

SEX AND THE TRUTH

By MURIAL PHILLIPS

MANY people are at last becoming perturbed at the serious offences of a sexual nature. Some advocate whipping, and all sorts of "methods" which, besides being wrong in themselves, will never cure the disease. To read some of the letters in the papers about this matter, one would imagine that the mothers, sisters, friends, wives, and indeed, sweethearts of offenders have no pain, but that only the offended person has the anguish. Actually, society itself is the real offender. Too long have we allowed ignorance to prevail. This has resulted, generally speaking, in women being too undeveloped (mentally and physically) in sex matters, and men being overdeveloped. Naturally, marriage itself has suffered, and all other relationships between men and women, boys and girls have, in their degree, suffered, too.

Even if we immediately had real education, which would include sex instruction, so many wrong customs, laws, and ideas have flourished for centuries, that it would take several generations before harmony instead of discord existed in sex matters. Instructions would have to be in schools, although best results would be obtained where this was supplemented by parental honesty—parents telling their children—as the children's questions revealed desire for self-knowledge—their own problems in sex.

Although I deprecate the habits among certain young women of giving in to the lustful desires of their men companions, I know that for the most part they do so, not from a similar desire, but from love of these young men, and the knowledge that these men will take other women if they do not fall in line with their desires.

It is the lying dual sex morality, coupled with the lying economic system, which relegates to women poorer pay for work, that is the root of the trouble. Telling girls not to go with such men gets one nowhere.

Love is no respecter of persons. These girls are genuinely in love, and see qualities for good in these undisciplined young men.

Those who quote "Adam" when referring to this matter, usually believe in man's superiority, and yet they grant his inferiority in that which is greater than intellectualism—namely, morality and ethics. Were men greater, they would be greater in morals and ethics.

The whole world picture, now and from the immemorial, gives the lie to this. Some men are made lustful by the sight of an ankle. Others remain honorable although viewing a completely nude body.

Those countries where the "cover women" attitude holds good are rife with prostitution and polygamy, according to whether West or East; and so bored are most men by their "covered women" (this applies equally to mental covering!) that they find their greatest pleasure in "kept men friends," that which, in so-called Christian countries, is considered the most debased form of sex lust.

Not all the modesty in the world, moreover—and there is as much today as in any age—can keep refined and highly-idealized women from having their hearts—and in some cases, home and morals—broken by men with their inherited and woefully encouraged sex licence.

Get truth and education into the matter, and despite the many unpleasant tales at first to be revealed, gradually we shall achieve honesty and morality. Furthermore, it will be seen that it is sex lust—not legitimate sex appearance—which is the fundamental cause of other lusts, culminating in such things as religious persecutions, mass political murders, sweated economic conditions, and war, bringing the whole world back into the barbarism of our millions of years ago ancestors.

Is the time not long overdue when all parents, all humanitarians, should cry with Olive Schreiner, that it matters not whether the female or the male be superior in morals, brains, and achievements. It only matters that to every one shall be given complete opportunity to develop their highest powers and express those powers in the service of life.

When all DO cry this then, and only then will sex-lust change to an ennobled sex life, forming merely a part of life. Then and only then will the urge to power become, instead of a scourge, a joy to humanity bringing beauty to wife and child, husband and friend, and honor, loyalty, freedom, and love to business politics, religion, and the many spheres of human endeavor.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The editor would like to receive articles and stories from readers, particularly those dealing with actual experiences.

Criticism of unsuitable MSS will be given in our columns, but unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope, will not be returned to the contributor.

Send all MSS. to: The Editor, "Woman Today," Rawson Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney.

IN PURSUIT OF CULTURE

(From page 5)

"Hullo Agony," he says, "who owns the tincan on the drive?"

"One of the geniuses inside," I says.

"Go on," he says. "Does it go?"

"You better hang around and see," I says. "I bet Mrs. Fizz will need some sort of mong to tie it to if it don't!" and with that I shut the door.

I went back to the drawing room then and everybody was yapping all at once and all I could hear was "beautiful, my dear. Thank you, my dear. Charming verses. Such rare spirituality." And I heard Mrs. Fizz say "Reminds me a lot of Rossetti, doesn't it you, dear?" and I couldn't help wondering what Rossetti had to do with it any anyway he sold his green grocery three months ago and we haven't seen him since, but then, these geniuses say all sorts of things I don't seem to jerry to.

Pretty soon after that I could hear them tearing in to the doings. So I went into the kitchen and made myself a tea party and sneaked upstairs and got some chocolate biscuits out of the tin in Mrs. Fizz's wardrobe that she thinks nobody knows is there. The biscuits, I mean, not the wardrobe.

It wasn't long then before they started to go home and everybody said it was a wonderful afternoon, and thank you so much for having us, dear; and Mrs. Fizz was very happy and did all the washing up herself while I kept clear and peeled potatoes for dinner.

By and by she came out and spoke in slightly worried tone.

"You haven't seen two of these little spoons anywhere, have you, Agnes?"

"No, Mrs. Fizz," I says in surprise and we counted them all over three times each. We looked everywhere in the drawing room, under the carpet and in all the vases and behind all the pictures and Mrs. Fizz even looked in the radio cabinet.

"You don't suppose one of the geniuses souvenired 'em, by any chance, do you?" I suggested after a while, only meaning to help, but Mrs. Fizz flared up and got nasty.

Of course I said I didn't really think that, but the spoons haven't turned up.

Seems to me one lot of yapping old women is very like another lot, genius or no genius.