

Havelock Ellis: Heretic

By Ernest Boyd

LITTLE ESSAYS OF LOVE AND VIRTUE

HOWEVER irritating the imbecilities of moral censors of the arts may be, it is fortunate that these people are not intelligent. Instead of wasting most of their time over the advertisements in "La Vie Parisienne" and the naive nudities of picture postcard makers, they might be engaged in suppressing the serious exposition of modern ideas in those fields which are the peculiar anxiety of puritans.

Then, we should lose not only an occasional work of fantasy like "Jurgens" but the philosophical writings of Remy de Gourmont and Havelock Ellis, and of all these who have succeeded in dissociating the ideas upon which the current cant of civilization reposes. The six volumes of "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" it is true, are procurable only in this country, having been deemed too impure for the ears of Havelock Ellis's compatriots, but the rest of his work has passed unchallenged.

It is not necessary to prove that one is a lawyer, a clergyman or a member of any of those professions which carry with them the privilege of obtaining books which the Anglo-Saxon mind defines as lewd; it is not necessary to whisper to complaisant dealers in pornography in order to procure the writings of Havelock Ellis, which are so largely a reiteration and constant preaching of the philosophy of sex expounded in those six technical volumes. Clearly, if professional moralists knew their business, it is to these subtle onslaughts on Methodist virtue that they would direct their attention.

There is more treason to their ideals in one essay in "Impressions and Comments" than in a whole act of "The Demi-Virgin," wherein our gaze is supposed to be offended by a few girls attired in the underwear so liberally depicted and described in every daily newspaper. Indeed, as I now recall it, in the first volume of "Impressions and Comments" there are two characteristic discussions of precisely that situation which aroused protest some time ago against Avery Hopwood's farce.

IN THIS new book of his Havelock Ellis is as subversive as ever. With all the learning, the charm of style, the force of keen dignified reasoning, which makes his work the reflection of a completely civilized mind, he very gently overturns all the idols of the stupidly conventional. His subjects include "The Meaning of Purity," "The Objects of Marriage," "The Love-Rights of Women" and "The Play-

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Function of Sex," and with such daring and skill does he discuss them that he presents his case unanswerably without giving his opponents the slightest pretext for suppressing the book—their usual resort in such circumstances.

At the same time he is, I need hardly say, absolutely free from that tiresome patter of the radical uplifter which makes the average work on these topics intolerable to all but the most unsophisticated readers. He does not confuse contraceptives and evangelical Christianity, nor does he produce pseudo-scientific erotica after the manner of certain gifted sex experts on this side of the Atlantic.

The essay on purity offers some delectable facts for the consideration of those who usually hold forth platonically on this theme.

"The activity of sex is an activity generated by the complicated mechanism of the ductless glands and displayed in the whole organism, physical and psychic, of the individual, who cannot abolish the activity, so that purity cannot be the abolition of sex, but the indefinite suspension of sexual manifestations. The sexual activities of the organism are not mere responses to stimulation, as if we choose to apply no stimulus, never troubling us if we run away from them, but a part of our life, as the indefinite suspension of sex is a part of our life."

It would be difficult to find a more concise statement of the whole case against that barbarous conception of purity and morality which is at the basis of all puritanism. Equally effective is the chapter on marriage with its analysis of the mere animalism of the anti-birth control attitude towards the purpose of marriage. Nature has taken millions of years to evolve man, "to raise the human species above the helplessness of the lower animals," but Ellis points out that the people who oppose the liberation of marriage from that bondage "are at the animal stage still. They have yet to learn the A B C of love."

He pillories one of their leading spokesmen in England, the Anglican Bishop of Southwark, who denounced birth-control, which action Havelock Ellis describes as "the attitude of a handful of Pharisees seeking to thrust the bulk of mankind into Hell." All this, because they cannot distinguish between the primary and the secondary end of marriage, secondary functions in human evolution being frequently more important than primary, as the author previously explains by illustrations.

THERE is a nice touch of sly humor in the essay on "Husbands and Wives," in which the distinction is drawn between man as a human being and man as a husband. In the latter role he is "involuntarily, even unconsciously, following an ancient tradition and taking his place in a procession of husbands which began long ages before he was born." In the home man is "thrust by ancient tradition into a position of sovereignty," he becomes "a celestial body," around which all the other inmates are revolving satellites. Hence, there is a profound truth in the old joke that wives little know what their husbands do outside the home. The woman who knows her spouse mainly as a husband "may be unable to form any just idea of what he is like as a man."

The reverse side of the conflict of the sexes is treated in "The Love-Rights of Women," which is a charming dissertation in refutation of the thesis, beautifully explained by Lord Acton when he declared that, "happily for society," the supposition that women possess sexual feelings could be put aside as "a vile aspersion." Ellis congratulates the women on their skill in playing up to the contradictory masculine ideals of virtue and vice, so that they are usually obliged to simulate coldness or passion, as the needs of the individual man require, but can rarely give free play to their natural emotions.

The corollary to this chapter is in the essay on "Play Function of Sex," with its demonstration of the lack of "erotic personality," especially in the English-speaking race, where the art of love is viewed askance as something even more terrible than alcohol. Why it is not entirely prohibited only the moralists can explain. But to do them justice they have involved it in such a mass of idiotic fears, repressions and distortions that love has been largely reduced to the level of one-half of 1 per cent, or to that of synthetic booze. And it is because of that achievement and crowning glory of conventional morality that Havelock Ellis has forged in this excellent little book another weapon in his campaign for a civilized society.

Choosing Vocations

PREPARING FOR THE WORLD'S WORK. Isaac Dighton. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. THIS book is an introduction to the study of the field and the choosing of a vocation. It is fitted primarily to the minds of children of the sixth grade, but it is well suited to the seventh grade and to the demands of continuation schools. In it children meet geographical and commercial conditions controlling trade in all parts of the world, and also the possibilities of earning a livelihood in various lines of effort near home. A sense of responsibility to native land and of honor to fellow-citizens is emphasized wisely. This seems to be a good book to place in the hands of the boy or the girl who must decide big problems at an early hour in life.



Max Beerbohm—a caricature by Bohun Lynch, from "Max Beerbohm in Perspective," the first comprehensive study of the incomparable Max's prose and pictures which has yet appeared. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York.

The Turnstile

By Peregrine Pickle

WHAT have become of the copies of James Joyce's "Ulysses," published by Shakespeare & Co., in Paris? We sent our check some weeks ago and we have been anxiously awaiting our copy with every mail. We said "our check," but we meant we purchased a draft, unfortunately, just after the franc went up from about six cents to nearly 10. We lost about \$5 by that jump, and now it looks as though we have lost more than that and "Ulysses" besides. We can stand the loss in money with equanimity, because we have never had enough money for it to mean much in our lives, but we don't want to lose "Ulysses." We consider it one of the great literary achievements of the age.

Constant Reader wrote a piece about Thomas Lovell Beddoes in "The Literary Review" which whetted our literary appetite so much that we dashed about to various book stores trying to pick up a copy. Terence Holliday said he didn't have a copy of Beddoes, but he had a very beautiful new English edition of some Restoration Comedies. We bought that; but we wanted Beddoes. Finally we located on the shelves at Stechert's a copy of the complete works of Beddoes, bound in a single volume. Our heart palpitated when we discovered the name of Bryant Procter on the flyleaf and a number of annotations in the same handwriting. Procter is otherwise known as Harry Cornwall, the essayist. He was Beddoes's closest friend. We calmed ourselves and acted as though we didn't know whether we really wanted to buy it or not. We got it ridiculously cheap. That night we sat up reading "The Bride's Tragedy" and "Death's Jest-Book" until nearly 3 o'clock. There's a neglected genius for you. Beddoes is a neglected genius for you. We are deeply indebted to Constant Reader. We hope we can discover something for him some day.

THE other day we ran into Elinor Wylie. First time we have run into Miss Wylie. The meeting recalled to us the idea of an article we one time had in mind to write. It's an excellent idea and we don't know why we never wrote the article. It's an important, a striking, an overwhelming idea. Here it is: We'll skip Sappho, who we believe was very beautiful, and come down to somewhere around the beginning of the present century. At that time lady authors, all of them, were awful. Frumps, sticks, wallflowers, bean poles, pop-eyed, frowny, hideous! Jokes they were. Quite so. You could open a comic paper any time and enjoy the intense discomfiture of the poor fellow who at some party had got stung by drawing a "poetess." Any kind of an "intellectual female" got as much of a laugh as the comic Irishman, the talkative barber and the mother-in-law in those days. Somebody ought to follow out this matter and discover when the momentous change in the situation began to occur. Well, anyhow, look around to-day. Zona Gale, Jean Robert Foster, Faith Baldwin, Angela Morgan, Rosita Forbes, Aline Kilmer, Margaret Widdemer, Fannie Hurst—what's the use of going on? All women authors to-day are wonderfully beautiful.

Gerald Stanley Lee, who has been seen much around Gramercy Park recently, explains that he has much faith, so to put it, in the virtues of a double life. He pursues by turns, it seems, two quite distinct modes of existence. He would be both a perfect Northamptonian and a complete New Yorker. We have been wanting to meet Lawrence Mackall ever since we read that little book of his published by Stewart, Kidd & Co., called "Scrambled Eggs." It is, we think, one of the best pieces of sustained satire ever written by an American. It has bite and humor in it of an unusual sort. Old Art Fowell says that he and Mackall have been sidekicks for a great number of years and that he will get us together at lunch some time.

Under the pressure of this central theory many familiar metaphysical ideas crumble away. The author has little sympathy with the transcendentalism that has proved such an important element in the development of Eastern and Western philosophy. Transcendentalism, the effort to set up a standard of absolute moral values outside the limitations of human experience, impresses him as an unreal solution of philosophical difficulties, as a separation of morality and life. He also rejects the conception of thought and habit, mind and matter as opposing dualistic forces. He prefers to regard the relation between these elements as one of fusion and interpenetration. He especially resents the tendency to divorce thought from practical achievement. The moral and material progress of the world, in his opinion, is largely dependent upon the permeation of every sphere of human activity with controlled and disciplined intelligence.

PROFESSOR DEWEY backs away vigorously at the old theory of innate moral ideas. He frankly derives individual morality from habit and social morality from custom. The dependence of every individual, from infancy upward, upon social environment for his ideas and conduct is constantly emphasized. At first sight a morality derived from habit might seem to consign the human race to the domination of mechanized routine. But the author is careful to distinguish between routine and habit. He does not exclude habit from the play and operation of intelligence. In fact, he is inclined to criticize modern education on the ground of its rigidly authoritarian basis and its inability to stimulate mental adventurousness. No one is more enthusiastic over the possibilities of flexibility, change, experimentation and development as factors in the growth of human personality. The idea of free will is subjected to an unusually searching examination in the present book. The author feels that it implies three things—efficiency in action, capacity to vary plans and the power of desire and choice to be factors in events. He analyzes spurious conceptions of free will and shows how they fall short of the genuine realization of the ideal. Discussing the influence of the metaphysical conception of freedom upon actual life, especially in the realm of industrial relations, he reveals his tendency to take a pragmatic view of social and political problems. He professes an equal amount of amused skepticism about the capitalist who exalts the coercive power of the political state and denounces the tyranny of labor unions, and about the radical labor leader who reverses the process. This is a very characteristic viewpoint. Professor Dewey always insists that the institutions of government and society must be judged not by abstract theory, but by actual practice. A very important point is left for exposition in the last chapter. Going to the other extreme from the medieval hermit who was intent upon the saving of his own soul to the exclusion of everything else, the author lays down the theory that morality is essentially social, being based primarily upon man's relation to society. This idea is linked up with a further attack upon abstract theories of absolute right which refuse to concern themselves with the infinite complexities of human social relationships.

Dewey on Human Conduct

By W. H. Chamberlin

HUMAN NATURE AND CONDUCT, BY JOHN DEWEY. Published by Henry Holt & Co.

MOST individuals, acting more or less consciously under the influence of old psychological conceptions, regard habit as a product of will. Professor Dewey, developing a new theory of social and individual psychology, represents will as a consequence rather than as a creator of habit. An act, in his opinion, does not proceed from an ideal; on the contrary an ideal proceeds from the constant performance of an act. Professor Dewey's own theory about the importance of habit in shaping human conduct is expressed in the following extract from his introduction: "The book seriously sets forth a belief that habit combines in itself biological factors and social conditions, and that an understanding of habit and of different types of habit is the key to social psychology. The operation of impulse and intelligence gives the key to individualized mental activity. But the proposition set forth is that they are secondary to habit, so that individual mind can be understood in the concrete only as a system of beliefs, desires and purposes which are formed in the interaction of biological aptitudes with the environment."

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DEAR MR. RASCOE: Your "Bow and Blush" took my attention yesterday, moving me to write you about the value of your "suspicion" that literature is the highest of the arts. "Suspecting" that literature is the supreme form of art is less pleasant than being superlatively sure that it is. All forms of art are primarily forms of communication, and the best form of communication is that which can communicate most precisely the most valuable knowledge that is experientially obtainable. Only literature can thus communicate, therefore it is necessarily the best—"highest" form of art. All other forms are valuable as means of communication supplementary to literature. Most appreciatively.

Letters to the Editor

SIR: Much as I like your work I should like to annihilate you, Burton Rascoe, for saying that about Waldo Frank. It is because you don't "get" him, of course, and one can't censure you for that, especially when one feels as I do that he can be read as a contemporary like Sherwood Anderson. His novels seem a heritage, in a way, from his great-great-grandmothers and grandfathers—from a background that sends him seeking always and leaves the reader agitated with a tormenting restlessness.

I wonder if the reason you don't get him is because you are another of the young intellectuals who have become so fatuously intellectual as to have lost or to disdain all emotional perception. There's only one way to read Waldo Frank. It's rather like abandoning yourself to the anticipation of music, when you cut off all consciousness except your mood at the symphony. It's like letting in all the nuances of color, sound, feeling. Some passages are like groping in the deep gray valley, with thicker and thicker mists closing about you until they come so almost into you that you push at them with your hands—choking.

Perhaps you don't like to forget you are reading a book. Perhaps you would be ashamed to find yourself whispering to his people, utterly overwhelmed, not so much that you understand, but that they do. Perhaps the mood drifts aren't coherent to you. Then one can only feel sad for you. There is, in "The Dark Mother" especially, an emotional penetration so finely distilled, so potent, so almost destructive in its sweep and incision that it leaves me numb. Perhaps some people get it from religious exaltation—this being completely removed from the rational processes of critical thought, and dissolved into mood rhapsodies, that change and shade and move, but remain inarticulate, because they are too poignant to mutilate by setting up words about them, for some iconoclast

to knock over like ten-pins, for a moment's sport. BERNADINE SZOLD.

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See America

FORGO GUIDES. NO. 1. THE PACIFIC COAST. Published by the Dutton Travel Publishing Company. \$1.25. THIS little book, shaped to slip into an inside coat pocket, opens with general advice to foreigners and makes Americans as to travel in this country—passports, hotels, railroad rates—sleeping cars, time changes, etc. Then it takes up the general geographical and physical sections of the Pacific Coast, from Seattle to Los Angeles, and explains the symbolism involved in the use of certain words and phrases. It is a rather alluring study, that of the cause forms in this booklet, for it gives one a beginning of comprehension of the profundity of Oriental poetry.

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