

Three years ago, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, the Royal Medico-Psychological Association elected him to its Honorary Membership.

Freud had no fear of death, but those who loved him were relieved to know that at long last he was released from the dreadful pain of his fatal illness which had threatened him for years.

W. H. B. STODDART.

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### HENRY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

HENRY HAVELOCK ELLIS, who passed away in July, had been an Honorary Member of our Association for fifteen years, but he never attended a meeting, for he disliked public gatherings, and his retiring nature never allowed him to address one.

Born at Croydon in 1859, he came of sea-faring stock on both sides of the family, and his earliest years were spent at sea. Indeed he received his beginnings of education at sea. Up to the age of twelve he attended a private school near London. Thence he was transferred to Australia, where he soon became a schoolmaster, and at the age of nineteen he became headmaster of a private school there.

All this early travel, together with his wanderings in Australia, gave Ellis a sense of the world-as-a-spectacle, a desire for adjustment of the cosmos, and at the age of nineteen he decided to study medicine, not as a career, but as a biological foundation for his life's work.

He went to St. Thomas's Hospital and took the L.S.A., but his interests at the time were sociological. In 1882 he was instrumental in founding the Progressive Association for the Promotion of Intellectual and Social Well-being, but there soon came a split, the object of the minority of whom Ellis was one being "the subordination of material things to spiritual", while the majority formed the beginning of the Fabian Society.

Temperamentally he was an artist, regarding Living as the supreme art, and he used to write of such subordinate arts as The Art of Love, The Art of Thinking, The Art of Religion, The Art of Morals, The Art of Dancing and The Art of Writing. He found beauty in everything.

It was probably his sociological interests and activity that brought him into contact with many literary giants of the day, and in 1887-89 he edited the unexpurgated Mermaid Series of Elizabethan dramatists. Then he started the *Contemporary Science Series*, which continued until 1914. As we all know, many of these are classics.

But the monumental work of his life was of course his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* (1897-1908). As a pioneer he approached this study, not with

curiosity or even in a cold scientific spirit, but with reverence for Love, which he regarded as the "condition of right seeing" and with admiration for its beauty. Other books have been written on the subject, yet paradoxically none has attained the same scientific purity. This great work was driven from this country to America by the Bedborough Trial, in which a bookseller was put up as a defendant instead of Ellis himself. Bedborough tactlessly pleaded guilty; but, surely, even the prejudiced prudery of the 'nineties did not justify the Recorder's abusive comments respecting the author, whom the College of Physicians honoured in 1936 by electing him under their very special rule to the Fellowship of the College.

This interest in sex is foreshadowed in many of his sonnets, written between the ages of 15 and 21, but not published until forty-four years later. His output was tremendous, for he wrote more than twenty books other than the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, to say nothing of numerous articles in magazines.

Ellis was a great admirer of Freud. Indeed the first full account in English of Breuer and Freud's *Studies of Hysteria* appeared in the first volume of the *Studies of the Psychology of Sex*. These two great men exchanged publications and letters, and Freud pays a tribute to Ellis in his *Interpretation of Dreams* and elsewhere Freud rejected Ellis's notion of him that he was an artist who arose in science, but we might well designate Ellis as a scientist who arose in art.

Æsthetic and mystic philosopher, artist, poet, musician, scientist, Ellis regarded himself as a spectator of the world, seeing with his own eyes, cultivating his own tastes, and having but little respect for authority; but he was never hostile and never bore ill-will. He was reclusive, living preferably in out of the way parts of England, but not seclusive; for, if one took the trouble to hunt him out, he was the most accessible of men.

He was a stately man with a majestic head, a luxuriant growth of hair, and a fine flowing beard. One photograph of him reminds me of Hughlings Jackson. Ellis once wrote "Without a clear-eyed vision there can be no sweetness in the world, and without sweetness there can be no true revelation of Light." Then again, "If I were ambitious I would desire no finer epitaph than that it should be said of me 'He added a little sweetness to the world and a little to its Light'". Without allowing him the self-accusation of ambition, we can surely allow him his modest epitaph—and a great deal more.

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