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# URANIA

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TWO-MONTHLY.

"No longer will I speak of Choice,  
"Or my faint hold on Thee:  
"On this alone with awe rejoice—  
"Thy mighty grasp of me."

"Love that is calling us home out of the storm."

## A FEMINIST PROTAGONIST

IRENE CLYDE, in *Eve's Sour Apples* (Scholaris Press, 6s.), has arrived at important conclusions in relation to that troublesome theme "Sex."

Refreshingly free from scientific terms, she proves again that science is but the handmaiden of Philosophy, for what Miss Clyde says to-day, those of us who are conversant with the last word in Psychological, Biological and Sociological research, realise that science will (if it does not deviate from its hitherto admirable course along the path of truth) be saying to-morrow.

"The essence of Sex," says Miss Clyde in her first chapter, "is domination," and "gloss it over as we may with a cataract of orange blossom, white satin, plum cake and Mendelssohn . . . the naked reality . . . juts up when all the white-lace foam has disappeared."

Miss Clyde makes it quite clear that the "manly man" and the "womanly woman" are just as ugly and imperfect as the effeminate youth and the masculine maiden, for in advocating a policy of asexual perfection Miss Clyde is not singing the praises of homosexual perversion. She says: "To cultivate strength without delicacy is to cultivate a vice. To cultivate sensitiveness without honour is to cultivate a vice"; and she quotes the anecdote of an old French *Curé* who advised the children of the village thus: "Let the boys be tender:—let the girls be strong." And when the astonished adults asked him if he did not mean this advice to be inverted he replied no, for nature had already done its worst in that direction.

Irene Clyde advocates admission of women to the Universities—the throwing open of the Colleges—

and surely in this all women will agree. "All that is needed," she says, "is faith and courage and a determination that the atmosphere of a college shall be that of a decent home and not that of a third-rate club."

In the chapter "Vanishing Sex" Miss Clyde cites her opponents as the Benedictine, the Dominican, the pseudo-scientific, the Ancestral, the religious and the practical; she most "manfully" puts them to a logical route. She very ably tackles the question of Nudity, and of Flagellation; she enters the lists and tilts with St. Paul, who comes off second best; and in her final chapter, "Feminism, Aristocracy, and Pacifism," we are shown with impeccable logic that war is essentially the outcome of *masculine ferocity*, and that all other so-called "causes" are secondary.

"War is a male thing" (I wish the word "sport" had been used), "and as long as boys are taught to fight and to domineer it is impossible to hope that war can ever be eliminated."

There is only one fault to find with this book: it is too short. Such mellifluous, fascinating writing ought to be at least as long as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* . . .

A statement on the wrapper, that *Eve's Sour Apples* is not a book for babies is contestable, for more delicacy could not possibly be displayed in frankly and exhaustively dealing with this difficult subject: but it certainly is not a book for the hundred-per-cent "he-man," whose pelvic segment rules his reason, and whose gonadal hormone tinctures his thought. It is an important work, and it is everyone's duty to give themselves the pleasure of reading it. Before doing so, however, it is advisable to discard the popular fallacy that hermaphroditism is degenerative, and learn, if not from the ponderous

pages of the latest book on Biology, at least from the lips of one who has perused such a tome, that this state of being is the ultimate development that can preserve a species threatened with extinction.

J. F.

## ANTHOMELISSA

It was dawn in the hive.  
The great bee-pipers that awaken bees  
Strutted along the narrow corridors  
With strident buzz  
And from the six-walled cells  
Intolerant of that soul-invading din  
That bursts black bee-heads with its droning hum  
To madness . . . . .  
They broke out of the hive, a stream of bees.  
And the flowers said—  
"They come! they come! Lift up thy honeyed head  
—Sister!" and every flower held up its face,  
Its blind and perfumed face, and, in the dark  
Of floral blindness, visioned a great Bee . . . .  
Just as the soul looks up, tiptoe for God.

D. H. C.

## THE CHURCH OF THE NEW AGE

It affords us real pleasure to bring to the knowledge of our readers an intellectual religious movement which will satisfy the spiritual needs of many perplexed inquirers, in this unsettled and complicated age. Constance Andrews, the Minister of the Church in Manchester—one might almost call her its Bishop—states its fundamental conceptions as follows. If the phrases "Father-Mother" and "Man and Woman" do not seem to accord with our own fashion of presenting our ideals, it must be remembered that language is an imperfect means of expression. We do not suppose that the Church of the New Age intends any separation between "Man" and "Woman," nor any equality between the characteristics of mothers and fathers respectively. It may be inferred that the intention simply is to emphasize the inadequacy of the doctrine which represents the Divinity as a "Father": and to present the ideal human being as combining the best features of "woman" and "man."

1.—The Church of the New Age admits men and women to its ministry and membership on terms of perfect equality.

2.—It believes in God as the great Father-Mother, whose representative on earth is Humanity expressed as Man and Woman.

3.—Recognising that all religions are but different ways by which men have striven to approach the Divine, the Church of the New Age presents a synthesis of religion in terms of modern thought. The Christian revelation, illumined by the study of Comparative Religion, and enriched by the philosophy of past ages, harmonises and completes all that has preceded it. The treasures of the Hidden Wisdom are sought by the mystical interpretation of the Scriptures.

4.—It advocates tolerance of all opinions, reverent search for truth, purity of life, and service to humanity.

5.—The existence of moral as well as of natural law is affirmed, and the ancient teachings of Re-Incarnation or Re-Birth, conditioned by the law of Cause and Effect, is offered as a satisfying and reasonable explanation of the problems of life.

6.—The Church of the New Age affirms the unity of all life, and therefore recognises the link between Man and the sub-human kingdoms, and our consequent obligation to the lower creation.

7.—It teaches the need for Prayer as a channel between the Divine and Human, and practises Meditation as the most powerful means of spiritual development.

8.—It points to the discovery of the forces latent in Man, by means of which health of body and mind can be assured. It demonstrates the creative power of thought, and shows how we make our own environment.

9.—It inculcates sympathetic interest in all national and international problems, and the desire to contribute actively to their solution.

10.—It affords a means of reconciliation between Science and Religion, by showing that both natural and spiritual laws are expressions of the Divine Will. To the study of the evolution of form must be added that of the evolution of life or soul.

11.—It affirms the continuity of life, and maintains that death is only a change of form.

12.—The Church of the New Age would restore Beauty as an essential aspect of the Divine Nature to all the activities of life, and would especially encourage the Arts—Music, Colour and Mystic Drama—as aids to worship and to the presentation of religious truth.

JOY TO ALL BEINGS.

## TWO GENERATIONS

Two girl undergraduates of my acquaintance spent a happy afternoon not long ago in trying to discover how they could really shock their parents and yet retain their own self-respect.

Both were daughters of academic parents; but while one had been reared in the industrial north and was then studying economics under the most modern conditions, the other was of the south and deep in the studies of the ancient world at Oxford. Both experienced that natural and inevitable desire of the young to go one better than their predecessors. Both felt that in the new world to which they were heirs some disagreement between youth and age was not only inevitable but right. Both longed to find some way into that world other than the ways trodden by their parents. (Both, incidentally, were charming, intelligent and attractive.) But after prolonged discussion both sadly agreed that nothing could be done. Neither Communism nor Fascism, neither Groupism nor Rome, not even Christian Science could they embrace without entirely losing their own self-respect. Nor could their fastidiousness and rightmindedness conceive the possibility of a thoroughly modern and in-the-eyes-of-grown-ups unsuitable love affair. There was nothing to be done. Their parents must remain unshocked, content, well satisfied with the ideas, conduct and demeanour of their respective daughters, and the progress of civilisation need not be attended by revolution.

Hearing all this, I was reminded of another story of the same kind. Another university parent, working diligently in his study, heard through the open window the voice of a young man whom he had befriended, and who was at the moment his guest, explaining to the daughter of the house that no progress could be made, nothing worth while could be done, no young person could possibly be any use in the world unless he or she was prepared to rebel against, to revolt from, to fight with the elder generation, and especially with parents, who represented, inevitably and certainly, tyranny, reaction, the dead hand of the past and all that was evil and wrong. The poor maiden in this case was as much perplexed as my two young friends. She, too, wanted to be in the movement of the age, progressive, advancing, reforming, if necessary revolutionary. But do what she might, will as she would, she, too, found it impossible to revolt against, to disapprove of, to shock, pain and aggrieve her extremely public-spirited

and forward-minded parents without losing her own self-respect. There was again nothing to be done.

What is the moral of all this? For that there is only too often conflict between parents and children, between the elder and the younger generation, or that the gulf that divides those who were young before the war and those who are young now is especially deep and wide, no honest observer could deny. I know nothing of the home and parentage of my friend's inflammatory guest, although I know that he has continued to preach his gospel of revolution and revolt with only too much success among eager and enthusiastic young people, and for all I know he may have continued to disregard the ordinary standards of how one should behave to those from whom one accepts hospitality. But I cannot but suspect that a number of these preachers of revolt, of these inciters of child against parent, must themselves have lacked sympathy, understanding and respect from their elders in the days of their impressionable youth. . . . .

The difference between the points of view of parent and child is as old as the relationship itself, as old, as inevitable, and perhaps as desirable. But that it should lead to acute friction and to rupture is often little less than tragedy. It is difficult for the elders, tired, busy, often suffering slightly from hardening of the mental arteries, to enter enthusiastically into the ideas of the young, as difficult as it is for those young to understand the hesitations, doubts and difficulties of their too-experienced elders. But that the effort can be made with success seems to be proved by these two little stories.—MRS. H. L. FISHER in *The Independent* (July 28th, 1934).

[Might not the undergraduates have spent an innocent month in a cottage with their friends who are usually differently dressed—all dressed in the same style? and that might have shocked the elder generation?—ED.]

## THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

NOVELISTS generally and biographers on occasion make great play with the disappointment of parents on the birth of a daughter. The supposition is that a son is the more desirable offspring, universally prayed for as the first-born and thereafter acceptable as an economic prop to his parents in their declining years. This is to overlook the distinctive qualifications of daughters, which may be broadly classified

as housekeeping and more constant companionship than can be expected from sons. That the possibilities inherent in girls are in fact appreciated more than those in boys is shown by the experience of the National Adoption Society. Last year there were adopted through the Society 361 babies, of whom 218 were girls and only 143 were boys. It is remarked in the annual report of the society that many people could not understand the disparity, as most parents longed for a son. The society has no explanation to offer, but states that the adopters who approached it came from all positions in life. The improved status of women since the beginning of the century must not be forgotten. For the rest, our feminists can make what they can out of the clearly expressed preference of foster-parents.

—*The Independent*, August 25th, 1934.

#### WOMEN AND WORK

THE report of the Chief Inspector of Factories, published lately, contains a section by Dr. Sybil Horner on the effects of industrial employment on women and girls. Dr. Horner's views should be studied not so much for their details as for the broad implications underlying them, and they should be studied side by side with present happenings in Germany and Herr Hitler's handling of the same set of problems. In his drastic revolutionary way, faced with the most serious forms of unemployment, Herr Hitler has cleared women right out of industry and, putting the clock back for twenty or thirty years, has sent them home. Dr. Sybil Horner, in contrast to this, explains the highly beneficial effects of the new freedom for women to work. She goes farther and analyses such defects as are admitted in the health and physique of our women and girls, and traces them, not to industrial occupations but to the domestic duties which are often undertaken after the wage-earning work of the day has been completed. It is the combination of the two and not industry or home work which is responsible for those troubles that come within the scope of the women inspectors of factories.

#### UNDER THE COVER OF CONVENTION

THE triumph over so-called "temptations" in the lives of the saints was the triumph of the soul. Christ refused food, power and riches; other forms of

"temptation" with which the later Christians manfully wrestled do not seem to have affected Him at all. The triumph achieved was the freedom of the soul to be itself and act upon no compromise but according to conviction. Such was the freedom reached by George Fox. Neither drink nor a wife could have settled his strivings: they found another outlet from those his friends suggested. He achieved a full and free expression of personality, symbolised in his leather suit; and it is the glory of the Quaker ministry that it has carried on upon the lines he started. It has accepted no juggling of "complementary" or "compensatory" sex-behaviour; no such jig-saw puzzle; no false distinctions branding the soul. It is definitely and uncompromisingly Æthnic; it stands, as we do in URANIA, for spiritual values. The coat of Fox, the hose of St. Joan, are together in the heavenly armories with the seamless vesture of Christ.

Failure of triumph over temptation, what is it? Simply the sheltering behind some convention, or opposing it. The former is a sin of omission, if you will; the latter of commission. But in either case it is the omission to do good that counts: good being regarded as the thing that matters to the life of the soul, evil as its absence—spelling death.

What would humanity have been the worse (Judas might say) had Christ accepted the Kingship and power that were offered? Who could blame Him? What was wrong in riches? in bread? The answer is: that we cannot gauge the evil but we can imagine the loss of good. The face of the world would not have been changed if He had yielded to that temptation; and history would have been deprived of the figure that eternally stands for Love as the supreme value.

We are protected by convention; but Christ did not trouble about these.

As a woman or girl convention to some extent protects me. I may be petty or impulsive on the plea of "sex." But the fact remains that there was somewhere a complete, well-pondered, wise and beautiful action that has been left undone because I failed to do it—sheltered as I was by imperfect sex "ideals."

As a man or boy, convention shelters me if I bully or give a black eye to another boy. But I cannot hit him in the eye and at the same time delicately appreciate him: or force him to fag for me and at the same time treat him as an absolute equal. If I accept the conventional support, act behind the

conventional screen, I may trample on him and yet be "manly"; but by so doing I am depriving myself of the opportunity of drawing near in sympathy to a fellow soul.

War is not so much to be blamed as the inflicter of death (for sooner or later that must come) as because we deliberately deprive ourselves, the day we declare war, of the opportunity of knowing our foes. We cannot be out to kill them and yet desirous to know them better. We cannot consider them as ourselves and stick bayonets into them; the suicidal does not go so far. We cannot say we are slaughtering bodies to save souls, as the Inquisitioners did, because that is a quibble that humanity imperiously rejects—as they refused the Inquisition at Naples. We know at heart that we are excluding ourselves from possibilities of human communion, which we might achieve and which we reject. Therefore war is inhuman; not just because it kills.

A sin of omission; the sheltering behind a convention. Convention protects war. It protects sex. But the soul that accepts shelter fails to achieve; it is "tempted" and it does not triumph. That is all.

In all this resides a subtle and wide-spread materialism which makes the mould of the body the measure of the soul; which condemns those who accept no such limitations; which crucified Christ for saying He was one with the Father; and burnt Joan—among other reasons—for her hose!\*

D. H. CORNISH.

#### ARTICLE V.

"Item, thou hast said that by God's command and according to His will, thou hast worn and dost still wear man's apparel. Because thou hast God's commandment to wear this dress thou hast donned a short tunic, jerkin, and hose with many points. Thou dost even wear thy hair cut short above the ears, without keeping about thee anything to denote the feminine sex, save what nature hath given thee. And oftentimes hast thou in this garb received the Sacrament of the Eucharist. And albeit thou hast been many times admonished to doff it, thou wouldst not, saying that thou wouldst liefer die than quit this apparel, unless it were by God's command; and that if thou wert still in this dress and with those of thy own party it would be for the great weal of France. Thou sayest also that for nothing wouldst thou take an oath not to wear this dress and bear these arms; and for all this that thou doest thou dost plead divine command."

\* *The Life of Joan of Arc*, by Anatole France, translated by Winifred Stephen. Vol. III., page 147.

Note also:

"The leathern garments worn by George Fox were chosen by him for their simplicity and durability; and though they often subjected their wearer to ridicule and abuse, he had no motive beyond the above-mentioned for choosing such a garb. Many persons have been amused, if not offended at him for having worn such a dress when he was a young man. In those days leathern garments for working men may not have been so singular as some suppose."

(Footnote, page 107, Vol. II., to the *Journal of George Fox*, edited by Wilson Armistead.)

See also page 72 of the same book:

"O! the blows, punchings, beatings and imprisonments that we underwent, for not putting off our hats to men! for that soon tried all men's patience and sobriety what it was. Some had their hats violently plucked off and thrown away, so that they quite lost them. The bad language and evil usage we received on this account are hard to be expressed, besides the danger we were sometimes in, of losing our lives for this matter. . . ."

#### "HARNAM, LET US BE FRIENDS"

"I AM an Australian girl, just turned 16 last March, not very tall, fairly plump, and with grey-blue eyes and nut-brown hair." Thus describing herself, a girl from the southern continent has written to Bibi Harnam Kaur, the sixteen-year-old girl of Chaudhariwala, Moga Tehsil, Ferozepore district, who put up a heroic fight against a dacoit band in her village.

The pluck displayed by the Sikh girl has won the heart of her young Australian friend, who thinks that the life of her Indian sister must be "so thrilling and interesting." Her own life has been the usual Australian girl's life, "to go to school, leave, and then start work in a shop or else house work." "But you?" she asks, "What could you tell? Your life would probably be so thrilling and interesting to me." And across thousands of miles and over differences of race, language, creed and colour the Australian girl holds out her hand to her Indian friend: "Harnam, though there may be worlds and worlds of difference between us, let us be friends."

Bibi Harnam Kaur is at present an in-patient in the Mayo Hospital, where she is recovering from the bullet wounds and other injuries sustained in her encounter with the dacoits. She is progressing very well, and is likely to be discharged shortly.

—*Indian Social Reformer*.

## URANIA

### THE CATHEDRAL (GLASGOW)

O Architect! of name unknown to me,  
Who felt and joy'd these centuries ago,  
Till thought emerged from feeling's ardent glow  
And clothed itself with arched and pillar'd stone,  
That yields its grace to master-thought alone,  
And stands a stable dream of loveliness  
Which awes, yet gladdens, me in my distress  
That led me here to share thy joy with thee;  
For as I pace these aisles with weary feet,  
Withdrawn a while from earth's unhallowed ways,  
My spirit feels the brooding spell of thine,  
And thought with thought combined, in concert sweet,  
Reveals this wonder, that thy spirit stays  
Within thy dream and knows and welcomes mine.

A. MILNE.  
(September 24th, 1918.)

### IDENTITY

WE of URANIA cannot omit to notice the retirement from Bedales School of its Founder, Mr. Baddeley.

The foundation of such a school was suggested to him years ago when he met in Sweden students of both sexes consorting and travelling together upon the ideal terms of a perfect identity.

He had the tremendous problem of bringing together children whose homes were overshadowed by the usual conventional distinctions rigidly enforced, with all the distortions resulting therefrom: homes

where boys have got to be boys, and girls girls—and of raising out of all this something like what he had witnessed in Sweden.

"The Swede is the gentleman of Europe" was once said to me by a ship's doctor. Now the qualities which make him so are surely the same as make for ladyhood: tact, that is delicate action based on considerate and observant intercourse—and a feeling heart.

The great co-educationalist of whom we speak knew, when he took the risks of his experiment, that the human being "in Christ Jesus," that is, in his deep and unwarped soulful nature, is kind and delicate and thoughtful *in germ*; and will become more so if unthwarted and possibly helped; quite regardless of sex. With this faith he went on his way—just as Montessori and other great educationalists have gone; and because they possessed the secret underlying all human collaboration they succeeded where others have failed.

Failure comes from lack of vision; and the vision required is that sense of our deep underlying identity for which URANIA stands; a vision which makes for peace and understanding and a profounder wisdom than any that may be founded upon the study of superficial differences and their exaltation into codes and creeds. I am human; nought that is human can be alien to me; and we might add: let the wind take the rest! it is but chaff.

D. H. CORNISH.

## IRENE CLYDE

### "EVE'S SOUR APPLES"

No reader of URANIA can fail to be interested in this book, in which the Author develops her ideas on the hindrance which sex constitutes to the attainment of ideal character. Why should some be condemned to be rather coarse and others to be rather trivial?

There is no answer. Except for hidebound convention, there is no reason why they should. So the Author passionately calls for an abandonment of all recognition of sex—and for liberty to all to combine Sweetness and Independence.

She does not shirk any of the problems raised by sex. The side-issues of clothes and the lash are duly examined. But there is nothing to offend the most fastidious Victorian.

Of all Booksellers. Price Six Shillings net.  
THE SCHOLARTIS PRESS, MUSEUM STREET,  
LONDON.

## 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 angeloí.*"

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.

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.

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