

Ethical Record

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Depression in a Digital Age

by Fiona Thomas p7

7 Depression in
a Digital Age
Fiona Thomas

9 The Meaning
of Darkness
Nina Edwards

13 The Ethical Society
at War
Dr Jessica Beck

18 Anna Wheeler on
'The Rights of Women'
Alicia Chilcott

20 World Bee Day
at Conway Hall

22 Atheism in the
Nineteenth Century
Selina Packard

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Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Square, London WC1R 4RL

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Trustees' Chair: Liz Lutgendorff • **Honorary Treasurer:** Carl Harrison

Please email texts and viewpoints to the Editor: editor@ethicalsoc.org.uk

Staff

Chief Executive Officer

Jim Walsh

ceo@conwayhall.org.uk

Arts & Partnerships Manager

Martha Lee

martha@conwayhall.org.uk

Finance Manager

Linda Lamnica

finance@conwayhall.org.uk

Head of Visitor Operations

Maggie Nightingale

maggie@conwayhall.org.uk

Visitors Services Assistant

Kheira Hadjazi

kheira@conwayhall.org.uk

Systems Manager

Sid Rodrigues

sid@conwayhall.org.uk

Evaluation Officer / Production Editor

Ethical Record

Deborah Mohanan

deborah@conwayhall.org.uk

Marketing & Fundraising Manager

Jeff Davy

jeff@conwayhall.org.uk

Library & Archives Officer

Alicia Chilcott

alicia@conwayhall.org.uk

Venue Hire Managers

Carina Dvorak, Brian Biagioni

venuehire@conwayhall.org.uk

Operations Coordinator

Eva Aubrechtova

eva@conwayhall.org.uk

Duty Managers

Ola Gierszynska, Adrian Sobers, Atlas Corsini

ola@conwayhall.org.uk, adrian@conwayhall.org.uk, atlas@conwayhall.org.uk

Maintenance Officer

Chris Bird

chris@conwayhall.org.uk

IN THIS ISSUE

5

Editorial

Kheira Hadjazi

7

Depression in a Digital Age

Fiona Thomas

9

The Meaning of Darkness

Nina Edwards

13

The Ethical Society at War

Dr Jessica Beck

16

Conserving our Pamphlet Collection

Alicia Chilcott

18

Anna Wheeler on 'The Rights of Women'

Alicia Chilcott

20

World Bee Day

at Conway Hall

22

Atheism in the Nineteenth Century and Today

Selina Packard

24

The Emerson Bust

Olwen Terris

26

Autumn 2019 Sunday Concerts

Simon Callaghan

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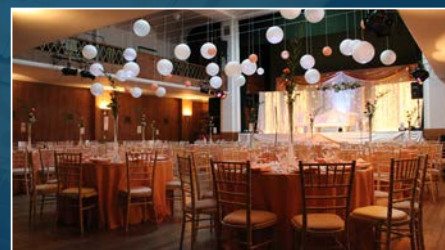
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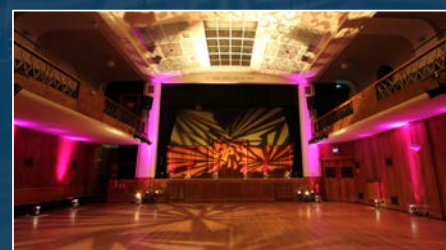


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EDITORIAL

Visitor Services Apprenticeship at Conway Hall

Kheira Hadjazi

It all started on 15th of November, the day I began working at Conway hall. But first I'll start with how I ended up here. In early 2018, I came to realise I had to find a career I enjoyed. My previous work hasn't had the kind of environment where I could learn anything new. My goal was to find a career that would benefit me in the future.

For example, I was a receptionist at a hotel where they didn't understand my needs as a young mum. They expected me to work really long hours. I never felt appreciated and didn't see myself going anywhere. I ended up leaving the job after a personal tragedy in my life and was out of employment for nearly seven months and hoped for a breakthrough at some point.

Once I got back on my feet again and was able to think clearly, I went on a search for a career, not knowing what I really wanted to do, and that's where my journey began. As a first step, I needed to find a quick opportunity to financially support my daughter and myself.

I started looking at ads in the local newspapers and searching the internet. Nothing was paying off, every path I took was a dead end until I visited a local children's centre where I spoke to an employability worker. He asked me if I had considered an apprenticeship, and thought it would be the best direction for me as I had no qualifications but plenty of work experience, and told me Camden had an apprenticeship department. I thought this was a great way to gain a qualification and cultivate new skills and experience, while earning at the same time. So I applied for apprenticeship roles in schools, for accountancy apprenticeships and even council apprenticeships all over the borough of Camden, but had no luck. I had so many interviews but kept being rejected because I lacked the right qualifications.

The apprenticeship department in Camden offered me a level 2 Admin and Cultural Heritage qualification at Conway Hall. I seized this opportunity even though I had no idea what I was signing up for. I did some research,

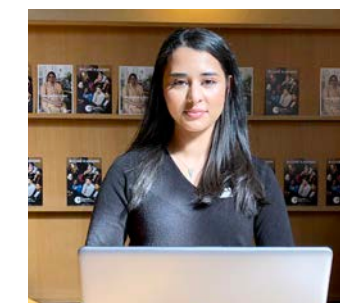
and thought Conway Hall was a cultural type of venue that put on educational talks and that was it.

When I came to Conway Hall for an interview, my first impression was "A church that has talks". Interestingly but surprisingly I could feel a really good vibe towards the place. I was welcomed by Eva who then contacted Maggie to let her know I had arrived. My interview with Maggie and Martha went really well – they made me feel really comfortable and were very understanding, which helped me to open up. I thought the interview went smoothly, and shortly afterwards I was offered the position. I was so excited that finally all my hard work had paid off and was looking forward to starting.

Since I began working at Conway Hall my Front of House role has been productive. I started with familiarising myself with the staff and the building, then began listing daily events. I quickly moved on to re-opening the shop and selling merchandise, answering enquiries over the phone and face to face, leading operation meetings and also furthering my learning through studies in my course in the creative and cultural sector.

During my time working here I have come to learn that Conway Hall is the oldest surviving freethought organisation in England, possibly the world, with a history spanning two centuries. It now advocates secular humanism and is a member of Humanists International. It is also an Educational charity hosting a wide variety of talks, concerts, exhibitions, courses, performances, and community and social events.

My time here has had a huge impact on my life. It has given me knowledge and confidence and I have managed to improve my customer service skills and find the right career path for me. I really appreciate the time and effort that Conway hall staff have shown me – I couldn't ask for a better or more understanding support system. I have no doubt that I'll enjoy the rest of my time here.



Kheira Hadjazi is an apprentice at Conway Hall, as Visitors Services Assistant. She is in charge of the front desk and her duties include providing information and customer care to visitors and hirers, managing the shop, and listing daily events. Her apprenticeship will earn her a Certificate in Community Arts Administration and an award in Principles of the Creative and Cultural Industry, for which she is undertaking studies in the creative and cultural sector.

Depression in a Digital Age

Fiona Thomas

“From the outside, it looks like nothing is wrong, but to the person having the attack, it feels like their world is ending.”

When I stand up in front of an audience to talk about my mental illness, I’m terrified.

Even though I’ve done it several times and I know logically that everything will be fine, my body never seems to get the memo. The night before I never sleep. In the hours leading up to my talk, I need to visit the bathroom every twenty minutes without fail. My throat feels tight. Palms sweaty.

It feels not dissimilar to the many panic attacks I’ve had in my time. If you’ve never experienced a panic attack then let me explain. It feels like you are about to die. That’s the shortest and most effective way I can get you into the headspace. It’s unprovoked and unpredictable. It’s an intense feeling of fear which manifests itself physically, with varying symptoms depending on the person. For me it’s heart palpitations, cold sweats, chest pain and dizziness. Some people experience numbness, depersonalisation or even faint as a result of a panic attack. From the outside, it looks like nothing is wrong, but to the person having the attack, it feels like their world is ending.

“But the problem with having an ongoing mental illness is that is doesn’t stop happening. It’s always whirring away in the background like a computer hard drive. It works away behind the scenes, often unchecked, and periodically it rears its ugly head.”

But when I clear my throat and get ready to speak to a roomful of strangers about depression and anxiety, I don’t normally feel like the world is ending. I feel nervous, but I know I’ll be OK.

If you’d asked me to do public speaking a few years ago when I was mentally unwell, there’s no amount of money that would have made me take to the stage. I was too nervous. Too introverted. I had low self-esteem. I certainly wouldn’t have wanted the basis of the talk to be about my mental illness. You want me to admit to the world that I had a mental breakdown? You want me to share the more depressing years of my life with these

people? And admit that I am mentally ill? No thank you.

When I was first diagnosed with depression and anxiety in 2012 I didn’t want anyone to know what I was going through. It was my shameful secret. A sign of weakness (or so I thought) that would change people’s perception of me. No, I just wanted to quietly get on with the business of recovery and pretend as though none of this had ever happened.

But the problem with having an ongoing mental illness is that it doesn’t stop happening. It’s always whirring away in the background like a computer hard drive. It works away behind the scenes, often unchecked, and periodically it rears its ugly head.

I didn’t want to talk openly about my struggles with mental illness because I didn’t want my identity to be controlled by it. I thought people who preached about mental illness were just doing it for attention, so if you had told me back then that I would have written a book, spoken publicly and made a career about my personal connection to the black dog I simply wouldn’t have believed you.

So how did I end up here? Well, it all started with an old typewriter.

When I was a kid growing up in the 90s, no regular family had home internet access. We had a word processor that my dad used for his business and we had a typewriter. When I got bored of playing with my Barbie dolls and Sylvanian Families I would push purposefully on the keys and hear that mechanical click which would satisfy me for hours at a time. I wrote complete nonsense. Letters to my idols. Diary entries. Meandering tales about a house with a built-in flume leading to an outside pool (not ideal for a suburban Glasgow family home, let me tell you).

I wrote in journals throughout my teenage years and had a few penpals dotted across the UK whom I would handwrite personal letters to on a regular basis. I didn’t

The Meaning of Darkness

Nina Edwards

Nina Edwards, the author of *Darkness, a Cultural History* (London, 2018), gave a Thinking on Sunday talk on 27th January where she explored how the idea of darkness pervades art, literature, religion and every aspect of our everyday language. Below is an extract from her book.

Before the universe existed, what was there? Was it an ocean of darkness, without contour, form, weight, sound or meaning? The absence of all that we know seems to conjure up darkness, darkness as a something of nothing. Yet out of this nothing comes the world of mythology, of storytelling and magic, superstition and folklore, all drawing on the mysterious, shadowy regions for their appeal.

The problem may be a linguistic one. If light is used to signify understanding, revelation, clarity, and often hope, darkness appears to represent its antithesis, as a confused, unknowable end. It may have mysterious potential but is also often allied to despair and ultimately to death itself. And yet we need and long for darkness. The sighted imagine a world without sight as endlessly dark, yet some blind people report an assault of abstract coloured shapes, a discordant visual tinnitus, and long to experience the darkness that only the sighted can enjoy. In this respect darkness suggests both a state of peacefulness and an opportunity for less trammelled, less interrupted thought.

What did early humanity make of the dark without the promise of lit safety, without darkness as a choice? Did they cower in their caves, like the prehistoric father in the film *The Croods* (2013), his one and only piece of advice being ‘never leave the cave’? He wanted his family to avoid the imagined terrors of being outside, avoiding not only the uncircumscribed dark but also the freedoms of daylight. The dangers that darkness brought would have been unavoidable, and fire a closely guarded source of warmth and protection. Fire offered some security, but it also made the darkness beyond impenetrable, and distance became hard to judge. The blaze of animal eyes in the dark might warn early humans that they were being watched by a predator, or was it merely a creature

that posed no threat, reflecting their look of fear?

It takes time for us to acclimatize to darkness and what little ability we do have to see in the dark has been gradually eroded by modern lighting and our readiness to engage it. We might see more if we learned to expect and so need less light. You might use a torch to find your way along a familiar route in the dark, but only when the batteries have run down and you are forced to rely on your other senses do you truly know the way to your own front door. Early humanity, living in those regions where in winter the sun fails to rise above the horizon, must have had to learn to function in semi-darkness, their eyesight attuned to lower light.

It is unnecessary and rare today, for all who live in developed countries, to experience profound darkness. This is a loss regretted both by environmentalists and by those who enjoy the benefits of modern life, who may mourn the absence of the beauty of a starlit sky or even the dark of a small suburban garden unpolluted by ‘dusk till dawn’ or motion-sensitive lights that switch on the moment you open your back door, like security measures in a prison yard. Peer down one of the narrow alleys that run between terraced houses in Britain, and you may catch the pitter-patter of an urban fox. It can be difficult to make anything out because the sky above is turned putty-coloured from the bleed of the city’s lighting, casting the dark corridor into deeper gloom. Yellow eyes dazzle for a moment and then disappear, and you can see nothing again. Abracadabra.

Most animals see far better than humans can in the dark. Their retinas contain rod-shaped structures that can detect low levels of light, and are as much as five times more responsive than our own. A membrane behind the retina, the *tapetum lucidum*, reflects light back again. The stab of anxiety conjured by that glimpsed ricocheting glint from a fox’s eye finds an echo perhaps in our prehistoric ancestors’ experience of a lurking sabre-toothed tiger more than 12,000 years ago.

Daylight vision is different in kind from what is seen when little light is available. At light levels below half moonlight, bees, butterflies, monkeys and humans see only in black and white. Recent studies have shown that

realise how important this was an emotional outlet at the time.

After graduating university I tried my very best to become an adult as quickly as possible. I grabbed the first management job I was offered which had very little creativity involved. I thought writing was for school kids and students. I didn’t have time for that anymore.

Then a few years later, it all fell apart. Along with the independence of ‘adulthood’ came the intensity of mental illness. I experienced a prolonged and undiagnosed bout of burnout which led to a mental breakdown. I felt broken beyond repair. I quit my job to focus on recovering but didn’t anticipate that this stint of unemployment would last over a year.

“After having hundreds of conversations with people online about mental illness, I admitted to myself that hiding my condition away would only do more harm than good. Not only had blogging helped me come to terms with my diagnosis, but it was encouraging others to talk about theirs too. It seemed like a no-brainer.”

During that time I got bored and took up writing again. This became a form of therapy for me, even though I didn’t realise it at the time. I wrote about everything I had experienced in the lead up to my breakdown: my need for validation in the form of a ‘proper job’, my obsession with being successful, the overwhelming feelings of inadequacy and incessant need to please others. I also documented my year without alcohol, the crutch that I had been leaning on for years without realising it. I opened up about the realities of living with depression, how it made me feel guilty about just being alive, and how I felt like a burden on everyone around me.

I wasn’t writing for anyone in particular. I had no target audience. I was just expressing myself in the way that felt comfortable. I certainly didn’t feel ready to have these thoughts turn into words. The idea of forming a sentence to explain that I was mentally ill was repulsive to me. No,

writing was much more my thing. It was private.

Except it wasn’t. Eventually, people began reading my blog. Not many mind you, just a few hundred a month but then that led to a few hundred a day. It crept up on me, this idea that maybe I was starting a two-way conversation. I was writing and people were replying. And it felt just as good as when I used to mail letters off to my long-distance friends when I was a little girl.

After having hundreds of conversations with people online about mental illness, I admitted to myself that hiding my condition away would only do more harm than good. Not only had blogging helped me come to terms with my diagnosis, but it was encouraging others to talk about theirs too. It seemed like a no-brainer.

Instagram became my new home where I began sharing my story in video form. Even today, it’s still the first place I go when I need to offload what’s going on in my mind. Talking to the camera has become a new form of therapy for me, and has been particularly effective at training me up to be more confident in social situations.

Once you spend months talking to people on the internet about your mood swings, medication mishaps and inability to stay motivated somehow having the same conversation down the pub doesn’t seem so scary. For me, being honest online has been one long dress-rehearsal for doing the same in real life.

And public speaking? It may still give me the sweats and make my heart pound uncontrollably, but I know that ultimately the discomfort of getting up on stage and telling my story is worth it to prove to others that they can do the same.

Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/fionalikestoblog/>
Twitter: <https://twitter.com/fionalikes>
Blog: <https://fionalikestoblog.com/>
My book: <https://amzn.to/2Kt5pfY>

Fiona Thomas is a freelance writer with work published on *Metro*, *Healthline*, *Heads Together*, *Mind* and *Happiful* magazine. Her book *Depression in a Digital Age: The Highs and Lows of Perfectionism* (Trigger Publishing, 2018) is an extension of her work around mental health, and a celebration of all that’s possible through the power of social media.



many creatures, from elephant hawkmoths to fruit bats to Madagascan lemurs, can recognize fine distinctions of colour in almost total darkness.¹ Many nocturnal animals rely on the perception of colour to find food, shelter and mates, much as do those that are awake in daylight.

After dark there are fewer photons, those ‘tiny particles that make up a ray of light.’² In 2002 Almut Kelber provided evidence that in darkness the hawkmoth ‘can find flowers by colour as easily as their butterfly cousins do during the day.’³ When we look into a dark night, what we see is colourless, neutralized by technologies that increasingly either wrench day from night or thrust the remaining unlit world into a comparative primordial void.

Given that the dark was a time of heightened insecurity, then what might early humans have made of sunset, which they recognized as presaging such a period, ‘the sky lingering, lingering, then finally dark’?⁴ Sunrise would bring the warmth and light of the sun. Dusk meant stoking the fire for the night ahead, but would also have entailed watching the dramatic play of dark and light on the horizon. How easy and natural it would have been to read meaning into the many variations of colour and dimension, to see the future in its stratifications, to foresee whether hunting would be successful or whether life might be lost, enemies vanquished or a mate secured, even to discover in its display messages from supernatural beings who had influence over all.

“Dusk meant stoking the fire for the night ahead, but would also have entailed watching the dramatic play of dark and light on the horizon.”

The last signs of the day melt away in a period of silence, before the creatures of the night begin to call. As darkness closes in, perhaps you would gather with your clan, scramble to the back of a cave and post a guard against the dangers the night might bring. Songbirds would gradually fall silent. Like the French term ‘*l’heure bleu*’, the blue hour, such a time even then would have been distinctive, growing mysterious and potentially threatening as visibility decreased, a time for a last meal together, for conversation and sleep. *Crépuscule*, the French for dusk (and also for the more ambiguous time

of twilight), is a word that sounds like the crunch of footfall on leaves, the encroaching dark as empty vowel in between; in zoology it refers to those creatures that appear and are active in twilight, those other beings that live out their lives in the dark, seeing when we cannot. Small wonder, then, that the stories these early people told one another were drawn from this contrast between light and dark, reading promise and threat in their surroundings.

Then again, in the early morning before the sun rises, there falls a stillness before the day begins, before the birds begin to sing.

Outside, there was a pre-dawn kind of clarity, where the momentum of living has not quite captured the day. The air was not filled with conversation or thought bubbles or laughter or sidelong glances. Everyone was sleeping, all of their ideas and hopes and hidden agendas entangled in the dream world, leaving this world clear and crisp and cold as a bottle of milk in the fridge.⁵

We talk of the sun rising but of night falling; dawn breaks, and the first glimmer of light is called the crack of dawn. Light thus appears to be given agency, leaving the dark as an unavoidable accident, denoting damage. The gloaming, however, is a more surreptitious notion, creeping up on us rather than breaking. It is said to settle or again fall, and ultimately it represents the close of the day, or the dying day. Dusk and dawn were frequent and predictable events for early humanity, as they are for us, except in polar regions. These twilight buffers between daylight and the dark, between night and day, were thus familiar, but imagine the impact of a thunderstorm or of lightning striking a great tree that had seemed immortal, and then yet more extraordinary events, such as volcanic eruption or tsunami, the northern lights, the experience of a meteor strike or a solar eclipse. Each such event would have been without the reassurance of second- and third-hand explanations, or at least the belief that some scientist somewhere understood what was going on, and that a natural rather than supernatural explanation existed.

The idea of personified natural phenomena affects our view of the world. If we prefer a sunny day to a gloomy one it may be more than just a liking for warmth, but evidence of the associations that accompany warmth, light and clear vision. Yet associations can vary and change. The melancholy of an overcast day or a pitch night may satisfy the Romantic and the romantic. For some Nordic people a snug, convivial home is made more inviting when it is not only warm but also candlelit against the gloom of a long, dark winter. Increased awareness of global warming and the harmful effects of the sun on our skin have begun to detract from the appeal of sunbathing. It is not only astronomers and



1 Almut Kelber, Anna Balkenius and Eric J. Warrant, ‘Colour Vision in Diurnal and .. Nocturnal Hawkmoths’, Oxford Journal of Integrative and Comparatove Biology, .. XLIII/4 (August 2003), pp. 571-9.
2 Almut Kelber cited in Caroline Williams, ‘Many Animals Can Still See Colour in the Dead of Night’, BBC Earth, www.bbc.co.uk, 1 December, 2014.
3 Ibid.
4 Elizabeth Strout, *My Name Is Lucy Barton* (London, 2016), p. 191.

5 Reif Larsen, *The Selected Works of T. S. Spivet* (London, 2009).



“The growing fashion for night-time city tours, and moth- and bat- viewing walks, and holidays for amateur stargazing seems to support the idea that many of us yearn for the dark and that our sensory experience will in some way become heightened thereby”

Photo by Florian Hesse on Unsplash

witches who seek the night; there are now campaigns to decrease street lighting, and it has been suggested that it is better to read by modern lighting designed to have some of the qualities of the softer, amber light of candles, to help us avoid eye strain and prepare for sleep, unlike the too bright melatonin-suppressing blue light that our computer screens exude. The growing fashion for night-time city tours, and moth- and bat- viewing walks, and holidays for amateur stargazing seems to support the idea that many of us yearn for the dark and that our sensory experience will in some way become heightened thereby. It is not only pubs and nightclubs that continue to be dimly lit to achieve a suitable atmosphere; since the late 1990s restaurants have been cropping up to offer the experience of dining in total darkness, claiming to increase your appreciation of taste, smell and texture by cutting out the ‘distraction’ of vision.

Calling on ancient storytelling may give a clue to the abiding fear of the dark. In the medieval *Beowulf*, the eponymous hero, eventually manages to destroy the evil monster Grendel, ‘he who bided in darkness’.⁶ When the

monster is dead there is great rejoicing and at that moment the dawn breaks and light is victorious. In John Gardner’s retelling of the tale, Grendel becomes the focus, tormented by the world and by self-hatred. It is humanity that has become the ugly, alien enemy. The sun ‘spins mindlessly overhead’, its warmth giving Grendel physical pain, and the universe seems to him like some creature decomposing, so that he longs for the protection and possibilities of the dark.

Just as one might admire the monstrous Grendel for standing up to the human beings who assume themselves to be his moral superiors, Milton’s Satan in *Paradise Lost*, who should be the personification of evil, with all his furious passion draws our attention away from the good but less charismatic Son of God. The metaphors associated with darkness and with light begin to seem less straightforward in the face of such examples of monster and devil, their actions fuelled by responses that we can easily understand, and thus we are invited to doubt the easy division between light as good and dark as evil.

⁶ *Beowulf: An Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem*, trans. John Lesslie Hall (Lanham, MD, 1892).

Nina Edwards is a cultural historian with an interest in philosophy, aesthetics and fashion. Her previous work includes *On the Button* (2012) about how a small feature of dress can have complex meaning; *Offal* (2013) on a food that can be found disgusting; *Weeds* (2015) unpacks another slippery concept and *Dressed for War 1914–1918*, looks at the language of clothes. She lives in London.



The Ethical Society at War: How World War One Changed the South Place Sunday Concerts

Dr Jessica Beck

During World War One, Conway Hall Ethical Society was based at South Place Chapel in Finsbury, and known as the South Place Ethical Society. Whilst World War Two affected South Place badly enough that the South Place Sunday Popular Concerts (now known as the Conway Hall Sunday Concerts) were suspended for the first and only time in history, the Society managed to continue the concerts throughout the entire period of World War One. Other series were not so fortunate.

As the war went on, the call to arms affected the availability of musicians and audience numbers, so concerts such as those led by the People’s Concert Society were forced to cease operations until the war was over. In contrast, the concert series at South Place Chapel in some ways thrived during these challenging years. Money was always a struggle for the South Place concert committee, but during the war organisations such as the Committee for Music in War Time offered financial backing that would ensure their continuation, as a way to sustain some normality for concert goers.

Throughout the war years South Place programmed a noticeable rise in composers from allied countries, as well as special national concerts including those dedicated to Italian, Russian and French music. South Place also continued to host regular concerts promoting British music and performed numerous premieres. Most noticeable was the rise in Belgian music, largely influenced by the significant number of Belgian refugees who came to London during this period. Clements organised for Belgian musicians to play, and an impressive £44 14s. 8d. of profit was donated to the War Refugees’ Committee and the Commission for Relief in Belgium. It was during this time that the celebrated musician Joseph Jongen (1873 – 1953) became a regular performer at the concerts.

Initially the only trouble caused appears to have been the debate over whether to continue booking a Bechstein piano. A letter was received from Steinway in an attempt to get the South Place committee to swap to their American piano, rather than the German brand. Concerned about the extra cost (typical of the

committee!), they decided to stick with the Bechstein ‘subject to the omission of the name from the side of the instrument & from the programmes & any printed matter’, making any association to Germany invisible to the audience. There was also a discussion over whether songs should any longer be performed in German, but a Schubert concert and many subsequent occasions show that this idea was dismissed early on. For some time, after the fright of the Zeppelin raids, the concerts were also moved to an earlier time in the afternoon, but this was reversed as soon as possible. The South Place Orchestral Society temporarily suspended their activities, but returned to giving regular performances in the 1920s.

The archive at Conway Hall holds annual reports for every year of the concert series since it was taken over by the South Place committee in 1887. Having previously been very factual and unvarnished writing, during the war the reports became more descriptive, thus providing a unique insight into how London concerts were reacting to the war. At the outbreak of war, the committee had doubts over whether the concerts ‘should’ be continued, not whether they ‘could’, suggesting it was more of a moral quandary for them as to whether it was still suitable to host musical evenings during a time of international crisis than a practical one. However, it was decided that the concerts could offer relief from the ‘strenuous duties of everyday life’. This outlook continued throughout the war, although it became tougher every year. The second year saw a drop in audience numbers and greater difficulty hiring performers. For the annual report of 1917, the writer reflected on the changes that had occurred since war began:

Gone are many familiar faces, but fresh ones have replaced them. Somehow folk from all classes of society have found their way to this home of the sublime art, situated in one of the busiest parts of the city, where they find in music a solace, one might almost say a drug, which for a few brief hours, will lull them into forgetfulness of this horrible world war. Upstairs in the gallery the pale-faced tailor from the East End, who works all the week in a stuffy little room

somewhere in Whitechapel, sits next to a couple of bronzed Colonial fighters who are on short leave from a front line trench somewhere in France. Nurses and munition workers, red-tabbed Staff Officers and able-bodied seamen, and just ordinary civilians, sit side by side.

This is one of the most descriptive passages in any of the annual reports, which are usually focused on recounting the highlights of the season. The war years clearly shifted the perspective of the committee to see the influence of the concerts on a broader scale, with a much deeper consideration for the social impact of the concerts. Descriptions of their audience members are a rare feature in the reports. Whether their accounts were entirely factual, the reports reveal the committee’s view of their musical endeavors. References to the different roles that people had during the war – from soldier to civilian – give a sense of the audience being a place of equality and solidarity. The emphasis on distinctions of class and nationality suggests that the committee saw the communal activity of listening to music as a way of connecting people from different walks of life during a divisive time, supported by their efforts to be musically inclusive.

The report from 1918 retained a similar tone. There is a reference to the rise in khaki among the audience and now on the platform, and a note is made of the incongruity of a man dressed in his war uniform playing sweet music – ‘surely the most peaceful of all the Arts’. The audience are also described as being ‘as cosmopolitan as ever’ yet bonded by the love of ‘good’ music. Such statements about the peaceful and good nature of music implies that despite the intense moral questions that must have been triggered by the war, there was a sense of chamber music having intrinsic elevating and moral value.

Letters sent to the concert society during these years also give an emotional perspective on the place of the concerts during the war. One letter from a woman whose husband was a prisoner at war in Germany said that he would like to know what was ‘happening’ at South Place. Another sent by a woman whose husband was seriously ill reads:

... with what joy he used to look forward to your concerts, and how he enjoyed them, he used to say they made life worth living, and I don't think he has missed one of them. I hope you will excuse me for writing to you, but I felt I must, he always used to speak so kindly about you that you seem a friend of his.

This touching letter demonstrates the role that the concerts played in the lives of its audience members. Moreover, it indicates that at times of sadness, the concerts may have held a further purpose of comfort to friends and relatives of those who attended regularly, through the strong bonds that were created in that setting.

It is during the later years of the war that the subject of men and women musicians is raised for the first time in a way that distinguishes them from each other. As may be expected, the number of women involved in the concerts rose significantly during this period. There were more women performing regularly and there was a dramatic increase in the number of women on the committee, which was sustained in later years. Generally at South Place, the distinction made between the male and female musicians was mostly overlooked. However, in the absence of greater numbers of men involved in the concerts during the context of war, South Place occasionally let more misogynistic attitudes slip through in ways that had not previously been apparent. In a lengthy introduction to the Opus 1 concert that took place on 4 November 1917, ‘W.G.’ intended to arouse interest within the audience in the early works of great composers. Given that my research on the whole argues that the South Place concerts were among the more successful concerts in London with regards to championing women composers, his words are troublesome:

There are few pages in a biography more fascinating than those which tell of the early days of a great man. The supreme interest of tracing the advent, the growth and the flowering of his special gift appeals to all in whom the love of art is found... One would like to think that the genius is a modest man. The real genius is and must be so; modesty, humility, eagerness to learn and power to endure are essentials of his nature.

The concert predictably only featured works by male composers. Diversity was created in the concert through the disparity between the eminence of the composers; the first work in the concert was by Beethoven (1770 – 1827), the last by James Friskin (1886 – 1967). The focus on ‘great men’ in the programme notes and the musical content seems to be somewhat compensating for the tragedies occurring around the globe, particularly to men at the front line, and simultaneously upholding the narrative of the male hero that was permeating war propaganda at the time. Whether it was purposeful, or accidental neglect, women are completely dismissed in this programme as potential ‘great’ composers, or indeed, ‘geniuses’. Whilst this concert and the message it portrayed should not be overlooked, it is a rare example of such blatant patriarchal language in the South Place concert programmes or even their more private administrative writing.

Contrastingly, in 1915 a special concert of women composers was organised in acknowledgement of the important work that women were contributing during this difficult time. Ironically, after this concert there was a considerable drop in the number of women composers that featured in the South Place concerts for many years. However, this concert featured many of the composers



and performers who had an influential role at the South Place concerts up to this point. The executors of the instrumental works were Nellie, Mabel and Kate Chaplin, an ensemble of sisters who first performed at the South Place concerts during the first season (1887). Another musician with a long-term association with the concerts was Jessie Grimson (1873 – 1927), who first appeared as part of her family’s ensemble in the 1890s, and later led three men (including the now well-known composer Frank Bridge) in her own quartet - an unusual sight for audiences at the time. The war caused significant changes in Grimson’s personal life as her husband was killed and her brother severely injured. It was during the war period that she started to include more women in her ensemble. There was also a change in Grimson’s choice of programming, which became much more traditional. There were fewer performances of

contemporary compositions and more emphasis on Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, although with a continued spattering of British music. Perhaps she felt that more conventional choices would be more appropriate for an audience looking for safety and escape during troublesome times in the capital.

The complexity of the impact of war means that the topics covered here are by no means a complete overview of how the war affected the concerts, however they do offer new insights into how the war changed the lives of performers, programming and audiences in London, and how South Place adapted to ensure the concerts continued to run successfully. Our Sunday concerts still run regularly. More writing about Conway Hall’s musical history can also be found on our website (conwayhall.org.uk).



Dr Jessica Beck has recently completed her AHRC-funded collaborative doctoral award at the Royal Northern College of Music, supervised by Professor Barbara Kelly and Professor David Amigoni. Her research is based on the archives held at Conway Hall that relate to its own history, and her thesis focused on the women musicians of South Place Ethical Society who were active between 1887 and 1927. She is now working as an AHRC Knowledge Transfer Partner in collaboration with the BBC Philharmonic.

Conserving our Pamphlet Collection

Alicia Chilcott

As part of our Heritage Lottery Funded pamphlet digitisation project, we have had our collection of nineteenth-century pamphlets conserved in order for them to be robust enough for the digitisation process and to ensure their long-term preservation. This work has been completed by the Postal Museum conservation studio, who have completed a number of treatments to stabilise deterioration of the pamphlets, repaired any significant damage and rehoused the collection into archive standard acid-free boxes.

The condition of the pamphlets prior to conservation was fairly poor. Paper produced in the nineteenth century is often of low quality and prone to becoming brittle, yellowing and tearing easily. This, paired with the fact our pamphlets have been well used and stored on open library shelves, left the collection looking a little worse for wear. The pamphlets will now be stored in the more controlled environment of our journals room and the availability of digital copies will reduce the amount the originals are handled.



An example of brittle, yellowed pages

Removing bindings

Many of our pamphlets have over the years been bound with other similar pamphlets into volumes. Some of these bindings, which were not original to the pamphlets, were badly damaged, too tight to allow for digitisation or risked damaging the pamphlets held within them. These bindings were removed where necessary, by cutting the boards away from the textblock (the pages within the volume) and removing the adhesive



A poultice used to remove binding adhesive

along the spine using poultices. The disbound pamphlets were then gathered together by Japanese paper, keeping them in order and held together. Any removed bindings will be retained alongside the pamphlets.

Surface cleaning

All of the pamphlets, bindings and storage boxes were cleaned using a soft cloth and brushes, or eraser powder for especially dirty items. This cleaning helps to remove any surface dirt that would reduce the legibility of text and prevents the dirt from deteriorating the paper in the long term through abrasion, acidity or encouraging mould growth.

Leather consolidation

Some of the older leather bindings were suffering from red rot – this is the name given to the degradation of leather resulting in a red powdery deposit. This leaves the binding weak and fragile and leaves a red powdery mess on anything it comes into contact with! The conservators treated this by coating any affected bindings with a cellulose ether gel.

Repairs

The pamphlets had sustained lots of small tears through handling, with some folded inserts tearing entirely along their folds. Where tears run into or across the text they reduce its legibility and handling during the digitisation process may also worsen tears. The worst of these were repaired using Japanese tissues and wheat starch paste or heat-set tissue where it was not appropriate to apply moisture.



An illustration insert damaged from being folded into a volume

Inserts

As mentioned above, inserts within the bound volumes of pamphlets were especially damaged, due to their being folded into the volumes. In addition to the treatments described above, some were also washed in distilled water and deacidified using magnesium bicarbonate – this stabilises the chemical balance of the paper, halting degradation.



A volume with red rot

Thanks to these treatments our collection has been able to withstand the extensive handling required for digitisation and is in a more easily readable condition, allowing for good clear digital copies. They will now be handled much less and stored more appropriately, allowing for their long-term preservation.

All images were provided by the Postal Museum.

HUMANIST LIBRARY & ARCHIVES

10AM — 5PM TUESDAY— THURSDAY

Conway Hall Humanist Library & Archives is home to a unique collection of published and archival sources on humanism and its related subjects.

We are open for members, researchers and the general public.

Our collections include printed materials such as books, pamphlets and journals as well as archival material of unpublished institutional and personal records and papers, such as manuscripts, letters and photographs.

For your time and convenience it is advisable to contact the library before your visit so we can ensure the material you seek is available.

T: 020 7061 6747 E: alicia@conwayhall.org.uk

Anna Wheeler on the 'The Rights of Women'

Alicia Chilcott

Conway Hall has around a 200-year history of advocating for women's rights. Two of our Society's earliest leaders, William Johnson Fox and Moncure Conway, were staunch supporters of women's rights and invited early feminist campaigners to deliver lectures to the Society on a regular basis. Such speakers have included the campaigner for birth control and women worker's rights Annie Besant and American suffragist Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The earliest known lecture on the topic of women's rights delivered to our Society was a discussion of 'The rights of women' by feminist and socialist writer and campaigner Anna Wheeler in 1829.

This lecture, delivered at our previous home South Place Chapel, called for the need to establish an organisation to 'obtain the removal of the disabilities of women and the introduction of a national system of equal education for infants of both sexes'. George Jacob Holyoake stated in his book *The History of Co-operation* that Anna Wheeler gained 'considerable attention' for her 'well-reasoned lecture' delivered at South Place.

"Wheeler was born Anna Doyle around 1780 in County Tipperary, Ireland. In 1800 she had married Francis Massey Wheeler, who became increasingly abusive and dependent upon alcohol and gambling throughout their unhappy marriage."

In 1829, the year of this lecture, Anna Wheeler was living in London and well-established among Owenite socialist circles. Wheeler was born Anna Doyle around 1780 in County Tipperary, Ireland. In 1800 she had married Francis Massey Wheeler, who became increasingly abusive and dependent upon alcohol and gambling throughout their unhappy marriage. This traumatic experience of marriage, in which she spent much of her time forcibly house-bound, ignited



Anna-Wheeler (née Doyle) by Maxim Gauci (credit: National Portrait Gallery)

Wheeler's feminist beliefs, and she distracted herself with radical texts by French socialist thinkers and Mary Wollstonecraft. It was after the death of her husband in 1820 that Wheeler moved to London, followed by a few years living in Paris where she befriended a circle of Saint-Simonian utopian socialists. Wheeler began her writing career by translating French socialist works into

English, hoping to foster the sharing of ideas between French Saint-Simonians and British Owenites.

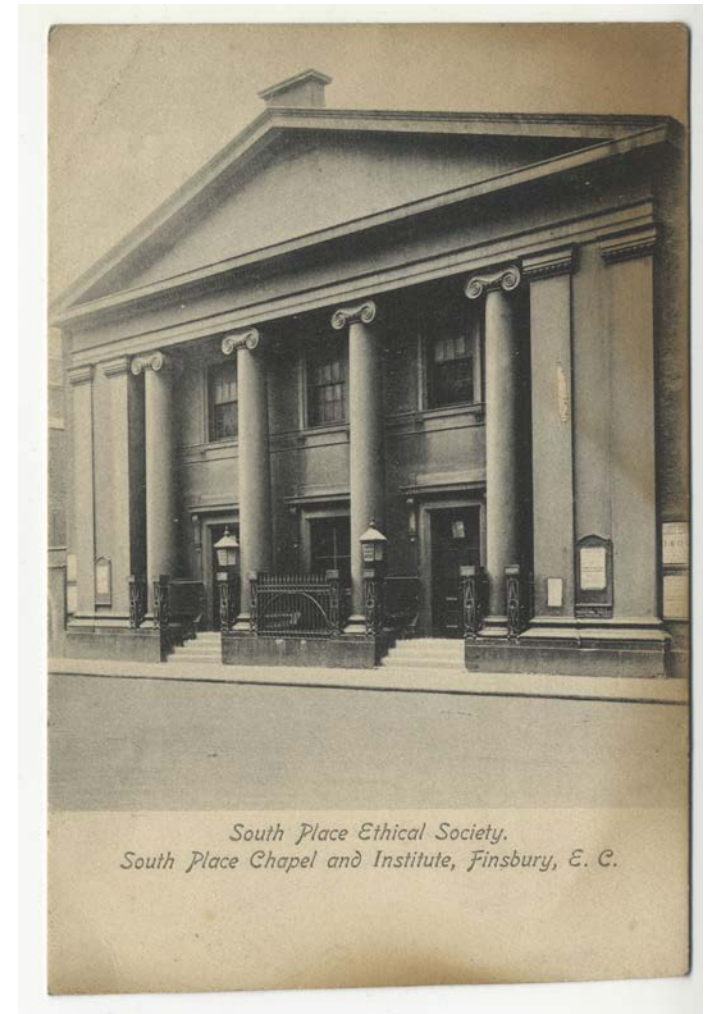
Wheeler also penned a number of feminist essays in socialist and co-operative journals such as *The Crisis*, using the pseudonyms 'Vlasta' and 'Concordia'. In the 1830s, she used her experience with London's radical press to help establish the French feminist journal *Tribune des Femmes*. Her most notable contribution to the feminist canon, however, was her co-authoring of the indignantly-titled *Appeal of One Half of the Human Race, Women, Against the Pretension of the Other Half, Men, to Retain Them in Political, and thence in Civil and Domestic, Slavery* (1825). The main author of this text was the socialist economist and close companion of Wheeler, William Thompson; however, an introductory 'letter to Mrs Wheeler' recognises the input of Wheeler through writing some passages and informing the overall beliefs laid out in the book.

The *Appeal* presented a socialist argument for gender equality, presenting the unequal burden of home-making, reproduction and child-rearing placed upon women as a form of unpaid labour – reflected with the title's use of the term 'slavery'. This view of female domestic labour was quite ahead of its time, with second-wave feminists in the 1960s-70s engaging with similar ideas almost 150 years later. The *Appeal* proposed that the solution to this exploitation of women was the establishment of co-operative ways of living, grounded in an equal distribution of all labour among all people regardless of gender, reflecting Wheeler and Thompson's shared utopian socialist ideals.

Wheeler dedicated the remainder of her life to campaigning for gender equality, eventually passing away in 1848. She was one of the earliest women in Britain to advocate for women's legal and educational rights at public meetings and has been described as 'the most important feminist after Mary Wollstonecraft and before Emmeline Pankhurst'. She also left behind her a family legacy of feminist activism. Her daughter, Rosina Bulwer Lytton, facing separation from her children and being placed in an asylum following separation from her husband, published numerous fictional stories that highlighted the poor treatment of many women by their husbands and the plight of separated wives, as well as a later autobiography that presented the damning truth of her suffering at her husband's hands. Rosina's granddaughter, Lady Constance Bulwer-Lytton, also

South Place Chapel

went on to become one of the heroes of the women's suffrage movement, ultimately passing away due to ill health exacerbated by her imprisonment and force-feeding at Walton gaol, following her involvement in a suffragette protest in Liverpool. Constance mirrored the efforts of her grandmother and great-grandmother before her, exposing her mistreatment in a public speech that did much to end the violent practice of force-feeding imprisoned suffrage campaigners. It seems Anna Wheeler's decedents inherited her ability and drive to harness traumatic experiences as a powerful tool to advocate for change.



Alicia Chilcott is Digitisation Co-ordinator at Conway Hall Library and Archive, working on an HLF funded project to digitise our collection of around 1,300 Victorian pamphlets. These pamphlets were written by London's radical thinkers to disseminate ideas about freethought, humanism and social and political movements such as the early women's rights movement, freedom of the press and anti-blasphemy. Alicia qualified as an archivist in 2017 and has a background in social and economic history.

World Bee Day comes to London

Conway Hall, the Embassy of Slovenia and Bee Midtown hosted an event in celebration of World Bee Day on 21st May 2019.

27 hives from around the world had stands presenting products distinctive to their region including honey – in all its varieties – pollen, propolis, royal jelly and wax, as well as honey-based products including biscuits, mead, spirits, candles and more. Nearly 500 people attended and created a hive of activity at Conway Hall in order to raise awareness of the importance of bees and other pollinators for their contribution to sustainable development, food security and biodiversity. All photos by Jeff Davy.

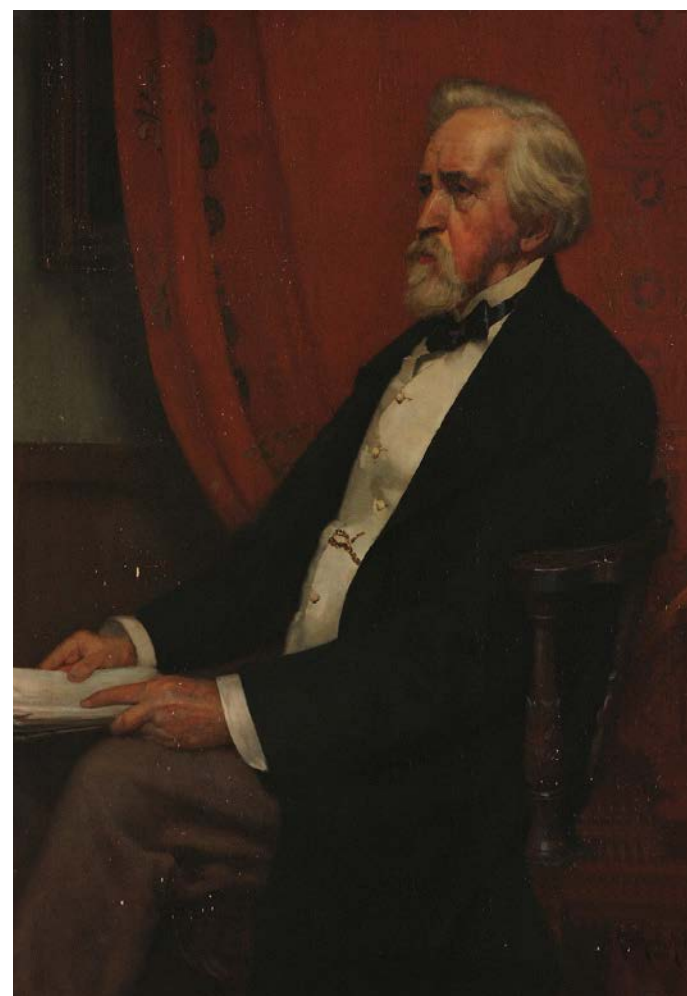


Speakers The Slovenian Ambassador: Tadej Rupel, Bee Collective CEO: Caroline Birchall, Conway Hall CEO: Dr. Jim Walsh

Atheism in the Nineteenth Century

Selina Packard

When Richard Dawkins published his passionate advocacy of atheism, *The God Delusion*, in 2006, it was hailed by one reviewer as ‘the most coherent and devastating indictment of religion I have ever read’. The book went on to become a runaway bestseller. This was quite a contrast to the experience of non-believers in the nineteenth century, when atheism was rendered illegal by the blasphemy laws of the day. Victorian atheists published their controversial views in ephemeral pamphlets and counted themselves lucky to escape a brush with the law.



Unfortunately, this is exactly what happened to George Jacob Holyoake in 1842. In his pamphlet, *The Last Trial for Atheism in England: A Fragment of Autobiography*, one of several on atheism in the Conway Hall collection, Holyoake gives an account of his arrest, trial and eventual imprisonment for having ‘wickedly and profanely uttered [...] certain impious and blasphemous words against God, and of and [sic] concerning the Christian religion.’ Holyoake was a freethinker and newspaper editor who lectured regularly around the country. His alleged wicked and profane utterance took place in Cheltenham in 1842 when he was asked at one of his lectures about the social role of the clergy. He declared they cost the state far too much. ‘Worship thus being expensive,’ he went on. ‘I appeal to your heads and your pockets whether we are not too poor to have a God? If poor men cost the state as much, they would be put like officers on half-pay, and while our distress lasts I think it would be wise to do the same thing with the deity.’

“Holyoake was a freethinker and newspaper editor who lectured regularly around the country. His alleged wicked and profane utterance took place in Cheltenham in 1842.”

Thus he attracted the attention of local magistrates. His description of his arrest is vivid. He recounts how the local superintendent appeared, ‘with about a dozen men, who were arranged on each side the door, and their glazed hats formed a shining but a dubious background for a meeting on Free-Discussion.’ The sense of a palpable threat shows starkly the risks men like Holyoake ran. Although he conducted his own defence at his trial, he was supported financially and intellectually by his progressive friends and colleagues, even finding an ally in the local MP who petitioned a sympathetic Home Secretary. It was in vain: Holyoake was found guilty and imprisoned for six months. And despite his pamphlet’s triumphant title, the trial was far from being the last of its kind.

George Jacob Holyoake (1817 - 1906). Portrait by Holyoake's nephew Rowland Holyoake, 1902

A similar fate awaited Charles Bradlaugh when he was elected MP to Northampton forty years later in 1880. Bradlaugh was an avowed atheist, prolific pamphleteer (whose own 1860s pamphlet *A Plea for Atheism* is also in the Conway Hall collection) and a co-founder of the National Secular Society. In order to take his seat in Parliament he was required to take the Oath of Allegiance to the Crown. He had requested instead to make an ‘affirmation’, which carries all the legal weight of an oath, yet none of its religious content and significance. In previous years it had been allowed, after much debate, to the Jewish Parliamentarians, Baron Rothschild and David Salomans.

However, as with those men, Bradlaugh’s request was to set off a fierce dispute in the House of Commons that would run, in his case, for six years. It would not only see him imprisoned (in more salubrious circumstances than Holyoake’s – in the tower under Big Ben, where he was allowed to dine with guests), but fined for voting illegally, escorted from the chamber by police, and still re-elected to his constituency four times (due to several by-elections). He was eventually allowed to take the oath and admitted to Parliament in 1886. He used his position to campaign on a variety of progressive issues, including the right of atheists to give evidence at trial.

Although the continued and active existence of the National Secular Society shows there are still battles to be won, Dawkins and his colleagues can express their views with little more to fear than a vigorous row on Twitter. It is partly due to the work of these Victorian trailblazers that atheism can be discussed freely today among its many vocal adherents.



Charles Bradlaugh (1833 - 1891)



Selina Packard is a Conway Hall volunteer, who selected the theme of atheism as a highlight of the library’s nineteenth-century pamphlet collection. These pamphlets are just some of over 1,300 nineteenth-century pamphlets Conway Hall are making freely available online through the National Lottery Heritage Funded digitisation project Victorian Blogging.

The Emerson Bust

Olwen Terris



“The cast would have been made by Caproni from a mould they presumably had for their trade in replicas. Was the urgency expressed in the letter connected to the publication in 1907 of RWE’s Addresses and Essays with an introduction by Stanton Coit?”

While cataloguing Ralph Waldo Emerson’s 10-volume complete works (Riverside edition) I discovered a handwritten letter stuck with sellotape to the front of Vol.7 *Conduct of Life*, a collection of miscellaneous essays. The letter, dated Concord June 1907 (or possibly 1909), is from Emerson’s son, Edward Waldo Emerson (1844-1930), a physician, writer and lecturer. Edward was the executor of his father’s estate and closely involved in the editing of his works. The addressee is ‘William’.

Consultation with Conway Hall’s Honorary Archivist, Carl Harrison (who can read EWE’s writing far better than I) revealed that the substance of the letter is the organising of a plaster bust of RWE to be sent with speed to Dr Stanton Coit. The letter confirms that the bust ordered by Coit was the work of the eminent American sculptor Daniel Chester French, a friend and neighbour of RWE whose most well-known work is the Abraham Lincoln statue in the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D.C. EWE made arrangements through PP Caproni & Brother, a manufacturer of plaster reproductions in Boston, Mass. The letter includes details of how much Coit would have to pay for the casting, packaging and carriage. The cast would have been made by Caproni from a mould they presumably had for their trade in replicas. Was the urgency expressed in the letter connected to the publication in 1907 of RWE’s Addresses and Essays with an introduction by Stanton Coit?

EWE sends greetings to ‘Mr and Mrs Salter’ at the close of the letter. Assuming the couple to be the parents of William, research in the membership and administrative records of the Society around that time revealed that ‘William’ is very likely to be William Macintyre Salter (1853-1931), the author of *Ethical Religion* (1905) – Stanton

Coit wrote the introduction – and several other philosophical works. A slight mystery remains that Mrs Salter died before the letter was written and the genealogy records that we have been able to consult give no indication that William Salter remarried.

In Conway Hall Library, above the fireplace, is a plaster bust of RWE described as ‘English, 19th century’. An examination of the bust revealed an almost invisible stamp on the back reading ‘D C FRENCH’. We believe the Library’s bust is most likely to be the very one made by Caproni for Stanton Coit.

Daniel Chester French’s original two sculptures of Emerson are in the Concord Free Library, Concord, Mass. The first, a bust, was made in 1883-4 after a clay model made in 1879. One of the first plaster casts from the master mould was presented to Emerson on July 26, 1879 and he is said to have commented upon seeing it for the first time, ‘Dan, that’s the face I shave’. Further plaster casts were made from the clay model before French was commissioned by a group of patrons who wished to have a bust of Emerson in Concord Library; the bust can be found today in the reading room.

Several questions remain unanswered: Why was the letter stuck to that particular volume and who stuck it there? How did it find its way to London? How and when did the Society acquire the book? How did the Society acquire the bust from Stanton Coit? Why did he want one?

The bust we have is beautifully modelled and a fine addition to the Library, but there is more research to be done on its provenance. If anyone has information which might further this work please get in touch with olwen@conwayhall.org.uk or carlharrison@outlook.com – we should very much like to hear from you.



Olwen Terris worked at the British Film Institute, National Film and Television Archive in the role of Chief Cataloguer for thirteen years before moving to the Imperial War Museum, Department of Collections Management as Data Standards Officer. She has been at Conway Hall since 2012 where she started as a volunteer cataloguer and has catalogued the Library’s nineteenth century pamphlet collection.

Conway Hall Sunday Concerts Autumn 2019

Simon Callaghan



Sunday Concerts fundraiser

It is an absolute delight to be able to present our Autumn 2019 series of concerts, which features an enticing variety of music played by some of the finest musicians from the UK and abroad. Alongside a hearty helping of core repertoire by Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Haydn and others, I am particularly pleased that this season we will have the chance to hear a real rarity: the clarinet quintet by Benjamin Durrant, written in 1940 as the prizewinning entry of the Albert Clements competition, held right here at Conway Hall!

‘The concert hall is small and intimate and you feel completely enveloped in amazing music.’
Audience member

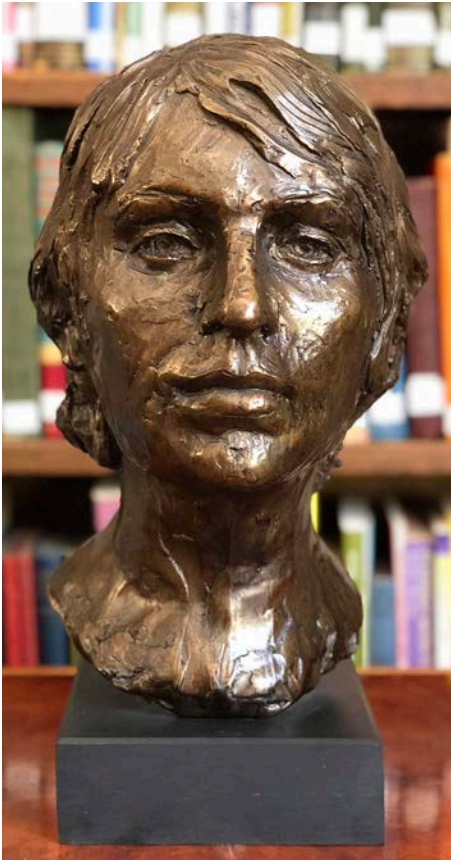
The Arcis Saxophone Quartet, based in Germany, will give their Conway Hall debut performance, combining original works for saxophone ensemble with arrangements including Dvorák’s evergreen ‘American’

quartet - which we will also have the chance to hear in its original version a few weeks earlier!

‘The Conway Hall concerts are a lovely relaxing way to end the weekend. The music selection is wide and musicians are very high quality.’
Audience member

Further highlights include Camerata Alma Viva in a concert featuring all the Mozart Divertimenti and other works from their recent CD, and the Linos Piano Trio who will offer a prelude to Beethoven’s anniversary year in the form of intimate, chamber arrangements of his works.

I am sure you will agree that we have a truly exciting season of music in store, and I look forward to welcoming you to our concerts! Please do remember to follow us on our social media pages, subscribe to our mailing list, and if you feel able to make a donation towards our work, please visit po.st/ConcertsAppeal for further information.



Monument for Chelsea Manning is a bronze bust of Chelsea Manning as well as a project about the ongoing attempt to install a piece of public art in Haverfordwest, Wales, where Chelsea’s mother was born and continues to live and where Chelsea attended the town’s secondary school for several years.

The bronze bust is currently on temporary loan to Conway Hall Ethical Society, where it will remain until a permanent site in Haverfordwest can be found.

Monument for Chelsea Manning by artist John Reardon.
For more information visit: conwayhall.org.uk/monument

“For Conway Hall, the bust of Chelsea Manning addresses the question of who should be iconicised by monuments in their honour in our current day and age. We are very conscious of our own small collection of sculpture and other artworks that lean very heavily upon a white, male and deceased demographic. John Reardon’s work, courtesy of his chosen subject, confronts this tradition to broaden the franchise and enliven this medium of art.”
Jim Walsh, Chief Executive

FORTHCOMING EVENTS AT CONWAY HALL

EXHIBITIONS

–31 Aug	Conway Hall and the Ubele Initiative	Not Just a Refugee: An Exhibition of Photographic Portraits of Young, Inspirational Refugees • Adiam Yemane
6 Sep–21 Jan		Victorian Blogging: The Pamphleteers Who Dared To Dream Of A Better World
On temporary loan in the Library		Monument for Chelsea: A Sculpture of Chelsea Manning • John Reardon

THINKING ON SUNDAY

14 July	15.00–16.30	The Return of Race Science • Angela Saini
28 July	15.00–16.30	Fabulosa! The Story of Polari, Britain’s Secret Gay Language • Paul Baker

THINKING ON MONDAY

15 July	19.30–21.00	Why Diets Don’t Work – and Other Myths About Food • Pixie Turner
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COURSES

3–5 July		London School of Philosophy Summer School 2019 Philosophical Questions: What? How? Why?
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[conwayhal lethical society](https://www.facebook.com/conwayhal lethical society)

September 2019

- 8th 6.30PM **Maggini Quartet** BEETHOVEN • BERKELEY • TCHAIKOVSKY
- 15th 5.30PM **Robert Hugill** • **FREE PRE-CONCERT TALK**
6.30PM **I Musicanti** BEETHOVEN
- 22nd 6.30PM **Tippett Quartet & Peter Cigleris** BENJAMIN • DURRANT • BRAHMS
- 29th 6.30PM **Delta Piano Trio** HAYDN • VASKS • CORIGLIANO • BRAHMS

October

- 6th 6.30PM **Piatti Quartet & Simon Callaghan**
TURINA • BRAHMS • SHOSTAKOVICH
- 13th 6.30PM **Trio Concertante** BEETHOVEN • SHOSTAKOVICH • BRAHMS
- 20th 5.30PM **Peter Quantrill** • **FREE PRE-CONCERT TALK**
6.30PM **Chamber Philharmonic Europe** MOZART • JANÁČEK • BRAHMS
- 27th 5.30PM **Royal College of Music musicians** • **FREE PRE-CONCERT RECITAL**
6.30PM **Timothy Ridout & Jâms Coleman** GLINKA • SHOSTAKOVICH • FRANCK

November

- 3rd 6.30PM **Camerata Alma Viva** MOZART • HANDEL • KABALEVSKY • MONTI
- 10th 5.30PM **Robert Hugill** • **FREE PRE-CONCERT TALK**
6.30PM **Rosetti Ensemble** MOZART • BRIDGE • DEBUSSY • SCHUMANN
- 17th 5.30PM **Royal College of Music musicians** • **FREE PRE-CONCERT RECITAL**
6.30PM **Carducci Quartet** MOERAN • BORODIN • DVOŘÁK
- 24th 6.30PM **Linos Piano Trio** BEETHOVEN • MENDELSSOHN • RAVEL

December

- 1st 6.30PM **Fizwilliam Quartet & Simon Callaghan**
HAYDN • BEETHOVEN • ELGAR
- 8th 5.30PM **Robert Hugill** • **FREE PRE-CONCERT TALK**
6.30PM **Arcis Saxophone Quartet**
REICH • DVOŘÁK • BERNSTEIN • BARBER • GERSHWIN
- 15th 5.30PM **Royal College of Music musicians** • **FREE PRE-CONCERT RECITAL**
6.30PM **Piatti Quartet** SUK • SHOSTAKOVICH • SCHUBERT • **SEASON FINALE**