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"Life that vibrates in every breathing form,
"Truth that looks out over the window sill,
"And Love that is calling us home out of the storm."

—Gore-Booth, "The Shepherd of Eternity."

ONE-HUNDRED-AND-ONE

THOSE responsible for the First number of URANIA can none of them have anticipated a Hundred and First. To carry on for ten years would have most likely constituted their utmost ambition. But it is eighteen years since we first began.

Our circulation has been a little over two hundred, as a rule. Our contents have provided a record of the feminist movement, of a rather unique sort. It comes focussed from a distance of some twelve thousand miles. A second feature has been the special attention we are able to give to developments in Japan.

Five or six addressees have requested us to discontinue sending them the paper: of these one or two found the pressure of affairs too great to permit of its being read—and it did not seem to occur to them that they could hand it on. One or two of the Oxford "Ladies'" colleges surprised us by declining what Cambridge willingly accepts. And we had one very peppery letter from an unmarried lady whose eagle—(or shall we say, vulturine?)—eye detected untold horrors in our refined pages.

It is useless to deny that the Feminist Movement is far less triumphant now than it seemed to be eighteen years ago. Then, mind was still looked up to as greater than matter. Physical organization was still a trifling thing compared with intellect and character. The individual development of character was regarded as the only basis of the greatness and splendour of the State. Now, Hitlerism, Marinettism,

and the cult of Brute Force are busily relegating the feminine character to that of a submissive servant and plaything: obviously not a character which anybody can recommend for masculine imitation!

All the more is it necessary that we who believe in the compelling mandate of Love and Beauty should focus ourselves in conscious union. Civilization is breaking up. The gracious influences which shone, through however many obscurations, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, must not flicker out in detail. We must band ourselves together to weld them into a strong, united flame which shall glow through the new Dark Age which is obviously descending upon the world in gloom.

May the editor make a vivid personal appeal to all who read these pages, to join articulately in this transcendent effort? We can do little enough—but, united, we can do something. Let URANIA either—

- (1) be permitted to print your name as that of a sympathizer;
- (2) have a note conveying your PRIVATE adhesion;
- (3) hear of your sympathy and criticism.

Sooner or later, the time will come when we shall try to establish a common dwelling where we can in company eliminate sex. That would be a demonstration of our stand which could not be ignored, and in which we could find rest for our souls. As the abbey of the Middle Ages handed on the tradition of Omnipotent Love across the rough wildness of the feudal times,—so our Abbey would help to illuminate

with Beauty and Aspiration the hard brutality of the days that lie before us. We are sure that among the readers who honour us by perusing these words, there will be some who will be impressed by the dangers of the times; and who will wish to join us in proclaiming the supremacy of Sweetness and Beauty, and the necessity that they should not remain the monopoly of a sex.

We are grateful for the help and encouragement that has been received from many quarters. Our work cannot fail: for it is grounded on human nature, and its over-mastering desire for Love.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

THE Open Door International, to which reference has often been made in these columns, has adopted the decisive step of suppressing distinctively masculine and feminine prefixes to denote its Members. We hail with delight the suppression of "Mr., Mrs. and Miss"—the hard "Mr.," the subordinate "Mrs.," the silly "Miss." The O.D.I., it may again be observed, is actively working for the recognition of the equality of employed persons, irrespective of sex, its eminent President being Chrystal Macmillan and its Office at Iddesleigh House, Caxton Street. Its Congress of 1933 was at Prague, and appears to have had a notable success.

SUGGESTION

THE WORLD has been told with "damnable iteration" of the evils of "suppressed desires" and the benefits of giving way to self-indulgence, wherever it leads. The real evil lies quite in the contrary direction. These very "desires" and emotions are not natural—not necessary. They are, quite obviously, artificially produced and artificially stimulated by suggestion.

When we see the whole force of its environment being concentrated on each child that comes into the world, to instil into it a consciousness of sexual desire, the only rational conclusion is that without this tremendous pressure, the desire would hardly exist. The pressure does not take the form of a direct command: that would be resented, and would defeat its own object. No: it lies in the force of universal calm assumption: we become what we are expected to be.

The normal child shrinks from the idea of cramping

itself into the sexual mould. Its natural resistance is overcome by the potent force of universal assumption. The inevitability of "falling in love": the mysterious attractions of the process: the impossibility of retaining for itself the qualities which it admires in the opposite sex—all these are insidiously and continuously preached to the young mind in the most convincing form:—that of a quiet and rather regretful conviction of their ineluctable truth.

When the mischief is done:—when the mind has yielded to treatment, and has accepted the limitations of sex, and become full of artificial and unworthy desires, and believes them natural and inevitable,—then, indeed, the question of relieving the patient—for she has indeed become a patient—becomes insistent. In our view, it is not by giving rein to these artificial impulses that a cure is to be sought, but by cultivating the neglected side of her nature, so that she shall slowly become impatient of sexual limitations. But it is clear that the mischief need never arise: that in a mind left free to develop its own ideals to the full, without being directed to the obedient service of sex, it will only be in the rarest cases that this pathological state can possibly occur. At present, it is true to say that the mind is invariably so directed. For even those who most puritanically enjoin abstinence on their offspring, enforce the strength of sex by their basic assumptions. One thinks, in this connection, of the common idea that the vegetarian is "ascetic" and is "sacrificing" something: whereas really the vegetarian finds meat-eating simple torture, however savoury the taste of the disgusting food.

So do not let us exhort the young to be ascetic and deny themselves a delight. Let us rather remove the influence of suggestion, which makes them accept a nature that does not indignantly revolt against limitation and decay.

QUEEN CHRISTINA

A CONSIDERABLE amount of interest has been taken lately in the remarkable career of Queen Christina of Sweden. At least five volumes have been published during the last year or so on her life. These are by Ada Harrison, Faith Compton Mackenzie, Hanna Szász, Francis Gribble and Margaret Goldsmith respectively—the latter probably an American. They strike the reader as excellent works, and the last-named comes very near to solving

the problems of Christina's character; and that without boring us with the jargon of pseudo-medical science.

Christina, in short, was absolutely intolerant of the bonds of sex. Her education, entirely arranged by the great Gustavus Adolphus, who had wanted a son, stimulated that independence. In that independence, she was perfectly careless as to what might be said or thought of her actions. Misconstruction did not matter to her in the least—except to amuse her. Two cases may be alleged against this view: her relations with her cousin and successor, Charles Gustavus, and her relations with Cardinal Azzolini. She undoubtedly promised to marry Charles, but when she was the merest child and imagined that marriage only meant companionship. Her letter to Prince Charles, explaining this, is considerate and touching. As regards Azzolini, she used in her letters the warmest expressions—though nothing sensual or unbecoming—; and she allowed herself this freedom because she knew perfectly well what she meant by it, and enjoyed the thought of what other people might think, and of how absurdly mistaken they were. There is one phrase which Margaret Goldsmith gives us, which is perhaps the most questionable of any—"since your profession," she tells Azzolini, "does not permit you to become my lover. . . ." It is a startling phrase, because it seems to admit the possibility of a "lover" for Christina. But it really seems to be just a bit of *persiflage*; light badinage of the kind so common in the *salons* of that date. A real admission of sexual love would have been more carefully concealed or else more persistently urged. For what such a playful remark is worth, it formally contradicts the "loverlike" relation between herself and Azzolini, and she wrote to him after Countess Ebba's death—"I have lost everything that could make life pleasant for me."

Natures like Christina's, denied all comprehension and understanding, find a positive and keen, if bitter, pleasure in doing things which are certain to be misconstrued by the world. *Experta crede!* Knowing that she had nothing to do with sex, that in her own phrase, quoted by Margaret Goldsmith, she "would never suffer herself to be treated in the way a farmer treats his soil when sowing seed," she delighted in going her own way and scandalizing society. The most astonishing action of her life—her early abdication—is thus readily explicable. Sweden's interests demanded an heir, and a regular succession. Christina knew that she would never furnish these. The example of Queen Elizabeth of England might have been quoted against abdication—but then again,

the break in the English succession had led directly to the Puritan Revolution: Christina might well argue that a settled dynasty could not be installed too early. Her conversion to Roman Catholicism is really in need of no explanation. Christina says explicitly that she had discovered for herself a third religion which transcends Catholicism, Protestantism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and all other denominations. For practical purposes, like a modern Theosophist, she conformed to the current religion of her abode; and she preferred to live in Rome, where there were books and scholars and music.

Sometimes it is said that Christina despised and disliked "women." This is totally irreconcilable with her absorbing affection for Countess Ebba Sparré. "My lovely one," she incessantly calls her: and she writes—"I swear to you that I should be worthy of the envy of the Gods if I could have the delight of seeing you. . . . I shall for ever cherish the remembrance of your merit, and take with me across the mountains the passion and the tenderness which I have always felt for you!" If the Countess does not return her affection—"Do not grudge me the imaginary happiness I derive from thinking that the most charming creature in the world is fond of me!" and again,—"if you remember the power you have over me, you will also remember that I have been in possession of your love for twelve years; I belong to you so utterly that it will never be possible for you to lose me; and only when I die, shall I cease loving you!" And—"Come to me, fly into my desperately longing arms! I should rather have nothing else, if only I could have the rapturous joy of looking at you without cessation."

Countess Ebba, according to M. Goldsmith, was not a very entrancing girl—(though Bulstrode Whitelock found in her, besides beauty, "great modesty, virtue and wit")—nothing to cause the Queen to make an exception from her supposed "dislike and contempt." Perhaps that legend arose from her surrounding herself with "men": which she did most likely in wilful defiance of adverse comment. The Countess was by no means her only favourite: she picked up a young girl of Lyons in 1656, kissed her "très amouusement," and wanted to have her to sleep with her—"which she would not agree to." So says the Count Palatine in a letter to the Duke of Mantua. Two years earlier, a chronicler, with or without truth, relates how she fell in love with a Jew girl, "whom she allowed publicly to ride in her carriage, and with whom she

occasionally slept on the journey" from Münster to Antwerp.

She declared that she felt such a repulsion from the marital state that she would rather choose death than a man. "I have heard," she observed to the English envoy, Whitelocke, "that one of your daughters is of a good spirit, and averse from marriage?" Whitelocke gratified Her Majesty with the assurance that—"My eldest daughter has a good spirit, and therein has the honour of following Your Majesty's pattern; and she has refused good offers in marriage." This would have pleased England's Elizabeth!

Queen Christina was always haunted by a consciousness that she was plain. But she was not plain at all. Her features might be criticized: her nose was large, so was her mouth. But hers was a lovely face. The portrait in the University buildings at Upsala, of which there is a replica in the Prado Galleries at Madrid, shows a sweet, sad, proud princess that one cannot hesitate to call beautiful. She seems to say—"How I would have led the world! What I would have done for the world!—had it been possible! had these custom-ridden people given me a chance!"

It was not a wasted life. Margaret Goldsmith, summing up, remarks that Christina had accomplished nothing. She had accomplished a great deal. She had hammered, like another Thor, a milestone on the road of progress. She had transcended sex. "She would rather choose death than a man."

I. C.

THE ROOT OF WAR

As we demonstrated a year ago, the very possibility of war arises from the fact that there exists a sex which is trained to tolerate the brutalities of armed conflict. And the idea may be followed further. Government is in the hands of this rough sex. Clemenceau was a disagreeable old man. David George is a wily old man. Woodrow Wilson was an obstinate old man. Walter Whitman was a noisy old man. Northcliffe was an arbitrary old man. These people—and the less prominent ones who stood behind them—formed a ring of influence which was essentially masculine. How can we expect a sanely ordered world from a state of things in which a set of old gentlemen, trained in male ideals,

here at their free disposal the cultivated pugnacity of their juniors?

Mr. Roosevelt has proclaimed that the only way to peace is by education: and nothing can be more true. But it must not be simply an education in technical pacificism. It must be an education in queenly ways. A mere education in the *rationale* of pacificism will inevitably break down under irrational stresses. Anger, offended pride, contradiction, fear, greed and a dozen other irritants can be relied on to carry a nation off its head. Education, if it is to abolish war, must be an education which will extinguish male pugnacity: it must be the education of a plucky and high-minded girl.

What is there to be afraid of in that? That no one will have the courage to stand up against barbarism, against the furies of Nature, against the intractability of matter—in short, to do the hard work of the world? Nonsense! It does not need that one should have a hard heart, to have a firm will.

FRANCIS GELDART

WE regret very much to hear of the death of our honoured friend, Francis Geldart of Hampton. Francis Geldart was one of the old Aëthnic Union, and extended to us much help and encouragement in the early days of our movement. He had led a busy and varied life, having spent a considerable time in New Zealand, and was a most interesting and sympathetic conversationalist. His ideas on all subjects were acute, just and original. He was a valued contributor to *East and West*, a brilliant, but now extinct, publication hailing from Bombay. Of a most philanthropic disposition, he had a profound dislike and distrust of the modern fashion of extending charity at the expense of other people, and of its concomitant, State control. The late Vinerian Professor of English Law at Oxford was his nephew. He took a quiet, but active, part in the public life of Hampton, where he will be much missed. His house was always open to his friends, and was the scene of much gracious and delicate hospitality.

Our deep sympathy is offered to his Family.

AMARANTH

THROUGH the dim gate of phantasy,
Sleep brought my soul a mystic vision.
With white-winged Zoë wandered I

In some far land Elysian;
A land of light, a leafy world,
A realm of morning dew-impearled.

In that sweet world of morning, we
Did wander all as aimlessly
As Love in Dreamland. Her white wings
Clove the clear air, and made for me
Pathways to pinnacles of pleasure,
Sky-poised, and glorious beyond measure.
No summer sky, no floweret's hue
Hath that so solemn depth of blue
That glowed and gloomed her eyes within,
Fathomless, though I strove to win
Its mystic meaning through and through.
There is no bird so sweetly sings
As that the lute-low carollings
Which breathed from her melodious lips,
Its loveliest lay should not eclipse.

A song of wordless promises,
For that no words might bear the stress
Of so vast meanings. All the scope

Of limitless desire,—

A radiant realm, horizonless
As ether, home of strong-plumed Hope,
Whose soaring pinions never tire,
Whose piercing eyes sleep not nor rest
More than the wheeling stars' unwavering fire,—
Was our fair pasture-ground and pleasaunce.
Bright Zoë! Thine all-quickenng presence,
Braver than all hope's pageantry,
Of all joy's guerdons best,
Filled that rare world, that radiant sky,
With home-light which was ecstasy.

But a sore-shadowed season came
When her rapt eyes of fervent flame
Failed of their fire, and cold eclipse
Dulled their deep azure. Her white wings
Trembled and trailed. Mine eager lips
Chilled at her cheek, nor whisperings
Of pleading passion aught availed,
Nor words of cheer, nor sedulous comfortings.
The dew-drops dimmed, the roses paled,
The skies with climbing mists were veiled.
Cold, cold the breast that close did lie

Against mine own! A sobbing sigh
Shook her sweet shape: then did I cry
For help to the grey-shrouded hills;
And lo! one whispered: "Whoso fills
Life's heart with love, for love's best dower
Must find the hidden Amaranth flower;
Or life shall fail while yet dear love
Would soar. Lo, life, a wingless dove,
Lies cold within thy clasping arms!"
Then I, "Where blooms the flower whose charms
Knit life and love in lasting bond?"
"Seek!" said the voice. And lo! beyond,
A most chill loathly stream that lay
Athwart that realm's most flowerless way,
A land of shades and shrouding mist!
But, mirrored in that mystic flood,
In strange and solemn stillness, stood
The shadow of an unseen bloom,
Shaped like star-pointed amethyst,
Whose lonely beauty brake the gloom
Of the grey river. Then I cried
"The Amaranth flower!" No voice replied,
But the chill stream and shrouding mist
Thrilled me with terror. And I wist
To pluck that flower, whose phantom only
Slept in the stream, the passage lonely
Of that unfathomed flood were mine;
But Zoë, lifting eyes divine,
In mute immeasurable meaning,
One moment gazed, then, lowly leaning
A death-cold front against my breast,
Sank from the arms that vainly prest
Her cherished charms. Love-rapt, aghast,
In the chill stream I plunged and passed;
And lo! upon the farther shore,
Whence the mist brake in sudden splendour,
Radiant, erect, divinely tender
Of smile, her white plumed wings no more
Trailing, she stood with forth-stretched hand
Of welcome, beaconing me to land,
My heaven-eyed Zoë. At her bosom
Burned the unfading Amaranth blossom.

—All the Year Round, 29th Aug., 1874.

I SHALL BE A HAPPY SPINSTER

By J. GRIFFIN

TO-MORROW is my thirtieth birthday. I had almost forgotten it until a letter this morning reminded me. I wonder how many others, scattered here and there

among the tube-going and 'bus-travelling crowds, or under the slate roofs, of London are also spinsters, earning their own living, and this month being reminded that it will be their thirtieth birthdays! What do they feel about it?

For I do think it is a landmark, this thirtieth year of one's life. I have myself a regrettable tendency to feel a good deal younger—in my own thoughts, in fact, I seem to be a pleasant, settled twenty-four or five, and when I am an irritating grey-haired seventy I shall probably be one of those kittenish maidens who are convinced they have never grown any older.

But for most women there is a symbolic meaning about the thirtieth birthday: and especially for the spinster. Those of her friends who are likely to marry have already done so. Until she is twenty-nine, they still, with matchmaking intent, present to her likely men of their acquaintance; but now they begin to accept her as one of their unmarried friends.

Wild impulses, erratic behaviour, undignified gestures, and plain silliness, which before have been indulgently smiled upon as part of a young woman's natural high spirits, now are regarded as being not quite in the picture. Instead of being asked her new address (as if, youthful and irresponsible, she were only to be expected to move about according to her fancy), it is tacitly expected of her to stay sedately in the Home she has Made for Herself. There is no getting away from it. At thirty, you are definitely placed as a Spinster.

Do other women, I wonder, feel at all crushed or depressed by the thought? As a girl I was sorry for the unmarried lady of tradition and fiction. Her deep-grooved habits, her immemorial pictured surroundings of aspidistra, caged love-birds, and cats seemed pathetic, and I remember feeling that I must be especially nice to one such among my mother's friends. I can remember, too, the smiling tolerance with which she accepted this excessive courtesy: and now, at thirty, I understand the smile that disconcerted me a little then.

People assume that the life of an unmarried woman is a matter of compensations, which they could almost count off on their fingers—no husband, but freedom; no children, but cats or dogs; no home, but liberty to travel; no future, but the independence brought by work. But that is only one side of the picture.

I know that I have more friends, and far deeper friendships, than any married woman of my acquaintance can fit in to her busy life. . . . I admit frankly that I am sorry to have missed the intimate companion-

ship of marriage. . . . But I do not regard the other joys of my life simply as "compensation"—and in five years' time, when I hope to have made enough money, I intend to adopt a child.

The mothers, I know, will smile at my mistakes in upbringing, and the experience will surely be attended by many qualms, and a host of wrongs—but I get on well with children, and even if my adopted baby may have an odd training, we ought to manage some good times between us without too much misunderstanding. I don't see that it is a vastly greater gamble than most women take when they rear a child.

Many more vagaries are permitted to the established spinster. She can be as odd as she likes—her eccentricity is granted her as yet another of these compensations. She can pack a bag at a moment's notice and set off for the South Seas or the Antipodes without anyone thinking her behaviour selfish or unreasonable.

She can collect drinking-mugs or butterflies or books, and people will not accuse her of flightiness, as they would a wife. She can be bad-tempered, wear her old felt hat back to front, smoke a pipe, leave magazines stacked on her drawing-room floor, refuse to have her desk dusted, and assert her personality in the thousand small ways that are so satisfying to the soul, without rebuke or reproach.

People will talk to her honestly, as they will not always to their married friends; they will claim her sympathy or time when they feel the need of it, instead of letting a friendship slip out of sight because they know that she has ties of her own.

To-day is really the last of my youth. To-morrow—I am cherishing a whole lot of plans for to-morrow. I am going to stick out a nice collection of mannerisms and eccentricities as a hedge through which only the people who really speak my own language are likely to penetrate. I am going to buy a walking-stick I have had my eye on for a long time, and start a collection.

I shall spend my birthday mostly at work, with an evening of luxurious idleness—feet on the mantelpiece, ash-tray at elbow, book on knee. I shall start saving money in a Rockingham sugar-bowl (that shines with a brighter glaze already at the thought) for the small adopted daughter of the future.

I am going to look for a cottage in the country which will be a permanent home of rest for the tired or bored or ill among my friends. It will be a comfortable cottage, for, although I do not mind discomfort myself, that seems to me a necessary gesture

towards one's guests—and I hope to have many of them. I shall start reading the booklets of the steamship companies, and plan delightful imaginary holidays which, perhaps, now and again, will even become fact.

And—for all their admitted advantages—are there not a good many married women who will secretly envy the Happy Spinster?

SOVIET CHILDREN

ONE of the chief aims of education in the U.S.S.R. is to turn children into good Communists, to inculcate in them a love for things communal, for living together, working together, playing together, studying together; and to root out as far as possible individualistic desires and aspirations. So children are encouraged to work in groups, to prepare themes in groups; problems are offered to groups for solution, says a recent Moscow dispatch to the *Observer* (London).

In sport, the team, the "collective," is always emphasized at the expense of the individual; and some foreigners who participated in a Russian game of volleyball found it difficult to remember and observe the rule that two or three people on the same side of the net had to strike the ball before it could be finally returned.

Desire for private ownership is condemned. The individual and his interests are to be suppressed in favour of the communal group. So it is hoped in Russia that the young generation of peasant children that is passing through the Soviet schools will not, when it has grown to maturity, cherish the strong objections of the majority of the older peasants to collective farming, that it will come to respect and care for community property as much as the elder generation cherished individual property.

Although the schools have contributed much to the stability of the existing order in so far as they have taught the children to admire Sovietism and to hate and despise the lurid and distorted picture of the capitalist world outside Russia which they are shown, the effort to remake human nature strikes on unexpected psychological snags. Studies carried out in some of the Moscow schools indicate that Soviet children have curious and distinctive suppressed desires: for privacy; for release from the bustle of communal activity; in some cases, for slushy sentimentalism.

One large Moscow school recently circulated questionnaires, to be answered anonymously, among the pupils, asking how they liked best to spend their holidays. The answers were unexpected—"To loaf a bit"; "To do nothing"; "To sit at home quietly"; "To sit by myself in a corner." An authority on pedagogy, E. Strogova, investigating the reasons for such unnatural desires on the part of children, reached the conclusion that it was a reaction against being forced to spend too much time together.

"Holidays are spent collectively from morning until night," Strogova writes. "In the morning—excursions or walks in the open; in the evening—all go together to a theatre or a cinema. The children began to yearn for quiet; they pleaded for mercy; they wanted to be alone."

Much the same impression is derived from the diaries in which some Young Pioneers (members of the Communist children's organization) record their impressions of life in a summer camp. After describing a life of getting up together, exercising together, working in fields together, bathing together, and playing political games together, the diaries repeat the same idea, that the rest hour is the most enjoyable in camp life, "because then we can do as we like and talk about anything." One child writes that he is delighted when it rains, "because then we can have a bit of freedom."

Another occasional reaction to the dry, matter-of-fact, ready-made political and economic dogmas which are stuffed into the children's heads from an early age is a flight into extreme sentimentality. So a girl of 15 writes in her diary, "Woman, when you love, you are a slave; but when you are loved you are a queen. . . . Love is a toy for idiots; marriage a yoke for fools." This girl and one of her friends were quite neglectful of their studies, and spent most of their time buying portraits of favourite opera singers and frequenting the cinema.

—*Japan Advertiser*, 19th Oct., 1933.

NON-DISCRIMINATION AT PEKIN UNIVERSITY

A LIVELY controversy has developed between Dr. Chiang Mon-lin, the Chancellor of the Peking National University and students of the university over the exclusion of women visitors from the men's quarters.

Defending the recent decision of the university to

enforce the old rule that women visitors should not be allowed on the premises of the men students, Dr. Chiang explained in an interview that the rule had been in force for many years though its enforcement might have been relaxed by the authorities, who had placed faith in the moral integrity of the students.

He then referred to the recent incident in which a woman student committed suicide on the premises of a men students' hostel. This incident had caused widespread comment in Peking and led the university authorities to reaffirm the old rule.

There is nothing strange about the old rule, Dr. Chiang went on to say. It is observed by all in civilized society. Even in social intercourse between friends of the same sex it is very rare for one to receive his or her friend in the privacy of a bedroom. The chancellor emphatically denied that the decision represents a retrograde step as charged by a section of the student body.

In response to this statement a student self-government committee has issued a circular calling upon students to oppose the measure, on the ground that it constitutes a reflection on their morality as well as the honour of their women friends.

The circular, which throws an interesting sidelight on the mentality of Chinese students, begins by amazement that both the university authorities and the public should take so serious a view of the recent suicide incident, and then goes on to cite three reasons why the exclusion rule should be opposed.

"Our university is the birthplace of the new literature movement and the headquarters of anti-feudalistic influences," says the circular. "For its leadership of the 1919, May 4th, student movement, the university has been celebrated throughout the country. It was the first educational institution in the land to admit women students to its portals. We already feel ashamed because the university is unable to continue the spirit of May 4th, 1919. Now the authorities have decided to take the decidedly retrograde step of separating the sexes. This is really a stain on the reputation of the university. For the sake of the past glory and spirit of Peita we must oppose the new ruling."

Referring to the recent suicide of Li Ching-shu, the statement says that if further tragedies of this nature are to be avoided in the future there should be more freedom between the sexes instead of erecting a fresh barrier between them.

Another reason adduced by the students is that in ordering the enforcement of the old rule the

authorities proceeded on the assumption that all women faced with the dilemma in which Li found herself, would resort to suicide as a way out of the *impasse*. This assumption, the students declare, is wrong and constitutes a serious reflection on Chinese womanhood.

—*Japan Times*.

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE IN JAPAN

By TOYOKO ORIDO

In *The Japan Times*

IN the present social community of Japan man is king and woman is his subject. Man's social influence is strong, but that of woman is weak. The most unfair thing in the present social system in Japan is the relation between man and woman. People often think that the proletariat class is the most oppressed. There are some scholars who flatly deny this. None, however, can deny the fact that woman is the most oppressed of all. When one coolly observes social development, independent of modern thoughts in fashion, it will become clear that woman is more oppressed than the proletariat class.

For instance, men of the proletariat class are at least recognized legally as adult persons. The case of women, however, is different. Particularly, wives do not possess in many points rights as Japanese subjects. Furthermore, wives are deprived of the right to enter into or sign contracts without the permission of their husbands. When women marry, they must naturally become wives, and if they attempt to obtain the same result as being wives without legally becoming wives, they will be persecuted socially.

When workers are not faithful in their work, they will be merely discharged. But when wives are not faithful in their duties, not only will they be discharged but will also be punished according to the criminal code. This is the same even when wives merely imitate the action of their husbands who are not faithful to them. Such cases of breach of private contracts being punished by criminal codes were numerous in the past, but now the case of wives is the only one retaining this habit.

I am not discussing the good or evil of such oppression but merely mentioning in what manner women are oppressed in Japan.

In such a manner, men with strong social influence are restricting the liberty of women. Men are giving

no choice to women but to obey them and love them; but men are not acting consciously. Though they do not realize what they are doing, they are unknowingly oppressing women.

That is to say, from their long experience men have followed the most advantageous path for themselves and the result has restricted the liberty of women and has given them no alternative but to be intimate with men and love them. Not only do men not realize what they are doing but also women are not conscious of the oppression and the restriction of their liberty. It is because under certain social conditions, a certain social influence developed, and according to this result develops a certain *morale* which is supported by the whole of society. Chastity is the means by which women might be attached to men, but yet the conception of chastity came to be supported by women.

But the restriction of liberty is a relative matter. In the present community women's liberty is restricted because men are stronger. But if in the future there should develop a community in which women are stronger than men, it will be men whose liberty will be restricted. Therefore, I do not believe that men's selfishness has caused the restriction of women's liberty. However I do not mean to say that men and women will be always conflicting. Men and women easily became friendly, but again they constantly quarrel.

The restriction of each other's liberty will always happen between men and women, though the degree of it might differ, under any social conditions. Marxists or socialists think that the so-called women's problems will be solved by the appearance of a socialistic or communistic community, but I do not believe so. When the opinions of such persons are properly analyzed there will be found a reliance upon men's good intentions. Therefore, as far as women's questions are concerned, they are Utopians.

In viewing the relation of husbands and wives, we find that women are bound unilaterally by the rule of chastity. As above mentioned, women are most unfairly and most severely punished for not protecting their chastity. Not only are their punishments legally given, but also the social persecution against them is much greater. Even in case of separation or divorce, it is always wives who are made to suffer most.

Wives placed in such conditions finally have come to seek employment so that they need not depend upon their husbands for support. When wives freely

go out and become active, their husbands no longer can command them as before. But if it is impossible for wives to go out freely because of social persecution, they must depend upon their husbands. If they depend upon their husbands for support, they would come to love them. Thus there developed a *morale* that wives should love husbands, and this *morale* is supported by the entire community. Then wives' obedience to husbands becomes their virtue and their service to husbands becomes their duty. Their sacrifice for the sake of husbands becomes the most noble act. Then, husbands' sacrifice for the sake of wives sometimes indicates merely their spooniness for their wives. It becomes unnecessary to make any sacrifice for wives who cannot oppose or disobey husbands.

Chastity is the souvenir of men's victory over women, and at the same time men's greatest weapon. But if the restriction of women's liberty is limited only to chastity or moral relations between husbands and wives, then women can still enjoy much freedom. In order to tame women, men have to oppress them so that they cannot live without husbands. Thus women have to be put in a position where it is impossible for them to make their own livelihood. In this manner, the occupational oppression of women started.

Men's oppression of women in this case appears in three different forms. The first is the differentiation of wages on the same labor. The second is that women are not given employment because they are women. At present the selection of occupation is not absolutely free in case of women. Women cannot become State Ministers, judges of courts, military officers, professors of universities, and other positions. All these positions which cannot be occupied by women are the so-called good positions or those having high social influences.

As above mentioned, men are always oppressing women, but the present social conditions have greatly lessened the oppression on women. In many quarters equal opportunity for women is strongly voiced. But this is not due to the fact that men have awakened and realized their wrongs, though there are some who believe so. It is the modern social condition that has weakened men's power to bind women. Then, there arises the question of how women should further strengthen their position.

URANIA

STAR-DUST

III.—ATHLETICS

1. *Swimming.*

CARR & COMPANY'S swimming club's Solway swim was held this year at Annan. The course was from Annan Waterfoot to Messrs. Robinson's warehouses, a distance of $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The banks were lined with spectators, and at the finishing point a large crowd had collected. There were three rowing boats and a motor boat in attendance with life savers and belts ready for any emergency, though neither was needed.

Twelve competitors entered for the race—seven men and five girls—who all dived in the water together, but soon became scattered. Three men got away well at first—J. Thomson, C. Hinde, and S. Rose—but unfortunately two of them had to give up

before the end. Apart from a few of the swimmers taking cramp and having to board the boats, the swim was uneventful. The position in the last quarter mile was C. Hinde leading, J. Thomson about 20 yards behind, followed by M. Aldersey.

When about 200 yards from the finish Thomson retired, and Catherine Wallace, with a fine burst of speed crept up to first place. There was much cheering and clapping when she came past the winning post well ahead of the others.

C. Wallace (aged 17) took 44 minutes 11 seconds to finish the course, and beat C. Hinde by 1 minute 2 seconds, Jean Nicholson coming in third $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes later. Of the twelve who started six finished—R. Mason, T. Stange and F. Archibald coming in after the winners.

—*Cumberland News.*

NOTICE

OWING to the continued high level of prices, it has been decided to go to press three times in 1934 as in recent years, instead of six times. For convenience of reference each issue will be treated as a double number, comprising the two issues which would otherwise have appeared separately. It is hoped that normal conditions will be resumed in due course.

Please Write!

We would again venture very warmly and cordially to urge those who respond to the ideal of freedom advocated by this little paper to do us the favour of intimating their concurrence with us. Votes are to be had for the asking—seats in legislatures are open—but there is a vista before us of a spiritual progress which far transcends all political matters. It is the abolition of the “manly” and the “womanly.”

Will you not help to sweep them into the museum of antiques?

Don't you care for the union of all fine qualities in one splendid ideal? If you think it magnificent but impracticable, please write to tell us so, and say why!

URANIA

TO OUR FRIENDS

URANIA denotes the company of those who are firmly determined to ignore the dual organization of humanity in all its manifestations.

They are convinced that this duality has resulted in the formation of two warped and imperfect types. They are further convinced that in order to get rid of this state of things no measures of “emancipation” or “equality” will suffice, which do not begin by a complete refusal to recognize or tolerate the duality itself.

If the world is to see sweetness and independence combined in the same individual, *all* recognition of that duality must be given up. For it inevitably brings in its train the suggestion of the conventional distortions of character which are based on it.

There are no “men” or “women” in Urania.

“*All' eisin hós angeloi.*”

A register is kept of those who hold these principles, and all who are entered in it will receive this leaflet while funds admit. Names should be sent to J. Wade, York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.; E. Roper, 14, Frogna Gardens, London, N.W.; D. H. Cornish, 33, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, London, W.; T. Baty, Temple, London, E.C.

Will those who are already readers and who would like us to continue sending them copies, kindly do us the favour of sending a post-card to one of the above addresses? We should much appreciate suggestions and criticisms.

DISTRIBUTOR'S NOTE

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