

**THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN
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MR. CROWLEY DRAWS FIRE

**Phonician's Estimate of the Writer
Who Defamed Womanhood in a Late
Issue of the New York Independent.**

"Women, with rare exceptions, are not responsible. They have no soul, but only sex; they have no morals, only moods. It is useless to punish them and very difficult to guard against them. You can prevent a man from harming you as a rule, because you know what he is going to do; you cannot so prevent a woman because she does not know what she is going to do herself."

This and much more to the same effect is contained in an article by Aleister Crowley in the Independent on "The Crime of Edith Cavell," which was commented upon editorially in The Republican.

Mr. Crowley's estimate of woman has aroused indignation among the leading club women and society matrons who regard his statements as "vicious untruths" or who laugh at him for his scant knowledge of woman.

Mrs. C. C. Hutchinson, a well known social leader and active in club activities said: "The estimate concerning women expressed by Mr. Crowley is so unreasonable as to be unworthy of our serious consideration. We know that his expression does not reflect the sentiment of broadminded manhood of any age."

Touching upon the subject that led to Mr. Crowley's outburst against women—the English nurse who was executed in Belgium for assisting Belgian and British prisoners to escape, Mrs. Hutchinson continued: "It is unfortunate that Mr. Crowley should allow his sympathy with Germany and the tragedy of Miss Cavell to so distort his view as to cause him to make the general statement regarding women. We pity Mr. Crowley that he is compelled to live with himself, and we pity the memory of his mother which he has dishonored."

"I certainly do not agree with Mr. Crowley," said H. B. St. Claire, chairman of the civics-education department of the Women's Club. "He does not know women. If it were not for

the morals of women the world would become depraved. They have proven just as responsible as men when responsibility has been placed upon them. Certainly they are more moral.

Mrs. E. H. Abbot of the Arizona Congress of Mothers and a member of some half dozen clubs and social organizations, does not believe it a question of sex. She would not draw comparison as she is of the firm belief that men and women are equally moral. "Soul is a matter of individuality" according to Mrs. Abbot.

That all men do not agree with Mr. Crowley is evident from the following from a well known Phoenician.

According to an editorial in the Republican of January 16 date, Mr. Crowley has evolved from his inner consciousness an article denying to woman the possession of a soul, or morals, or conscience and we affirm that he gathered his information like the man who had never seen a camel, but described such an animal as he thought one ought to be.

We can but wonder what sort of women Mr. Crowley must have grown up among or associated with in his later life.

Soul—why woman is a super-soul in herself—the good God when he placed the responsibility of perpetuation of the race upon woman, endowed her with the soul power necessary for the purpose. Did that writer ever see a mother caring for her baby and fail to see the soul shining in her love-lit eyes. The soul predominates and governs a woman's entire life. Churches are but schools for soul growth and how long would churches live if the women were removed from them? It is the soul controlling force which sends women to the hospitals and trenches to care for, endure, and if necessary to die for those who come under their ministrations.

It is because we dare not face the pure white soul of some good woman that man does not often give away to the lower impulses which would otherwise control him.

And conscience—a woman's conscience is so clear in the matter of right and wrong that not one man dares tell his wife of his business transactions. His conscience seldom revolts as practices which would never be resorted to by the woman who pours his coffee in the morning, and whose conscientious reproof he dares not face so tells her not to bother her head with business.

Emotions—well she no doubt has emotions. It is well for this wicked old world that she has them for they are in the main good ones. She may give away sometimes to wrong ones, but when she does she can always find some masculine

animal to assist her in their development and practice. He seldom meets her with emotions of calm deliberation calculated to set her back upon the pedestal of her woman's purity. He can give way to his emotions without serious injury to reputation to body or estate, indifferent to the fact that her lapse is life long.

The world is filled with good women. The pages of history are continuous records of them. The churches throughout the ages have exalted the woman Mary. This country would have remained undiscovered possibly for another century but for the calm judgment and wisdom of Isabella of Spain. France might have been blotted from the map but for Joan of Arc. When the Madeconian cry came to Paul "Come and help us," it was Lydia, a seller of purple, who received him.

But for Queen Victoria, she of the clear conscience, our civil war might not have terminated as it did—but upon such depreciation and would be desecration of woman—man per se is a pleasure loving brute, as the male animal always is. It is the sweet-souled, starry-eyed woman, his superior in all which makes for the welfare of the race, for the religion of the race, the steadier and the balancer of human kind, the director in all that pertains to justice and righteousness, who keeps this world from chaos and moral destruction. Believe in her, trust her, love her and when life closes it will be her hand which will smooth your dying pillow and close your eye lids. When you swim the dark river if you ever reach heaven it will be because some good woman, mother or wife, held her hand under your head and supported you in the struggle to reach the other shore.