

## CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

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## MY IDEAL OF LOVE IN FREEDOM.

I speak only for myself on this question, knowing, as I do, that there are many who have the same high ideal. Others have come into our ranks with only the idea of selfish gratification. These claim our name, but they are not of us. When science takes hold and analyzes the vibratory law of love in freedom we shall then be understood and justified.

I shall never forget my emotions when I first learned that the character vibrations of the tones of the voice could be photographed. Of course there is a scientific method of doing this, for the conditions must be such as to catch and hold the vibrations. This is done by speaking into a tube over the opposite end of which is stretched a delicate, sensitive film especially prepared for the purpose.

It has been demonstrated in the experiments made in this line that tones of anger, envy, selfishness, etc., give the forms of bugs, worms and other repulsive things, such as represent disgust or cruelty. But loving tones, tones that are the expression of kindness, benevolence and other desirable qualities, vibrate in the forms of flowers, and I once saw the likeness of a perfect rose taken in this way. I often wonder why the significance of this demonstrated fact is not more widely considered and then acted upon.

Let the selfish, hypocritical man or woman, the one who professes one thing and means another, be subjected to such a test and the real character will be revealed. But it is not so much in a personal as in a general sense that I wish to examine this far-reaching law.

Those who honestly and earnestly advocate social freedom are accused of immorality, of being selfish, animal in their purpose. I would like to see this matter tested. I would like to have a score or two of the earnest men and women who are agitating the question of what is called free love—I would like to see the vibratory tones of their voices as they talk upon this subject taken as above stated. Then I would have the same test applied to an equal number of men and women who advocate the perpetuation of the present legal marriage system. I would like to see which showed the most flowers and which the most worms and other disagreeable things. Then I would like a dozen or more of those who are living in love without legality, and an equal number of the legally married, taking them as they come, tested in the same way.

There would be no trouble as to the result as connected with the loving couples who have declared for freedom. The pictured tones of their voices would show not only flowers, but singing birds and other emblems that illustrate liberty. What the legally bound showed would be the test whether they loved or not. But at the very best, the idea of dutiful submission on the part of the wife and of marital rights on the part of the husband, no matter how kept in the background, would mar the love vibrations, would lessen their beauty, while the vibrations of those who do not love—well, they would make repulsive pictures indeed.

Let the woman who is waiting the approach of her lover speak into such a tube, and then let the woman who is dreading the approach of her husband do the same. The latter may hide her feelings from the public, and even from her husband, but she cannot hide it from the sensitized film at the end of the tube. Then again, I would like a specimen from the high toned public woman, and

down through all grades of that class to the very lowest dregs, and from the men who visit each grade. Will not some scientist investigate in this line?

If they would investigate the chemistry of human sex life—would gather the pictured vibrations that come from all grades and conditions, from the sex-starveling to the sex-surfeited, it seems to me a lesson might be learned which would show the difference between natural and legal morality, between "thus saith the Lord" and "thus saith love," and greatly in the favor of the latter.

Sex is the basis of creation—of all creation. From the lowest form of life to the highest, all physical, mental, moral and spiritual life comes from the union of the two factors of sex on the plane of development shown by that which is created. Sex rules this emotional life. Anger, hatred, envy, jealousy—all the various emotions that go to make up human life, these as well as that of love, are the expressions of the creative power behind them. Now just think of the enslaved condition of the sex life, and of all the various emotions, the vibrations of which fill the atmosphere with the invisible but real forms of bugs, worms, toads, snakes, of every fearful and hateful thing, and can you wonder that we have just what we do have?

Now my ideal of freedom is to unchain love, to make woman so free that under no possible condition can she be pressed into an unwilling relation. I would trust nature's chemistry when free to act through the feminine, for I know that she would never call for that which was not needed in her work of building forms. I speak of the feminine because it is through that embodied factor of sex that nature builds, and by the law of attraction.

Now please stop and think—think of the vibrations of the present unbalanced conditions of the human sex life as being all removed from the atmosphere—think of these imaged forms all perishing for the lack of that which gives them form—think of all this and you have a glimpse of my ideal when I talk and write of the freedom of love. But this is only the negative side, and but a part of that, for when the atmosphere no longer holds the forms of the disagreeable, the cruel, the animals which represent these characteristics will cease to exist upon the earth. Now look at the positive side of the ideal that inspires the efforts I make. Think of the vital life, the love-life vibrations filling the atmosphere with forms of love and beauty that radiate health and happiness.

Such is my ideal of what the full freedom of love will bring to the race. And not only human life, but to all grades of life below us, both animate and inanimate. Many a truth is uttered intuitively, the speaker feeling sure that what is stated is rooted in the eternal law of being, and yet they are not able to give one logical or scientific reason for what they assert. I saw such a statement recently, one to which my whole soul responded, for it came within the scope of my ideal. I cannot give the exact language, but the substance of it was that when sex was understood and honored in use, not only would the race be free from disease, but that all things below would profit thereby—that

"Greener things would greener grow,  
Beauteous things more brightly glow,"

because of the quality of the sex-magnetism permeating the very air, and because of the character of what is called sex-waste, which would be thrown off for the appropriation of the lower order of life, not directly, but just as truly thus appropriated. The

last phrase, sex-waste, is my addition, as the writer believes there is no need of such secretion except for offspring.

I think, however, that it is better to try to understand nature than to ignore her methods. Those who have No. 5 of *Clothed With The Sun* should read carefully the article headed "The Mistake of the Ages," as they will there learn the use of the sex life that is now called waste.

You will see, friends, that my free love ideal involves a great deal—covers a great deal of ground. That it cannot be lived under the present economic system is apparent, but the importance of the subject warrants all that a complete change will cost. Law must let go, not only of its enslaving grip upon woman, but also upon natural wealth and opportunity to use, thus giving all an assured means of subsistence.

Oh what a change freedom will bring! As I walk the streets of this great city and mark the bruised and broken specimens of what should be a grand Humanity, I can sense the soul-cry of which they themselves are not conscious—the cry of the inner self-hood which says: Oh for the freedom of the creative life that such as we may no more be born upon the earth-plane; and even the animals seem to plead for a better birth for those who have charge of them.

But I will not enlarge further. The position I take is scientific. It will stand the test of investigation; and so long as the vibrations that go forth from the sex-centers manifest from any other emotion than that of love, the atmosphere will be filled with the forms of repulsive and cruel things. So long will the evils with which Humanity is cursed continue to prevail.

I, for one, am proud of being able to work for so grand an object as freedom in love. When this is accomplished, the forms of the beautiful—all the life-giving elements of health and happiness will so fill the atmosphere that sickness and sorrow will be unknown, and heaven realized upon earth.

To those who doubt the possibility of what I have stated, I would ask: What is it that goes from the lips of the speaker to the ears of the hearer? The vibrations of the atmosphere, you reply. Yes, but these vibrations must take the perfect form made by the word spoken, or the listener could not understand their meaning. If such vibrations have their form, invisible, but real, why should not the emotions, love, hate, anger, etc., give out a character form of vibrations?

## THINGS TO THINK OF.

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## FREE SLAVES.

BY MARGARET HOWARD.

Our story opens in one of the Gulf states soon after the close of the war which it was said freed the slaves. Two of the proscribed race, or at least they were so classed, though the most of the blood that flowed in their veins had its origin with the white man. These two, a man and a woman, sat on the wide veranda of the Forest home one Sabbath evening, and talked of marriage. The man was a quadroon, the woman an octoroon—one-eighth African, and as beautiful as such women generally are.

Nellie Forest, as she was called, for the slaves always took the names of their masters, but in this case, as in many another, blood as well as ownership warranted the title. Nellie was the child of her master, and was four years old when her mother was sold away, which was just before "young master" brought home his bride. Miss Myrtle, her half sister, was born within the year, and had always been her care. From the very first she watched for opportunities to do something for her "little mistress," as she was taught to call the child.

Mrs. Forest had died just before the war broke out, and the colonel, Miss Forest's father, had been killed in a skirmish just before its close. Myrtle, the only recognized child living, was thus left an orphan and poor. As the colonel's property had been mostly in slaves, the emancipation proclamation left him only a small plantation that must now be cultivated by paid labor.

The colonel's slaves were exceptionally white, many of them his own children, and he had depended more on their sale than on the plantation for his living. Thus at his death his daughter was left helpless but for the devotion of a few of the servants who refused to leave her.

Nellie was of the number who would not be separated from her mistress; and Henry Towne, her companion on that Sabbath night, was the servant of Judge Towne, as he was called, though he had no legal right to the title.

Mr. Towne had never held a slave except Henry and his mother, and they came to him through his wife. Chloe, a bright mulatto, was Mrs. Towne's maid, and as her boy grew up he became the body servant of his master. Mr. Towne was a northern man, and at the commencement of the war had taken his family and gone to Europe. His wealth was in solid securities in the north, hence the freeing of the slaves did not affect him. They had now returned to their southern home, for Mrs. Towne would not consent to live north. Henry and Nellie had been lovers before the war, and Henry said:

"We can now be married like white folks, Nellie."

"But I cannot leave Miss Myrtle," she replied.

"Not for your husband?"

"Not for a husband."

"Well, we need not quarrel over that. Marmer waits upon my mistress—no, I have no mistress; I am a free man," he corrected, tossing his head proudly. "She waits upon Mrs. Towne, and as we live so near each other, I see nothing to hinder your staying here if you wish."

I will explain right here that as these two had been brought up favorite house servants, they had never contracted the plantation idioms of the blacks, but spoke as correctly as white people; and had also been taught to read and write. As this was against the law, it was kept secret till after freedom was declared.

Nellie did not reply immediately to what Henry had said; she was thinking.

"What do you say?" urged her lover.

"I say if you will pledge yourself to let me stay with Miss Myrtle, we will be married like white folks," she replied, repeating his words.

"Then when shall it be?"

"When Miss Myrtle thinks it best, but I tell you now I will not leave her."

"I have told you there need be no trouble about that, but I want to be respectably married. I do not want to live as the slaves lived. If I was as white as you are, we could go north and no one would know that we were not white."

"But I wouldn't go all the same," retorted Nellie, as she went to call Miss Myrtle to consult her as to when the wedding should be.

She no more thought of going contrary to the wishes of her loved mistress, than though the emancipation proclamation had never been heard of. Hers was a genuine love service, and as such was not service, but the spontaneous outgoing of her own selfhood in the doing of what she wished to do; and as such, the sweetest of freedom, a freedom to which no emancipation act could add.

And so they were married like white folks, and for a time all went well. Henry received wages from his master, as he continued to call the judge, notwithstanding his occasional protests that he had no master. A portion of what he received was always given to Nellie. This was sure to be used to add to Miss Myrtle's comfort, and for two years they were all very happy.

The change came when Henry's mother died, and Mrs. Towne began to urge him to bring his wife home. At first he refused to consider the matter at all; but Mr. Towne was a man who paid a great deal of attention to the wishes of his wife, and when she found she could make no impression on Henry, she appealed to him. The result was that Henry broached the subject to Nellie.

"No, I cannot, I will not leave Miss Myrtle," was the reply.

Now Henry was in a difficult place, and her answer irritated him. "You will not," he said.

"No, I will not."

"Well, I say you must."

"Must," she repeated, as if she did not quite understand. "I thought I was a free woman."

"You are my wife, and you promised to love, honor, and obey me."

"I did?"

"Yes, you did."

"And you promised that I might stay here."

"I did not; I said I saw nothing to prevent your staying here, and we would have no trouble about that. There was nothing to prevent then, but things have changed."

"Is there no one else that can wait upon Mrs. Towne?"

"She wants you, and master—no, the judge says I must bring you, or he will dismiss me and hire a man and his wife that he knows who live up country, and will be only too glad to come"; then, noting Nellie's distress, he added: "I do not like to do this, but I do not know what else to do."

"Why not come here and live?" she asked.

"I cannot; I have never done hard work, and how could I make my living?"

She looked at him a moment in silence, but there was an expression upon her face that angered him, and the feeling was not lessened when she said:

"I love Miss Myrtle, and if there was need for it, I would work every day in the field for her support; yet you, a man, do not love your wife well enough to work for her."

"But, Nellie, there is no need for it; we can both earn good wages and a good home."

"Yes, at the expense of my happiness. Oh Henry, I do not like Mrs. Towne; I cannot, I will not go. I had rather die."

Just then Miss Forest came into the room and hearing a part of what was said, asked: "What is it, Nellie, what is the trouble?"

"Oh, Miss Myrtle, Henry says that I must leave you and live with him at Judge Towne's,—must I?"

"How is this? I thought Nellie was to stay with me?"

Henry looked confused, but explained the situation as well as he could. "Nellie is my wife," he said, "and she promised to obey me, and I have never before asked her to do anything against her wishes, but now I must."

"Slave, slaves yet," said Miss Forest, while Nellie added:

"The white man's marriage has made a slave of me."

"Henry," said the lady, paying no attention to Nellie's remark, "it is true that the wife promises to obey; but the husband promises to protect. Can you not protect your wife from that which will make her utterly wretched?"

"I do not see, Miss Myrtle, why she should be utterly wretched in living with me all the time."

"She will be with you but very little more than she is now, and while you are here and there with your master, she will be subject to the wishes of Mrs. Towne, a woman she does not like."

"I have no master, Miss Forest; I am a free man."

"It does not look to me that you are your own master now," was the prompt response, while Nellie added:

"A free slave."

Like most people when they know they are in the wrong, Henry only grew stubborn. "There is no use discussing this matter, Miss Forest; Nellie is my wife, and she must go with me," he said in a tone which forbade hope to the unhappy wife, and yet she turned to her mistress with an appealing look.

"There is no help for it, Nellie," she replied, steadying her voice as much as was possible.

"If I had not married, I should now be free," moaned Nellie.

"Leave her with me tonight, please," said Miss Forest, turning to Henry, and giving an ungracious consent, he left the unhappy women to themselves.

"Oh, I thought I was free, I thought I was free," exclaimed Nellie as soon as she could speak for sobbing. When she became more quiet her mistress said:

"I have thought much upon this subject since the war resulted in what is called freedom for the slave, and I have decided that no one is free who depends upon the opportunity to work for another to get bread. Henry is still a slave. He dare not offend his employer lest he lose his place."

"Then I am a slave of a slave," replied Nellie, and then she cried out: "Oh I cannot go, Miss Myrtle, I cannot go. Is there no way that you can help me?"

Miss Forest's tears flowed freely; but knowing the inability to do anything in the case, she caressed the suffering girl, but remained silent. Neither of the two slept any that night. The next morning Henry came early for his wife. She went with him without a word. On the way he tried to explain; said he was sorry to see her feeling so badly; but she made him no reply.

She took her place in the household, and did faithfully what was required of her; but she was no longer the Nellie of old. Henry missed her smiles and the

loving tenderness she had manifested toward him before he had forced her to leave her home, and the mistress she had loved so well; and it made him angry to see her "make such fool of herself," he said.

This continued about six months, when one day on making her accustomed visit to Miss Myrtle, she stayed much longer than usually, and when she left seemed very much agitated.

"What is it, Nellie, some new trouble?" asked her mistress.

"I cannot tell you now," was the reply, as the poor girl hurried away.

The next morning Miss Forest found a note under her door, that she immediately recognized was in Nellie's hand writing; and she opened it with a trembling hand, for she felt a terrible foreboding. It read:

"Forgive me, my dear mistress, but I can bear it no longer. Henry has made himself so hateful to me, that his very touch makes me shudder, and yet he demands my submission as a wife; and when, in addition to this, I am forced to protect myself from the unwelcome attention of his master, it is more than I can endure. You will find my body at the back end of the plantation in the larger of the two ponds. Bury me, please, near the old home. If God punishes me for leaving the earth and going to him before he calls, I must bear it. I cannot be more unhappy than now."

"A freed slave, Your NELLIE."

And that was the outcome of Nellie's freedom, the result of marriage bondage to a once happy woman. Often and often, Miss Forest repeated to herself Nellie's words: "If I had not married I should be a free woman," and every time she resolved that she would never yield her freedom for any man's love.

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