

D.H.ロレンスと雑誌メディア—*The Freewoman*を中心に
D.H.Lawrence and Magazines Focused on *The Freewoman*

出水純子

Junko Demizu

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Summary

D.H. Lawrence is 'a cultural critic' and 'an arbiter, a spokesperson for our culture' says Anne Fernihough in the introduction of *The Cambridge Companion to D.H.Lawrence*. Lawrence not only wrote novels and poetry but also contributed many articles and essays to various magazines and newspapers. Lawrence's 'very hybridity' seen in his novels, essays on paintings, philosophy, science, religion and sexuality shows his journalistic aspect. Fernihough also indicates that Lawrence 'was very much a product of his time, tirelessly alert to the cultural trends of his day and voracious in his absorption of new ideas.'

The Freewoman is the magazine published in 1911 by a former fighting suffragette, Dora Marsden. She discussed sexuality, individualism, morality, philosophy, etc. on the magazine. According to the literary editor of *The Freewoman*, Rebecca West, *The Freewoman* 'had an immense effect on its time.' Marsden's views on 'life' and 'sexuality' are similar to those of D.H.Lawrence and she is regarded as 'proto-Lawrencian.' In fact, we find several keywords common to *The Freewoman* and the works of D.H.Lawrence.

The study of magazines and newspapers of his time enables us to realize the sociocultural background where D.H.Lawrence made his career as a literary writer.

I. はじめに

ロレンスが雑誌・新聞メディアと深い関わりを持っていたことは『不死鳥』の初出一覧や書簡集を読めば明らかなことです。またロレンス文学のジャンルの広さ（小説、詩、評論、書評、精神分析学、教育論など）は彼のジャーナリスト的側面を表しています。Anne Fernihoughは*The Cambridge Companion to DHL*の序文で、ロレンスのことを「時代の変化に敏感」な作家で「時代の落とし子」「文化のスポークスマン」であったと述べています。

雑誌*The Freewoman*の文芸欄を担当し、ロレンス文学の理解者で「私が男だったらロレンスのように生きてでしょう」(Hamalian, p.73)と語ったRebecca West(1892-1983)もまた、「チャタレー裁判の証言」の中で、ロレンスは、「どんな国においても、真実の生と接触を失ってしまっていて、どんな方向にもひきずられてしまう夥しい人数の都会人がいることを見とおして、きわめて現実的なことを書いた」、「実際的で現実的な作家」でしたと証言しています。ちなみにロレンス研究家のAnthony Westは、Rebecca WestとH.G.Wellsとの間に生まれた子どもです。

実際にロレンスが、当時の新聞・雑誌メディアとどのように関わりをもっていたかを最初に見てみたいと思います。

II. ロレンスと雑誌の関係—ロレンスが関わった雑誌の例

次の(1)から(4)で取り上げている*Sunday Dispatch*という新聞は、1801年創刊の*Weekly Dispatch*が1928年に改名された新聞で‘the biggest selling Sunday newspaper’でした。1947年には発行部数200万部を超えたとされています。

(1) *Sunday Dispatch* ‘What is Sex Appeal’(October 28, 1928) 【資料①参照】

記事のリードに書かれているように、この記事は当時話題（great mystery of the moment）となっていた‘Sex Appeal’について、異なるジャンルの著名人が論じるというシリーズ物になっています。このシリーズの延長で、ロレンスの‘Sex Locked Out’【資料②】が掲載されました。

‘What is Sex Appeal’の執筆者と見出しは次の順序になっています。

Oct.28 ‘What is sex appeal?’ by Temple Thurston

Thurston は、英国の小説家・劇作家で、感傷的な小説を書き、人気を得ていました。代表作は小説*Richard Furlong*(1913)。

Nov.4 ‘Sex Appeal’ by Miss Tallulah Bankhead(1902-68)

Bankhead は米国人で、はなやかさと才気あふれる女優として知られていました。

Nov.11 'Secret of Sex Appeal' by Andre Maurois(1885-1967)

Mauroisは、フランスの小説家・伝記作家。

Nov.18 'When We All Have It' by Edith Sitwell(1887-1964)

Sitwellは、英国詩人・批評家。ロレンスは1926年フィレンツェにある彼女の家を訪れています。夫のOsbertは*Lady Chatterley's Lover*のクリフォードのモデルになったとされています。パーキンソン病を患っていました。

(2) *Sunday Dispatch* 'Sex Locked Out'(Nov.25, 1928) 【資料②参照】

この「閉じ込められた性」という記事は'Sex versus Loveliness' 「セックスと美しさ」として後に*Phoenix*に収録されました。1928年という年は*Lady Chatterley's Lover*が出版・発禁となった年で、この記事のリードを読む限り、ロレンスは「セックス・アピールを同時代の作家の中で最も見事に分析した人」と紹介されており、*Sunday Dispatch*紙はロレンス文学を評価していたことが分かります。

(3) *Sunday Dispatch* 'Myself Revealed'(Feb.17, 1929) 【資料③参照】

*Lady Chatterley's Lover*の出版で良くも悪くも世間の注目の的になっていたロレンスが自らの素性を公開した記事で、後に 'Autobiographical Sketch' 「スケッチ風自伝」として*Phoenix*に収録されています。

(4) *Sunday Dispatch* 'Women Don't Change' (April 28, 1929) 【資料④参照】

この記事は*Phoenix*に 'Do Women Change?' 「女性は変化するか」として収録されています。余談ながら、同紙面右上に英国王室の写真が見られ、乳母車に乗っている幼児は、現在のエリザベス女王です。

(5) *The Spectator*(June 10, 1911) & *New Age* (July 20, 1911) 【資料⑤&⑥参照】

この二つの雑誌記事からは、ロレンスが文壇に登場して間もない頃から、すでに文学作品に描かれた階級差別や言語表現に対する弾圧に抵抗する姿勢を、雑誌メディアを利用して示していたことが分かります。

【資料⑤】は、*The English Review*が*The New Macheavelli*を掲載したことで、*The Spectator*が*The English Review*のことを*The Great Adult Review*だと批難する記事を掲載した号の表紙です。【資料⑥】は、これに対して*The New Age*が抗議文を掲載し、文学界の著名な作家が連名で署名している記事です。ロレンスの名前も見られます。このエピソードは*Lawrence and Edward Carpenter—A Study in Edwardian Tradition*に次のように説明されています。

A little more than a year later, Lawrence was to sign a collective letter to *The New Age* protesting against an attack by *The Spectator* against *The*

English Review for publishing serially parts of *The New Machiavelli*: his sympathies with the literary theory of class and language upheld by Carpenter and others were then evident, and the ideas expressed in *The New Age* by the veteran Fabian at the least were part of the very climate of his literary formation. (Delavenay, p.176)

*The Spectator*は1828年に創刊された、政治・文芸を中心とした評論週刊誌。
*The New Age*は、1893年に創刊され、1907年からフェビアン協会のBernard Shawの後押しで、A.R.Orageが編集長を務めた、急進的な政治・経済・文化批評誌。

(6) *The New Statesman* (Feb13, & 20, 1926) 【資料⑦&⑧参照】

この二つの記事は対になっていて、ロレンスの出版した本に対してなされたノーマン・ダグラスによる非難が不当なものであることを、雑誌メディアで訴えたものです。

ことの成り行きはこうです。1924年にロレンスはモーリス・マグナスの『外人部隊の思い出』に序文をつけて出版しました。この本に対して、ノーマン・ダグラスが『D.H.ロレンスとモーリス・マグナス—紳士への道』を書いてロレンスを非難し、同書が1925年文芸雑誌*Experiment* (『実験』)に再録されたという記事が*The New Statesman*の2月13日号に掲載されました。このことを知ったロレンスは、次号(2月20日号)で自分は非難される筋合いはないことを、ノーマン・ダグラスの手紙を掲載して弁明しました。このロレンスの記事は「故モーリス・マグナス氏にまつわる一通の手紙」として*Phoenix*に収録されています。

[*The New Statesman*は1913年創刊の週刊政治・文芸誌。本来はFabian Societyの機関誌として企画された。]

III. *The Freewoman*について

上記の例で明らかのように、ロレンスはジャーナリズムと深く関わりながら作家活動をしていました。*The Freewoman*にはロレンスの*The White Peacock* (『白孔雀』)への簡単な言及と、*The Trespasser* (『侵入者』)批評が掲載されていることを除いては、ロレンスとの直接的な関わりは見られません。しかし、もっと根源的な面で、つまりロレンスがモダニズム作家として成長する途上で、やはり同時代にモダニズム雑誌へと発展した*The Freewoman*との関わりは無視できません。女性の自立を推し進めた女性参政権運動やモダニズム運動という社会的・文化的背景を持ち、エドワード朝時代の精神風土が反映されている*The Freewoman*が、どのような雑誌なのか、ロレンス研究とどのように関わってくるのかについて考えてみたいと思います。

(1) 雑誌の辿った歴史と評価

*The Freewoman*は、下記に示した「雑誌の辿った歴史」を見ると明かなように、フェミニズムの視点からモダニズムを見直す上で重要な資料であると同時に、ロレンスがモダニズム作家として成長していく過程で、セクシュアリティやジェンダー観を形成する土壌となったエドワード朝の人々の精神風土を知る上でも貴重な資料です。

〈雑誌の辿った歴史〉

1911年11月23日 *The Freewoman- A Weekly Feminist Review*創刊。

Joint Editors: Dora Marsden, B.A., Mary Gawthorpe

1912年5月23日 *The Freewoman: A Weekly Humanist Review*と副題改名。

1912年10月10日 (Vol.II, No.47) を最後に財政的理由から休刊となる。

1913年5月15日 *The New Freewoman- An Individualist Review* (毎月1日、15日刊行) と改名され再刊される。

1913年12月15日 Assistant EditorとしてRichard Aldingtonが加わる

1914年1月1日 *The Egoist* (月刊)と改名される。

Editor: Harriet Shaw Weaver

Assistant Editor: Richard Aldington

Contributing Editor: Dora Marsden

1919年12月 廃刊。

雑誌の変遷について簡単に説明しますと、1911年11月23日創刊の*The Freewoman*は、翌年9月に新聞・雑誌販売業者であるW.H.Smith and Sonsからボイコットを受け、業界から締め出されました。*The Freewoman*がボイコットされた主たる理由は、「性」に関する記事と「資本主義」に対する記事内容によるものでした。

資産家で独身女性のハリエット・ショー・ウィーヴァーの財政的支援のお陰で、*The Freewoman*は7ヵ月の空白期間を経て1913年6月に*The New Freewoman: An Individual Review*と改名されて再出発することができました。事務所をJohn Street, AdelphiからOakley House, Bloomsbury Streetに移転し、やがてエズラ・パウンドや、リチャード・オールディントンが編集に加わり、さらに1914年1月にはモダニズム文学雑誌*The Egoist: An Individual Review*に発展するという経緯をたどりしました。

〈雑誌の評価〉

この雑誌の評価について、ジャーナリズムが文学・文化史に与えた影響を研究する批評家ヘレン・マクニール (Helen McNeil) は、*The Freewoman*が「英語圏におけるモダニズムの苗床になった」(an originary site for much of Anglophone modernism) と述べ

ています (McNeil, p.142)。 *The Freewoman* から *The Egoist* に至るまで編集にかかわった Dora Marsden については、'proto-Lawrencian' (p.148) という評価をしています。 *Dora Marsden and Early Modernism* の著者 Bruce Clarke も同意見です。

モダニズム文学批評家のキム・スコット (Bonnie Kime Scott) は、マーズデンは 'Midwives of Modernism' の一人であると論じ (pp.55-75)、フェミニズム文学批評家である E. ショウォールター (Elaine Showalter) は、『女性自身の文学』において、マーズデンは「緻密で力強い知性と、哲学への情熱を持ち、ベルグソン、ヘーゲル、ニーチェに関するエッセイはイギリス文芸哲学の偏狭さを打ち破る手助けになった」 (with a subtle and powerful mind and a Passion for philosophy..... her essays on Bergson, Hegel, and Nietzsche helped break the provincialism of English philosophy) と高く評価しています (Showalter, p.232)。

(2) ロレンス文学への言及

The Freewoman の中では、Rebecca West, 'Spinster and Art' (July 11, 1912) 【資料⑨⑩参照】 にロレンス文学への言及が見られます。レベッカ・ウェストは、ロレンスの *The White Peacock* と *The Trespasser* との芸術性の高さを評価するとともに、当時問題となっていた独身女性 (スピンスター) 批判をしています。内容については IV.(4) 「分裂しない自我の追及」 のところで述べます。

The New Freewoman の中では、Ezra Pound, "In Metre" (Sept. 1, 1913) *Love Poems and Others* 【資料⑩参照】 の批評でエズラ・パウンドが、ロレンスは秀でた小説家であると同時に詩人としても優れていると評価しています。Ford Madox Hueffer も、'Poet's Eye' 【資料⑩参照】 でロレンスにも言及しています。

The Egoist には、ロレンスの詩が多く掲載されています。例えば "Poems" (April 1, 1914), "A Winter's Tale," "Song," "Early Spring" (Jan. 1917), "Street Lamps", "Autumn Rain" (Feb. 1917), etc. ロレンスは 1913 年 12 月 26 日付けのエズラ・パウンドへの手紙の中で「*The Egoist* というのはどのような雑誌ですか？」 (What is *The Egoist* ?) と尋ねています。彼の短編小説 'Once' が掲載されることになっていたからです。ちょうど *The New Freewoman* が *The Egoist* に名称変更されようとしていた時期で、*The Egoist* の名前はまだ一般には知られていませんでした。その後ロレンスは、しばしばリチャード・オールディントンへの手紙で、*The Egoist* への詩の掲載料を受け取ったことを報告しています。

(3) *The Freewoman* 創刊の趣旨

20世紀初頭、女性参政権運動が激しさを増す中で (本論文末に掲載している「関連年譜」

を参照してください)、この雑誌を創刊したのはドーラ・マーズデン(Dora Marsden)(1882-1960)です。マンチェスター大学で哲学を専攻したマーズデンは、戦闘的女性参政権運動家(suffragette)のパンクハースト夫人(Mrs Pankhurst)と運動をともにしていました。しかし、女性の解放は参政権獲得に限るものではなく、「生」と「性」の問題でもあると考え、1910年に女性の社会政治連盟(WSPU)を脱退し、雑誌メディアの分野で新たな運動を起したのです。

雑誌の副編集長を務めたのはマンチェスター大学時代のクラスメイトであったメアリー・ゴソーブ(Mary Gawthorpe)というフェミニストで、彼女もまたWSPUの過激な運動家でした。ちなみにChristabel Pankhurstもクラスメイトでした(Clarke, p.2)。

マーズデンは、文化的、哲学的フェミニズムという広い視野を持ち、国内外のフェミニストにも影響を与えた、自称「近代的なフェミニスト」でした。創刊号で次の引用のように雑誌の方針を明確に述べています。

Our journal will differ from all existing weekly journals devoted to the freedom of women..... Our interest is in the freewoman herself, her psychology, philosophy, morality and achievements, and only in secondary degree with her politics and economics. (*The Freewoman*, No.1, Vol.I, p.3)

私たちの雑誌は女性の解放だけを唱える他の週刊雑誌とは違います... 私たちはフリーウーマンそのものの心理や哲学、モラル、功績に関心を持っています。政治や経済は二の次の問題なのです。

このように述べてマーズデンは、セクシュアリティ、結婚生活における女性の自立、国家によって強要された母性、自由恋愛、個人主義などを誌上で次々と議論しました。

(4) 'freewoman'とは?

では「フリーウーマン」とはどのような生き方をする女性のことなのでしょうか。創刊号の表紙を飾るトップ記事'Bondwomen'で、マーズデンは「フリーウーマン」を'Bondwomen'(「拘束されている女性」)の対極にあるものとして次の引用に見られるように定義づけています。「拘束されている女性」というのは、個として独立していないで、男性の「隷属的な」付属物であり、男性の作り出した宗教、哲学、法律、モラルの基準、芸術の規範などに従う女性のことです。

....freedom is born in the individual soul, and that no outer force can either give it or take it away; that only Freewoman can be free, or lead the way to freedom. They will learn that their freedom will consist in appraising their own worth, in setting up their own standards and living up to them, and putting behind them for ever their role of complacent and self-sacrifice. (*The Freewoman*, No. 1, Vol.I, p.2)

引用文の要点をまとめると、「フリーウーマン」とは、「個として独立した魂」を持っている「自由な女性」のことです。「拘束されている女性」でも自分の価値を認め、自分で基準を定めてそれに到達するように生き、自己満足にすぎない自己犠牲を捨てることで、個として独立した自由な女性「フリーウーマン」になれるのだ、と読者に呼びかけています。

(5) 雑誌の特色について

*The Freewoman*から*The New Freewoman*にかけて文芸欄の編集に加わっていたレベッカ・ウェストによると*The Freewoman*は「その時代に計り知れない影響を与えた雑誌」です。このことは、通信欄 (Correspondence) にかんがりの紙面が費やされていたことや、誌上での議論にあきたらず、'Discussion Circle' を立ち上げて、オープン・フォーラムがしばしば開催され、様々なジャンルの男女が率直な議論をしていたことから分ります。オープンフォーラムでは、ハヴロック・エリス (Havelock Ellis) やエリス夫人が優生学について講演をしたり、ドライズデイル博士 (C.V. Drysdale) 〈マルサス同盟代表者〉が新マルサス主義について論じたりしていました。

'Discussion Circle' を設立することを提案したのは Barbara Low で、秘書も務めました。Barbara Low は初期のフロイト派精神分析学者で、Ivy Low の叔母にあたりロレンスとは 1915 年頃に知り合いとなっています。ハムステッドの邸宅に住み、小サークルに自宅を開放していました。*The New Freewoman* で 'Discussion Circle' を再開した頃、Low は精神分析学の見地からロレンスの *Sons and Lovers* に興味を示しています。1912 年 7 月にロンドン大学で開催された第 1 回国際優生学学会 (International Eugenics Congress) の記事 (No.3. Vol.1, p.204) をはじめ、しばしば寄稿しています。

優生学学会の記事はその後の優生学の議論の土台となった重要な報告記事です。Ivy Low の叔父にあたる Dr. David Eder も投稿しています。*Dora Marsden and Early Modernism — Gender, Individualism, Science* を書いた Bruce Clarke が、「文芸欄」と 'Discussion Circle' の活動がなければこの雑誌はモダニズム雑誌『エゴイスト』へと発展していなかったでしょう (Without the Freewoman Discussion Circle, *The New Freewoman* and the

Egoist may never have existed.)(Clarke, p.75)、と述べているように、紙面の半分近くを占める通信欄の持つ双方向性、'Discussion Circle' の活動、さらに、文芸欄が'Modern Movement'を推進させたと言えるでしょう。

(6) *The Freewoman*で論じられているトピック

「女性参政権運動」をはじめ、「(性同一障害を含む)性の問題」「女子の高等教育」「独身女性問題」「帝国と母性」(Motherhood)「人口論」「金融論」「性心理学」「優生学」(Eugenics)「衛生学」(Hygiene)「売春婦問題」などについて、白熱した議論が展開されています。

IV. *The Freewoman*に見られるエドワード朝の精神風土とロレンス文学

『ロレンスとモダニズムの作家たち』という著書の中で、有為楠 泉先生は、モダニズムは「革新と解放」を求め、「新しいものの形や表現を模索」する運動であること。さらに、エドワード朝の時代精神は「性と生命の意味を問う生への哲学への目覚め」であり、また前世紀的分裂した自我を克服した「分裂しない自我」の追求であったと、端的にまとめておられます。これらの時代精神は*The Freewoman*に表象されていますので、この4点について検証してみたいと思います。

(1) 「革新と解放」

まずモダニズム運動の特質である「革新と解放」ですが、これは先ほどの*The Freewoman*「創刊の趣旨」(「Ⅲ.(3) *The Freewoman* 創刊の趣旨」の項参照)で述べた通りです。

(2) 「新しいものの形や表現の模索」

*The Freewoman*では、以下のような新しい言葉が使われています。

〈新しい言葉〉

'life-force' ('Joy is the Life-force'), 'vivid new life-manifestation', 'great revelation of life manifestation to the world', 'evolution of sex-instinct into sex-sense', 'sex passion', 'self-realisation, the achievement in their own persons'

'Life-force'という言葉は、OEDによると1896年初出(J.Rose, p.74)で、エドワード朝の新語ではありませんが、この言葉はヴィクトリア朝末期から、新しい生を求める機運の芽生えの表象であり、時代の転換と同時に人々の間で一気に広まったと思われます。「生き生きとした新しい生の発現」「世界に向かって生の発現を告げる」「性本能から生感覚への進化」「性の情熱」「自己実現、個を確立すること」など、これらの新しい言葉には、エドワード朝の「性と生命の意味を問う生への哲学の目覚め」や「分裂しない自我の追求」という時代精

神が窺われます。‘Evolution’という言葉には、ダーウンの進化論 (*Origin of Species*, 1859) の影響の大きさも窺えます。

‘Life-force’は「生の唱道者」と言われるロレンスの重要なキーワードの一つです。ロレンスもまた、性を語る言葉を豊かにした作家でもあり、OEDの‘sex’の項目にはロレンスによる以下の8つの造語が掲載されています。‘sex-anger,’ ‘sex-circuit,’ ‘sex-compulsion,’ ‘sex-craving,’ ‘sex-emancipated,’ ‘sex-flow,’ ‘sex-hate,’ ‘sex-inertia.’

〈言葉の持つ意味合いの変化〉

時代が変化するエネルギーの高まりの中で、言葉も変化すると言われますが、*The Freewoman*には「新しい」という言葉がしばしば登場すると同時に、従来の言葉の使い方、意味合いも変化していることが書かれています。例えば、マーズデンにとっては、

anarchy=individuality

personality= individual spiritual entity

です。‘anarchic’の辞書的意味は‘free from civic rule’ですが、マーズデンにとって‘anarchy’は‘individuality’を意味します。従って、宗教や愛国心などではなく、個人の意志 (belief in the individual self) で行動すること。ここから‘New Sex Morality’が生まれてくると述べています。

次に「性と生命の意味を問う生への哲学の目覚め」に関する記事を見てみたいと思います。

(3) 性と生命の意味を問う生への哲学の目覚め

〈*The Freewoman*で議論された‘sex’〉 【資料⑫⑬参照】

【資料⑫⑬】は、通信欄 (Correspondence) から次の5つの記事を寄せ集めて作成したものです。

1. ‘Undue Emphasis on Sex’ by A Reader 【資料⑫】

下線部には以下のように書かれています。

I agree that to obtain the franchise is not the one and only end (upon which your editorial comments have been severe) is surely less of an evil than the obsession of the sex question.

女性が参政権を得ることだけが女性運動の目的ではないという意見には賛成です。投票権への執着 (これに関してあなたは辛らつな社説を書いておられますが) 投票権に執着することは、決してセックス問題への執着ほど悪くはありません。

2. 'Why do we discuss sex?' by Coralie M. Boord and Editor 【資料⑫】

最初の下線部にはこう書かれています。

How long have opportunities to study sex questions scientifically, cleanly, and openly been theirs? Sixty years perhaps at most.

Let me frankly admit here, that several issues of THE FREEWOMAN have come very near boring me. The sex diet has somewhat sickened me too.

今まで科学的にセックスを論じる機会はどのくらいあったでしょうか？ 多分60年位ありました。

率直に申し上げますと、このところ*The Freewoman*がつまらないと思うようになってきております。セックス論議にうんざりしてきているのです。

この意見に対してEditorは即座に回答を出しています。後半の下線部を次に引用いたします。

.....What we are stupendously interested in is the meaning and nature of life, and as emotion, with which sex is intimately bound up, appears attention concentrated on emotion and sex.

We should hesitate to concur in the statement of our correspondent that women have had the opportunity of studying sex, scientifically, clearly, and openly“ for sixty years. We think women have never had an opportunity, but no more have men.

.....私たちが特別興味を持っているのは、生きることの意味と生の本質についてです。なぜなら、セックスと密接な関係にある情動は、生そのものの根源に関わっているものなのです。私たちは情動とセックスに注目しています。

私たちは、投稿してくださった方にはばかりながら、60年も科学的に、明確に、公に、セックスについて議論してきたという意見を否定しなければなりません。私たち女性も、男性もまた、性を論じる機会など一度だってなかったのです。

上記の投稿者の論点は、女性の解放は参政権運動だけの問題だけではないということ

は理解できるが、「なぜセックスに必要以上の紙面をさくのか？」という問題提議をしている点です。これに対して編集長マーズデンは、「性は生そのものの根源に関わる」重要な問題であるのに、男性も女性も一度たって性を論じる機会などなかったと答えています。「生の根源にセックスがある」というマーズデンの哲学が明示されている重要な記事です。

3. 'Uranians' by Scython (ウラニアンはカーペンターの造語、ホモセクシュアルを表します。)【資料⑫】

投稿者は、最初に述べているように、創刊号から*The Freewoman*の愛読者の男性です。'mind'と'body'が分裂したままで生きていることを告白しています。まず最後の下線部を見てください。この投稿者は自分が男性の衣服で仮装しているホモセクシュアルであること(my being a Uranian, a woman masquerading as a man)を告白しています。二番目の下線部では、この男性は女性性が80で、男性性は20である(I suppose that, combining physical and psychical characteristics, I am about 80F + 20M.)と説明しています。

この記事からは、エドワード朝に入って男女が一斉に性を語り始めたことが分かります。この投稿記事の背後にはエドワード・カーペンターの『中間の性』(1908年)の影響も見られますが、なんといってもマーズデンがセックスの問題を生き方に関わる問題として真剣に議論したことが人々の共感を得たのでしょう。このことは、最初の下線部でこの投稿者が*The Freewoman*を購読している理由は、「中間の性」に対する理解が見られるからです(I have reading THE FREEWOMAN from the start, and I may say that my principal reason for doing so was the sympathetic way in which the Uranian question was treated.)と述べていることが証明しています。

4. 'Chastity and Normality' by Kathlyn Oliver

【資料⑬】左端の通信欄「純潔と正常」の下線部にオリヴァーさんの考えが出ています。二箇所の下線部を次に引用します。

My intellect and reason rules my lower instincts and dsires, and it is this fact which raises me above the lower animals (including man).

私の知性と理性が下半身の本能と欲望を規制しています。このことは私が、男性をむ下等動物より優れている証拠です。

As a suffragist and a feminist, I often talk of the equality of the sexes, but in sex matters it is surely indisputable that we women are miles above and beyond men.

参政権運動家として、一人のフェミニストとして、男女平等について議論してきました。しかし性に関しては、女性の方がはるかに男性よりすぐれていることには議論の余地がありません。

5. 'Who are Normal' by A New Subscriber (Stella Browne)

【資料⑬】右欄下線部に上記キャサリン・オリヴァーに対するステラ・ブラウン（この時点ではまだ新購読者という匿名で投稿）の反論が見られます。

I dislike the use of the word "normal" as applied to certain types of mind and temperament. There is more in human nature than most people admit.

It will be an unspeakable catastrophe if our richly complex Feminist movement, with its possibilities of power and joy, falls under the domination of sexually deficient and disappointed women, impervious to facts and logic, and deeply ignorant of life.

私はある種の心や気質について、正常であるという言葉の使い方が嫌いです。人間の本质には、ほとんどの人が気づいていないものもあるのです。

私達フェミニストの運動は、権力や、喜びを得るという可能性を秘めた意義のあるものであるのに、事実も論理も受け入れずに、人生について無知蒙昧で、セクシュアリティが欠落しているか、あるいは性的に満足していない女性たちに支配されてしまうとしたら、悲劇としか言いようがないでしょう。

「セクシュアリティが欠落しているか、あるいは性的に満足していない女性たち」というのは、暗にオリヴァーさんのような独身女性に対する攻撃です。しかし、ただ相手を攻撃するだけではなく、論の最後には、「この十年の内に彼女に新しい知恵と博愛の心を与えるのは不可能ではありません」と述べて、女性が考え方を改める可能性を持っていることを示唆しています。後にステラ・ブラウンが出版した『女性の性の多様性と可変性』(*Sexual Variety and Variability among Women*, 1915年)は*The Freewoman*でのオリヴァーさん

との議論に端を発していると思われます。ステラ・ブラウンは、英国性心理学研究会メンバーでもあり、また妊娠中絶に対する女性の権利を訴え、妊娠中絶法改革連盟（Abortion Law Reform Association、1936年）創設者の一人となりました。

4. と 5. の投稿記事は二人のフェミニストの延々と続く論争の一端にすぎませんが、当時のフェミニストが一枚岩でなかったことが分かります。オリバーというフェミニストは、Domestic Worker's Unionの元秘書です。男性を下等動物と見下すタイプの独身女性で「性に関しては、女性の方がはるかに男性よりすぐれていることには議論の余地ない」と断言しています。一方ステラ・ブラウンは、「私達女性も、性のもつ喜びを享受していることを認めよう」（1912年4月10日号‘Wanted—The Grounds for Differentiation’）と主張する、社会主義フェミニストで、性科学者ハヴロック・エリスと親交がありました。

これらの引用文から言えることは、*The Freewoman*において性の言説化がなされたということです。20世紀初頭に、性を白日の下で大胆に論じたことがこの雑誌の功績の一つだと言えます。

〈Marsdenの生と性の哲学〉

先に述べたように、エドワード朝は人々が性について一斉に語りはじめた時代です。ヴァージニア・ウルフは『私だけの部屋』（1929年）で「われわれの時代ほど性にとらわれた騒々しい時代はない」と書いていますし、マーズデンも下記の引用文のように「火に群がる蛾のように人々はセックスについて騒々しくしているが何をもとめているのか分っていない。セックスに関して誤った指標が多すぎる」と社説‘Interpretation of Sex — I’で述べています。さらに続けて、「まず最初に私たちは何を求めているのか、何を一番大切にしてきたのかを知ること、そして性の感覚（sex-sense）を子ども（を産む事）や結婚という唯物的な（世俗的な）考えから切り離さなければならない」と述べているように、女性の性を‘gender-role’（社会的役割）から切り離して考えた点が革新的です。（McNeil, p.147）

.....In real life, we flutter round sex like moths round a light, but no one is prepared to state outright what they want from it..... To know what we are at, we had best, at the outset, separate the sex-sense from those material considerations..... considerations of children and marriage. (*The Freewoman*, ‘Interpretation of Sex — I’, No.24, Vol.I May 2, 1912, p.461)

マーズデンが性を論じた理由は、前述した〈*The Freewoman*で議論されたsex〉の項で、「なぜセックスを論じるのか」という通信欄の非難に対する回答に見られたように、生と性

は切り離せないものだと考えていたからです。社説'Interpretation of Sex—I'で次のように述べています。

.....Sex is become, and is still further becoming, something different. Indeed, in the evolution of the sex-instinct into the sex-sense we have the instance of the faculty whose development has best kept pace with the development of life itself. (*The Freewoman*, 'Interpretation of Sex—I', p.462)

性は今までと違ったものへとさらに変化し続けています。実際、「性本能」が「性感覚」へと進化したことで、我々人間の能力が、生そのものの発達と実にうまく歩調を合わせて発達してきたことが証明されました。

マーズデンの生の捉え方つまり、「生はある定められた方向に進むわけではない」という認識はモダニズム作家が共感できるものです。次の引用を見て下さい。

*Where is life going?We think life is setting unmistakable in one direction. Give life chance enough, and it tends to show itself for what it is. It tends to assume individual form in the soul. This characterised, form-impregnated life with articulated differentiation is personality..... The Individual has no final guide, save the inner voice,..... there is no law save the law of our own being, why we are anarchists, in short. (*The Freewoman*, 'Interpretation of Sex—IV', No.27, Vol.II, May 23, 1912, p.1)*

生はどこへ行くのでしょうか？..... 私たちは、生は間違いなく一方向に向っていると考えています。生にまかせてみましょう、そうすれば生はその本質を表してくれるでしょう。生は魂の中で個という形を取るでしょう。個性を備え、形を与えられ、はっきりと他と区別された生が「人格」なのです。.....個々の人間は、導いてくれる決定的なものを持っていません、あるのは内なる声だけなのです。.....法律もありません。あるのは私たち自身の内に有る規律のみなのです。端的に言えば、私たちはアナーキストなのです。

「個」として確立して「内なる声に従え」と言う主張はロレンスの「モラルと小説」('Morality and the Novel')の次一節を思い起こさせます。

The only morality is to have man true to his mankind, woman to her womanhood, and let the relationship form of it self, in all honour. For it is, to each, life itself (*Phoenix*, p.531)

男は男の本質に忠実であり、女は女の本質に忠実であれというモラルさえあればよい。まったくお互いを信頼して、関係が自ずと生ずるに任せておけばよい。なぜならその関係こそが、男女それぞれにとって生そのものなのだから。(『モラルと小説』『不死鳥下』、p.195)

マーズデンとロレンスの使用している表現は似ていますが、個人主義の考え方や、生の哲学には違いが見られます。MarsdenとLawrenceとの相違点についてMcNeilは次のように説明しています。

If Marsden's spiritual idealism sounds theosophist, her sexual vitalism may sound Nietzschean and proto-Lawrentian. Her declarations lack Nietzschean and Lawrentian sex-differentiation. In *Bid Me to Live*, an autobiographical novel about *The Egoist* set by the poet H.D., the character Rico (who represents Lawrence) uses a 'man-is-man, woman-is-woman' dichotomy to make the heroine Julia feel her creativity is 'wrong' but Marsden's *Freewoman* and *New Freewoman* writings refuse this division, even in its inverted form of 'difference' feminism. (McNeil, p.148)

仮に、マーズデンの靈的（形而上的）な観念論が神智論者のものに思われるなら、彼女の性の生命主義はニーチェ風であり、原ロレンス的だと思われるかも知れません。マーズデンの言説にはニーチェやロレンスの説く性差が欠けています。詩人H.D.の『エゴイスト』についての自伝的小説『私に生きよと言った』では、主人公のリコ（モデルはロレンス）は「男は男、女は女である」という表現を使っています。この男女の区別はジュリアに彼女の独創性が間違っていると気付かせます。一方でマーズデンは、他のフェミニストとは「異なる」立場を取っているのにもかかわらず、*The Freewoman*でも*The New Freewoman*でも、男女の性差を拒否しました。

マーズデンは、フリーウーマンにとって「何が一番大切であるか」については「恐れずに生に立ち向かうことです」と次のように述べています。ここにもロレンスとの類似点が見ら

れます。

It is to face life unafraid to welcome its emotions, to try their value, to be alive and capable of living intensely; to seek life, and that more abundantly; and, if there is a price to be paid for it, to be ready with the toll. (*The Freewoman*, 'The New Morality —V', No.9, Vol. I, p.162)

恐れずに生に立ち向かう事、情動 ('emotion') を受け入れること。真剣に生きること。生を探求すること。十分に、そしてもしも犠牲を払う価値にあるものなら、それを払う心構えをすること。

さらに、'Life'に対する許せない罪は'dulness' (怠惰) であるとも述べています。

The unforgivable crime against life is dulness. Dulness is synonymous with sin — sin being that which hurts life. Dulness, in fact, is the negation of life; it is death. (*The Freewoman*, 'Interpretation of Sex—III', No.26, Vol.I, May 16, 1912, p.502)

'Life'に対する許せない罪はdulnessです。「怠惰」は「罪」と同義語であり、生を傷つける罪です。.....「怠惰」は生を拒否すること、つまり死に他なりません。

'Dulness = sin' → 'negation of life' (生の拒否) という考え方や'To be bored is worse than being wicked.' (怠惰は邪悪さより悪い。) はロレンスの「なぜ小説は大切か」('Why the Novel Matters') を思い起こさせます。

To be alive, to be man alive, to be wholeman alive: that is the point. And at its best, the novel, and the novel supremely, can help you.so much of a man walks about dead and a carcass in the street and house, today, so much of woman is merely dead. (*Phoenix*, pp.537-538)

生きていること、生きている人間であること、全人的に生きていること、これが一番大切だ。そのために最も生き生きとした小説こそが、君に力を貸してくれるのだ。.....今日では、あまりにも多くの男たちが、町や家で、屍同然となり、大部分が死んだままで徘徊

徊している。おんなの本質の大部分も死んでしまっている。(『不死鳥 下』p.204)

マーズデンとロレンスとの考え方は決して同一ではありません。ただ二人に共通して言えることは、二人とも女性の参政権運動は、氷山の一角にすぎないことを見通して、だれもが、「自分の性」について考え、「新しい生き方」を追求していたことを真剣に受け止めていたということだけは言うておきたいと思います。

(4)「分裂しない自我の追求」—Rebecca Westの*The Trespasser*論‘Spinster and Art’

【資料⑨⑩参照】

文芸欄を担当していたレベッカ・ウェストは、「スピンスターと芸術」(1912年7月11日号‘Spinster and Art’)でD. H. ロレンスの『越境者』(*The Trespasser*)を出版後たった2ヵ月という早さで取り上げて、この小説の芸術性の高さを評価するとともに、〈*The Freewoman*で議論されたsex〉の項で取り上げたオリバーさんのように、男性を下等な動物と見なし、精神と肉体を分離したものと考えるタイプのスピンスターを批判しています。

高等教育を受けた独身女性「スピンスター」が、「余った女性」として社会問題になった背景には、19世紀半ばから植民地へ移住する男性が多くなったことと、経済的理由や人口抑制問題(新マルサス主義)から男性の晩婚化の傾向がおこったことがあります。

レベッカ・ウェストは『越境者』(*The Trespasser*)の書評で、まずロレンス文学の芸術性の高さを次のように指摘しています。

Last year Mr. Lawrence published “White Peacock,” in which there was some imagination, but much more fancy, which had within therefore the seeds of both genius and decay. Mr. Lawrence has conquered. This book is magic.(p.147)

昨年ロレンスは『白孔雀』を出版しました。この小説には多少の想像力が見られますが、むしろ幻想に近く、秀作にも駄作にもなりかねないものでした。今回ロレンスは成功を収めました。『越境者』は魔法のように魅力的な小説です。

*The Freewoman*の文芸欄担当者として、レベッカ・ウェストの優れた点は、*The Trespasser*の登場人物の背後にある男と女の「セクシュアリティ」と「精神と肉体に分離された現代人の自意識」の苦悩をロレンスが描いていることを指摘していることです。

次の引用文を見て下さい。

That was her (Helena) sin. She despised Life. Even her love was a cold-blooded theft. As a man (Hampson) complains in the book, "These deep, interesting women don't want us. We, as natural men, are more or less degrading to them and to their love of us; therefore they destroy the natural man in us - that is, us altogether." So she steals his passion to build herself more feeble, romantic dreams, and gives him nothing in return. So that when he (Siegmond) goes back to his unfriendly home he has nothing between him and the stars, by whose light he sees life as miserable So he falls through the vault of madness down to quiet suicide.

This latter part of the book is by far the finest,.....(p.148)

それはヘレナの罪でした。ヘレナは「生」を軽蔑したのです。愛でさえ冷血感が奪い取ったものなのです。ハンプソンが文句を言っているように「このような教養があってもしろい女は男というものを必要としていないのだ、僕たちから摘みとった精神という花が欲しいだけなんだ。僕たちは自然児だから、ヘレナのような女性の前では多少品位が落ちるし、彼女たちの愛にくらべると品が悪いのだ。だから彼女たちは男のすべてを破壊してしまうのだ」。それでヘレナは、シーグマンドの情熱と盗み取って、一人で壊れやすい、ロマンチックな夢を作り上げるのです。シーグマンドには何も与えることはしないで。それで彼が冷え冷えとした自宅にもどる時には、彼と夜空の星との間には何も存在しません。星の光の下で自分の「生」が惨めに思われ、何かに執着してでもいなければ、襲ってくる孤独にみまわれます。それで彼は狂気という虚無に陥り、自殺したのです。小説のこの後半部分は抜きん出てすばらしい。.....

「『生』を軽蔑」し、男から「精神という花」だけを摘み取る、「冷血感のヘレナ」「ベアトリスが支配している冷え冷えとした家庭」「シーグマンドと夜空の星との間には何も存在しません」「だから自殺したのです」「この後半部分がすばらしい」とレベッカ・ウェストは書いています。ウェストは、「男女の性における関係が、宇宙的な生命力に到達する手段であり、宇宙との交感によって、病める自意識の治癒の道がある」と示唆するロレンスの「生の哲学」を読みとっていたからこそ*The Freewoman*でロレンスの*The Trespasser*を取り上げたのです。ジャーナリストであるレベッカ・ウェストも、「時代の変化に敏感な」ジャーナリスト的側面を持つロレンスもまた、「分裂しない自我の追求」「独身女性の増加」という時代のかかえる問題を的確に捉えていたと言えるでしょう。

V. まとめ

最後に再びクラークの言葉を借りて締めくくりたいと思います。

Most importantly, through Dora Marsden we can effectively rewire D.H. Lawrence's intellectual connections to his sociocultural milieu. (Clark, p.140)

最も重要なことは、ドーラ・マーズデンを通して我々は、社会的・文化的環境とロレンスとの知的関係を的確に見直すことができるということです。

ロレンスが作家として彼のセクシュアリティ、ジェンダー観をはぐくんだ土壌を、今みてきた、*The Freewoman*の議論の中に見出すことができるのではないのでしょうか。

ロレンスに寄せる関心は「学術的な (academic) レベルでも、大衆的な (popular) レベルで尽きることはありません」(Fernihough, p.11)。「Popular Culture」であるジャーナリズム研究、中でも雑誌メディア研究は、ロレンスに限らず、文学がどのような歴史的コンテクストの中で形成されてきたかを知る上で、新たな研究分野となるでしょう。実際、英国において2007年7月12日～14日にModernist Magazines Conference が開催されました。19世紀末から20世紀に英米で創刊された様々な雑誌が、どのようにモダニズム形成に貢献したかを研究するプロジェクト (Modernist Magazines Project) がすでに始まっていることを付け加えておきます。

本論は、神戸女学院で開催された日本ロレンス協会第38回大会 (2007年6月3日) での発表原稿に加筆修正を施したものです。

関連年譜

- 1897 ハヴロック・エリス『性の心理学研究』(1927年に全7巻完結)
ミリセント・G・フォーセットが婦人参政権協会全国同盟 (NUWSS) 設立
- 1899 - 1902 ボーア戦争 (南アフリカ戦争)
- 1903 女性の社会政治連盟 (WSPU) 結成 (エミリーン及びクリスタベル・パンクハースト親子)
オットー・ヴァイニングガー (オーストリアの性科学者)『性と性格』(1906年ハイネマン社英語版出版、反フェミニストの書として「最終章'Woman and Mankind'」が1912年*The Freewoman*に連載される)
- 1905 パンクハースト夫人参政権運動開始
- 1906 WSPU本部をマンチェスターからロンドンに移転、シルヴィア・パンクハースト加わる
- 1907 国立優生学研究所設立 (初代所長カール・ピアソン)
優生教育学協会創立 (EES)
WSPUの内70名が脱会し、婦人解放同盟 (WFL) 結成
- 1908 エドワード・カーペンター『中間の性』出版
ロンドン大学キングズ・カレッジに家政学部設置
アスキス自由党内閣成立 (~1915) 蔵相ロイド・ジョージ
6月のWSPU大規模集会で2名の活動家が首相官邸に投石し、逮捕される
- 1909 ロンドンで万国婦人参政権大会開催
集会で逮捕された活動家2名ハロウェー刑務所でハンスト開始。9月強制食開始
- 1910 フランス後期印象派絵画展ロンドン、グラフィトン・ギャラリーで開催
11月ロンドンで婦人参政権要求一万人デモ
- 1911 1月ロレンス*The White Peacock*出版
11月アスキス首相選挙法改正法案に女性参政権などの調停案を入れる
11月*The Freewoman*創刊
H. G. ウェルズ「母性への国家基金」論文発表
オリヴ・シュライナー『女性と労働』(女性運動のバイブルとなる)出版
- 1912 3月女性参政権調停法案 (Conciliation Bill) 否決される
3月WSPUロンドンで大規模なガラス破壊活動実施。パンクハースト夫人逮捕される。
4月ロレンス、フリーダに会う、ドイツへ
5月ロレンス*The Trespasser*出版
7月第1回国際優生学学会、ロンドンで開催される
- 1913 WSPU活動家の刑務所でのハンスト戦術に対して「猫とネズミ」法制定
クリスタベル・パンクハースト「性病の蔓延、それをいかに終わらせるか」論文発表
- 1914 英国性心理学研究会創設 (初代会長エドワード・カーペンター)
- 1914 - 1918 第1次世界大戦
- 1914 米国からマーガレット・サンガー訪問、C.V.ドライズデイル (マルサス同盟の代表者)、オリヴ・シュライナー、ステラ・ブラウン、ハヴロック・エリスやマリー・ストープスに会う
ステラ・ブラウン、避妊・妊娠中絶に対する女性の権利のキャンペーン始める
- 1915 ステラ・ブラウン「女性の性の多様性と可変性」論文を英国性心理学研究会で発表

AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE... THE THEATRE... THE THEATRE...

THACKERAY BRIGHTON

One of the best productions on the stage... Thackeray's play of Brighton...

HOTEL METROPOLE BRIGHTON

THE GARDEN... THE GARDEN... THE GARDEN...

Sunday Dispatch

10501... 10501... 10501...

OCTOBER 28, 1928

TRAIN NERVES.

The distressing series of fatal accidents on the railway... Train nerves...

The Police.

Anyhow, with the return of the night... The Police...

WIDOWER'S MITE.

WIDOWERS have felt that a high commission... Widower's mite...

THE AIR MIND.

AIR men realize it undoubtedly the owners of the... Air mind...

THE SUNSHINE.

THE SUNSHINE... THE SUNSHINE... THE SUNSHINE...

The POLICEMAN in the DOCK.

By FATHER RONALD KNOX.



THE POLICEMAN'S LITTLE LOT.

"How we have taken them for granted, even from our childhood, these splendid guardians of the public peace!"

I DREAMT the other night... policeman's little lot...

Apply the Parable... policeman's little lot...

work, to a functional disturbance... policeman's little lot...

Now they interfere... policeman's little lot...

It was discussed... policeman's little lot...

What of it All?

What was to be made of it... What of it all?

Our Hypocrisy.

In the second place... Our hypocrisy...

WHAT IS SEX APPEAL?

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

This article is the first of a series... What is sex appeal?

THE GREAT PROBABLY OF THE... What is sex appeal?

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【資料①】Sunday Dispatch 'What is Sex Appeal'(Oct.28,1928)

THE GREAT NEW HELP TO INVESTMENT
Soliciting Advances in Building Society Facilities
5% FREE OF TAX
THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE
FOURTH CITY BUILDING SOCIETY
34, LONDON WALL, E.C.2

SEX LOCKED OUT.

By D. H. LAWRENCE.



"We think a lovely woman must look like Lillian Gish."

"A handsome man must look like Valentino. Or like this."

Sunday Dispatch

NOVEMBER 25, 1928.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

FOR three days the hearts of all the King's subjects have fluttered in alternate hope and fear. Even when the first news was published, we were nervous, for nothing that we have known of in our country's history has ever been so momentous as this. It is the first time that the King has been so seriously ill, and the first time that the nation has been so united in its prayers for his recovery.

The Peacock's Glory.

THE most beautiful of all birds is the peacock. Its tail feathers are so long and so colorful that it is a sight to behold. The peacock is a very proud bird, and it is very vain. It is very vain because it is so beautiful, and it is very proud because it is so powerful.

Hidden Will.

IT is a strange thing that a man who is so rich and so powerful should have a hidden will. It is a strange thing because it is so secret, and it is a strange thing because it is so important. It is so important because it is the only way that a man can leave his property to his family.

DEBT OF HONOUR PAID.

THE man who has paid his debt of honour is a man who is a hero. It is a man who has done a great deed, and it is a man who has done it for the good of his country. It is a man who has done it for the good of his people, and it is a man who has done it for the good of his world.

GENTLE OPTIMIST.

THE gentle optimist is a man who is a hero. It is a man who has done a great deed, and it is a man who has done it for the good of his country. It is a man who has done it for the good of his people, and it is a man who has done it for the good of his world.

"Sex and beauty are one thing, but beauty alone is not enough. If you have beauty, you must have brains. If you have brains, you must have beauty. If you have both, you are a success."

It is a pity that we see so many of our young men and women who are so beautiful, but who are so stupid. They are so stupid because they are so vain, and they are so vain because they are so beautiful.

Soul Sickness.

THE most common of all diseases is soul sickness. It is a disease of the mind, and it is a disease of the heart. It is a disease of the soul, and it is a disease of the body.

Beauty an Experience.

BEAUTY is not a thing that is given to a man. It is a thing that is earned by a man. It is a thing that is earned by a man who is a hero, and it is a thing that is earned by a man who is a success.

IF SERVANTS WERE ROBOTS.

IF servants were robots, the world would be a very different place. It would be a place where the rich would be very rich, and the poor would be very poor. It would be a place where the strong would be very strong, and the weak would be very weak.

"There is a lot of true beauty in Charlie Chaplin's brow and eyes."

There is a lot of true beauty in Charlie Chaplin's brow and eyes. It is a beauty that is not just in his face, but in his soul. It is a beauty that is not just in his body, but in his mind.

True Sex Appeal.

TRUE sex appeal is not just in a man's face, but in his soul. It is a soul that is full of love, and it is a soul that is full of life. It is a soul that is full of hope, and it is a soul that is full of faith.

Love's Lovely Women.

LOVE'S lovely women are not just in a woman's face, but in her soul. It is a soul that is full of love, and it is a soul that is full of life. It is a soul that is full of hope, and it is a soul that is full of faith.

"A handsome man must look like Valentino. Or like this."

A handsome man must look like Valentino. Or like this. It is a man who is a hero, and it is a man who is a success. It is a man who is a man of the world, and it is a man who is a man of the people.

Excited Relations.

EXCITED relations are not just in a man's face, but in his soul. It is a soul that is full of love, and it is a soul that is full of life. It is a soul that is full of hope, and it is a soul that is full of faith.

ERIC THE ROBOT.

ERIC THE ROBOT is a man who is a hero. It is a man who has done a great deed, and it is a man who has done it for the good of his country. It is a man who has done it for the good of his people, and it is a man who has done it for the good of his world.

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RIGHT AT HOME
NIPPONDROME
COOK'S
R. S. SHINE
11 EDITION
L. S. WINDFELD
SING SCHOOL
OF A CARLER

Stamp in 'Vamps.'

There is a stamp in 'Vamps.' It is a stamp that is full of love, and it is a stamp that is full of life. It is a stamp that is full of hope, and it is a stamp that is full of faith.

Excited Relations.

EXCITED relations are not just in a man's face, but in his soul. It is a soul that is full of love, and it is a soul that is full of life. It is a soul that is full of hope, and it is a soul that is full of faith.

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The Everyday Energizer.

HOVIS will help you. It is a man who is a hero, and it is a man who is a success. It is a man who is a man of the world, and it is a man who is a man of the people.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL PATENT... THEATRE ROYAL PATENT... THEATRE ROYAL PATENT...

Big Car Luxury... Big Car Comfort... Big Car Performance...

THE MORRIS SIX... Coupé - £365... Saloon - £375... Morris Motors Limited, Cowley, Oxford.

Sunday Dispatch... FEBRUARY 17, 1929.

WE NEED PEACE.

AMONG the complexities that beset the project of giving practical effect to the League of Nations...

WATCH WILHELM

IN twenty years of life, his Kaiser Wilhelm has been the most conspicuous figure in the German Empire...

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

ROYAL ALBERT HALL... JOHN MCCORMACK... KREIER...

SWITZERLAND

SWITZERLAND... LOUISA LUGHRINE... 67-17 G.

EASTER IN PARIS

EASTER IN PARIS... THE PLUMBER...

FOR THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR

FOR THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT THE WHITE CITY... Great London Railway to Central London & Shepherd's Bush Stations.

MYSELF REVEALED.

By D. H. LAWRENCE: The Most Extensive Portrait of the Day.

If all happened by itself and without any external force...

shook it little by little, and but slowly, and then, "differently"...

First Step. I was a doctor, and I was not a doctor...

What Am I Now? It is a very simple question, but it is a very difficult one to answer...

My Big Riddle. I have a riddle for you, and I think you will like to solve it...

After leaving school I was a doctor, and I was not a doctor...

Portrait Study of Mr. D. H. Lawrence. The portrait study of Mr. D. H. Lawrence is a very interesting one...

Pneumonia Again. I have had pneumonia before, and I have had it again...

Life in Italy. I have spent some time in Italy, and I have found it very interesting...

Launched by Girl. I was launched by a girl, and I have never been the same since...

When I was a doctor, I was not a doctor, and I was not a doctor...

My Mother. My mother was a very good woman, and I have never forgotten her...

Wells and Barrie. I have read the works of Wells and Barrie, and I have found them very interesting...

June Rose or Jersey Lily.

By HENRY S. DOIG.

It is of the poppies, but it is not a poppy, and it is not a poppy...

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【資料③】Sunday Dispatch 'Myself Revealed' by D.H.Lawrence (Feb.17,1929)

The Spectator

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1911.

No. 4,323.]

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* * * The Editors cannot undertake to return Manuscript, in any case.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE situation in Albania grows worse, not better, for the Turkish Government. The past week has been marked by the open revolt of the Mirdites, one of the most powerful of the Albanian tribes. According to the *Times* correspondent at Cetigne, they are able to place 10,000 armed men in the field. They occupy an almost inaccessible mountain district, and for centuries have maintained their independence, defying every effort of the Turks to subdue them, as they in former days defied the Roman emperors. The tribe are all Roman Catholics. It would appear that their leaders, civil and religious, have counselled submission, and have done their best to hold the tribe back, but without success. The situation as regards the Mirdites is complicated by the fact that they live near the Montenegrin frontier, and that, therefore, the sources of friction between the mountain kingdom and Turkey are greatly increased.

Austria-Hungary is said to be doing her best to secure a pacific settlement between the Turks and the insurgents, although the official press is once more adopting a menacing tone towards the Ottoman Government. It is feared, however, that the Young Turks have adopted a policy of "thorough," and intend, if they can, to settle the Albanian question once and for all, and by very drastic methods. Haki Bey, the delegate for Albania of the Salonika Committee, is, according to the *Times*, bent on establishing colonies of Mussulmans from Bosnia and Herzegovina, and elsewhere in Northern Albania, and intends to bring down those mountaineers after they have made their submission, and settle them in the plains, thus separating them from the other Albanian clans. It is curious to note how the Oriental tradition of dealing with conquered peoples continues. As we know from the Bible, the Assyrian monarchs followed a similar plan. The people of Palestine were sent into Mesopotamia, and "reliable" subjects placed in their stead in Samaria and elsewhere.

The *Times* correspondent states that Haki Bey "is a young Turkish Jacobin from Anatolia, and is totally ignorant of the Albanian language and character." As long as he is permitted to control intercourse between the Albanians and the Turkish Government there can be little hope of conciliation. The whole situation cannot but cause great anxiety. Though we sympathize with the Young Turks in desiring to maintain the integrity of their country we cannot regard their action in detail as judicious. Their behaviour over the alphabet question was specially foolish and provocative. They should

have shown deference to Albanian sentiment in all non-essentials, but at the same time have pushed on road-making with one hand and the general education and civilization of the Albanian population with the other. Even if they deemed military action to be inevitable, it should at least have been postponed till the troubles in the Yemen were over. At the present moment the Sultan of Turkey is paying an official visit to Salonika, but it is to be feared that when this is over it will be found that the activity of the insurgents in Macedonia has only been temporarily concealed, and that the condition of things there is hardly less bad than in Albania.

There is nothing new of importance to record in regard to Morocco. General Moirer and his column are stated to have returned to Fez from the Sherarda country on June 3rd, and will leave in a few days for Mekinez. During the expedition the French commander received many tribal submissions, and punishment was meted out to the villages whose inhabitants had attacked Colonel Gouraud's column on its march from the coast. In connexion with Moroccan news we may chronicle the fact that a certain amount of concern seems to be shown in Paris in regard to the policy of the Spanish Government. In some quarters the Spaniards are even suspected of "ambitious schemes for dominating the Straits of Gibraltar." According to the Paris correspondent of the *Times* on Thursday, the *Temps* warns the Spanish Press that neither the Algeciras Act nor the Franco-Spanish Convention of 1904 warrants the schemes of permanent occupation which are at present being urged upon the Spanish Government by a section of the Spanish Press. Any suggestions that have been made for partition were always subject "to the event of the disappearance of the Shereefian power in Morocco," an event which, of course, has not taken place, and is not now probable.

We should be the last to ignore the just claims of Spain in regard to that part of Morocco in which she already has her settlements, and to which she is the nearest neighbour, but we are sure that no good friend of Spain can wish to see her entangled in the Morocco imbroglio, with the consequent risk not only of quarrelling with France, but of involving herself in great financial embarrassments. What is wanted is to avoid a scramble by doing what the French are now doing—that is, endeavouring to put the native Government upon a firmer basis. No one, we venture to say, is going to get any great advantage out of Morocco. France, as Morocco's land neighbour, is bound to prevent anarchy so close to her borders, but the task, if necessary, is pretty sure to prove thankless and expensive.

M. Rouvier, whose death was announced in Thursday's papers, is best known as the Prime Minister of France who decided that the retention of M. Delcassé as Foreign Minister was a dangerous defiance of German susceptibilities. The part he played in his previous Premiership in breaking the power of General Boulanger in 1897 is less open to criticism. A Provençal, a disciple and protégé of Gambetta, he amassed a fortune as a banker and financier, and made his way to Cabinet rank when he was only forty. His mastery of finance was undoubted—indeed, according to some critics, it dominated his outlook on international politics; and the way in which he met the charges brought against him in connexion with the Panama scandals cannot be pronounced satisfactory.

The settlement of the Champagne question proposed by the Conseil d'Etat, by which the wine grown outside the Marne district is to be described as "second-zone champagne," has failed to conciliate the discontent of the Aubeis. On Thursday one of their deputies moved a resolution in the Chamber in favour of deferring, until further notice, the promulgation of the new

the operations of the Bill. But why abandon us when we leave home? For instance, at the present moment, here on Tyneside, pending the ripening of the home harvest, there are hundreds of Mayo and Galway men working in the docks and shippards. The money which they will save and take home will enable them to avoid the "green fields to America," but what would be their position with the Lloyd George Act in force? Employers are offered a bribe of 6s. 8d. per head to engage men by the year, and, as a matter of course they will do it.

How then will the small farmer and casual labourer from Connacht obtain the customary three or four months' employment next year—or any of the years following? With this source of supply cut off, emigration would be the only thing left. Would that be good for the people, Connacht, or Ireland?

The Irish Party are expecting Home Rule in the near future. I hope their expectations will be realised. But what's to be the fate of the permanent Irish population in England? Are we to be utterly abandoned? Some 90 per cent. of us are still of the labouring class. How shall we fare under the Lloyd George Act? If there is anything certain about the effect of that abominable Bill, it is that it will intensify caste and craft consciousness in the ranks of labour. Every trade and calling of the higher ranks will become a close preserve for its present members and their offspring, while the children of the Irish labourers will be forced to follow their fathers as hewers of wood and drawers of water till the end of time—or the revolution. Does either prospect please the Irish Party? The "Daily News" in large type states that the Irish Party "expresses its hearty approval of the Lloyd George Bill." In the name of heaven, why? Do the Irish Party approve of every Irish worker in England having a professional spy attached to his household? Do they approve of a medical certificate being used like the whip of Legree to flog their fellow-countrymen to the daily grind? Do they approve of a system of medical patching and repairing for profit which they would not allow at home, to be applied to us in England?

I think we are entitled to more consideration than this at the hands of the Irish Party. Were Parnell living and Lloyd George proposed to reduce the Irish in England to slavery he would have torn the man and his measure to tatters. But then, as the Chief remarked to me: "Yes—he has a political head on him, but the pity of it is, it isn't Irish." PETER FANNING.

THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—As a worker, soon, I fear, to be compulsorily insured, may I thank you for your opposition to the National Insurance Bill. Will you also allow me to express a few thoughts in verse on the matter in your correspondence columns.

MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

(To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George.)

Ave! Ave! Ave! We greet you, Lord of our pain,
Whose bodies shall be as cattle, our souls fettered and slain.
Not in the shining arena, at mercy of trident and sword,
But killed by your sinister kindness and care for us, Lord!
We saw no thumbs turned down as we waited your pleasure
to die,
But unheeding our fate and indifferent, making no cry,
We saw but our betters in council, our lives in their hand;
We thought they were giving us freedom from care, long
life in the land.

Is it life? Yes, a life to be cared for while we have breath,
As horses and dogs are cared for, but spiritual death.
Foredoomed we salute you, Lord, whose mission it was to
save;
And the blood of our souls shall cry, "Hail!" as we sink to
the grave.

CHARLES WHITE.

VERS LA PSYCHOLOGIE DE M. WELLS.

Sir,—I fear that Mr. Tonson has not increased the sum of my knowledge to a very great extent. Granted that Mr. Wells did not write or revise the little biography referred to in my article, I presume that we shall in due course have a denial from him that he is the intellectual chief of the happy band comprising Messrs. Bennett, Conrad, Forster, and Galsworthy—verily a strange quartette!

But the mere delivery of a lecture at the "Times" Book Club cannot be held to constitute publication in the ordinary meaning of the word, and the lecture was not reported in "these columns." Mr. Tonson went to the lecture, but did not even summarise it, devoting instead a considerable proportion of his weekly article to a description of the ladies' dresses.

Again, "Le Temps" did not buy a translation of the lecture, as Mr. Tonson states: they bought the lecture and had it translated in their own office, as I have ascertained from enquiries in the proper quarter. The "primeur" of the manifesto was given, as "Le Temps" justly stated, in its own columns. The first English version bearing even the remotest resemblance to partial completeness appeared in THE NEW AGE a fortnight ago.

J. M. KENNEDY.

AN ARISTOPANIC ECHO.

Sir,—

The copy one troves in the groves, tra-la!
Would read all the better, methinks,
For a dot of the pencil blue, tra-la!
To set the mythology true, tra-la!
That muddled up Echo with Syrinx—
Who was never, no never, a mix!
And here let me tender my gratitude
To a world that refrained from correction rude:
For I can't, can you, suppose nobody knew
"Twixt Echo and Syrinx the difference?
No, I can't, can you, suppose not a soul knew,
No single soul knew the diff?
Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! Tra-la!

T. K. L.

THE "SPECTATOR" AND THE "ENGLISH REVIEW."

Sir,—Will you kindly publish the enclosed protest repudiating the attack of the "Spectator" of June 10 upon the "English Review," which it accused of "dumping garbage upon the nation's doorstep." I ask this in the name of journalistic fairplay, considerable publicity having been given to the "Spectator's" attack.

AUSTIN HARRISON, Editor.

We, the undersigned, have read the article in the "Spectator" of June 10 attacking the "English Review." We can see nothing in the article but a simple act of persecution. A well-known writer in the "English Review" has expressed, not editorially, but over his own signature and on his own responsibility, an opinion which is beyond all question a very widespread opinion, not only among so-called men of the world, but among medical men and serious moralists. It is an opinion which shocked some others of us precisely as some of the "Spectator's" opinions shock others of us and shock the Editor of the "English Review." But its suppression can be justified only by arguments which would equally justify the suppression of every organ of advanced or reactionary thought in Europe, and could easily be pushed for party or sectarian purposes to the destruction of the liberty of the Press. Under these circumstances, without in any way committing ourselves as to the merits of the two journals, or the validity of the views with which they are identified, we feel bound to protest against the attempt of the "Spectator" to annul the compact of tolerance upon which the maintenance of the highest literature and the best journalism depends for its very existence.

Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, W. B. Yeats, R. B. Cunningham Graham, George Moore, Henry Arthur Jones, William Somerset Maugham, Herbert Trench, W. H. Davies, Eden Phillpotts, W. J. Locke, Ford Madox Hueffer, T. Sturge Moore, May Sinclair, Francis Grierson, H. Granville Barker, Violet Hunt, Sidney Low, Richard Whiteing, J. Forbes-Robertson, G. S. Street, John M. Robertson, M.P., A. Neil Lyons, Edward Thomas, W. Rothenstein, Edward Hutton, Filson Young, R. A. Scott-James, Robert Ross, C. Haldane MacFall, D. H. Lawrence, W. L. George, Frederick Niven, Holbrook Jackson, Hugh Walpole, Edgar Jepson, Morley Roberts, Charles Marriot, J. Stuart Hay, W. H. Koebel, G. H. Mair, Darrell Figgis, J. E. Evans-Jackson, Alfred Stead, Yoshio Markino, E. S. F. Haynes, Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

THE BULWARKS OF OUR FREEDOM—FROM UNDESIRABLE OPINIONS.

Sir,—Mr. Belloc has often shown us what an important part our editors take in the work of keeping public opinion right in essential things and decently covering up such

* Mr. Maurice Hewlett signs the Protest with the following reserving clause:—

I agree with and join in the protest against the "Spectator's" article with this modification of its terms, that I do not suppose it to have been an act of persecution. I regard it as having been inspired by that smug confidence in one's own opinion and conviction of its importance to the world at large, which are still, as they have always been, common to all vulgar natures. The "Spectator" is not malevolent; it is a prig.

understand Cobbett and make sense of his relation and attitude to the world around him. But the essay has been allowed to become a book, and it has done this not by enlarging its scope or method of treatment, but by an endless series of violent variations on the original theme. What Mr. Chesterton had to say could have been said—and Mr. Chesterton could have said it—in twenty golden pages. He has not troubled to do the hard work that would have provided him with material for two hundred and seventy seven. And accordingly he tires his reader, and perhaps he even grew a little tired himself, long before the end.

This, then, is a bad book; but embedded in it is an excellent essay. For Mr. Chesterton goes, every now and then, right to the heart of the truth—for example, when he calls the story of Cobbett "the disillusionment of a patriot." Beneath Cobbett's "Toryism" in the days when he denounced Paine and Priestley and the Jacobins was, as Mr. Chesterton points out, exactly the same fundamental attitude as made him later denounce Castlereagh and Pitt and Peel. He loved his country with a great and abiding love; and that love made him turn on all whom he regarded as its enemies, abroad or at home. In exile in America, he idealised England without distinguishing between the country and the manner in which it was ruled. Back at home, he idealised England still; but that only made him turn the more fiercely on all whom he regarded as the makers of the miseries of Englishmen. For Cobbett's love of his country was essentially a love of the people in it, and their claim to a good life came always first in his thought.

This Mr. Chesterton sees so plainly that, from the very beginning of his book, he strikes the right note, and puts his reader in the best attitude for understanding Cobbett as well as for liking him. But, having struck the note once, Mr. Chesterton merely goes on striking it again and again. He does not tell any coherent story of Cobbett's life; but he does put in so much of biographical incident as to make his book difficult to follow in the entire absence of dates or continuity. He gives either too much or too little, and with too little regard to either accuracy or selection.

Presumably, Mr. Chesterton would defend himself by taking the offensive. Indeed, in the middle of this book is embedded the outline of his offensive—a defence of the amateur historian. Cobbett was an amateur historian when he wrote his *History of the Protestant Reformation*. Mr. Chesterton, in writing the life of Cobbett, is an amateur biographer. His defence of the amateur historian is that by looking straight at the outstanding facts he can see the big truths which the patiently researching scholar is apt to miss. He is right, and the defence is good. But is it really necessary for the amateur to refrain from looking up his facts at all? Will he really lose his amateur status if he is caught reading an original document before he writes his own? This seems to be almost Mr. Chesterton's theory. But surely the amateur had better, in that case, stick to the essay, where none will challenge him. Or, if he writes a book, he must, at the risk of looking passably professional, expend rather more trouble than Mr. Chesterton seems to have devoted to his Cobbett. G.D.H.C.

JOTTINGS

Experiments: a Miscellany. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.

We have here collected together a number of short stories, articles and reviews. Naturally they are unequal. The reviews are of books written by travellers and wanderers, from Doughty and the Russian Mohammedan, Isabelle Eberhardt, to the eccentric naturalist, Waterton. A writer on travel, says Mr. Douglas, should give us in his books:

a triple opportunity for exploration—abroad, into the author's brain, and into our own. The writer should therefore possess a brain worth exploring; some philosophy of life—not necessarily, though by preference, of his own forging—and the courage to proclaim and put it to the test; he must be naïf and profound, both child and sage.

He finds these qualities in Doughty. His tribute to the lady journalist, Isabelle Eberhardt, entitled *Intellectual Nomadism*, is both generous and sincere. She was drowned at Ain Seffa in 1904, and her notes about Algeria, published posthumously, give the desired triple exploration. *Corpe diem* is the motto of a nomadic existence. "J'ai marché à la découverte," she wrote. Of Waterton Mr. Douglas paints a witty, vivid word-picture. This "prince of eccentricities," this "permanently unsynthetic" naturalist is not represented by any photograph, we are told,

because "he objected to being taken in any position save from the rear—a rather inadequate method of portraiture."

One of the best things in the book is the essay on Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Douglas, while he treats the various facets of Poe, the drunkard, lover, patriot, artist, also keeps an eye on the whole man:

Poe is a great anti-vulgarian. As such, he has discarded the ethical moment. . . . For morality is the property of the crowd; it bears an inscription that demns it for all purposes of art; *connu!*

Among the short stories there is at least one very good. *At the Forge* has strength, unity, atmosphere.

A chapter of unusual interest is *A Plea for Better Manners*, where he defends most effectively his dead friend, Maurice Magnus. Mr. D. H. Lawrence's introduction to *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*, a brilliant but unfair portrait, leads Mr. Douglas to denounce what he calls the "novelist's touch in biography." Mr. Lawrence belongs "to that literary class which refuses to see more than two or three aspects of their fellow creatures." He points out the lack of psychology among "these writing gentlemen," including, surprisingly enough, Conrad, and dilates on the modern "nuisance of personality-mongering":

It is not only bad literature but bad breeding. You can hardly pick up any volume by a member of this school without finding therein caricatures of some acquaintance—all unfavourably drawn and derided not with frank wit or invective or mockery or Rabelaisian laughter, but with that squeaky suburban chuckle which is characteristic of an age of eunuchs. . . . We shall obviously never have real manners, either in literature or society, until duelling becomes popular again.

The last remark is characteristic of Mr. Douglas's general gallantry; he is always ready to flourish a blade on behalf of Ishmaels. A traveller himself, he champions others who set out on voyages of discovery, few of whom can equal him in descriptive happiness, in irony and in intimacy of touch. His sentences are alert, on tiptoe, ready to leap into the mind of the reader. His gift for intimacy, coupled with his love of directness, is combined with a touch of the Greek spirit. Aesthetic paganism exercises a strong fascination over a mind that has little use for "the unseemly and restless conditions of modern life." "If you ever want anything out of me," he makes a character in *South Wind* say, "tell me a fairy story." If one wanted anything out of Mr. Douglas it would pay to transport him to some ancient, mythopoetic, Greek countryside where a harvest festival was going on, or a noonday procession, or some gaiety of dancing beside lime-trees in the month when spring returns and pastorals begin.

A NOVELIST INTERPRETER

Banzai! By JOHN PARIS. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Takao Ono, the rascally yet amusing and really likeable hero of *Banzai!*, is so far westernised—he has served with the British Army during the war—that he is able to look back upon his oriental childhood and youth in Japan not only with detachment but also with something of the superficial knowingness and ironic humour of the born Cockney. How much is truth and how much fiction in the story Mr. Paris tells only Mr. Paris knows, but if Ono is pure invention, then he is indeed a triumph of imaginative creation, for his story reads rather as meticulous biography than as an essay in realistic fiction. The pattern of the story is very cunningly wrought. Interwoven with the history of Ono, as slipshodly narrated by himself to his biographer, we have the latter's wide knowledge of rural and urban Japan set in passages which, full of colour as they are, are nevertheless ruthless in their realism. As in *Kimono*, Mr. Paris is concerned here no less with truth than with beauty, and although at times he rivals the romantic panegyrist of Japan in wealth of praise and charm of description, he neither misses nor condones the ugly and repellent, nor veils in poetic deception what is essentially vile and vicious.

In the eleven pages of the opening chapter the whole scheme of the book is revealed, and it will be a dull reader who is not gripped by that magical twist when the narrator of the story, arrested by something said by Ono, as they sit together in the Café Royal, exclaims, "Then you are a Yedokko," and Ono answers, "No, I come from Echu." Then, we are told, the Café vanished and Tokio appeared, and Mr. Paris makes it appear in some half dozen sentences glowing with colour and gay with movement. Here are mingled all the elements of a picturesque romance, with a most engaging rascal for hero, sturdy of frame, bold of speech, indomitable in courage, yet shifty of eye.

high a proportion of pessimists in the West End as in the East End of London. Happiness, indeed, consists not in being able to satisfy all our wants, but in not caring whether we satisfy most of them or not. It is more independent of circumstances than most of us imagine, though you and I will probably continue to try to attain it with the aid of circumstances. Philosophers from the beginning of thought have assured us that it is in vain for us to look for it outside ourselves, but we still follow mirages that any philosopher could have told us would lead us only to a desert of sand.

Hence, it would be an excellent training for most of us during Lent to see how many things we could do without—whether tobacco or meat or wine or wireless or books or newspapers or taxis or buses or cinemas or sugar or cakes or cards or billiards or dancing or, indeed, anything that an ordinary man or woman or child would miss, without actually offending against the laws of health or decency. You could not ask a man to do without his daily shave, for—though life is apparently worth living without shaving—that would be indecent, and you could not incite people to abstain from soap, for that would be unhealthy. But we could undoubtedly get on very well for a few weeks without nine out of ten of the things with which most of us occupy our spare time. We should find, I imagine, that we could be reasonably happy without entering a bus or a taxi or a train during the season, and we should probably be all the better for a little walking. As for tobacco and wine and meat, we should discover new sources of cheerfulness, and could even enjoy the pleasures of company—temporarily—over a table containing nothing but brown bread and water. The chief danger would be that we should become puffed up with conceit, for that would ruin all. For the sake of our own characters, it is important that the period of abstinence should not last beyond a few weeks, and that we should then return to our accustomed indulgences and learn in their company to live humbly, eating and drinking like Christian men.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE LATE MR. MAURICE MAGNUS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN

SIR,—Referring to the review published in your last issue of Mr. Norman Douglas's *Experiments*, will you give me a little space in which to shake off Mr. Douglas's insinuations—to put it mildly—regarding my introduction to Maurice Magnus's *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*? When Mr. Douglas's "pamphlet" first appeared I was in New Mexico, and it seemed too far off to trouble. But now that the essay is enshrined in Mr. Douglas's new book, *Experiments*, it is time that I said a word. One becomes weary of being slandered.

The whole circumstances of my acquaintance with Maurice Magnus, and the facts of his death, are told in my introduction as truthfully as a man can tell a thing. After the suicide of Magnus, I had continual letters from the two Maltese, whom I had met through Magnus, asking for redress. I knew them personally—which Douglas did not. Myself, I had not the money to repay Magnus's borrowings. All the literary remains were left to Douglas, in the terms of Magnus's will. But then, after his death, all Magnus's effects were confiscated, owing to his debts. There was really nothing to confiscate, since the very furniture of the house had been lent by the young Maltese, B—. There were the MSS.—the bulk of them worthless. Only those *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*, which I had gone over previously with Magnus, might be sold.

I wrote to B— that Norman Douglas would no doubt get the *Memoirs* published. The reply came from Malta, B— would never put anything into the hands of Douglas. I then wrote to Douglas—and, remembering the care with

which he files all his letters, I kept his reply. Parts of this reply I quote here:

DEAR LAWRENCE,

FLORENCE,
26th December, 1921.

So many thanks for yours of the 20th.

Damn the Foreign Legion. . . . I have done my best, and if B— had sent it to me the book would be published by this time, and B— £30 or £50 the richer. Some folks are hard to please. By all means do what you like with the MS. As to M. himself, I may do some kind of memoir of him later on—Independent of Foreign Legions. Put me into your introduction, if you like. . . .

Pocket all the cash yourself. B— seems to be such a fool that he doesn't deserve any.

I'm out of it and, for once in my life, with a clean conscience. . . .

Yours always,

NORMAN DOUGLAS.

The italics in this letter are Douglas's own. As for his accusation of my "unkindness" to Magnus, that too is funny. Certainly Magnus was generous with his money when he had any; who knew that better than Douglas? But did I make it appear otherwise? And when Magnus wanted actual help—not post-mortem sentiment—where did he look for it? To the young Maltese who would have no dealings whatsoever with Norman Douglas, after the suicide.

Then I am accused of making money out of Magnus's effects. I should never have dreamed of writing a word about Magnus, save for the continual painful letters from the Maltese. Then I did it solely and simply to discharge a certain obligation. For curiously enough, both B— and S— seemed to regard me as in some way responsible for their troubles with Magnus. I had been actually there with them and Magnus, and had driven in their motor-car. To discharge an obligation I do not admit, I wrote the Introduction. And when it was written, in the year 1922, it started the round of the publishers, as introducing the *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*, and everywhere it was refused. More than one publisher said: "We will publish the Introduction alone, without the Magnus *Memoirs*." To which I said: "That's no good. The Introduction only exists for the *Memoirs*."

So, for two years, nothing happened. It is probable that I could have sold the Introduction to one of the large popular American magazines, as a "personal" article. And that would have meant at least a thousand dollars for me. Whereas I shall never see a thousand dollars, by a long chalk, from this *Memoirs* book. Nevertheless, by this time B— will have received in full the money he lent to Magnus. I shall have received as much—as much, perhaps, as I would get in America for a popular short story.

As for Mr. Douglas, he must gather himself haloes where he may.—Yours, etc.,

D. H. LAWRENCE.

RUBBISH IN ART

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—I should like to express my appreciation of "Affable Hawk's" two articles on "Rubbish in Art"—an appreciation which I know is shared by several other artist-readers. His articles are always refreshingly broadminded and sane, and his words therefore carry all the more weight when he uses them as a battering-ram.

There is one other point at which "Affable Hawk" might have assailed the rubbish-mongers: they are always much too sweeping in their exclusions. The statements that "Epstein appeared to be the only person to whom the Hudson memorial could be entrusted," "Mr. Sickert's is the only real picture that has been hung in the R.A. for eighty years," are typical examples. Such dogmatic utterances would be merely stupid if they were not addressed to a large and indiscriminating public, but being thus broadcast they are also cruel. The truth of the matter is that there are thousands of artists (I use that figure literally) who could produce startlingly "different" work if they cared to do so. If Toft were asked to execute a stone memorial in the popular German manner, leaving all his planes angular, and distorting wherever it happened to be convenient, could he not produce a work that would cause the critics to see in it marvels of spirituality and genius? And could not Watson paint equally bestial pictures of bearded men in brothels if he chose?

I remember some years ago making such an experiment to prove my point. At the end of a tiring day I used up the colours on my palette to perpetrate an atrocity in which there was no drawing, no composition and no colour-sense, and the subject was thoroughly dull. I signed it with a great illegible

B 2

subtle and secret emotions of a pure woman's soul than has been given by any other composer", and, indeed, than could have been expected from a man at all. Well it may, for Schumann's music is the outcome, not of one personality, but two.

CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS.

Spinsters and Art.†

THE baldness and badness of popular novels is as touching as the ugliness of a cherished rag-doll. What overflowing tenderness must be in the heart of the child who loves this monstrosity, we think. And so with the people who read these novels—what tireless imaginations they must have, to perceive joy in these bare chronicles! We superior persons are too feeble to go searching for beauty on our own like that. We wait idly until Thomas Hardy comes back from witnessing fierce wars between the flesh and the spirit, and Conrad sails home from the strangest and most distant tropic. But the common man picks up some artless work such as "The Considine Luck," by H. A. Hinkson, and creates his own beauty. He takes the puppet heroine, Grace Smith, and paints her wooden cheeks with the flush of his sensuous dreams; he lights her eyes with the radiance he has seen in unattainable women in pictures or at theatres, till Grace Smith is more fair than his first love. In a sense he writes his own books.

I fancy that "The Considine Luck" is the sort of book that the Bishop of Bristol referred to as "wholesome literature," in his recent address to the pupils of Colston Girls' School, advising the young ladies not to adopt as a profession the writing of objectionable fiction. (Surely his Lordship is mistaken in regarding this as an important opening for women. Nobody ever tried to bribe me to write objectionable fiction. And the people who tell you that they came to London five years ago with three shillings, and are now worth half a million, did it by inventing new kinds of sausages and things like that, not by writing objectionable fiction.) The only thing that distresses me about the work is the startling promiscuity of the second heroine, Flo Dallas. A simple child of nature, reared on the Irish hills, she nourishes in her young bosom a pure passion for Sir Jasper, the hero, until one day her cousin, Hugh Venables, breaks the news to her.

"I suppose you have heard the news?"

"What news?" she inquired, with a throb of anxiety.

"That Sir Jasper is going to marry Grace Smith."

"Marry her," echoed Flo blankly.

"Yes, no doubt about it. . . ." But Flo was not listening. She had sat down at the foot of the tree, and, after making several brave attempts to control her emotion, she suddenly burst into tears.

I regret to say that when she got up again she was engaged to Hugh Venables. This is a form of treachery that constantly takes place in novels. For a lesser thing than this Winston Churchill was called a turncoat. And there is still some scandal talked about St. Peter. The hero who suffers from

* It is worth noting that the most essentially feminine music has not come from the few composers of the gentler sex, but from men, especially Chopin, and in certain instances, Schumann. The music of the greatest of women composers, Ethel Smythe, is almost aggressively masculine in expression.

† "The Considine Luck." By H. A. Hinkson. 6s. (Stephen Swift and Co.)

"The Spinster." By Hubert Wales. 6s. (John Long.)

"The Trespasser." By D. H. Lawrence. 6s. (Duckworth.)

unrequited love is allowed to go away and shoot big game in decent despair. But the heroine may transfer her allegiance with horrid facility.

Another lady of trying habits is Mr. Hubert Wales' "The Spinster." We have all of us had experience of the terribly confidential old lady in the crowded railway-carriage who will tell us about the operation her son has just undergone, and how it runs in the family. The Spinster was troubled with a similar unbridled candour. Although close on forty, and gifted with that training in deceit which an unattractive appearance imposes on women, she goes about confessing (with imbecile quiet dignity) the secret of her life to her sisters, her cousins and her aunts, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, and—finally—a coroner's jury. I abstain from revealing what the Spinster's secret really was, in view of the fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward is a reader of THE FREEWOMAN.

All the same, "The Spinster" is a great work. This is the first production by Mr. Hubert Wales that I have ever read. I was held from the very first page, whereon I read: "There were reservoirs of love in her—of wife-love and of mother-love—accumulating reservoirs, which had never been tapped." This is luscious imagery. "The Tapping of the Spinster" would be an exquisite title for a poetical play. And the conception of Fate as a Metropolitan Water Board regulating the flow of spiritual liquids is immense. I find Mr. Wales difficult to place as an artist. Undoubtedly his style derives largely from Mr. Frederick Harrison, though the breezy incident of the spinster's mother throwing the new potatoes at the housemaid obviously shows the influence of Strindberg. In philosophy it would not be too much to say that Mr. Wales stands shoulder to shoulder with Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It is not unkind to say that the above two books need never have been written. Of course, one is glad that they have been written, just as one is glad that there are dog-shows at the Horticultural Show, even though one never goes near the place oneself. One likes to think of all those jolly little puppies; and similarly one is glad that Mr. Wales feels up to his work, and quite certain that a lot of people will get ingenuous pleasure out of Mr. Hinkson's book. But here is a book that is on a different plane, a book that was worth the writing—"The Trespasser," by D. H. Lawrence. Last year Mr. Lawrence published "The White Peacock," in which there was some imagination, but much more fancy, which had within therefore the seeds of both genius and decay. Mr. Lawrence has conquered. This book is magic.

The first half of the book concerns itself with the week that Siegmund, a middle-aged and unsuccessful violinist and music-teacher, and Helena, his pupil, spend in the Isle of Wight. Except for the thought of his shrewish wife, avid for the fidelity of a husband she dislikes, and his family, which varies from lank unfriendly adolescence to warm and adorable infancy, they live in ecstasy. To begin with, one must consider the difficulty of staging ecstasy in the tameness of that landscape. Surely the extreme mildness of the nearer holiday resorts explains the insipidity of the Londoner. The Northern wage-slave can go to Blackpool, whose vulgarity shouts magnificently to heaven like the strains of a hundred massed brass bands, or to that touching attempt at tropical beauty, the Isle of Man. The Glasgow artisan can sail down the Clyde till the land shivers into a thousand islands before the marvel of the ragged Arran peaks against the Atlantic. But the Londoner can

go no such excursions to learn that romance is real. He must go to Margate.

The Isle of Wight, that vast kitchen-garden dimpled with vicarages, is nearly as bad, but Mr. Lawrence's vision can transmute it. "The way home lay across country, through deep little lanes where the late foxgloves sat seriously, like sad hounds; over open downlands, rough with gorse and ling, and through pocketed hollows of bracken and trees." The chalk is on fire with the sun. "All things, it seemed, were made of sunshine more or less soiled. The cliffs rose out of the shining waves like clouds of strong, fine texture, and rocks along the shore were the dappings of a bright dawn. The coarseness was fused out of the world, so that the sunlight showed in the veins of the morning cliffs and the rocks. Yea, everything ran with sunshine as we are full of blood, and plants are tissue of green-gold, glistening sap. Substance and solidity were the shadows that the morning cast round itself to make itself tangible, as Helena herself was a shadow, cast by that fragment of sunshine, her soul, over its inefficiency."

The description of the ecstasy of love has been done before, often impertinently, in view of the supreme achievements of Shakespear and Swinburne. But Mr. Lawrence not only treats it with reality, but he attains past it to the most godlike point of discontent; he perceives the failure of love. It is true that passion fuses these two into one. But it does not endure. They are torn apart temporarily by circumstance; they are divorced for ever—except for moments which are half-dreams—by temperamental differences. And these are conditions found in almost every union. That the highest experience in Life is generally incomplete explains why the greatest geniuses, the men who are like gods, have refused to become men of action and have been artists. Art is so much fuller of perfection than Life. Has any man experienced anything so beautiful as "Kubla Khan"?

The gulf between the lovers lies in the fact that Helena is a sentimentalist. "Siegmond . . . might play with the delicious, warm surface of life, but always he recked of the relentless mass of cold beneath—the mass of life which has no sympathy with the individual, no cognisance of him. She loved the trifles and the toys, the mystery and the magic of things. She would not own life to be relentless. It was either beautiful, fantastic, or weird, or inscrutable, or else mean and vulgar, below consideration. He had to get a sense of the anemone and a sympathetic knowledge of its experience into his blood before he was satisfied. To Helena an anemone was one more pretty figure in her kaleidoscope."

She was all fancy and no imagination. On a still night by the sea in the glimmer of many stars she was capable of quoting:—

"Die Luft ist kuhl und es dunkelt
Und rubig fliesst der Rhein."

And by day she made her own bad poetry for herself. "The pink convolvuli were fairy horns or telephones from the day fairies to the night fairies. The rippling sunlight on the sea was the Rhine maidens spreading their bright hair to the sun. That was her favourite form of thinking. The value of things was in the fancy they evoked. She did not care for people; they were vulgar, ugly, and stupid as a rule."

That was her sin. She despised Life. Even her love was a cold-blooded theft. As a man complains in the book, "These deep, interesting women don't want us; they want the flowers of the spirit they can gather of us. We, as natural men, are more or less degrading to them and to their love of

us; therefore they destroy the natural man in us—that is, us altogether." So she steals his passion to build herself more feeble, romantic dreams, and gives him nothing in return. So that when he goes back to his unfriendly home he has nothing between him and the stars, by whose light he sees life as miserable and as lonely as, as a matter of fact, it generally is if one is not a fanatic of some kind. So he falls through the vault of madness down to quiet suicide.

This latter part of the book is by far the finest, but one regrets Mr. Lawrence's scornful attitude towards Siegmund's wife. The deserted wife is the most pathetic figure in the world, however contemptible she may be, for she has based her whole life on the false assumption that the love of man is a static rather than a rhythmic condition. Perhaps it has been necessary for the race that she should make that mistake. Since in all of us the devil's part wishes to play Napoleon and have power, it is probable that those not gifted with emotional fastidiousness should refuse to accept the responsibility of wifehood and motherhood without the bait of power over a man until death.

At any rate, Beatrice was nearer the heart of Siegmund than Helena, for Helena was the spinster through and through. Continually she was being revolted by some physical lustiness of Siegmund, the sight of his strong throat above his flannel shirt, his childish trick of whistling through his teeth, his great, bull-like strength. "She looked at him, and again shuddered with horror. Was that really Siegmund, that stooping, thick-shouldered, indifferent man? Was that the Siegmund who had seemed to radiate joy into his surroundings, the Siegmund whose coming had always changed the whole weather of her soul? . . . His radiance had gone, his aura had ceased. She saw him a stooping man, past the buoyancy of youth, walking and whistling rather stupidly—in short, something of the 'clothed animal on end, like the rest of men.'" She used to withdraw to the sentimentalist's voluptuous chamber of self-torture to become a self-scourging moralist, and would distress his simplicity with her sob. Continually she receded from him into the nook of some obscene fastidiousness, some icy distaste for Life.

The fact was she was drunk with the spinster's ethereal conception of man. The spinster, looking out on the world through the drawn curtains of the boarding-school or the equally celibate boarding-house, sees men as trees walking—large, dignified, almost majestic. Like Helena, she refuses to see their helplessness, their pathetic defeats in the strife against circumstance and temperament. Perpetually she conceives them as masters of the situation.

This spinster conception of man has had its ill effect on literature. Consider how many books are written by spinsters, how many more for spinsters. In all these men are drawn as strong gods. Even in Charlotte Brontë this is apparent. Her men are marred by a perpetual dignity. A married woman would not have believed in Mr. Rochester for one minute; a man who had been taken in so flagrantly by a lunatic wife might have an appealing, wistful charm, but he would not have been in the least like that noble gorilla. It is all very well to say that Charlotte Brontë had experience of the weakness and crimes of men. They were evidenced in her father and her brother, and somehow one expects one's relatives to be incompetent and beastly. It is not until one meets a man on the grounds of, not duty, but attraction, that his faults strike one with surprise.

Out of that surprise there ought to come Art. We

THE NEW FREEWOMAN

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW.

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

Editor:

DORA MARSDEN, B.A.

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CONCERNING THE BEAUTIFUL.

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

We need therefore scarcely pause to deny objective reality to "Beauty." A name which has to hunt for its connotation is obviously before its time. Names are to be bestowed only as in Christian baptism, with the recipient waiting on the spot. The inquiry sets, therefore, not towards finding out what is the essence of Beauty, but what we mean when we say

that such and such a thing appears beautiful to us. We require to know what a beautiful effect is, and this we learn by analysing what happens to us when a thing strikes us as being beautiful. The effect of the beautiful is mainly that of "repose," of entering into possession of the self, of one's soul, whose scattered members under its influence come together like white-winged birds softly folding in home. It is as healing as sleep—and as quiet,—not for the eyes that are tired but for the spirit which looks through them. Like a scatterbrain child, that has been decently laid to rest, fed, clean, forgiven and good, the "beautiful" reconciles us with ourself, part with part. Usually we realise its presence unawares as if subconsciously, the soul lay in wait for it, ready to respond should its opportunity appear. Apparently this is what actually does take place. The soul has a sense for what we call the "beautiful" which has been evolved out of the soul's need of the experience involved in it.

This feeling for the beautiful has its origin in a need of the soul analagous to hunger in the bodily mechanism. The soul apparently has wants whose satisfactions are essential to its growth. Growth physically is expressed in increasing extent, size. Growth in the soul is expressed in increasing consistency, power of holding together, integration as a separate individualised unit. Therefore the condition of want in the soul which corresponds to hunger in the body, is disparateness. Its satisfaction is the achieving of unity. Likewise, just as for the body any chemical combination which is found by an empiric experience to remove the hunger is

UNDUE EMPHASIS ON SEX.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I should like to be allowed to express agreement with the letter of Mr. Frank Watts in the February 1st issue of your paper. I have taken THE FREEWOMAN since its first appearance, and have also felt inclined to deprecate the extreme prominence given to sex questions. I agree that to obtain the franchise is not the one and only end of the feminist movement, but the obsession of the vote (upon which your editorial comments have been severe) is surely less of an evil than the obsession of the sex question, and not a whit more limited. Many of the subjects upon which articles and correspondence have appeared are treated in medical text-books and works on physiology, and treated naturally with more knowledge and competence than would be possible in a weekly paper. Why should THE FREEWOMAN, therefore, mainly fill its columns with such matter? It is regrettable, because many topics which your readers would desire to be mentioned and discussed must thereby be crowded out.

February 12th, 1912.

A READER.

(No. 14, Vol. I, Feb. 22, 1912, p. 271)

URANIANS.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I have been reading THE FREEWOMAN from the start, and I may say that my principal reason for doing so was the sympathetic way in which the Uranian question was treated. May I be permitted to say a few words on the subject? I belong to that class myself; although appearing superficially as a man, I am very much mixed physically, so much so that I know from experience, though it developed comparatively late in life, a thing which no man knows. I suppose that, combining physical and psychical characteristics, I am about 80 F + 20 M. Now I know myself fairly well, and naturally my powers of observation are keen in this direction, and the results of my observation are totally at variance with the disgusting generalisations of Dr. Whitby.

I do not know whether that gentleman is under the impression that every woman is a potential prostitute. It would seem that he is, as he denies to the whole luckless Uranian class, where the male is only apparently and not actually dominant, the virtues of chastity and modesty. Now my experience of those who are as I am, and I can generally tell them, is that they are remarkable for both those characteristics. But as to myself, whom I know best, I can say this. Needless to say, the desire to mate with a woman has no meaning for me at all. But as to anything else, the mere idea of it no more occurs to me than it would to a convent-trained girl, and anything coarse or foul, in conversation or otherwise, revolts me beyond measure. Now it is useless to blink facts. In all our instincts and feelings we are women, in spite of our outward appearance. Why, because Providence has laid this cross on us, should we, one and all, be supposed to lack chastity, the one characteristic which, speaking generally, so sharply divides women from men? Women, as a sex, are chaste; men are not, though, of course, there are, as all know, numberless exceptions.

I may say, too, that, as a rule, the more truly feminine we are, the less we care to parade the fact to the world at large, although, as is natural enough, we dislike making ourselves the exact counterparts of every man living. We may do it, but we feel that it is inappropriate, and we have the natural female preference for some individuality of our own, the mere idea of which seems to terrify the ordinary man.

Speaking for myself, and I do not suppose I am in any way singular, I reserve my womanliness for a few friends, who know me as I am, and I do not find that my being a Uranian, a woman masquerading as a man, disgusts or repels them in any way. On the contrary, they seem rather to like the real, though hidden personality, as far as I can judge. To the rest of the world I am a reserved, passionless man, with whom it is absolutely useless for a woman to try to flirt, with little or nothing to suggest the true self concealed under the outer envelope.

SCYTHON.

(No. 14, Vol. I, Feb. 22, 1912, p. 274)

WHY DO WE DISCUSS SEX?

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

A (man) friend wrote me a short time ago in reference to THE FREEWOMAN: "That little paper is the leaven of a mass of corrupt journalism, and promises well for the day when woman is given her rightful place." Yesterday that same man implored me pathetically to write to THE FREEWOMAN, and beg her not to fill her entire columns, not to concentrate her entire thoughts, not to base all her discussions on sex questions! He said that sex, normal and abnormal, sex hot, sex cold, sex hashed, sex minced, sex yesterday, to-day, to-morrow and for ever was nauseating diet even for him—an ardent Feminist. As for the Philistine, he, perusing THE FREEWOMAN, would gloat exultingly, "I told you so. Women are creatures of sex, and sex only. Under a refined, and sometimes cold exterior, they are really far more grossly sexual than men. It is their only life. Men have other interests. These Feminist women claim that they are 'out' to get wider interests. Bah! it is nothing but a pose. 'Tis license, not liberty, they seek." My friend also says, "Why wallow in these things? We all know them." Do we all know them? The men do, oh, yes—but the women? How long have, even the cleverest and best educated women, dared to know even when they apprehended?

How long have opportunities to study sex questions scientifically, cleanly, and openly been theirs? Sixty years perhaps at most.

Let me frankly admit here, that several issues of THE FREEWOMAN have come very near boring me. The sex diet has somewhat sickened me, too. At the same time let me state equally frankly, that I hold the Feminist question to be purely a sex question, and that for the present it must remain so. All other questions, however interesting, and however closely bound up with it—the education and upbringing of children, for instance—are merely side issues.

Feminists, consciously or unconsciously, are seeking but one thing, though they often call it by other names, to wit, "The readjustment of the relations between men and women to suit present needs."

So I fear that—my friend, and the Philistines notwithstanding—we must be forgiven if we seem to give sex questions an undue prominence. It is only the swing of the pendulum, and will right itself.

At present we are learning, observing, airing our knowledge (a little indecently perhaps), but airing things "sweetens" them—to use a laundry expression!

Later, the time will come—perhaps it is here now—when (sounds very dull and stodgy, I admit!) armed with data, stored with facts, educated at last (after centuries of ignorant, simpering prudery), by free and open discussion we shall begin to judge, to weigh,

to balance, to appraise, to assay, and then. . . oh, man, beware. See to it that we do not find you wanting, and turn from you, saying, "Lovely as life is, we will walk alone, rather than with you." But I am forgetting, I need not utter this warning—the time is past for that. The new man (following a most natural law) is born. . . of woman, and stands beside us already. A little young, a little weak-kneed, but. . . women were ever motherly. We will nurse him till he attain his full stature!

CORALIE M. BOARD.

Why do we discuss sex? The more deeply we scrutinise our own springs of interest, the clearer it becomes that we do so less from the Feminist point of view than from the human. What we are stupendously interested in is the meaning and nature of life, and as emotion, with which sex is intimately bound up, appears to us to touch at the source of life itself, we find our attention concentrated on emotion and sex.

We should hesitate to concur in the statement of our correspondent that women have had the opportunity of studying sex, scientifically, cleanly, and openly for sixty years. We think women have never had an opportunity, but no more have men. We make bold to say that never before the advent of THE FREEWOMAN has the opportunity, either for men or for women, in England or elsewhere, been at hand. That is the reason why THE FREEWOMAN's advent is phenomenal.—ED.]

(No. 17, Vol. I, March 14, 1912, pp. 331-2)

【資料⑫】The Freewomanで議論された'sex' (通信欄より)

THE FREEWOMAN

A WEEKLY FEMINIST REVIEW

No. 15. Vol. I.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1912

THREEPENCE

Correspondence.

CHASTITY AND NORMALITY.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I guess I am not far wrong in surmising that "A New Subscriber," who in this week's issue protests against the plea of E. M. Watson and myself for Purity as well as freedom among men and women, is of the male persuasion.

I quite anticipated when I stated in your columns that abstinence had no bad effect on my health, I should be accused of not being normal.

I have been told this before by another of the male persuasion. But from my knowledge of many single women and girls I deny that I am not a normal woman. Of course, girls and women do not discuss the sex question as it affects themselves, but from my observation of unmarried girls and women whom I have known intimately, there is not the least ground to suppose that they are in any way troubled or affected diversely by complete chastity. I think I speak for most women when I say that until they love, the idea of the sex relationship seldom enters their thoughts, but if it does it appears repulsive rather than attractive.

Personally, I never desired the sex relationship until I "fell in love" at about twenty, and then I did desire it, and occasionally have desired it ever since. (Perhaps "A New Subscriber" will now concede that I am at least fairly normal.)

For reasons which it is unnecessary to explain here, we couldn't marry, and from then till now I have had to crush and subdue the sex feeling. As I said, this feeling awoke in me when I loved, but it never did, and it never will, govern me as it governs and enslaves the majority of men. My intellect and reason rules my lower instincts and desires, and it is this fact which raises me above the lower animals (including man). I repeat, these years of abstinence have not diversely affected my health, though they have affected my spirits. I become at times very morbid and depressed when I see life slipping by and youth going, going, going, and myself still loving, but unable to marry. Yes, at times it affects my spirits, but it will never affect my reason, because I have other interests and ideals in life, which are quite as real and as beautiful and as worth while as love and the sex relationship.

As a suffragist and a feminist, I often talk of the equality of the sexes, but in sex matters it is surely indisputable that we women are miles above and beyond men. Some men would have us believe that their laxity in this matter and their inability or lack of desire to restrain or control their lower appetite is a sign of their superiority, but to me it only proves that, in spite of their advance in many directions, they have still a long way to go before they are really emancipated and evolved from the lower animal. But, alas! they hug the chains which bind them.

February 24th, 1912.

KATHLYN OLIVER.

[Last week's correspondent, "A New Subscriber," was a lady, who sent her card.—ED.]

(No. 15, Vol. I, Feb. 29, 1912, p. 290)

Correspondence.

WHO ARE THE "NORMAL"?

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

If you can spare me a little space, I should like to comment briefly on the letter in the current number of THE FREEWOMAN signed "Kathlyn Oliver." This letter has been written in reply to a letter of mine signed "A New Subscriber," which you were good enough to publish in the number which appeared on February 22; but after carefully reading and considering Miss Oliver's letter, I can find no answer to the arguments I advanced. She simply repeats her former statements, and draws certain incorrect and general conclusions.

One entirely wrong conclusion drawn by her from the substance of my letter was corrected in a footnote by the Editor, to whom I am greatly obliged. I am not "of the male persuasion," though I fear Miss Oliver will insist on reckoning me among the "lower animals." But these venerable clichés are not arguments, even when backed by indiscriminate denunciation of all one half of humanity, and of such members of the other half, as do not share the opinions of Miss Oliver.

I did not deny that many women (e.g., Miss Oliver and the friends she mentions) are of cold temperament sexually. This is well known to all persons who have had any experience of human nature. And equally well known is the fact that not every woman is so constituted. In my letter I advocated, what I now repeat, that the former (under-sexed) type of woman should be free to live according to her nature; and I protested, and shall protest with my utmost energy, against the cruel stupidity which would enforce complete abstinence, even when dignified by the name of purity and a capital letter, on all, irrespective of temperament, circumstances, and point of view.

I would also remind Miss Oliver that an ardent temperament does not necessarily imply indulgence in indiscriminate promiscuity. The passionate woman may be, and often is, as fastidious in her choice of a lover as her placid sister.

I did not use the word "normal" in connection with Miss Oliver, but with reference to physiological facts, e.g., to hetero-sexual intercourse in contradistinction to auto-erotism, and to the habits of those "lower animals" of whom Miss Oliver disapproves so much, and knows so little. I dislike the use of the word "normal" as applied to certain types of mind and temperament. There is more in human nature than most people admit.

It will be an unspeakable catastrophe if our richly complex Feminist movement, with its possibilities of power and joy, falls under the domination of sexually deficient and disappointed women, impervious to facts and logic, and deeply ignorant of life.

Miss Oliver congratulates herself on escaping "diverse" (?) effects of her way of life, but she admits frequent fits of depression, and she is still under thirty. It is not impossible that the next decade may bring her new wisdom—and even teach her charity.

March 2, 1912.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

*** (Stella Browne)

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