing to do with the length and profusion of their work, or their esteem with posterity, but simply with what is called their superior powers of creation. The meaning of "creative" is worth thinking over, since the creative artist can no more create his material than the scientist can create his. The creative artist is one in whom life beats strongly; whose emotions, instead of being so feeble that he is capable of mistaking them for something else, are so strong and defined that they secure their right description. Most men feel very little to which they would be capable of supplying articulate expression, and most poets are like most men. The major artists are major men, and their "works" are a consequence. They are the expression of an energy which is either unknown or known only in rare flashes to ordinary men. Their works "bear true witness." Being what they are in themselves, the difficulty would be for them to produce "works" which were other; whereas the merely artistic are in the position of a witness who tries to make a clear statement from the shreds of an only half-heard tale. The difference as a consequence is one of truthfulness and sincerity. Their effect is not merely to describe the true, but by so doing to explode the false. Hence, art comes as a flail to a concept-based morality. Men will continue to jog along, higgledy-piggledy, hugger-mugger as they do, by the dim gleam of the artist which resides in us all, until the major artist arrives. He will make life-clear-or clearer because life in him glows clearly.

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There is one aspect of life which more than any other awaits the treatment of the Major Poet-the one quite inaccurately, to our mind, called Sex. The "Sex-psychologist" should be a poet, not a physical scientist. The meaning of all this confusion of sex can be read out of-a strong heart. It will never be found in the retailment of the pathetic small pranks of the emotionally mad. The matter awaits another Lucretius to unravel the nature of the thing we call Soul. It can be done. Anyone who has read the works of the sex pathologists, German and other, must after rallying from the shock-of the appalling "terms"-far more terrifying than the things themselves-be struck by the fact that all and any of these "perversions" are incipient in a clear-eyed child not in her teens. It is question begging to call the matter sex; it is an unrest and discontent in the soul itself; its diagnosis belongs neither to the scientist nor the doctor: it belongs to the poet. For which reason, there appears unwisdom in the attempt to make out a new sex-"type" in what is called the Uranian-a term of more than ambiguous content, as defined by those who use it. As we are concerned to break down the conception of "types of individuals," we cannot be expected to look too friendlily upon an attempt to create another of doubtful accuracy. If it be friendship which Uranianism is meant to cover, friendship is the most normal thing in the world; felt or desired by men and women in proportion to their vigour and vitality. Friends need no propaganda on their behalf. They hold life's lucky-packets and are not slow to say so.

If however it relates to a physiological idiosyncracy, it may be an advantage or disadvantage according to its possessor's power to turn it. In the happier case it is a matter for felicitation, and in the unhappy a matter for kindness which from most men and most women is forthcoming. If, finally, it means what a correspondent has called "gratuitous vice," it belongs to that category of life's unexplained facts, which await the knowledge of life only the great in heart, the major poet, can bring. The Uranian propagandists are very far from explicit: we wonder if they are conscious that they appear to use in an unwarranted way the happy fortune and repute of the first and second class in its more distinguished members, to cast a romantic glow over the unhappy plight of the third and the rest of the second. Indeed,

it appears to be this kink in the character of the Uranian propaganda which offends the mind far more than anything in the least attractive features to be found in homosexuality. In any case, men and women should be counted qualified to bespeak their own emotions. We should learn the things of love and friendship from those who feel them, not as a propaganda or a plaint for protection from the police, but as the irrepressible expression of an emotion of which they are proud.

THE ART OF THE FUTURE.

The New Freewoman: No. 10, Vol. 1, November 1st 1913.

by Dora Marsden

THERE is, about artists when asked to define their business, a coyness which would be exquisitely ludicrous if it were evinced by chemists or mathematicians, by carpenters or brick-layers. This coyness, and the vague waving of hands to give the expression of helplessness in-a-sort, in the grip of some high force, which if not divine, is at least too much above the common level to be comprehended by the Philistine, or commonsense man-these are quite sufficient to place art as we now know it, in its subconscious period. There is nothing to be gained by calling out against artists: their lack of comprehension as to what they are about, is a matter for regret rather than reprehension. They are in the position alchemists and astrologers were, before alchemy became chemistry, and astrology astronomy. Nothing deterred by the caveat against the intruding of "outsiders'" opinions into their territory, we make bold to define the sphere of Art, as the complement of Science. If science is the knowledge gained by applying to non-vital phenomena, the method of accurate description as opposed to that of imaginative interpretation, art is the product of the same method applied to vital (and mainly humanly vital) phenomena.

The knowledge massed by science is stupendous in bulk relatively to that amassed by art which boasts only the uncoordinated work of geniuses, few and far between. Science has made its advance chiefly in the last three hundred years, because during this period it has trusted to the results of unprejudiced observation of the "thing." Before, as now in art, save for one or two outstanding geniuses, it had guessed about things, and its guesses made a pile of useless words and ideas, unproved and incapable of proof. The energy of the greatest as well as the least of investigators was wasted in spinning these futile guesses. But the experiment, i.e., the essaying what could be done to a thing and what could be done with it, put an end to all that. Experiment broke the dominion of the guess-the imaginative interpretation. The idea broke upon the perception of the fact. Thought was bridled by knowledge of the "thing"; thought's utmost reach attained only to a "suggestion"; the hypothesis holding tentative existence only until the experiment should dissolve it into error or fact. The experimental method brought the scientific freethought period to an end. Observation of the subject put verbal notions out of court. With art on the other hand, matters have but reached at their ultimate limit the "interest" of the verbal treatment, the imaginative interpretation. And this only with the few. Most artists are content to pass on the conventional tradition with a few personal variations. It is only the few who have entered upon the free thought period, where all the variety of unbridled fancy is spread out before them to be seized upon. These are attached to no reality. They are indeed as unaware as the conventional that there exists a reality by faithfulness to which their works will be judged. They are the half-charlatans where the conventional are the dullards. The unconscious charlatany of art has invaded every sphere of culture: it is indeed the substance of existing culture. In philosophy, theology and theosophy, in ethics, psychology, and sociology, throughout the whole length and breadth of literature, there spreads the record of the charlatan artists; of those who pretend they follow the motions of the soul, but who follow merely the idea; of those who speak with the certainty of knowledge concerning that of which they have made a bold guess.

The enthusiastic entry into the freethought domain by the arts, more conversationally so-called drama, poetry, and painting-is the main feature of modern "progress." Freethought is reaching its culminating point. In the theatre the drama of ideas is established. The verbal conception has ousted the "thing." The conflict is one of words not of living movements. Its climax is the scoring of a point of view, or the defeat of one. Where the genuine dramatist needs to guage the measure of human forces so that in the nature of their being they will mount and converge to a common climax at a point which he predicts and prepares for, the

dramatist in the drama of ideas has merely to direct words. The difference between the two is similar to that between a snake-charmer surrounded by reptiles or a lion-trainer in a cage of performing lions, and the expert chairman of a well behaved debating society settling rules for conduct. The one manipulates living forces, the other verbalities. There is a great outcry just now that something is wrong with the drama. Drama is all right. As long as there are a few planks for a platform, and a few lengths of material for stage curtains, drama is secure, provided there are dramatists. Just now it appears that it is the dramatists that are missing. When a man of genius appears, that is an articulate man who understands men, drama will touch high-water mark in a single bound. (The stage just now merely reflects a state of affairs which obtains outside, one in which attempts are being made to redress evils by ideas. It is a special case of the general fear of setting living forces in movement.) In poetry the swerve away from the stupidity of convention has likewise been caught up by freethought, by the fancy unattached to reality. A perfect example of a genuine emotional impulse being rendered abortive by plunging it into ideas is given by the work of Mr. F. T. Marinetti, the futurist leader, who expounds his creed in the current issue of "Poetry and Drama." In an astounding blend of wisdom and nonsense he illustrates how a healthy revolt which might have alighted on reality, is swung off into the folly of ideas. No wonder that the pendulum starts off again, as a writer in this issue points out ("Discipline and the New Beauty") on its return swing towards Authority-the continual swing between mutually negating alternatives of tradition and freethought, stupidity and fancy, authority and ideas, discipline and individual whim. It seems to occur to no one that the one alternative is as bad as the other, and that both avoid the reality with which it is art's sole business to be concerned. The artist thus finds himself in the position of an accountant to a shady firm, the head of which asks him to cook the accounts to suit his interests; and upon refusing, imagines his sole alternative to be the production of an account hatched wholly in his own imagination, apparently unaware that it is his business to look at the ledger and keep his account in touch with that. So while the artist who makes his productions to the orders of authority, is uncomprehending - and stupid, his freethought brother, who works to fancy, is equally so. Work bound fast by the facts of the case is no more amenable to discipline than it is capable of being adjusted to the whim of fancy.

Such a definition of the sphere of Art as we have given, would seem at once to land its activities into the sphere of the occult. So it does, but the occult is the sense of the at-present hidden, but discoverable, the at-present unknown, but knowable, capable of being observed. The soul is not the soundless, unseen thing which common speech makes of it. If it were soundless how could we express our souls in sound, as we know we do, or if unseen how could it be expressed by the painter's brush or poet's words? If it be immeasurable, by what faculty do we gauge the force of the emotion which contorts the syllables of a simple phrase into an expression of the soul energy which has surged through it? The most superficial observation makes it clear that the soul breaks into evidence as readily as pain breaks into a cry, and the work of genius has been just the delineation of the manner how.

The line of true delineation of the soul is the direction which all progress in Art must take. If progress is to be made in Art, as it has been made in science, artists will have to put off their agnosticism and the vague waving of hands as to what their business is, and come to their tasks with as much sense of purpose as the carpenter who lays down a floor, or puts in window-frames. For there is little done. "In mystery the soul resides." The artist must be prepared to begin humbly with the matter which lies to hand: as Archimedes began with the physics observable in his bath, or Newton watching an apple fall, or Watts the spluttering of a tea-kettle. A good artist could begin by delineating the movements of the soul when

It loves
Is cruel,
Shy,
Joyous,
Courageous,

Exalted,
Angry,
Lustful,
Repelled,
Hopeful,
Fearful,
Depressed,
Jealous,
and when it sleeps.

He might go further and make clear what is meant to the soul by those things which we call Beauty, Inspiration, Friendship, Intellect, Sex, God, Good and Evil.

The only one of the above to which continuous and serious attention has been given is love; yet the knowledge which such attention has made available amounts to nothing. Love still means a sentimentalism, or a bestiality, or a jest or any of the grades between. Yet love offers suggestions of phenomena so concrete that were they offered in respect of the existence of the aether they would be accepted readily as data awaiting co-ordination: the tenderness, the melting of barriers of exclusion, the sense of surrender made and surrendered permitted. The interpretation of spirit with spirit, are genuine phenomena and not verbalities. Similarly in the mishaps of love, in the severances that are unprepared-for, the loss appears actual; not a loss of interest, but a loss of soul substance, a definite and tangible mutilation as though a drop-trap had fallen and taken off a hand; with a like irreconcilableness against picking up one's life and abandoning the lost portions.

And there is the matter of intellect, so much debated, and likely to prove no matter at all, to be merged and explained in the bale of the emotions; likely to be proved that it is instinct, well served by senses; so well served that it is in the way to forget its origin and meaning; that the senses are attenuated feeling, filaments of the soul-stuff drawn fine, told off from the deeper-seated well of life to stand on sentinel duty at the periphery; their attention turned outward; placed mainly in the head because the head goes first, cautious, expending little emotion until sure of their surroundings; the intenser vitalised life of soul trailing behind; the senses occupied with the environment, their attention monopolised by that; the deeper reaches of emotion busy with the organising personality, kneading memory, the record of the buffeting of experience into the permanence of the individual ego. It has to be found what part the eye, the gateway of the exploring filament has played in bringing about the misunderstanding that intellect IS other than instinct; likely to be found that feeling is all in all, and knowledge but the co-ordination of feeling repeated in experience; that all the senses are senses of touch, i.e., contact-the impinging of organised life upon the things foreign to itself; the shiver of difference, and the shrinking where the "I" is touched by the "not I"-suggestions merely, indicative of the things which await the insight of the artists of the future. To delineate these things is the work of art. In music, painting and sculpture to project them afresh in analogues of sound, colour and contortion; in drama in their hurtling against each other; in these arts, presented; in poetry, the highest manifestation of self-consciousness*, represented in terms of self-recognised emotion. In poetry selfconsciousness culminates: in it alone emotion rounds on itself, articulate, and says "I know you." That is the broad difference between prose and poetry (not rhyme and poetry). A difference which we, unlike Mr. Pound, think it worthwhile inquiring into. The difference is one of brevity, completeness and finish simply because in poetry all the evidence of laboratory work is removed; the creaking of the thinking-machine is not there: it has done its work. Poetry is the expression of the soul-motion: perfect knowledge free both of redundancy and hesitancy: it is brief because it is reduced to the exact equivalent it has reached the completeness of knowledge when its dimensions can be expressed in a formula. It is the formula. Anything omitted would make it error; anything added would be confusion and irrelevance.

Prose is the proper place for the half-knowledge, the "I think." It is essentially "essay" work.

i.e., trial work. It is honest, it is indispensable, but it is preliminary. It is fuzzy with opinion and suggestion. It is "interesting," that is, it holds the attention as does any useful uncompleted process. It is ephemeral; it is the fore-runner. It makes straight the way for poetry, the formula which comprehends and supersedes it. That is why a genuine "poem" is beyond the reach of argument. It makes a statement that is to be taken or left. In making statements, the poet takes the very same risks as the scientist: he stands to be discredited. A veritable Day of Judgment looms ahead for the poets when vital delineation shall have made headway. In the meantime, it is for those who write prose, and make essays in honest fashion to encourage the abandoning of problems turning on matters which offer no data for observation; to break the spell of the occult by making plain the things which lie nearest us. The abstractions, the ultimates and absolutes; "Universal Correspondences," "Cosmic" forces and "Eternal Recurrence" we shall do well to leave to an age which can approach them as realities.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 10, Vol. 1, November 1st 1913.

by Dora Marsden

THE poor poor find themselves again in the limelight. There is poor Mr. Caudle in prison in Carlisle; poor Mr. Larkin in Dublin ditto; the poor Welsh miners buried alive in the earth; poor Mrs. Pankhurst with breaking voice held up on Ellis Island, suspected of moral turpitutes; poor Miss Jenny and Miss Pankhurst borne about on stretchers; there has been a veritable marshalling of the poor poor: Mr. Rufus Isaacs meanwhile mounting the legal throne-plainly the workings of poetic justice, a phrase which means that the amount of rope you hold depends on the amount of force with which you pull. The poor poor are a species to themselves, especially catered for by the Clergy. The mark of the species is the peculiar soft spot in the structure of the Brain which makes them understand "poetic justice" in the reverse sense, i.e., that one obtains more rope the more one slacks the grip. Of course matters do not fall out like that on this planet-a discrepancy between fact and creed which the species are empowered to overcome by a certain vehemence of language, especially in regard to the little word "must." Things are thus, but surely they "must" be the opposite. That "sturdy" friend of the poor, "The Daily Herald," brings out a new "must" every morning. "The kiddies must be fed," though the Dublin mothers of the bairns won't hear of it, swiftly despatching the kind ladies who had arrived to do the deed. "Carson must be imprisoned," "Caudle must be released," "Directors must be indicted," and "Larkin must go free." "Must" excellent vocable: varying so radically with the amount of ammunition it carries. "Mr. Asquith must learn," "Women must vote," "They must be free," "Forcible feeding must cease," "The cat and mouse act must go." Thus does the species imagine vain thing..

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Consider the miners. We must of necessity consider the miners. It is their offence, that inevitably they intrude. One is supposed to be grateful to them for the dangers they undergo to provide us with coal. We are not grateful. Why on earth a body of people should conceive it their "work" to toil ad moil underground to produce the rest of the people's coal is beyond our comprehension. It is not work which we would undertake: we see no reason why others should undertake the work for us. The fact of the matter is that they do not "undertake" the work either: they slither into it because someone offers them wages: because they need bread and clothes and shelter and are devoid of the initiative to find a decent manner how. Coal is not wanted: certainly it was not needed. Its advent has done all inordinate amount of harm and only made possible highly speculative good. Its filth and grime has been splotched from one end of the earth to the other--its progress has had squalor and misery as chosen attendants. Certainly the Benefits of coal do not even make a beginning towards

compensating one for the horror of having to know that one miner has been entombed. When one realises that a like horror befalls a heavy proportion of all the "workers" concerned in it, one is driven to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong with miners and all self-elected victims. The conviction grows as one reads that the disastrous effects of the tragedy are added to by the fact that, owing to fire, surviving miners are not allowed to work in the mines. It apparently never occurs to these survivors that they have put in their full quota in the coal-getting line. Presumably they are born coal-getters. If when two men are working at a seam, one is taken and the other is left, the anxiety of the left one is to return to the seam.

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The sentence passed upon Mr. Larkin is very much what could have been expected. If anything its length is surprising—is the way of "leniency," and as such is an expression of scarcely disguised contempt for Mr. Larkin's followers. It perhaps recognises that though he is a spirited "leader," he leads sheep, and that the fiercest invocation of the fiercest leader is powerless to turn them into anything other. Seven months therefore: it would have been seven years had the Dublinites shown restiveness.

There was perhaps a point overlooked in our last notes when we calculated the chances of the advent of an "adviser of the poor," who should be of the "rich" caste. It is a dangerous and well-nigh hopeless position, not because of the strength of the rich but because of the spirit of the poor. They so believe in themselves as the poor. It is their fundamental belief, and however much they may appear under the spur of momentary irritation, to give ear to the creed of the rich, they will invariably abandon its exponent to the fate which awaits him, first as a traitor to his own caste, and second as the confuser of the caste of the poor. That in effect is what is involved in allowing Mr. Larkin to submit himself for "trial" in the courts of law. The law is framed just to perpetuate the two castes. The agitator who is confusing the two brought before the law stands in the position of a soldier who has deserted to the other side, and has been recaptured and is being tried by court-martial. Those who essay to fill the role adopted by Mr. Larkin will find for a long time yet that the poor are as ardent in their belief in the "law" as are those who frame and administer it. They are as acquiescent as the high priests are eager that their "advisers" should be tried by Caiaphas. The conclusions are foregone: and it is to the credit of the Larkins that they are not deterred thereby. It may be that their unquenchable faith is due to the perception that the poor are as valiant in their advisers' defence as their strength of arm makes it judicious for them to be; and their strength of arm should have been the first concern of their advisors. If they failed to see to that in the first place it is inevitable that they should be involved in its effects in the long run.

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And the unending grind of courts has its effects, which by the likelihoods of sheer chance must on occasions achieve good satire. That Mr. Isaacs should be appointed Lord Chief Justice, and that "Justice" should decree that Mr. Caudle's place is in prison about one and the same moment effects a coincidence which belongs to the region of exceedingly good fun. There exists a kind of person who would argue the synchronising events referred to above in a spirit of seriousness. It is a pity, for while one can be certain that "Driver" Caudle, for instance, has everyone's sympathy (if that is any use to him), he cuts an exceedingly humorous figure, like the blindfolded person in blind man's bluff whom the children pluck by the sleeve and confuse, by pushing forward unfamiliar objects. The press has christened him "Driver" Caudle, and driving is his business. He must drive if he can, and he must drive if he can't. In sprite-like mood, "Justice" draws the admissions from him, admissions of what he acknowledges to be his responsibility. "Yessir, yessir, quite responsible," and when he has ingeniously bound himself round with his admissions, "Justice" leans forward and says, "Now you see, by your own admissions, you agree with me that you have failed to discharge all your responsibilities; that you are an unfortunate but reprehensible person, and your proper quarters are in jail?" "Yessir, yessir! Thank you, kind gentleman," and Driver Caudle

drives to prison in view of the obsequiousness of the "poor" before the law, it is refreshing to note the genial contempt for it of the politicians who make it. The gay, irreverent mockery involved in Mr. Isaacs' appointment is greatly to be commended. May all things goodly and human forbid that he should endeavour to give up to the traditions of his office. One is saddened by the mere suggestion that this sportive adventurer might find his facile powers overcome, for instance, by the awe and reverence of the poor for his station; or that he might bring himself to believe he is a "symbol," and like another Alexander, assuming the God affect to hold. No, rather would we hear of him as an innovator, a bringer of new things, relieving perchance the tedium of his office by playing pitch and toss with a juryman, or with the poor wretch upon whom he must perforce pass sentence when eloquence shall have run its course.

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We are encouraged by our recent success in persuading Mrs. Pankhurst to abandon her public death, to make further effort, to induce her to abandon the "dead body" which apparently travels with her in company with her dressing-case. It is evidently some alien mummified corpse which the lady cherishes. It has been brought with skilful effect into the argument for more than two years now, and presumably it is doing business as briskly as ever. We know without awaiting confirmation when we read that her kindly disposed American audiences were washed in tears that the valise once more has been unstrapped and- can we say it?-dusted and exhibited. Could not Mrs. Pankhurst, after conducting "It" through a successful tour in America, be persuaded to consign it to the companionship of that other symbol which did valiant service in that other "fight for freedom"-the teachest in Boston Harbour. For, although we look forward to Mrs. Pankhurst's return, hoping that the minions of the law will leave her unmolested, we feel our cordiality withering somewhat at thought of the return of the valise.

Arising out of causes into which it would perhaps be indelicate to inquire, we realise that parental - authority exercises itself with slackened bands. If however, any virtue should still reside in it, we would supplicate that Mrs. PanlZhurst exercise it on Sylvia, and in the measure of a friend upon Miss Annie Kenney. It is the stretcher! On the principle perhaps that if the leader has the valise, the leaderettes may have the stretcher. "If one can't be dead, be half dead," as it were.

Here is an ungarbled quotation from the "Daily Herald":-

"Amid scenes of enthusiasm Miss Annie Kenney was carried into the W.S.P.U. meeting at the Knightsbridge Hall yesterday. Miss Kenney, who completed a long hunger strike a week ago, arrived in a horsedrawn ambulance, preceded by about half a-dozen taxis containing supporters. The famous militant, who was looking extremely ill and haggard, was borne into the hall on a stretcher. Cries of "Bravo" were raised by the women, and loud cheers were given. The stretcher containing Miss Kenney was placed across two chairs on the platform. She lay almost motionless, and whispered only a few words to her friends."

And another from the "Daily News and Leader":-

"Whilst lying on a stretcher, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst addressed a large Suffragette gathering at the Bow Baths last night. As she was being placed on the platform and made comfortable by a nurse and doctor, the people stood up and saluted, and a Little girl presented her with a bunch of flowers. *She spoke for ten minutes.*"

It is useless to discuss a matter of taste. One is prepared to acknowledge it is conceivable that one who is cause-ridden will hawk exhibitions of suffering before a public. It must be added, however, that the kind of public which will pay to witness such, is one with which

association is dearly purchased no matter at what price. The modern diminution of business executed publicly at the block and the scaffold has turned adrift a type of appetite which is now apparently bent on moulding the militant suffrage movement to meet its own starved needs.

BEAUTY AND THE SENSES.

The New Freewoman: No. 11, Vol. 1, November 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

A CRITICISM of an editorial article under the heading of "Beauty and the Human Form," which appeared in the October 15th issue of THE NEW FREEWOMAN, challenges decisions on a number of aesthetic problems which we ourselves were sufficiently cautious (save in one particular) not to raise.

Our relatively modest concern was to establish the point that the inquiry into the beautiful had to do with an inquiry into a definite class of sensations, and not into abstract notions and associated ideas; and that that part of the "beautiful" which was not a sensation was an affectation, or misnomer. A few additional observations may have been dragged in out of unbridled interest in the subject, but we do not gather upon what part of our remarks the writer would place responsibility for the opinion that "repose" or "calm" was a necessary ingredient and provoking cause of the sensation. We will not, however, take up space in debating the point; we are sufficiently interested to use the criticism as a peg for further inquiry from which our correspondent will gather our meaning and learn whether, with greater explicitness, it can make terms with his objections; for in any judgment passed on the nature of sensation, direct appeal must be made to experience, and though even a widely different experience of another would not cancel our own, it might quite possibly cancel the claims of an attempted explanation. It would be a scheme much to our liking, some time in the future, to issue a supplement containing the observations of observers whose experience is sufficiently defined to bear recounting. In any case the experiment should prove valuable. Should the versions prove too disparate to allow of any sort of coordination, any general basis of agreement, it would at least show that the hypotheses were worthless; show the necessity of overhauling the terms supposedly covering elementary data; of observing the phenomena afresh from the beginning, having banished all preconceived notions; whereas on the other hand should there issue a promise of agreement, of arriving at the general character and function of the experience, a work of incalculable value would have been set on foot.

That however remains a proposal for the future. What we propose here is to advance an hypothesis: not an idea, nothing to do with the "essence" of the experience; merely a suggested explanation of the way in which its elementary characteristics are achieved; quite likely perhaps to prove wrong as right, but containing a few "pegs" of fact which, if not accommodated by this explanation will require to be accommodated in some other which later may be found. To formulate hypotheses, based on careful observation, and advance them for criticism without prejudices in favour of their ultimate accuracy, appears the chief means of bringing a little light into the consideration of vital phenomena. Indeed, unless philosophers (pretentious title) are prepared to be proved in the wrong as well as in the right, to test their "guesses" in the open, vital truth will never progress beyond the closed systems of the individual cult makers. As long as philosophers continue to be so destitute of emotional integrity as to be willing to set up a "system" on the limping leg of any unverified hypothesis; to make a cult of some windy idea, with creed ritual disciples and perpetuators all exclusive and complete, so long will culture, i.e., life-knowledge, remain the tenebrous thing it is.

Before we can continue the inquiry with any profit it will be necessary to define three terms, the undefined use of which seems calculated to render the entire discussion nugatory; the terms body, soul, and sense. The critic to whom we have already referred complains that we "banish" the body, and asks if Blake were not wiser in maintaining that "a man has no body distinct from his soul; for that called body is a portion of the Soul." Whether we allow that Blake was wiser or no; whether we allow that his statement is or is not even roughly accurate, we do not alter the fact that if the body be a "portion" of the soul it is one of which

the soul becomes extraordinarily negligent. Every man has a time in his life when he very drastically cuts his connection with this "portion" which he leaves lying like derelict property, abandoned luggage, for any to dispose of. This neglect involves a misprisal of the body which common sense is not slow to take note of. It recognises that one day the "Man" will repair to haunts upon an invitation which does not include the "body," and that this will, without ceremony, be left like a cast-off garment. We would rather say that the "body" was a screen of dead matter specially acted upon by a unit of living energy to serve as a buffer and a neutral zone between the latter and the world (i.e., all things not itself) outside. Dead matter does not become living matter when it is "used" by organised emotion. It is merely transmuted to make it more apt to the using. "Living matter" is "dead matter" interpenetrated with organised emotion. A dead body is no more "dead" than a living body. The difference between the two is that the one is being used and preserved in a certain semblance suggesting organisation while the other is not. Dead, the organised life which encouraged the illusion that the body too was organised is gone and has left no address. The remnant left behind at death is all that there existed of "body" in life. Aggressively common-place remarks which curates and other simple souls repeat every day, and neither Blake nor any other could say a word in contradiction. So much for the "body"- dead matter even in life, from our point of view.

The senses, in our way of using the term, are the thin streams of soul which filter through the screen of matter outward towards the external surface. They are the fringe of soul where feeling, i.e., life, runs thinnest, slender feelers, some too fine to feel more than the dimmest awareness of the shiver of contact; and some broader and stronger. The effect, if not the purpose, of this difference in density and intensity which is indicated in the use of the two terms "soul" and "sense" is to enable a life-unit to ingratiate itself into the phenomenal world with a minimum implication of emotion in experience. The organisation of the senses represents caution embodied in the structure of life.

The senses have a two-fold action: explorative outward into phenomena; inhibitory inward, checking off the main reservoirs of the emotional depths, all save the thin streams of feeling which connect them. Scouts outwardly they are sentinels inward.

The soul is the general name we would employ to indicate the deeper reaches of the emotional organism. It is the denser organised complex of all the feelings which the ego-soul and sense combined-has experienced. It is the full tide of emotion which beats upon the barrier of sense, and surges towards a fuller outlet and stronger experience.

These definitions made, we may proceed to the inquiry into the sensation of the "beautiful": of which inquiry we may distinguish three main aspects; the quality of the sensation itself; the existence of the capacity to experience the sensation; and the special nature (if any) of the external agents capable of producing it. The grievance which most of us have against our sensations is that they are too short to allow emotion to turn round in them. Feeling is but rarely able to sense the quality of itself in the moment of experience. Consequently we are thrown back upon the secondhand knowledge of memory for confirmation; and memory is faulty because sensation, in addition to being brief, is feeble. This briefness of realisation is the most baffling thing in life: it is that which lies at the root of all excesses and all attempted voluptuousness; the excess is the outcome of a series of efforts to appease to a fuller satisfaction sensation tantalizingly incomplete. Repetition attempts to do what only duration could achieve; its effect is to make even repetition impossible. The sensation of the beautiful is the one case where realisation is longdrawn out. It is voluptuousness in excelsis, unfretted by repetitions because satisfying in a single time-length. It is pleasure caught on the wing: brought to a pause to be enjoyed. It is a moment in which realisation is fixed; then grows; sublimates; then fades, and the flux of normal being moves on. But the momentary stay in the flux has been enough to enable one to feel life living, and to hear its unborn sound.

The explanation of what has happened appears to us to lie in the dual function of the sense-filaments and in the waiting energies of a soul developed to a fulness when increased

play of its powers becomes a fierce necessity. The sensation of the beautiful is the successful overleaping of barriers of limitation laid on the soul by the inhibitory function of the sense. What appears to happen at any rate in regard to visual beauty, is the confusion of the sense under a species of hypnotic influence which the illusion of beauty exercises. The sense-filament, perhaps by an instinctive feeling of wellbeing- often mistaken as the syren fables go to show- is put off its sentinel guard; filched of its excluding characteristic, its inhibitory side rendered inoperative. As the common speech puts it, the senses are "spell bound" and the avenues of feeling are open for a fuller stream of emotion to pour through and eat into the experience. So we get the two elements of absolute beauty: the fascination and overpowering of the sense and the joy of exercising imprisoned emotion. By the mesmeric action of certain phenomena, the thin sense-filament, head, as it were, of the emotional procession, is placed under arrest while the rest of the "trail" grows into the moment. Hence a seeming halting-place in life which never halts, a realisation of the soul-life without sensing the jag of the sense-bridle.

The sense of unity which is part and parcel with the sensation of the beautiful is very easy to place. It is due to the calling into evidence of a part of the emotional life which is organised into an entity. Not in the sensation of beauty only but in that of love and any profoundly moving emotion, the same depths are stirred: but with these latter there is a violence of agitation which tends to blur the effects which is absent in beauty. It is a matter to which we shall refer later in discussing the suitability of applying to living forms the appellation of "beautiful." It is enough here to point out that the "beautiful" in "nature" steals on us unawares: we are caught up in the fascination before we have had the opportunity of expecting it. We are under the spell before we are aware, living into the moment with a desire which is of ourselves and for ourselves as much as is that which makes us eat food.

Before passing to the difficult question as to what agencies produce the beautiful (difficult because of the limitations of individual experience) it would be well to remove from the discussion yet one other source of confusion, to wit, the confusion between beauty and art. Beauty is a sense: the latest arrival among the senses: rather the latest development of power in senses already existent, and for the artist, like every other sense, it has evidence to give, for which the artist creates the forms of expression. To alter the phrase, it creates and holds up a lit torch while the seeker casts about. So in their degree do all the senses: but beauty in a higher degree because its light is brighter and less fitful. Beyond this, art has no concern with beauty. The business of art is to tell as much of the truth as it knows about life. Its marks are skill, power, insight, accuracy. It has nothing to do with prettiness, effectiveness, the "moonlight and pointlace" pieces. Art is that rarest thing in the world: the steady dogged speaking of the truth concerning oneself.

(To be Continued .)

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 11, Vol. 1, November 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

IT was Oscar Wilde who illuminated the arid regions of causes and propaganda with the observation that great movements came to an end with the birth of their founder. The remark came involuntarily to mind as we endeavoured to find the real basis of criticisms passed on THE NEW FREEWOMAN by a number of American friends who were strong enthusiasts of its predecessor. Elsewhere, in this issue, there appears a complaint from Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, who is also an American, against the alternate pelting and scolding of "Americans" of which he thinks we have been guilty. In reply we make these notes on "Americans and Movements." First, let us tell of our contrition for speaking of "Americans" at all, implying that we mean a "people in the bulk," or a "national type," or some other equivalent spook,

when all that our experience enables us to speak of is a limited number of persons whose letters bear an American postmark. We might shrink the category of our reference still further, and say that we referred to a number of individuals living in America, some of whom liked the old FREEEWOMAN and some who were cottoning on to the New. We specially referred to the first, and it is in connection with these that we would explain to Mr. Tucker the reason for the mixed affection and rue in the references of which he complains. Let us explain. The "emotional push" which landed THE NEW FREEWOMAN on its feet came from a tiny group of American women. (Not the financial backing, we must say. The interest for that marvellous thought may seem, was forthcoming from English women, and within a week of the cessation of the earlier effort.) A mighty strong doubt as to whether there existed in what was called the "Woman Movement" anything of value sufficient to make an effort to give it expression worthwhile, hung on the energies of those responsible for it, and it was in this doubting frame of mind that the "American" enthusiasm had its effect: with the result that this new journal came into being earlier than it otherwise would, and with the same differentiation as to gender in its title as the earlier paper. Let us be quite clear. We recognise that there are forces of understanding at work among men and women indiscriminately, of which the effects are to make more evident the relative standards of importance among things, and activities, and that for men as for women this increasingly clear consciousness is lending to the realisation that the personal value, the egoistic unit, is that which must be supreme. The individual soul's development is the supreme concern of its possessor. What helps to make this fact clearer is sympathetic to the trend towards consciousness: it is of it; what blurs it, even though the blurring is done in the "cause" of "assisting" it, is blind to it. The "Woman Movement" is engaged precisely in the blurring purpose. Before the "birth" of the "leaders," before the trumpets, banners and catchwords, a phenomenal advance was quietly being made: it was "actual" in individual women. Then arose "leaders" who reduced it to a "cause," a fixed idea, stationariness and consequent stagnation. The streams of living energy and understanding spreading in every direction, each the expression of the individual's instinctive development, they called "running to waste." They proposed at once to dam it up: make a cause of it: the individual must give her energy to the cause. Propaganda started to teach women what they owed to the "Cause": the "duty" of draining their stream of energy into the dam: to "concentrate" on the idea: to sink individual differences; to do just those things indeed which makes the intelligent stupid. The blight of the "leader" has brought the "movement" to a standstill. The "Women's Movement" is the "Women's Halt", with the failure to move forward, the energy that was in the impulse forward, makes them spin like spinning-tops about the pivot of the idea. That is why they are so crazed. It is the craziness of all cranks: the stationary idea'd. It is curious how the leaders have adopted terms of description in complete contradiction to their acts: "The Movement goes forward," "The Cause marches forward." It is an illusion they are required to foster to retain their followers, who must be made to feel that something is moving, even though they are stationary. It is as though the "leaders" should stand in the middle of a wide road and fix a ladder perpendicularly, and then inform passers-by that the only "right" way is up one side the ladder and down the other; and that this continued endlessly is "progress."

We must return to our disappointed American friends. The cause of their disappointment lies in their former mistaken belief that they had found another "leader," with an even more interestingly shaped "ladder" than many others. That would not be their way of putting it: they have more self respect and a stronger sense of humour than the female cross atlantic genuflectors; but it comes to the same thing. They imagined that THE NEW FREEWOMAN was to stand for something. Whereas it stands for nothing: it is the flexible frame waiting to be filled with the expression of the constantly shifting tale of the contributors' emotions. It has no "Cause." All that we require of it is that it remain flexible and appear with a different air each issue. Should an influence come in to make it rigid, as happens in all other papers, it would drop from our hands immediately.

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With an expression so mobile that what was said yesterday flows under the check of what we

feel today, it behooves us to pick phrases even gingerly. There is no urge so compelling towards consistency of expression as the refusal to recognise any claims to hold consistently to any past expression. It is the "protected" consistency which plays havoc with consistency. Hence the "quibbling with terms" and the absence of those old "clear notes, ringing like blows from Thor's hammer," which one of our "Americans," greatly faithful to THE NEW FREEWOMAN, in spite of its defects, so sadly misses. "Thor's Hammer" is a very satisfying weapon to use when one is whacking about among words, and ideas, and other bodiless things which don't matter; but it is better to regard it as a curio when dealing with living things: especially bare human emotions. The point of a fine pen is often too blunt for the purpose, we find. Nevertheless, we imagined that occasionally we succeeded in tolerable measure. For we love the clear light: and love not the mysterious; upon occasion we have given evidence of candour frank to the degree of primitive. Thus another American friend who sends the following comment will believe that we are not "post anything" by intention. The obscurity which she expresses shows how achievement falls short of that lucidity for which we have a passion. She writes: "Apparently my simple Middle Western intelligence is inadequate to grasp the import of a paper so post-everything as THE NEW FREEWOMAN. I have a dizzy sense of being at sea in a high gale with nothing but a cockle-shell between me and the briny deep. In reading it, I am oppressed with a truly awful conviction of crudity and ignorance; and I long unutterably for some tiny spot of the solid ground of knowledge and experience on which to stand while I size up the stuff. I want to keep on with it for no other reason than that I want to get over this hideous sense of intellectual insecurity."

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"A paper so post-everything as THE NEW FREEWOMAN" comes near enough to Mr. Tucker's phrase about our "wild onslaught on all ideas", "pure nonsense, unanswerable because intangible," to enable us to treat the two together. But first let us make a direct statement which we hope will remove some misapprehension on Mr. Tucker's part. Mr. Tucker is quite wrong in stating that in one issue we underrate Americans and in the next overrate them. We made an identical assessment on both occasions. In the first issue the argument turned upon the varying attitudes towards ideas of different national types-a none to happy setting for a quite excellent argument, since types are spookish, and comparisons of "nations" of men are more or less worthless. Still we made it, and this is the manner in which it ran: For the English, their ruling idea is coextensive with their person; built into their structure, and consequently undetachable and always dominant. A very sad case.

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The Americans are attacked by the rash less virulently; they manage to detach themselves from their ideas, so that occasionally they escape the influence of their shadow: catching a glimpse now and again of the world beyond; but their ideas are allowed to grow big: the principle of their expansion being similar to that of gases, inversely as the pressure, and Americans became very solemn and earnest in their service. This is a common characteristic of youth; it is the children who most fear the bogeys. The French also were able to detach themselves from their ideas which they produce in very maniable dimensions: and treat utterly sans ceremonie. Fourthly, as to our own position, it being the only perfect one, we doubtless considered it more delicate to allow it to be judged by inference: we have more overstated it sufficiently often on other occasions. However, we here restate it: the use of ideas should be strongly discouraged (except perhaps for mental gymnastics). In thinking, they have no true place. Their use corresponds to that of incantations in science. They are made up of misty thought-waste, confusions too entangled to be disentangled; bound together and made to look tidy by attaching an appellation-label, i.e., a sign. It is the tidiness of the sign which misleads. It is like a marmalade label carefully attached to an empty jar. Remove the label, and confusion vanishes: we see the empty jar, the bit of printed paper, and know there is no marmalade. And so with abstract terms and ideas. Consider liberty-we have already considered it. A name, and a confused description of certain activities and nothing more: no objective liberty. We have moreover distinguished between an idea on the one

hand and hypotheses and opinion on the other. We make the distinction again. An hypothesis is an attempted explanation of facts: in the very act of proffering itself it requests its own annihilation: by proof to wit; an hypothesis is the half-way house of the thinking-process, the ultimate destination of which is knowledge of the concrete. Opinion is hypothesis with a dash of prejudice thrown in: it is an hypothesis behaving like a tiresome child. But an idea! An idea is a privileged assertion. It is seated high on a pedestal above question and offering no explanation. The only concern is to learn the most fitting form of rendering such idols allegiance-justice, law, right, liberty, equality, and the rest; each matched with a spouse, its negative. It is part of our work to shatter the pedestals: since idols dwindle to nothing, as soon as they touch common earth. If the process gives a sense of intellectual insecurity it merely shows upon what illusions the seeming security was based.

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We frankly do not understand why Mr. Tucker, an egoist, and Stirner's English publisher, does not see the necessity of clearing current language of padding as a preliminary of egoistic investigation. It is a task which pioneers in a new branch of science are always faced with. Stirner himself worked like a navvy at the job. As for Proudhon, we are entirely beyond the reach of the verdicts of opinion among "those who know," and are not moved by the fact that Proudhon was at the "zenith of his power" when he wrote "*L'Idee generale de la revolution au XIXe siecle.*"

It should please Mr. Tucker, who has published most of Proudhon's works, to know that we have at least read that work from which he extracted the quotation in question, and that its quality appears to us to be exactly on a level with the workings of a private telephone, lucid and clear for respectable intervals, then a buzz which churns into one's head for quite long spells until one is tempted to put up the receiver-or close the book-when it breaks out again astonishingly clear. When he is looking at things as they exist he is a strong searchlight; when he is trying to woo his readers to his solutions, he uses methods of cajolery which are positively repellent, and make style a thing not to be mentioned. Consider for instance the entire preface "*A la bourgeoisie*": Mr. Lloyd George addressing a Baptist Conference would be capable of it: or Mr. Will Crooks working on the emotions of a gathering of the I.L.P. Compare Stirner on the same subject! Yet writing exactly in the middle of the last century when the theory of representative government was midway in its course, how completely he saw through and portrayed the whole sham, more clearly than almost any one in England today with the thing lying a hopeless wreck before our eyes. So, apparently, can even great spirits be seduced by the propaganda- fever under the influence of which they will lay about them with "Thor's hammer," even though they must cease to speak truthfully under the delirium.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 12, Vol. 1, December 1st 1913.

by Dora Marsden

"The conclusion reached by the trade union leaders today is that Larkin has now completely surrendered himself into the hands of the intellectuals of the 'Daily Herald.' 'Central News.'" As the "Herald," presumably, is not disposed to quarrel with the "leaders'" conclusion, and publishes the item without comment, we can accept it as correct, and congratulate ourselves. The "Herald" being the paper with a soul to save, it has been our self appointed task to address to it the chastening word which leads to salvation. If therefore the "Herald" carries Mr. Larkin in its pocket our words of admonition will reach him along the usual route. For the time has come to speak to Mr. Larkin words of admonition, having read his many speeches delivered in England since the time when the politicians came to the conclusion that released from gaol he would do no harm-not enough, at least, to counter balance the annoyance of an election lost on the count of sheer romantic sentiment. The determining character, to us, of Mr. Larkin's addresses is the fact that they, following in the tradition of the "Herald" rebels, successfully confuse two mutually negating gospels. In the pages of the "Herald" the confusion did little positive harm, though it foiled the efforts of the understanding to get forrader. On the lips of a born "orator" however the harm effected is likely to be considerable. What will be effected is this: the revolting energy which is rare enough to require husbanding will work itself into a blind alley, and be spent in driving at obstacles which are off the path of its true destination. The energy will be spent: nothing will be gained: spirits will tire: reaction set in: and there will be the same old verdict-another "abortive revolution." What is wrong is-confusion. Let the "Herald" clear out that. Is there no English element on the "Herald" strong enough to put the lasso round the neck of its imported and no doubt highly admirable enthusiasts-Larkin and Haywood-while it teaches them how to make haste slowly? that it has no taste for a revolution? that, if convictions be not strong enough for an insurrection, it would be far better to hand the situation over into the hands of certain hitherto despised gentry-the Macdonalds, Shackletons, Hendersons, Snowden's and what not?

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All the confusion of which Mr. Larkin's speeches are an embodiment is the inevitable result of a propaganda which attempts to commandeer the good will arising out of two tendencies now becoming more and more patently divergent, but both seeking to encompass a wider distribution of material benefit. It is the result of the "sinking of differences" school, whose graduates are the present-day rebels." It may be as well to define "a rebel." A rebel is a Londoner who is a personal acquaintance of one or all of the pamphleteers of the Fabian Society, who retains, doubtless, his membership of that society, what time he applauds at "Daily Herald" meetings with passionate gusto. He is a person who first makes sure the kingdom of respectability and then trusts that it is safe to add thereto the riskinesses of something called "freedom." Intellectually bond, he can afford to be emotionally free, that is, being in his deepest instincts a very limpet on the rock of conventionality and settled tradition, he can afford to be very free in the use of words-a good sort, but with brain asleep. Asked to give an account of himself, he would-the fun of the "freedom" business apart-speak in the terms of a state socialist. He is, in fact, a Webbite ashamed of the Webbs. We speak of the sort of "inner group of the rank and file" rebel such as we have known. We need not however keep to the rank and file: the crowd that claps and applauds. We might refer to the "Daily Herald" writers themselves, who are about equal to those of the "New Age," who of a certainty were never startlingly original; better-mannered because less ill natured and with honester mental complexions: greater chance therefore of them acknowledging their deficiencies and attempting to meet them: as they do in fact from issue to issue. It is, none the less, their lack of clarity which makes the muddle-headedness of their crowd of "rebel"

followers possible.

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One of the latest attempts of socialist thought has been to make out that the industrial question pivotted on the "wage system." The attempt however was cancelled out in absurdity when the empowering virtue of the theory was proclaimed to reside in a distinction between "wages" and "pay"-some great moral distinction. Well, to be sure, there is nothing more certain than that if the alteration of "wages" into "pay" would bring peace into the industrial world, the Murphys and Devonports would be pleased to make the change tomorrow. The thing is that "industrial unrest" is not in the main an affair turning about material necessities. If it were, state-socialism or guild-socialism could cure it. As it is, their attempted application rouses more temper than the goad of poverty itself, and it is precisely this temper-which vitalises the agitation. Persons speaking under the stress of it are eagerly listened to, even when what they say is nonsense. It is, for instance, temper which makes the appeal for information as to facts concerning "actual strikers' families" seem an impertinence. A Mr. McCurdy, M.P., writes to Mr. Larkin,

"Give us examples . . . showing their wages and work and their weekly budget. How do their wages compare with the cost of living in Dublin ? Tell us in pounds, shillings and pence what your Union has done to raise wages for the workers during its existence. Let us know something about the employers engaged in the dispute, give us the names of the firms, and tell us, if possible, what profits they make, and what dividends they distribute, and in each case the rate of wages paid. They (the public) must be taken into the homes of the workers and the counting-house of the employers, there to see the facts for themselves and to judge as between man and master the rights and wrongs of this terrible dispute."

If Mr. Larkin retorted as he felt it would probably be with a

"Go to! 'Rights and wrongs' between 'master and man' forsooth! Owner and owned! Take the public into your home! Tell them how your budget compares with the cost of living in London at the present time! You the judges? We are sole judges."

That is, we imagine, as he would like to retort, but it is scarcely how he can. The strikers have, in fact, put their case up for judgment in another court when they appealed to "public opinion." It is the socialistic appeal which is made to public opinion-the servile attitude, submissive, inferior, ready to be taught and willing to be judged. The appeal to public opinion is in itself a throwing up of hands, an expression of defeat, whereas, if they themselves did the bold deed successfully, they would by the very act have shut up the mouth of public opinion. If they supplied themselves: served their own necessities like masters, showed their might, very swiftly public opinion would concede their right. That is why this dispute should be settled in Dublin. The appeal in England for funds is a surrender. Mr. Larkin says he need not thank those who have supplied a little money: that so to do was their simple duty. It is nothing of the sort. The only duty which exists in this situation is the duty of each starving man to himself-to do himself well. How he is to do it is his problem: and Mr. Larkin's particularly. There is food in Dublin; though the strikers, one reads, would prefer to keep it out! A mightily daft notion surely. Do they not need it? This starving is a deadly absurdity. Until the Larkins can vouch for the existence of a conviction that it is the head and crown of sinning to starve during a strike, it would be well for them to use their influence to keep the men with their noses to the grindstone. The argument should run like this:-Granted it is an infernally bad thing to starve, are we strong enough to strike and not to be forced to starve-and without inviting those nosey, would-be judges, into our houses, comparing our budgets with the cost of living, pronouncing on the rights and wrongs of the case as between master and man?

Put like that, the question would automatically ground the combatants on to their true basis, that of trial by strength: not a sham fight, with an audience, and intolerable martyrdoms. As it is the "poor" are so misled by "sympathy" as actually to forget their role: that this quarrel is theirs and not another's. One might note, in illustration, Mr. William D. Haywood's retort anent a suggestion put forward by Mr. Bernard Shaw, that the people should arm themselves against the police. "Let Bernard Shaw do the shooting himself," said Mr. Haywood: an idiotic remark. It is not Mr. Shaw's quarrel, he merely gives his opinion for what it is worth. The present state of affairs appears to do very well indeed by Mr. Shaw. We forget the number of thousands per annum which Rumour says Mr. Shaw gets from his books: it is large enough to sound fabulous. Why should he fight policemen? They treat him with no end of respect. It is as great a mistake to assume too much goodwill as it is to rely on a vicarious responsibility. If goodwill is there it is there by grace and not of necessity. The poor are treading on honey-combed ground when they assume that successful writers will espouse their quarrel as their own. Things do so well by them as they are. The poor see to that. Writers-successful ones-have nothing whereat to grumble. They toil not, neither do they spin-aught save yarns and theories for their own amusement. Yet they know all will be well with them. "Scribble in peace, *the mugs* will provide." If there is a cream on the milk, the poor will leave it for them. If it is all skim, their jugs will be filled first; if the quantity is limited, what there is will be shared by them with the rich while the poor will pass a self-denying ordinance to leave what there is to their betters. Verily, verily, they tempt human nature. Why should Mr. Shaw do the shooting? We ask you, Mr. Haywood!

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This is the truth and those with lung enough should declare it: the only message to the poor is "It is your move, gentlemen: the play is waiting." The most that the "intellectual" or "aristocrat" can do is to look over their shoulder at the hand they hold and perhaps prompt the game. His friendly suggestions will be worth all the more if he has moved round the table and knows the hands of the opponents. It isn't the game to be sure: but it is war. But prompting or no prompting it is the poor who, at the finish, perforce must play the card.

As we pointed out above, the appeal to "public opinion" and for public support quenches the possibility of maintaining an egoistic temper- the gentlemanly temper in this dispute. "Public opinion" has nothing to say to "temper," except that it is a nuisance, a disturber of the peace which should swiftly be suppressed. Ordinarily temper has a contempt and disregard for public opinion: hence to come upon it, cap in hand, a suppliant, would be a unique opportunity for public opinion to get its own back. Hence, one must suppose, the explanation of Mr. Larkin's mixed gospel. Appealing to "public opinion," he must appeal on grounds which public opinion recognises: the "wrongness" of excessive poverty, excessive oppression by masters of men. Hence the piling up of the agony, the exhibition of wounds-possibly their exaggeration. One gives the rebel orators credit for only making such public exhibitions of the poor's weakness under compulsion of circumstance. Were it otherwise it would be exceedingly ominous. It is, in any case, detestable. Consider the incident about which the outcry has been made as to its accuracy: the strike girl, who for next to nothing was imprisoned in a reformatory, in which were "fallen" women. One is not worried as to whether or no it is true. What gives the nasty turn is the telling of it. Such things do not happen to people of quality, for the simple reason that they would promptly be avenged. Try to imagine Mr. Lloyd George working up his sloppiest audience with a similar legend about a female relation of "my friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Asquith." If, in the first place, it could within the limits of the possible he imagined true Mr. George would not mention it: it is a thing to be hushed up: and if he did his audience would not thank him-it would hiss him from the platform: nor would Mr. Asquith-the reflection upon his own capacity would be too great; nor could it happen-simply because Mr. Asquith is a person of power not to be harmed lightly. The credit that such a thing could not happen is to Mr. Asquith, and-and this is the point-the deep discredit of such a thing happening, as Mr. Larkin said happened, falls not so much on those who caused it, as on those who suffered it. Responsibility and pride are the first attributes of men of power destined to remain free men.

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The simple over-credulous faith of the the "poor" in the reality of a goodwill which they imagine exists to an extent which justifies them in an expectation that others in happier circumstances will of necessity espouse their quarrels as their own, finds its counterpart in their belief in the actuality of abstract qualities: in justice and right. They believe that they have been treated wrongly: therefore Right is on their side. ; that they have been treated unjustly: therefore Justice fights for them, and will one day appear in power to succour them and rehabilitate her slighted altars. If only they could obliterate their entire conception of justice, their "just" dues would in swift sequence be rapidly enhanced. If they could only realise that to be treated "justly" is to be treated in strict accordance with their respective powers, and that to be treated otherwise is mercy, pity, personal affection, or the fastidious restraint exercised because dealing with a recognised inferior! The "poor" have been treated as they could be: therefore justly, and there exists no "Justice" over and above to whom they can make appeal to readjust the reckoning. To think there is, is an added disability: to know there is not, puts the emphasis where it should be: on one's relative possession of power-power to live and get. Someone said-a voice from the "Herald" probably- "All that the Dublin strikers want is a little freedom . . . and the right to"--this or that, combine perhaps. If that is all the Dublin striker thinks he wants he would do better to get back to his job. One hoped he was after something more easily convertible into use: some property of his own to use, abuse, and defend. Not stuff like freedom and right. These follow on power and property as the thunder-clap follows the lightning.

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It is indeed time that the ambitions of the labouring world were lifted out of the ranks of a "Cause," into that of clear definition of specific ends. There has been more than enough of "Causes which go marching on" leaving the hapless Causite as thin and unbegirt with possessions as before. If it is higher wages they want, or "pay" if it pleases them so to call it, with security of tenure, favourableness of conditions and so on, let them state it plainly to themselves. Let them accept themselves frankly in roles where they are the "men" and where others are the masters. (Whether these latter are private capitalists, or state officials, or guild servants does not matter: it all works out to the same in the end: they are the masters). Once they have decided on what they want, they will get it. There will be divergence of method, political, syndicalist and other, of which the relative merits will be revealed in the working; experience will prove them, and there need be but little bitterness among the workers themselves in the process. There are men who more or less honestly-once the personal equation has been allowed for in most cases-hold varying opinions as to the comparative length of the different routes which lead to the same destination; to wit, happy and comfortable "men" employed by reasonable and humane "masters." The bitterness arises out of the resentment of those who resent being the employed servants of masters, no matter on what terms or under the guise of any euphemism whatsoever. It arises out of the resentment of the egoists who feel that whatever their relative personal worth may be it is too high to allow of their remaining servants of any "masters" whatsoever, and feeling thus they try to insinuate the entire "distress movement" on to the same level. A little frankness from the would-be freemen's standpoint would in our opinion do everything that is required for the removal of the bitterness of misunderstanding. The socialists are able and ready to state their case: the Webbs have really done their work very well. The labour "leaders" and reformers need only repeat their lesson as taught them.

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It is worth while, from time to time, to examine the mood of irritation which ordinarily is sufficient to banish below the horizon of the mind consideration of persons such as Mr. Philip Snowden, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and other "leaders" who give themselves voice in that treacherous sounding sheet the "Daily Citizen." Ordinarily, one thinks of them as dead dogs with an ill odour-and dismisses them. When faced however with a personality like that

of Mr. Larkin, they come to mind again. It dawns upon one with something of the freshness of revelation that they are too simple for treachery. They do not understand the content of the temper they are offending: therefore they do not understand their offence. It is when the "Rebels" state the case, and one sees how even they slur over the main issue with rhetoric, that one realises that a temper so dimly understood as to be only half-articulate on the lips of its advance guard is probably wholly uncomprehended by the main body. Relieved of the excitement of suspecting "treachery" one becomes easily capable of commanding the patience which can hear their case through, the case for the well-stabled, well-fed, domesticated animal, i.e., the working man. And having heard it through, one arrives at the conclusion that if the working man does not object to it there exist no grounds for objection. If the wild, untameable spirit is not there-talking will not put it there. The very uttermost limit to which suggestion can go is that it may unaware be lying there, buried, stuffed-up with the stagnations of long disuse. That is the possibility which orators, and far better because far more responsible, journalists can make trial of. But to attempt to force self-ownership and the self responsibility which is part and parcel of it-upon men whose timid hearts are crying for a master and safety, is to build for disaster. It cannot be accomplished. Inevitably, the spirits of the unwillingly free will sag downwards to their true level-to shelter and protection, and it is the instinctive desire to slur over the knowledge of this fact which impels the exponents of insurrection to use contradictions at their need, the argument of the well-managed domesticated animal and that of the free self empowering man. It is a mistake: frankness is better. Numbers are nothing, and the sooner the differentiation is made the better. "Public opinion" will be with the one, but genius, every embodiment of the human spirit raised to the level of self consciousness will automatically trend to the other.

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The hatred of a "master," the desire for the self determining of one's own activity, is the first thing of which a man becomes acutely aware once the separateness of his personality is clearly reflected in his consciousness. It reveals itself in restiveness under the badge of servitude even when easy. It will willingly exchange ease for strain; it appears indeed to bring its own "keep" with it, in a tightening of the spiritual fibre which braces it to meet the responsibility it entails. How much there may be of it in the labour revolt no one has yet dared to put to the test: but it is certain that it is its wild lure which can shed a magic even over the deadly sordidness of a strike-area, which all the well-laid schemes for housing and feeding the domesticated beast of burden will never give a hint of. And it is true that to assist this spirit to breathe forth is as though one should create life in a man. To accomplish it is the one thing worthwhile, worth chiselling one's words and distilling one's soul for. To enervate an arm, to slip scales from eyes, to pour out the acid which dissolves stupidity and lets life flow freer, that is worthwhile and trouble.

How much of this quickened new life there is behind the poor man's rebellion one does not know; but one does know that there is in the sheer revulsion from discomfort enough rage, vehemence and misery to lay the situation open to the operation of the most confused of impulses. The work of incalculable value which may possibly be done by clear brains and precise tongues is to turn a revolution into an insurrection--to turn a mob led hither and thither by the noise and confused emotion of rhetoricians, into the self-conscious individualised rising in strength of men who mean to be free and who realise what it is which will empower them, and what is only a false light. One might suggest that to every orator there should be chained a humorist, who should speak in immediate succession: a commentary on his partner's rhetoric. Huge "rallies" should be treated flippantly: as representing "the courage of a crowd"- the stuff they make revolutions of: of no use to persons who have more serious business. In a revolution, leaders exploit some pre-existing misery, or mere malaise, or some confused enthusiasm. They intoxicate "followers" to the end that the recalcitrant energy of revolt be invested in some "Cause"- any old tag ending in "ity" or "dom" will serve- of which "Cause" the "leader" then becomes a symbol. Did Mr. Larkin tell his Manchester audience that he was a symbol ? Watch your captive, Oh

"Herald"! the "Cause" and the "Symbol" together mount up in authority-two more masters for the much-mastered followers. Then something more or less sanguinary happens, after which the old authoritarian furniture is readjusted and re-upholstered; then the impulse tires and behold "Reaction," they will say. Reaction indeed as much as the "movement" was progress-so much and no more. The "followers" have become bored, or they are dead and their children are not amused any more with that game. The old old swing between enthusiasm for words and boredom with words-revolution.

An insurrection is a different matter. In it, each individual man is the chief actor in the drama. What he wants is the goal to which the whole "movement" moves. The movement, in fact, to him represents nothing more than a chance alliance with men whose own aims are sufficiently similar to his own to make them profitable companions. An insurrection is a demand for definite things for the individual man: who himself is competent to judge whether these are conceded or no. In an insurrection a man thrusts out his own arm to empower himself. He is himself the creator, the executor, and judge of the action. The motive for acting comes out of himself and his needs: the results of his action accrue to himself. One well might hope, if faintly, that history has already recorded the last of the revolutions and that the great insurrection is now dawning-the influx of life.

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We must now be placed among the true prophets. Our surmise that the British aristocrats could not to a man be pulpy from fatty degeneration: that there must be one here and there with enough fastidious sensitiveness to be moved by the helplessness of the poor not merely to exploit it, but to detest it to the degree of trying to remove it, has proved true. If there is Sir Edward Carson in Belfast, there is Captain White in Dublin and Sir Francis Vane in Mike End. These latters' efforts may appear infinitesimally small: but once they are understood, their influence on temper will be infinitely great. What profit can a labouring man feel in voicing any desire to be his own master when he sees himself as the unarmed unit at the apex of a triangle which broadens out to its base in serried rows of armed men, each with his rifle, bludgeon and lash raised threateningly at him ? As the mildest-mannered policeman would tell him, to do so would be "asking for it." That an unarmed populace under a government possessing an armed force is in a condition of slavery, is a fact which shouts. To be free is to have the power to treat on equal terms. The citizen army is the first step in the direction of making these equal. A people will be in the position to say whether they want to be free, when every able-bodied man and woman has been enrolled.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The New Freewoman: No. 13, Vol. 1, December 15th 1913.

by Dora Marsden

It is proposed that with our issue of January 1st, 1914, the title of THE NEW FREEWOMAN be changed to THE EGOIST.

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Although THE NEW FREEWOMAN has been in existence only six months, it has become clear that its present title can be regarded only as a serious handicap. It contrives to suggest what the paper is not, and fails to give any indication whatsoever as to what it is. The implications following upon this suggested false identity are so clearly indicated in a letter addressed to us by a group of contributors, to whose generous support the paper has owed much from its start, that we may allow it to state this aspect of the case, and in publishing the letter we take the opportunity of acknowledging the courtesy of its authors. It runs:

" We, the undersigned men of letters who are grateful to you for establishing an organ in which men and women of intelligence can express themselves without regard to the public, venture to suggest to you that the present title of the paper causes it to be confounded with organs devoted solely to the advocacy of an unimportant reform in an obsolete political institution."

" We therefore ask with great respect that you should consider the advisability of adopting another title which will mark the character of your paper as an organ of individualists of both sexes, and of the individualist principle in every department of life."

The letter bears the signature of regular contributors to the paper-Alen Upward, Ezra Pound, Huntly Carter, Reginald W. Kauffmann, Richard Adlington. Our own dissatisfaction with the title is due to the fact that it fails to suggest itself for what it is.

The critic who accuses us of selling "Aeonian harps under the name of tin whistles" indicates the positive element from which the paper suffers.

We offer a commodity for sale under a description which is not only calculated to attract a section of the public for which in itself it can have no attraction, but which would be an active deterrent to those who should compose its natural audience. At the time the title was assumed there existed considerations strong enough to lead us to its adoption; these now no longer exist and we therefore propose that the change be made.

In adopting the neutral title THE EGOIST and thereby obliterating the "woman" character from the journal, we do not feel that we are abandoning anything there would be wisdom in retaining. The emphasis laid on women-and their ways and works was, as was pointed out in the early days of the first FREEWOMAN, more in the nature of retort than of argument. "Feminism" was the natural reply to "Hominism," and the intent of both these was more to tighten the strings of the controversy than to reveal anything vital in the minds of the controversialists. What women could, should, might, would do if they were allowed was the retort to those who said that such things they could, should, might, would not do and therefore should not be allowed. The feminist argument was an overture many times repeated to a composition voicing the great works of women. The controversialists are now tired, and the spectators can reasonably expect to have something of the main composition. What women-awakened, emancipated, roused, and whatnot-what they can do, it is open for them to demand judgment as unbiased as ever- it is likely to be, is ready to abide by the evidence of their work's quality.

The time has arrived when mentally honest women feel that they have no use for the springing board of large promises of powers redeemable in a distant future. Just as they feel they can be as "free" now as they have the power to be, they know that their works can give evidence now of whatever quality they are capable of giving to them. To attempt to be "freer" than their own power warrants means -that curious thing—"protected freedom," and their ability, allowed credit because it is women's, is a "protected" ability. "Freedom" and ability "recognised" by permission, are privileges which they find can serve no useful purpose.

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The moment when we propose attaching to ourselves a new label seems the right one to answer an objection raised by a contributor, Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, in the present issue, against a former statement that we "stand for nothing." THE EGOIST (we suppose he will say) at least will stand for egoism.

The irony of "standing for" a thing lies in the fact that the first return the thing stood for makes is to bring its advocates kneeling before it. A man will lie down prone before the thing he "stands for" and serve it, and the one assertion of egoism is, to our minds, that a man shall make it his concern with things to force them to minister to him. Standing for anything whatsoever means setting that thing on a pedestal, demanding that all around it shall pay it tribute. "Let Justice be, though the heavens fall": if for Justice we read, all or any of the things which have been "stood for" in human history-and their number is legion-we assemble the hosts of tyrants to which men have presented their souls to be scourged since the world began. From among these tyrants there is nothing to choose. They apply the scourge with equal zest. Liberty is as tender as Moloch, Justice is as white-handed as them all. The egoist stands for nothing: his affair is to see to it that he shall not be compelled to kneel; and provided that he remains standing, all that he needs of those things, before which men have bowed down because they first consented to "stand for" them, shall be his for the getting. Mr. Tucker rakes up our past propositions against us: it is a kindly service as it enables us to strain them a little clearer. "We stand for the empowering of individuals" we have said. Our usual modesty, we fear! We hope that we may empower individuals: we think we shall. We know we do empower ourselves, our contributors, and those who find pleasure in reading us: three admirable achievements of which the most admirable is the first. But ourselves apart we do not "stand for" the empowering of any. We are not, for instance, deterred by the knowledge that the effect of much in THE NEW FREEWOMAN upon some of its earlier supporters has been as disconcerting as a blow struck upon the face of a child. We go forward, following our own lead, and allow those whom it hurts to fall back. We are not dedicated to their service or to their empowering. Only in so far as their condition becomes part of the landscape over which our understanding must travel does it become vitally our concern. With the pictures and paper on our walls we are concerned because our eyes daily feed on them. But to wall papers- and pictures which do not come within the stretch- of our experience, we are dead. And so with people in general, and readers of this journal in particular. Primarily the paper is not written for them, it is written to please ourselves. If, while making things clear to ourselves, we make difficulties for our readers, we have done nothing alien to that which we set out to do. If however our readers apprise us of the difficulty we make, and we are sufficiently sensitive to be rendered uneasy thereat, the resolving of the difficulties becomes part of what is required for our own satisfaction. If in carrying through our work in this spirit one cares to believe that we "stand for" anything beyond the satisfying of ourselves, they are welcome to remain in their belief. We prefer to say we "stand" for nothing since the "selves," to whose power and satisfaction this effort administers, are too changeful for anything which "stands" to keep up with; their satisfactions must move forward. Accordingly we feel no fear of being the "dumping-ground for miscellaneous wits," since we have more respect for wits than for their creeds or works. Any work therefore bearing the marks of first-hand vision, and the ring of honest and economised expression will, if it interests us (it is necessary always to allow for a wide streak of personal preference) have a chance of finding its way herein.

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The endeavour to keep an enterprise fixed firm by attaching it to a stationary idea, the disproportionate amount of respect which is paid to a man's opinions compared with that paid to the man himself, and the deep seated uneasiness felt in regard to a person who asserts that to allow himself to change is the first step towards allowing his powers the opportunity of being themselves, are merely aspects of the distrust and fear of self which is the most articulate though not the most powerful impulse in the human world. A man who subscribes to a fixed idea is a "safe" man. The "idea" can be relied upon to keep him anchored. But one who trusts to himself is an incalculable, unreliable unit which no safe and respectable body of opinion would tolerate.

It would appear that the small frail glow of sensitiveness which is a man, hung isolated in an inanimate world, split its experience into two parts: the pleasurable which it believed itself to have come by through the benevolent kindness of a remote Patron: the Lord or any other sufficiently remote; and the painful whose origin it ascribed to itself. Hence the fear of the power of the self. The self pays the price; the self is the culprit; therefore the self must be put into bondage, restricted in its power to do mischief. The states, the churches, laws, moral codes, duties, conventions, public opinion are the variant forms which the efforts to put the self under restraint have taken. The dividing up of experience into parts with the responsibility for the least desirable falling to the self has enabled the ingenuity of men's fears to work out a neat little comedy, the naive plot of which appears and reappears in the religions of the world. The articulate part of the self takes sides with the Saving Grace against the self as a whole. The articulate part, when uttering its counsels of perfection proposes the overcoming of the self: its sacrifice and abandonment, in favour of the higher power. Hence down to the actual moment, self sacrifice retains the high tone, the elegance and unction, no matter how the blind inarticulate instincts of men have brushed its precepts aside. The only change in the setting of the comedy has been in the name of the "Person" in whom the Saving Grace is supposed to reside. The role of the Self has remained constant as the scallawag. In these latter fraternal and democratic days it is the "Person" of the "All" which supplies for it the efficient sacrificing motive. Humanity, the sacred "Unity of the All," has in some mysterious fashion acquired a worth which the reputation of its compounding units does nothing at all to explain. Worthless, meet only to be "overcome" individually, unhouseled and graceless, taken en bloc they acquire worth in the mere act of aggregation. Addition is the saving grace, division is the sin. Let men cluster together therefore and compound the Holy Unity: as they do, hence Democracy, the Brotherhood of Man, the cult of Humanity and The Race-all holy entities requiring capital initial letters!

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If we could get into the habit of describing a man as he feels himself instead of in the terms of the physical image under which he presents himself to sight, we should break through this deadening concept of unity. If we described him-as an artist would- that is, as he feels himself, we should say an intense flaming heart of sensitiveness in a sheath of material substance, in and out of which it can send piercing fingers, keen tongues of itself as foragers into an external world. We should say that a man was confined with his bodily sheath no more than the rays of an arc lamp are confined by the transparent globe; that unlike the rays of a lamp which, once shed, dissipate with degenerating potency, the rays of sensitive life return to their source with increased power; we should say that this is the inner meaning of "building up" an organism: that it is the withdrawal of the living threads, heavy with gathered impressions, back within itself that distinguishes life from energy: distinguishes that which is being built up into the egoistic unit from that which is turning down towards disintegration; that experience is the food of life: that the senses of sight, sound, and scent, sympathy and understanding, and a vague growing awareness too immature to be given a name, stretching out into the world pass outside the limits of the body to ransack the universe-for experience. With a million tentacles they invade the world of appearance; pierce, scour, scan, scoop up as with a mighty arm the panorama of the world: but they

return an army laden with spoil always to their own. They have lost nothing of their individualised uniqueness in their excursions. They have scooped impressions from that with which they have had contact- all they were capable of assimilating: but they have in no way merged their identity in what they have fed on: rather they have intensified it: made the distinctness from all that was not of itself more definite. Nor does experience-which is awareness-absorb or diminish the thing it grows on. Each retains its integrity. Contrary to the testimony of the hymn which tells us "We are not divided, all one body, we, One in hope and doctrine, one in charitee," we are divided, and division grows increasingly as our growth. Because an individual is not confined within the cover of his skin, he is not therefore limitless; because he can make excursions beyond the limits of his body he is not therefore merged in the "All" and the "All" in him; because the self gleans among that which is not itself it does not thereby become part and parcel with it-democratic opinion and the devastating blight of an Oriental philosophy, now everywhere spreading, notwithstanding.

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NOTE-Owing to the exceptional circumstances under which the present issue has been made up, the Editor was compelled to make a forecast as to the amount of space which would be required for the above comments. The forecast was inadequate for the length to which the actual article ran out and the Sub-Editor was compelled to cut off several paragraphs. Apologies are therefore offered to Mr. Tucker and Mr. Byington to whose article and letters respectively are appended notes in which references are made to the amputated sections. The paragraphs containing the replies referred to will appear in the next issue.