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Synthetic Man

by Ajax

Are you a synthetic man?

I took the question round to my friend Johnson the other evening, but he is a Public School man; he only stared rudely.

"Synthetic man!" he said. "What the Hell is that?"

The phrase, however, stuck in my mind. I tried it upon all my friends, male and female; I even approached the League; but nowhere could I obtain enlightenment. Some suggested reference to Mrs. Pankhurst, to Aleister Crowley, the poet; others merely stood me a drink.

"Rot!" they growled. . . .