FEBRUARY FOOLOSOFY

A Stink Bug Soliloquy	Boss Evergreen
The Day of Love (Poem)	Edward Earle Purinton
Sayings of	Diogones Teufelsdroch
Jealousy (Poem)	G. B. C.
Pitch Hot from the	Boss Evergreen
I Saw Clancy : Sunday Slush Habit : Etc.	
The Quest for Health	Alice M. Long
A Symposium of Sound Views	Evergreens
An Evergreen Fasting	B. E.
Rules for Longevity	*A la* Rullison
What Is Purity? (Sex Series, XX)	Theo. Schroeder

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SOUNDVIEW

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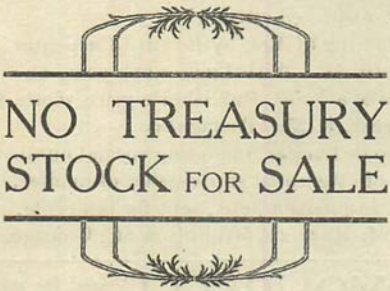

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Continued on next page

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All THINKERS are invited to our 1907 feast. Are you one of them?

This is in addition to the regular "Heavy" editorials by the Boss and the Em-Bossed Evergreen!

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"SOUNDVIEW" FOR 1907

SOUNDVIEW

Vol. VII FEBRUARY, 1907 No. 2

A Stink Bug Soliloquy

MY soul is surging with emotions, my brain is on fire with unbidden thots, but my hand refuses to write. I see a poor "stink bug" vainly seeking an outlet from my window. Now he goes back and forth — coming in contact with a sash he turns and tries it in the opposit direction only to be met with a similar obstacle. Finally he loses his foot hold and drops into a spider's web. Here he is subjected to additional trials, and his struggles to free himself are pitiable in the extreme. But nothing daunted he proceeds to extricate himself and again reaches the high road to nowhere, pursuing the same tactics as before, until he again drops into the net of the spider. ¶ How like unto the life and daily activities of the

human "stink bug," but with odds in favor of the insect! For hasn't he wings with which to soar above his little difficulties, and doesn't he lack the handicap of a thinking apparatus with which to punish himself by reflections as to the possible nothingness of the future and the utter meaninglessness of the present! His whole life is made up of activities which are absolutely necessary to his existence, and the fact that he gets nowhere bothers him not a bit. He has no family cares, he is not disturbed by the inequalities arising from, or the unjust practises of, a "stink-bug" government, is not agitated by a desire for socialism, anarchism or any other ism, nor is he pestered by the female side of the house insisting upon her "rights" and a separate treasury for the hoardings of a household. The chances are that the "servant problem" causes very little worriment on the part of Mrs. "Stink-bug." Being of a somewhat oderiferous nature himself it is likely that the strong smell arising from rotten city (and other) governments affects him but little. It makes little difference to him whether the tree of life is a seedling or a "graft"—it is all good. In fact he's a sort of mental scientist. Possessing but little brain capacity he naturally and readily arrives at the

conclusion that he's *all mind*—he's IT! But to the human species!

¶ Like the bug aforementioned man is parading back and forth within his limited domain, now and then butting his head against some impediment and occasionally dropping into some spider's web. He knows little of his past, less of his present and nothing of his future. His main occupation is an effort to make life endurable, and in doing so often renders the lives of others unendurable. He speaks, and in proportion as he *says something* will he be misunderstood; he does something, and if that act is of moment to himself and the entire human race, his actions are misinterpreted and misrepresented—he is ostracized from "good society," if, indeed, he does not suffer the deprivation of his liberty or his life; his ambitions are thwarted, his aspirations are withered and destroyed by a sordid, money-grabbing civilization, and his ideals are shattered by contact with a stony-hearted age; the more sensitiv he is to the sufferings of his fellow-creatures and the more concerned he is for their welfare, the greater unhappiness he experiences. On the other hand, the nearer he approaches the real "stink bug" existence the less he suffers by reason of his very lim-

itations.

¶ Oh, what a cruel, what a lonely old world it is! How cold it is on the mountain top of the ideal—how warm and inviting it is in the valley of forgetfulness and indulgence! Is it any wonder that men resist reform, that they flee from the fulminations of a faddist as from a pest? Is it surprizing that the efforts of a Savior were met with crucifixion? Why do we marvel that, "where ignorance is bliss" men do not struggle to gain wisdom? Even the wisest are not so *very* knowing, and they are never quite certain of what they do "know." Don't I *know*, for am I not *wise*? But what the devil am I writing for if not to express my *un*wisdom?

¶ But is there no compensation for this struggle for a broader outlook, for this voluntary estrangement from the great army of human "stink-bugs," for this knowledge that only serves to enlarge and make darker the great fields of the unknown, for the "wisdom" that is "folly"? Yes, there are a thousand compensations. Were it not so the world were indeed a chaos and all life and activity of no avail. With the capacity for greater suffering goes the capacity for a more intensified form of happiness. I may be in the depths of de-

pression to-day, but to-morrow such joy may be mine as the dwellers in the valley can never know. From the hights I can see the activities below and know of their inability to satisfy, but the avenues of enjoyment are limited. With a broader sweep of vision comes more opportunities; the loss of one thing does not destroy utterly our interest in life. Realizing the weakness and limitations of human nature, much is not expected, hence the disappointments are not so grievous. The ideal is never realized, truth is never captured, good is never unadulterated, heaven is never reacht — the struggle to attain and the strength generated in the effort is our reward. We are in truth, as in name, "Evergreen" — the supremest wisdom is to know that you *don't* know, the greatest evidence of sanity is to realize and acknowledge your *in*sanity.

¶ Be of good cheer, there is yet more to learn! Be happy in your discontent, there is hope of better things! Weep not, there are more worlds (of wisdom) to conquer! To him that hath knowledge shall be given, to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he *thinks* he possesses (revised version!). Long live the Evergreens! Avaunt, thou "stink bug"!

BOSS EVERGREEN

The Day of Love

Vast as the sun in the sweep of its cycle
Sure as the stars that forever shine on
Sweeter than psalms of the angels at vesper
Clearer than dewdrops, that gleam — and are gone
Spanning the sum of celestial creation
Deigning however my heart's celebration
Witness, O Love, this but faint revelation
How your face follows me hither and yon.

Over the hills in the grey of the morning
Quivers the sunlight in Nature's caress
Leaping and pulsing with power for doing
Points to the zenith — nor tarries for less
Hither my Soul with its vaulting ambition
Swiftly approaches its fullest fruition
Led by the dawn to the hight of its mission —
Dawn of the Love that your eyes how confess!

Then when the glare of the sun grows relentless
Armament rattles and guerdonry grips
All of my being for conflict that leaves me
Shorn of the zest whence my courage equips
Then for a potion to keep me requiring
More of the fray with a strength never-tiring
Let me drink deep Love's elixir inspiring —
Drained from the fiery noon of your lips!

Shadows are creeping and twilight is falling
Darkness descends, and the silence thereof
Hangs like the shrouding of death close upon me
Blackness about and beneath and above
Dimly I grope thru the dusk — until turning
Back to my childhood, once more to be learning
You are my Mother. And this is my yearning —
Soothe me to sleep on your breast, O my Love.

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON

Sayings of Diogones Teufelsdroch

HOSTS! There are a thousand-million walking the earth openly at noon-tide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

These Limbs, whence had we them; this life-blood, with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our Me; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh.

Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries; believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

" Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action."

" Do the duty which lies nearest thee "; thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man.

Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest; here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters it whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic?

O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, " here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!

Jealousy

Thy birth-place, *perdition!* —
Child of the Devil,—
Thou'rt here, on a mission
Pregnant with evil;
And playest thy part too
Surpassingly well,
Outstripping by far
Most foul demons of Hell!

When once thou hast taken
Possession of mind,—
To ev'ry right action
Thy vision is blind!
The man or the woman,
In such condition,
The brightest of virtues
Views with suspicion.

Thou bringest distress,
Where joys dwelt before,
And where thou pollutest,
Sweet peace comes no more! —
As when one approachest
The famed Upas tree,—
Destruction results from
A contact with thee.

Away from the Earth,
O, thou tormenting curse! —
Seeing good things as bad,
And making bad worse
Hence to thy Plutonian home,
And evermore dwell,
With spirits congenial,—
Foul Demons of Hell! G. B. C.

Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen

I SAW Clancy the other day. Who's Clancy? Oh, he's one of the main guys in the firm of Ward, Heeler & Co., dealers in dives, dead-beats, dope-fiends, democrats and dance-hall girls, etc. Oh, yes, he's a very bad man, no doubt, no doubt! But he had a kindly look on his face, and spoke so gently to a little girl who offered to divide her candy with him, that I would never have known it was the celebrated Clancy if a friend standing near had not told me, as he moved across the street and disappeared in a saloon (he came out of one).

¶ But why did he look so kindly and speak so gently? Was it mere hypocrisy? No, my friend, don't

think you have a monopoly on all the good points bound up in limp leather and labeled human being — not so, our despised brother, Clancy, may have a few that you are a stranger to. Remember, deckle edge paper is even more popular, even regarded as more artistic by some, than the smoothly trimmed variety. Perhaps Clancy is on the deckle edge plan — I don't know, do you? Anyway, if I needed help I wouldn't hesitate to go to Clancy — the man with that kindly look and gentle voice, and he wouldn't inquire if I belonged to his lodge or affiliated with his church, or even insist that I drink as much beer or whiskey as he may consume, before putting his hand in his pocket and supplying my needs! Oh, none of us is *all* bad, even if some of us are not so very good!

¶ No, I'm not approving of what Clancy does — he doesn't sin the way *I* do — but I fear many of us are guilty of the supremest of all sins — hatred and contempt for those who are not sinning in accordance with our particular code of dishonor! We are all more or less helpless in the grim grip of fate and circumstance — it is just as impossible for the fellow who fulminates against sin to escape from this tendency as it is for the fellow against whom he is

preaching, to "elevate" himself to the proud dignity of a critic of others' faults. I'm not quite so sure which is the better, the one who sins and says nothing as the one who talks so much against sinners he hasn't any time to sin!

¶ That greatest of Americans, Benjamin Franklin, who had so much capacity to sin that he couldn't use it all up a-sinning, so had to do a little philosophizing, said in one of his letters to a friend: "Remember how many even of our duties providence has arranged to be naturally pleasures; and that she has had the further kindness to give the name of sins to several, so that we may enjoy them with more relish."

¶ So, why should we blame the sinner unduly for doing the things which he can do with most relish? We can only regret that he does things to destroy his usefulness in some more preferable direction, and endeavor to lead him to see the error of his ways.

¶ But I am getting off my subject, which was Clancy, and here let me say that Clancy is a class. However, this particular Clancy is not unknown to fame, thru the columns of the sewer press, which of itself is a strong count in his favor, seeing that he is usually condemned therein. But is Clancy entirely at fault? Did

you ever consider that there wouldn't be any Clancy if there were not a great many people looking for him? He preys upon the weakness of human nature, you say? Well, aren't there others? Some of us think the preachers "pray" more than one *one* spelling of it. They appeal to a "weakness" in human nature, surely. But why commiserate only *one* kind of weakness? Clancy wouldn't "take advantage" of the weakness of his fellows if he was *all* strength himself. He has a weakness to utilize the weakness of others, perhaps! At least that's what the papers say.

¶ But Clancy wore a green hat the day I saw him, and that, you may be sure, excuses some faults in the wearer. We might add (with considerable truth, so "they" say) that that green hat "covers a multitude of sins"! I don't know whether he wears it because he is Irish or Evergreen, but in any event it materially modified whatever harsh feeling had been generated by reading the piratical political papers. "Clancy the cutthroat" was the picture one gets of him thru that avenue of information known as the partizan press, but so far as I can see he is simply doing, by personal appeal and the judicious distribution of drinks, what the newspapers are attempting to do — influence

voters — for which they are both well paid.

¶ All human beings are subject to just three influences — I challenge you to point out any more — heredity, environment and individual initiativ. Most people submit meekly and lazily to the first two, and here is where crime commences, and here is where the Clancys are hatcht out. We do the things which seem easiest and for which we have a tendency. Clancy adopts the role of political boss because he is best adapted for that work, while Matthews puts on a pious air and a prince Albert and pounds the pulpit for pay. There isn't such a broad chasm between a political boss and a religious boss — they both bank on a "weakness" to pull the shekels their way, each is a leader in his own domain, and quite usually they both vote the same ticket and use their influence for the same crowd of "grafters." One tries to put "the lid" on and the other kicks it off. Both have kindly faces and each has a gentle voice. There is none perfect — even Evergreens have their faults! Let us not judge too harshly, even Clancy!

¶ Don't get disheartened, deary, because the world is not quite up to your standard of excellence, or be-

cause some people don't seem to swing speedily into your view of things! This is only the morning of the seventh day of creation at best, and we must leave some things to the man that comes on the stage at the eleventh hour, or he'll be dreadfully disappointed that there is nothing for him to do! Oh, no, the world is not yet a finished product, and I guess we'll feel mighty lonesome and lazy when it is. Heaven help us!

❧

¶ The principal business of legislatures is to increase salaries of present officials, create new positions with encouraging emoluments, establish all sorts of institutions and commissions, take grafts, make appropriations, adjourn semi-frequently, draw salaries, draw poker, elect senators with piles, and to hell with anyone who can't support a lobby to look after that bill for their "relief." Nothing but personal pulls has any show in a legislativ body.

❧

¶ Yes, yes, this little purveyor of "Greens" is growing. As a proof of its rapidly swelling subscription list (and the consequent enlargement of the B. E's head) We have only to cite you to its growing popularity in "Our Town"—excuse me, I mean neighborhood!

The increase in the past year has been over four hundred per cent — we had one subscriber and we now have five, with the promise of another! Oh, we're just going to kick that "bushel" over soon, and let our light fairly dazzle the world! Better order some "green" goggles!

❧

¶ Fame is tugging at the traces of every life — sorrow, disappointment, thwarted plans, all are uniting to arouse from a state of numbness and inactivity to a state of inspiration to great achievements.

❧

¶ The Greeks believed their Gods to be even as men, with passions and weaknesses, and their religious festivals consisted in thoro abandonment to the joys of excess and indulgences, a breaking away from the restraints under which every-day life held them. In this they were unlike the "believers" of to-day who set apart one day in the week to be good, and abandon themselves on the other six days to indulgences.

❧

¶ No one can write for posterity who has not surrendered all ambition, who has not given up all hopes of earthly gain and renounced absolutely all thot of

greatness. We are supremely curst with an army of ink-incinerators, pencil pushers and type-writer tinkers who write only for popularity and who pander to sensation-lovers and gossip-peddlers with a view to securing the greatest remuneration for their supply of vile stuff, improperly called literature.

❧

¶ Then there is the sewer press and its horde of sensation breeders and crime creators who write for its columns. And these purveyors of putrescence grow apace, their proprietors waxeth fat on the income from those who grab for gruesome details, silly sentimentalism and rotten rubbish. Their ordinary Sunday editors are playing close to the century mark — the last one I saw said it had 86 pages! What a feast for the feverish, foggy, befuddled brain of the average civilizarian as he arises from his fitful slumber and partakes of his cup of coffee with canned cream!

❧

¶ What an inspiration to high thinking and clean living is a day's drowzing over a modern mess of "news!" What a boom for "Our Town"—the insane asylum! Is there an Evergreen that has the Sunday Sewer Slush habit? If so be ashamed, and take to drink,

gambling or gluttony as an improvement!

¶ It is needless to say that such stuff is not for posterity — it is distinctly for *the day only.* True it is an indication of the tenor of the times, but it is in no sense truth, for it is printed to please and pander to passions and prejudices, and represents the worst features of our civilization. It voices the low deceit, the cunning, the hypocricy, the dishonesty, the frivolity, the falsity, — the shoddy, the vainglorious, the boastful — the grossness of our age. If this is what you want you can get it in the literature(?) of the day.

¶ But Evergreens are not pleased with this bill of fare — their appetites require something purer, cleaner, truer, more inspiring. They don't find their mental food in the sewer. They look higher and they do not look in vain.

¶ There are some fearless souls to-day speaking to their kind, and whose writings will live. There are a few bright, sparkling streamlets pouring their purifying waters into the great river of literary slush. The utterances of these philosophers and interpreters of human nature are permeating the upper strata of humanity, and are making a distinct impress on the age. Still the great struggle for show goes merrily on,

but it's merely a surface indication, let us hope.

¶ Col. Blatherskite, of the Seattle Daily Tirade, is much disturbed by the verdict given in the famous Thompson case, in which young Thompson was acquitted of the murder of Judge Emory on the ground of insanity. The Colonel's ravings would readily be accepted as evidence of insanity in case the said editor of the Tirade should ever be brought into court for murder. It is a wonder he did not think of this when he elevated young Mitchell to the positon of a hero for killing Creffield. But he had no friends, so he deserved to be murdered!

The philosopher is the wise man. He thinks much; writes some; talks less. He loves nature, children and simplicity. He gradually withdraws from the artificial world, and turns to art, and becomes artless. He scents the perfume of the flowers, listens to the music of the trees and brooks, watches the drifting skies, and is lost in the perspective of the stars. He is happy because he is not artificial. His temper is sweet because he is philosophical. His stature is grand because he is growing heavenward.—*Webster Edgerly.*

The Quest for Health

DISEASE is defined as distress, discomfort or lack of ease. These abnormal conditions are produced, for the most part, by the various adverse emotions and, this being true, disease may be to a great extent avoided by refraining from indulgence in these emotions and by the observance of the laws of hygiene.

Let us cease, then, in our search for disease and take up the quest of health. One of the first steps in this direction is an observation of the healthy man and woman. We have too long spent our energies in studying dead and diseased bodies and have given too little thot to correct breathing, exercising, eating, drinking, sleeping,

thinking, etc.

Why should we care to know what constitutes disease, if, by obedience to nature's laws we may possess health. Who has ever heard of a florist dissecting an old withered plant in order to learn the needs of a growing one?

Health, not disease, holds for us the secret which will make us better men and women.

In our quest for health we should not overlook the fact that we must attain self-control. Long lived persons generally do not worry. Healthy men and women do not often give way to anger. Those mentally and physically strong are not subject to fear-thots, but maintain their self-poise during great crises.

Where and how shall we find health? In our own homes, by sane living. we have a health resort even in our own beings, greater than which can not be found in all the world-famed places, greater than millions can buy.

Think health, and both mind and body functions will graciously respond. Act health, and we shall soon feel the rich red blood tingling in every vein and the step gaining elasticity. Live health, and we shall see in the mirror sparkling eyes, cheeks glowing with color, lips smiling with gladness, while over and above all we shall realize the crowning glory of mastership attained only by those who have found health of mind, body and soul.

ALICE M. LONG
Author of "My Lady Beautiful"

A Symposium of Sound Views

THE rewards of a pure life are unlimited, as are the sorrows of a life of sin.— *W. E. Maxcy.*

THAT Society or nation is the greatest where the highest truths are manifest and practist in the daily life.— *Sat Chitananda.*

MORALITY is the detachable shirt-front of a spiritual pauper. Be not deceived by the gloss on the dickey.— *Edward Earle Purinton.*

If I had my way I would reverse the present order and open all the churches six days of the week and put a school-marm in them, closing them the other day for rest and recreation.— *Wm. Scales.*

Thru agitation all progress is attainable. Doubt, not faith, is the savior of our race. Because we doubt we question, and questioning is agitation, and agitation is the channel thru which the world is blest in all directions.— *John P. Thorndyke.*

USE is growth— misuse is abortion. Wonder what's

the shape, color, perfume, condition and habitation of the aborted soul? Wonder if the abortion of some render more beautiful the completion of (some) others? If so, where should then be the habitation of the rounded-out souls? Oh, Judas, methinks you are not far removed from The Christ! After all, without you, where would history be? — *Maud A. Thorndyke.*

The Govenor of the State (who has not the least conception of governing himself) with others of his class spoke here yesterday in one of the parks.

What a confusion of tongues.

The God of Baal is in possession. The God of Jehovah is struggling for position. And the God of Confusion is bringing about the transformation.

A great satisfaction to witness the world move! — *J. E. Rullison.*

An Evergreen Fasting

ONE of the Royal Evergreens, Dr. J. E. Rullison, well known to the readers of this magazine, is enjoying a fast. One of the daily papers in his home town, Toledo, O., interviewed Dr. Rullison on the 34th day of his fast, from which account we extract a few

facts for consideration of our readers.

¶ During all this time not a particle of food, solid or liquid, passed his lips.

¶ "What's the use of eating? What's the use of breaking this fast when happiness, strength, power, harmony and satisfaction, without any material inconvenience to the physical body, exists?"

¶ "A person at the age of 15 years has taken enuf food to sustain the body for 100 years. The greatest drunkenness in the world is food drunkenness."

¶ "People eat more than they require. They take so much food material that they are gorged. The normal human stomach holds less than a pint. Yet people stuff themselves and dilate the stomach six or seven times its size. The result is they are food drunk and stupid, which causes sleep."

¶ "Sleep is the method nature takes to stop a man from filling his stomach. Nature says; 'I'll lay him away for eight or ten hours, so he can't eat.'"

¶ Thru the abolishment of unneeded food , I have reached a point where I require only one hour's sleep, in which I am self-conscious. No one could enter the room without my knowledge."

¶ The paper in commenting on Dr. Rullison's appear-

ance says he shows no signs of physical weakness, and that his skin is clear and smooth, eyes bright and face glowing with health. He was in fine physical condition at the time of the interview, and the week before he had run and walked 12 miles to his Michigan farm, doing hard work the next day. He claims he knows no exhaustion and stands ready to tire out an ordinary well fed man.

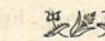
¶ " Equalize the four elements, and we are in tune with the universe. Life will be lengthened in proportion to the equalization of these elemental forces. The ideal equalization will bring eternal life, an immortality in the flesh."

¶ Dr. Rullison predicts that the stomach will be retired and we will live on air and water. The life-giving properties in air, Dr. Rullison maintains, can not be appreciated as long as the present methods of dress continue. He has discarded all undercloth-ing, even in the bitter winter weather, and wears nothing but outside garments during business hours. "Let the air next to your body — there is warmth in air," he says.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRK — "GRAFTER"

Rules for Longevity
A LA RULLISON

¶ Fasted 34 days, and only fairly started.
¶ Has lived on air and water.
¶ Teaspoonful of water taken every three or five days.
¶ Sleep but one hour in 24.
¶ Walk barefooted for several miles each night before retiring.
¶ Length of life to be doubled and trebled by equalization of elemental forces.
¶ Stomach will be retired and life sustained on air and water.



To study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
— *Shakespeare*

A Sex Symposium

XX

What Is Purity? — A Study of Sex Over-Valuation

By THEO. SCHROEDER
Member of the New York Bar, Author and Lecturer

" Modesty is only the invention of refined voluptuousness "
— Helvetius (about A. D. 1751)

PART TWO

THE much admired Frances Willard among many good things said this: " It is better to stir a question without deciding it, than to decide a question without stirring it." In the matter of social purity practically everyone has decided what is pure without ever having spent one minute in an effort at the Judicial weighing of evidence. My aim is

primarily to stir the question, and so far as possible to compel moral rationalizing instead of moral sentimentalizing. The precise condition is that the ultra-purist's overvaluation of the criminality of unauthorized indulgence, when not mere paroting, is probably due to the same sexual hyperaestheticism which makes of other persons avowed sensualists.

Since our modern extreme purist is a near kin, and a sort of lineal descendant of the ascetic saint of the dark ages we must first take a look at his condition. That he was the victim of an almost overwhelming sex-torment, is apparent to every student of sexual psychopathy, conversant with the facts. In the unexpurgated mental output of these monks, sensual allegory, pathologically sex-centered attention, and erotic hallucinations, were the rule. So excessiv were their sex-cravings and the consequent over-estimation of the sex evil, that they could conceive of no possibility of postmortem exaltation except thru sex suppression, the achievement of which, therefore, justified every cruelty and crime. All civic virtues, family ties and human obligations were repudiated and denounced when they interfered with the saintly asceticism.

Those familiar with the awful resulting acts of brutality, can offer but one explanation, and that is the sad

one of sex-madness, (erotophobia). Here we can give space to but one evidentiary admission of the awful sensual obsession of these saints. We reproduce a few words from St. Jerome, of the fourth century: " I who, from fear of Hell, had condemned myself to such a prison, and whose only companions were scorpions and wild beasts, yes, even then, I often thot myself surrounded by a choir of beautitul girls, charming me with their songs and dances. Whilst my face was pale from fasting, and my emaciated body was cold as a corpse, my soul yet burnt with desires and boiled with the flame of lust. Therefore, when all other help failed, I threw myself at the feet of Jesus, I washed them in tears, I wiped them with the hair of my head, and I subjugated my rebellious flesh by fasting, week after week. Day and night, I cried aloud, nor ceased to beat upon my breast until the Lord rebuked me and I became calm again." This and abundant similar admissions, amount to a demonstration that the voluptuary and the ascetic are both victims of the same diseased over sexing. Persons of blunted sex-sensibilities never esteem sex suppression any great virtue, because for them, it requires little sacrifice or effort. Indifference to sex precludes the establishment of sex cults. Here we are considering only those ascetics and purists who are

such because of serious subjective conditions and not by mere thotless imitation. For the former, sex-torments must always be abnormally intense, and their inadequate sex-gratification or total sex-suppression is therefore such an immeasurable sacrifice, that they esteem it a self crucifixion, and the most important of all virtues because they desire a praise proportionate to the extravagant estimate of their loss.

Over valued sex-importance cannot be associated in the same persons with sex indifference. Erotophobia and erotomania are each but acute manifestations or products of extreme sexual hyperaestheticism and are alike in impurity. The ulrta purists of today, with but a very slight change, could endorse the ideals of the ascetic. Are we not warranted then, in assuming the cause to be the same sex-madness differing only in the degree of its acuteness?

No man today could receive the recognition of decent people, who would boast himself so degenerate that he could not, with safety to his continence, view the face of his sister or mother. That is precisely what the most conspicuous saints did, and yet, innumerable people of ostentatious " purity," deliver themselves of sentimental laudation of these salacious monks. Some ultra-purists of today, all but confess to even greater indecency, if we

assume that they judge others by themselves, when they fear the seducing power of an oil painting, or of a nude statue of cold marble.

Animals and millions of humans, still close to nature, view all of their kind, unadorned by concealing robes, yet without excitement. What but our persistent sex-overvaluation, compels so many " pure " people to admit themselves in these particulars to be more lascivious than brutes and barbarians? Is it not time that such unhealthy lusts cease to be the standards by which those not so afflicted, are to be judged " impure "?

Sexual hyperaestheticism is the common foundation for the sensualism of prudes and ascetics, the salacity of the debauchee, the most revolting sexual perversions, and the most intense religious enthusiasms. It is because of this, that these several conditions are so readily interchangeable, and so uniformly found thriving together in the same conditions.

Among the early Christian Fathers, " even the very harlots " were often converted to the " Redeemer's " cause and the religion of Christ was, by several early Christian sects made to sanctify the most revolting perversions known in psychopathia sexualis. Under the same influence, we find those who voluntarily submitted to

flagellation, in the honest belief that it was a means of subduing the flesh, and those who religiously indulged that exercise designedly as an aphrodisiac; those whose sainthood acquired added glory, because they never bathed and put on clean clothes, becoming " one mass of clotted filth"; those who disdained all clothes, both sexes wandering about together, covered only by their long hair, as well as those who brought reproach upon the church, by the gorgeousness of their finery. There were those Christians to whom baptism and annointings, in utter nudity and by persons of the other sex, were essential; and those who, like St. Ammon, boasted that they had never seen their own naked body.

Another evidence of the persistence of the ancient erotophobia, is seen in the unreasoning frenzy with which the average purist denounces Mormon polygamy, a justification for which the Mormon finds in ascetic premises, viz: that the only object of marriage is procreation. From this and a belief in the duty to procreate, the Mormon argues that system to be best, which promises most prolific progeny, and polygamy is declared essential as a means of increasing the marriage opportunities of women; thereby aiding them to perform their sacred duty to procreate.

That upon consideration of social utility, there exist

good reasons for denouncing Mormon polygamy as much inferior to monogamy, I do believe. But of these reasons, the average purist knows little and cares less. He has the slightly alleviated sex-madness of his ancestral erotophobiacs, and to reason with him is, in the main, as useless as to reason with a third century mascerated monk or to administer medicine to the dead. I know that among them some do not even want reasons to support their anti-polygamy convictions, perhaps, because to make it a matter of reason would dilute their emotions and destroy the vicarious joy of their imaginative contemplation of what polygamy implies. I too plead for monogamy and against such polygamy. I want a higher and better monogamy, which can only be reached through the purity of healthy mindedness and which finds its support in a sane weighing of all the facts and arguments, not in the rhetoric of hysteria or erotophobia.

[*To be continued in next number*]

¶ *AN EVERGREEN QUARTERLY* — ¶ Mr. Schroeder's article will be republisht in booklet form as one of an " Evergreen Quarterly " series, each issue selling for 25 cents. Advance orders only will be received from Soundview readers at " Bargain Day " rates, say 15 cents per copy — 2 copies for 25 cents; 10 copies $1.00, by the year at 49 cents, 2 years for $1.00! Mr. Schroeder's booklet ready about May 1st.

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