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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."

## SAPPHO UP-TO-DATE

THE perverse credulity of scholars is hinted at in the current *Periodical* (Oct., 1933). After suggesting that a certain MS. may have been meant for David II. of Scotland, the writer proceeds to warn the reader that there is no real evidence in support of the suggestion. "If I did not say this, we might have it stated by some future writer that 'strong grounds have been adduced for believing that this MS. was written for David II. of Scotland,' and finally we might get the definite statement, echoed perhaps within the library itself, that 'this MS. was executed for David II. of Scotland'."

The reflection is frequently forced upon us that lawyers are the only people who can arrive at a correct estimate of evidence. Divines and scientists are alike prone to take hypothesis for fact: as for statesmen, journalists and literary men, truth enters very slightly into their calculations at all.

An instructive example of the sort of thing I mean is afforded by a recent work on Sappho. Surmise is everywhere put for fact, and predilection for proof. Practically nothing is known of Sappho: but the author seems to have thought that a book might be made out of her which would sell. Accordingly, he has proceeded to weave a tissue of story out of his own head, and to invent a life for Sappho of the kind that he would have her live. At every turn we are met by phrases such as—"We cannot but think—", "We must suppose—", "There can be little doubt that—" and they are followed by a calm and immediate elevation of these fancies and suppositions to the plane of actual fact. The result is a rather dreary novel, which has no pretensions to scientific value, though it makes a considerable parade of

scholarship. The facts are there, but the inferences are hopelessly wrong-headed.

We know next to nothing about Sappho, except that she wrote magnificently, and that she surrounded herself with ladies with whom she was accused of physical intimacy. Our author gives her a husband; he acquits her of misconduct, except of a liaison (at fifty-five!) with a boatman, Phaeon (which he rather admires). In short, he substitutes about as commonplace and sordid a figure as he could for the elusive Sappho of reality.

It would be unprofitable to follow him through this labyrinth of conjecture. But we may first of all dispose of the "husband". Sappho lived at a very early date: before the really historic period of Greece, *circa* 600 B.C.—a contemporary of Nebuchadnezzar. As an eminent figure of antiquity, she lent herself to ready burlesque in the later Athenian comedy. To the burlesquers nothing was sacred, not even the gods: still less Sappho. They let their imagination range wildly about her career. One gave her a husband, another a trip to Sicily, and so on and so forth. Just in the same way, the burlesque author of *The Happy Land* made Mr. Gladstone dance a *pas de trois* with Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Cardwell. Nobody supposes that the three politicians ever obliged in this way. In the tenth or eleventh century A.D., an industrious mediaeval Byzantine called Suidas compiled a classical dictionary, into which he conscientiously shot all the rubbish he could get hold of concerning every Greek and Roman of note. He industriously picked out all this rubbish of the burlesquer's fancy, and set it down solemnly under "Sappho". And it sounds very convincing and impressive, when a modern author refers to "Suidas" as

an authority. It sounds almost as if he were a contemporary of Sappho's. But he was a contemporary of Alfred the Great, if not of William the Conqueror, and he was separated from Sappho by fifteen solid centuries, and relied for his facts on burlesque.

"But, if she had not a husband, at any rate she had a child," it is urged. "She says so!" And they triumphantly quote the lovely verse—

"Esti moi kala pais chrysoisoin anthemoisin  
Empheren echoisa morphan, Kleis agapata,  
Anti tas ego oude Lydian paisan oud'erannan."

The construction of "Esti moi pais" is our old friend "there is to me a house": "Est mihi parva domus," (*I have a tiny cottage*). It means *possession*, not necessarily generation. To translate it by "I have a child" in the English sense of "I am the parent of a child," is a mere pun. Classical scholars must say whether the Greek or Latin phrase is patient of that latter meaning—"I have a child of my own." The point is that it is not a necessary meaning. If it were indeed the meaning, we should perhaps expect "teknon" or "thugateer," not "pais".\* "Paiasterasia," we know, is not parental love, but the love of youths. When Sappho uses this glowing language, and extols the girl as "a golden flower, whom she adores more than all Lydia or Lesbos," would not the phrase seem a little bit too proud and fulsome for a parent?

If we render the lines:

"My little Cleis, like a golden floweret,  
How I adore you, darlingest of creatures!  
More than all Lydia,† more than Mitylene—"

it seems to me we get more sense and more Sappho.

Next, we may get rid of the Phaeon legend. Briefly, it runs to the effect that Sappho (at fifty-five!) fell in love with a boatman, and finally threw herself into the sea to extinguish her distress. This is a legend which is now definitely discarded by all the serious authorities. But it intrigues our credulous author: all is fish that comes to his net. The consensus of antique opinion was that there was a second Sappho, a courtesan of Eresus, of whom the legend was originally told,—and that the fame of the poet Sappho has eclipsed her, and attracted the interesting story

\* Cf. 'amergousan paid', (a most tender maiden); Frag. 114 (Cox): "atera pais" (no other maiden); Frag. 103 (ibid.): "paides" (maidens); Frag. 112 (ibid.): and "Smikra pais" (a small child); Frag. 32 (ibid.).

† Cf. Frag. 3 (Cox): "She, . . . the brightness of whose shining face I would rather see than all the chariots and . . . footmen of Lydia."

to herself. It is difficult to see why there should not be two Sappho's just as it is admitted that there were at least two Minos's (*cf. The Horse and the Sword: Peake & Fleure*). But our ingenious author rejects so simple an explanation. He will have it that it was merely invented to save Sappho from the discredit of falling in love with a common boatman!

It is difficult to refrain from laughing at such reasoning. Greeks, whatever else they were, were never snobs. We are asked to believe that a poet whom nobody attempted by any such means to defend from the serious charge of perversion, was defended, by the operose creation of a namesake, against the sin of falling in love with a boatman. Why, in an ordinary Greek's eyes, to fall in love with a boatman would need no defence or explanation at all! Feminine perversity needed a good deal of defence—and Sappho has had on this score many warm defenders. But none of them invented a deuterio-Sappho as a shield. Modern scholarship rejects the whole story of Phaeon as a primitive myth of a not uncommon type, to which great currency was given by its adoption and embellishment by the popular Ovid (who flourished in the early Christian era), if, indeed, he did not invent it.\*

We repeat: there is no certainty in these age-old matters. If anybody likes to believe that this passionate and possessive adorer of beauty and charm in women preferred in her latest days to die for the embraces of a masterful man, they are at perfect liberty to believe so. But for ourselves we shall prefer to say, as the Revd. Ronald Knox remarks in another connection:—"Sez Weigall!"

#### SUBLIME FEMINISM†

HINDOO philosophers tell us that the universe is the manifestation—the shadow—of the Infinite, and that, therefore, all things, visible or invisible, form parts of one stupendous whole. There is unity in diversity. It is because man is unable to see the real, and is under the spell of the unreal, that he sees antagonistic forces on all sides. Seeing the duality, he never comprehends the unity, and thus pursues shadows. And duality means struggle, competition, deceit, warfare, greed, gluttony and lust; for he who realises the unity of the cosmos knows no combat; that would be fight with

\* E. W. Cox (*The Poems of Sappho*, p. 49) speaks of the "Ovidian Source" of this Phaeon legend.

† *The Cosmic Procession*, by Mrs. Frances Swiney. (Ernest Bell, London, 1906.)

one's self. Now, duality is seen in its various aspects. There is matter and spirit, the male and the female. Matter is the most gross aspect of spirit, and spirit is sublimated matter. In the same way, the male is the more material, the more earthly counterpart of the female. And as matter is the fall—the sacrifice—of spirit, so is the male the result of the self-sacrifice of its higher source, the female. The female is thus "the basic source of all phenomena," "the eternal creative Feminine Principle by which all exists"; such, in short, seems to be the gist of the argument of Mrs. Frances Swiney's work, *The Cosmic Procession*. Mrs. Swiney is well-known for her thoughtful and vigorous contributions to the Feminism movement; she established her reputation by the publication of the *Awakening of Women*, a work which awakened many earnest-minded men to a sense of their responsibility to the other sex. The present volume shows the author to be possessed of intuition as well as erudition. Let us take a cursory glance at this learned little book. It is well known that the male element in nature is katabolic, while the female is the anabolic factor. The one destroys, wastes and expends; the other creates, develops and conserves. The one is ever marring the harmony of the universe, the other is continually employed in equilibrating and smoothing the disharmonies. "The masculine, therefore, is a phase of the Eternal Feminine Consciousness in cosmic experiences. It is an intermediate between the Eternal Feminine, or Cause, and the Eternal Feminine, the Effect." At present this phase is all-powerful; the intermediate has usurped the rights of the original; the agent has superseded the principal. "We may regard present civilization as the extreme efflorescence of male katabolism," remarks Mrs. Swiney, and she goes on to draw a hideous, but more or less true, picture of modern life—

"The earth produces enough and to spare for all her children; it is man's artificial barriers that prevent its free circulation. The woman, with her children dying of hunger, asks why should such things be . . . and the answer of the man, that the dire situation is due to a corner in wheat, does not satisfy her logical common-sense; . . . The woman again asks, why the poor should die in the workhouse? Why the nation's children are unfed, and thousands of men out of employ? And the answer of the man, that the millions required to redress these evils are needed for war material . . .

. . . and that land monopoly in the hands of a few is an economic axiom of the rights of property, again appears to her the giving up the substance for the shadow."

And she emphatically winds up with this terrible indictment: "Nothing, I think, strikes the observer so much as the unreality of modern life, its sham, its hypocrisy, its make-believes of happiness, its sorry jests to hide the heart's despair." The lowest water-mark has been reached. The man has ousted the woman from her lawful position of superiority, and the tyrant is crushing his victim. The woman has been deprived of her birth-right; she has been insulted, degraded; the symbol of Divine Motherhood "has stood for hire in the world's mart," the spring of life has been polluted; motherhood has been forced on the woman; the Holy Ghost has been blasphemed.

But the usurper's days are numbered. The woman is reasserting herself. Already signs are to be seen in every direction. The man is becoming more and more feminine every day; he is approaching the first great source, the Divine Mother, from whom he has his origin. And the feminism of the woman is becoming more and more intensified. The most advanced thinkers of the day have denounced war and raised their cry against commercial overreaching and the grinding of the poor. They have dealt the death-blow to the supremacy of the male by according to the woman equality with the man. But it is not equality that the woman wants; she has been deprived of her queenship, and she must be reinstated in her sublime prerogative before the human race can hope to advance. Of wifehood with its terrible scourges she has had enough; it is motherhood untainted that she aspires to for her own sake as well as for the sake of the male; for "he who thinks of woman as his wife can never perfect be." Can the son be greater than the mother? The observant reader will see in this the reason of the higher estimation in which the Virgin Mary is held in Catholic countries. And the virgin has begun to exercise her rights. She is determined no longer to be the abject instrument of man. She has now learnt that physical generation is a mere passing phase, a transitory condition. In science she has found a useful and able ally; for it appears that the ovum is of itself able to develop into a human being. With the elimination of the male element, the woman will regain her lost glory. The Son will die and be reabsorbed by the Mother, for

the Mother alone is eternal. The Mother is the womb of the universe, and the woman is her earthly type.

Yet the woman has to work out her own salvation. She must understand her own inborn potentialities and her sublime destiny. It is a painful confession to make that, with some rare exceptions, the present generation of women is meekly content with its lot. They do not know themselves, and consequently there is the absence of desire for a more spiritual life; the veil is between them and the goal, and they grope in the dark. And thus, unguided, they display many unwomanly qualities. The woman has become synonymous with frailty, with guile, with temptation, with ruin; she has left the man far behind in the matter of wastefulness; she has not yet been purified from her contamination with the katabolic male—

"But womankind, that never knows the mean,  
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain,  
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste and wear,  
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear."

It is not the beef-eating woman of to-day, bedecked with fur, feather, and seal-skin, torn from shrieking, innocent animals, that will ever realise, much less reach, her divine kingdom. She must shirk carcasses and cease to butcher and flay, so as to render her physique pure and ethereal to respond to high psychic influences. Hitherto the woman was more to be pitied than blamed, for she was ignorant, blind, misguided. But now that friends have allowed them a peep into the Holy of Holies, let us hope the refulgence will spread far and wide, and that Woman will soon regain her lost queenship.

("T.", in *The Indian Spectator*, 5th Jan. 1907).

#### D'ANNUNZIO DISSECTED\*

OF the two authors of "D'Annunzio; A Portrait," one was Minister of Education in D'Annunzio's Cabinet at Fiume; and one cannot doubt that had that Government lasted longer, the Fiumese little ones would have been remarkably well prepared for life with information not usually imparted in schools. For this is an impudent and indiscreet work, full of subtle and smiling Italian malice, and proofs that Tennyson erred in presenting simple faith as a necessary alternative to Norman blood, since one may have neither. But I defy anyone to have so small

\* *D'Annunzio: A Portrait*. By Federico Nardelli and Arthur Livingston. (Cape: 12s. 6d.)

a baser part that he can lay down this volume before the last page. The authors may be shocking dogs but their story is superb.

It is superb from the beginning, from the corrections the authors are obliged to make to D'Annunzio's statement that he was born "aboard the barquentine Irene, at sea" on a stormy night between Trieste and Pescara. This statement, had it been true, would have reflected ill on the forethought and common sense of his mother; but in fact she brought him into the world, as might have been expected, in her own decent home.

It is typical of D'Annunzio that he should have invented this sham marvel when there are sufficient marvels in the rise of a country boy, not from one of the sacred centres of Italy, where the accumulations of history form a treasure which knows no diminution, though modern industry contributes nothing, but from a dull and dusty small provincial town.

Before he was twenty-one D'Annunzio had eloped with a young Duchess from a noble family, which, oddly enough, relied for music in the home on the eccentric and monotonous medium of "an orchestra of guitars hidden from view behind velvet draperies." But perhaps velvet draperies are the refined ducal method of throwing a handkerchief over the cage.

By this and by other means he established himself in the world known in those days as "high society" with an altogether Arlenesque zest, which draws from the authors the disapproving comment that "never will he be capable of the refinement of being unconscious of refinements." His literary work was for some years restricted to a curious variety of concupiscent fashion note. "Cloaks are all of mink, this year; and no fur, especially on rainy days, gives the onlooker a greater hankering for the delights of passion." On turning to another page of this issue the female reader will realise how much she gains by having been born a happy British child, who can in later life consult the Press for expert advice on an autumn outfit without being stimulated and fatigued by erotic admonitions.

It must have seemed at this period that he would never rise above this unpromising form of literature, his time was so fully occupied with the Italian female aristocracy, which is here (certainly unjustly) shown as an eighteenth century ceiling painting. One pities these ladies most of all for being named in this book; but one cannot help noting that one was punitively plain, and the rest extravagantly tiresome,

and that D'Annunzio's courtship of them was not so much a pursuit of pleasure as the conscientious performance of a social duty.

It is useless to ask what the ladies saw in him. In every age there arises a Don Juan whose embraces are patently disastrous and indefatigably sought, but it is only the inexperienced who imagine that the explanation lies in his possession of unique physical or mental attractions. It was no unusual charm about the steep place that caused the Gadarene swine to run down it into the sea, but the devils which had entered into them. Late nineteenth-century romanticism, a devil of extreme dynamic and nihilistic power, had entered into these Italian ladies, and found in the ambitious little man an opportunity to realise the facile and flamboyant tragedy whereof they dreamed.

Still, he must have spent a great deal of his time in coping with the Duchesses and the Princesses and the Marchesas; and it is surprising that he should have produced, before middle age, the vast volume of poetry, plays and novels by which his reputation stands to-day. It does not, of course, stand unquestioned, for it is essentially contradictory in its origin and its expression. It seems to be really the case that D'Annunzio is a fine classical scholar; yet none represents more blatantly than he does the perverse extreme of romanticism, which tries to find a new beauty without any regard for the antecedent discoveries of tradition as to what symbols are valid for the mind.

His style will for pages together remind one of Pater—a drunk Pater, perhaps, but then we can do with some drunk Pater to counterbalance the overwhelming mass of sober Pater we already possess. There are, on the other hand, innumerable pages which remind one of Barry Pain's parody of "The Love Letters of an Englishwoman," where he makes the lady plead that she must close her letter, her maid having borrowed her style because she wants something soft to pack a hat in.

The peculiar fault of both his poetry and his fiction is the tendency to invent scenes in which two persons indulge the tenderest of passions in what should be sylvan and refreshing surroundings, and to give them the heat and turbulence of a Bank holiday crowd on Hampstead Heath. Yet about some novels, and many of his plays, there is a kind of shrewd estimate and industrious exploitation of the mechanism of emotion, not so much in his subjects as in his audience. His "Dream of an Autumn

Afternoon" commits, remorselessly as a one act play, just that violent act to the attention which Ravel commits in his "Bolero." All his imaginative work suffers from the major defect of never persuading one that the characters could not at any moment lay down the trifle of incest or whatnot about which they are raving, put on their goloshes and go home; but it has the virtue of always persuading one that this defect is unimportant.

Strange that this mass of adroit writing, full of aspirations towards good work, full of approaches to it, should be performed by one whose life remained so much on the level of bad work. By financial legerdemain he built houses which sound pretty dreadful, if only for his indulgence in the pernicious habit of covering them with epigraphs. If one can derive pleasure from the sight of excerpts from Holy Writ at eye-level, that may be permitted; and if economic necessity compels one to suspend on one's wall the legend "Devonshire teas, one shilling and sixpence," it is a matter for the tear of pity rather than the stone of condemnation. But to write in one's house "The Limit of Power? There is no Limit to Power!" "The Limit of Courage? There is no Limit to Courage!" and so on, is to prove that there is no limit to silliness.

There was no limit to other things. Duse called the villa she built next door to her lover "La Porziuncola," after the lodge that St. Francis of Assisi inhabited in the wilderness; a detail which will interest those who went to see her in her old age, and were startled to find, radically vicious under a technique that would have been a worthy instrument for the highest artistic virtue, the pretentious masochism, the strained religiosity of a Sassoferrato; a detail which shows how, in an age which uses excitement as its sole criterion, all values can be lost.

In the war D'Annunzio was a hero. That is not to be doubted, even in view of the fact that he keeps on the mantelpiece of his dining-room at Gardone funeral urns containing the hearts of Italian Aviators. He was also politically inept; he stayed at Fiume while Mussolini went on to Rome.

Now his life goes on as before. He has gone back to epigraphs. The bathroom is lined with tiles bearing the Franciscan remark (good in its way, but unlikely to gain anything by frequent repetition), "Water is excellent," an opinion which one would have thought had been sufficiently endorsed by the erection of the bathroom. There is something horrible about this dripping of words

in the home of a writer; one feels as apprehensive as one would if one heard that a musician of great gifts left his radio on all the time.

He has not lost his other passion for a like excess of female beauty. His home is now presided over by a quite horribly lovely lady, of whom the authors present an illuminating photograph. She is one of those women who naturally belong to the Lord Mayor's Show. Given a good flat, she could represent the Spirit of almost anything. When the camera caught her, she was making do with a flight of stone steps against a background of cypresses, and a very nice Russian greyhound which, with averted head, narrowed eyes, and protruding tongue, seems to have felt its position acutely. It seems to be protesting that it may not be much in the intellectual line, having a brainpan the size of an eggcup, but at least it is well bred. This book, indeed, with its appalling picture of vulgar romance, makes one sympathetic to such pleas on the part of refined tenuity.

One cannot leave the subject without mentioning the remarkable fact that in 1924 D'Annunzio, according to rumour, was thrown out of a second storey window by a lady, doubtless remarking as he fell, like Smee, "In a way it's a compliment." Moreover, it is worth while noting that scattered through the book, particularly in the parts dealing with the glowing medieval adventure of Fiume, is information which makes one understand the peculiar difficulties confronting post-war Italian statesmen; and that the earlier chapters, read in conjunction with Ugo Ojetti's "Things I have Seen," will give those interested in literary history some idea of the social atmosphere surrounding these late nineteenth century romantics, whom Wagner and Nietzsche and their own lushness made such singular beings.

—Daily Telegraph.

## GEMS AND PASTE

PRECIOSA (TO ANGELICA):—"One so young as you should have no friends but those of her own sex!"

Longfellow: "The Spanish Student."

As so often happens with the efforts of statesmen, the consequences are precisely the opposite of

those which the well-intentioned persons had in view.

Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel.

MICHAEL:—"I always wonder how any woman can marry any man. I should be terrified if I was a woman."

A. A. Milne: "Michael and Mary."

Marriage and motherhood had somehow not come near her; SHE HAD MISSED ALL THAT MAKES WOMANHOOD.

Benson: "The Oakleyites," p. 62.

Some reason, probably that which lies at the root of so many marriages, namely, a vague desire on the part of the girl to see what it would be like. . . .

Ibid., p. 22.

Man, masquerading through the ages in the guise of a warrior, while within his dented armour beats the heart of a lover, and wounds lie hidden that nothing in the wide world can heal.

Eadie: "Lagooned in the Virgin Islands."

A mudda begets de picnees, but not deir hearts.

W. African proverb, cited *ibid.*

To me marriage is like slavery. I wanted to be free—free.

"Miss Donovan," cited *ibid.*

Marriage hab teet', and bite hot.

W. African proverb, cited *ibid.*

Before yo' marry, keep two eye open, after yo' marry, shut one. (ditto.)

You look upon [physical] "Nature" as something we should do well to follow. I look upon "Nature" as a horrid old harridan. [Spencer had argued from the "heavy handicap 'Nature' imposed upon women."]

Mill to Spencer, ex relatione Millicent Fawcett, (see her *Life*, p. 39).

Most fellows think the world's divided up into two—men and women, and that it's up to the men to do the protecting. That idea's wrong, and it's responsible for most of the married misfits there are going around. Folks that lean and folks that lean on—that's what they really are. It's the biggest mistake in the world to think that because a man's born male, he's just got to be leaned on. If he's a leaner, he's got to lean, and that's all there is to it.

C. Fox-Smith: "Peregrine."

## WOMEN AS PRIESTS

VARIOUS aspects of the ministry of women in the Church were considered at Oxford at the conference arranged by the Anglican Group for the ordination of women to the Historic Orders of the Church's Ministry.

The REV. PAUL GIBSON, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, speaking of women and the priesthood, asked whether it mattered if the ordination of women should be against the custom of a certain part of the Church. The Prayer-book was perfectly clear, and in the thirty-fourth article the Church of England had her charter if she wished to ordain women. They were told that it might preclude Reunion, but there was no papal pronouncement on the subject. There was a greater question than arguments about possible future Reunion, and that was the question of right and wrong.

Miss E. M. CRYSTAL, tutor at Newnham College, Cambridge, said they found their students as school-girls were very well instructed in Scripture, but knew little about the Church. The reason was that young women had been neglected during their adolescence by the Church, and the faith was not yet being presented to them in a convincing way. They were of the opinion that women should ideally have the spiritual direction of women if they wished for it. She would like to remove all exaggeration and excitement from the discussion. The thing was much less alarming than was thought. It was the extension of the ministry of service.

She thought that women should not be admitted to the priesthood until they had reached the age of 30. In nineteen centuries women had abundantly proved themselves fit for the ministry.

Mrs. W. C. ROBERTS, wife of the rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, in a paper, said there was nothing whatever which differentiated women from

men except sex. Anyone who argued against women being ordained was either obsessed with sex or prepared to let the Church be dominated by people obsessed with sex. The Church of England, although it was not the whole of the Church Catholic, was sufficiently a unit to be capable of independent action involving fresh interpretation of the Scriptures and breach with Catholic tradition.

## STAR-DUST

## I.—MILITARY

1. JAPAN.—The spirit of a brave Japanese woman, the first to be so honoured since 1891, will be enshrined at the Yasukuni Shrine on Kudan Hill at the time of the special festival to be held next month in honour of the dead soldiers of the nation. She is the late Shima Kawazoe, wife of Chuji Kawazoe, an officer in the Kwantung government police force. She was killed on August 23rd in an attack by bandits on Chengchiatum, on the main line of the South Manchuria Railway. Four hundred of the marauders descended on the little station, which was guarded by only a small force, and she took part in the defence, armed with two pistols. It became necessary to get word to police headquarters and she offered to cover the retreat of five men, including her husband, to permit them to carry news of the attack to headquarters.

After the attack had been repelled, she was found dead, shot with five bullets. Still in her hand was a Mauser rifle. She was 30 years old.

The seventeen women previously enshrined at Yasukuni were honoured for their part in the Meiji Restoration.

—Japan Advertiser, 28th March 1933.

2. JAPAN.—Torano Kodama, 40, and Chiyono Kodama, 16, wife and daughter of Constable Yoshihei Kodama, who is stationed three miles south of Fushun, Manchoukuo, will be recommended by the Department of Overseas Affairs to the Bureau of Decorations for recognition of their brave services in fighting Manchu bandits.

On September 15th 1932, Kodama went out on his inspection rounds, with his faithful shepherd dog. Suddenly he was attacked by a group of bandits. He quickly scribbled a note, tied it to the collar of his dog and sent the animal home. When the dog arrived with the news, Mrs. Kodama was in bed with a high fever. On reading her husband's note,

she immediately telephoned to the neighbours as well as the Fushun Colliery Office. Furthermore, she led 270 Japanese inhabitants in the neighbourhood to a coal mine to hide. With the help of her young daughter, she maintained telephone communications with the colliery and other places despite the bandit attack. She was even obliged to keep up a rifle fire while in the telephone booth. Through her efforts, her husband and all the Japanese residents in the neighbourhood were saved from the bandits.

—*Japan Times*.

## II.—BUSINESS

FARMING—(ENGLAND).—Modern women are seriously taking up all branches of farming and gardening as a career, and at the Dairy Show, at the Royal Agricultural Hall here, they were represented in every department. The glowing health of the stall-holders, their direct capable manner and the excellence of their produce were eloquent testimonials to woman's suitability for farm and dairy work.

A number of Colleges specialize in training women in both practical and theoretical work. It is now possible to take a degree in agriculture, horticulture and in dairy work, just as in classics and in science.

"Many women students come from abroad, especially from Africa, to study English methods" said a representative of the Reading University, one of the largest training centres, "and when they go back most of them keep in close touch with their training college, and the latest scientific developments."

—*Japan Times*, 29th December 1931.

## III.—ACADEMIC

JAPAN.—Considerable attention has been attracted by the recent conferring of the degree of Doctor of Science upon Sechi Kato, of Yamagata Prefecture, as the attainment of such degrees by women students is infrequent. Dr. Kato graduated from the Women's Normal School in Yamagata and afterward from the science department of the Women's Higher Normal School. She later completed the agricultural course at the Hokkaido Imperial University and then entered the service of the Physico-Chemical Institute. Her thesis was upon the subject of acetylene compounds.

—*Japan Advertiser*, 11th June 1931.

## V.—ATHLETICS

1. BOXING.—(JAPAN).—The days of male superiority in Japan may be numbered.

The stronger sex are faced with a new terror, with the appearance of the first woman pugilist in this land, reputedly, of painted dolls. Masako Ishida, aged 21, once holder of the women's shot-put record, and weighing 136 pounds, threatens to upset the accepted order of things in this man-ruled country.

She will be in the boxing card at the Hibiya Public Hall on the evening of January 9th, when the fair lightweight meets Nobuyoshi Yamanaka, the pride of the Nichiei Boxing Club, in a three-round exhibition.

This novel entertainment, although billed strictly as an exhibition, is expected to inject gloom into the hearts of romantically inclined youths, who regard the fair sex in this country as being of the clinging vine type. These youths may rudely awaken to the shocking revelation that men will have to take a share of the knocks of marital life.

Her debut is expected to be followed by the appearance of other women prize fighters in the hitherto manly art of punching to the line.

Strictly speaking, she is not the first woman boxer in Japan, but she is the first of her sex to face a man in a public ring. About 1922, the motion picture actress, Komako Sunada, educated in America, took up boxing after her return to Japan, training daily at Yujiro Watanabe's ring in Meguro. She was the first woman in this country to don boxing gloves.

In 1926 another girl, a relative of Sadayuki Ogino, the noted referee, turned to boxing as a recreation.

—*Japan Times*.

2. LIFE BOAT WORK (DENMARK).—News of what is believed to be the first lifeboat woman is given in the current issue of the "Lifeboat." She is Miss Naemi Sjoberg, of Enskar, Sweden, a regular member of the local lifeboat crew, and daughter of the coxswain.

She joined the lifeboat recently when a vacancy occurred which could not be filled by a suitable man.

3. CRICKET.—Dorothy Kay, of Derby, who left school only last year, has been bowling cleverly for Parkfield Cedars Old Girls' Cricket Club. So far, she has bowled 72 overs, of which 24 have been maidens, and has taken 34 wickets for 143 runs . . . This gives her an average of 4'2.

—*News Chronicle* (London), 16th June 1933.

4. CRICKET.—Under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral the scandalous story of the secret defeat of the choristers' cricket team by a girls' school is whispered.

The Wycombe Abbey School for Girls first XI. vanquished the St. Paul's Choir School first XI. by 11 runs at High Wycombe last Thursday, but news of the boys' defeat leaked out only now. The boys would not speak of the defeat when I saw them, writes a reporter. With determined looks at me they sealed their lips on a secret they regarded as their own. Many of the choir-boys, it seems, were run out by the girl fielders, who showed deft marksmanship in throwing down wickets from the outfield. The boys explained to their girl conquerors that they get very little running practice. They hesitated to "snatch" runs and then while still running, saw their wickets upset.

The headmaster of the Choir School, the Rev. R. H. Couchman, told me the scores did not disgrace the boys. The girls batted first, scoring 103 runs, the boys made 92.

"For the past three or four years," Mr. Couchman said, "the boys have played the girls, and have never yet been able to snatch a victory. The girls are perhaps a couple of years older than the boys—whose average age is 14—and the girls' proficiency is nearly that of boys of their own age."

## VI.—PSYCHOLOGY

JAPAN.—As in the case of the Great Kanto Earthquake in 1923, stirring tales of heroism by the people of the devastated area are told in the vernaculars this morning, the outstanding one being the part played by seven telephone girls of the Miyako Post Office in Miyako, Iwate.

The earthquake was followed by a tidal wave more than 10 feet in height, which swept the town of Miyako, causing the citizens to flee to the neighbouring hills. The telephone girls, however, remained at their posts and made emergency calls informing the officials of the other prefecture about the earthquake and tidal wave disaster.

While the townspeople were shivering with fear and cold lest the girls should be swallowed up by the surging waves, the latter continued to remain on duty and, when the second tidal wave swept inshore and receded towards the sea again, all were able to breathe easier. The tidal wave just reached the post-office building but failed to do any damage. When the people returned to view the devastated

town, they found the telephone girls still at their posts answering and receiving calls.

—*Japan Times*, 4th March 1933.

MELBOURNE.—Bumps, kicks, dives and all the features of a fierce Rugby football scrum were seen at the recent basketball match between women's teams representing South Australia and Victoria. So hotly did the fight rage that at the end of the game four of the Victorian team had to be treated for injuries at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Sprains, strained backs and bruises were numerous but the players seemed to care no more than the 'barrackers' who crowded round the touch-line freely offering comment.

The game was a replay to decide the championship state, South Australia having previously won by a single goal. In the second match the South Australians established their claim to the championship by 26 goals to 22.

—*Japan Times*, 21st Nov. 1931.

## VII.—DRESS

1. JAPAN.—Countering the fate which had made her a woman, Akiko Futagami, 18 years of age, cut off her long black tresses and donned the clothes of a boy in order to find work independently of her family. On May 30th a policeman attached to the Kikuyabashi Police Station in Asakusa found a rucksack containing a woman's underkimono and several locks of hair. This mystery baffled the police for some time, until the idea struck them that a girl being held by the Sekizenkan might have some connection with the clothes and shorn hair. Confronted with them and accused of having attempted to dispose of them, the girl confessed to the truth and admitted that after the loss of her father some time ago, she had been forced to work among strangers. She said that she had faced disadvantages at every turn because of her sex and finally decided to seek independence by posing as a boy and securing a man's work. She was particularly anxious to do so as she had been informed recently by her brother that it was high time she married and that a suitable prospect had been found. On May 27th, she cut off her hair in the lavatory of the Namba Station on the Nankai Railway in Osaka and put on the trousers and coat of a young man. She then came to Tokio with her discarded kimono and the tresses of hair in a rucksack, with a total of Y. 10 in her pocket, to look for work.

—*Japan Advertiser*, 5th June 1933.

2. JAPAN.—The Café Showatei at Oi-machi reported to the Oi Police station that one of its girls seemed to be a man dressed up as a girl. The police examined all the girls in the café, and found that "Yoshiko Matsuyama," one of the girls, was really a man. When she was told not to impersonify a girl, she complained that she could not make her living if she became a man.

—*Japan Times*, 19th June 1933.

3. JAPAN.—Yoshiko Kawashima, 27, often referred to as "The Joan d'Arc of Manchuria," has arrived in Japan for rest and recuperation.

Dressed in men's clothes as usual, she arrived lately at Moji on board the N.Y.K. liner *Ussuri Maru*. She intends to interview Lt.-Gen. Kenkichi Ueda of the Army General Staff, here.

Asked why she prefers to dress in men's clothing, she replied that when the "emergency or crisis" is over, she may "become a woman again."

Born a daughter of Prince Hsiao, uncle of Pu-yi, last emperor of the Ching dynasty of China and now ruler of Manchoukuo, Kawashima san was adopted by N. Kawashima, then adviser to the Chinese prince, and was brought up in Japan. She was educated at the Girls' High School in Matsumoto. Since the outbreak of the Manchurian incident in 1931, she has been often seen among Japanese army officers in Shanghai and later in Manchuria. She was indeed once elected commander of a unit of Manchoukuo troops on an expedition to suppress banditry.

—*Japan Times*, 13th July 1933.

[A photograph accompanies this note in the *Japan Times*.]

4. PARIS.—Her attachment to her lover caused Yvonne Lebouc to condemn herself to a living tomb, and though he died twenty years ago, she continued to dwell on the island of Saint Laurent du Maroni, in order that she might in the end be buried with him.

In 1893, Gaston Foy was condemned to a life sentence for the murder of a brother Apache. She wished then to accompany him into penal servitude, but the authorities refused her request. She decided to obtain by ruse what had been denied her by the courts. Making up as a man, she lived the life of a Montmartre Apache until she met the man who had been the principal witness against her lover. There was a quarrel, and the man was killed. Yvonne refused to defend herself, being bent on following her lover to the Devil's Isle. The secret of her sex

was not revealed, and she was condemned to a life sentence and sent to the penal settlements. She was fortunate enough to be sent to the same island as that on which her lover was serving his sentence, and in due course the couple met. They kept their secret from the warders on the island and met on many occasions. Twenty years ago Gaston died from the effects of a snake bite, and though Yvonne later was offered the chance of repatriation in France, she elected to stay behind so that she might be near the grave of the man for whom she had sacrificed so much.

It was not until she died that the truth of her sex was discovered.

5. LEICESTER.—Two nurses at Leicester Royal Infirmary decided to copy the fashion of trousers for women set by Marlene Dietrich.

But the hospital authorities disapproved of this, and they were warned that it was not dignified for them to dress in this way.

The nurses demanded freedom to wear trousers if they wished, and continued to wear their flannels off duty.

They were asked to resign, and did so.

6. LONDON.—By order of the judge a man appeared in the dock dressed as a woman. When Augustine Joseph Hull, aged 21, a colliery worker, of St. Helens, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour, he burst into tears, fainted, and had to be assisted from the dock. Hull was charged with indecency. His counsel said if he appeared in court in women's attire, it would prejudice his case. Mr. Justice Talbot directed that he should appear in the clothes he wore at the time of the alleged offences until the Crown case closed, when he could don men's clothes. Hull then walked into the dock wearing a long black lace frock and an imitation leopard-skin coat with fur trimmings.

The prosecutor said Hull posed as a woman for six months. He deceived a number of people, including a young man named George Burrows, who lived with him as his "husband." Hull, in evidence, said while at home he was treated as a girl, and played with girlish toys. All his life he had wanted to pass as a woman. A doctor said Hull was feminine in his outlook and mentality.

—*Japan Times*.

7. SYDNEY.—Men are lucky! No corsets, petticoats, no stockings; they are not obliged to wear any of these things that make the average lady's life

a bugbear, according to Enid Danton, and that is why she appeared in the Divorce Court gallery in a man's serge suit.

"These are not beach pyjamas, not at all. This is a suit I made myself because I am fed up with skirts and all the underclothing a woman has to wear," said the lady in serge.

"I wear this suit everywhere," she went on, displaying her high-heeled shoes, which hide behind the flowing width of the bell-bottomed trousers.

"You don't have to iron dresses or wash stockings, you don't have to polish your shoes—you can be as lazy as a man," said the lady vindictively.

"I tell myself I am more fully clothed than the average woman and I feel a lot more comfortable."

The daring lady has held the job as chauffeur to a number of city people, and has also been a motor seller.

It was just pure luck for the audience that she appeared in court this morning and eclipsed Mrs. Field as the morning sensation.

8. PARIS.—Frequenters of a certain Paris cabaret famed for its attractive girls, knew and appreciated the talent and the striking beauty of "Muguet," who in the course of time was offered engagements that took her to London, Brussels and Berlin. But it will come as a great surprise to most of them to

learn that "Muguet" was of the sterner sex, says the Paris correspondent of "The People."

This dramatic discovery was made when the police were called to a house not far from the famous racecourse of Auteuil on account of a tragedy involving the death from an overdose of drugs of a man described as Marcel Guillot. On the bed they found a figure clad in feminine garments, and when the papers were examined it was found that the victim was the much-discussed "Muguet" who had last been heard of in Berlin, where "she" was one of the star "turns" in a popular night resort.

All "her" life "Muguet" was accompanied by a bizarre personage "she" spoke of as her "man" and it now appears that the "man" was in reality a woman, so that the two had "swapped" identities. It is stated by those who knew the secret that Guillot had been masquerading as a girl from his earliest teens, and only donned male attire for a brief period of military service with one of the French regiments of the line. After he left the Army, he began his career as a dancer, and made a hit as a typical Follies Bergere dancing girl.

Apparently he played the rôle so well that experienced managers were taken in and really believed they were engaging a female dancer for their cabaret shows.

—*Bombay Chronicle*, 8th May 1933.

## 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 hos angeloï."*

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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, Frognal Gardens, London, N.W.; D. H. Cornish, 33, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, London, W.; T. Baty, Temple, London, E.C.

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