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THE WORLD AND OURSELVES

This represents the fourth volume of the literary series *Epilogue.* I have thought it important at this time to suspend the work of general criticism begun in the first three volumes, and to make a special inquiry into the state of the world to-day in relation to ourselves. I hope soon to be able to renew the original programme with *Epilogue V.*

L. R.

THE WORLD AND OURSELVES

Laura Riding

To relieve this world unhappiness—to have a "world worthy of our minds—we must ourselves be worthy of our minds, we ourselves must be the solution. Peace does not come before order but after it. Order is not achieved by taking action but by taking thought. There is a happy world outside when there are minds at work inside.

1938

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Foreword

THE troubles of the world are not insoluble. They will not be solved, however, by economic, political or diplomatic means ; nor will they be solved by religious faith. Religion turns the mind from the present to the future ; and the various practical solutions now offered or attempted treat our world troubles as problems of physical survival. But the question is not : How to ensure the world a future ? It is : Is this present unhappy expanse of life a world—does it represent our extinction or is there in it the shape of our existence ? If it represents our extinction, then all concern for the future is a death-bed dream. There is in it either a meaning of final extinction, or else the shape—the final shape—of our existence. A sense of finality burns in us all, and the world is afire with it. We have either become a permanent expression of existence—or are dissolving noisily into silence. There is no future of change from what we are. We either are now—or are not. To answer in terms of the future, solutions toward a happier future, is to say that we are not now.

But who are * we ' ? In whom is the knowledge to say, on behalf of the world, what we are now ? I describe in this book where the responsibility and the privilege lie of speaking on behalf of the others, and how the solution of the world's troubles is in our being now, unequivocally, what we are. We, the inside people, have in us an immediate power of truth, by virtue of which we can clarify the real, the morally compatible outside world that is there within the fantastically tortured chaos now haunting our time. This chaos exercises a fascination over us, tempting us to play with the idea of universal extinction. If we were not so sure that we are, we could not dare to play with it. It may indeed be regarded as a by-product of inactive certainty—and

is to be exorcized by active certainty. How to take hold of what really is, to practise certainty : that is what this book is about.

In order to test my personal sense of world troubles and approach them with that active certainty which can only come of relating one's sensibilities to the sensibilities of others, I have invited a number of people to state their own attitude to the unhappy outer situations of our time. These statements I have used as my texts, and my starting-point. I have wanted to start not with history, not with ready-made theory, not with what I alone have to say—but with what others around me say, and (in so far as I have been able to make them speak personally by inviting them personally) out of their sensibilities rather than out of their ' ideas .' The danger of ideas is that they are generally what we think in common with others : their truth is conditioned by the quality of mind of those with whom we agree. Some of the letters that I have used as texts are inspired by ideas rather than sensibilities, but I am heartily grateful for all of them, and every one is valuable in its intention of being a personal statement. I have given no biographical information about the authors of these letters except where it seemed necessary to tell the sex or profession or nationality of the author for the better understanding of the letter.

It is a long book : it is a large world, and its unhappiness is great. I have tried to neglect nothing that might be said for our stimulation to a clearer and more active being of ourselves, since in this lies the world's only chance of happiness. What I have to say overshadows in quantity the material contributed, so that this is not a symposium. The work we have to do together for the honour of the world, and of existence itself, is not in this book, but is what this book prophesies of. I do not, at least, speak like a publicist, prophesy individualistically from the world platform : I have taken others on the platform with me, and it is not the platform of the world, but the inner platform of ourselves. Only by talking from here, thinking from here, can we reach the world ; so long as we talk from the platform of the world, we do no more than contribute to its unhappy noise. May more of us come here, talk and think from here, be always here.

I allowed six months to pass for the accumulation of the answers to my letter and for any more active form of co-operation to be personally volunteered. This was going to be the book that the unhappiness of the world urged, and there could be nothing in it that did not come from an original sense of urgency. I encouraged but did not press people to write—or say more than they felt naturally moved to say; and I avoided, so far as I could, appealing to those who might write more from a vanity of having their separate say than from a sense of personal obligation to feel the world's need.

Then, after these six months, came the making of the book ; and thus a year and more passed. In that year and more nothing has changed : it is still an unhappy world—but still the same world. Somehow it holds together ; there is an invincible patience in us that holds it together. But our patience must be an articulate one—an active insistence that a general goodness of life is implicit in what we are now—if the world is to hold together well. An insistent patience has gone into the making of this book, and is demanded for the reading of it; and the conviction that such patience is in us to be greatly used is the reason of my book.

L. R.

PART I. INTRODUCTION

I

Description of the World Mood

IN the summer of 1936 the Spanish trouble began and the serenities of life in Mallorca were abruptly suspended for me. The seven years I had spent there had not been years of isolation. On the contrary : it had proved a nicely placed point from which to observe what was going on in the public world. There were, during this time, disturbances which broke in upon the private serenities. One was disconcerted, angered or amused by them ; but all seemed artificial, because at this stage of progress in the technique of international life there should have been no inevitable disturbances. Science had solved so many problems of physical convenience that most of the old difficulties of world administration should by now have disappeared. Physical problems that had before taken on the semblance of spiritual conflict between nations could now be reduced to sane material size. The world had become rich in the physical means of well-being and liberally educated in the physical arts. Struggle of a physical kind, over physical difficulties, was an anachronism.

There remained the problems of genuine temperamental differences between nations. But the Great War had shown that these could not be physically solved ; that they could, indeed, not be solved at all. National differences in temperament cannot be liquidated. The nearest approach to a state of world peace is a mutual avoidance, between nation and nation, of aggressive comparison one with the other. Peace as a perfect reconciliation of national temperaments had proved impossible ; pacifists had proved ill-informed, international romantics who sentimentally ignored irremovable differences of national character. Yet there seemed to be just enough fatalistic sophistication in the attitude of nations to one another, both diplo-

matically and popularly, to secure us against futile struggles and disturbances—the results of which could only confirm irreconcilabilities of temperament.

Such a view of the post-war world was not peculiar to myself as an observer on Mallorca. Many other people, and particularly English observers, saw much the same picture, had much the same kind of resignation to the impossibility of spiritual peace between nations, and a similar opinion of physical disturbances as unreal and anachronistic. The only difference was that coherent private existence was less laborious for me to maintain than for most of the people I knew who lived in England and elsewhere. Their lives were more affected than mine by the fatalistic sophistication in the public air ; they had to be more on their guard against behaving to one another as the nations were behaving. But we were all agreed that, while important experience must not be looked for in the public world, our values could be exercised upon a personal plane. Their view of the world gave them no real despair about themselves. The only difference between them and myself was that, being in the midst of the international scene rather than at a marginal point of observation, they were taking longer to get over their disappointment that the personal drama of values and the world drama could not be identical. But if they were not identical, was world life necessarily an evil parody of personal life ?

The dream of an international culture had to be abandoned. Everywhere good-minded people were unwillingly learning the mathematical lesson which the age had contributed to spiritual history : that, the larger the cultural ambition, the smaller the compass in which it can be fulfilled. And so there was an element of sadness and loneliness in the mood in which most good-minded people turned from cultivating the spiritual happiness of the world-at-large to cultivating their own. They kept looking back wistfully over their shoulders toward hopes that could now only be regarded as past hopes. There was a personal future, but no longer the World Future of historical romance.

The partial inertia of the good-minded, in the conduct of their own lives, was due not only to their feeling sad and lonely in

being obliged to desert the broad path of world idealism, **but** also to the modesty bred by democratic education : it meant an audacious break with their training, to substitute for the end of universal good (in which private and public experience would have equivalent virtue and provide equivalent happiness of a high order) for the end of personal good* People who think nobly must naturally find it hard to practise their values in a way that seems to neglect the spiritual fate of world humanity—to feel that humanity in general cannot achieve what persons in particular can. There are few geographical impediments to public communication on all the physically urgent subjects ; yet dignified public communication on subjects of spiritual or cultural importance becomes less and less possible. Any widely publicized conference on a religious or intellectual subject is doomed to be a caricature of what private consultations on the same subject would be, among people in close contact with one another on the plane appropriate to it. But a privately treated subject is not so emotionally exciting as it would be if we could feel that large numbers of people all over the world had the same conception of its problems as ourselves. The moment when we at last realize that the number of our universal friends can be no larger than the number of our potential intimates is bound to sadden us, to make us ask ourselves whether our values are worth preserving if only a comparatively small number of people can be conscious of them.

Good-minded people have not been able to avoid this challenge to their world conscience. Some have sacrificed their values to their world conscience, pledging themselves to the theory of a perfected humanity. With these the question of values and loyalty to values necessarily goes into abeyance : whether the higher ends of being are real or not is made to depend on the existence of a humanity unconditioned by the old original sins of temperamental difference, intellectual difference, economic difference. Many people have made this choice as a temporary solution of their own spiritual problem. But it cannot represent a moral decision ; in making it they are not declaring whether it is or is not worth[c] going on ' with no other hopes than those which can be realized by personal means of

fulfilment. On the other hand, many people have declared to themselves that it is worth taking the personal path—the path of the crowd having shown itself to lead nowhere. With varying degrees of hesitation and audacity, enough of us have found our private selves worthy of cultivation to make the end of personal good as important as the end of public good once was. Very few people have chosen the suicidal position—that it is not worth going on; and even those who have chosen the Communist position reserve the right to personal ideals—when, or if, new public ideals shall have been nurtured in a new humanity.

Post-war sophistication about world humanity and the limited ends which might be commonly pursued on a public scale was followed by an intensified consciousness in people of themselves : a sharp sense of distinction between their private and their public identity, as between personal fate and world fate. Even those who could not turn away from the old preoccupation with public ideals were aware that they were dangerously suspending what had become the most insistent practical urgency : the problem of themselves. Indeed, by 1936, the private self was the only persistent reality of human life. The world self no longer figured seriously in our immediate calculations.

* * * * *

It was in this atmosphere that the Spanish trouble broke. I do not wish to discuss the Spanish trouble itself. Most of what can be said about it in political terms relates more to other countries than to Spain. The meaning of the trouble, from a Spanish point of view, is a secret one ; one might almost say that the trouble dramatizes the Spanish instinct of secrecy, of spiritual privacy, in conflict with temptations to make public capital of its national temperament. And whatever the result, the instinct of secrecy shall have won : Spain shall have provided headline world news for months without having made a single revelation about itself. It is not Spain, however, that I am trying to describe, but the world of now : the world *and* ourselves—since, as I have explained, there had come to be an opposition in identity between the personal and the world aspects of life.

The world was full of disturbances that aroused much personal irritation but could inspire no common major emotion, because people had ceased to expect major experience from world life. At the same time many of us, in disregard of external irritation, had been pursuing our internal courses with the earnestness that in other days could only have satisfied itself in public ' movements \ We were growing used to getting along without world inspiration, world application. We were beginning to test our values by their consistency with themselves rather than by their numerical, public acceptance. Then, suddenly, the external irritation acquired diabolical potency. People were profoundly distracted from themselves, yet most of them denied that the distraction was legitimate, that they had any moral responsibility for the disturbances from which they were suffering. They tried to go on as before, maintaining their personal order against the wanton outer disorder, but they began to feel more and more uncomfortable in their inability to neutralize its personal effects.

Were the affairs of persons only to be conducted in conflict with world affairs, was private sanity to be maintained only in spite of public madness ? Was personal integrity so circumscribed a thing that no influence could be exerted from within to sober the outer hysterias ? Was there no other alternative to patience under persecution than that of deserting one's especial field of usefulness and becoming a slave to the ideal of mere physical sanity in the geographical world ? If people did this, they would be slaves not only because to labour in large numbers toward relatively small ends is slavish, but chiefly because they would be labouring in ignorance of the outcome.

The international scene was crowded with mysteries—diplomatic mysteries, political mysteries, economic mysteries, personality mysteries ; the problem for the private intelligence was not how to educate itself slavishly in all these, but how to force upon the physical surface of world life the obviousness, the civilized simplicity, proper to its relative unimportance. How could the private intelligence exert itself upon distracting public situations without losing its identity and thus, ultimately, its efficacy ? How, in fact, could the private intelligence take

command of the outer circumstances of life in so far as they failed to function automatically—as by now they should have done ?

This was the question that I saw in the minds of people when I came away to England in August, 1936. And they were as embarrassed in addressing it to themselves as if, suddenly, the earth were making crazy turns in its course and the weather and the seasons behaving not as one had a right to expect. Millions and millions of years ago there were mighty terrestrial disturbances, before these outer matters were submitted to a self-dependent routine. A time came when we no longer needed to be elemental gods in order to control the elements of terrestrial existence. We should feel it ridiculous to be called upon now to behave like the Titans, the divinities, satyrs and nymphs of mythology. Similarly, people were feeling it ridiculous, as private intelligences, that the world should be provoking them to public heroics, to acts of divine or supernatural intervention in a disordered international routine—a routine which, by the laws of time, should now have become as self-dependent as the habit of seasons and climates.

Sensitive people were going about their lives with a nervously humorous air of self-scrutiny : What a foolish position I am in, we are all in ! A joke of preposterously solemn proportions—in the form of a balloon—was floating low over our heads. Or, at least, it would be a joke if the proper attack on the balloon could be made, the fittingly light touch found for the crucial pin-prick. For the moment it was safer to keep the balloon bouncing from head to head than to risk the heavy hand. We had reached the dignity of being persons to ourselves, and must not be tempted into public heroics, into mythological antics. We went about somewhat smiling, the language in which we discussed outer affairs was almost witty. When the balloon was pricked we should all laugh with relief, our foreheads would clear, we should again live in decent, constructive privacy, instead of watching with awkward nonchalance a public spectacle that hugely distracted us did but not hugely move us.

We did not, however, quite laugh, the clue to the joke did not

appear, our foreheads grew more and more frowning. We were somehow permitting public follies to breed and multiply—because, by our private values, we could not take a more serious view of them than that they were follies. Each morning people opened their newspapers in the feeling that the things reported in yesterday's newspapers might well have been delusions of yesterday—that to-day, or to-day, or to-day, the world reports would perhaps make happier reading. But the disturbing reports went on. They made ugly reading ; nevertheless they did not inspire horror or that imperturbability which achieves the poise of tragedy—when people feel that events are compelled and yet must be morally denied, even against the evidence that they are so.

What were people saying to one another all this time ? With an increasing dependence on newspapers for the topics of talk, people acquired the habit of talking almost entirely in terms of ' stories ': ' I read somewhere that——' or ' Have you heard about——? ' or ' Someone who ought to know told me that ——.' And so on. The most intimate social contact was not immune from this journalistic taint. Private emotions, private thinking, private work and experience—privacy itself—succumbed to the spell of world affairs, and in a way that, I think, was unprecedented in the history of private existence ; and at a time when the status of personal life, as distinct from public life, had achieved an unprecedented priority of importance. The fascination with world affairs was continuous but not hotly sincere ; people talked and talked about them, yet it was impossible to regard them as being in themselves important. This is one reason why the conversation about them consisted largely of ' stories \ There used to be a point of relaxation in intelligent talk among intimates when, inevitably, the sexual joke appeared. The sexual joke was now replaced by the diplomatic story, the political story. But the point of relaxation had become a point of conversational ineptitude, and, still worse, of emotional ineptitude. There was no healthy purgative enjoyment in these topics, nor a sense, either, that in ventilating them so thoroughly there was any hope of arriving at a sane view of them—a view by which it would be possible to dismiss them

from one's mind at least while one was getting on with one's own proper work.

It grew more and more difficult for people to get on with their own proper work—yet not because they were doing any work on world affairs ; they were talking about them, scarcely feeling, scarcely thinking. It was as if, in older days, all the kings and councillors had gradually stopped performing their habitual administrative tasks—some of them merely relying on the routine of government to continue of itself as long as it could (without worrying about what would happen when it ran down to a dead stop), others similarly abandoning their professional responsibilities but pretending to fulfil them while indulging in eccentric personal dramatics on the public stage. Imagine, then, how the populations would have behaved : they too would have gradually caught this disease of unemployment, the established order of life in all its branches would have imperceptibly transformed itself into a rule of chance.

People are now less directly dependent on outer governmental forms than they used to be for their own internal order of life, in the sense that they do more of their thinking for themselves and have acquired more confidence in arranging their personal affairs by themselves ; and new physical conveniences have enlarged the field which they may personally control. It may perhaps be said that they now count upon service from the outer forms rather than depend on them, serve them. But present administrative actualities do not match their expectations. Instead, that side of life which we had come to think of as the most easy of solution—the routine, simply, of material order—failed us just when there seemed at last facilities enough to guarantee its easy solution. The people appointed for the material ordering of our daily existence were not achieving the simplifications for which we had a right to hope. Diplomacy and politics, which might at last have been discarded for an art of external order (a natural art in place of a cumbersome logic), were discarded for nothing at all. Yet they continued to exist, though extinct, like discredited myths revived for emergency occasions—when some formula of faith is necessary and no rational formula is effective,

PART ONE: INTRODUCTION

Bad administration of the material world is preferable to no administration at all: we can characterize the bad as bad, we can denounce it, we can see what would be good and envisage the practical steps of correction. But, when we are confronted all around by a lack of administrative purpose, there is nothing to denounce. We cannot speak of standards of administrative performance; we can only feel that the most obvious part of life has run empty—although it is the one which we expect to be most full of comfortably automatic events. By the newspapers we seem to have events enough—all too many. But these events are inspired by talk ; they are not real incidents in a real outer routine. Never has the public content of life been so fantastically a product of talk, rather than of public purpose. And because this part of life is, properly, the physical world—states, communities, people behaving as a progressive, self-renewing daily movement—mere talk cannot supply the dynamic impetus of renewal.

The world has been playing dead, and our problem is to stop the mock-haunting, to bring the mock-ghosts back to life without being hoaxed into a humiliating comedy of resurrection. We cannot make the world behave sensibly by practising rites of mystical idealism over the corpse-shamming body. But neither can we shake it out of its boring hysterias by talking about the world situation as if this were a subject that could be clarified by an intelligent exchange of opinion. It is not as if there were a number of distinct political and diplomatic issues on which private opinion could exert itself, to the formation of an influential public opinion. There are not issues in this sense ; there is a total break in the continuity of our material routine. We talk not to develop a perhaps useful point of view about this outer disorder, but as hungry people cannot avoid talking about food. We are starving for the normal substance of public reality, for the patent daily incidents and human commonplaces which private existence needs to feed to its world stomach. We are getting, instead of our due substance, a ghostly, unclean fodder, like the meals of the blind Phineus—whenever he reached for food, the Harpies took away part of it and befouled the rest so that it could not be eaten.

We want to renew the mechanism of administrative acts that has all over the world fallen into unreality. We have no precedent to tell us how we may do this; for while in the past there have been periods when large areas of the world suffered fundamental disintegration, there has been no period when the world as a whole was staled in an unhealthy trance. Even when the Roman Empire began to fall into decline, public life in its Asiatic and African communities moved with self-nourishing energy. The present miasma is all-pervading in its infectiousness ; we cannot cure it by talk, yet we hesitate, for our own integrity, to do much more than talk.

Wc want a healthy world of acts to be in motion around us --not this aimless floating miasma of falsely mysterious disturbances. We want the disturbances to stop, and commonplace incidents of world routine to take their place. We do not want to be tempted to curse the world, like disgusted divinities, saying : ' Behold, it was corrupt. Behold, we will destroy it.' We know -as the disgusted divinity of Genesis learned—that the imagination of man's heart is somewhat evil from his youth. We know that not all people in the world, not many, can be spiritually united in universal fellowship. But we also know that, just as the elements, evil from their youth, have enjoyed subduing themselves to our uses, becoming our dependable universe, so are the diverse populations of the earth equipped to become, pleasurably, our dependable social universe.

We want to stop feeling that we are living in a world that does not belong to us ; we want the appropriate social acts of world life to be proceeding familiarly around us. Above all, we want to be able to stop talking. But we shall go on talking until we have discovered a way to stop the disturbances, or until they stop of themselves. Nor shall the way be discovered to us through talk. Talk cannot serve as a substitute for natural energy. Politics cannot serve as an adequate substitute for political procedure. Experimental philosophizing upon education cannot serve as an adequate substitute for education. The fanatically minute conversation about behaviour which is psychology cannot serve as an adequate substitute for morality. Nevertheless, what w e widely have to-day in place of government,

in place of education, in place of behaviour itself, is—talk. Even those who seem most constructively organized to defeat the outer disorder are engaged only in organized talk, count their victories in terms of talk—talk to defeat talk.

Talk is profitable when there is a subject of common interest that needs enlargement to include the greatest possible variety of individual interests, so that mistaken assumptions or incomplete definitions shall not weaken its general appeal. The subject of international disturbances, however, does not need all the conversational exploration we practise upon it. There are few effects, few reverberations, that each of us could not describe without the assistance of another person ; its general appeal was conversationally stabilized many months ago. We do not talk about these disturbances in the hope of eliciting hitherto unstated points of view. We talk about them in nostalgic self-repetitiveness, afraid to stop lest we should have not even talk about world disturbances left to us—talk being almost the only active expression of world citizenship now available to the private person. Our talk does nothing but keep us from loosening our hold on the world— which in its present condition, we know, cannot repay our loyalty.

It must be, I decided, as we passed from 1936 to 1937 and the disturbances and the talk went on, that people have stopped noticing the passage of time. This is how it is when people do not believe in the inevitability of a troublous state of aifairs, when what is happening is regarded as a mistake that must sooner or later rectify itself. If a major catastrophe happens, we can accept it as normal just because it is a major one : however horrifying it may be, we accept it as fate. If minor catastrophes happen in great numbers, the effect is abnormal. We expect life to contain a few major catastrophes and a reasonable number of minor ones ; a sudden increase in minor catastrophes is not fate, but bad luck' The effect of the world catastrophes of recent months is that of bad luck. The spell must some time break ; and it is characteristic of a spell of bad luck, as distinguished from a spell of fate, that it can break at any time. There is no ordained period of duration for the present state of world aifairs : because wc are not waiting for

something new to happen, only for the catastrophic habit to collapse and for the world to return to its normal portion of major and minor catastrophes. For most of us—the sober private persons of to-day, rather than the zealous publicist infants who refuse to live until they shall have built themselves a better world to live in—there is no anticipation of a new world way of life, of a changed world. What we want, what we have been for a while now without, is tangible evidence of the existence of the world that we know to be there. We want nothing that is not, that we have not. And so we have gone on talking, not watching clock or calendar, comforted by the knowledge that at any moment the world that was really there all the time would be tangibly there, and that at some moment it must be there.

To let the world situation breed this timeless mood in us was to be catching the bad-luck habit ourselves. We owed it not merely to ourselves to break the habit—but to the world. For, although our seeming indifference to the time aspect of current world troubles might be due to private equanimity, it had the public effect of inertia and was thus intensifying the actual outer inertia.

We therefore had, I felt, the responsibility of abandoning our incognito as private persons, and our manner of seeming indifference to time, I for one was willing to take the risk of stating a sense of urgency—the risk of seeming to have lost equanimity and hence internal poise. In January 1937 I wrote, and began circulating personally, the letter which here follows.

II

A Personal Letter, With a Request for a Reply

INTERNATIONAL affairs claim an increasing share of everyone's attention. Even people who are not newspaper-readers by temperament wait anxiously between editions and weigh one newspaper report against another ; few conversations take place that do not at some point touch upon international affairs.

This universal preoccupation has arisen from something more actual than forebodings of a new World War. It refers to what is now going on internationally, what has recently been going on ; it denotes an immediate common unhappiness, not a speculative common fear. The general feeling everywhere is : international affairs are too much with us, they are eating into our personal lives and labours, corroding our energies and private happiness.

What, properly, are international affairs ? They represent a remote, outer traffic, the least significant kind of contact that may be between people. The profession which has in the past been responsible for such contact is diplomacy. It is the task of diplomacy to reduce these remote, outer affairs to a routine that does not interfere with the routine of national life. The routine of national life is itself an outer operation—when compared with the more intense, more personal course of private life. The profession which has in the past been responsible for public contact within the nation is politics. It is the task of politics to reduce the less personal, merely national affairs to a routine that does not interfere with life *inside the houses.* But now all the affairs outside the houses, both political and diplomatic, have swollen into an indiscriminate monster distraction.

Yet we know that all these outside affairs are the less important ones ; they are subsidiary to what goes on inside the houses ;

they are intended to serve the amenities of private life, and all the inner realities of the mind. We, the ' inside ' people, have left all these matters to those who seemed functionally best equipped to act as outside people. And at a time when inside problems have reached a high degree of clarity and solution—when personal life and thought have developed to a high potentiality of happiness—we find ourselves continuously gainsaid and agitated by the outside mechanism.

What shall we do ? Let us first consider who ' we ' are—we, the ' inside ' people. First of all, we are the women. Women are those of us who are most characteristically, most natively, ' inside ' people. Our responsibility down the centuries has been the order of things inside the houses: the intricate well-being of personal life, its formation and maintenance. And with us, on the inside of things, we have had the poets and the painters and all those men who have been able to treat the outer mechanism of life as subsidiary to its inner realities—who have discovered the inside importances. We too, the women, have been discoverers ; but we have also had to guard the inside importances, to keep them intact for discovery. We have grown increasingly articulate about these cherished things, but at the same time a strong female instinct of resistance to their cxternalization has been at work. For always the outside world, with its violent physical emphasis on the means of life, may becomc^he unwitting enemy of the inside order of things, which is chiefly concerned with the ends of life.

What is Wong, and what shall we do about it—we, the women, and the men of inside sensibilities, and the inside selves in many outside persons which lean away from the outer realities toward the inner ones ? The quality of the inside world—the world inside the houses and the minds—is, in the wide use of the word, female : concerned with ends rather than with means, with a final goodness of life rather than with physical instrumentalities for their own sake, the sake of the momentary excitement they give. The quality of the outside world—the world of political and diplomatic traffic—grows more and more harshly male, more and more inimical to the inner happiness which men and women have together formulated.

The terms ' male ' and ' female ' must be understood as representing no mere primitive opposition of sex to sex ; but as defining two worlds of differing quality, in either of which men and women may jointly move and live. In the outer world the male quality naturally predominates ; in the inner world, the female. It is not wrong that there should be this outer traffic, with its outer, predominantly male methods of organization. What is wrong is that the outer world should have become recklessly disconnected from the world of personal life and thought, should have broken its affiliations with those inner realities which are predominantly female in quality. International affairs give off a curious all-male odour. The beings who throng the diplomatic and political corridors seem to be of another race than those men, mature in female sensibilities, who are our familiars inside the houses, inside the intimate corridors of private thought and feeling.

A confused outer brutality envelops the inner hearth of life where we cultivate all that we know to be precious and true. We on the inside are not afraid, but we are unhappy : who dares to deny it ? The danger is not to ourselves, but to the outside people. We are unhappy on their behalf, however happy on our own. They, these exclusively male-minded beings (with no small number of denatured women in their ranks), are somehow our responsibility. What are we going to do about them ? The least serious aspect of the problem is that they have in their possession all the outer instrumentalities of life. For we are sufficiently powerful to exercise what might be called a psychic control over these : the outer world may disconnect itself from the inner, but the inner world continues nevertheless to avail itself of the outer world as it has need. The really serious aspect of the problem has to do with *them* : what can we do about them, for them ?

Can we rehumanize them by thrusting ourselves into the outer employments—we who have dedicated ourselves to the inner ones ? I think that such translation from inner to outer employment results only in the dehumanization of the inner faculties—or, to use a more precise term, their decharacterization. The effect of political employment on the female char-

acter provides a clear example of the decharacterization **that** takes place when an inner mode of life is deserted for an outer mode. The professional woman politician tends to lose the peculiar inside virtue she has as a woman and to become commonplace and blank ; and a similar loss of virtue occurs in **a** poet or any other person of inside sensibilities when such **a** translation of employment is made. Political and diplomatic employments—all outer employments, in fact—are intrinsically commonplace and blank. People with a special talent for outer employments may pursue them happily enough so long as they do not give them huge primary importance. But, when they do, the public corridors of life teem with fretful, blundering Napoleons ; these are then dangerous dull haunts.

What shall we do—what shall they do ? Can we make them stop ? For that, surely, is the only remedy ? To stop, to rest —it is not more outer emphasis that is needed, but less. The outer instrumentalities of life have grown too big, too self-serious. The outer problems are not the serious ones. They are sportive diversifications of the inner problems ; the extensive, mechanical intercourse of peoples, not intensive communication between persons joined in local intimacy; the remote, periodic exchange of the commodities of physical well-being, not sustained participation in mutually educative thought.

Above all, the problems that we solemnly label ' international affairs ' are not ' intellectual ' problems. They consist of the crudest emotional situations—problems that demand only light, playful behaviour and response : the kind of response called [1] intuition ', and popularly associated with women because women avoid protracting a situation rationally wherever a simple spontaneous response is possible. What can we do about these children of the outer world, in their pseudo-rationalistic, self-murderous contortions over problems that need no more for their solution than the moving round of the clock-hands—on the international clocks ?

I have refrained from naming public persons, countries, parties, particular disasters or dire situations. It is not so much of the immediate victims of international unhappiness that I am here speaking as of the nature of the unhappiness. We are **all**

victims in one way or another—suffering cannot be measured in terms of death or physical injury alone. And it is already a step toward an understanding of an unhappy state of affairs to suffer along with it.

I address this to you personally, and to a limited number of others, in the hope of receiving answers that will help us all to see with a more united vision what this unhappiness is that surrounds us, and to know better what we may unitedly do about it *from the inside*—if, indeed, there is anything to be done.

III

Reactions to the Letter

ABOUT four hundred people received this letter, of whom about a hundred answered it. Some copies went to people with whom I had discussed the subject and who were anxious to have the letter as an occasion for formulating their own attitude. Although many of these did not, in the end, answer the letter, all felt it a personal responsibility to try to do so. Failure of language accounts for the absence of a number of promised letters. In some cases I have been able to overcome an original literary embarrassment—convincing my correspondents that what I wanted was not a piece of writing but an unaffected picture of themselves in the present world situation. Many answers, I know, were written and then torn up, in lack of self-confidence and in the hope that someone would say the thing more effectively. And I also know that there was much intense discussion of the letter, with a view to clearing the ground for answers—that did not, somehow, get written.

This ' somehow ' is, of course, one of the reasons why the world situation continues to be a drag upon our spirits. The habit of not dating the passing months, of adapting ourselves to the expectation of relief ' at any moment \ has created for many of us a barrier of strangeness between us and it. We have gone on privately, it has gone on publicly ; and the barrier has widened until, for all our sensitiveness and aliveness, we rely on the newspapers to stimulate feeling in us. There are more people who reason about the subject than people who feel about it. The temptation ' to go to Spain ' experienced by so many political sympathizers with the Valencia government was in great part a hunger to feel something, in those who over-intellectualized the Spanish situation, alienated it emotionally by political philosophizing.

Again, many people who genuinely intended to answer the letter failed to do so in the six months that I allowed for the answers to accumulate : people who would, I think, give no other reason than lack of time. This applies, for example, to Rebecca West, with whom I discussed the subject at length before composing my letter and who believed it important that it should be written and circulated. And to Storm Jameson, who believed it her responsibility to try to write an answer and was prevented only by the more insistent pressure of a book that had to be finished by a certain time. This is not to attack either for not providing an answer; toward both my feelings are entirely friendly. I particularize them as instances of people for whom private time has taken on a separate significance from public time. Both are concentrated in their private work, and yet have at least a theoretical realization of the present public impingements on private existence, as the frequent association of their names with public causes shows. I think they will not grudge me this mention of what I take to be not so much a failure on their part as a symptom of the separation of world reality from private reality.

It was only with great difficulty, against a strict discipline of privacy in work and life, that I brought myself to write this letter, to make time for thinking about it and for the correspondence in which the answers involved me (the raw correspondence preliminary to the contents of this book, not appropriate to appear here). I had the advantage of having been more intimately, more rudely, affected by world disturbances than most of those to whom I addressed my letter ; on the other hand, I had a greater aversion than most from associating myself with organizations of public purpose. This is not to make a boast of having made time and overcome all my disinclinations. My reason for drawing this comparison is to call attention to an interesting aspect of the problem: the fact that the habit of association with propagandist organizations seems to leave a disability. People who have allowed their public sensations to be formulated for them in terms of ' causes ' seem to have lost some of the energy necessary for a direct personal approach to public problems.

The disability resulting from this habit of indirect perception of the world is clearer where the apparatus of public perception is a single expert political organization. One correspondent, for example, has written :

Four or five years ago, the ideas which you express impelled me to join the Socialist League, whose aims more than those of any other political party had my support. I did so in order to educate myself. I have since resigned from the League and am now a member of the Labour Party. And I have formed some views and done some work as a result; but the issues are too complex and my own experience and fitness for political action are so small that I am in no position to give a lead to others.

This not only provides a history of the disability, but shows how personal competence is prejudiced when made identical with political competence.

Then there is the sense of incompetence that comes from feeling, rightly, that the problem of outside disturbances includes many others besides that of political disturbances : the self-protective reaction that in committing oneself on these matters the private person must be well armed against all the public experts, must be something of a public expert himself. As Michael Roberts wrote to me :

To me, the political pressure is only one aspect of it : what I feel is the general pressure of imposed events, the outside world filling all our lives for us as if we were the blank pages of a busy man's engagement book : our vision shortened, so that we only see a few months or a few years ahead, yet see that space filled up and determining the remote future ; no spaciousness, no choice, no time to sit down and say, Well, to-night I'll read Milton, no liberty of action (the railway companies ram return tickets down our throats, the government makes sure that we don't skip about too lightly), yet no security of tenure, not the rooted life of the old South-country farmer (my father, and both grandfathers, were farmers driven off the land). We no longer run the clocks, we are run by them, and they go faster and faster.

But: I don't want to put down something half-baked. I'm neither at the first stage, of wanting to squeal about something that hurts me, or at the last stage of having some development to record.

He may be right on the technical side; **the** answers herein published may well give the impression of technical incompetence to deal practically with any of the problems discussed. But the point, after all, is not to become experts in diplomacy, government, transport, finance, food distribution, etc., but to apply a personal scale of values to an outer situation that has grown so impersonal, so absorbed in the technical specialities, as to have grown destructively irrelevant to persons. We need not to be better experts than the experts, but to inject into the outer situation the fact of ourselves within it.

Nevertheless, I agree with Michael Roberts in that he correctly anticipates one kind of criticism this book will evoke : that we are all here speaking as amateurs on problems demanding professional treatment. The amateur status, that of being persons in relation to systems, is a precious one. It is important to commit ourselves on these problems without making professionals of ourselves. People who engage in politics as a second profession sacrifice their amateur status without becoming really professional; the number of possibly useful political persons is an extremely small one when compared with the number of people ' in politics \ In elaborating upon Michael Roberts' reaction I do not mean to disagree with it, but rather to co-ordinate it with the temper of this book—which I hope is not inconsistent with the temper of his reaction. After an exchange of several letters on the subject, he came to feel that he wanted to contribute something additional; and eventually did (see p. 239).

Of the promised answers which have not arrived, I particularly regret that of Hildegarde Flanner, an American poet who has tried to avoid the confusion between literature and politics which is even more rampant in America than in England. (Someone with a copy of my letter read parts of it at a meeting of American writers—as an antidote, she said, to the politics obsession from which most of them were suffering. One writer, expressing sympathy with the attitude of the letter, said to my friend in a conspirator's whisper : ' But tell me—is she a Stalinite or a Trotskyite ? ')

A promised American answer that for some time seemed

unlikely to reach me was Dorothy Thompson's (see p. 249). She first wrote:

I am, of course, pressed with work—forced to express myself three times a week—and fighting to prevent myself from being too externalized, and I shudder at the thought of taking on anything further than I have. Everything needs contemplation ; there is so, so much expression without contemplation. And this subject requires careful thought—I might say, careful feeling. Still, since I think about it often, perhaps something will come up in my mind precisely and demandingly enough to be said.

I think that the emancipation of women, thus far, has been marked by their elbowing scurry to get into the world of men, instead of trying to expand and empower what Goethe called the feminine principle. Female education has been modelled on education designed for boys, and it, in most countries, lags behind the realities of life. It is not so easy to analyse this problem, to see how—the social structure of our world being what it is—one can meet it.

My feeling was that she had at least made an answer to herself, that in her case ' lack of time ' did not represent so much indirectness toward outer realities as it did with many of the others whose answers were apparently not to come, I do not know Dorothy Thompson personally, so I can only speak of her in sympathetic conjecture ; but I should conjecture that as a journalist she has the motive of bringing private and public realities into emotional juxtaposition—and was thus first of all concerned with getting a lively personal feeling about the general public situation, only secondarily with resolving this into a critical statement.

I do not agree that all the blame must be put upon the education of women according to male standards of education. Traditional education contains misteaching for boys as well as for girls, and much of the failure of men in their departments of life is to be attributed to miseducation. Yet it is certainly true that women are more directly affected than men by the avoidance—not only in education but in all official thought—of the subject of ' woman \ Before women can apply their peculiar power to the gross, large-scale world situations, they must go back to the first naive stage of self-definition : to the

factual assertion that woman-power is something difFerent in kind from man-power. There is no precedent in the history of definitions for defining women as beings of their own kind ; before they can make their power extend from the intimate to the public field they must, so to speak, create their own public identity. In this sense I agree that women have suffered from their education, which teaches them to construe their public effect in terms of male activity, of man-power. But I should amend Dorothy Thompson's diagnosis to include a criticism of male education from the point of view of men : that the more sophisticated education grew, the more it tended to avoid the crucial subjects, chief among these the subject ' woman \ Avoidance of this subject is less obviously a disadvantage to men than to women, but perhaps a more serious one.

Men, when ignorant of the special resources of women, are helpless to evoke them. Women, at least, *are* women ; it is easief for them to overcome this kind of ignorance, because the resources are within them and they have the precedent of having constantly drawn on them in an unconscious way for thousands of private emergencies. It is this confidence in themselves, in spite of self-ignorance, that makes women despair less easily than men. When men reach the end of the obvious resources, they can only face, despairingly, the unknown. When women reach the end of the obvious resources, they turn instinctively to something in themselves. It does not matter to them that they do this in ignorance of what they are : they turn to themselves nevertheless, not dismayed that they are making use of the unobvious and cheerfully impersonal toward themselves as repositories of the unobvious. This is one reason why women have not been damaged by bad education to the extent that men have. It is impossible for them not to keep a hand in at the technique of finding the unobvious solution, since their power keeps rising spontaneously to the surface of daily experience, whereas men cannot evoke the unobvious except by conscious application—they have first to learn how to do it.

Women's power to find the unobvious solution was aptly

described by my friend Mary Somerville during a conversation that she and I had on the subject of my letter, with three men who had difficulty in seeing the relevance of woman-power to international affairs—one a publisher, the other a civil servant, the other a literary journalist. I was the more grateful for her description in that, as a woman filling a public position which demands much behaviour of a male kind and the employment of an official, rationalistic technique, she must keep her quick, intuitive female resources in severe restraint. I was delighted that she had remained intimate enough with these resources to be able to supply a really intimate description of them. She said : ' In thousands and thousands of working-class families the housewife is provided with, say, about two pounds a week —at any rate, with that just-enough which can barely be made into enough. She makes it enough, and probably the ordinary man, given the problem of household budgeting, could do the same : both would be able to make provision for the adequate three meals a day. *But* there must also be provided, every now and then, the treat of a special chicken dinner ; and the budget allows only for the three daily adequate meals. Neither the man's employer nor his trade union nor public conscience nor the man himself can afford to face the problem of the special chicken dinner. The man would solve this budget problem by consoling his family for the missing chicken dinner with a rational demonstration of its impossibility. The housewife's way is somehow, by no obvious means, to provide it. Time after time all those working-class families sit down to the chicken dinner which is a rational impossibility and yet must be provided. How is it done ? Not by money, not by economic science, not by obvious intelligence, not by desperation or violence : by woman-power.'

This is a successful demonstration of my meaning, describing a phenomenon that is familiar though illogical, unobvious without being mysterious. Mary Somerville could not find a simple point of balance between her private sensitiveness to my meaning and her professional habit of rational analysis : her rough drafts never developed into a proper answer to my letter. But I consider her chicken-dinner illustration, which

occurred as a sort of conversational rough draft, to be one of the most helpful contributions to this book.

I do not wish it to be thought that my stressing the absence of woman-power from our present world management represents a feministic bias; or that I would myself recommend drastic replacement of male by female administrators. Men are on the whole better adapted, physiologically and temperamentally, to deal with the administration of the material aspects of life; women are, physiologically and temperamentally, appropriate arbiters in the inner problems, the less materially obvious aspects of life. I am not here arguing the creation of a new public status for women. On the other hand, I feel strongly that the whole international situation has grown unnecessarily obscure, and that when obscurity envelops any situation it is to women that resort should be made ; and that the mystification has come about because the counsel of women has not been taken, because circumstances have been overexternalized and isolated from their influence. My letter has been addressed unreservedly, to men and to women ; the problem of how the world may avail itself of woman-power in its troubles, is one that men must perhaps feel more acutely than women, since the daily administration of world life is more naturally their province than it is women's. Further, as I have said in my letter, it is not women alone who are the characteristically inside people. Many men are vocationally the familiars of the inner aspects of life, and only those men who by unnatural efforts resist the attraction and penetration of inner forces may be called exclusively male.

I wish, in this inquiry, to avoid all arbitrary appeal and definition ; at the same time, the elements of the problem must be clearly identified before we can see the problem—even at the risk of seeming arbitrariness. I have not mentioned the [c] feminine ' woman, the self-isolated female, because I think she is no longer a reality. In the past women have certainly immured themselves from the outer brutalities, in self-protection let themselves be immured during the dangerous ages when men were busy spending their destructive energies and learning the uses and futilities of violence. But these are, or

should be, the safe ages. The women who live miniature lives, who refuse all contact that does not come through the filter of romance, are as anachronistic as the wars and other public violences which are misrepresenting the time we are living in,

So much, then, for the weight I have attached to women as factors in the present world situation : I believe that they possess important clues to these disturbances, but my letter was not exclusively about them or addressed exclusively to them. In deciding on the people to whom to send the letter I tried to avoid any preferential rule of selection. Many of my friends distributed the letter entirely by their own instincts, with the single reservation on which we had agreed : that we should address those from whom a personal response might be expected, rather than argument derived from some public organization ; and those who we felt might dispense with ready-made dogma for this occasion, or at least be moved to state it in emotional rather than rational terms. For example, we tended to pass over people conspicuous for their Left opinions, feeling that it would be difficult for them to abandon platform self-consciousness ; but we did not categorically rule out the Left answer. It could not be within our object to rule out disagreement, since we had no public programme ourselves : there has been no connivance among any of the people who answered the letter, not even among those who were known to one another, nor have I complied with anyone's request to see what ' the others ' had written before he composed his own answer. I have wanted the spontaneous personal reaction, construed in private, and I have been happily surprised with the intimate freshness of most of the answers.

Although I have everywhere urged people not to hesitate to put down what they felt, from a fear that their answers might be regarded and treated as controversial, I have in many cases pointed out discrepancies which were discrepancies from their own point of view; and some of them have revised their answers in this sense. But I pressed no correspondent to adapt his answer to any point of view of my own. I have raised the question of my own point of view only where false disagreement seemed to result from some misapprehension of it—in order

to give my correspondent the chance of using his space more constructively. Where there was any persistent misapprehension, I have let it stand, as part of that person's natural reaction to my presentation of the problem. To every person who made an effort of original response I wrote back in private comment: not to argue, or to anticipate the possible reconcilability or irreconcilability of the answer with all the others, but to make sure, for my correspondent and myself, that I had read the letter in the sense in which it was intended. I had no preconceived notion of the co-operative solution that might be extracted from the answers when assembled.

That I avoided, in my letter, the use of familiar political terms, and all mention of public personalities, countries, precise events, and all reference to the common newspaper names of the problems I was describing, has made it difficult for some people to answer. I prefer to feel that most of those whose failure to answer is due to my failure to provide the current verbal handles are people who could not have contributed usefully in the way I mean. My avoidance of these handles was deliberate. They represent to me the kind of language that evokes rehearsed opinions, not the spontaneous feelings favourable to direct thought upon a subject. Luck would have to decide my getting an answer or not: I felt that with the right people—the people capable of the fresh emotional reaction—I should be lucky.

Complaints of not 'understanding' my letter have been surprisingly few. I knew that there were bound to be some—because of my avoidance of the verbal handles that were being used all around me, because of the consequent effect of suddenness, because of the seeming abstractness which the direct approach always has for people accustomed to lean, in their thought, on the well-padded crutches of Allusion. So be it: this was my way, and I had seen enough of the other ways of approach not to be encouraged to corrupt my own. Little luck had gone with any of those; perhaps there was more luck in mine. Perhaps, on the other hand, the whole subject is so impregnated with bad luck that there is no way out except through more bad luck, to its exhaustion. As I have said, I

begin with no preconceived notion about the remedies, and with no desperation to find them at whatever cost to sobriety. But I believe in the luck of my approach: that it is accurately and heartily enough directed and that, while the result may well prove elusive, if there is a result it will be a lucky one.

Luck also describes my method of distributing the letter. Some of the names are ' well-known ' ones ; but this does not mean that I have anywhere sought the name rather than the person. And there has been luck in the absence of unpleasantness from the whole procedure—with one exception, of a kind that I cannot regard as serious. Dorothy Sayers took it upon herself to write an article in a weekly paper upon the letter, quoting it at length without my permission. She attacked it petulantly—not for its attitude to the subject, but for its ' style \ My letter was used as a text for a sermon on bad style, with supporting quotations to illustrate her notion of good style—suggesting the theologian who appeals to the Patristic writings in order to establish that some rival theologian lacks a true appreciation of the Bible. The letter was sent to her as to a person of reputed vigour, whose emotions had perhaps not yet undergone literary hardening. Apart from a scruple against allowing legal infringements to go unchecked, lest one create a precedent by which others may suffer, I could not feel indignant at getting a public literature-lesson designed for my mortification, instead of an answer on another plane. To such hazards I had consciously exposed myself ; for the rest, her reaction had more bearing on ' psychology ' than on my subject.

What is pertinent here is that the incident provides an example of another kind of disability. The person suffering from the disability of a fixed political attitude would say : ' I can't grasp this letter, because it contains none of my opinions, nor even an opposite opinion.' The person suffering from the disability of being a writer (to the exclusion of being a feeler or a thinker) says, ' I can't grasp this letter, because it contains none of the literary mannerisms I have adopted, nor any other fixed set of literary mannerisms.' There are many such disabilities, in which people become naturalized as if in adopted countries ; and the cultivated patriotisms are more full

of obstinacy and ill-temper and closeness of mind and heart than any of those to which one may be geographically born. The saddest are the literary patriotisms, which create languages within language, the motive of style within the motive of true utterance, and personal ambition within the responsibility that this motive imposes. Saddest, because the power of words can be exercised more co-operatively, more unselfishly, than other powers : is the power to which professional rivalry is least appropriate, the most certain security we have of homogeneous wisdom.

That the proportion of writers to other correspondents is a somewhat large one does not mean that I have chosen to address my letter to those to whom it would come most easily to put pen to paper, or that I had any plan for this book as a collection of informal literary essays. The proportion of writers to the others is, I think, a correct one. It is the responsibility of those with an intensified power of words to provide the terms by which the true feelings on any subject may be ordered into an articulate knowledge of it. Most people feel something of what is going on in the outer world to-day, and could give a vivid description of its emotional effect on them, A few are equipped to supply more than circumstantial evidence of the disturbances : they have the advantage of being able to approach the accused subject in a judicial frame of mind rather than as defendants. It is not impossible for a defendant to achieve this state of mind, or sympathize with it—as I think many of the answers show. But there is more likelihood of the judicial lead with people who habitually exercise the judicial scruple obligatory in the trials of language.

Very few of those who sent answers that I wanted to use felt later moved to withdraw them. One answer contended that the self-consciousness in which the answers were written would destroy their reality ; that the only reliance was on impulsive unadvertised gestures of love between persons in private relationship. When I wrote back that, surely, even private relations required ordered behaviour and consciousness, and pointed out that a published statement of attitude on a common subject should test rather than destroy its integrity, my correspondent

confessed that what she had really meant was that she was reluctant to develop feelings about a subject emotionally remote to her. Another correspondent withdrew her answer because it contained a criticism of my point of view as ' esoteric ' and involving a contempt of material things, which I could not accept as just and she could not honestly abandon. I wanted to use her answer, her reaction being authentic in its persistence, but she felt that there was more controversy than contribution in what she had written and that she could nevertheless not write otherwise.

Then there was the correspondent who after several months began to grow worried as to what company he should find himself in. This was a university undergraduate, and it was obvious that he had in the interval been thinking about his future. If he were well known, he wrote, he would not mind in what company he appeared ; but one's first public appearance had a peculiar significance, and if it were in wrong company one might be wrongly branded at the outset. I myself have long shrunk from random appearance in the miscellaneous company of anthologies, so I was equipped to sympathize. But as I was not making an anthology of ' Best Letters ', or forming a new political group or anything of that drastic nature, I could only have compassion as for the incipient careerist, to whom the most innocent misstep may be as professionally disastrous as the choice of the wrong kind of wife. He thought that the problem could be solved merely by his remaining anonymous. I felt the problem to be so serious, from his own point of view, that the safest course would be for him to absent himself entirely. A few other absences are to be accounted for by not dissimilar considerations of professional diplomacy or prestige. For example, a psychologist who would have offered an ' article ' if I could have given guarantees that it would receive sufficient attention in the book and sufficient publicity by appearing therein ; and a doctor who had ' written a book on the subject' and was planning to form a ' study-group on the subject'—I hope I am doing him no injustice in saying that his inquiries about my book seemed to indicate more concern for his position as an authority on the subject than for the subject.

Naturally, I have made no stylistic alterations in the answers, though very occasionally I have tidied confusions of grammar and punctuation. Nor have I suppressed anything except where the writing became inadvertently redundant; or rejected any letter written in good faith, and with some originality of approach. A few people have preferred to remain anonymous, but I have not accepted anonymity where I felt its reason to be a frivolous one. In every case the answer is published because I think it contributes a personal field of reaction. It is from some point common to the various personal fields that we must start, not from the scattered world scene itself. The solution, if there is one, must be in ourselves. If there seems to be none, that too represents something in ourselves.

IV

Nineteenth-Century Attitudes to the World

BEFORE examining the answers to my letter, I should like to present the approach of two conspicuously sensitive nineteenth-century people to the public troubles of their time—two people who felt the outer disturbances in intensely personal terms. George Sand and Soren Kierkegaard lived in the middle of the last century, when world disorder was a loose conglomeration of civil and national troubles rather than a uniform atmosphere of disorder. In spite of their being temperamental opposites, the approach of both is tragical in feeling where ours (if intelligent) would be either coolly cynical or coolly cheerful; whether despairing or hopeful, we are at least resolved to take care of ourselves. I think that it is important to point the difference, and that the attitudes of these two exemplify the difference vividly. Our world is in furious disorder, and so was theirs. But we do not let the fury enter our souls, as they and other self-conscious people of their time let it enter theirs. Our outer life is at once more tremendous in its impact on us, and more remote. We are more particularly ourselves, but less particularized as world substance; the map of the world was more concretely geographical then than it is now, not yet the boundary-less map of humanity.

George Sand wrote the following in 1851, as a preface to *La Petite Fadette* :

It was at the close of those ill-omened days in June 1848 that, with my spirit shaken and almost broken by the outer storms that beat upon it, I set myself to recover in solitude, if not calm at least some measure of faith. I thought that were I to make formal profession of philosophy I should come to believe, or at least persuade myself that I believed, in the calming effect that a faith in ideal values has upon the mind among the disasters of contemporary history. But I was

not really like that: **I** acknowledge **in all humility** that even a sure **foreknowledge** of the workings of Providence could not protect my artist's mind from the grief of passing through the immediate darkness and horror of **a** civil war.

Men who take an active part in political affairs are continually subject to feverish hopes and dreads, to rage, to joy, to intoxicating triumph or the indignation of defeat; but in such social convulsions the poor poet, or the retired woman, contemplating a struggle the outcome of which has no direct personal interest for either, will feel **a** profound horror at the fratricidal slaughter, a despair at such clouds of hate, such injuries, menaces, calumnies mounting to heaven like **the** smoke of an unclean sacrifice.

In periods like these a stormy, powerful genius, a Dante, sometimes writes with his tears, his bile, his nerves, a terrible poetic drama of torture and groaning ; but the spirit must be as tempered as his was, steel and fire, for the imagination to dwell upon the horrors of a symbolical hell when before one's very eyes stretches the grievous purgatory of this world's desolation. There are no such spirits in our time. The contemporary artist, reflecting and echoing the more delicate, more sensitive spirit of his generation, expresses the commanding need that we feel for turning the gaze away from all sights of horror and distracting the imagination with ideal reveries of innocent calm. It is his weakness that makes him act as he does, but he has no cause to blush : for he is hereby doing his duty. In times when so much evil proceeds from the mistrust of man for man, from mutual hatred, the artist's mission is to celebrate the pleasures of confidence and friendship, and thus remind those who have been hardened and discouraged by their experiences that decent behaviour, tender affection and simple justice still exist, or could exist, in this world. Any reference to present troubles, any appeal to the passions when passions arc still at boiling point—this is not the way to restore spiritual health : better a gentle song, a rustic pipe, a bedtime story to send children to sleep without fright or pain, than representation of actual scenes of evil reinforced in their horror by **the** ingenious colours of fiction.

To preach union when men are cutting one another's throats is to cry in the wilderness : for their minds are so inflamed that they are proof against any direct exhortation whatsoever. Since those June days, the inevitable consequences of which are the events of to-day, **the** author of the following tale has set himself *[sic]* the task of being pleasant, even if he dies of chagrin in the effort. He has made a

shepherd's festival, a general festival, and not troubled himself about the adverse verdict that it is bound to win from a certain type of critic. He knows that to give pleasure to those who like this sort of thing and are suffering, as he is, from the horror that scenes of hatred and vengeance excite, is to do them all the good that they are at present capable of accepting : short, transitory solace, admittedly, but a more real one than they could derive from any impassioned flight of oratory, more convincing than any demonstration of classical composition.

She is so overwhelmed by the public troubles of her period that she can think only of the temporary and local solace. It should be remembered that it was during this period that the Communist recommendation was born; that, while it has transformed itself into an international creed, it grew out of disorders of civil rather than international significance—and remains essentially a recommendation on a local rather than world plane. Communist economy can be national economy, but it cannot be world economy. A world cannot, like a nation, become a static unit, not even in so material an aspect of life as economy ; this is one reason why the person of restless sensibilities finds more imaginative stimulation in world life than in national life. The world is always more contemporary than the nation. It contains, indeed, the tossing, unshaped elements out of which the personal to-morrow will be resolved ; while the nation contains only stabilized elements, which join to form the historical yesterday. Much of the pain in George Sand's personal report of the public troubles of her time is due to their being an aggregate of local troubles rather than a self-interpenetrating, universalized trouble. She could not express the problem readily in world terms, though she knew that only in so doing could she extract the solution of a to-morrow from it—what she calls despairingly' a formal profession of philosophy \

I have quoted her report not as a possible contribution to our problem : but because it accentuates the dramatic difference between the personal gesture in world affairs of that period, and the personal gesture that world affairs now evoke in us. That was necessarily the helpless gesture ; ours is not necessarily so. There was a time when no personal gesture whatever was

possible in world affairs, when the world did not even exist as a geographical entity: when each geographical unit was a separate local entity, and the world in the universal sense was a theological (later a romantic) deduction from private or local realities. But we have assembled the external realities in more single hugeness ; they contain our to-morrows more immediately than they used to.

We have a human world around us instead of an abstraction upon the geographical premiss that there is a world ; and it is in no mysterious way the future. We have become more immediately ourselves. What is next and next to happen to us historically is no longer within the personal drama of ourselves. This is as to say : we have played out the drama of souls, we are our souls, and the world is explicitly now of the body. It is our bodies, and all the yet unlived bodily incidents. Our gestures toward world affairs should have the confidence, the instructedness, the unbewilderment, that all mature and civilized attention to material phenomena has. We must not cheat ourselves : the present outer drama is not an inner one; has great physical, but no spiritual, pertinence. We must not be spiritually greedy, we must not attempt to squeeze out of it what it no longer holds. If we feel oppressed by inadequacies in the people we know or know of, or in ourselves, the compensation is not to be looked for in world experience. That we have now a world, in the sense in which other ages did not, does not mean that we can exploit it to satisfy hopes that are unsatisfiable in personal experience. It is so being exploited by many; which is why it yields so much disappointment, false disappointment.

I hope that this analysis of the difference between the notion [1] world ' of then and now explains the inevitable difference in temper between persons of then and persons of now. It is not natural for us now to feel so forlorn, so tragical, as George Sand felt, however sensitive we may be to outer disturbances. That was natural for her ; and her temper is typical of the emotions of her time, though her robust private gaiety is her own.

George Sand wept for what was going on around her, then hurried to dry her tears : the tearless eye, in despite, was her

technique of solace. S6ren **Kierkegaard raged** against what **was** going on around him. And his solution was by fright: people must be frightened into tranquillity by seeing, in the fate of the Martyr, the horrors they had wrought. The following is quoted from E. A. Allen's *Kierkegaard) His Life and Thought,*

The year 1848 did, however, mark a definite crisis in his development, though that was by reason of the events which have made it memorable in European history. The accession of Frederick V I I was the signal for revolt in Schleswig-Holstein, the two provinces seeking admission to the German Confederation. Prussian troops crossed the frontier, and the ensuing war brought to Denmark a resurgence of national feeling. The Liberal movement made itself felt in the country, a Diet was elected and a Constitution passed, abolishing the old absolutism in favour of a limited monarchy with democratic institutions.

Among the religious leaders of the time, Grundtvig welcomed the changes and worked with them. But Kierkegaard was a Die-hard in politics as in theology ; the one answer of authority to revolt must be the imperious ' Thou shalt!' backed if necessary by force. What the time needed was discipline, that those who were appointed by God to rule should really rule, alike in Church and State. He had no patience with policies of compromise dictated by expediency. The whole fear of Germany was, he declared, nothing but the bad conscience of a nation which knew itself not merely few in numbers but petty in soul. And what was Social Democracy but the deification of the ' mass \ a devil's gospel that truth is to be found by counting heads, rather than by personal insight and courage ? The only equality which mattered was the Christian one, which did not seek to alter earthly conditions but created a spirit in which they were seen not to be worth the trouble of altering. . . .

The events of 1848 did not so much bring him any new conviction as strengthen those which he had already. No political measures could meet the hour's need, a spiritual awakening was wanted. But he was equally opposed to two contemporary movements in which others saw the awakening already begun. One was the effort to reform the Church from within, by separation of Church and State, revision of the hymn-book, and similar measures. The other was the free religious movement of a pietistic character which was abroad, and which is represented in *Brand* by the figure of Einar. What Kierkegaard most objected to was the claim, real or apparent, of

those who **had** been' converted ' in this to belong to a higher Christian type than others. No ! each of those movements was of the earth, earthy, it bore the stamp of human pride, not that of the absolute majesty of God. What war and pestilence and civil tumult could not accomplish, the voice of the prophet calling to repentance must achieve.

The prophet must come, but how, having come, will he fare at the hands of a generation so evil ? Kierkegaard could guess from what he had gone through himself. He had been but a writer, hinting at the ideal, but he had incurred the ' martrydom of ridicule ': would one who challenged openly the follies of the day escape with less ?

So there rose before him the figure of the coming Martyr-prophet whom God would one day send to the saving of Denmark—and his own death. For as it had been since the beginning of time, men would reject the prophet alive, but their hearts would open to his message after he had fallen at their hands. Another Samson, he would be stronger in death than in life, and would pull down the whole vast temple of Dagon, none the less an idol shrine because it bore the name of God. The meaning of history is that sovereignty passes from the tyrant to the martyr, from the force which strikes men down to the self-sacrifice which wins their reverence. The meek will inherit the earth, not because the course of time will bring them power, but because they will teach men a new conception of power.

\ . . What the time needs is not a genius. It has had geniuses enough already. But it wants a martyr, one who, to teach men obedience, himself becomes obedient unto death, one whom men put to death, and just through that saw what they had lost. For through this very fact of their slaying him, through their victory therefore, they would become afraid of what was in themselves. It is awakening which the time needs. . . .'

Blame is here put on all humanity—not, one feels, that the wrong kinds of events were occurring, but that there should be events at all. The spiritual egoist is speaking : let there be no **outer drama** to distract from the exciting inner drama of the **superior** soul. It is difficult to argue that Kierkegaard was **typical of** his time; but he was an eccentric that could have **occurred in** no other time. In no other time could a protest of **individualism** against vulgarity take the form of a pious protest **against the** distraction of the material world. Propaganda

against worldliness is an old form of holy rage, but in place of worldliness was always set the ideal of community in God; there is no suggestion of community in Kierkegaard's gospel, of either a worldly or unworldly kind. He was able to typify the Christian personality with such eccentric vehemence because it was an age when the internal laws of personality and the external laws of world life seemed to be in tragic competition for the undisputed control of human souls. Kierkegaard romantically chose the exclusive rule of internal laws ; they meant to him an infinite freedom to experiment with his soul.

The Christian terms in which he stated his choice were evidence less of piety than of the rhetorical romanticism characteristic of all the ' answers ' of his time to the problem ' the World and Ourselves \ Necessarily romantic, since the opposition between internal and external laws was not a real one and yet involved every sensitive person in their conflict—because the distinctions, and hence the compatibilities, between them had not been made real. It was seen only that two levels of life different in kind were merging, and that people were apparently being forced to live on both levels at the same time, with the same themselves. The single intelligent reaction seemed to be the romantic one—recoil, and arbitrary separation. The Communist reaction was a romantic one in its way ; the choice of exclusive rule by external laws was as arbitrary as the recoil into the cult of self.

Kierkegaard exalted the individual self into a metaphysical absolute, with the help of religious ecstasies and austerities. In this he was not out of keeping with the mood of his time—a mixture of melodramatic egoism and proud pathos. George Sand struck both the melodramatic and the pathetic note, but she was treating the problem of world and the problem of self as paradoxically identical, and insoluble in being identical; she chose to confuse them tenderly, rather than separate them too violently. In feeling the impossibility of her position, she both sympathized romantically with the separate solutions and rejected them as no more tenable than her own way. She spoke in the mood of her time, yet with an inner conviction that this mood could not last. It has gradually passed, but we have still

not decided upon the mood that belongs peculiarly to us. The emotions which made up the mood of that time were at least real to it; we hesitate to feel at all, not sure what emotions it is proper for us to have.

By visualizing the emotional frame within which people of a time near our own, in a world crisis of their own, cast their personal reactions to it, we may be enabled to see the common emotional frame within which we should be feeling about our time. We may try to have emotions about it, but we do not succeed in having any but transitory emotions unless we know that others are feeling along with us : there must be a common frame, a truly contemporary mood nourished by our emotions and demanding of us continuous emotional attention to our common life. That our contemporary mood is changing and uncertain, without its own characteristic stamp, suggests that we are not yet feeling truly contemporary emotions—are not yet feeling about our world and ourselves. The letters that I print here represent attempts to feel along with others, all at once and yet individually. If they draw no visible emotional frame by their having been so written, they should at least indicate the need of one. We cannot take mental hold of our world until we feel ourselves commonly alive in it.

It may seem that George Sand and Soren Kierkegaard are erratic examples of the world mood of their time. But this complaint might be equally made of many other contemporaries of theirs—Heine or Macaulay or Mazzini or Engels or the Prince Consort. It was a time rich in erratic figures, because the world crisis stimulated and exaggerated personality in people who might otherwise have been conspicuous only in their professional fields. Every high-tension period tends to make publicists of its notables, to be generous with the journalistic brand of greatness. There are even more examples of such infectious oddity now. The two figures I have chosen have, moreover, a private colouring of their own that many of their contemporaries lacked. There is in their attitude more of the privately impelled accent that I want than I could easily find elsewhere ; and two more temperamentally different persons of the same period it would certainly be difficult to find.

I have not cited any more figures of that time, since this is an inquiry into our own problem, not into the psychology of world attitudes. The attitudes of wholly unknown people of that time might have served us better, but our contact with people of the past is unfortunately limited in this respect: we can only know them through their louder voices. One advantage of this book, which is part of the advantage of contact with contemporaries, is that we are all speaking without raising our voices. In fact, I tried to avoid those who are accustomed to speak with the raised voice (for the benefit of distant futures, I suppose) ; the few of these to whom, in fairness, letters were nevertheless addressed appropriately refrained from answering. Our counsels here are not deafened by the strange noises with which the Great announce themselves to their future publics. We are merely concerned with ourselves now, and the world now, and the future only in the modest sense of our own to-morrow.

In March 1848 Greville wrote in his diary :

. . . Thus occur historical perplexities and the errors and untruths which crowd all history. I have always said that it is nothing but a series of conventional facts. There is no *absolute* truth in history ; mankind arrives at probable results and conclusions in the best way it can, and by collecting and comparing evidence it settles down its ideas and its beliefs to a certain chain and course of events which it accepts as certain, and deals with as if it were, because it must settle somewhere and on something, and because a tolerable *prima facie* and probable case is presented.

Yes : the world, as distinct from ourselves, is nothing but ' a series of conventional facts \ *We* have become predictable—as we can identify ourselves with our ideas and beliefs. That part of life which is a factual series is not predictable ; it is made up of events that are not ourselves, temporary problems not identifiable with our ideas and beliefs. From such events we have the immunity bestowed by knowing the permanent problems, and so the difference between the truth and facts. We can tell the truth without being able to say exactly what is going to happen next; but to be able to tell the truth makes us

safe from the future contained in facts. It is of this immunity that we must avail ourselves in possessing **the** world of facts —so that it shall not possess us, with **a** violence invited by false curiosity. It is the unpredictable part of our existence. But that is only as to say that when a house is to be built we provide for its architecture, for the required materials and masons, but not for how the masons are to behave to each other while working ; nor do we make the acquaintance of every stone to be used, nor build first a trial house in order to satisfy ourselves that the house we propose to build is the identical house we mean. We leave room for much intervening accident.

What we want most to happen, feeling that it may be made to happen and remain so, we prearrange. To the element of necessary change in this process—the removal or taming of, or compliance with, obstacles—we pay far less attention than to our prophecy of the result. It is dangerous to be wrong about that; it is about that we have fear, if we fear at all, not about the attendant events. We are elaborately preoccupied with material matters only in the primitive condition of having material ends for the desired certainties : then the most important act of consciousness is the prediction of facts. The more our desired certainties have to do with truth rather than facts, with knowledge of ourselves rather than of what may temporarily happen to us, the less will it matter what actually does happen and the less spectacular will our happenings be. When temporal incidents are predictable, more meaning has been attached to them than they properly contain—and they are more delightful or more fearsome than they have a right to be.

Our problem, then, is how not to fear the future, and also how to make it unfearsome without becoming slaves to the mere object of avoiding unfortunate events. Surely this problem is altogether out of place with us, is a problem we have really solved in our minds, if not in our world ? What has gone wrong with our world, that we should seem to be facing the problem all over again, as if we were at the physical beginning **of** our history instead of at the mental end of it ? It must be **that** many of us are indeed behaving like that: trying to go back to begin all over again and thus recapture bodily fear, in flight

from so much freedom to be concerned with ourselves as minds. But it is not primitive fear that inspires the gloomy prognostications on so many lips, or the mortal uncertainty with which newspapers are unfolded every morning. We cannot go back to the beginning of fear; we can induce hysteria, but not unmake our history. Curiously, those who attempt to meet our outer disorders in a mood of primitive fear are nearer to the mood of the last mid-century than to any earlier form of reaction to externalities. When behaviour seeks earlier levels, it is always the most recent antecedent that is imitated, rather than the most remote. This is as true for art-behaviour, for example, as for any other set of reminiscent mannerisms. The closest counterpart to surrealism is not to be found in any primitive form of art, but in the ornate Pre-Raphaelite simplicities, or the Victorian Comic.

In the last mid-century people met their outer disorders in a mood of fear : not bodily fear, but a fearful fascination with self. The outer nightmare was no longer really formidable ; they tried to transfer all the physical sensations once inspired by it to the drama of self—neo-Gothic romance. That was sincere theatricality. The new Communism was just as sincerely theatrical in reverting to a primitive pattern of behaviour that submerged the individual self in symbolical Public Individuality (not real primitivism, only idealized feudalism).

But there is no genuine pathos, no redeeming quality of self-delusion, in the fear circulating around us. It is, simply and obviously, the heartless bad joke. Perhaps this is why we feel so haunted—as if by a joke that will not break. We must either find by inspired chance the great good joke, the laughter of which will instantly and utterly clear the air, or go through the more complicated but reliable process of evolving a constant mechanism of public good humour from our personal certainties. Some will say that we have as few personal as public certainties. To these I would reply that if this is really true of them and they nevertheless regard themselves as intelligences, they are deeply answerable for the outer madness which has made poor devils of so much of the world population.

PART II. THE ANSWERS
MALENESS AND FEMALENESS

THE ANSWERS: MALENESS AND FEMALENESS

From Sally Graves

HOW to achieve the intelligent political machinery without discussing and acting in masculine terms ? Won't it be necessary, first, to ventilate the whole affair, let it invade the houses ?

Politics were meant to provide a background for intelligent living. Hence the dictum about philosophic kings, etc. At present the system enables a small minority to live intelligently—that is to say, it gives them the opportunity to do so. But even that minority's position is very undermined, and the opportunity spoilt. By what ? Fear, lack of security. No greater enemy to intelligence than fear : it brings out the pig, the wolf and the ram in man and the she-tiger or blind wombat in woman.

Now for people I know. Who are the intelligent people I know ? Two sorts. A few women who are too busy to be rattled, and a few men who are too misanthropic to expect anything. But it's a bad state of things if you have to be either too busy to think outside your business or too cold to sympathize (sympathy — irony in most cases) in order to speak to the point on any subject. Because the busy ones are likely to be suddenly put out of doors into a chilly inactive misery, and the cold ones are useless anyway in an emergency—they'll just smoke their pipes and die nobly for their own benefit without even the comforts of superstition.

But the vast majority are straw-catchers like myself—too young to be wise, and forced, as you say, to devote a great deal of thinking-energy to problems outside of their natural scope and apparently beyond their range of influence. How divine to make the dangerous statesmen have a change of heart or to induce the rich to believe that in the long run they would be happier if they had less money, something more constructive to do, and different friends. But persuasion is not a political instrument—it belongs to the hearth and the restaurant and not to the nation or empire. And the result of this thinking along foreign channels, of realizing that you are an ant

crawling among the insensitive wrinkles of an elephant's skin, is very various but very symptomatic. You either close your eyes and try to enjoy slipping downhill in good company, or join a group with a panacea up its sleeve, or find the most suitable grindstone and keep your nose to it, or indulge in relaxing day-dreams (if you are leisured). There is very little for the ordinary human weed, if he is educated up to having a sense of honour, to find to do except along these lines. He or she either (i) decides to be a cad and have the laugh, or (2) be a hero and good and stupid.

Of course, this is all very general—but as true as most generalities. You see, it was as if the bottom suddenly had fallen out of the world in the night while everybody was asleep—and they had gone about their business next day as usual without realizing the extent of the damage. Yes, quite a lot of the stuff about ' no moral standards ', etc., is true. Except that it wasn't really the lack of moral standards which set people straw-catching, but the questioning of all the snob-standards which the civilized people of this island had laboriously drawn up. This is where class-consciousness *does* come in. Because most people are accustomed to think with tickets and counters which belong to their class and group. (Take the notion of ' sense of humour ' for instance—which the elegant rich consider to be one of the chief social virtues. What does this refinement mean to our late char Mrs. Edwards ? Nothing. They would be ashamed to own Mrs. Edwards' bare-faced sentimentality about her husband, and yet they would agree that she is a fine open-hearted specimen. The curious hypocrisy of the liberal-minded rich ! They want to be like themselves, but some are beginning to wonder who they are.) Now the old thought-currency has had a slump. And you see in my generation an odd reflection, in behaviour, of the political dodges of states—tariff-walls, mumbo-jumbo ideologies, and all sorts of attempts at false fronts and false bottoms, and bland shut-my-eye-to-the-burglar conversations. The bottom, I suppose, fell out of the outside world some time between the Treaty of Versailles and the Wall Street Crash. And the reverberations were felt in the inside world.

This is how, I imagine, a lot of young women in my position have felt about the outside crash. The men's world is at sixes and sevens, and the women's world, which has been built in a complementary way, forced out of gear. Before now, I imagine, the women's side of things had adapted itself to masculine development—on the whole, although masculine development has been affected internally by

women. But not obviously, and therefore their influence has been an easy one to suppress. And the first step seems to have been with men because the spectacular things needed physique and mobility of a male kind.

What first step can women, in their proper character, now take for the first time ? The questions they will ask will be :

(i) How can we determine events which have been set in motion by other people ?

(2) How can we solve the political problem—which we see very clearly as a problem which we are used to dealing with—i.e. how to be happy, with such resources as we have ?

There is one thing all women can do—which is to see that their children are educated along lines of sense and discretion. But that is a long-term business. The question remains : what is to be done now ? Nothing in the way of movements. Because women know that large units are not to be trusted—can't be by their very nature. And not by speeches and campaigns or anything that implies leadership and lieutenancies and servility. Because women know that these are barren relationships. In some way which involves a different source of ardour—and not the infections and short-lived enthusiasms of herd-politics. This more or less circumscribes the sort of action to be taken.

The other thing to be considered is the type of resources women have got.

(1) Votes, political liberties, etc., shared with men.

(2) Things men want, sexual, comfortable and refining.

(3) Their own set of values.

(4) Children.

So what are we to do with that ? Princesse de Chi may ? Delilah ? Lysistrata ? Obviously not—nor Jael neither. But let them be aware that their interests are at stake and that certain behaviour amounts to dangerous lunacy on the part of their friends, lovers and husbands. Let the women of the leisured classes make common cause with Mrs. Edwards and say : Do we want our husbands conscripted ? No. Do we want our lovers brutalized by indecision and unemployment ? No. Do we want our sons to get and give V.D. because they feel responsible to nobody ? No. Can we produce homes and amenities and the important graces on 17s. *6d.* a week ? Of course not. Well, let's advise them to be sensible. (But first we must be sensible ourselves.) It is in our power to undermine this comedy-cant which is gushed forth from political platforms : chal-

lenge the meaning of every reckless cliche they produce : insist that they *apply* every single political statement they make and gauge its result in terms of happiness. Step No. i. But what comes next I can't yet conceive. Maybe this argument is too hedonistic, but it does seem to me that it is the way in which women can make use of the kind of scrutiny which is their special forte.

Sally Graves suggests, for women now, the use of a faculty of negative criticism on which they have been long accustomed to rely. Since the beginning of time, life has never gone brilliantly well; but, she says, life has recently touched a new ' low \ Indeed, it has touched not merely a new low, but an absurd and incredible low : because it should, by all our talents and standards, be touching a new ' high '—or at least have an immediate purpose of this. Purpose (' the first steps ') she still leaves to men. She proposes for women only a more deliberate and constant and meticulous practice of an old method of women with men : quiet scrutiny and challenge from the firm position they have always had in the background of spectacular events. If all women consciously fulfilled this role, which assumes the prerogative of impatience, they could deflate much of the swollen talk and activity that clutters the world, and without any damage to world vitality. This suggestion is of a disciplinary rather than positive kind. But we can extract from it one useful counsel: that women, and all the quiet, patient people, should refuse to be humorously tolerant of what their patience denounces. See p. 371.

From Donald Boyd

I've thought about your letter, I don't believe I can be much use, though I'd like to be. I don't see what can be done, and I sometimes think that at present all the people who are orderly and good in mind are getting less in number and power. A friend talks about ' the stage army of the good, who are always rather ridiculous ', meaning those persistent protestants whose names we know.

Well, those aren't quite inside people, necessarily, in your sense, but they're doing work rather of that kind. How few they are ! Now I think you're right about inside people ; they ought to be germinating what's really good and would make up a sort of core of

righteousness in **our** sense that would influence governments **more than** this stage army, probably.

But who's producing that atmosphere ? We used to think of it as springing from the home, I suppose, either directly, or indirectly, in revolt. So I suppose we might be attributing it to the home in mistake (as you suggest) for women, who then created it. Now women don't think of home that way ; but still more they want other sorts of occupation than nursing babies or ideas, and brooding over things that ought to be done. They don't represent poetry as they did. Poetry has acquired a strong male odour, too, hasn't it ?

Women came into office work in an emergency. None now looks forward from school to a womanly life (except in dislike). They all want a man's life. Office, latchkey, motor. Particularly motor. The idea of the sequestered internal life isn't observed at all. I exaggerate, but broadly speaking it's true. Can you expect the gifts you need from that sort of attitude ? I don't know. I should have supposed not. The general ambition seems to me almost exclusively male.

This change is important I think, and I can't see at all what'11 come out of it. Eric Gill in his little pamphlet ' Unemployment' makes out that contraception is»creating a matriarchy—a matriarchy which isn't of course necessarily fertile ; but if it's a matriarchy which desires motor-cars and the pseudo-male in occupation and pleasure and government, won't the inside qualities diminish still further ?

This is very gloomy. I'm sorry. My only optimistic principle is that things change. What seems fixed now won't be the same in a hundred years. When people think things are fixed, that's the proper time to despair. I don't despair, but I don't see a way out of an atmosphere which is apparently so trivial that it ought to be gloomy.

Inside people are now indeed acutely conscious of the fewness of their numbers. We do not expect there to be plump millions of us—because the law^ of proportion do not work like that. That there are more insects on the earth than people does not establish the superior wisdom of insects ; the giant may be presumed to have less of mind, though the dwarf not more, **than the** ordinary person. We know that ultimately **it** is the few who legislate for the many; though not in the sense of tyranny, **or** in that of the few carrying too much **of the burden. The guide as to ' how many' is probably to be found in our**

feeling of dissatisfaction with ourselves that we are not doing enough to remedy what is ours to remedy. The sense of unfulfilled responsibility in those who are working hard at their inside work is a clue to the number of people who should also be there working on the inside with them. It is certainly not an indication that we could better fulfil our responsibility in outside work—since it is only in our kind of work, thought, feeling, that a solution can lie for the outside disorders, outside ways having failed.

Who are the missing inside people—and, having identified them, what shall we expect of them ? Donald Boyd is right in identifying them as women : in feeling that there are not enough women backing our inside values now to make these an effectual influence on the outside of things. Women have acquired a more direct backing-power than they used to have, but large numbers of them are using it to back the outside importances ; his description of the modern woman-about-town is another way of saying this. But we do not mean that the lack is of women painters, women poets, of inside women in the professional sense. Although, of the poets of good influence, fewer are women than men, the proportion is not necessarily unbalanced, according to the intricate laws of proportion. Women who do engage in the inside professions should be capable of compensating for such numerical discrepancies, in terms of concentration and intensity ; and women have a superior potency as backers that further compensates for their numerical fewness on the various fronts.

The potency of women as backers was long ago realized in religion, in diplomacy, in trade ; and is now sharply appreciated in politics. Women are everywhere courted, in ways both subtle and crude, as the ultimate audience and the silent force of sanction (' By Female Appointment'). At the restaurant the fish is presented to the male diner for his approval, but the implication really is ' Will it please the lady ? ' In playing this role women are not expected to say anything or do anything, because they are merely backers ; but that they do not object to something constitutes a strongly encouraging nod of assent.

Women have fallen off as backers of religion and conventional

morality, and of poetry and art in the old way of ' inspiration \ They are more active in the sense of belonging to literary groups, organizing exhibitions and concerts, but such activity represents to them ' outside interests ', the pleasure of more mobility : it is the domestic woman's way of being a woman-about-world. At the same time they have become backers of many public movements, lending to these a tone of high-mindedness which they would not otherwise have. This is why we find so much sentimentality in surprising places : the sentimental appeal is the contribution of women, and it is the result of their having been tempted to back the wrong things for the right reasons.

Very well. The inside people missing from among us are women. Not women this's and that's, but just women : as backers. Still, let us not count on reclaiming the women-about-world, look for our missing ones among them. Nor among the harassed working-class housewives. Yet every woman can help by being a sturdy disliker of what she dislikes, and this is a counsel that every one male and female can practise incidentally as a private person—although it has special pertinence for women, as people who have in the past trained themselves to put up with much irritating talk and behaviour for the sake of ' peace '. But for our missing inside people we want specialized women backers. There may be inside people lost among the crowds, whom we might tenderly draw in to us. But the result would be unforeseeable ; and we must think of the missing inside people as indubitably inside.

The women we want are those who have never really ventured ' outside '—either as backers or performers. They are only missing from among us because we have not turned to them for backing, seemed in need of backing. We have been right in the pride that made us refuse to bargain for popular backing, but we have been too proud : some backers we need, and the appropriate ones are not inaccessible. They are the women who are doing very little else besides being women. There should be some hundreds or thousands of them in existence—in whom the old power of gracious sanction remains unimpaired, withheld from the too spectacular and changeable doings and doctrines all around them.

But how, practically, to get hold of them? And, having found them, how to formulate our insideness in a way to **avail** ourselves of their backing? My letter has, I think, found **a** few of them: of whom the American woman who wrote the following answer is an example. But most of them were beyond the reach of my letter.

From Dorothea Dooling

Everyone must be conscious of the unhappiness you speak of; nearly everyone is involved in it. I am much less involved in it than most people, because of the way I live. I live where there are not very many people and consequently the common jobs of everyday life aren't specialized the way they are in cities. What you call the outer occupations and the inner occupations are more obviously parts of a whole. Together they make life, they are not two separate lives. I believe that this is right and that everyone would be happier and more whole if they didn't pigeonhole their occupations. If you keep your sense of proportion, anything you do is just means to an end. You make an apple-pie because you like apple-pie and want to make one that is good and satisfies your hands in the making and your appetite when it is finished. That's good, but if you make a pie for the sake of making something and doing it is all you think of ana not how it is going to taste, that isn't good. You can become a servant to your hands, to the outer part of you, but if you know what you are doing and keep knowing it, you can make your hands serve you, and surely that is better than to put them behind you and say, " Rather than run the risk of having you dominate me, I will not use you at all." Perhaps it would be better to be a person without hands than a person without a brain, but neither one is complete.

It seems to me that people more and more are narrowing their li^es so as to use only part of themselves. Everywhere there are little partly developed people insisting passionately on some lopsided formula that will redeem the world, and ready to kill anyone that doesn't conform. Short of restoring everyone to his individual balance, I don't see that there can be any way to balance the world. If some enormous international joke could rock the universe, perhaps when the laughter died we would find ourselves on an even keel again. Perhaps the most noticeable lack of 1937 is a sense of humour.

PART TWO: THE ANSWERS

I was pleased that someone else, previously unknown to **me, and a woman,** and a person with no professional label and **a much more local** field of contact than myself, should have the same sense of an overhanging joke. It was no idiosyncrasy of my own to see the situation as tremendous and yet essentially trivial—requiring, that is, no heavy rational attack. (Donald Boyd has expressed a similar sense of its triviality.) Or, if the word is objected to, let us say ' simple \ We need the backing of those who can lend the simplifying faculties of approach. Not the simple-minded, but the quiet ones whose sensibilities have not been confused by attempting to cope with false and unnatural complexities : those, in fact, who have somehow not lost the individual balance which the writer of the letter names as the missing virtue that must be restored. She has obviously not lost hers. She is an example of those who are not really missing.

The backing of the harassed working-class housewife we cannot exhort; she is the one whose simpleness the false and unnatural complexities persecute, and exploit. Then there are others who find excitement in the sensation that they are efficiently and comfortably handling these complexities, who accept them with some zest as the ground for jobs which they would not otherwise have.

The following letter from another American woman, now resident in England, pleasantly conveys this sort of zest. No help is offered us except a recommendation for similar zest in other countries. Which we must regard as an abstract recommendation, since the fact that American women do these things with more zest than can be evoked elsewhere has not made the United States free of public disturbances or provided any real escape from world troubles.

From Helen Campbell

Those people who are not in politics are of necessity prevented from expressing their opinion in the international situation. That does not apply simply to the stay-at-homes—though I quite agree **that** it is the stay-at-homes, or the feminine type, which most resents the ridiculous and unnecessary qitiiati'™ T ^ - -« to-day is

anything except that which we want; yet I do feel that we are in a transitory stage from the war-at-any-excuse period which existed say thirty-five years ago (perhaps I am thinking of the Spanish-American war and some of the British scraps) and have an actual repulsion to taking up arms against our neighbours.

Though the stay-at-homes do quite definitely have a say in affairs (quite definitely are felt or of importance) in the United States, I do not see how there can be any influence brought to bear from the same section of the country in England. To fight any pawn there must be another pawn, which to be effective in any way must be organized; and an effective organization must be either bull-headedly or intelligently controlled. The Women's Clubs in the U.S.A. are groups of intelligent and educated people who—as community units—think and work together. They are very closely organized—as single clubs, as State Federations, as National Federations—and they must certainly have a very strong and powerful finger in the pie. (My own mother was one of eight women whom the President called together to discuss the international and peace situation, several years ago.) The women are also organized to carry on nearly all of the executive end of most of the charity work in the country; and every executive officer must be as competent and efficient as if she were paid for the job—or she is not elected the following year. There are many more college-educated women—at college they begin to think from an organization point of view.

There are far fewer women's organizations of this sort in England. Other activities in which English women engage are so dissociated that there would be no common ground for meeting.

I do not think that the attitude of mind of the average stay-at-home is extra-vert enough yet to be able to think from an efficient organization point of view. It takes many years—and a very special attitude of mind. The United States was started as a pioneer country—all on an equal for the job in hand; and these people still think that way. England was started as a feudal country, and hasn't yet outgrown this. The Peace people have an awful time getting audiences for their meetings—simply from apathy in the community. Many people in the U.S.A.—both men and women—think that the attitude toward peace has come about largely as a result of women's activities.

The following letter from still another American woman, a graduate student at a university, confirms my feeling that in

the United States national troubles reach an even shriller **pitch** of distraction than world troubles do in Europe—because, the world as a whole being to Americans a fanciful concept, there is no scale of proportion by which national troubles may be restricted to their due emphasis. I was born in America, and my twenty-five years of life there taught me, among other interesting things about Americans, that they lack, in general, a sense of world relativity. Even the Great War was to most of them (and even to the soldiers) a national American event that took place not in Europe, but on a crazy ground of fancy. An English woman, a friend of mine, is visiting the United States and recently wrote to me in enthusiastic praise of the American atmosphere, which seemed to her blissfully remote from Europe and its war-fears. ' Just think, people can plan their lives ahead, with perfect conviction and security. For instance, I met a man who can actually say that in ten years he is going to retire from business and go to live in Europe—he even knows the exact Swiss village he is going to settle in / She had yielded herself so heartily to the spell of American fancy that she did not see the European joke of her story.

From Ruth Magaw

International affairs do not encroach very greatly into the lives and thoughts of the people of Southern California, and while we hold rather definite views on foreign affairs, 1 am afraid they are not founded upon wholly impartial and unbiased evidence.

The people of our country are more concerned with the economic problems than with affairs outside our borders. Many of our cities are strike-torn, the labour unions are very active, and we see even our markets being picketed by labour agitators when we buy our groceries.

Our President and his policies are also matters that concern our people. The Constitution, hitherto a document only studied by school-children, is now a live issue—and the proposed change in our Supreme Court is a problem much discussed, both pro and con.

True, our papers publish reports of the various world troubles, but they have not much meaning to most of us and provoke very little if any discussion among average people, to whom Europe and her affairs seem very remote.

Most of our information is necessarily gained from the **newspapers** and **I** believe they are very unreliable—hence the lack of interest. When we meet persons who have returned from abroad their personal observations seldom agree with the propaganda being widely distributed and we do not know what to believe.

From this you probably think that I am very provincial and uncultured, but I assure you I am probably a very average American. Last summer I spent some time in Boston and Washington and I found economic problems much discussed, foreign and international affairs being practically ignored.

The following letter, which we must like for its kindly faith in the activities it describes, supplies the English woman's answer to the accusation of lack of sociological zest.

From Mrs, George Chitty

I have read your Personal Letter with interest, and all the more so, perhaps, because I do not feel myself in accord with some of your main statements, and therefore, naturally, cannot wholly endorse your conclusions. We all agree that international affairs increasingly claim the attention of most intelligent people, but that this fact [1] denotes an immediate common unhappiness ' I cannot for a moment admit, nor could I support the statement that ' international affairs are too much with us ; they are eating into our personal lives and labours, corroding our energies and private happiness.' You say further that ' it is the task of politics to reduce the less personal, merely national affairs to a routine that does not interfere with life inside the houses.' That may be so ; I am not sure that it must *necessarily* be so, or that it is the ideal task of politics.

Human beings [c] within the houses ', to borrow your phrase, are primarily, you say, the women, who naturally have most to do with the smooth-running mechanism of daily domestic and family life. Then come the poets and painters (of *either* sex, surely ?) and all those who have been accustomed to regard the outer mechanism of life as less important than its ' inner realities \ You maintain that the outer world has become ' recklessly disconnected from the world of personal life and thought' and essentially masculine in character. This assertion seems to me to be far too sweeping. I personally have met but few of these ' exclusively male-minded beings' and [1] denatured women ', especially in the last fifteen to twenty years. Again, I do not agree with the statement of the necessary ' decharac-

terization' **of the** feminine character when public work, whether social or definitely political, is taken up, and I dissent most emphatically from the assertion that political and diplomatic work is ' intrinsically commonplace and blank \

In the early Victorian age, and in the Edwardian and pre-war days that followed, such an argument would have had some weight no doubt, but in this year of grace 1937 it is manifestly untrue as a general statement. What has been most remarkable in the last few years in this country (and doubtless on the Continent as well) is the cordial spirit of genuine co-operation and fellowship when, through the medium particularly of several important associations, international conferences have been held, on a large scale, to deal with the problems, difficulties and developments of life domestic (urban or rural), scientific and social of women and young people of both sexes. The coming together of thoughtful and intelligent women of all classes, creeds and nationalities to discuss freely and openly the problems that face them in their own homes and countries has proved beyond a doubt that such conference does promote international understanding and sympathy in a very marked degree, and tends also to remove prejudices and adverse criticisms, which have often been of long standing and were causes of irritation and friction.

Of these gatherings perhaps the most important has been the triennial Congress for Scientific Management held in Prague, Brussels, Rome, Paris, Amsterdam, and in 1935 in London, by invitation of our Government, and opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. Thirty-eight countries were represented, and 2,700 delegates and invited members of the Congress took part in the conferences. As I was privileged to be a member of that Congress, I had full opportunity for studying the contacts and friendships made, the spirit of ready co-operation and mutual help which was manifested, and the general atmosphere which prevailed of sharing and pooling new discoveries or experiments, without rivalry or hostile criticism. At this great international Congress men and women alike attended, leaders of great industrial concerns, housewives and poultry farmers, educational experts and humbler teachers of many types of schools, out-of-door workers and typical home-makers. Exponents of ideals and scientific methods met in friendly debate, personal experience was weighed against academic theory, and everywhere keenness to learn and to share experience prevailed. There was absolute equality between men and women, and temperate well-reasoned speeches.

The National Council of Women, and its linked association the

International Council of Women, in the same way testifies continually (and has done so for over forty years) to the immense value of thus bringing together the women of many lands whose hearts are set on ameliorating the conditions social, moral, spiritual and political of women and young people of all ages. Branches of the National Council of Women exist in most large towns and help to create public opinion and to educate women of all classes in matters of supreme importance in national life. The link is constantly being made in these gatherings, whether small or large, between the home-maker and her vitally important work within doors and her sister who takes her part in the equally urgent task of studying and improving the conditions of life outside the home. The contacts made at the larger conferences of the N.C.W. often prove most fruitful on both sides, as the housewife or busy mother learns something of the needs and difficulties of her sisters in factory or workshop, in office, bank, or hotel Further opportunity comes of contact with the greater body of the International Council, as occurred just before the Coronation in London, when some of us had the great privilege of meeting the delegates of the I.C.W. who brought messages of goodwill and fellowship from all the Colonies and Dominions, and from the countries of Europe.

The same problems present themselves to women in all countries, though of course differing in detail and circumstance. When they meet together in these most friendly and sympathetic gatherings, barriers of race, colour and creed melt away, while human needs and great ideals are recognized as intimate links. Last year the Countrywomen's Congress in America brought together large numbers of women whose lives and interests are mainly in rural areas, and those who went over from these islands brought back the same tale of genuine co-operation, of discussions mutually helpful and educative, and of the same spirit of generous appreciation and friendship which surely must sound a note of hopeful promise amidst the discordant world noises which fill the air today. Mutual understanding is the surest road to mutual liking and respect, and on such firm foundations must the House of Peace be built up and secured from the havoc of the unspeakable tragedy of War. Mothers ' Unions and Women's Institutes and all good associations of the kind have their part to play in this widespread endeavour to bring nations and individuals closer to one another and thus break down those walls of division which to-day so often prevent realization of the true brotherhood of man. Envy, jealousy and discontent, those poisonous

seeds of unrest, whether personal or national, tend to vanish away where human beings come into more intimate and domestic relationships and learn to know and appreciate one another, and to realize their human kinship.

One more point in your letter I should like to challenge and reply to very briefly, and that is the suggestion that public life or employment tends to harden or ' dehumanize the woman's character \ I can only testify that, of the many women whom I can count as my close personal friends, and who are doing important public work, as J.P.s, M.P.s, members of Urban or Rural District Councils, trained Managers of Building Estates under Government supervision, etc., etc., I cannot recall *one* who does not show, by her life and character, her humanity, self-devotion, and intense love of her fellow-creatures. The noble work done to-day in Children's Courts alone proves the same point and so does the work for moral welfare being done with such skill and tenderness by the women probation-officers and policewomen.

But what recommendation are we able to extract from this letter ? All the members of the various organizations described must feel somewhat as Mrs. Chitty feels : there is so much cheerfulness to be got out of discussing special problems and comparing notes on special subjects, that one is fortified against any uneasiness that all this activity has no controlling influence over the problem of world serenity as a whole. In satisfaction with the small, particular result is lost the sense of failure that a general result cannot be achieved by these means; as in the stimulating pleasantness of these occasional world conferences one can persuade oneself that communication of real kind is going on; as the woman who makes a public profession of humanitarianism can seem therein bright with the authentic female glow. I think these are all illusions. There must be communication of a sustained and intimate kind between the right people if there is to be a right influence on outside affairs. All these members of organizations are fundamentally strangers to one another—even if among them are many of the right people. Also, there must be a fine irradiation of this female glow if the world is to be an illuminated dwelling-place. The women she refers to are obviously pouring out warmth in the raw, rather than making it into light.

The following letter stresses the necessity of what its writer calls more real conditions : to be achieved through a new self-confidence in women as women. To thousands of women, however, this would seem either a retreat to the old femininity, an interference with the right to be regarded as ordinary human beings—that is, the right to be as men ; or it would seem to lead into mysticalities foreign to the practical atmosphere of modern life. The burden is put, in this letter, on women themselves, of finding the proper modern accent for their femaleness. But the kind of woman who has preserved her femaleness would naturally shrink from forming a deliberate programme of self-education ; and the kind of woman who has acquired an appetite for programmes and self-conscious organization is not the kind we mean—nor would she be attracted by an end so lacking, apparently, in concrete purpose. Here, at any rate, is the proposition.

From Ward Hutchinson

Whereas people's private lives used to afford times of recuperation from daily work and external affairs, now there is continually less privacy of any kind, and so less and less recuperation. Outside affairs have been increasingly thrust on the ordinary individual by the development of newspapers, periodicals, book-publishing, the cinema (travel-films, news-reels, etc.), the radio, but most of all, probably, by the spread and intensification of general education. Because of this continual strain, leisure which should be recuperation is now scarcely more than a search for complete relaxation from any sense of responsibility. People avoid seriousness in their leisure —the only time when they really have the opportunity to *think*. People who are educated to demand the advantages of self-government, a share in the management of all the nation's affairs both at home and in its relations with other nations, avoid the effort necessary if their attitudes are to be respected.

In primitive communities everyone is able to realize how much his own individual behaviour affects the community. Modern urbanization has made that quite impossible. The individual citizen feels himself unimportant and welcomes any distraction that will save him from this unpleasant feeling. And those leaders are chosen who promise the greatest freedom from responsibilities for the greatest number. The citizen feels he is exercising his rights

to their full in handing over his public responsibilities to someone who is anxious to make a career of the abandoned responsibilities of his fellows.

The great weakness of any democratic form, of government is that it confers ' rights ' which, though theoretically precious, can be easily cheapened or thrown away. Because they remain theoretically precious, people can be easily persuaded to fight when told that their rights are in danger. Thus the ordinary person in an unsuccessful democracy wavers between vanity and a sense of unimportance.

It is necessary to help people to evaluate themselves, to explode their fanciful vanities and build up sober self-respect. But who is to do this ? The trouble is that remedies propounded by earnest writers and educationalists of various sorts generally apply to special problems which are only a small part of the whole problem ; they observe the whole problem from without, and so see only that aspect of it in which they have specialized. There are a few people of ' inside sensibilities ' who have an instinct of the whole, but these are ignored except by a small number of people who have the same sort of instinct themselves.

Generally speaking, the world is in the throes of testing democracy. Intelligent persons rarely attempt to deny that democracy is the sanest form of government. But it tends to presuppose a world of sane beings—enlightened, co-operative, objective—for its perfect functioning. At our stage of civilization there is every likelihood of general sanity, but on the other hand there have been unnatural strains, which have driven people into temporary madness and democracy into temporary failure.

The proper working of any democratic state necessitates a consciousness, in each of its citizens, of the various diverse elements of life and of some principle of adjustment between them. Democratic education should help people to understand the intricacies of such adjustment; but it must be education of adults, for whom knowledge is intelligently simplified. But how is this educational effort to begin ? One cannot try by oneself: it must be attempted co-operatively and, once begun, continuously maintained as a way of participating responsibly in the life around one. One of the primary aims of such education should be (as a condition of first importance in the revitalization of our modern way of living) to restore to women a sense of their own value as women, as well as individuals.

Women are passing through a very difficult period, in which they

are fighting to regain their natural prestige. The dissatisfaction of women with their position as persons is apparently quite recent. It is not merely that it has become actively expressed in recent times, but that it was actually not felt before. It is generally assumed that women have long been oppressed. Nevertheless, the emancipation movement was sudden and violent. It seems reasonable to argue that women continued at least not discontented with their position for centuries, and that some change in the mode of living came quite rapidly to make their position intolerable. This change would be that one which we all know as ' the industrial revolution \ Up to that time women had maintained their position in the community as the very core of family and social existence. The rapid and all-embracing changes effected by the industrial revolution left women feeling that their peculiar ground had been removed from under them. Those in the poorer classes had their choice of a ' home ' and the drudgery of domestic labour complicated by a swarm of children ; or doing domestic labour for someone else ; or going out to compete with men. The richer women had even less choice. After the shake-up of the War they refused to return to boredom, and have also been competing in the male spheres. But to be ' a man ' brings no real satisfaction to a woman, and women's discon .ent has permeated society. Women must themselves discover the >olution of these particular problems—for their education and ou[r] own. A male solution would be merely scientific and partial, from without : make nothing new happen, advance the solution to no new stage.

But men can do this : they can have the courage to abandon their defensive attitude of superiority and help women to regain their confidence in themselves. They will at the same time find some of their own self-respect, which has been lost in this confused situation. And so the way should gradually clear for the establishment of more *real* conditions, where men and women occupy themselves and develop in their own appropriate spheres of being—complementary and co-operative.

This is a general suggestion for an approach to a solution of this very urgent problem. More practical solutions should begin to appear as soon as the problem is grasped as a whole. The way toward a complete grasp is surely first of all through a new evaluation of themselves by women which men would be ready to accept. That would greatly clear the psychological atmosphere and freshen everyone's outlook.

One practical suggestion nevertheless. Should not the office of member of Parliament come to be regarded as essentially suitable for women ? Women are the mainspring of domestic life ; Parliament represents the collective domestic life of the State. On the other hand, diplomats, Foreign Office officials and persons in similar positions should be men.

What I have said about the instinctive recoil of women from any deliberate plan of self-education in femaleness would also apply to a deliberate plan of self-adaptation to the M.P. role. If one appealed for candidates to go into training toward this vocation, one would assuredly get the wrong kind of woman — women who would behave in Parliament more or less as male-members behave, the ' ordinary human-being ' women. Yet there is something sound in the notion. The kind of woman one would get is one weakness; the nature of parliaments, especially suited as they are to the workings of the male political temperament, is another. And the way in which parliamentary problems are defined, the necessity of breaking up a difficulty into opposing views before it can become a parliamentary problem, is still another. To these must be added the limitation from which all parliamentary bodies suffer in having no important function of *approval* They can make laws prescribing a future programme of events in modification of a past programme of events, but their chief motive in assembling is not to choose, of the many things existing or going on in a given period, those which deserve to be preserved or perpetuated against the chances of time. They can meet to make laws to arrest the decay of historic buildings, or to refuse permission for architectural changes which they regard as destructive ; or to decide, after much discussion, that a majority of them do not object to a programme which will change the appearance of an avenue or area. There is, however, no provision or precedent by which they may meet for the purpose of declaring that this or that state of affairs in the agricultural, economic, social, scientific fields, or this or that achievement in literature or art, gives cause for general pleasure. The Crown, through the heads of the party in power, exercises a function faintly resembling this, in the conferring of titles and honours, but it is really no more than

a democratic version of the extinct royal prerogative of favouritism ; and is without coherence or comprehensiveness, **and** represents no real or thorough practice of appreciation—nor is it supported by any constitution formulating the values of appreciation. In the background of parliaments are political constitutions, but no political constitution has a constant organic validity as a canon of Good Things, identifying and preserving Good Things ; the best of constitutions can be no more than a principle by which to avoid social disturbances, framed in the language of political common sense.

I feel that we have been approaching a second recommendation : one that has to do with supplementing the number of inside people with the right kind of backers. These I take to be the women who, though they are not ostensibly doing anything, are being more authentically female than most of the women ' doers '—whether by the luck of comfortable economic circumstances, or from what appears lazy disinclination to do. We must attempt not to create our material, but to choose from the given material, since our approach to the whole problem must be an immediate one if it is to be a whole, direct approach.

We want such women, then, for the outer effectiveness of inside values. I do not say that we want men of such and such a kind. The inside people are, first of all, a number of persons female and male who assume the active burden of defining and demonstrating the inside values. Besides these, there is the outside number, a great many of whom have certain instincts toward inside realization, mixed in variable proportion with outside instincts. Part of the function of the inside people is to provide help for those who seek such realization, but they must not attempt to make active inside people of predominantly outside ones. Those men and women who have in them a necessity of, a capacity for, being active inside persons will somehow find their way to themselves—since their inside instincts will be in the form of a sense of responsibility, not of mere supplementary sympathies. My contention is that, apart from the active inside people, and apart from the general outside population, with its partial inside leanings, there are women who are by nature passively inside people—and that there is no such corre-

sponding class of men. And these women can have power as backers, in assisting the active inside people in that part of their function which has to do with influencing outside affairs toward a better ease and a happier savour.

The next question is, how to find these women, how to enlist their backing without thrusting upon them the character of an outside organization ; and then, how to formulate a canon of Good Things by which they may exercise, as it were in a parliamentary way, their natural power of approval—a canon formulated toward this innate female capacity. In doing this we should be forcing on them no alien function, exhorting them to no aggressive plan of self-education that would thrust upon the world still another problem—to its embarrassment and their own. We should, in a sense, be educating them in what they instinctively know; but without adding further specialized aims to the already overstocked field of public resolves and pursuits.

I regard all this, then, as the background for a second recommendation. The first recommendation, the explicit statement of dislikes, is exercisable only privately, but may accumulate into a widespread effect : the effect that the various public and world situations, in their impingement on personal affairs, are being closely watched, that nothing which people dislike because its personal results are unpleasant is being allowed to pass unnoticed, unbranded as dislikeable. Much of what goes on in the outside world takes advantage of the self-protective inattention of people. Those responsible generally realize that their behaviour provokes dislike ; but people think of them only intermittently or vaguely, they know. Dislike is a strong force. When a person feels that he is being disliked by someone in the same room, this has a paralysing influence on his behaviour. If made vocal and persistent, personal dislike could, similarly, exert a strong paralysing influence on objectionable outside forces. It is the intimate form of the parliamentary veto, and has the advantage of being exercisable without political routine, loss of time, change of location or profession.

The feasibility of the second recommendation depends on whether a canon can be formulated as a basis for parliamentary

influence of another kind—more different in mood from the ordinary parliamentary mood than our first recommendation.

Having said so much about the do-nothing women and undoubtedly given an impression of prejudice against the women who ally themselves with outside organizations, I shall now present two letters from women who are conspicuous for their outside activities—apart from their conspicuousness as writers ; and hope to discover some ground of agreement that will dissipate any impression of prejudice. I do not want to attempt to deprive women of the pleasure and stimulation they may find in organizing their energies toward these multiple incidental ends. I am entirely willing to be persuaded, by concrete evidence, that something has thus been achieved toward this and this and that incidental end. But what I am here interested in is the major necessity of a serene world temper, to which all these individual achievements have added nothing ; in fact, they have an exacerbating influence on the temper of the world, because of the mood of public attack in which they must be initiated.

From Christina Stead

i. The discussion of politics and economics, whether national or international, does not seem to me the bugbear of our times ; but instead the bewilderment, spleen and anxiety arising from insecurity and its consequence, the severing of old social relations. . . . Politics and economics, an issue once seen, can be gay and pleasant conversation.

2. Many of our national woes, and the sorrows of other nations, have come solely from our leaving diplomacy (which is not a routine, but the government of nations) in the hands of professional diplomats, acting in secrecy and thus having no personal responsibility to the nation for their mistakes or crimes. Professional diplomats act toward each other as clubmen—their loyalty is first, last and always to diplomacy, not to the nation. Diplomacy should be in the hands of men and women coming from every class of the nation.

3. No : the notion that international matters, that is, the lives of millions, are subsidiary to the interests of one family, is quite bizzare to me. How can either the family or the individual be

absorbed in **an interior life and neglect the miseries and** joys of all **the other families** in **the** nation ?

4. The dichotomy—' inside ', ' outside '—seems to be quite inexact. At least half of all great painters, poets, writers, have been **social** rebels, politicians, strong partisans, men of action, A womanly woman like Florence Nightingale is nevertheless and necessarily a woman of action : women artists of all kinds are almost invariably social rebels, since they have to break upwards from an economically inferior class (that of the domestic woman or underpaid working-woman) to the dominant class. It is only, therefore, true to say that these women show the characteristics of the dominant class—not that they are ' denatured \ For where is the secret of **the** ' true nature of woman ' buried ? The characteristics put forward here—quietude, petty domestic diplomacy, intuition, the smooth ordering of a few lives, or perhaps only one life—are equally the characteristics of a well-trained servant or nurse, or private secretary, whether male or female. . . . And this is a type of life which, far from being on the inside of things, is on the outside of all life, life only being conceivable as action of some sort. The more violent the manifestation, the greater the amount of life being lived.

5. It is true that women in public life become over-weary, hardened, experienced and lose the ' charm ' of the interior woman —and this charm is often real. But this is because they are fighting as a minority and, on the whole, are not supported loyally by other women. Being a small minority brought up to admire a dominant class, they often accept the habits, both bad and good, of the dominant class : it is quite impossible as things stand for women to get recognition of, and allowance for, their peculiar talents and frailties unless other women become vocal and support their representatives. It seems wrong that women should disown these fighting women, these representatives of their sex in public life, the only ones who are *obliged* to think of female problems.

6. International discussions are not prolonged by men negotiators **for** the sole pleasure that men take in rationalization and cerebration : there is a modicum of this in it, as well as a particle of playing the game ' for the game's sake ' as if it were a giant and dangerous chess ; but the real players are the national economic interests and international financial interests—and to these any sort of response is ludicrous, unless it is the organized response of free, alert and well-informed working-men and women . . . (including intellectuals, **as** workers).

7. Intuition can do nothing ; information, **experience, eloquence** and organization much. The small class of sheltered and tender persons to which this letter refers are, I know, extremely unhappy, are well-intentioned and are, in fact, usually in a position to study and to organize their views : they usually belong to the ' intelligentsia \ therefore to a class of men and women who have fought for peace, happiness and liberty many times. But no good purpose is gained by regarding men and women of action as children : they are, on the contrary, extremely potent forces, whether for good or evil, and can only be met with equal energy, whether personal or communal. . . .

In my opinion, these questions could not be asked in a democratic or self-supporting country. The idiosyncrasy of those sections of the English people which have any material well-being is to see an immense conflict between the *inner life,* and the *outer world,* whence comes the material that feeds the fire of life and thought: substitute for the word *inner-life* the word ' rentier-society ' and for the word *outer-world* the phrase ' colonies, dominions and tributary countries overseas ' and the reason for the conflict becomes clear. The quiescent consumer, usually a pleasant enough person, does not like to think of the brutality necessary to the acquisition of colonies, of tributary nations, of overseas supplies. . . . The notion that the domestic personage (male or female) who neither winds cotton, nor sews costumes, nor sells groceries, nor grows wheat, nor even so much as analyses a balance-sheet, yet understands life, while all those who do these things are yet remote from real life, is incomprehensible to me. But actually, of course, this ideal domestic personage with the inner life is a fiction. No such people exists ; for we all have grim and unpleasant set-to's with alien people and things. . . .

One explanation here offered for national woes and international sorrows is that diplomacy and politics are in the wrong hands. We are asked to believe that these affairs would be properly managed if they were in the hands of people ' from every class \ The term gives a false impression of variety. Economically, there are few classes : they might be stretched from the conventional three to five, and we might add a few more by allowing a class identity to literature, science, religion and the arts. I cannot seriously believe that a little more variety in the composition of diplomats and politicians would

soothe the world situation—just because of variety. Moreover, if we identify the heads of European countries by class, we find class variety enough, in Christina Stead's sense. It would seem that when people achieve political and diplomatic position their class origin makes little difference : they behave by political or diplomatic, not class instincts. Nor can we say that class instincts show themselves to be a source of serenity : whether we judge by the trade-union atmosphere or the spirit existing among the thousands belonging economically to the literary class.

The trouble, she says, arises from insecurity, the lack of new positive ties. Political discussion among those who agree is pleasant. Why ? Because it indicates new ties ? With those who see the issue in the same way, yes. But surely the divisions become harsher when political and economic theory is made the basis of social grouping. The class organization of workers has created harsh divisions of opinion among the workers themselves.

' Diplomacy is not a routine but the government of nations/ Is a process worthy of being called ' government ' that does not supply a reliable routine ? ' Routine ' has acquired an unpleasant odour from association with oflice-life and other mind-enslaving activities. But I use the word in a pure sense of orderly operation, with no accent of scorn. Nor do I say that international matters are subsidiary to the life of *one* family : but that they are subsidiary to *all* the personal relations and intimate realities centred in all the domestic interiors. I do not agree with Christina Stead's statistics of (4), but even if they were correct they would not prove that my distinction of ' inside ' and ' outside ' was inexact. That painters, poets and writers were moved to violent protest against social conditions would confirm, rather, the justice of my distinction : of the existence of an outside of such harsh difference from their inner world that they felt they must in some way make the two more consistent with each other. The choice is not between doing nothing and doing something, but between the improper, ineffectual and the proper, effectual ways.

I cannot see that women do not become denatured in acquir-

ing the characteristics of the ' dominant' class—a power of dominance based on a capacity for violence and opportunism, not on the innate unviolent power which women have as women. Every success achieved by the method of dominance must bear the taint and the uncertainty of being a strategical rather than a natural achievement. The women who have fought successfully for political equality with men are admirable from the dramatic point of view. But the stress put upon this end carries with it a disability : it has obscured the real values in the relations between women and men—which are more difficult now than ever to clarify because the political liquidation has been taken to be *the* liquidation of all that was unsatisfactory between them. I do not say that women were wrong to fight for political equality, but merely that this is what has happened.

The meaning which Christina Stead reads into my notion of femaleness is not my own. Intuition cannot be dismissed as ' petty domestic diplomacy '; the kind of personal guardianship and nurture which is on the same level of seriousness as poetry is not to be equated with the functions of a well-trained servant.

As to the right kind of response to international confusions : I shall confine myself here to the question of actual effectiveness. The organized working-class response has been operating for years, but it has not prevented the present huge madness' The answer would probably be : it will, when there is sufficient organization. We may take it that Russia is an example of an organized working-class response ; but the effect of this response has not been to mitigate the general madness. Again, the answer would be : no, it can't be effective until the organized working-class response comes from all the nations. To this I should reply that a solution which could not demonstrate its validity for years a&d years, depending on problematic circumstances and outcomes, was an irresponsible counsel. What, after all, is the end ? Outer serenity in an immediate soon-as-possible, or merely the end of achieving the organized working-class response ? What dignity of self-respect have we if we ask this serenity not for our own time, but for coming generations ? Do we feel that we owe them more than we owe ourselves ?

Do we, in fact, not seem very real to ourselves ? Indeed, we cannot, if we project our energies beyond us in this way. It is not organization but integration of energies that we need.

People of the ' rentier-society ' may indeed take advantage of the terms ' inside ' and ' outside ' to justify their retiredness in the language of ' conflict \ No true inside person thinks or works in the language of conflict; and true inside work includes more strenuous ardours than those of winding cotton or selling groceries. It would seem, after all, by these rather unfair confusions, that prejudice lies not so much with ' my ' kind of woman, or person, as with the woman-person attracted by the mechanics of organized activity. I think it is in large part a prejudice of despair—the despair evidenced in the unnatural traits of ' dominance ' to which Christina Stead honestly points. I greatly regret that I am unable to extract any recommendation from her letter. What is done in despair relieves despair, but does not remove its cause.

From Naomi Mitchison

I disagree with several statements in your letter and much of its feeling. Yet I believe that any of us who have goodwill should co-operate in all possible ways (not merely in our own favourite way) to help one another and the world. So I will try to answer you.

To begin with I don't think we can separate life up into ' inside ' and ' outside ' as you do. Women are not merely occupied with personal relationships and the conservation of the means of life. That is an archaistic view. It ceased to be valid at about the time it became cheaper to buy jam than to make it oneself. We have kept away from the ' outside ' things very largely because we were forcibly kept out of them by our economic position. Our groping attempts toward some feeling of worth-whileness for ourselves made us say, either that we really ran the outside things from the inside (the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world) or that the outside things weren't really important, which is what your letter says.

In the capitalist countries, very few of us have attained anything approaching economic equality with men ; we have not really been able to move out of the home. We are shy about it, after all those indoor ages. Those of us who have got out are gauche and blinking in the light. That must be what you mean when you say that

women politicians become ' commonplace and blank ', I don't know what I look like to you ; I suppose, as a woman politician, I must have lost my ' peculiar inside virtue ', although I have borne six children. I'm not aware of this loss myself (but then one never is, is one ?), but I know I am sexually unattractive to some sorts of men and probably irritate a number of people. Certainly, politics gives me less time to write, but it gives me more to write about, and I don't think I can see the bird on the bough or the corn in the field any less vividly and—if I may use the word—poetically than I did.

When you say that ' political employments . . . are intrinsically commonplace and blank ' I just feel that you don't begin to know about them. After all, politics is dealing with people and groups of people in relation to one another and their material environment, and what is wrong with that as a living occupation ? The moral basis of politics goes down to our deepest roots ; politics means danger and beauty, conversion and rebirth. It also means lots of small ordinary things—more dust-bins and bathrooms for people who haven't got them, more leisure and more education for people who need them desperately and at the same time it means dealing with old so-and-so's pension and young what's-his-name's affiliation order.

However, I don't want to start an ' outside ' political argument with you, and I don't want you to think that I am necessarily anti-you. You ask me what can be done ' from the inside '. I believe that the main inside thing to do is to work out an ethic of love and apply it to all our private actions.

Such of our unhappiness as is not directly political comes from the breakdown of the anthropomorphic Christianity of our grandparents. It was bound to break down ; the physical sciences were seeing to that. And psychology has found us nothing to put in its place ; instead it has tailed off after physics and chemistry, and has developed some peculiar social biases of its own. But we have got to find some kind of satisfactory social glue to stick ourselves together with. My idea is that this social glue is treating other people as though they were ends and not as though they were means : that is, by love, but not by the binding, blinding kind of love that wants to own other people and make them serve its ends.

You will find something of the kind in Gerald Heard's *The Third Morality*, but I think there is an element of defeatism in that which is not necessary ; we must restate it so that it is a fit doctrine for

mothers of children. And restating intellectually isn't any good; we have to live differently. This all sounds horribly priggish, I know, but the only ' inside ' thing we can do is to be centres of a new kind of living (and I think that can be combined with politics). We are judged not by what we say, but by what we do and are.

Again, there are various practical experiments which the inside person might do—psychological experiments under exact conditions on various methods of perception, for instance. ' Inside ' people are often sensitive in special ways, and would be splendid subjects for experiment. This may sound trivial, but it needs doing, and only people who are not entangled in outside things can do this kind of work, which may take months or years.

No, women are not' merely ' occupied with personal relationships—with personal relationships as mere daily domestic problems. Women are by nature more sensitive to the personal aspects of life. Which is to say : they tend to see experience in terms of persons. By this I could not possibly mean that women were aware of life only in its minor aspects. It is surely an astonishing contention that personal relationships are not that part of experience which is capable of most significance ; that love between nations, for instance, is a more intense and valuable emotion than love between persons ; or that knowledge of exterior phenomena is of an equal or higher wisdom than knowledge of the realities which are in people—who concentrate in themselves the sense of exterior phenomena, and something more. Astonishing from any point of view. When all the problems national and international have been solved, what then—for whom will they have been solved ? Not for nations, but for people. What is life ' about': nations, or classes—or people ? In calling ' archaistic ' a view that places women at the personal centre of life, Naomi Mitchison is being unfair not so much to me as to herself. It is unfair to one's values to equate personal relationships with making jam, and the guardianship of the permanences (spiritual, poetic or personal —whatever term you please) with ' conservation of the means of life ', This is not my equation, but hers.

The economic explanation of the long retirement of women from participation in outside life does not suffice. For the

majority of men economic activity seems **to be an adequate** form of self-expression. It could **not** be so for the majority of women. The economic being is a fraction. Men tend **to** work in fractions, be fractions in an aggregate ; women do not work like this. That they are not like this has certainly been taken advantage of. But the remedy is not to try to turn women into economic beings in the male sense. The right solution is on a larger scale than that; and, if I may use the word without sentimental effect, on a lovelier one.

Also, during all those centuries when women were not competing economically with men, they did not, I am perfectly sure, despise themselves. They are far more likely to despise themselves as economic beings ; in their best moments all male economic beings do so. The unsatisfactoriness of being economic beings cannot be got rid of by blaming it on ' a system ', An economic system is not a personality, capable of blame, but an aggregate.

Women in the past were right in feeling that they ran the world, in the sense that they were restraining worse things from happening. All that time men had a free hand, to attempt had and good things indiscriminately—except for the silent female prohibition against the very worst. Gradually there came to be a sorting of relatively bad and relatively good—and women were all the time playing a part in the sorting. What is there beyond this mere sorting of history ? The knowledge of what are the really good things, and the ordering of life by such knowing, rather than by setting off the available best against the worst. The knowledge of good things is a surer instinct in women than in men. Men have been more articulate in formulating the desire of good things : they needed to be articulate because in men knowledge itself is in the form of desire—they must formulate their desire before they can know. Women take the good things for granted, regard them as inevitably there, do not make the intermediate step of desire. When the desire of men is sanely articulate, then only is there need for women to become articulate. This is the reality that has been happening ; that many women have turned themselves into economic beings is no rcalitv. Some women, a few, become active voices of know-

ledge. But many others have articulateness in the form of an infallible, uncompromising intuition of the ultimately good things; and it is these women who are capable of supplying inside backing, to inside values.

This is the way we should now be talking about life, not in terms of ' economic equality with men ', ' free, alert, and well-informed working-men and women ', and so on. This is what is important; if we are worth our having survived all the unfortunate centuries. It is such terms which are ' arehaistic ', not my own, I do not say in my letter that outside things do not matter, as a woman of earlier centuries might have consoled herself for outside horrors with the sigh, ' Ah, it doesn't really matter.' I say that they are far less important than inside things ; but my letter is an appeal for bringing order into them, not for dismissing them with a sigh.

The bearing of children is not a manifestation of ' peculiar inside virtue ', On the contrary, it is part of a process by which inside consents to the existence of outside : represents the initial consent to an outside. All these things are really very simple ; but there arc many kinds of simplicity, minor and major, and the simplifications of the political approach cannot include the larger significances—politics are only simple by what they leave out of consideration. ' The moral basis of politics ' does not go back to ' our deepest roots ', Politics do not spring from moral instincts, but are motivated by convenience ; attempts to inform them with personal morality must always be extra-political.

The endearing thing to me about this letter is that, its writer having had all the reactions compelled by her political associations, she was willing to abandon them and face the problem in the terms in which I stated it. And then she is immediately talking on another plane ; and oilers a recommendation in a larger mood—an ethic of love. I asked her to say more about this, and she wrote the following as a postscript.

From what you say now, I think I must have misunderstood your original letter. I can't help thinking your phrasing is a little to blame for that 1 You see, your constant reference to ' inside '

activities is bound to have a certain connotation to people of my generation ; **it** hooks on to the Lawrence words, and sounds to me as if it had definite sexual implications, and I took it in that way. I'm now not quite sure what it does mean, but probably something with which I am in much more sympathy.

Again, your reference to ' the professional woman politician ' as ' commonplace and blank ', and without this inside virtue, seemed designedly provocative. When I think of such women as Ellen Wilkinson in this country, to say nothing of dozens of minor women politicians whom I know, or of the socialist and communist women I worked with in Austria after the counter-revolution, I really *don't* see what you mean. You see for me politics means a sharing and understanding of other people's pain and oppression through an act of imaginative goodwill (or love), and after that a stirring of these people up to demand the life that has been denied them. It is an affair of contacts all the time.

Naturally all this is a means, though in itself rather a good thing to do. And the end ? Well, there I differ from the good Marxist, who tends to say that the classless society is an end in itself. To my mind, the classless society, or the attainment of relative economic equality, is a necessary step before people can begin to have general good relationships with one another. These good relationships, constantly thwarted by capitalism, with the suspicion, jealousy, and misunderstanding which goes with it, must be relationships of love, freedom, knowledge and acceptance, and they must be between individuals and other individuals or groups. At present we can only see our way very dimly toward them. It is probable that the ultimate relationship we are after is transcendent, i.e. not to be got within human limitations, but why worry ? We can get a long way toward it. Another generation must build on our work.

I wonder if this elucidates at all what I am after ? Perhaps I tend to theorize about it too much, in the Scottish way. Practice is harder to talk about. One is constantly trying to ' be good ', in your inside kind of way, probably, and breaking down, and perhaps sometimes succeeding. One sees that certain emotions or appetites are bad—stop one from being a good [4] inside ' person, if I can make a guess at what you mean—that jealousy, self-pity, money-interest, pride, the wish for or attainment of power, jam one up inside the limited field of the self. One tries to get rid of them in various ways, partly rational, partly by acts of imaginative well-wishing, partly by external shocks ; then one can get away from oneself **into**

creative relationship, either with other people or with the material of art. But one does not always, or indeed often, succeed. Yet one must go on.

But I'm not sure if this is really what you want. It may sound like the worst kind of pseudo-Christianity.

This docs not tell us much more about an ethic of love, but it contains the admission that the real end can only be [1] good relationships ', It does not seem to me that we have a right to say, at this stage, ' we can only see our way very dimly toward them '. Behind the various material conquests of to-day is a pleasure of daring and self-confidence to which we have no right unless there accompanies it an at least equally expert understanding of ourselves. Excessive emphasis on mere political knowingness is one of the reasons for dimness in sclf-knowingness : too much energy of knowledge is being diverted from the real ends.

And what of an ethic of love ? Is it not, essentially, the art of appreciating what matters ? And—because the term is ' love '—the fixing of the right plane on which to have our excitements ? Love is the art of being excited by the right things. Life by its history is full of excitements of all kinds : the excitement of daring the unknown, of fear, of physical victory, of hate, even that of suffering what we loathe. These are genuine excitements so long as they are compelled by circumstances, so long as the circumstances are proper to the historical condition of self which we are at. They become false, merely reminiscent excitements, when we have faced the obstacles they represent ; when by the evidence of history we have lived through all these things and should be approaching the chosen excitements, those which represent not obstacles but delights. Many of the excitements around us are only re-evocations of old excitements, revitalizations of worn-out emotions—are false excitements, self-induced in laziness toward the positive excitements. An excuse would be : we are tired. But we are only tired in respect of the old, negative excitements. The energy of good excitement is still largely untapped. The clue to this love, this good excitement, is more surely possessed by women than by men—who are haunted by the memory of

all the physical excitements they have **pursued in history. Women are** more fortunate, are **not** so **haunted.**

All of which, I feel, has bearing upon our second recommendation : see p. 372.

The following letter from an American woman gives the point of view of women as the stay-at-home wives of bread-winners, business men, etc.

From Margery Cnyler

This unhappiness is, as I see it, *fear.* Those men of the outer circle who are in a subservient position have to do as they're told for fear of losing their jobs. Those at the top, though they probably would not admit it, are in fear of public opinion, lest they too lose their jobs. Countries fear to be without armies lest neighbours be aggressive. They fear to have an idle army because of the danger to the morale. Once an army is established, it must have an outlet, and the obvious outlet is a war. War in turn puts everybody in a state of panic. And even if one does not live in a belligerent country, the situation is as in driving a car : no matter how carefully one drives oneself, other careless drivers are likely to bump into one.

What may we women unitedly do about it from the inside ? We know by experience that we love the inside more than the outside. You say that we are sufficiently powerful to exercise what might be called a psychic control over the outer instrumentalities of life. But are we ? Couldn't we be much more powerful in our psychic control than we are ? For such control, it seems to me, is the only way we can do any good at all.

Let us look at our weapons. I agree with you that it is a poor idea for women to go into political employment, even should we each personally find such a job open to us. It is not the kind of work we are primarily suited for ; nor are organized groups of women protestors either attractive, or, in the end, so very effective. We are all busy enough without any more meetings.

What weapons have we left ? Our personalities ! Why not simply develop our best womanly qualities to the highest extent ? We cannot hope to be a positive influence on the world till we have first become a good influence on ourselves.

Each one of us, man and woman alike, has been born with certain inherent possibilities of divinity. Men spend the greater part of

their lives in the outside world, by nature and necessity. In this outside world the spark of divinity, save on rare occasions, is suppressed. Men must, for these hours of the day, be materialistic. Then they come home at night : and if they find us, the women, being as materialistic as the people who surround them in business, how is their better side ever to develop ? And without the development of their better nature, how is the world ever to be improved ?

We inside people may be practically as busy as they, but in pleasanter surroundings. Even the business man who has attained to a private office has little privacy. We at least can shut our doors and be alone for a little quiet thought during each day. For this and other reasons we have far more opportunity than they to develop the best that is in us.

What are a woman's opportunities in her own field ? First of all there is the question of sex. A man may be primarily attracted to a woman because of her physical charm. But ultimately it is not this that keeps two people together. Suppose the man comes home at night to a woman who through meditation and its fruits has made her character as much or more to be admired as her body : he cannot fail to return to work the next day with *his* spark of divinity a little more developed for having been in her company. He will make better decisions during that day for having been raised above the hard-boiled point of view while he was at home.

Secondly there are, in most cases, children. What an opportunity it is to be the one to whom a child turns for everything during its early years ! Children are very imitative. Let us be worth imitating. Children ask for the truth. Often mothers are too harassed to think out an intelligent answer. A lie is so much less trouble. In many other little ways we fail our children. Yet these same children are the future generation of outside and inside people.

A third opportunity is in the atmosphere we put into our homes. Atmosphere can make everyone benefit who comes into our houses. Or it can depress and irritate them. Atmosphere can call forth everybody's pleasanter qualities, can make them have a good time together, and go back to the outside world refreshed and with a better sense of proportion. Or it can have just the opposite effect.

I have named only three ways in which a woman develops an influence, but the opportunities are innumerable. Of course there are undoubtedly some women who are making their lives a daily spiritual growth already, but how strong we could be if we *all* did it, whether married or single, whether rich or poor. All who came

in contact with us would feel we had a secret source of strength. They would wonder what it was, and then they would become aware that within themselves were the same possibilities. They would start giving these possibilities a chance. Before they knew it their own characters would be growing. They would be less and less afraid of the outside world and its powers over them, in consequence.

This solution may sound simple ; but it is not really so in a complicated world which invites the dramatic r61e.

It should be obvious that this letter was written in sober earnestness ; that it is not merely a sentimental letter ; that it cannot be dismissed as old-fashioned domesticity. It has behind it a sympathetic realization of outside unhappiness, and a feeling of urgent responsibility toward it. While describing outside unhappiness in terms of fear, it is not itself inspired by fear ; on the contrary, its writer speaks with quiet confidence of her resources and those of other women—as women.

The term ' weapons ' is used not in the sense of fighting outside enemies, but of restoring the damage caused by outside activities—which she seems to regard as inherently damaging. This raises a new point; applies to a somewhat different aspect of the problem.

I do not believe that outside activities, properly evaluated and ordered, are necessarily damaging. Damage is inevitable so long as exaggerated emphasis is placed on them ; exaggeration of their importance was inevitable so long as they remained mysterious problems—through uncertainty of knowledge, of values, of distinction between what was a material problem and what was not. Outside activities are not necessarily mysterious problems now. We have developed adequate powers of judgement for estimating their relative importance ; we know by our competence of technique in material things which problems it is proper to try to solve materially, and which problems demand other methods of approach—our competence really represents our ability so to distinguish. In examining our present outside unhappiness, I am assuming that in the material sense there is no real difficulty, no necessity of unhappiness—even because the outside activities which are in disorder are predominantly material in nature, I am claiming, and I think reasonably, that

our unhappiness does not correspond with our real facts, and that it can be dissipated by resorting to the knowledge with which we are now instinct. It is as if people had laboured ardently to develop a science of mirrors, and succeeded in perfecting mirrors that yielded the clear and faithful reflection. Yet still they did not know what they looked like : it had not occurred to them to turn their mirrors on themselves.

But, although I do not believe that damage is now inevitable in outside activities, damage was once inevitable ; and people must be regarded as suffering from a heritage of past damage. This is the special problem raised by Margery Cuyler's letter : that of restoring the contemporary constitution from past damage. Some of this past damage is experienced only in the form of memory ; some of it is relived in occupations still governed by customs based on the assumption that they are necessarily damaging. The business-man's wife is brought particularly close to the latter form of relived damage. The activities of business are slower in becoming contemporary than those which are directly material ; business, being more ' mental ' in technique, does not profit so quickly from new material advances, lingers in old moralities and psychologies.

However successful we might be, then, in finding practicable recommendations for a really contemporary outer serenity, there would remain this purely therapeutic problem : of healing *the* damage that had already been suffered. We should have, first, to characterize such damage ; and then to decide who would he the proper healers. We are thus adding to the positive conception of world health a negative, clinical conception which involves the treatment of antiquated diseases. It should not be difficult to identify these diseases. In order to name the proper healers (having agreed that they must be found among women) we must first, I think, redefine sex.

In the earlier stages of existence the sexual sympathies of women were adapted to the male need of forgetting the stress of the present. The requirement now is that they be adapted to the male need of forgetting the stress of the past. That is, sex formerly shifted emphasis from the present to the future ; but should now assume the function of shifting emphasis from the

past to the present—enabling life to be concentrated in the immediate. This recommendation is dealt with on page 389 ; and can be regarded, being concerned with sympathies, as a complement of the first recommendation, which is concerned with antipathies. The first and third recommendations are thus of an incidental kind ; the second (p. 372) is both more fundamental and more particular, requiring for its application a method as well as a state of mind.

Now to turn to a letter from a woman of another kind, a writer on the woman problem from the sociological point of view.

From Frances I. Clark

It is a fact well known to sociologists that in changes which come about in the social structure—whether these result from different policies, polities, or politics—the so-called weaker elements in society are the first to feel the shock and suffer from it adversely.

Why should this be ? It appears to happen because of what you call the inside characteristics of women, characteristics which I believe have in the past and will be in the future essential, but which developed and encouraged to an extreme will lead to a retrograde step in the women's movement. History has proved over and over again that through mere acceptance of a position which chance even has thrown in their way, and through lack of consolidation and organization to maintain the advantages which have accrued to them in this haphazard fashion, women are marking time on a very slippery slope and that it will not be long before it leads to destruction.

We look around the countries of Europe and see what has happened in recent years. In Germany women have been relegated to their old place of looking after the children and doing the cooking with a mild dose of religion thrown in, similarly married women are not allowed to undertake wage-earning employment, because this would destroy the chances of the potential husbands and married men. But do the women object to this bloodless revolution to their hard-earned rights ? It cannot be said that they do. Individual German women will, whatever their real feelings, make a brave show in front of the foreigner and say, ' After all, what does it matter ? ' Or they will be content like the masses of women in making the sacrifice, because women are born sacrificers and offer all on the altar for the sake of their country. In Italy much the same action

has taken place. Will it occur in England ? Would women here **yield** if told to give up all the rights, political, legal, and social, that **they** have struggled and fought to obtain during the last fifty years ? I do not think so, if the women's movement shows the strength and virility in the future that it has shown in the past, and if women accept the responsibilities which these rights imply ; though otherwise, I believe, in the face of a struggle they would have very little stamina to withstand the pressure brought to bear on them by the outside highly organized world.

Thus, far from women needing to creep further into their shells, there is a vital need for them to creep out of them and attack the outside world, not with any intention of destroying existing institutions but to build up on this framework a better and more solid superstructure. Now is the time, amid changing society, in this rapidly changing age in which we live, for women to choose the permanent values and integrate them in a system with the object of building up a better community. If creation and invention belong to men it can be said that selection and systemization belong to women, who now have an excellent chance to put these characteristics into practice. It is in this sense that society needs to stop and take stock of its position.

I do not feel that woman's selective capacity will have full scope unless she is duly represented in the outside world. I would thus plead for more women, not necessarily as Members of Parliament, but in the professions and influential positions in the business world—in the latter in this country their numbers are deplorably few. Especially is this paucity of numbers regrettable in view of the monetary wealth which has, since the laws giving legal capacity to married women, accumulated in their hands. Women are good spenders, but are they good getters ? I fear not. There has been an ever-growing number of woman masters of hounds in fox-hunting, one of the most delightful, but also the most expensive sports of the day, but it would be difficult to pick out thirty-four women in the business world who could be placed in the same category as the so-called captains of industry. Some will say, ' We do not want women in this category,' but they would perhaps alter their opinion if women's presence there could be used as a means to an end. Women are the right-hand men of the employer in the work of factory superintendents, it is not difficult to visualize **them** occupying a position at the top of the tree in their own right. In **the** end, it will be fatal to true progress in the new civilization if

this movement does not take place, and if women are content to lead pleasure-loving lives, not taking their share in the life force of this great Empire, which depends on its much derided shop-keeping instincts in great part for its preservation.

But women well represented in the outside world and pulling their due weight alongside men is not enough for a re-created society. A due balance must be obtained between the two halves of the world, between the outer and the inner, to maintain its equilibrium. It is in this sense that I believe the outer world has become recklessly disconnected from the world of personal life and thought, and has broken its affiliations with those inner realities which are predominantly female in quality. How can this balance be restored ? Not, as I have said above, by thrusting woman back into the home and leaving this outside, largely man-made world to be conducted without her. New times call for new measures and it is only by a successful blending of the inside and the outside, the female and male characteristics in society, that this balance can be obtained. Among Anglo-Saxon peoples it ought not to be a difficult change-over and blending, as modern civilization has already proved. For the bent of these peoples is toward the practical and concrete, characteristics which are more feminine than masculine, whereas in Latin and Oriental civilizations stress is laid on the intellectual and abstract in the working of the mind, and this is a masculine attitude. I would suggest therefore that in the inner life, just as in the outer, there should be more combination between men and women, especially in the work of the home, in marriage and in family life. Evidence goes to prove that this is gradually taking place, that men do perform their due share of domestic work, especially in working-class families, that they do value their wives as partners and not merely as unpaid housekeepers and bearers of children, though how in many cases this new attitude of the male part of the population has been due to women's enhanced value as an economic unit it is difficult to say. This matter of drudgery in the home has become more acute because of the population question. With the facts of life in this twentieth century fully at their command, women will refuse to bear children if this means living the inside life in perpetuity.

These facts give rise to another question—that of marriage and its implications. It seems that ethically husband and wife are right when they refuse to bring into the world children whom they could not support, however much this idea may conflict with the aims of

the state and external life which demands population for the nation's strength. But absence of families or the small family will tend inevitably to lead to an externalization of men's and women's interests unless a morbid self-centred personality develops. Thus even in the bosom of the inner life, in the family, it seems that modern society tends to direct the inside energies outward and to externalize them much more than formerly; and this may in the end lead to good.

One consideration, however, remains. No matter how much this process of externalization goes on, there will always be the residue of the inside life which will well up in some form of spiritual manifestation, and in commanding and governing human life due allowance will have to be taken of it in whatever form of religion, whether it be primitive, mediaeval, or modern, it appears.

It seems that women here, after an up-hill fight, are gradually winning an acknowledged place in a sphere which psychologically and by inference they have occupied for centuries. We have been taught to think of sorceresses and witches as low-grade humanity—beings on a par with workers of the evil eye ; but it is a significant fact that their prophecies have exerted an almost eerie fascination, as do the fortune-tellers in Oxford Street to-day on men as well as women. No doubt it was this magic power attributed to women which caused them to be called witches.

In early Christian religion, women's participation in the active life of the Church was regarded with apprehension, owing to the diabolic nature ascribed to women by the Christian Fathers. Yet this did not prevent the men preachers from having audiences largely composed of women, who listened to their words of wisdom to be enabled to conduct their peculiarly domestic life from a masculine angle.

It has only been since the twentieth century that these ideas have been revolutionized and that a place has been found in the forum for the woman preacher, who in new times has been allowed to give her message and feminine interpretation of the inside life to masculine and feminine minds alike. But this movement is yet in embryo, there is still plenty of prejudice against this attack of the inner citadel and not till it is conquered and an advance in force made into the interior will the last obstacle fall and a more enlightened society be in view.

Conventions are everything to a woman : let her make newer and more enlightened ones ; for in this lies the key to a better society.

Frances Clark adopts an opposite method from my own for

determining the relevance of women to contemporary world life; she uses the historical measure to estimate how near women come to being what one might now expect them to be—a measure in terms of difference from what they have been. Yet, if there seems to be a gap between what women are and what their immediate significance and influence ought to be, it cannot be bridged by historical change : it cannot be treated as a time-gap between women of then and women of now that will disappear in women of the future. When the test of what women can do is a historical one—a measuring of the social disabilities suffered by them in the past against the fewer disabilities from which they now suffer—and the fewer disabilities of now represent for some places and for a large number of women *no* disabilities (socially speaking), then our standard is not really applicable to women who are truly contemporary. We can only apply the historical test to women of the past; the differences existing between the women of now can no longer be defined as a process of social development. A point of complete freedom from social disabilities having been reached by an appreciable number of women, the differences between them and other contemporary women become differences in kind : even where large groups of living women seem to be socially more of the past than now, the differences between them and their more advanced female contemporaries must be regarded as differences in kind.

Somehow Frances Clark's method of approach to the problem of women's efficacy in world life, and my own approach, should be able to meet. The gap between what women now are and what one might now expect them to be is really a gap between the negative characteristics of women as ordinary citizens and their positive characteristics as women. No amount of social liberation can of itself induce the employment, by women, of their positive characteristics in world life. Whether burdened with or freed from social disabilities, as ordinary citizens they can only act in world life in terms of their negative characteristics : the characteristics they have by social definition when the standard of social efficacy is in terms of the positive characteristics of men.

I think these two approaches can be made to meet by considering of what rights to action of their own kind women come into possession when entirely free from social disabilities ; and this is no longer an abstract proposition, since there are now large numbers of women in this free state. Indeed, where the discussion is a comparison between the rights of men and of women to follow the same course, the concern is still with the removal of disabilities, not with the action of women when free ; and the women who are actually free are not being taken into account. Frances Clark does not really take them into account in her letter. The historical characteristics she associates with women are those which they have under disabilities and which, when women are free, are only real in the context of past disabilities thrown off—in an atmosphere of struggle against disabilities : negative characteristics. Thus, she is not so much considering the immediate female potentialities of the socially free women of the democratic places, as making a historical estimate of the women of the unfree places—the socially free women serving merely as a historical mark that the others have not yet reached. This is as to condition the self-fulfilment of the free women, who have reached an end of historical negativeness, by those women who, because the male humanity they attend stays obstinately isolated in historical maleness from direct female influence, must play the negative historical part in order to play any part at all.

I wrote to Frances Clark pointing out that within the historical frame she had set there was no room for a consideration of the positive characteristics of women. In reply, she said : ' In this division of the characteristics into positive and negative I agree with you, but I still do feel that a very practical position has to be taken up on these questions in regard to the negative characteristics and therefore do not wish to add anything further to my first reply.'

Yet she must be presumed to be measuring the potential influence of women now, as an influence of female kind. We must therefore pass over that part of her argument which has to do with the ' position ' of women from any other point of yiew. For instance, the suffering which women experience

from outer disorders can here interest us only in so far as it is a sense of having failed to prevent them. And, indeed, it is the less real as it is felt in terms of social justice and the right to political and economic self-expression rather than in terms of general female efficacy. For it is by the latter that women have living reality, not by their success in getting themselves counted as personalities in the world population. True, women have suffered from social confusion in the sense of being rated as of little direct importance. But inferior rating has never damaged their internal power of influence ; its only serious consequence has been to constrict their field of influence. If women had really been damaged in themselves by all the inferior rating they have endured, they would have lost all their power of influence long ago. That they have not lost it is confirmed by the changes that have occurred in their rating—which represent an assertion (by the world as well as themselves) that they have not, rather than the mere assertion (by the world as well as themselves) that they must have full right to use a positive power for good before it can be seen whether they really possess it.

This is an explanation of why I do not agree that women are [1] the first to feel the shock ' in the sense in which Frances Clark means it. They are the first to feel a protest in themselves against outer disorders as they also feel a power of influence. The more consciously they feel this power, the more do the restraints disappear—not because women acquire militant self-importance, but because the power of effective influence has become articulate enough to override the earlier conventions, which were self-restraints as well as restraints. Many women still live in that past of restraints and self-restraints, are of the past, just as many men are not contemporary, live in now extinct excitements. These are not so much of a problem as the non-contemporary men : they really live in the past, are by the date dead—while the corresponding men do not know so well how to give the mortal accent to their anachronisms. The women who are more conscious of irritation with the old restraints than with the compulsion to have general efficacy are the nervous ones : they are worried that women have so far not had efficacy of a positive kind, and in emphasizing the restraints

from which they have suffered are creating in advance an excuse for future inefficacy—restraints still not removed. They are as little of the present as the women who live largely in the past : they are living in the future, and avoiding the insistence of the present; making efficacy the result of a removal of restraints—past restraints, future efficacy.

Let us consider the question of present restraints. What first strikes one is the great variance in the conventional status of women in the different countries of the world : Frances Clark is at pains to stress this. In the English-speaking countries the restraints are not considerable. In these there is little that the conventions prohibit a woman from doing if she really wants to do it; and there is nothing to prevent her from defying the conventions that are prohibitive. It is no mere linguistic accident that this book is in English, and that the discussion of femaleness and its efficacy seems to refer chiefly to women of English-speaking identity. Effective influence of a positive kind must come chiefly from them—not because greater freedom from restraints gives them fuller right to throw their numerical weight into the world situation, but because their field of direct influence, the English-speaking field, is by its nature more susceptible to female pressure than any other.

Why ? The reason is to be found, I think, in the more internal character of life in English-speaking places. Even America, where there is extreme preoccupation with the externalities, somehow avoids playing a noisy role in international life. It *is* noisy, but within itself : its noisiness is its own peculiar form of privacy. The predominantly internal character of American life may be explained as mere selfishness ; but English life is also predominantly internal in character, and yet not so violently self-interested. England maintains open international contact : egoistic isolation is not a necessary accompaniment of internality. The French are egoistic—yet are temperamentally more involved in international affairs, play a more external kind of role in them, than either England or America, Nor could their national life be described as internal in character, in the sense of being a privacy. Nor can these distinctions be explained away as being deter-

mined by geographical factors. We are not interested in these matters as geographers, but as people ; and we are talking about people, not geography.

The restraints from which women suffer in other countries are more indicative than is realized of the little influence they could have on their country's temper if the restraints were removed. The country whose emphasis on externalities leads it to play an aggressive role in world affairs cannot be tamed by its own women. The most that these can do is to stand by as a negatively protective force keeping their men from going too near the danger-line of self-destruction. Positive influence they cannot exercise, since it is the male will of their country to play this role, and wills must discover their own fate, cannot escape the fate they invite. In the story of such a national fate the power of women to intervene is of necessity extremely limited, and their restraints express this limitation. The only effect of removing the restraints, with the help of sympathetic pressure and stimulation from without, would be to add just so much potentiality of violence to that country's will and make it a more dangerous factor in world affairs than it already is. By their restraints the women are in a sense withholding their weight from the international situation—their weight as nationals of equally violent will with their men. And in this sense they must be regarded as having chosen their restraints, as well as in the other sense : that even if they were ' free ' they could not use their power of influence with success and would corrupt what tranquillizing power they do have with the bitterness of inefificacy,

I am saying all this in the hope of clarifying our attitude toward the women of various countries whose social status has remained backward, or undergone retrogression. Let us not make impossible demands on them, let us not commiserate with them in their restraints upon false grounds. We can best help them by exercising our own powers upon our own field—which is relatively inside in quality, is capable of an influence upon the rest of the world of a quasi-female kind. Women have real community with one another, regardless of nationality; but their provinces and capabilities vary according to the tempera-

ment **of** the men who are their charge. Women within the English-speaking field have the greatest potential efficacy in the world sense. It is just that other women should demand that they take upon themselves a general responsibility for the happiness of the world ; it is unjust that they should expect other women to contribute as much as themselves—putting their demand in the form of an insistence that other women be equally free of restraints.

Herein lies the answer to the challenge which an analysis of women's historical status constitutes. Approaching the problem of world unhappiness from the inside, we can see the need of that kind of influence of which women are capable. Then comes the question : ' Have they the power to exercise their power, how far have they progressed historically from the position of passive observers ? ' My point is that the question cannot be answered for women as a whole. Such an answer, the averaging answer, would certainly be against us ; but the averaging answer would be false to the actuality : that some women are in a position to exercise the kind of influence we mean. There is a disproportion between the amount of work to be done and the number of women there arc to do it; but for such influence a different scale of proportion from that of numbers applies.

I am quite ready to yield to Frances Clark her contention that selection and systematization belong to women, and creation and invention to men—in this context: women are concerned with what *is*—immediately and ultimately ; men, with what may be as against what was. It does not much matter what special rhetoric of definition is used in an analysis, so long as by means of it conclusions are not arrived at which contradict the original axiom that must precede all analysis. The original axiom in this case is that women have powers of a positively different kind from those of men. To describe these as powers of selection and systematization does not necessarily restrict women to their' negative characteristics ', Frances Clark is as anxious as I am for women to contribute positive energy to the world situation, of a kind in accordance with their positive characteristics. ' To choose the permanent values and integrate them in

a system ' tallies very closely with what I have described as a [1] canon of Good Things ', But we must not flatter ourselves that all women are personally capable of fulfilling this role ; and only a comparatively small number of all the men of the world are directly susceptible to the positive influence of which a comparatively small number of women are capable.

Moreover, women cannot exercise this influence by indiscriminate invasion of the traditionally male activities. The presence of women in the outer regions of activity is negatively important; but, if it is to be a means to an end and not an end in itself, then the peculiar value of their presence must not be lost by emphasizing their potential proficiency in business and the professions. Women can of course have value from this point of view, but this is a matter to be adjudicated in each case between the business or profession in question and the particular women who feel themselves equipped with specialized aptitudes. We are concerned here with the problem of general, not personal, fulfilment; and one form of fulfilment is certainly in the healing effect women can have on the temper of the world by giving to their presence in it a full female accent. ' Presence ' is a fortunate word ; it is the central word in our third recommendation, regarding the proper use of women's sexual sympathies (see p. 389).

As I have said : the forces that will bring serenity into w[T]orld affairs must emanate from the English-speaking field of life. And it is in this field that the necessary female factor will be found in a state of immediate potency. But among the women in this field we must draw further hierarchical distinctions. For example, only a comparatively small number of them can by personal capacity and opportunity compose the number of the missing inside people. Once we have stipulated a faculty of selection, which is to say a sensitiveness to the right values and hence the emotional equivalent of judgement, we have limited our choice to women of distinct inside temper. (Enough has already been said to indicate that I exclude from my notion of insideness that inside life of women which is merely the paralysis of not doing what men do. Children are borne in this shadow, they are produced by female inactivity : are **not**

symbols of insideness—any more than the reproductive unit ' family ' is the true pattern of personal relationship.)

Of the remaining women, there are some of inveterate domestic habits ; the co-operation of these will be confined to the courage of saying clearly and specifically what they do not like in the world around them. But there are others who have an external adaptability, who find it easy and interesting to circulate in outside places. It is these who can practise the restorative arts, and through using the resources contained in their presence among men as women.

In her letter Frances Clark comes round, at the end, to the subject of women as spiritual guides and the problem of official recognition of their right to assume this kind of authority. Whenever the question of ' right' is raised the subject veers toward a false turning. We do not want ' women preachers ' as there are men preachers. We want the resources that women have in the form best suited to employ them without loss to their virtue. I think my notion of a Second Order—the missing inside people, of tutelary powers—is more appropriate to these resources and can employ the inside faculties of a larger number of women than a plan to endow women with ecclesiastical equality. Let us not, in applying ourselves to our present situations, digress into the defects of the past. The past cannot be reformed, and least of all an institution so darkly grounded in the past as ecclesiasticism.

I have done no more than suggest the hierarchical principle on which I believe any plan of influencing outside affairs must be based. I have distinguished between kinds of people, and kinds of countries, but presented no clear diagram of operation —how the influence is to take effect in the world field, having made itself felt in the English-speaking field, how the non-English countries would figure in such a plan. However, I think that we have clarified the background of a fourth recommendation ; which will be found in developed form on page 394'

But I should like to deal here with Frances Clark's description of Anglo-Saxon peoples as ' practical and concrete— characteristics which are more feminine than masculine, whereas

in Latin and Oriental civilizations stress is laid on the intellectual and abstract in the working of the mind, and this is a masculine attitude/ Such a generalization, if acted upon, would create confusion where there is already confusion enough. It is true that Anglo-Saxon peoples are more feminine than masculine, but it is not true that Latin and Oriental peoples are more ' intellectual '; nor is there any intrinsic opposition between practical and intellectual. Nor is one ' abstract' if one is not obviously concrete—pertinent generalizations are not abstract, although one would not call them concrete, since they apply to all the pertinent occasions rather than to the few immediately before one's eyes. This is not to pause to argue a point of logic with Frances Clark ; but I think that the use of these terms exemplifies a danger we must be careful to avoid. In invoking English-speaking influence upon the world we are not asking for mere rationalism, mere practicalness and concreteness ; we are invoking faculties that have a due intellectual accompaniment and that could not, in fact, exist without a supporting intellectual integrity. To call intellectuality masculine is to choose the most arid and self-interested aspects of thought as its natural characteristics, and the most unpleasing aspects of masculinity as its natural ones ; and to limit femininity to a kind of naturalness and simplicity which ignores the essential female characteristics for those surface powers of adaptability on which women have relied to get themselves through the more or less insane past. We must be careful to suit our terms to our context—not to use terms regardless of their contextual relevance merely because they bring with them a generalization and we have need of generalizations. We do now need generalizations, comprehensive definitions : but, very urgently, the right ones, most of which are not likely to have been made before, or at least not with both proper contextual accuracy and comprehensiveness of application.

The following letter is interesting as being typical of the sentimental-materialistic point of view that many women now adopt, in an excess of eagerness for a better world.

From Eira Dixon

Every human being has a ' life ' in the world—in the movement of the world as it evolves—as well as his intimate personal life. No one can live either mentally or spiritually a full real life without being alive to the influences, the discoveries, tragedies and follies of men. To-day, international affairs are no longer the sole concern of politicians : there is a vital struggle going on in the world, a movement of men toward spiritual freedom.

Not all men are artists, but each man has a personality capable of development. At present, it is only the privileged few who, through economic independence, have the opportunity to choose their way of life. The great majority of men and women are condemned to the endless drudgery of mechanical impersonal work - work which, so far from being of their own choice, allows of no independent action or initiative.

Men are growing conscious of the enslavement of their mental and physical powers and are in revolt. This revolt is world-wide : it does not recognize national boundaries and, although in different countries it takes different forms, the fundamental ideal is the same. For example, in India and China, there is a movement against the domination of alien powers who care nothing for the souls of these two nations but impose on them a materialist culture in the name of civilization. These peoples desire to continue their destiny in the light of their own character and philosophy.

Again, in Spain, artists and writers are fighting on the side of the people ; they realize that issues of vital importance are involved m the Civil War. It is not only that their hearts are touched by the terrible sufferings imposed by war : it is not only an impassioned fury against the forces of physical repression that they fight, but against the repression of those intimate feelings that they value most in life. They fight for a philosophy of peace and personal freedom as opposed to one which glorifies war as the supreme ideal. They fight for the existence of all creative thought and feeling.

For to-day even a man's creative gift is not free from attack. What private life is left to any man in Germany to-day who dares to express an idea contrary to that officially prescribed ? His soul is killed by physical and mental suffering.

Everywhere there is a realization of the tyranny which money exercises over men's lives. A certain degree of wealth is a necessary condition of mental, moral, even aesthetic freedom. A poor man can

go nowhere, see nothing, demand nothing. Not only has he to endure hideous discomfort and privation, but his whole being is invaded by the sense of the futility of his existence, by despair at the frustration of all his hopes. It would be ironical to talk to such a man of the inside life : and yet it *is* the desire for these very inner realities which he intuitively feels to exist that keeps him alive from day to day. A man does not cling to life for a loaf of bread : there must first of all be some satisfaction of his physical needs, but only as the means by which he may achieve that mental calm in which his mind and spirit may breathe.

What can we do ? One thing is certain : such a world-wide movement cannot, should not stop. We should not be unhappy : we should be glad to find so much desire for those very realities that we know. It is for us to keep a vision of this intrinsically good life which we have discovered before the eyes of these striving people. We may or may not take an active part in the political side of the movement—we may feel that we can do more in this way than alone. But it is above all as artists and as women that we can help. Through active sympathy we must take part in the struggle so that it does not deteriorate into a mere material issue.

No Communist has such an optimistic faith in the beneficence of materialism. The Communist end is explicitly physical. The highest conceivable good is defined in physical terms. A woman would naturally start at the other end : the highest conceivable good in the highest possible terms. But she is faced with the given circumstances of life, the existing composition of society, the historical aspects of geography—the discrepancies between what is happening in one country and what in another. Implicit in every woman's nature is an insistence on the highest conceivable good in the highest possible terms. Forced upon many women by a kind of ambition not natural to them is an insistence on achievement in mass scale. Mass ambition is a characteristically male notion ; but men would not naturally insist on the highest conceivable good in the highest possible terms for the entire world population. Communism, for example, a characteristically male ambition, in bargaining for the entire world population, discreetly confines itself to physical ends. Christianity, in bargaining for the entire world population, discreetly confined

itself to spiritual ends of a rather low order of personal fulfilment. Compromise is alien to women. If their sympathies **are** challenged on materialistic grounds, if it is said to them, ' You must earnestly labour for the material welfare of the entire world population, you must consider the entire world population in all your calculations,' their response will be, if they feel themselves placed against the wall of rational argument : ' Very well, I will say with you that the entire world population must enter into all our calculations. But, though I do this, I cannot abandon my insistence on the highest possible good in the highest possible terms—for the entire world population, since you insist on using that scale.' And the result is this mystical materialism : when all material inequalities have been liquidated, the entire world population will turn to ' the realities ', The error is due not so much to female ingenuousness as to dishonesty in the eager materialists : who allow their values to be sentimentalized in order to win the support of the spiritually eager.

The whole world population will never be connected to ' the realities ', There is as much variation in spiritual destiny as in history ; and in material destiny as in geography. There is no single material destiny for the entire world population, as there is no single spiritual destiny. It is in the destiny of some to face ' the realities ', of others to turn from them, of others to deny or distort them ; and the material circumstances of peoples vary accordingly. This is not to say that we must be indiilerent to the physical sufferings of those whose choice of destiny seems to have invited material unfortunateness. But we cannot properly provide for the material serenity of the world if we ignore the great spiritual differences between peoples. Universal material serenity cannot be created by attempting to impose spiritual uniformity on the entire world population, or even material uniformity. Some degree of unity we can and do achieve among ourselves, and a proportionate degree of serenity ; but we can only communicate serenity to the world at large by legislating for it. We cannot even communicate *our* serenity —only certain rules of decency which we are capable of imposing by **our** serenity.

The following answer is typical of another point of view **that** some women adopt, from what I believe to be a false sense of guilt for the little that women seem to have done in the past toward affecting a happy way of the world.

From Moe A. L. Harper

International affairs are fast becoming national ones. And national ones largely domestic. This makes it almost impossible for thinking adults to remain entirely ' inside ' people. But is ' outside ' thought to be entirely deplored ? The inside life—however beautiful, theoretically—tends to egotism and social selfishness ; and insistence on it is a form of intellectual snobbery. The inside life is, in essence, the patrician life—which presupposes a large slave class.

I entirely disagree that it is *not* fear that forces people's minds outside. Fear is a dominating factor in the lives of almost everyone. Fear of death, of ill-health, of poverty, of losing that which we have—and it is this last, especially, that forces our minds outside.

Also, we are less cumbered by ' the daily round ' than heretofore—the amenities of modern life have given us leisure and opportunity to look through ' the gateways of the world around us ', and intellectual curiosity alone is sufficient to impel us to take advantage of this.

With one point in your letter I entirely agree. The deleterious effect of the outside life on women. But I recognize that it is—in the main—inevitable.

Nothing can be done to help the outside people, short of the destruction of our whole social system ; while our present regime of education, modern amenities and social service continues, to become more and more absorbed by outside life is inevitable for the majority—I might say for almost all normal people. And for this reason I look on your letter rather as an intellectual treatise—a dialectic exercise with no foundation in actuality and no useful contribution to the problem of truly triumphant living.

The writer assumes that the characteristics of insideness, as possessed by women, are those of ' patrician ' elegance and indifference to external actualities—which modern women have the unpleasant obligation of breaking dow[r]n. The assumption does not correspond with history. The appropriate thing to say, rather, is that women have endured external brutalities—which includes having endured the men responsible for **them—**

with remarkable quietness, and with a wholesome certainty that such things could not last for ever ; this has been their contribution when there was no other to be made. The only sense of guilt that women might appropriately feel would be a sense of failing now to make the positive contribution indicated in their positive characteristics, which external actualities now evoke as they have not hitherto done. And the only way to absolve themselves of such a sense of guilt is to make sure that their contribution is genuinely contemporary. The ideal of revising our present social system is an ideal read back into the past. It is as to say : if women had worked for this ideal in the past there would now be nothing to worry them—they could live a ' patrician ' life with a clear conscience. Any reversion to responsibilities not undertaken in the past is bound to be an unpleasant duty. The kind of responsibilities demanded of women by the present situation are of a major kind, which it should be a pleasure to fulfil—the major responsibilities always are. Let us therefore not punish ourselves by going back into the past to perform laborious acts of penance for minor sins of omission. Perhaps there were such sins. But women did assuredly fulfil the major responsibilities that fell to them in those times ; and, if they fulfil the major responsibilities proper in these times, the lesser evils that have survived from the past will subside without revolution or unpleasantness. The evils left over from the past, such as imperfect social methods, were perhaps advisedly left over: they arc signs by which to know that the good works of the present have not yet been done. The good works of the present do not consist of further old good works—of, in other words, revolutions. They are new works : discoveries that gently replace both the good works and evils of earlier times, rather than violent reformations of old evils.

To scold the past is not to redeem the present.

The following letter is distinguished from many of the letters in this book in that it presents its own clear definition of the nature of life. It does not so clearly point a recommendation ; but it starts where every recommendation should start—at the beginning, with the given elements of life, not conditioning the

solution with special pleas. There is less danger, in such an approach, of digressing into minor aspects of the problem, or of offering the solution of the part as a solution of the whole.

From L. A. G. Strong

Thank you for your letter. With its statement on the major problem of our times I am in complete and convinced agreement. The way in which you have set down the divorce between the ' inside ' and the ' outside ' people, between the female and the male principles, is both simple and masterly. It could not be more clearly stated.

You ask what I think can be done. Before I come to that, I should like to add my own personal picture of the dilemma. All of us, as human beings, exist in two worlds, the seen and the unseen. We are like bjects floating in the sea. With some, as with icebergs, a relative[1] small proportion is above water, in the visible world. They li £, perhaps, four-fifths in the unseen : depend chiefly upon intuitio ,: are female in principle : inside people. Others float differei ;ly, with more above water than below, and exemplify the male, or outside principle.

Since each person has to make the fullest use of his or her natural endowment, there can be no profitable dispute between the rival merits of inside and outside. What we have to do is to keep a just balance between the two, in our own natures and in the world, in private and public life.

Or, to put it in simpler terms : if we take a circle as our figure, then the centre stands for the female or inside principle, the circumference for its opposite. The centre is eternity, I AM ; the point on the circumference is time, ME NOW. The centre is universal, unseen; the point on the circumference is manifested, differentiated. To live properly is to maintain a just balance between the two, to keep contact along the radius which joins the point to the centre, to concentrate upon neither to the exclusion of the other. The artist's (female) temptation is *to* look exclusively toward the centre, and the practical-man's (male) temptation to look exclusively at the circumference and deny that anything else exists : to regard the unseen as disreputable and absurd, or to deny its existence altogether.

International politics have been made exclusively an affair of the circumference. How are we going to remedy this, and strike that just balance between the two worlds which is the only cure for our present ills ?

Personally, when so much communal effort is being made, I feel justified in yielding to my own personal bias and belief. I think the artist and the woman have the same task, and that it is in private, not in public, that it can be given the best chance of success. I think we should strive first of all to eliminate from our own lives, and our ways of thinking, all those competitive passions that make for war. Most of the trouble of to-day is caused by living, and by judging one's life, in competition with the lives of others. If we live by the light of our intuition—defining intuition as imaginative contact with the whole of reality—we shall be better able to defeat our own warlike instincts, whatever form they may take.

If, everywhere, groups of people, families, circles of friends, could do this, reducing to a minimum the combative and competitive feelings which make for aggressiveness in general, war would at once have less chance, and in a generation would become unthinkable.

In a word, I believe firmly in the individual rather than in any collective solution. If a world of ' inside ' houses can be set in order, outside affairs must follow. We have allowed a materialistic age to sweep us into an official, outside view of life. The cure lies in ourselves ; and those of us who work by intuition, on the female principle, bear the heaviest responsibility, since it is we who must adjust the balance.

' War ' is here used as a convenient inclusive label for all the disturbances that endanger private integrity. It is not entirely exact, but is, by its scope, an emotionally convenient term : the disturbances have the magnitude of war in their capacity for intruding disruptively into private existence. The problem dealt with here is one important aspect of the general problem : how to preserve private integrity. And this must be early considered in any comprehensive presentation of the general problem ; for before we offer a solution we must first be sure of our inner health—as doctors must have health, and all true teachers have wisdom. We cannot start out to cure if we are among those who need curing.

The problem is, I think, not one of consolidating our integrity, but of maintaining the integrity we have against the disorders we hope to relieve. We must assume, that is, that there are people of firm inner self-possession : women are implicitly so by nature, men can make themselves so.

We may say that this is, really, the problem of how to be ourselves all the time, how not to break the moral continuity of our lives. It demands the formulation of a private ethic. This, then, shall be the subject of our fifth recommendation : see p. 405.

I asked L. A. G. Strong if he would elaborate the question of private ethics with special reference to the writer's relations with his public ; and he kindly wrote the following.

A special difficulty arises in the case of the professional writer, especially if he has a public of any size. A writer's relationship to his reader should be as honest and direct as his relationship to anyone he may meet; but circumstance and convention make such honesty very difficult. Conventions assume a writer to be on a different level from his readers. If he is the kind who gives always of his best, saying what he sees and hiding nothing, there are only a few people able to meet him on his own ground and receive without perplexity or dismay what he offers them. In the jargon of the trade, his public is small. If he is a popular writer, he is assumed to be editing his view of life for the benefit of the weaker brethren. He tells them only so much as they can receive easily, and suppresses all that might disconcert them.

Both kinds of writers are assumed to be above the ordinary reader, condescending or refusing to condescend, in a position of patronage or dishonesty. Even the so-called genuine best-seller, whose mind is commonplace but who has great skill in expressing it, is set apart by that very skill, and looked up to by his tens of thousands of readers. Even if he wants to be ' on the level ', they will not let him.

None of this may be the individual writer's fault. The first type, who makes no concessions and writes for himself, cannot justly be blamed if what he writes is unintelligible or annoying to the majority. The second type, though he may refrain from deliberate manufacture, from flattery, and other sins of the professional entertainer, is nevertheless keeping something up his sleeve. The third type may thresh about in honest endeavour to readjust the world to his liking. But all are thrust, willy-nilly, into a false position as having something the other fellow has not got.

They have—but only in their professional capacity ; not in their capacity as human beings. The way they earn their bread has put them into a wrong relationship with their fellow men. Like the poets and artisans of whom Socrates complained, their special know-

ledge of one thing is held to give them a general privilege of knowing about everything. It is as if an exceptionally strong or beautiful voice conferred a special value on what it said.

How is the writer to avoid this difficulty ? How is he to establish and maintain an inside relationship with his readers ? Certainly not by taking thought of them. It is a problem which each must solve for himself. I think I know, for myself, along what lines the solution must lie : but it has taken me a long time to reach.

A private ethic should be the more easily applicable to the writer-reader relations in that they can, by the nature of literature, include more intimacies than any other kind of public relationship. Writing and reading are acts of intimacy, and identification of interests, in a way that no other public transaction can be. More of the reader and of the writer meet on the page than in any meeting between receiver and giver over the counter or, say, the footlights. And on the page all are, or should be, equal as good friends are equal—not by equality of talents but by love of the same things, by excitement in the same good things.

This is true of all work to some degree : the better the work (in its own realm), the more personal will the sense of contact be between producer and consumer. But with most literary and all industrial production the public is an unknown participant ; instead of the proper intimacy, there is a psychology of selling, in which the public is operated on without being consulted. The result of this hypnotic procedure is that, in the majority of people, the power of intimacy has been paralysed. When a work is of a kind that invites intimacy they resent being made conscious of their powerlessness to react. Instead of a power of intimacy, all they have left is a power of impudent familiarity.

A rule of intimacy—how to establish and maintain an inside relationship with one's public—should now not be difficult to formulate. Such a rule would also have pertinence to the problem we have set ourselves here : how, when we have assembled our recommendations, we may communicate upon them with an appropriate public. The way is, surely, to eliminate the idea of an unknown public. The popular writer does not much care,

generally, who reads his works. A writer of literary integrity, on the other hand, must have some standard of preference—must know the kind of people he would like for readers ; as one has standards of preference in the case of friends. More than this : he should have so clear a notion of the kind of reader he is addressing that he should regard each reader as a potential friend. It may be objected ; how could he have time for friendship with so many ? My answer would be : let him not envisage more readers than he could maintain friendship with in some form, however occasional. The reason for books which envisage an unlimited number of readers cannot be a mutual reason, alike for author and reader. Where the reason is a mutual one it cannot be the number of readers that matters, but getting at the right readers.

The rule then is : an enlarged conception of friendship, an enlargement of the field of friendship. This is so important a point that it amounts, really, to a sixth recommendation. See, therefore, page 415.

From Catherine de la Roche

That international affairs should now be claiming the attention of people who are temperamentally indifferent to them is, I think, inevitable for two reasons. Firstly, as a result of education. These are days when knowledge has been hastily promoted to the rank of a demi-god, and indiscriminately worshipped with all the credulity which dwells in idolatry. Few are capable of sorting, choosing and intelligently absorbing knowledge. Encouragement in the pursuit of every kind of study is freely given, but guidance in the choice and value of learning is seldom to be found. Hence a generation of ignorant ' educated ' people with a smattering of most things, including international affairs, and a thorough knowledge of none or few. Secondly, it is the result of ' equality ' between men and women as citizens (the right to vote, etc.). Whatever, in practice, a woman's occupation may be, in theory she considers herself a participant in national as well as international affairs. She thinks it incumbent upon her to have an opinion, and therefore endeavours to keep apace with international developments whether they interest her on their own value or not. Everything is everybody's business. Should it be ? If it should, the order of things as they are at present will

probably continue together with the ' immediate common unhappiness ' as well as ' speculative common fear ', If it should not, it would appear there is vast scope for readjustment in both the education and the functions of men and women. And by education I mean a development of thought and not a cramming of facts. And by functions I do not mean only the professions, etc., engaged in, but rather the attitude toward them and the resulting relationships between men and women.

I think it is the *practice* of politics ' to reduce the less personal, merely national affairs to a routine that does not interfere with life inside the houses ', And I feel that it should be the *task* of politics to reconcile the two. All elements in life are interdependent. They cannot be disintegrated. International, national and private life are inevitably interrelated. If international affairs ' are intended to serve the amenities of private life ' they *are* important and connected with this private life. International affairs are more prominent in certain epochs than they are in others. At the moment they are extremely prominent. I do not think that merely separating them from private life is either possible or desirable. But I do think that inside problems have NOT reached a high degree of clarity and solution, and that, until they do, international ones cannot follow suit.

It would seem useless for women to be concerned with ends rather than means. If the two were united it might be a step toward a rational result. If means were directed from the home, the ends might reach the wide world. And this is the nearest point to any solution which I can reach. If women can help the world to emerge from the present state of confusion, it is neither by independent activity in the wide world, nor by detached theorizing in the home, that they can hope to do this. Practical collaboration within the home, I believe, is the thing to strive for.

If international affairs are to be reconciled with private life, women might help by :

(a) Directing education of EVERY kind. From childhood to old age, facts and ideas are thrust upon us. They all need colouring. Not the least to be considered is the knowledge imparted through the press, theatres, literature, etc. The authors of this knowledge should get their colours from the women at home.

(b) Keeping themselves free for their own work by withdrawing where possible from frenzied independent activity in spheres which are historically male.

(c) Endeavouring to combine home interests with international ones, and not locking the latter out.

And what about the homeless women ? The war has thrown the population sadly out of balance. And it is not the ' superfluous ' women alone who are affected. This reflects on every woman singly, for she has become a member of a species which has flooded the market and whose numbers exceed the demand. I cannot help feeling that this unbalance directly affects the relationship between men and women. It has done much to lower the prestige of woman and, consequently, to diminish the better qualities of her influence. If the international gentlemen were to bear this in mind, it might contribute toward re-establishing a more self-assured and self-respecting womanhood in the future generation at least.

It is true that there is much talk on international affairs that is only self-important display of opinion ; but there are far fewer women guilty of this mere opinionatedness than men. And, of all the talk that goes on, much more is induced by international bad weather than by the new appetite for educated discussion. Nor is it only the educated who are talking : in any conversation, with or among people of whatever class, the international topics will inevitably come up, and promptly. For instance, not long ago I was interviewing a cook, of ordinary village-woman mentality. We arranged our matters in the first five minutes ; at the sixth she was talking about the insane state of the world. This is not a unique experience, either for myself *or* others. We read in the paper of a woman who killed her two children and then tried to kill herself. At the inquest someone gave, as the cause of her derangement, extreme depression caused by brooding over world disorders ; we do not disbelieve that.

The affairs of politics undoubtedly interfere with life inside the houses ; if this were not so, it would be proof of a reconciliation between outside and inside life. To assert that there is such interference is to assert the absence of proper interdependence and interrelation between them—that the outside impinges on the inside violently rather than relevantly. Professional politicians rely strongly on the emotional assumption of an interdependence between personal and public realities :

this assumption, expressed by the vote, guarantees them a free hand in their dissociative activities.

It is because inside problems have reached a high degree of clarity and solution that people are able to spend so much energy of interest on outside affairs, and are so full of protests against outside disorders—not merely that there are more gigantic disorders than ever before. Within the industrial field, for example, conditions have greatly improved since a hundred years ago, but the protests against them are far more emphatic now than then. Why ? The answer would be, I suppose : ' Obviously, because people have grown more intelligent,' What, then, is intelligence ? A mysterious physical accident that has happened to people between then and now—or an internal process of clarification ?

Women do not—and I do not—despise means. On the contrary, they have not only a peculiar tenderness for the inventions of men, and courage to take advantage of them : they demand the provision of all the requisite means. It is this habit of sympathy with the ways and means of men that has led them to approve means the ends of which, if clearly defined, they could not possibly approve. But sometimes the means appear first, the end only later ? Then let women suspect all new means that are not accompanied by a clear statement of ends. If we carefully examined all the paraphernalia of existence which we now have, we should find that the bad results were produced by means which did not have the good result as a preconceived end. We do not want to waste energy in attempting to eliminate every bad result—energy that can be better spent in identifying and enjoying the good results. But we can somehow act to prohibit new bad means from being exercised to produce new bad results. We can act against *change.* In identifying and enjoying the good results that we have so far arrived at we do not work in terms of change : our object in this is not change, but a permanence of values.

A seventh recommendation seems indicated in this discussion of the attitude proper to new bad means, to change : see p. 420.

Now to consider the suggestions offered in this letter. First, the proper colouring of all the information and interest—

material thrust upon people's minds from without. To attempt to provide critical colouring for every detail of this would lead to the enslavement of criticism by the quantitative excess of material demanding people's attention to-day. What is wrong is that there is too much material cast into the general field of observation—a great deal of it is essentially meaningless. The female function in this respect should be to reduce the number and quantity of all those things of which there is too much ; the selective guide should be the genuine attention which women of ordinary education and intelligence found that they could pay to the variety of interests now exacting attention. The female instincts of attention and inattention are the surest ground for a discipline with which to resist artificial stimulation of interest. It is not for nothing that women are endowed with that marvellous, unconquerable capacity for inattention for which they are famous. I think that there is indicated here an eighth recommendation : see p. 433. Catherine de la Roche's third suggestion also comes under this heading. The basis of selection would inevitably be : how much genuine attention for matters other than those directly concerning our personal lives is left over from the attention due to these ? No one would deny, surely, that our most immediate responsibility is to attend to ourselves and those with whom our personal life is interwoven—if only for the purpose of maintaining ourselves tidily, with a minimum demand on others for what privately concerns us. By determining the proper degree of attention for personal concerns (the ' home ' interests in the large sense of the word), we can know more accurately what genuine, constructive attention there is in us for extra-personal affairs. Chaotic distribution of attention does damage to both kinds of affairs.

As for ' the homeless, superfluous women ', Many of us would not agree that there was any such serious problem in the statistical sense. But even if there is a ' surplus ' of female population and, as a result, a large number of unhappy unmarried women (unhappy because unmarried), then the problem is not how to provide equivalents for marriage, or how best to commiserate with these victims of the Great War, but the problem of getting women to respect themselves for other

assets than those by which they have value in the marriage market. The women concerned are either hopelessly miserable in their illusion that women employ their faculties to most happy advantage in the sexual scope of conventional marriage —or they now know better. It is consolation given in false terms that destroys self-respect.

But it has certainly happened, and by women's choice as well as men's, that there is less marrying—at least in the home-making sense—than there used to be ; more homelessness for both men and women, more circulation. The real problem is : What is a home ? There was much amiss with the old sentimental notion of home, and in many respects the present habit of homelessness is a protest against the old notion. By the old notion, home was the place to which we were bound by economic and legal dependence and economic and legal commitments. It often happened that the people in whom we were most interested and the commitments in which we took most pleasure did not come within home confines. The true home is the unit formed by ourselves and our closest friends. The old unit of home was too narrow, too exclusive : the homes did not really house all our relationships—the best relationships were often homeless. We need, then, a new conception of home. The real friends need to live in close communication with one another : friendship, not family, should determine the home unit. Women, as especially endowed with the home-making faculties, are the best equipped for such a reorientation. I shall attempt to present this new notion of home as a ninth recommendation : see p. 450. If we can assemble ourselves in units integrated according to a principle of real personal relevance, we shall be the more effective in applying our values to affairs outside the personal field.

Anonymous

I hope that, in view of the effort you are making in this book, and in general, to do something (and something truly characteristic of what you name ' inside sensibility ') to help to remedy the state of the outer world, you will not think me discouraging or pessimistic when 1 say that I think there is so very little practical that can be

done—that, taken in proportion to all that is being done in the opposite way by people of little insight, it might be discounted altogether'

Actually I feel neither discouraged nor pessimistic about it, because I believe that the impossibility of hope in any practical policy may be the best agent for ensuring the essential quality of this most important part of our lives. I mean that as there is no hope for it to survive except simply by being, it will continue in its greater integrity, as I believe it to be indestructible except by the extinction of the human race.

The reasons for my thinking there is nothing to be done are these. First, I think you are very right when you say that the inner faculties cannot work through the medium of outer employments without decharacterization. And if these are presented in their purity in such a way as to draw wide public attention, they suffer decharacterization at second hand during the process of their propagation.

The other reason, which overlaps with this last part, is that I believe it impossible to induce insight in people who are not born with it in them, by any means in the world, and I doubt if it is possible to increase integrity in people who have a little insight and a great deal of practical bias, which seems to be the general case.

I agree with you in naming the quality of the inside world female, and this in itself is a quite sufficient reassurance for me, who, as a woman, am well aware of the inexhaustible and always characteristic force this word implies.

The naming of the externals as male brings me to the only practical theorizing which tempts me from passivity. The male is acceptedly the moral, and the female the a-moral sex. Until very lately, I believe, this last has been taken as a defect. But there seems to be a general recognition now that it may be a better rather than a worse basis of good behaviour, other things being equal. I feel strongly convinced that the self-insistent moralities of our own time are responsible for most of the trouble. Without them international difficulties would have to be met in exactly the intuitive, or feminine, way you suggest, and a great deal of stupid, because inhuman, behaviour would be avoided.

Perhaps the gradual spread of disbelief in set moralities will be the agent of a better state of affairs. That is something which is happening of itself, and it is noticeable that there are in the male world heavy new organizations against right instinct (as distinguished

from conventional right). I should place little hope in anything that had not this organic quality of right instinct.

In the meantime I think your own effort to gather the loyalties of those who have inside sensibilities very courageous and very warming, and I wish it the recognition it deserves.

What the writer of this letter means by the a-moral attitude and technique of women is (I know from discussion with her) the ability of women to approach any new situation without any preconceived stipulation as to how it must be handled or how it must result. It is a male habit to apply the formulas that have arisen in old situations to new situations : formulas which have become a closed morality. Such a habit not only limits the ways in which the new situation can develop : it actually prevents the existence of new situations, tends to make all the new situations repetitions of old ones.

This has a direct bearing on the problem before us : old habits of formulating problems prevent us from seeing a problem in its true contemporary light and, further, from attempting to do anything more than has been done in the problems it seems to resemble.

i Inside integrity ' thus takes on, in this context, a meaning of immediacy of self and of situation. But how is such a sense of immediacy to be constructively applied to our problem ? It can be applied, first of all, by a strict disavowal of all old formulas of solution: which gives us a tenth recommendation —page 467. Those who are ready to dispense with reliance on them will be those who have a faculty for approaching the immediate situation with a truly immediate morality. We need to make such a purification of our moral equipment before we can contribute more than mere self-complacent moralizings. Many of the formulas on which people are now relying do little more than create in them a complacency toward their inefFectualness. We have no right to put the burden of solution upon an ' i f ' : to say that, if the world would observe this or that formula, there would be no problem. The only relevant formula is of what *we* are *now*—values that hold our immediate energy of good. We have no right to be complacent; or ineffectual. We must not merely ' propagate ' our values—

that would indeed be to decharacterize them, equate them with some stale morality. In practising our values upon outside circumstances we must make no distinction between our values and ourselves—impress ourselves in impressing them.

From Willa Muir

Your letter deals with a subject that has concerned me for years. Your concept of the interior world as feminine in quality and the exterior world as masculine is true and illuminating ; it is also true that more than anything else we need to bring these two worlds into proper relation to each other. I should like to make a few further suggestions.

In accepting the female quality as being concerned with the *ends* and the male with the *means* of life, we are of course accepting a functional symbolism, the symbolism of the womb and the seed. Might it not be valuable to consider that same symbolism from another viewpoint, that is, as the relation of environment to the individual ?

The first environment of every human being is a woman, and the relation of the individual child to its environment before birth is a proper functional relationship resulting in new life. Both seed and womb are creative in their reciprocal action upon each other ; their relationship is a living relationship, corresponding at every point and changing spontaneously at every point with new growth. The womb, the woman, not only provides warmth, shelter, nutrition, but provides them in such a way as to *form* the growing child ; the child not only grows for itself but stimulates activity in the womb. It seems almost platitudinous to repeat these facts, yet for generations this ideal pattern of relationship has been ignored : our civilization has been organized on the assumption that the seed alone is creative, because its powers of growth are so obvious, and that the womb, the environment, is merely a passive receptacle. It is an assumption that could be made only by a very young child, and the psychology of our recent civilization seems to me that of a very young child, a baby taking its mother for granted, elaborated into a dangerously one-sided structure : the structure of an individualistic society where the individual takes all he can out of his environment, making profits, increasing his own importance, and denying prestige to environmental activities even to the extent of making his God exclusively masculine (despite the *milk* of the Word !). Until lately, no one seemed to doubt that the individual existed for and by

himself in a kind of vacuum, or that environments and women existed merely to subserve the isolated individual, being themselves merely inferior kinds of individuals. The result has been what is called a male-dominant society and has discouraged and distorted the female character to an appalling extent. (Artists of all kinds have of course shared in this discouragement. I am much indebted to you for bringing out so clearly the likeness between these ' interior ' workers, women and artists.) It has also, of course, exalted the means-values of life and ignored the end-values.

Consequently we have, side by side, a multiplicity of systems each of which ignores its possible relationship to the others and sets up its partial values as end-values in themselves. For the erroneous assumption behind our civilization has not done away with the human need of and dependence on environment; it has resulted merely in the construction of false artificial environments. Consider the big business firm, the factory, the State ; each striving to become a monopoly, pretending to represent end-values, claiming ' loyalty ' from the individual. Each business monopoly assumes that it is all-important in a kind of vacuum, and business in general (business is business !) isolates itself from other values in a vacuum, and even art (art for art's sake I) has flirted with the same isolationism. While the money-system, the most powerful of all, is also based on the idea of irresponsible seed, fertilizing arbitrarily and without reciprocity an environment which is supposed to remain passively receptive.

These monopolies, resulting in what I have called ' false ' environments, are false because they are synthetic. Instead of a living relationship between such an environment and the individual contained in it, we find a formal, Procrustes'-bed kind of relationship ; the individual is clipped and streamlined to fit the synthetic environment; there is no free growth. So the paradoxical effect of an individualistic psychology is the emergence of fake environments that restrict individual growth and freedom. All for lack of understanding the functional, vital correspondence necessary between the individual and his environment!

In consequence, in answer to our profound unhappiness, there is a growing consciousness of the importance of environmental values. The science of social psychology is emerging ; anxious and frightened people are everywhere forming groups ; social legislation is being pressed on. Now, this is where I think women come in. Environments are a woman's job. I should like to suggest, therefore, that it is too sweeping to allow the exterior world as a masculine

preserve and to argue that women who take part in administration must always become ' denatured ', Where environments are artificial and formal that is doubtless true, but I should not like to see it laid down as a general principle. Ideally, women are the proper administrators of a properly functioning environment. They have environmental awareness, sometimes called intuition (or home-making, or hostess-tact, or a social conscience). Why should they not contribute this natural gift to the organization of larger environments, where it is even more needed than in the home ? Why should they not be educated as *women*> to direct the emergent social consciousness of to-day ? I am convinced that it is peculiarly the task of women to give environmental values their proper prestige and direction in relation to the individuals that they foster. For women naturally foster the free growth of individuals.

How is it to be done ? Something would be achieved by putting a new ideal of the feminine before the discouraged women of the world. But the existing synthetic environmental systems must either be broken to pieces or permeated by living feminine values. It seems necessary for women to draw together in a new consciousness of themselves, but their very susceptibility to existing environments makes it difficult for them to combine against them. Still, I believe that humanity itself is in a desperate enough condition to draw on the deep reserves of women ; we must only find some formulation of the need, in terms of women's values : no political or economic theory which ignores these should be allowed to pass. I set these notes down here, anyhow, in the hope that someone will know better than I do how to carry such suggestions into effect.

WillaMuir's symbolism is helpful in that, though physiologically incomplete, it disposes of much false symbolism that has been allowed to confuse the relations between men and women and between the male and female elements of life. But the use of a symbol carries with it this danger : it makes the thing symbolized clearer at the expense of stressing a single aspect of it—of giving to the aspect the appearance of the whole. The ancient Greeks recognized this danger in their religious symbolism and avoided it by employing many symbols, each representing a distinct aspect of the god ; and, the more developed the cult of the god, the more varied his aspects and the images representing these.

The cult of woman—the definition of the various aspects of woman—is still at a primitive stage; though historically women are themselves at a stage of articulate diversity of aspects. The symbol 'seed' for the male element rings quaintly; 'womb', for the female element, far less so, since we have evolved few symbolic commonplaces for aspects of women other than those that have to do with their reproductive faculties.

To endow the womb symbol with the significance of environment is already a step toward breaking down the restrictive character that it has because it is a symbol. If we assign the environmental function to women, we must also assign much else that goes with it: functions which 'social psychology' and 'social legislation' cannot cover. I have no wish to prohibit women from playing a part in determining the character of 'the larger environments', On the contrary: my point is that it is their responsibility to play a much more positive part than that permitted by the inflexible character of male administrative conventions. Within the frame of these conventions they can only appear as objectors, or as males. And they have something more to do than can be so done: they have to administer the supra-social principles that are so far only implicit rules in the minds of those sensitive to supra-social realities.

Let us consider what aspects and functions of woman can be included in a view of her as the genius of environment. A great many—because the notion of environment is large enough to be more than a symbol; it is, in fact, the description of all that woman is without seeming to do anything. An environment is a place, a scene. It is there before the characters of the scene appear; it is older than its characters. It is also larger than its characters. It does not change; it does not move. It perpetually survives the individual characters. They conform to its nature; it feeds but also conditions theirs. An environment provides. The characters can contribute nothing to the environment itself; their contributions are to the provisions which the environment makes for it.

For 'environment' read 'woman', and for 'characters' read 'men', What is missing from the description? That we

have not endowed the environment with personality. And indeed we cannot, within the term : its equivalence with the reproductive symbol returns it repeatedly to the bounds of reproductive significance. What happens to the notion of environment if we add personality to it ? What happened in the early ages of time when men added personality to the notion of environment—personalized their environmental world ? The environment became a god. And as the unit of environment grew larger, as all the local environments were blended in a conception of universal environment, the gods were blended into God.

We are now at a point in our analysis which would be vulgarly called dangerous : fantastic. Do I mean that women are God ? I do not mean that women are God in the fantastic sense in which God was God. For that God was the result of a fantastic identification that men made of themselves with their environment ; and in its fantasticness that God was subject to the fatal limitation of always being in actuality—though not in theory—no larger than the human personality that construed it. Man was not really existing in his real environment, but only in himself; and drawing constantly not on the resources of his environment, but only on himself. At least, all he drew from his real environment was drawn unconsciously. He would not have admitted that his God was merely his creator, had no other significance or energy than a reproductive one, was nothing apart from his personality as the producer of men. He would not have admitted this in theory : as we can see from all the theoretical definitions he has made of God. But in actuality he has admitted no more. And this ambiguity is duplicated in the kind of resort he has made to woman. Consciously he draws on her only for her reproductive resources. All else is drawn unconsciously : he does not admit that he draws more. His consciousness is chiefly occupied with his own resources.

One result of this is the dismal discomfiture in which the world now is : of feeling at the end of its resources. And it is indeed so, in the sense that the world is at the end of its male resources. Another result is that women have been enveloped in the unconsciousness with which men have resorted to them :

their resources have lain in them like treasures in a lightless storehouse, hardly estimated, because hardly seen.

But woman is a personality as well as an environment. She is herself as well as what ' they ' see or do not see, use or do not use. She is her own life as well as the scene, the environmental background, of theirs. She is, in fact, in the somewhat awkward position of being the proprietor of all this—of all the unpleasant as well as pleasant things. And gradually conscious attitudes to all this have been developing. She has begun to wrinkle her brow and consider how much she likes it and how much she does not. If she more dislikes than likes it, she cannot nevertheless get rid of it all—if only for the reason that she cannot get rid of herself, and all this is organically connected with her. She can do everything except get rid of it. She has every resource except that of absolute destruction ; she has all the resources of good provision. She has in the past let herself be unconsciously drawn upon by men for things that would give them content with themselves. She is now at the point of drawing consciously on her resources, and the point where men must draw consciously on them ; and to the end, now, that she shall be content with the ways of men.

We must consider, then, as women, the kind of behaviour in men that would content us. Not in the sense of demanding from them special provision for ourselves : we look for no provision from men for ourselves—we, not men, are the fundamental source of provision.

We must, that is, shape a new moral law—in revision of what men have laid down, according to the behaviour that contented them. What I have here written relates to the subject of female authority ; the appropriateness of the Female Will—which Blake so feared—as the Law-maker. There is no need for fear : for what the Female Will might stipulate for its content could not be motivated by self-interest, as is what men ordain for themselves, but only by standards of what is and is not becoming. The failure of the old male moralities is in that they were cast in the form of commandments : ' Thou shalt not' rather than ' It is not becoming that ', To talk of a Female Will is, indeed, not exact. It is the habit of men to lay

commands on themselves in terms of what they will or do not will. Female morality is in terms of what is becoming ; and becomingness is, ultimately, a stronger force of law than will.

Our eleventh recommendation—page 476—must be toward a new moral Law, of which women shall be the natural custodians ; and by which the eyes of women shall be always upon the world,' from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year ',

From Robert Graves

As a first step, an investigation should be made of the characteristic differences between ' outside ' and ' inside ' behaviour and of the extent of territory that can appropriately be governed by each. It is plain that the outside has recently infringed (in the form, for example, of bitter conflicts between rival politico-economic theories) on inside territory : as it has often done before—for example, three centuries ago in bitter conflicts between rival ecclesiastical theories. Such an investigation would encourage a new way of looking at things, which as it spread naturally from house to house could in the end bring about the pleasurable changes, within the bodies politic that compose the world, for which the world is now looking. But the spread must be natural, by means of private talk and personal example, not by societies, leagues, meetings, badges, advertising; because for the inside to inform itself as to its own distinctive character and powers by the outside method of propaganda would be to confuse the issue with organized pacifism, socialism, feminism and so on.

These isms are not to the purpose, though all are based on obvious truths : that war has recently become too destructive to justify its continuance as a pleasurable international habit, that there is no longer any excuse for women to be constrained by the protective tutelage of men, that grave inequalities result from the present system of distributing the necessaries of life. All intelligent girls and boys discover these obvious truths in their adolescence, and are naturally indignant. Coming suddenly into the world outside the houses in which they have so far lived their life, they find a sharp contrast between a high state of civilization here and early historic barbarism there. Inside the houses there may occur occasional quarrels and tussles—slippers and hairbrushes may be thrown, even ; but nobody, however angry, draws a knife or fires a revolver or

deliberately burns the entire contents of somebody's bedroom or study. The idea of war, of one person actually *killing* another, especially in close combat, has become repellent to the normally sensitive person whose code of behaviour has been formed from the inside. Then religion : the contrast between the simple, practical, uncomplicated household faith and the barren, tortured ecclesiasticism of outside. Then morality : the contrast between the careless honesty of household dealings and the deliberate dishonesty of business and politics. Then the penal system : the realization that innocent people can, for example, still be sent to an old-fashioned prison for a mere inability to pay their rates ! The assumption inside the houses has been that preventive confinement is only justifiable in the case of criminal lunatics or the dangerously infectious.

And again economics : the discovery that good food is often destroyed in order to keep up world prices and people actually paid not to grow crops or raise livestock—at a time when there is actually starvation in other parts of the world. Such a situation could not possibly occur inside the houses. If a household finds that it has ordered more cakes for a party than it can consume before they go stale, the cakes are not destroyed but given to some needy neighbour. And then again, officialdom : militaristic in its lower grades, legalistic in its higher ones. It seldom shows itself inside the houses even if the ' head of the household ' happens to be a public official. Should a girl want sixpence from her mother for the cinema, or a boy want permission to go skating, no application-forms have to be filled in. If friends come to stay they are not asked to produce their marriage or birth certificates or to sign a statement giving their last address, their probable length of stay, their destination on departure. And then the conception of seniority. Inside the houses three generations can converse on an equality. It is not considered presumptuous for a grandson to start a friendly conversation with his grandfather, nor demeaning for a grandfather to ask advice of his grandson. In certain matters the grandfather will be the accepted authority, in others perhaps the grandson. But outside the houses it is different. The twenty-year-old clerk would not dream of saying more to the head of the firm, or the twenty-year-old subaltern to the colonel of his battalion, than a meek ' good morning '; nor would the head of the firm or the Colonel dream of calling on the clerk or subaltern for more than a factual report on a certain limited subject.

And then there are such matters as the inferior status of women in business, and the divorce laws, and the uncontrolled spread of venereal diseases by prostitution.

When the adolescent inquires of its elders *why* all these things should be, the answer is : ' Oh, it is the way of the world.' In the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, to judge from the novels of Fielding, Smollett, Marryat and the rest, the way of the world provided a constant comedy : the coddled greenhorn suddenly plucked from a comfortable home, thrown upon the cold bosom of the world and ' made a man of ', Since the later nineteenth century, to judge again from contemporary novels, the same spectacle has come to be regarded rather as a tragedy—the poor sensitive child, embittered by experience, its ideals shattered ! Often now the reaction is a political one : the adolescent becomes a propagandist for socialism or pacifism or feminism, and remains so until forced to realize that this is ' tilting against windmills ', that political minorities have no effective power. Then the adolescent ceases to be politically active, but remains liberal-minded and acts as a check on unintelligent legislators—who seem never to have gone through the period of surprise and indignation at the way of the world, and to admire themselves for having been so thoroughly made men of.

The way of the world is, when you look closely at it, based on a sentimental glorification of paternity. History proper begins everywhere with the supersession of matriarchal culture by patriarchy, of poetic myth by prosaic records of generation—how this hero begat that hero and he another—with notes of the battles and laws which made each hero famous. And all subsequent history has been eloquent of the pride that man has felt in the knowledge that he is the cause of woman's pregnancy—and so the real creator of her children, and so responsible for their behaviour and maintenance, and so to be looked up to by her. The original discovery was so stimulating to his self-pride that he elaborated it into a universal religion ; for indeed the Jewish and Christian and Mohammedan and Hindu Gods are all paternity symbols, and the Chinese are paternity fanatics. Marriage was everywhere instituted as a protection not of the mother-child relationship but of the father-child relationship—to the discouragement of cuckoldry and bastardy.

We are now living at a time when, in liberal countries like England and the United States, the paternal principle has for a number of reasons been losing ground. Inside the house the father is still a respected but no longer a dominant figure. Not feeling the power

of **God** at his back, he does not resort to force to make his wife and grown-up children obey him ; he would be ashamed to do anything so crude. But outside the house he is still comparatively free to express his latent pride in paternity by acting as the family's official representative in the matter of rates and taxes and so on, by patriotism (a word which embodies the paternal concept), and by an official behaviour at his job which perpetuates the ancient patriarchal forms that have long lapsed inside the houses—compare the tones in which a managing director addresses a woman stenographer in his employment and the tones in which he addresses his daughter.

In Fascist Europe, however, there has been a reaction from an imported liberalism, which was foreign to the domestic male temperament, and a deliberate restatement of paternalism in every department of life. This has meant a more rigorous officialdom ; the glorification of the dictator as the father of his country; a cultivation of the traditional male virtues of physical courage, martial pride, hardihood ; a justification of the use of force in international relations ; the removal of women from executive positions in public life ; an appeal to the fathers of families to increase the population, even where the country is already suffering from overcrowding. Among Fascist ideals is the Spartan one of subordinating home life entirely to public citizenship—the education of even the smallest children, for example, is taken out of the hands of the parents and entrusted to officials—and of having a Fascist representative in every house ready to denounce publicly any grave instance of unpatriotic behaviour that occurs in it.

Fascist behaviour clarifies a great many doubtful points in the difference between inside and outside. For example, the insistence on numerical majorities as a certain means of arrival at a right decision. In liberal countries the system of majority voting is used too, but not given such theatrical prominence. In Fascist countries popular referenda are frequently held as votes of confidence in the government, with as high as ninety-nine per cent of favourable votes cast ; government officials make no secret that a large number of these votes are recorded under duress by secret political opponents.

The ' outside ' view (and not only in Fascist countries) is that there is virtue inherent in the reduction of life to numbers, that quicker, cleaner results are reached by thinking of the people in a village as so many ' mouths ', or of the people in a ship or factory as so many ' hands ', or of the men in a regiment as so many ' bayonets ', or of the people who come to vote or to be taxed a9

so many ' polls ', This method is also held to provide against favouritism and sentiment—and makes each member of the state feel himself extremely unimportant as merely one cog in a machine of a million wheels. Inside the houses numbers are not thus used. ' There is Grandmother and Father and Tom and Susan and Mary and the Twins and Billy and myself,' the countrywoman tells the Census officer—' Yes, I suppose that makes eleven. I never counted.' In primitive communities there is a strong taboo against counting as unlucky ; it survived, for example, among the Israelites until the time of the Kings.

The strength of inside life is that it is built on personal relationships, with a resistance against thinking in terms of numbers. The strength of outside life is that it is built on legal relationships. And the Law is based on the thou-shalt-nots of a paternal God, as interpreted by successive paternal rulers and their ministers. Inside the houses this Law does not run. Except in very peculiar circumstances, no member of a household would dream of reporting a fellow-member to the police even for a serious felony. Only certain unwritten customs maintain the household amenities—for example, definite hours for meal-times and as little noise as possible after the household has gone to bed by members who happen to stay up late.

But the Law, and all its associated workings—officialdom, ecclesiasticism, mercantilism (to avoid the controversial word' capitalism ') —derives from a practice which seems to be peculiar to men, that of summarizing habits, deifying them as a single entity and endowing this with permanent validity, even to one's own subsequent discomfort. *Esprit de corps* is difficult to cultivate among women, who tend to put the claims of their immediate friends and relations before those of any society in which they happen to be enrolled and to regard the individual as more important than the mass, and have an instinctive contempt for the Law. There was something very womanlike in Jesus's outburst against the Jewish officials, when they complained of his disciples' husking corn on the Sabbath, that ' the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath ', Yet he felt obliged to introduce this criticism with male argument, an appeal to legal precedent: ' Have ye not heard what David did when he was an-hungered, how he did eat the shew-bread ?' For with this male way of making a vengeful God and living under his rule goes the technique of managing the God, of evading the penalties imposed by him ; as monks in the Middle Ages ate barnacle-geese

on fast days, because they were said to be hatched from goose-barnacles and were therefore not fowl but fish. Exactly one-half of the legal system has to do with tactical evasion of the proscriptions of the other half: construing these in senses which they were not intended to bear, or mitigating them with exceptional precedents—' have ye not heard what David did ? '

' How to make them stop ? ' There must always be outside government, clearly, if we are not to revert to savagery, for controlling the circulation of traffic, food, money, electricity, gas, sewage. But must such control necessarily be ' official' in the paternal sense ? Is efficiency dependent on officialdom ? Is there any sensible reason why the intimate and understanding behaviour that prevails inside the houses should not be extended to occupational groups in offices, yards, shops ? Certainly in war-time, on occasions of real danger or stress, the official tone and routine tend to disappear ; with a corresponding increase inefficiency. Indeed, the disillusion of Peace to the ex-front-line soldier in the last war was that civil life immediately resumed its top-hatted paternal gait, and that the power of direct intimacy which common danger had given men and women of very different classes and occupations ceased altogether. The ' land fit for heroes ' which Lloyd George promised to the returning soldier was envisaged as a place where common sense would override ordinary legal, commercial and industrial practice, where—so long as sufficient supplies of food and coal and so on existed—nobody would go short, where there would be a genuine family-feeling between all survivors of the war-time nightmare. But it was not to be. The little Napoleons escaped from their temporary Elba.

How to make them stop ? They would stop only if individual inside people, chiefly the women, resisted at every point the invasion of their homes by any sort of official tone, argument or activity and showed their resentment at any outside activity indulged in by members of their family that was morally inconsistent with inside behaviour ; and if inside men, such as writers and painters, resisted with indignation any attempt to use them as instruments of outside propaganda—propaganda, the technique of forcing things to be so-and-so by threateningly asserting that they are so-and-so.

An alternative method of government that will avoid the curse of numbers ? Is there any other discoverable means than majority voting, to decide who is to do what, and how, when a difficult situation arises ? But popular suffrage is, historically speaking, a very

late institution. Before it there was religious or military monarchy, with or without hereditary advisors. And there is still another method which is used in certain primitive communities where political parties are unknown. Dr. W. H. Rivers met it in Melanesia once, at a village council. One speaker had argued in favour of one course of action, a second speaker in favour of another, supplementary remarks were made by further speakers ; and then the topic was changed. Rivers was surprised to be told that the tribe had now made up its mind on the first topic, though without any show of hands or lobby-walking, and would act upon it accordingly the next day. He felt bound to give an elaborate psychological explanation for this phenomenon, though it is one that occurs every day in thousands of homes.

What I have just written must not, however, be misread and caricatured as a plan for government by a national association of village powwows : it is only offered as a proof that there are other workable means of government than monarchy or the suffrage. To make any specific technical recommendation would be premature ; if the present investigation can bring about a new way of looking at things, ' the pot will choose its own pot-herbs ' naturally enough.

I have left Robert Graves' answer to come at the end of this section because our attitude to many subjects is the same : I did not wish to reinforce my approach to this subject at too early a stage with what would probably be a cognate approach. I knew generally that his letter dealt with the patriarchal character of outside life ; but I did not read it before I had arrived at this stage of my inquiry. I have wanted the results of this inquiry, should there be results, to occur spontaneously, in the course of its becoming a book; and therefore conscientiously avoided conspiracy with myself and my friends to predetermine the results by an alignment of our attitudes.

I can thus take honourable pleasure in the correspondence of this letter with the tendency of the results so far. I can regard it as an omen that inside-minded men will not find the character of my recommendations mysterious, or have a reaction of masculinism to them as ' feminist'—as L. A. G. Strong's letter, for example, and Donald Boyd's, are omens of the same propitious kind. The chief interest of Robert Graves' letter is, I think, in this : he is here voicing the discomfort that men feel in

isolated maleness. If there is a recommendation to be extracted from his letter, it is upon this ground.

His description of the difference between inside and outside temperaments is exact. He carries the test through the various departments of life in which this difference is perceptible ; and the picture is a valuable contribution because it brings ' Grandmother and Father and Tom ' and so on within the same frame as managing directors and Cabinet ministers. The general situation is so broken up into special situations (Spain, or China) or special movements (political liberty, economic equality, international democracy) that it is for many people a jig-saw puzzle rather than a coherent, visually single picture. But we cannot make the general situation into a picture by putting the pieces together. To see it as a whole we must look with an emotional singleness of vision ; which is to say that we must put ourselves inside the picture. This letter should be of help to those who find it somewhat difficult to conceive the general situation pictorially. People of inside sensibilities have less difficulty of pictorial conception than the temperamentally outside ones, who if left alone move through life without relating themselves to the general picture, without seeing a general picture at all.

But if we are to extract a recommendation from the letter, it will be, as I have said, through the discomfort which its writer voices. The picture that Robert Graves draws is the conversational contribution ; the real, personal contribution is the sense it conveys of how uncomfortable men are in their outside strongholds. For it indicates a practical step we can take ourselves. The drawing of a general picture may help people to put themselves into it. However, the number of people whom it may so help cannot exceed the number of those who read the letter. What *we* can do is to bring into the picture the outside people posted at the patriarchal embrasures, by our sense of the discomfort they suffer in being posted there.

Practically ? Yes, practically. Once a truth is manifest, nothing prevents it from being practically applied by those who recognize it but laziness. People who agree that this or this is **true** commonly lament: ' But what can we *do* ? How can we

do anything when there is so much to do ?' Thus, the quantity of work involved in the cultivation of a true state of things, that ought to exist, is frequently used to argue its impossibility ; we soothe our consciousness of being lazy by telling ourselves that there is too much to do. But if it is something that ought to be, then it is not too much, however much. We know that the outside people ought to be in the picture. Perhaps it is too much for them to bring themselves into it—because they do not even see the picture. They know nothing but their discomfort : a large part of the present outer disturbances consists of violent assertions of discomfort. The assertions may take the form of arrogance and recklessness ; but they are essentially assertions of discomfort, whether of pride in or indifference to it. The discomfort they cause us, and the uncomfortable state into which they precipitate the world, are clues to the character of the energy that inspires them : discomfort. If they knew more than their discomfort, their behaviour would have other connotations for us than those of disturbance especially. In provoking especially disturbance—rather than especially wonder, amusement, hate, scorn, pity or disregard, they are expressing their characteristic condition of mind.

But the rest of us know more than discomfort; ask comfort. And some of us know how to make it—because we see the whole picture. It is our responsibility to realize the picture for all by bringing the self-isolated ones into it ; if we do not, we are being lazy. It is healthier to call ourselves lazy toward them than to regard ourselves as their victims. Indeed, we might say that they are the victims of our laziness, are permitted by it to be disturbing. For we are not exercising our influence concretely, and there is not a concrete general situation to influence, until we have brought the removed outside people into the general picture.

We have energy enough to do this as we have a sense of what is comfortable. Women have greater reserves of energy than men, because it is more comfortable, less violent, to be a woman than to be a man. But men may achieve a sense of the comfortable and the energy of comfort-making stored in it, by giving their outside instincts an inside education. There

are enough men and women with energy enough to bring the uncomfortable outside people into the picture. Nothing else that we do will be entirely effective unless we make our picture of the general situation concretely inclusive. (As one of Communism's great weaknesses is that its pattern of effects does not extend beyond the employed class—Capitalism, with all its faults, is at least sentimentally inclusive of others besides members of the employing class.)

One way to resist the large discomfort that the outside world now inspires in us is to include those from whom it emanates in our picture of existence. But how? First of all, by naming them. It does not suffice to cry the names of the few outside figureheads of headline fame—and include them in the picture in a few caricature lines. We must make a census, each of us, of all the uncomfortable outside people who come into our personal experience; this will be our Conscience Book. What there is then to do I shall suggest in the form of a twelfth recommendation—page 484.

PART III. THE ANSWERS
THE REALISTIC APPROACH

THE ANSWERS: THE REALISTIC APPROACH

ALTHOUGH the writers of the following letters differ greatly from one another in private temperament, they have in common a realistic view of the present world disorder — they judge the nature of the disorder by its external effects. It is as if, looking at an ill person, we were to say ; ' IIe is pale and hot and tosses in his bed—we must cure him of paleness and hotness and tossing,' The patient is not looked at from the inside—the physician does not attempt to identify himself with the patient, to imagine what he is feeling like. This view of the world as a separate entity in itself is so marked in these letters that they must be regarded as being on the subject' The World ' rather than on the subject ' The World and Ourselves ', They are historical descriptions, not contemporary diagnoses. I have been able to extract only two recommendations from them.

The first letter here is a cheerfully cynical description of the malady by the plain Englishman. A woman's place is in the home, he says ; she should not be allowed to dabble in politics. But he is also saying the same kind of thing about the plain man : he must not dabble in them, either, but see his part in international affairs as that of the soldier ready to sustain his country's part in them. The patient is his country, rather than the whole world ; and as a physician his recommendation is to trust to the patient's powers of resistance.

From Frank Richards, D.C.M.

It is only since the late war that the people of Great Britain have taken a real interest in international affairs. I think the chief causes of this interest are : (i) the late war, (2) unemployment, (3) the League of Nations, (4) the increase in newspaper readers. Even in

the badly depressed areas most householders who have been unemployed for years take their daily newspaper, which is delivered at their door before breakfast. Our Press enjoys its freedom, which is something we can be proud of, but its readers must be sorely puzzled when they weigh one newspaper report against another (e.g. the present Spanish Civil War). I think these puzzling reports are **all** for the good, as they enable readers to form their own opinions on them. They can even discuss them in public, and without fear of being arrested and perhaps sentenced to a term of imprisonment. In many Continental countries the Press enjoys no such freedom ; all their reports on international affairs are severely censored. This is a very bad state of affairs, as the people have no difference of opinion after reading those reports. Even if they have, they dare not express themselves even in the bar of a cafe ; if they did, the chances are that they would be arrested and sentenced to death, or imprisoned for life.

International affairs are a remote outer traffic which has little contact with the people, but this traffic has been in force since the days of the Pharaohs down to the present day. The persons responsible for this traffic are the diplomats, and a true diplomat who has the interests of his country at heart should have no scruples. He should not hesitate to murder, rob and lie ; if he is unable to do these three things he has no right to be a diplomat. Since the late war the diplomats of the powerful nations have worked pretty hard, and in different ways in the interest of their people. Those of Great Britain engineered and fostered the League of Nations for all they were worth, and they were ably backed up by their Press. Practically all the large and little nations joined this league, whose object was to abolish all wars and settle all future disputes between nations by arbitration. If all the nations who sent their representatives to the League had been sincere in carrying out their obligations, and abided by the rules, it would have been great diplomacy on the part of the British diplomats. They would have made secure for all time the British Empire, the largest state in the world to-day, and their people for all time would have been much better off than those of the other nations of the earth.

Their diplomacy failed, because they tried to retain by the pen what they had won by the sword. They now realize the truth of the old adage : that what has been won by the sword must be kept by the sword, and are now speeding up their armaments for that purpose. The League of Nations has been a farce since its inception. One of

its members, Japan, was very honest in informing the League that she was leaving it for a short time, as she had a small affair to settle in China which would not take long. The League howled and raved, but Japan told them to go to hell and keep their noses out of her affairs, as she was only going to do now what some of the nations in the League had done in the past' The other nations in the League did nothing to prevent Japan, and even helped, by selling her arms and munitions to slaughter some thousands of Chinese and annex a territory much larger than the whole of Japan. Some time later another member of the League, Italy, followed Japan's example ; her excuse was that Abyssinia badly needed European civilization. Again the League howled and raved, and threatened Italy with dire pains and penalties if she attempted to carry out her object. Italy laughed at them and proceeded with her object. Her methods of civilization were very up to date ; with poison-gas, shell, bomb, rifle and bayonet she slaughtered tens of thousands of Abyssinians, and annexed their country in the short space of six or eight months.

In my opinion international affairs are of far more importance than the affairs of the people living inside the houses. I agree that happiness in the home is everything, but that happiness to a large extent depends on the diplomats and politicians. In a country that is prosperous, with no unemployed and every citizen earning a decent living wage, the people will say, ' What wonderful diplomats and politicians we have.' A country not prosperous, and with a large number of unemployed, is a different proposition ; there cannot be any happiness in a home that is short of food, clothing, etc. The people will then blame their diplomats and politicians for their misery, and call them a damned lot of rogues who were only in power to feather their own nests. There is supposed to be a universal bond of sympathy among the people of the world, but I very much doubt it. ʳfhe people of a prosperous nation don't care a damn or give a thought to another nation that is down and out. It's an old saying but a true one : a full belly has no sympathy for an empty one.

A woman's place is in the home, and she never should have been allowed to enter politics. God help any country if she is allowed to dabble in international affairs, which is essentially a man's task. There have been in the past some wonderful diplomats among the women—Livia, Catherine de Medici of France, Catherine II of Russia, Elizabeth of England, and a few others. The four I have mentioned were certainly a little inhuman, yet Livia and Elizabeth **did** quite a lot of good for their people. Diplomats have to be a little

inhuman, but if you think that their problems are easy to solve yon are making a grave mistake. 1'11 admit that a number of well-known diplomats and politicians in Great Britain and Continental countries have been like weathercocks in their political careers. The first thought of these weathercocks was their own personal gain and advancement ; it was only after they had accomplished this that they took a genuine interest in the affairs of their country. I think it would be impossible for anyone to exercise a psychic control over a true diplomat ; it's extremely doubtful if a genuine yogi of India could accomplish it.

What is interesting about this letter is that it views the world as being at a far earlier stage, historically, than people are personally. This is a common view, and a common kind of separation that people make between themselves and outer circumstances—a common form of realism.

The next letter (consisting of comments on each paragraph of my own) shows, rather than a conservative time-sense, a complete confusion of time-sense—despair finding consolation in the idea that, biologically, we cannot know at what stage we are, or what evolutionary identity we have. We can only go on from day to day, it is implied, with no other certainty about ourselves than the economic certainties—which represent no more than the instinct to go on from day to day. The patient is viewed as having no determinate identity ; it is absurd to think of curing him - his malady is only that he lacks determinate identity. And what are we personally ? We are, presumably, no more than the boredom with the whole evolutionary process with which the finally determinate biological world will look back upon it. But when that stage has been reached, biological death will surely have been reached ? This is, indeed, the point of view of a mind burdened with a sense of biological exhaustion —the view, as it were, of a dead man. A dead man watching life would see it as consisting of such equations as the writer's ' a pint to a pint pot ', Here we have another form of realism : it will all be over one day, this life. The separation between world and self is in regarding oneself, in so far as one is intelligent, as effectively dead.

PART THREE: THE ANSWERS

Anonymous

i. —is rhetorical. The solidly based people don't care a dam'

2. It is not international affairs that are eating into our personal lives, but a craving by many vain people to meddle in the affairs of other people and peoples.

3. The task of diplomacy is bedevilled by self-righteous busy-bodies. It used to be the task of our politicians to shield life inside our houses ; now our greatest intimacies are probed into by official and unofficial nosy-parkcrs.

4. The mess we are in began about the time that the ' inside ' people began to neglect inside affairs, and butt into outside affairs.

5. To clamour for ends without an understanding of the means to them is, after childhood, an outstandingly female habit. A man or woman may neglect life for an end, a people can't- and live.

6. ' Disconnection ' is the everyday result of ' reckless ' striving to stretch or bind means to ends beyond their compass. Ends must wait on means, and dreams yield to the hard facts of life.

7. ' What are we going to do about *them* ? ' Why not stop egging them on to vie with each other in making trouble ? ' , . . inner continues ... to avail itself of the outer. . . .' It's got to, by God, or die.

8. The professional woman politician has this one thing to be said for her : she may have learned, or may be learning, that the means comes before the end. The most practical school is the market ; there money is made or lost. Most of our self-appointed teachers depend on a wage taken out of made money ; they are hand-fed.

9. —states some of the differences between life and living. All the most popular ' issues ' identify them, the other current ' issues ' confuse them. Life has a necessary economic foundation, whatever an individual's ' standard ' may be ; living has very little to do with economics, takes no heed of standards.

10. The preaching of our ' emotional intellectuals ' is at the bottom of most pf our day's mischiefs. The notion that any human problem can he solved by a ' light, playful . . . moving round of , . . clock-hands ' is Bedlam itself gone crazy.

11. A chimera, ' nincpence for fourpence ', has been set up and is called an equation. The ' intellectuals ' shout that the wisdom of our fathers is folly, and the foolish give ear. That only a pint can be got out of a pint pot is dismissed as rubbish. But it is the living truth : so too of industry. And it is the eternal truth that one cannot get more out of living than one puts in,

12, Do about it ? '. . . all is vanity.' But' Cheer up, we'll soon be dead ', The biological world is very, very old, and it has a long, long life to live. *Homo sapiens et erectus* takes himself (herself) too seriously, hence much shouting and head-shaking.

The following letter introduces the form of realism that might be called ' cure by education ', The physician here is really pressing the patient to do something for himself. With the physician's word for it that all is perhaps not lost, he is to **exert** himself to rise from his bed a new being.

From Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale

The only thing that ' inside ' people can do is to educate the young away from pride, violence, jealousy and the prestige obsession. And this will only avail if the ' insiders ' in other countries do the same, which at present they are not doing in the major nations.

Moreover, a change in the trend of education can be obtained only through organization, which must presumably require the help of ' outside '-minded persons, including women in public life.

The following letter dilates on the subject ' cure by education '; and as the writer is herself an educator, and this form of realism represents the view of many idealists who desire to be practical (why should idealists desire to be practical ?), I give it at nearly its full length, omitting only passages that were more in the nature of appeal for the view than definition of it.

From Katherine Swaine

I feel from the depth of my heart that the answer is ' YES '! There is something that we can do, something significant and permanent which, if it is not already too late, may prove a turning-point in the long road of evolution. But first it would perhaps be well to consider what it is that we are witnessing, what exactly is the nature of the turmoil ? This is what we see. On the one hand, the host of *those who have not* and who therefore seek at all costs to gain. Opposed to them, the host of *those who have* but who, however fair they may speak, yet keep a sure clasp upon their power and possessions. The present turmoil is the growing conflict between these two forces. The bitter fruits of this conflict, famine in a world

of abundance, futile bloodshed, ever-spreading suffering, the mailed grasping of a nation's childhood from its cradle and its systematic feeding upon false ideas of glory and the lust for power and possession—all these, together with the crowning possibility of world-annihilation, have to be faced and borne. Yet the ultimate triumph will not go to materialism, for it bears in itself the seeds of its own decline. For life and progress are not bred of materialism ; it is the spirit alone that quickeneth. What we are witnessing now is nothing less than the death-throes of an age, the *age of the struggle for power*—the turbulent childhood of our world is passing. But its passing is fraught with gravest danger.

On the other hand, as opposed to the frantic turmoil of the [c] outer world ', what of the ' inside life ' ? Here also we find unhappiness. Those of us who long to live in harmony with all, and to pursue health and truth and beauty, not only stand in danger from outside confusion but also suffer from a new unrest within. It is the unrest born of a consciousness we can no longer escape, the tremendous, almost intolerable realization that we are indeed our brothers' keeper. The path of evolution has brought us to this world-consciousness and we can never again retreat into a private heaven of individual or merely national satisfaction and content. For the whole world is our brother.

Here also, in the close sanctuary of the inside life, many things are at work. We long for a truer freedom, a more sincere conception of worship, a saner world for our children, a purer social life, a far fairer economic order : in short, for a great *something* to come and sweep away our littleness, our meanness, our muddle, and give us a grander vision and a nobler practice. And in watching all these forces at work in our inside life we are witnessing the beginning of the birth-pangs of a new age, *the age of the struggle for light.* For, with the passing of its childhood, the world's adolescence is upon us ; and adolescence is a time of possibility. Adolescence is the natural evolutionary outcome of childhood and it has vital characteristics of its own. It possesses more aspiring desires, a greater eagerness of vision, a heightened faculty for worship, a quickened longing for high adventure and attainment; its consciousness of suffering is more acute, of joy more radiant, and it is capable of a sort of divine recklessness urging it to risk all if it may but follow a star. All things are possible to an adolescent world, provided the right illumination to guide it through its period of transition is available.

So we come again to our question : **What** can we achieve for our times ? Nothing immediately dramatic. We cannot go out into all the world and by force of word of mouth, or any other sort of force, compel it to abandon its present mad course. The kingdom of heaven may not be taken by force. We cannot devise some great scheme of organization whereby right living, as we conceive it, can be foisted willy-nilly upon the nations. The spirit cannot be organized, and new life is of the spirit. Even were a Christ to arise again in our midst, he would not use his supreme powers to compel the nations to conform to his nobler conception of world-conduct. He would simply preach the same gospel as of old—' Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit' can the world be saved and the path of evolution be safely trodden.

Life is vested in the child, therefore the only possible hope for the world is by way of reformed education for childhood. I hesitate to use this word, education, so familiar is it, so fraught with narrow, academic association and inferior aim and ideal. Yet education is a spiritual process, being nothing less than *the rate at which we allow the spiritual forces of the rising generation to ripen and unfold.* Fortunately, there is an increasing number of men and women who realize this truth. These conceive the purer education as being carried on in simplicity and orderliness, with the eternal verities of beauty, goodness and truth, instead of ' getting on ', as its indestructible objective.

Those of us who are in intimate contact with child-life, and who pause to think, will see that *there is no other way.* What have diplomacy and politics done for us ? What have governments ? Have these been leading factors in the spiritual life of the nation ? At best, these can but follow the Juggernaut Car of worldly power and strive to patch up the damage it achieves. At worst—they drive the car.

Edmund Holmes said, years ago, ' Unless the child changes his outlook on life there is no peace for mankind.' This from His Majesty's Inspector of Schools, the official investigator of orthodox education. Clutton Brock declared that the priest of the future is the school-master, These are the serious conclusions of serious-minded men of the ' inside life ', Why do these men, and many others like them, utter such grave words ? It is because they have realized that there is no hope of a safe and developing life in the wrong thinking, and consequent wrong acting, of the feverish promoters of' outside ' affairs. For these promoters love the wrong things.

Many of us of the ' inside life ' also still love the wrong things ; and yet, since life is bred within, it is to the ' inside ' that we must look for hope.

What is needed is first a *great cleansing and ennobling of our values,* Whether we like it or not, it is only by cleansing our values and raising the standard of our ideals that we can even begin to build our world anew. This can only be done from within. That is why Edmund Holmes speaks of the child as he does. The child's outlook must be changed, he must be given the new standards for consideration and choice and then we shall have such a generation of youth as will inevitably lead mankind away from its present madness into paths of sanity, creative endeavour and evolutionary growth.

Now, this is where women come in. For undoubtedly the mother is the child's first educator. Whether she likes it or not and whether she does it ill or well, she is doing it all the time. And she is doing it indelibly. It is true that good schools can do much for children. But ask the headmaster of any ' new ' school which is honestly trying to treat the child as an individual and give him the purer education, and you will receive the answer : ' Yes, we can do much, very much, for the child, but often there is so much that we can't *undo,'* There is a fundamental truth in the old Jesuitical assertion, corroborated by Freud and others, that, given the first seven years of a child's life, you may do what you like with him afterwards. So, we women must purify our standards before we can determine the best methods of training our children. How can we do it ? I think it is not done by attending church services or by reading religious or psychological works. It is not done by sophisticated discussion. Rather, it is a matter of self-searching and deep sincerity. Each of us must enter the closet of the soul and, having made fast the door, ask ourselves such questions as these :

Is my life ruled by love ? Love is a driving force—dynamic, inspirational. It is a gentleness which makes for greatness in others as well as in ourselves. And its very essence is self-control. It never fails.

Do I love beauty, goodness and truth above everything ? Above money ? Above dress and position ? Above ambition ? Above power and popularity ? Above excitement and pleasure ? Above my safety, comfort and ease ?

Am I truly world-conscious ? Do I prize the brotherhood of nations and their common weal more than national possessions and

private fortunes ? Do I feel that my life must become, more and more, a dedication to world-humanity ?

Do I regard my children not as a possession but a trust ?

And one last test. If it is true that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, is not the mass of wrong thinking, wrong valuation and wrong activity at work in the ' outer world ' of men a very grave indictment of the world's womanhood—of myself ?

We must reorientate our conception of the function of womanhood. What exactly is that function ? If it were to earn one's own living, to satisfy ambition, to guide in the realm of politics or business, well—the generations would soon cease to be. It is not in embroilment in the world's affairs that woman finds her true freedom. These occupations may be the *mdtier* of some few, but woman's essential function ever was and ever will be to be the bringer-to-life, the nurse and cherisher, the comforter ; the revealer of love, the giver of light and inspiration to man ; the gentle whisperer of the good tidings of life in the ear of every new generation. If woman to-day will only pause and let the absorbing romance, the sheer glory, of this realization rise up in her soul, then the next step in the wider education that we need will have been accomplished.

This refreshing of her vision concerning the function of womanhood would also go a long way toward arresting one of the greatest dangers of our time—the decline of the birth-rate. We must not deceive ourselves into thinking that small families are due entirely to the grievousness of post-war conditions. They are also due to the selfishness and wrong values. In her preoccupation with worldly affairs, careers and pleasures, woman has let her crown almost slip through her fingers and man has watched it go in silence. This selfishness is not irretrievable. All the time, underneath, there is the possibility of response to the call of her womanhood.

A reorientation of our values would also lead to the realization that our children do not need to go on where we leave off in material prosperity. Almost all of the world's great men came of humble parentage and simple home-life. Simplicity and hardship make for true greatness ; and we ought surely to pause before we limit our families, or decide to have none, for fear that we, or they, may suffer material loss through their begetting.

Having reorientated our spiritual values, we should then be faced with the task of equipping ourselves mentally for the training of our little ones. This is not an easy matter for the young or the middle-

aged mother of to-day, as she is not, herself, the product of a pure education. But the average woman can do much to gain a conscious, beneficial policy in her upbringing of children. For the present generation of young mothers, anxious to do their part, much can be done by books, lectures and discussions. Above all, by common-sense fireside conferences with friends. It is the contact of personality with personality which quickens spiritual life. Personality is, or can be, dynamic. ' Then they that loved the Lord spake often one with another.' Loving the Lord simply means loving the eternal verities—beauty, goodness and truth ; and when live personalities who love these things meet often together to talk about them, in a spirit of humility and harmony, then a focus of dynamic power is evolved and the outcome is *activity.* We do not need to be very clever, or very wealthy, but we need to care.

If only there were a multitude of live groups all over the country at work upon urgent problems, the spirit would be poured out upon it and the nation would become potent beyond our dreams in this distraught world. By the same means the mothers of our land can arrive at a valuable conception of what should be their attitude toward their children and their methods of child-training. This is the first concern of every mother, who should measure all new-found knowledge against her enlarged standards of life, discarding what is less than the best. In this task the co-operation of her husband must be enlisted. Undoubtedly the greater share of the responsibility of bringing up the children rests with the mother, as that of bread-winning rests with the father, but the methods adopted should be the fruits of joint discussion and conviction. Thus may the men and women of the ' inside life ' address themselves to the grandest task entrusted to them—the preparation of the new generation.

The question of schools now arises. The type of school to which we send our children is only second in importance to the type of education they receive at their mother's hands. The school that would offer the wider education that we desire for our children would not seek to educate them in the mass but to treat each child as an individual of unique potentiality. Neither would the ideal set before the child be that of getting on in order to make money. The aim would be to develop the whole personality of the child. The ideal held up before the child would be that self-development, through world-service, is the whole duty of man. These objectives would be attained by preserving the spontaneity of the child ; by

ensuring his adaptability in a changing world ; by maintaining his bodily health ; by securing to him health of mind and spirit through the pure culture of creative arts, of literature, of science ; by a due proportion of academic study ; by contact with nature ; by stimulating his interest in world-affairs ; by training him in self-discipline ; by allowing him responsibility—the freedom which has nothing to do with licence, the knowledge of life's facts which has nothing to do with prurience ; by co-education, that natural, healthy intimacy with the opposite sex which alone ensures the wholeness of man and woman and makes for the finest co-operation in a day which demands that co-operation shall be the evolutionary successor to destructive competition. This, very briefly, and much more, must characterize the schools which would provide our children with the pure education so urgently needed.

But it is not what we find in our schools to-day, and there are many fine men and women labouring in those schools who know and deplore the fact. But there is no time to argue about orthodox education ; nor can we expect ministers of education to plead the cause of the unorthodox, or governments to consider the assessment of extensive grants. These things belong to the orthodox way of doing things and we can't afford to be orthodox any longer. We must press forward, remembering that to-day's heresy is to-morrow's orthodoxy and that what pioneers practise to-day governments accept tomorrow. We make a mistake, obviously, in expecting governments to go before us like a pillar of fire. It is the human spirit which carries the torch forward into the undiscovered country ; the machinery of government merely follows on and makes good the gains.

Now let us ask ourselves, if orthodox sources can guarantee, within the next five years, £1,500,000,000 to help on the world's destruction, cannot this country's women find a lesser sum, even so little as £15,000,000 toward the world's reconstruction? If medicine can attract its Lord Nuffield, whose generous concern is to forward curative and palliative measures for the patching up of our bodily ills, can't the mothers and fathers of England find one, or even twenty, such benefactors whose concern is not merely for palliative measures, however sorely needed, but for a far more creative and dynamic project—a new world through the child.

But, how should we set about it, if we secured our millions **and** found our generous patrons ? **Let** me tell briefly of **what a little group of inside and very ordinary men and women, who had no**

millions and philanthropic backing **to** rely upon, managed to achieve. **With** eyes cleansed by the experience of the Great War, they met together, week by week, and strove to rectify their values. They considered the implications of the times and came to see, according to their light, that there was no way out for humanity save through the child. A pure education was needed in order to produce a generation of children with a changed outlook on life. Ten years ago they opened a little school whose pupils were the few children of their own community. Two or three of the men continued in their business in order to help support the school in the difficult period of its establishment. The rest devoted themselves to the running of the school. All pooled their modest resources and undertook to take no profits from the school, but to turn all to its advancement. To-day there are eighty children leading a lull, happy, healthy life of work and play and creative activity and slowly building up a philosophy of life based on lofty altruistic values. All this from the enthusiasm of a small group of men and women of the lower middle class and very moderate means. All this, m spite of the terrible years of economic dislocation which threatened to swamp their enterprise in the general disruption of the times.

If one such school can be founded and succeed in a space of ten years' time, what could not a hundred, a thousand, such schools accomplish ? Within the five years allotted to equip ourselves for death, we could furnish ourselves with the essentials for new life for all, were the enthusiasm of the men and women of the ' inside life ' but aroused. All the empty old halls and ' stately homes of England ' up and down the country could be turned, by ' inside ' enthusiasm, into teeming centres of experimental activity and progress. New ones could be erected, until all over the country there would spread a network of nuclei of dynamic hie. Within a short space of time there would arise a generation of enfranchised childhood whose values would lead it far from the present morass of greed and warfare, along paths of sanity and creative **social reform.**

But we must also educate our future mothers. **In** a day **when women train for** every kind of career, from oflice-work to law and medicine, and when every employer demand" some sort of standard of proficiency from his employees, it is strange that for the greatest **task of any** age, **that** of producing and fostering **the** succeeding **generation, no** training **whatsoever is** either demanded or provided. **One not infrequently hears a mother say of a daughter, ' Oh, well,**

Mary is not clever, she'll never carve out a career, but I don't worry, shell probably marry and have children.' And so Mary, who isn't clever and lacks initiative, presently finds her hands filled with the supreme task. Mercifully, she often has that compensating, innate lovely instinct of womanhood for cherishing new life ; but she would be infinitely more potent for good, in her relation to her times and the new generation she is helping to rear, if she were trained and educated in a high ideal and practice of motherhood.

What we need is centres or colleges of motherhood to which our young women, at the latest in their early twenties, can go for fullest possible equipment for home-making and child-guidance. The type of curriculum such centres would employ would first of all include a deep consideration of the beauties and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood. This would clarify in the minds of the student the motivating ideal in this aspect of education and inspire the student with an appreciation of her opportunities and privileges. She would then co-operate of her own glad free will in such courses of study as would fit her for her natural calling. Such course would include practical training in housecraft, cookery, needlecraft, the principles of health and its maintenance, home-nursing ; psychological training in the facts of life, home-making, the point of view of husband and father, child nature and its guidance, the handling of adolescent youth, the facing of the needs and dangers of middle life ; cultural training in the choice of good reading, personal tastes and gifts, the best in literature, art and music, world affairs, the pursuit of a personal philosophy of life.

Could such centres as these be established, before long it would become the normal outcome of school life for every young woman to take this valuable course of personal development. Moreover, a further burning problem, that of the unmarried woman, would largely be solved. For she, too, would be just as sanely developed, just as healthy, as truly educated, as capable of living a useful and happy life, as any married woman. The expanded education would need very many wise guides and helpers and could, as time provided them, draw valuable recruits from the ranks of unmarried women. For the unmarried women would be equally equipped to help in home, school, or college of motherhood, being in no sense inferior in equipment or culture to the wife and mother in the home.

It is not to cold efficiency that we may look for new life, but to the warm passionate impulse of souls aflame with enthusiasm. We need such love to save the world. If we would but give ourselves

to the love which is dynamic, with the tremendous ideal before us, ' Salvation for the world through the CHILD ', we should find ourselves caught into a new crusade, such a spiritual revolution as can alone avail for the world's need.

The first peculiarity of this letter is the picture it gives of life up to our time. According to it nothing has happened but the progress of materialism ; civilization has accumulated no sure good, only material goods. This is a strange point of view for a person to hold who can speak with such eloquence of spiritual good. How does she then account for her own existence, if civilization is only at the end of its childhood and preoccupied only with material struggle ? This is, in fact, a characteristically idealist point of view. The idealist sees the good only as something that is going to happen, and what has already happened as composed all of evil. Thus, the idealist's account of an immediate situation is always exaggeratedly and cynically realistic. Idealists are anxious not to delude themselves that things are any better than they are ; and, by their idealism, which places goodness always in the future, bound to prove that things are actually worse than they arc.

So, by this letter, we are only at the end of our childhood : even inside people have achieved no positive goodness—they are mere idealists, differ from their world merely in being restless. The world is grievously ill; but the physician has not yet grown up—has not yet been born. We must first produce the physician—by begetting and education—and then he will cure the world of its childhood diseases. Since, as it appears, the world consists of nothing but childhood diseases, it is difficult to see what will remain of it when the diseases have been made to disappear. It is also difficult to see where the ' great something' is to come from that is going to inspire curative powers in the yet unformed physician—who is to be evoked from the sickbed itself. Not from the world, which is no more than its illness; not from the idealists, who have no other power than that of adventurous longing for the world to be better. A third element is suggested : some mystically present force, as of light, which is not, however, visible. Being unable

to say exactly what it is, the idealist-physician can only call for the idealized physician who will be able to cure by idealism.

I suggest that this force is not mystically present, but actually and definably present : is the good in ourselves which we cannot see or draw upon as we look at life with realistic eyes—without counting ourselves in the picture. The idealist excludes the living element from his picture. This is why it deserves the label ' realistic ' : consisting of what is past, what has failed. If we look at things in this way it is naturally impossible to think in terms of an immediate solution, since there is no real immediate situation. There is a bad, irredeemable past, and the ' new life ' which is not yet (hence appropriately called [1] spirit '). The only immediate reality is the idealistic longing for new life—which involves the self-cancellation of contemporary adult life (' life is vested in the child ').

This is not even an adolescent age, but an extremely adult one. We could not see present follies as childish if we did not have adult values by which to judge them so. That we can regard them as contradictions of ourselves is proof of our adultness. If we identify ourselves with the follies, then we are indeed ' adolescent '—composed of contradictory childish and adult elements. Those who are actively responsible for the follies may be said to be thus adolescent, but those of us who call contradictory behaviour by the name of follies are adult, and the number of us is greater than the number of the folly-makers -if we actually count ourselves. The world contains a few active folly-makers, and a greater number of adult minds, and the indeterminate population-mass which lends itself to the influence at hand. The age of the world is to be estimated not by the indeterminate population-mass, but by the count of the adults as against those who perpetrate follies. If it is not obvious that the majority of us—not counting the indeterminate mass-population—are adult, this is because the adults are failing to supply clear patterns of adult behaviour that the irresolute mass may imitate. The ' new ' education is one of the results of this failure : in it the burden of adultness is shifted to subsequent generations. It is our responsibility to face children with an accomplished wisdom—otherwise one has

no right to face them. If at this stage one teaches them in order to be taught by them, one may as well straightway resign one's right to exist.

One must face children with something more positive than ' hope ', Hope is a prospect of goodness in which one does not see one's own part clearly—or the good end itself. Those who put their faith in hope are shrinking from the words that define ends. When one uses words like truth, beauty, joy, divine, worship, one must have a precise, articulate scale of values in which every notion has its just force in relation to every other — or one is a mere idealist, letting hope do for wisdom. Wisdom is an immediate educative action of mind ; hope in wisdom's place is an unproductive dream of countless perhaps wise generations. Life, in the sense of new personal variations of existence, may be vested in the child, but wisdom—experience of what is constant in existence—can only be vested in the grown mind. It is to me a cruel notion that we should tease away at children to see what peace we can get from them ; to create children to save us. Our responsibility is to give them peace, to save them. Therefore I consider such language as Clutton Brock's—which places salvation in the future -as frivolous rather than grave. By all means, yes : cleanse our values. But not by experimenting with children. It is our outlook, our standards, that should be our concern. If these are clear and precise the education of children ceases to be a problem ; it is then the mere banishing of the torture of being a child in a world of uncertain adults. Much ' new ' education consists of embarrassed apologia by adults to children ; is a harassing and mystification of the child, a self-protective front of adults to children. In a community of wise adults, education would not need to be an organized institution ; it would happen spontaneously—existence in such a community would itself be education. This is why the ancient custom of attachment to isolated, unorganized wise people will never be bettered.

The idealistic conception of ' womanhood ' is a dangerous aspect of idealism. To live by the emotional excitement of expecting winders of others -from their men in the present and their children in the future—has proved a useful technique to

women in enduring shocks of disappointment; **and** this idealistic cheerfulness of women has been the strongest emotional comfort the world has had to rely on in its failures. It was the natural mood of women while the making of life was going on, and her chief part in it was to make it and that of men to take it. But we must now regard life as sufficiently made, sufficiently determined in content, for our concern to be with the ordering of its content rather than with new determinations. New life continues to be reproduced in the physical sense, and new material combinations are effected, but there are no more unknown quantities ; new forms will tend to be increasingly repetitions of old forms.

When a thoughtful grown-up person, with all the physical and mental signs of maturity, says, ' I cannot regard myself as adult, because in the world around me I see much behaviour which is not adult in quality,' she is merely saying that she is ashamed of the world and prefers to regard herself as not really belonging to it in its present shameful state. She is hiding her existence behind the screen of evolution. One cannot argue that evolution ceases to be the immediate reality once such a backward-looking term is on everyone's lips, since she excludes herself from immediate reality. It is rather comic, when you come to think of it: people utter the magic word ' evolution ', evoking in their maturity a vision of the whole physical past, and forthwith become fish-ancestors to themselves. They glide through the waters of evolutionary idealism toward figures of vague identity who are really the conscious, immediate selves they have deserted, but whom they can only see in liquid perspective as the future generations.

The adult function of woman is not procreation or ' gentle whisperings ', but integration. As bodies, women act as the mothers of children. As minds, they must act as the mothers of the adult—adduce the adult features of existence. It is more dangerous for women to fall into the slough of idealism than it is for men, for on women rests the responsibility for setting the adult tone—one might almost say of setting the adult fashion.

The description in Mrs, Swaine's letter, of the sort of

education to which the children ought to be submitted, is **a** faithful picture of the amends which idealists attempt to make to civilization for having subtracted themselves from the immediate world. Education loses its meaning of study of the past from the vantage of the present, and becomes the hasty, enthusiastic push into the future. This is not to doubt the sincerity of Mrs. Swaine's wishes for the future, but to lament that such earnestness is not applied to the present. When a group of earnest adults meets in the shadow of a common concern for the distressing outer situation, the adult result should be a determination to save through themselves—not through the child. Nor is this to say that the education of children should be neglected. Rut child-education is a by-product of adult wisdom ; adult wisdom cannot be a by-product of child-education. I am not criticizing Mrs. Swaine's methods of education. My criticism is of child-education as a recommendation for present world disorder.

If people are so confident that they can see the world surviving its present disorder into another generation, then they are not so poor in immediate good as they seem, from their realistically sordid account of their time. They arc making a secret of the actual good that they have attained—making a secret of themselves. The effect is of a shamefacedness in being adult; and Mrs, Swaine's outline for the special education of mothers represents a technique that many women now indeed use for concealing their newly active minds. Idealism is a curious combination of shyness about our own good with a bold volubility in describing the evils of the world around us. The relevant cure is of our shyness. For, that being removed, the good encased in it, as in a dream, will operate wakefully upon the evils. In being more just in self-estimation, we shall be making a more immediate, and a more wholesome, contribution to the world's illness than in eloquently loathing it : we shall be contributing ourselves.

In the thirteenth recommendation I shall attempt to show how we may acquire the courage of having a good opinion of ourselves: page 497.

The following letter is from a barrister. Its writer identifies himself as an outside person, his view is formed upon outside data ; he judges inside forces realistically, by their visible effect upon the outside world—and sees little effect. This realistic view is valuable. It describes the present insensitivity of outside people to inside forces with a refreshing absence of tears and gives us, the inside people, a factual measure of our unreality to the outside world which is also a measure of its own moral ill-health. We are told that moral values are lacking in the outside regions of existence ; but the demand for a remedy is addressed to the right quarter—to inside people.

From William Fuller

This is the answer of an outside person. If the questions in your letter mean anything to me, and if I believe that they ought to be answered, it is not because I share your inside point of view, but because, in my absorption with outside things, I have been driven to the conclusion that, important though they are to me, they cannot stand alone.

Being what I am, I naturally cannot agree that the outside things are the less important or that they are subsidiary to inside things. I believe the two are interdependent. I know that women and poets cannot live without the food and fuel and non-violent interludes provided by their outside people. On the other hand, I believe tha men of action have only frustration to look forward to if they are not guided by a system of values taught from inside. The outside man does not exist in independence from values. He differs from the inside person in not being able to handle them. He wishes them to be axiomatic. So long as he has them as a shelter, informing the home to which he periodically retires for rest and recreation, he will be able to derive full positive satisfaction from his daytime activities, unworried by any plaguing doubt. His warm home is not for him the end ; he does not regard his activities as subsidiary to it or designed for its support. When he goes out he goes hunting, not shopping, and the function of his home is to keep him fit, physically and spiritually, for repeated outside enjoyments. But, although he regards his home as subsidiary to his activities, it is not for that reason a thing he can treat with contempt. He needs it, and he needs the help of other gifts than his own to keep it serviceable.

At present I think the outside world is suffering from an inopera-

tive inside. The inside is not guiding the outside, and this may be the fault of either or both. Fear of foreign invasion is no new thing. There have at most periods in the past been dangers from powerful and little known barbarian races who might at any time begin moving. The outcome has often been uncertain, but the problem has been a physical one and therefore not confusing. To-day the whole surface of the world is a homogeneous international system. There are no mysterious barbarians ; everything has been opened up. If the system ran according to its own rules there would be no more disorder. What we are afraid of is not a strange invader, but one another. The war we fear is truly fratricidal, a war between peoples who know one another fairly well, depend upon one another, and profess mutual esteem. Such a war would be illogical, but is none the less imminent for that.

This, I think, is the root of the present fear. We no longer rule out, even for ourselves, what is acknowledged to be unnatural, illogical and dishonourable. For a thing to be contrary to principle is no longer anything against it. In other words, our principles are not principles, because we do not at all believe in them. The sense of shock and amazement that was felt in 1914 when reports first came in of repudiated promises and brutal violations could in no circumstances be repeated in 1937. There is no longer any sense in arguing the rights of a quarrel, because nobody very much minds being in the wrong.

And yet we outsiders do mind the whole situation. We think nothing of any individual betrayal, but we hate to see our whole practical system crumbling for lack of that average good faith upon the assumption of which it has been wholly built. The purely outside man is quite capable of assessing the practical disadvantages of widespread bad faith. He can see the value to himself of good faith in others and the consequent wisdom of paying lip-service to virtuous generalizations, But when he is contemplating the immediate and certain profit to be obtained from a particular betrayal, and all that can be balanced against it is an uncertain and indefinite lowering of the fiduciary temperature (which, he thinks, will probably occur anyway), he can see no cogent reason for attending to so vague a shadow before the familiar substance.

If he is not content to rely for the maintenance of credit upon the stupidity of his fellows, his only remedy is to enforce fair-dealing by law. If he can be sure that his competitors are bound to the same yoke, he will not mind making a forced contribution to the general

credit, the value of which he so well appreciates. In behaving honestly under a universal compulsion he will feel satisfied that he is making no mere moral gesture which may be taken advantage of by someone more astute than himself, but is investing in a properly constituted and audited joint enterprise. Yet the legal solution is not a purely outside one. Men living under law are able to enjoy the advantages of co-operation without acting on principle, but what of the judges who administer the law ? What purely outside reason can they have for deciding honestly ? A single unprincipled judge would no doubt be under some compulsion to act honestly, but if they were all of doubtful probity there would be no practical means whatever of ensuring that judgements would be given impersonally according to law. The businessman would therefore no longer feel sure that his own honesty would necessarily be compensated by his competitors[1], and he would therefore begin to evade the law and bribe the Court, till his ultimate state would be as faithless and insecure as his first.

In internal affairs to-day we are, in this country, in the stage of natural honesty supplemented by law. In international affairs we are quite dishonest and are reluctant to try law because there are no trusted judges. In internal commerce there are still, I believe, a great many practical men who behave honestly because they value honesty emotionally. They have not invented honesty as a commercial convenience ; they have taken it as an axiom, the gift of their inside upbringing. Men may by practical reasoning work out rules of conduct which will best serve their common purposes, but the feeling that accepted rules ought to be personally observed is an intuitive feeling and not a reasoned thought. It is one of the values which they need to have cultivated by their inside guardians.

The good specimen of outside man is thus not purely outside. He has inside feelings, but does not know how to cultivate them himself. This must be done for him. When it has been done, he puts all such subtleties behind him and proceeds to deal rationally with his system of fact-thoughts. His well-being is dependent upon a set of values, but he cannot obtain it for himself. Rational thought is all he is capable of and, if he is fortunate, it is all he needs.

But if he is not supplied with a set of values in which he can blindly and dumbly believe, he feels the lack and tries to make it good by the familiar but inappropriate method of rational thought. So you find practical men who have had the misfortune to grow up in cold homes desperately trying to light a fire with logic, and smother-

ing their own doubts with elaborate systems of' rationalism ', Outside men do not really prefer rationalism, but when left to themselves it is all they are capable of. They like to profess complete rationality and materialism, but such systems only work when incomplete. A man who has a few basic non-rational values so firmly held as to be beyond examination can find a full life in cleaving to reason ; his ends are so indisputable that he can safely concentrate his conscious thoughts upon means, and use only the forms of thought suited to their consideration.

Most of the outside men who control international affairs lack genuine values. Some are merely aimless and defeatist. Others have made artificial pseudo-rational values for themselves ; but, being intensely conscious at once for their need for values and of the vulnerability of the particular ones at which they have clutched, these people have degenerated into a mood of deliberately blind defensive violence.

The only remedy for our disorder is the return of outside men to sound values, and in their return they must be led by inside people. I am not suggesting that the dozen leading men of the world should be subjected to half-hours of gentle persuasion in the manner of George Lansbury. It is not so simple as that. The ills we suffer from are not confined to the national leaders, but are widespread among the great mass of active people. Nor would a monster campaign with public oratory and processions be an effective cure. It is no good for inside people to ape the methods of outsiders ; when they try to do that they only make themselves ridiculous, and the derision their blunders rightly arouse is wrongly extended to the other things that they can do very well. What they have to do should not be done in public but in private. In private they are on their own ground and can use their own methods successfully if they will try.

The trouble has been that inside people have not recently been in a natural relationship to outside people. They have either interfered in abortive competition, or else have wholly abstracted themselves into private worlds of their own. They have been intimidated by material progress into trying to be either equal or independent instead of complementary. My suggestion is that by resuming their proper functions in relation to the outside world they should cease to make themselves ridiculous or incomprehensible to it, and should regain its respect. They should cultivate not outside activities but outside people.

It is not for me to specify how this is to be done—that would be to attempt to teach you inside people your own peculiar arts. I can only express the opinion that it will take a long time and will probably be effective only in relation to outside people who have been caught young. I do not believe it is possible for inside people to do anything to avert the next great war—the men who will lead us into that are already out of reach. What you may still have time to do is to raise and inspire, by your personal influence personally applied in your own territory, a new generation of more tranquil and assured outsiders, who will afterwards be able to put together a better balanced world than the neglected one which is creaking around us to-day.

The first general assumption of this letter is immediately helpful: the assumption that ' values ' constitute a domestic institution the function of which is to act as a sentimental check upon the more outrageous outside instincts. Inside people and their activities have indeed constituted such an institution of purely sentimental influence. But they ceased to be that just when sentimental influence ceased to be the appropriate effect of inside upon outside activities : when outside activities no longer needed to be brutal, and when inside activities themselves began to be informed with a sense of their primary authority. So long as material considerations had to take precedence over values because of the brutal effort needed to face them, it was practically correct (though not ' right') for this precedence to have a temporary force of authority ; and while this was so, other considerations could operate only sentimentally—that is, as secondary considerations. Religion, for example, is based upon an acceptance of the other-than-material considerations as sentimental ones ; on the temporal priority of material considerations. But civilization has gradually accomplished a time-identity between material and mental (to avoid the use of ' spiritual ', which belongs to the old system of priority) considerations. Both kinds of interest now occur simultaneously ; and when this happens, there can be no question of precedence. The proper relation between inside and outside concern becomes a co-operative pact between the fundamental and the particular concerns. If, from the point of view

of the outside world, inside values seem to have no visible effect, and hence to be inoperative, it is because sentimental influence by the inside is no longer adequate or relevant. Inside values have ceased to be merely sentimental in quality, and the outside world requires something more than sentimental control: it requires the adult control of authority, in order to function with adult propriety, as it is now equipped to do.

International rules have been broken down because they rest largely on sentimental decencies. When life reaches the stage of complexity (one might say of self-exploration) at which it now is, to be effective the controlling decencies must have intellectual energy—operate by the direct force of their truth, not merely by the indirect force of sentimental appeal. The liberal countries are bound to have little moral influence on the behaviour of anti-liberal countries because the principles for which they attempt to evoke respect are sentimentally defined ; their own respect for them is merely sentimental—and sentiment is no longer a real force of control, as William Fuller so clearly demonstrates. The result of this absence of an intellectually energetic hierarchy of values, to replace the extinct sentimental hierarchy, is that outside activities, released to absolute self-control, guide themselves by a rational pseudo-sentiment derived from physical instinct; rationalism competes with rationalism. The country which attempts to influence a misbehaving country, and which may indeed be vaguely inspired by a sense of values, has no moral power of persuasion because it must either speak a rationalistic language or be silent.

Outside activities depend on physical instinct for their energy, and physical instinct has an emotional recognition of right and wrong—self-protectiveness amounting to a moral sense. Sentiment previously made a loose moral integration of life ; the outside, physically instinctive activities used to observe an emotional rule of control, though this check upon instinct was not consciously a moral check. Outside activities have now formed themselves into independent, self-conscious institutions, each with a logic of its own simulating a morality—with, hence, a mysterious autonomy of instinct. There are, it is true, no new mysterious barbarians to contend with ; but almost every

outside institution is walled in by its separate logic, constitutes a morally unintelligible and therefore barbaric province. Physical instinct has substituted for the old emotional check rational rules which isolate its activities from moral criticism. That the rules may be called rational does not mean that they are intellectually sensitive, only that they are emotionally insensitive. Our barbarisms, that is, are sophisticated and deliberate ; no longer barbaric, genuinely mysterious. They are immune from sentimental appeal because emotionally removed in being barbaric, and intellectually removed in being rational. But we can break through outside insensitivity by attacking immoral outside behaviour on mental grounds where we could get no reaction if we merely charged ' bad faith ', since outside people and institutions do pay homage to logic. We can confront them with an emotionally complete logic of truth which will be a challenge at once to their physical instincts and to their rationalisms: take them at the word of their rationalisms and prove them logically incorrect and therefore unsafe therein. When something is found fault with to-day, the characteristic condemnation is not that it is ' wrong ', but that it is stupid. The old emotional criticism to which people submitted physical instinct no longer serves : nothing will prevail over rationalistic self-direction in the outside activities except intellectually authoritative criticism. To revive the numbed moral emotions we must bring intellectual pressure to bear.

How is this to be done ?

Let us consider the law, in which certain moral values are endowed with official authority. The authority is not derived from the values themselves, but from the power of the State, which is the collective insistence of its citizens that these values be enforced. Their reasons for wanting them enforced are not sentimental. These values have become legal, in fact, because society has progressed beyond the stage when they were no more than sentiments. It was once a law of culture, for example, to believe it wrong to steal; honesty was a mark of culture. Culture has now come to consist of something morej than sentiments. The law is really the formulation of earlied criteria of culture to deal with behaviour which is anachronistic

by our present standards of culture—or, at least, by our present tendencies of culture, since we have all the mental equipment for a contemporary culture but no general standards. We have a culture, but we do not live by it morally. Morally, we live only by the law, which is morally anachronistic ; the integrity of the law depends on old-fashioned criteria of culture in the judges. The law has the further inadequacy of relying on police power for its execution. It operates internally through the appeal of anachronistic cultural codes, and externally through the fear of citizens of one another, as expressed in police power. The law cannot be an authoritative force of influence beyond its peculiar field of anachronistic behaviour ; it is never intellectually contemporaneous with the actual period in which it has effect.

But what happens when inside people try to present moral values in the form of intellectual criteria ? They are then ' incomprehensible '. Yet we are told that the outside person wants a set of values ' in which he can blindly and dumbly believe ', What more suitable for such belief than what is incomprehensible ? Were not large tracts of religious doctrine essentially incomprehensible to outside people ? The real point is that outside people are no longer moved by sentiment —no longer ready to ' blindly and dumbly believe '; and that the intellectual criteria proper to our time are nevertheless too complex for commonplace understanding. The varieties of rationalistic intelligence which are to-day current inhibit people from belief without developing real moral comprehension. Yet we shall not get good behaviour except through respect for an intellectual authority of values, that establishes the stupidity, the moral untruth, of bad behaviour.

The difficulty seems to be, then, one of enforcing a set of intellectually complex values with no other power than that inhering in their being true, and upon an outside public which wants intellectually sound moral doctrine yet cannot be relied on to make the necessary intellectual effort itself.

It is not fair, however, to draw absolute conclusions about the unreliability of the outside public while inside people work in scattered individualism, with no common compulsion to

make an intellectual integration of values to replace outmoded moral sentiment. If inside people felt such a common responsibility, and worked in loyalty to it, we should then be able to judge more fairly how intellectually incapable the outside public actually was. As things are at present, it is not being given a chance to justify its mental pretensions : since most offerings to it from the inside lack intellectual integrity, and the few that do not are lost to public view among the numbers of sham inside works and activities. Inside people who offer compromises or artificialities would perhaps defend themselves by saying that the public wants no more, or that work of full inside intensity ignores the pressure of outside realities. Whatever the justification, the outside public is being offered, mostly, substance that is not meant to bring them anything that they cannot get from themselves. They are, that is, being flattered by inside people in their limitations—encouraged to rely on themselves in all contingencies, even in those contingencies in which they should look to inside people for guidance. This is not to encourage them in new confidence in themselves, but in cynicism : they are aware of their limitations, and are confronted with nothing but their limitations as a source of confidence.

I shall not attempt to make a further recommendation upon the basis of the letter : in the recommendations that I have already made I have stressed the need for a more self-conscious order of inside persons, in co-operative communication with one another. This letter is valuable in showing us realistically, from the outside, our effective absence from the realm of outside activities ; and in stating the need of our presence there as a demand by outside upon inside. We shall be in a position to estimate the sincerity of that demand, as a general one, when we can sincerely say that we are well joined in attempting to satisfy it.

The following letter is interesting as showing how, when the outside situation is accepted upon realistic appearance as the initial source of existence, the only forms of practical influence open to the inside person seem to be ' demands ' upon the

utside for material ease in which to develop inside activities. Intelligent interest in outside affairs means, by this view, strategical operation upon the sympathies of outside people so that they shall lend themselves to ' our demands '. Wherein these demands are of inside quality it is difficult to see, since they are demands for material ease which anyone might make. In what special accent are they to be uttered, so that they shall be treated as inside demands ? And on what ground are executive people to treat them with greater respect than the demands of others—if not on the ground that they are brilliantly informed with the outside point of view ?

It is important to contrast this letter with the preceding one, in which a self-styled outside person sees a solution to the world situation in the proper satisfaction, by inside people, of the latent demands in outside people for something that inside people, and they alone, can give.

From Margaret Bottrall

What you say about the emotional pressure of international affairs on one's personal life is, I think, undeniably true. It's a particularly oppressive burden to young people who would love to plan intelligent lives for themselves and their children ; but how dare we plan anything in a time like this ? I don't, however, believe that' inner ' people can arrest the ' outer ' forces, economic or political, or get the executive people to stop their activities, nor that they ought to try to do these things. It does seem to me that a thorough social and economic upheaval is inevitable before the artist can have the proper sense of being sorted in contemporary life, or women the sense of security which they need. A revolution might well mean the destruction of everything which the creative people consider valuable ; only if there is a real *rapprochement* between the executive and the creative people can the ' inner ' people hope for a life of their own. Therefore it is surely a fundamental duty of the ' inner ' people to make sure that the executive people understand what their demands are. Unless we take as intelligent an interest as we can in contemporary affairs, we can hardly expect the outer people to sympathize with our demands ; nor, indeed, can we make really intelligent demands. I agree that by actually trying to take over political jobs inner people may just lose their characteristic virtues ; but the cultivation of a purely private life has its risks as

well. Most people, I think, are the better for having some **supra-**personal interest in life; and sociological interests do something to replace organized religion in this respect.

From Celia Fremlin

Just because I am a woman, and value the intrinsic qualities of womanhood which you so justly praise, your attitude toward the ' outside ' things of life has startled and alarmed me. I will try to explain why.

History seems to show that in every age the ' outside ' things of to-day may become the ' inside ' things of to-morrow. It seems to show that one of man's most striking faculties is that of synthesizing, absorbing and making part of his personality the ' outside ' things with which he is faced—turning them, in fact, into ' inside ' things. Take language itself, for instance. There was without doubt a time when language seemed a crude and clumsy ' outside ' thing; a thing that served only the material needs of the community, and was wholly divorced from the inner realities—physical sensations, and the contacts of touch and that mysterious animal telepathy. When this jarring, ' outside ' thing first blundered in upon the ancient solitude of life, then it might well have been described (in your words) as ' a remote, outer traffic, the least significant kind of contact that may be between people ', And yet language to-day is an ' inside ' thing. Our happiest and our saddest thoughts are thought in words. Within historical times examples of the same thing could be found—in the developments of the arts for instance ; but I do not want to make this too long.

And now we are faced with this new outer thing—International Affairs. What are we to do about it ? If my theory be right—if the outer things are but the inner ones in their infancy—then surely it is shortsighted in the extreme to try to prevent their' encroaching ' upon our inner selves. If the parallels I have drawn have any validity at all, then what we must do is as it were to welcome, cultivate and train this outside thing, International Affairs, until we have turned it into an inside one. Only when politics are inside things can their problems be really solved.

Perhaps I can make my position clearer by an analogy. I would say that the relation of the outside to the inside things is like that of child to parent. Thus it seems to me to be the duty of our inner selves (especially if we be women) to devote our powers ungrudgingly to the cultivation, and, as **one** might say, education, of the outer

,hing$. The attitude you suggest would be like that of a mother who wants to live her own life without being bothered with her children ; who represses their naughtiness and eccentricities as quickly and effectively as possible (because that is less trouble than trying to understand them), and bundles them off to boarding-school as soon as she can. If she adopts this policy she will certainly be more efficient in her own career. But it will be at the cost of the most precious elements in her personality as a woman, and at the cost of the future generation.

The analogy is not as far-fetched as it may seem. As compared with an individual, a country is a mere child in its stage of development. It is irresponsible, greedy and often cruel; and yet, to those who have the eyes to see, essentially lovable. Any single one of us is a grown-up ; a group of us is a naughty, high-spirited child. Thus surely it is the duty of us grown-ups (and such we all are—even your ' outside ' people) not to neglect and repress this child, but to educate it, gently and with sympathy ; to understand that its strange crude ways are the ways of youth, and that with our help and sympathy it will grow out of them. In fact, we must not expect old heads on young shoulders ; and a community such as a nation is a very young thing. Granted, it would be less trouble to neglect and despise this child, and to turn our energies to preventing it from ' encroaching ' on our individual lives. We can call ourselves the ' inside ' people, and may look at this child reprovingly over our spinsterish spectacles, and with our thin, unmotherly lips tell it to run away and play, and that little children should be seen and not heard. We can do all this, we women ; and I wish us joy of the inner lives we attain thereby.

We as individuals are the parents of ourselves as communities ; and therefore it is on us individuals that the task of educating these our children devolves. For the time being it may seem that this task of education is a waste of our valuable individual powers. But if we neglect it, we shall have to pay the price, as all parents who neglect their children must. For if we do not teach these communities, our children, to grow up into ' inside ' things, they will remain ' outside ' ones, and as ' outside ' ones may master us. Then all we shall have to look forward to is the mastery of the individual by the state. That is a nightmare which I believe haunts us all at times ; we fear that if we stand upon the threshold of the future and listen, all we shall hear will be the passionless chugging of a machine, or the husky pattering of an ant-hill.

But it need not be so. When the nations have become grown-ups as we individually are grown-ups ; when the affairs of nations are no longer ' outside ' things, but inner realities to each one of us, then, and only then, can we be sure that our relationship with our respective nations is one of sympathy and understanding, not of servitude.

To bring the nations to this point will be a hard task; a task worthy of a woman.

This letter is realistic in its drastic simplification of the elements of existence : the inside is the outside at a later date, the internal is made out of the external. The view presented is shared in by many people to-day ; is not merely a private excursion in imaginative realism, but nothing less formidable than ' the materialistic conception of history ', Such a theory should be examined without the support of an opposing theory. People tend to be so intimidated by a formidably titled theory, suggesting a superior expertness of analysis, that they hesitate to face it with their naked minds, feeling that they must go armed to the conflict with some contentious instrument of their own. The result is that, instead of discovering the fallacies of simplification on which the theory rests, they add new fallacies of simplification to the field of argument. Hence it takes a long time to discover what is wrong with such a theory as the materialistic conception of history—simply, that it is too simple.

The word ' synthesis ' is essential to the materialistic explanation. When you are pledged to give a materialistic explanation of everything, and set about to explain something which seems impossible to explain in material terms, you say it is a ' synthesis '—and name its physical manifestations ; which, by the magic word' synthesis ', can be offered as its component elements. There is a little slip in logic, because you are only synthesizing your various physical impressions of the thing into a materialistic explanation : it still remains to be demonstrated that a materialistic explanation is an adequate definition. However, the victim is supposed to be so overwhelmed by the artillery of materialistic analysis that he humbly accepts the materialistic explanation. For by this time the thing seems

destroyed in analysis and only synthesis can put it together for him. The victim seems to stand between two dire alternatives : he can either fling himself upon the destroyer's mercy and thus assure himself at least the comfort of synthesis, or hurry to the protection of an opposing theory. But the latter course will yield him only philosophy with which to console himself for the loss of many things that, in his ingenuousness, he believed to be ' real'. Once a person has allowed the materialistic conception to open fire on him, he has already granted it the victory.

Let us ingenuously approach this matter of language—beyond the range of the materialistic conception of history. We know very well that the spring of language is an activity of mind more real than the physical apparatus with which we utter it or write it down, or the incidental uses to which we put it. If we neither utter it nor write it down, but confine it to ourselves, it is still ' something ' : it is consciousness taking form as knowledge. Our knowledge cannot be defined in material terms ; it can only be defined in terms of knowledge—only *we* can define it. By the materialistic conception, somebody else is always doing the defining : somebody not you is defining you, somebody is attempting to define a process while avoiding any act of identity with it. The result is an explanation—a definition of really nothing by really nobody. The materialist world is essentially uninhabited, and formless : there are only ghostly forms called syntheses, and the ghostly minds who do the synthesizing.

Having evaded the materialistic fire by speaking of knowledge, since the subject of language gives the materialistic conceiver too many physical manifestations and incidental functions of speech to talk about, we are now in danger of being caught upon what he is going to call the physical components of knowledge—the various physical powers of perception. You will have noted how the writer of the above letter has insidiously conferred on her early folk ' inner realities ' which she can demonstrate to be essentially material—' physical sensations, the contacts of touch and that mysterious animal telepathy ', In our ingenuous position of safety we can say that

the physical powers of perception here listed were the physical manifestations of their consciousness; and that, as their language was ' a crude and clumsy thing that served only material ends ', their consciousness was scarcely knowledge, and their language scarcely language, and they themselves were scarcely existent, scarcely real. What has scarcely more than outside reality is scarcely real.

There is a central, non-material force of existence—'inside,' because the notion conveys a single-natured, unbroken generality in contradistinction from the notion of an ' outside ', which matches the vari-natured reality of material particulars. And as things articulate this inner force, they have themselves inner reality, are effectively conscious, know : theyknowthe generality as well as being what they individually are. What the development of superior powers of consciousness proves is that people have become more real as persons; that by reliance on the inner force they have been to some degree successful in persisting against the disintegrating tendency of matter; and matter itself has been to that degree co-operative in yielding to inner persistence. For instance, early forms of life had only rudimentary eyesight, and the latest forms have excellent eyesight—and sight is a power of consciousness. But this does not mean that there is improved consciousness because of improved eyesight: there is improved eyesight because of improved consciousness. Sight is a manifestation of consciousness, not a cause of it. The materialistic conceiver would challenge us : ' How can you explain that ? ' But we are offering definitions, not analytic-synthetic explanations. Our explanations of ourselves must contain ourselves—else they are the sum of our physical manifestations as viewed by nobody. To be true, an explanation of ourselves must permit of our recognizing ourselves in it. To be scientific, an explanation of ourselves must explain ourselves away. Suppose we do not wish to do that ?

Inside is not made of outside; but outside may variously articulate inside' The difference between inside and outside is that between the single nature of internal reality and the unintegrated nature of external reality—which has no absoluteness of identity, only relativity. External reality, that is, can never

be more than a temporary synthesis. Internal reality is a lasting integration ; and people are internally real as they participate in this integration, are assertions, in their various settings, of an absolute, central, inner reality—make their settings a vehicle of general utterance. Up to the point where the elements of our setting can be adapted to this end, we are practising education. But we cannot educate that which is not incorporable in our personal setting : those things, in fact, which can assert only their own materiality and can thus have no significance as a setting. At the point where susceptibility to internal influence ends, we can practise only explanation ; we can do nothing with what is unadaptable but describe it as such, and maintain it in the external separateness which is its nature. Explanation in this sense is a tidy removal from our emotional field of what has no relevance there. Scientific explanation is a removal of ourselves from our emotional field to the distance of the most intransigently material elements of existence ; and an attempt, then, to be ourselves at this distance from ourselves.

Here we come to one of the most dangerous fallacies of materialistic synthesis. Everything being originally all-material, by the materialistic conception, everything is therefore equally adaptable to the mental order which certain material phenomena —namely, people—have achieved for themselves : everything is equally educable, and education is necessarily synthesis, not integration, since it is to be practised on the whole conglomerate content of life regardless of the native adaptability of the particular subject. The education of the outer things to which Celia Fremlin exhorts us is that curious materialistic equalitarianism in which consciousness, and all inner values, are adapted to the unadaptable—and outer things regarded as, by this process, ' educated ', The fallacy reaches the danger-point when the content of life is defined as consisting of ' individuals ' on the one hand, and ' the community ' on the other : the community as composed of all that has not so far been equated with the individual, been ' educated '—outside activities and the whole material property of the community including the earth on which it rests and the sky in which it floats. If we think of ourselves, individually, as internalizations of the general

community material by a process which has its source, mysteriously, in this material itself, then we can regard as merely relative all distinctions between person and person, mind and matter, kind and kind, form and form. ' We ' are merely the lucky ones who have accidentally acquired conscious individuality sooner than the rest of the community material, and therefore we may be said to be as ' parents ', By our precociousness we are the agents of that mysterious process of internalization which takes place in matter, and which is no more than a process of equalization between material phenomena. If, fascinated by the simplifications of this logic, we assume the indicated unspinsterish, full-lipped role, we are no longer in the difficult position of being individual persons. All differences are liquidated : outside things are implicitly inside things, inside things are implicitly outside things, and nothing is explicitly anything.

The materialistic conception of life and history is a way by which to ignore inner realities, including the individual inner reality of oneself. It is devised to attract people who lean strongly toward the outside, yet who have a few contradictory inward impulses. If you accept the theory, you dispose of the contradictions by dissolving your personal consciousness in the community material of life. And we who are concerned with making an order in existence that corresponds with its inner realities must get along without you. You are no longer a person, but an idiosyncratic being with whom it would be idle to attempt to treat, since you are not really there : only matter is there, explaining to what degree it is unadaptable—which we already know.

The ordering of existence is by definition, not scientific explanation. Definition has an initial standard, applies to particulars an already known generality. We cannot begin to define until we know: stand inside. Scientific explanation begins from the outside, i# ignorance, accumulating undefined particulars and describing them in terms of one another. To deal with our disturbing outside situations we must practise explanation as definition: view them from a centre of meaning to which we have already related ourselves. Only from such a

vantage can we recognize what is purely phenomenal—all-temporary—and only by such recognition can we have a technique for dealing with the phenomenal. The technique for solving the disturbing outer situations is in the recognition of what is phenomenal in them, not of ourselves ; if we treat phenomenal circumstances as alien circumstances and thus keep our identity and ordering energy intact, they cannot become ' problems ', But those who use materialistic explanation as a method of order are identifying themselves with the phenomenal. They are not ordering, but ' simplifying '; and their only contribution will have been to simplify themselves away from consideration as possibly useful ordering minds.

What 1 have said in comment upon the preceding letter bears closely upon the three following letters, which are written from the Communist point of view. The first is from an active woman Communist who does not feel at liberty to allow the use of her name.

Anonymous

Your letter has both startled and ' touched ' me, for you—from the innermost room *inside the houses*—have called, not only to the ' inner ' people, but also to ' that part of every outside person which leans away from the outer realities toward the inner ones ', I think, therefore, that you are willing to extend your sympathetic hearing to those who live partly outside the houses and partly inside. The infection of unhappiness having penetrated the walls would seem to yield a little common ground for the people who go backwards and forwards still to be able to converse with the people inside—to me that is of value.

You will understand, then, that my answers to your two questions cannot come wholly from the ' inside ', but must bear on them the mark of what you perhaps would term ' an attempt at translation ' and what I perhaps would call ' an attempt at synthesis ', But because the summons has come from you in the first place, and because there is that in me which understands what you say, I am encouraged to hope that my reply will be intelligible and relevant although couched in a border-tongue.

What is this unhappiness that surrounds us ? I do not find much to add to what I take to be your own reply contained in your letter—the impingement upon our inner affairs of the affairs of the outer

world, an increasing awareness of issues that begin to touch us, a suffering along with others in an unhappy state. This is accurate *description* and as such is accepted and echoed by me from the ' inside ', Yet to go further, to seek *explanation* of the causes of outside unhappiness, involves an ' outgoing ' which to many of us is bitter, unacceptable, compelling ; for immediately we find ourselves drawn into the spheres of national and international politics history and economics—in short, world affairs. It is inevitable that if we wish to understand something that is outside the houses, we should leave the inner hearth to explore the wilderness. We may go out for very pity, we may go for other reasons ; in the going we may forget the inner life, we may reluctantly renounce it. But the striking feature of the present situation is that an increasing number of women, poets, painters and people ' who have discovered the inside importances ' are now concerning themselves with the outside unhappiness, and giving from their rich, personal lives attention and sympathetic thought to the universal distress they find around them. I will not mention names of particular persons, for to me many of them are but' names ': of those I know and value I would only say that the conflict they bear within them is countered by their vision. They subscribe, I think, to Boethius's strange cry :

> And therefore whoso speaks the truth
> Shall find in nowise peace of heart.
> For neither doth he wholly know,
> And neither doth he all forget.
> But that high thing which once he saw,
> And still remembers, that he holds,
> And seeks to bring the truth forgot
> Again to that which he hath yet.

And, notwithstanding your dedication to the inner life, I do not know how else to take the gesture you have made in sending out your letter to a circle outside your intimates, than to interpret it as an offer to help, a partial externalization of yourself.

Should this be a misinterpretation, my answer to your second question is likely to be of little use, since it is dependent upon an agreement with and participation in this partial outgoing, and also upon that part of us which has gone out understanding how the unhappiness has been caused. Our subsequent assessment of the data we collect can then only lead us—if we are to give any answer to the question ' What shall we do about it ?'—to a deliberate taking of

action in external affairs. It is no longer possible, when we have understood the unhappiness, to do nothing. For in the understanding we shall realize that isolation and inactivity are unreal conceptions covering an undeliberated or unconscious choice of action. To each of us will come the expounders of different camps of thought, from each of us will be taken time and attention for the sifting of evidence. Our choice of what we do about it—whatever we do—will encroach upon our private lives. Will this encroachment render us ' intrinsically commonplace and blank ' ? Personally, I think not: I think we may still be ' concerned with the ends, rather than means, with a final goodness of life ', To me there is a synthesis possible between the contradictions of the inner and the outer, and a synthesis that is more easily achieved if the poems that the poets give us from the ' inside ' are linked with the knowledge that they too are suffering and helping with outside affairs. To feel that we are not destroying all that is precious in life by our outgoing, but on the contrary preserving and even intensifying, is no mere phantasy : it is the experience and inner fruit of what might be termed ' losing in order to save ', The participation of the poets and painters and men and women of inner sensibilities in this way of life sets a seal on the experience.

To say more than this would at present take me beyond the scope of your questions and already I have somewhat transgressed the restriction '*from the inside* ', You will be able to judge from what I have said whether communication between yourself on the inside and myself in the borderland furthers your purpose or not. To the extent that I am able to co-operate, you have my co-operation now and at any later date. And if it is acceptable to you I would like to try and convey a sense of gratitude for your letter, which, by its coming ' out' from you to a stranger, has curiously deepened my trust in the value of the ' inside ' life.

The tell-tale words ' synthesis ' and ' explanation ' indicate the kind of reservations that accompany this very friendly answer. These reservations, which for all the writer's scrupulous avoidance of political terms are Communist reservations, account for the way in which my own position is interpreted—as being representative of an aloofness from external affairs practised by many people of over-delicate sensibilities. It is necessary for her to interpret my position in this way in order that hers shall have the advantage of being ' realistic ': the

outside position shall appear to be one of facing ' facts ', however unpleasant, and the inside position one of escaping into dreams of loveliness which are not substantiated by facts.

Now, if we examine this opposition, which is the result of a simplification, we see that there is much more fantasy in her position than in mine. I am what Communists would call—and what is popularly called—' an intellectual ', To be that means—not in the worst but the best sense of the word, and obviously if I accept the term I will only accept it in its best sense—to exercise mental control over one's experience. But the realist needs to give it the special sense of failing to experience adequately : the intellectual can then be chi ^ged as someone who avoids exposure to experience, who ^nere parasitic mind. This, I say, is fantasy. One is a mina [1]v as one exercises consciousness upon experience. The kind . person that the writer of this letter construes no longer exists—except as there may be a few monkish survivals whose whole experience is within the limits of mediaeval scholasticism. In mediaeval times, when lively abstract problems were invented to preserve minds from frustration in the then dim real problems, there were indeed such ' intellectuals ', But it would be very nearly impossible to be one sanely now ; and the label is not intended to imply insanity, however contemptuously used. The realist, however, needs to construe that kind of person, or the realistic argument appears fantastic—which it is.

Note how skilfully my statements regarding the present unhappy condition of outer affairs are interpreted as a confession that hitherto ' intellectuals ' have not allowed external affairs to impinge adequately upon their consciousness. If, as an intellectual, I say that external affairs are impinging upon us with an insistence beyond their due stress and that this is absurd since we now have minds well equipped to make external affairs occur with their due stress and that alone—then, in the realist's hands, this becomes a statement that I, and all intellectuals, have hitherto been immune from the impingements of the outside world : we are at last coming to our senses.

The realist wants you to accept the paradox that because you are educated you are uneducated : because you are capable of a

coherent view of existence you must be ignoring the immediate actualities of existence. That is, to the realist only that is real which is in a confused condition : only the confusion is real. If you see more than confusion, if you do not see confusedly but have a sufficiently coherent energy of observation and experience to distinguish the confused facts in their proper nature and proportion—then, by realist standards, you are not seeing at all; the realist's facts are confined to the data of confusion.

You must, in order to avoid the Communist accusation of being merely an intellectual, ' go out': get confused yourself. You must stop seeing external affairs as representing the material aspects of life : you must see them as ' economics ', ' politics ', You must not define, but explain—scientifically. You must immerse yourself in the confusion—otherwise you are a pitiless and selfish intellectual. You must accept the axiom that it is the nature of existence to be confused. The only remedy is ' action '—namely, to discard your personal mind and identify yourself with the essential reality, confusion ; and somehow this is going to make the great redeeming difference. The difference will be, presumably, that with all our personal minds destroyed we shall not be able to make the intellectual observation that there is confusion. Indeed, it is the personal minds which are causing all the trouble, by attempting to exercise control over material experience instead of leaving the material facts in control. When control is given over to the material facts, they produce god-like mentalities of their own, to which can be given the worshipful names of ' economics ', ' politics ', But in order that these deities shall have effective control you must sell them your minds—for the relief of having none. Then you can enjoy a mystical sense of ' doing something '; whereas before you were only uncomfortably conscious of being a not very clear thinker.

There is only one unfantastic way of ' doing something '—and that is by thinking more clearly. The writer of this letter, having subtly forced us into the position of ' isolation and inactivity ', brings Boethius's lines to the support of her triumphantly realistic misinterpretation—lines which describe the difficulties of attempting to think clearly. But Boethius's

allegiance, let it be recalled, was to thinking, not to action : he was an intellectual—as these lines show.

The poets and other inside people who have pledged themselves to political action, flying the inside banner, have ' gone out' not to ' a final goodness of life ', only to confusion—and it is to their shame that they enjoy the confusion. They have shirked, or been unequal to, positive work of mind ; and deck themselves with the laurels of political action in place of distinctions they might have failed to achieve as minds. There can be a sentimental dignity of self-sacrifice in the person who engages concretely in political action, and with a modest regret for some happier work thus neglected—the true hero in politics is the person who is not proud of being political. But the ' intellectual ' politician is sacrificing nothing. He is merely filling out the inadequacies of his thought with political sentiment ; preferring these noisy successes to perhaps only a minor success in the work of thinking ' the final goodness of life ' into immediate life.

There are no contradictions between ' inner and outer ' of a kind to drive us to ' synthesis ' as their only possible solution. The inner content of existence consists of the general and the permanent, and of ourselves as we know generality and permanence ; and the outer content of existence consists of material particulars—what is impermanent. There can be no contradictions between the general and the particular for those who have a sense of the general: for then the general is the standard by which the particular is judged and acquires proportion. But if you have no such sense, which is to have no personal mind, then indeed you have only a sense of contradiction—between the particulars; and the only reconciliation you can make for yourself between particulars (lacking an inner force of evaluation) is ' synthesis ', by which particular is added to particular to the result of confusion.

I can only take this letter as an invitation to co-operate in confusion. Many mild-minded inside people have been captured by such friendly persuasion, and liquidated their inner concern for the unhappy confusion of the outside world by identifying themselves with the outside world in its confusion.

Invitations to political action are valuable in helping us to test to what extent our ordering energy is mental, to what extent merely an automatic physical response to the material complexity of our contemporary world. Every normal person has a mental instinct to order life and a physical instinct to feed on it. Political action appeals to a physical appetite of life and is thus a corrective for people who regard themselves as ' intellectuals ' because they have a ' modern ' astuteness in physical matters. In being political they are obliged to concentrate on physical concerns to the exclusion of intellectual preoccupations, and cannot pretend otherwise to themselves—though they may be tempted by intellectual vanity to argue that physical concerns are just as ' important' as mental concerns. But there is a crucial difference between political action as a physical interest in material affairs and as an intellectual competitor of mental action. If it is made the latter, this is as to raise eating to the status of a thought-process and digestion to the status of knowledge. When the political invitation offers hospitable scope for mental action, then it becomes immoral: there are many people in the realist ranks of politics who must know what they are doing in their propaganda efforts—to what contempt and suspension of mind they are tempting others.

The following letter shows the Communist victory over mind as an emotional rather than intellectual capture.

From Eithne U. L. *Wilkins*

This can't be properly a reply to your letter, since it must be in different terms. I don't contend that the ' outer ' problems are the more important ones, but I am convinced that there are illuminations of a candid and unmystical kind which give them a significance far from trite. And these problems are now so urgent that they take precedence over considerations of the ' inner ' life for its own sake, and even, for some individuals, at some times, over specific artistic occupations.

For most of us there is no longer any possibility of staving off the ' outer ' things—which I prefer to call politics. We have, indeed, been turned inside out. Politics have got under our skin. I don't

speak for **those who take** fairly easily to ' affairs ', **but** for **those who** are not by temperament newspaper-readers, who are scantily appreciative of economics, and who find all rackets, bogy-games, and particularly the close-up party politics incongruous, often boring, usually ' bad form ', But the fact remains : we have been translated into living politically.

I and my kind are indeed profoundly unhappy, not only for society —• the others '—but also, in spite of separate, personal happiness, for ourselves. This applies whether we speak of ourselves as artists or as, simply, individuals. But we cannot adopt that above-party poise which so easily tips over into escapism. To insist with discriminate emotion on inward values would be to contibute to the moral and political disintegration which is going on.

Sanctuaries may be possible, but only as such, explicitly. It may be that this need for sanctuaries belongs to a transition phase—I mean to very young people and to anyone who hasn't completed his adjustment to this state of things. For my own part, so long as the world bangs in my ears I don't *want* a sanctuary. As true individuality is next to impossible in this wretched state of society, it's a matter of minor importance whether I, as individual and artist, am obliterated in the struggle for a new freedom ; though, as it happens, I do think the two are compatible, the personal struggle and personal freedom.

You see I can only answer you in terms of our circumstances, if not in their vocabulary. In all crudity—perhaps you would call it flippancy—I have nothing to suggest but that we and the others get for ourselves a new organization. Our need is for, first, economic security. Without that how can we work or sleep or drink or be amused in peace, or have a room of our own ? Without that liberty and that justice, how can anyone have a change of heart ? And if one did, what would be the good of it ?

Communist illuminations are made to take precedence over ' considerations of the inner life '—precedence over thought proper—by working people into an emotional state of fear: they desert thought for political theory because they have been worked upon to regard the outside situation as mortally threatening—to minds as well as to bodies. The outside situation is indeed dangerous, but it is not dangerous to our powers of thought. Nothing in the outside situation can prevent clear thinking where there are natively energetic powers of thought.

But political argument, by making a disingenuous confusion between thought and ' freedom ' in which to think, or ' material ease ' in which to think, can win over a good many enthusiastic young minds who have pledged themselves to the ends of thought. Thought being described as in grave danger of extinction, political theory is the more appealing, emotionally, as it can endow the outside situation with an appearance of far-reaching malevolence ; and so these healthy young minds are enlisted in a crusade against thought by the argument that it is for the sake of thought.

Then come the familiar fallacies. If you are dedicated to the work of thought and yet have not turned political, you are [4] staving off outer things '—since outer things are ' politics ' : Q.E.D. ' Outer things ' are no longer the world of material experience—to the nature of which the mentally active person should be the more sensitive, his sensibilities being in clear order: outer things have now become ' politics ', What we take for material realities are, apparently, political realities. The very substance of the material world seems to have changed—or, rather, to have been misunderstood : it consists not of material phenomena, but of the phenomena of human confusion. Therefore, the argument goes, to attempt to think is to seek an impossible ' sanctuary ', No real thinking has ever been done, we must believe—or will be done until we shall have turned ourselves inside out and given over the guidance of existence to the political forces mistakenly called material. These forces have become dangerous because we were trying more and more to control them, while all the time they were meant to control us.

They will be less dangerous, presumably, if the control is handed over to them : in return, they may eventually give us a little freedom to think. A dogmatic Communist would vigorously deny that Communism included any such flippant hope.

As the writer of the following letter explains, you eventually recover from this illusion : ' the theoretical element is acquired later ' and the convert gradually recognizes that ' the work to which he lends himself is material and collective ',

From Herbert Howarth

I suspect that this is likely to be an illustration of the attitude criticized in your letter rather than a help in dissolving that attitude. Still, I may at least assist myself in self-understanding by attempting to analyse my position on paper.

Nowadays I make my examination of the world from the Marxist standpoint; what we want to understand is the motive that led me first to the consideration and then the adoption of Marxism. I recognize that to be an active member of the Communist or any other genuine political party is to enter the outer life which you accuse of fostering brutality ; and as one who has undertaken the outer life, I must say at once that I agree with the reproaches you cast on it. I do believe that its effect is to withdraw the mind from contemplation of many things in life worth while, and that for the person involved there is to a large extent the sacrifice of personal satisfaction of personal preoccupation with what means most to the individual. If I ask why I or anybody else becomes a Communist, I am asking why a man possibly not equipped for the work gives his time, his energies—and sometimes even his life—to a sort of penal servitude. Yet, examine the real motives which guide a man to such a decision, and you find that he believes that in return for his own consequent sterility of existence he is reaping the fullest possible life for subsequent generations.

A Marxist who has not trained himself in the intellectual mastery of Marxism is rightly regarded with distrust by both his own party and its critics. But practically every conversion has an emotional source, and the theoretical element is acquired later in pursuit of the task accepted in the emotional conversion. The work to which he lends himself is material and collective ; the impetus which drove him was emotional and personal. Two springs generate the emotion. On the one hand is what can be briefly described as fear of death. He can see his own destruction imminent, the imminent destruction of all the inner activities that he most prizes ; his own destruction is only a unit in the destruction of a whole civilization, and that realization dwells with him, too, though it be his personal fate that weighs with the realest heaviness in all his calculations. That is why in universities, for example, so many sons of the rich join the Communist Party ; for, though they have been brought up with and still possess privileged access to thought and art, none the less they see that the destruction that is coming will strike rich and

poor alike. (I am not suggesting that they are not also influenced by a humanitarian conscience which will not let them have full enjoyment of what is denied to the masses of the world ; but I am afraid that personal considerations are the ultimate factors in the decision made.)

To one on whom such a realization has come in full the pressure of the outer world is intolerable. He cannot afford any longer to do as his immediate ancestors did, and leave the world situation to be manipulated by a handful of professional politicians. Every day of his life he sees that the few who hold the reins of office are failing with such regularity in their task of staving a crisis off civilization that the only possible remedy is to take the decision from their hands. But he has seen it proved that the oligarchy will not yield its power ; for with power go riches and prosperity, access to all that gives life flavour, to all that the inner man requires (was it not Sir Samuel Hoare who spoke on the Pushkin centenary ?) and he is bound to conclude that the only solution is a violent seizure of their power. A full span of life, equipped with accessories for the development of the mind, must be won by whatever measures necessity dictates. With this first essay in applying reason to his emotional situation he is on the track toward Communism and submission of himself to the active life and its immediate issues.

Secondly, his emotional conversion is based on his relation as an individual to other individuals. This applies in all possible senses . . . relations with parents, friends, brothers, employer, subordinates . . . but especially it bears reference to the sexual dilemma of the individual. ' For me it's the core of my life—if I have a right relation with a woman ': so Lawrence makes Mellors say in *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* Freud's definition of the neurosis shows that it is determined by the preponderance of the sexual components over the social; the neurosis is the typical feature of this transition stage between the animal and the developed man. And the paradox is, that the neurosis should be the operative factor in driving its victim to the adoption of Communist revolutionizing practice and an uncompromising social conscience. A large proportion of the intellectuals who apply for admission to the Communist Party do so because they are convinced by the difficulties of their own experience that a right relation with a woman will never come in a world split by inner and outer activities.

Such a fact suggests that the aim of the Communist is the dialectical reconciliation not only of class warfare in the outer life, but of

the very division itself of a life split into inner and outer. The materialist philosophy does not forbid that explanation. For, while it sees mind emerging from matter, it does not deny the reciprocal action of mind ; and again it does not evade, but rather welcomes as further evidence of the dialectical principle, the psychologists' discoveries of conflict of impulses, ambivalence of emotion, and displacement. What it must look forward to, then, is not the killing of the animal by the brain, but the fusing of the two existences into one dynamic amalgam. This has so far only been accomplished in art; especially in music, where on the one hand the emotional and physical appetites are satisfied, and, on the other, the conscious mind is all the time awake and active in following the formal logic of the musical patterns. Toward making this true of man himself the Communist looks when he explains to himself his theoretical position. The action he takes is altruistic ; he cannot expect for himself, or his generation, freedom in which to solve the problems of life, but he offers the possibility to his children through his own death. He agrees by his own death to remove the menace of death permanently and so finds scope for the realization of the most important victory of all, the inner equilibrium. He fights to arrest an outer wheel of events that moves so quickly, so remorselessly, that the inner life is never visited at all, since even the fortunate few are threatened by the ruin of the world.

We all want freedom for the fulfilment of man's highest potentialities ; want it so strongly that we are prepared to surrender our own individual freedom in our time if humanity eventually is to reap the fruits.

I can see that this is probably only going to be of use to you as a target for attack ; and I wish I could have stated it better and rendered it less open to destruction ; but I felt that it was right that you should have my point of view expressed badly rather than not have it at all.

Here we have a less emotional account of the surrender to political realism ; but there is nevertheless the same excuse of fear as in the preceding letter—fear on behalf of thought. The handful of professional politicians are interested, it seems, not so much in appropriating material things as in appropriating minds : their real objects of plunder are minds—the mind of the writer of this letter, and the minds of the sons of the rich who have had thought bought for them by their parents. The

writer and the Communist sons of the rich being thus deprived of the power of thought, they naturally identify thought with political power—what the handful of professional politicians have, as a result of their mind-stealings. Thought is really political power. But for political power to become thought it must be ' material' and ' collective ' : that is, everything and everybody must have it. Communism is a state of life in which everything and everybody has political power—i.e. thinks. You can make this come about by holding the theory that mind emerges from matter and must eventually return its works to matter. The handful of professional politicians know all about this, of course : they are material forces taking rightful possession of mental things. Naturally the whole procedure is more attractive if all the minds at large participate in it—if everybody connives at the political seizure of mind by matter. No complaints of political injustice can be made when those who suffer from it are themselves all professional politicians.

The transformation is more absolute if you hold psychological theories as well as politically materialist ones. There is always the danger that, because you have originally come to this ' intellectual mastery ' by an emotional path, you may return along this path to the personal mind you have lost. To obliterate the emotion-path effectively you must substitute psychological theories for emotions. For instance, sexual relations have undergone great refinement under mental influence ; the notion of what ' a right relation with a woman ' is has grown so mental, indeed, that it may be defined without reference to copulation. Mind has as it were taken possession of sex. If you are an honest materialist you feel the necessity of rematerializing sex as well as everything else of mental character. You first do this emotionally, as an act of freedom from mental restraints. But then you must get rid of your emotions, which being mentally tainted persist in calling sex ' love ', This you do by reading Freud and his successors and D. H. Lawrence—which puts you in the copulative mood necessary for a right (material) relation with a woman. You have now dissolved your sexual neurosis—the conflict between your emotional intelligence and your inherited powers of copulation ; there

need no longer be any conflict, since by these theories sex is only to copulate. To the writer of this letter it is a paradox that the historical distance between sex as copulation and as civilized contact between male and female should drive people to Communism and to ' an uncompromising social conscience ', Not at all: for this social conscience is merely the ideal of not having minds to impede impersonal existence—including sexual impersonality. When matter, or the ' social conscience ', is in political control, to have a right relation with a woman you need do no more than copulate with her; as to have a right relation with your world, you need do no more than make yourself physically equal to everything else in it. And if you can exorcise your emotions by psychological means there will be nothing left to remind you that you were once a human being.

All this materialistic argument, so ponderous, so uncannily pertinacious, represents a curious transformation actually going on in our midst: numbers of physically human beings refuting themselves as minds, renouncing their birthright to have minds. One cannot quite laugh at it—though the argument, as argument, is essentially laughable. It gives one a ' queer ' feeling ; one is witnessing a spectacle tragic in its incredibility : the spectacle of human beings solemnly and deliberately undoing their minds. Even if these are people of little mind, it is still a tragedy—because a little of mind is better than none. If people think only a little, the rest of their action as intelligences can be decently filled in with moral action : thus lesser minds may be the moral equals of greater minds. We might view dialectical materialism as a withdrawal of moral support from greater minds by lesser, in spite and self-spite. The Communist spectacle is essentially more tragic than the Fascist spectacle. Fascism is an attempt to achieve by material means dignities that can only be achieved by mental means. It pretends to be that which it is not, and to achieve that which it cannot. Though it may evoke violent distaste in us, it cannot evoke pity —as must the Communist renunciation of all dignities except those which can be achieved by material means.

The converted Communist, having pledged himself to the

aim of becoming ' a dynamic amalgam ', wistfully remembers that he once had higher views for himself. The death of which Herbert Howarth here speaks is really the mental death of holding materialistic theories. But for many it is not a complete death : there survives the memory of having once been a thinking being—or at least the memory of a world in which living gradually acquired significance and order through thinking. At this point, when the converted Communist begins to worry a little about what he has done to himself, he broodingly considers the next generation. Either the next generation will be whole-bodiedly non-thinking, so that no one will have to suffer the pains of conversion in order to become a dynamic amalgam ; or it will refuse to regard the parent generation as having had any right or power to renounce its mental heritage on its behalf. The second possibility is, I feel, the secret hope of every Communist whose conversion has been the result of temporary emotionalism rather than of inherent mindlessness : a hope, really, of recovering his own mind again. As a conscientious Communist, he dare not regard his mind as recoverable, and so must speak of himself mystically as ' eventual humanity ',

The writer of this letter apologizes (to the Communist Party, I suppose) for having expressed his point of view badly. On the contrary, it is very ably expressed ; anyone familiar with Marxian exposition will recognize that the materialistic lesson has been well learned. It is not possible to destroy Marxian argument: it is a peculiar process of materialization that is taking place in many people—people in whom it would perhaps be an act of honesty to disclaim minds, if the disclaimer were not offered as a formula of intelligent existence to people with minds. One cannot destroy the formula, since there are people for whom it is an exact constitutional formula. To attempt to destroy it would be to deny that there are people like that; and in considering the present composition of life it is important to recognize that people exist who want to be treated as material phenomena are treated, with no assumption of mentality in them. We must face the fact that some people want to be disembarrassed of their minds, and cannot be relied on to contribute thought-power or moral power to the ordering of exist-

ence. But the number of those who are misled, by mental weariness and lack of confidence in themselves, into regarding the Communist formula as a solution of world problems is greater than the number of those to whom it is personally applicable. We have a responsibility of counting the minds among us ; we must be slow in counting as mentally extinct all those who mutter the Communist formula at us.

If we are unambiguously the minds we are, we shall be giving courage to the mentally weary ones and saving them from the temptation to regard themselves as, and behave like, matter. The Communism-producing fear which Herbert Howarth describes as a despair of the world is really a despairing disrespect of self as mind. I am sure that a great many Communist converts do not realize the humiliating implications of the theories to which they are submitting their identity ; they merely feel the conversion to be a necessary act of intellectual humility—their apology to the world, as minds, for not having yet achieved ordering of existence. There would be much less to apologize for if so many had not deserted their posts in order to apologize. By showing them what they are doing, and sticking to our posts in the just pleasure of being minds, we may sustain them against the appeal of intellectual humility—which leads to a freakish pleasure in being as matter. This appeal needs, certainly, to be destroyed.

The best way to oppose realism, and its dispiriting, mind-belittling effect on people of fundamentally good mind, is to persist in keeping ourselves and the world within the same frame of definition—neither blurring the distinction between them so that we are merely its contingent human phenomena, nor construing ourselves as existing in a vacuum of difference from it. The world is different from ourselves in being our matter : all that we have not been able to integrate personally with ourselves. But it remains a part of our story ; is neither a separate story, nor yet our representative story ; by itself is not a story at all. What we are telling in living is the story of existence, which is the story of ourselves and the world. If we call the world a story we have to choose between calling its material changes the whole story of ourselves, and making of ourselves

another story that is all of inactive characters as the world-story is alt of characterless narrative.

From Samuel Summerson

Let us make a diagnosis before prescribing treatment; not every headache is due to the loudspeaker next door I

Where lies the cause of this admitted outside confusion which is distracting us all from the realities of life ? Let us try to analyse it on broad lines, beginning at the most ' outside ' phase, the international.

The immediate cause of international problems is distrust of one's neighbours, fear of their designs, plans, policies. And, if we ask why one nation need fear the possible actions of another, the answer is, at root, because each must have trade, food, raw materials, in order to live. If this be accepted as a fact of life, our next question must be—how have the nations gone wrong in working out its practical implications ? And here, we begin to touch just slightly, but quite definitely, upon the real ' inside ' cause of world unhappiness today. The nations have made the error of adapting a false scheme of economics. Official economics is wrong ; or, at any rate, it is valid only for a particular and arbitrary basis, and this basis is fundamentally immoral by any definition of morality. World economic policy is based on competition for material things, on ' getting the better of the other fellow ', This, strictly speaking, is the accepted principle of good business, the rule of success, the essence of the ' science ' of salesmanship. On the international scale it is seen in quotas, subsidies, tariffs, and a host of ' sharp practice ' devices which lead to a scramble for raw materials and markets, and to a manoeuvring for preferences which cannot fail to annoy ' the other fellow ', and which lead inevitably to still more iniquitous counter-measures. Is it any wonder that the world finds itself in a state of potential conflict, and that economic and kindred problems are at the root of this international friction ?

What can we do about it ? It is obvious that no peaceful solution can be found whilst competition for material things remains the end toward which all human energy is directed both within and between the nations. Competition is synonymous with war ; and only through a fundamental reorientation of life, the unequivocal adoption of a new set of values in life—such values as shall lead to co-operation instead of competition, and to the mutual search for the common happiness—can a solution be found.

Who are these people who so mistakenly magnify the ' outside ' things f Are they not just children, ignorant of the meaning and values of life ; big, blundering, ill-brought-up children playing a rough-and-tumble game with dangerous toys ? They have not arrived at maturity or discretion; they see world affairs with the heroic give-me-the-moon eyes of childhood, magnifying insignificances, captivated by mere surface glitter, having neither the training nor the wish to discriminate.

And what do they make of it ? A cursory analysis of any of the importances which are kept in the forefront in the modern world will show what the outsiders are making of life. Let us take two of their main preoccupations, Patriotism and Pleasure. To outside-minded people, patriotism is largely synonymous with jingoism, flag-wagging, empire reverence, trade extension and militarism ; all of which are, intrinsically, of small—or negative—value. The inside components of patriotism, such as health (physical and mental), education for life, leisure for life, research into the real values of life, love of man for man, reverence for man as man, are either ignored or denied or pushed into the background and made subservient to the demands of the outside element. Again, the popular taste in pleasure is being subtly moulded by insidious outside forces in the interests of commercialism, with little regard for the development of an appreciation of those finer values underlying true pleasure. The outside gets first call on national revenue whilst the inside comes in for the residue, if any. The outside controls educational policy whilst inside interests are left to a few inspired prophets who are decried as cranks and faddists. Briefly, policies—which are essentially outside—have usurped the place of principles.

And worse—not only have the outside people failed to cultivate these inside primary values, but the qualities which they do cultivate and the ideals which they support are absolutely inimical to those germs of true inward-mindedness which stir in all of us in our unsophisticated years until they become overlain and suffocated by the brutal arrogance of an outer world of sheer materialism.

And worst of all—the outside is always attempting to cajole, threaten and persuade the inside by pseudo-scientific, pseudo-religious arguments into twisting and distorting its own sacred, eternal values into mere appanages of the false, showy, intrinsically ephemeral outside. We see this to-day very markedly in the case of economics, psychology and eugenics. All are pre-eminently humanistic sciences, concerned, at root, with the inside values ; and all are

being pulled to pieces and bandied about by ignorant journalists and politicians, and prostituted to the bullying partisans of mere outside importances. And herein lies one of the most terrible, most insidious dangers of the day, since the outside people possess all those qualities which appeal and lure and deceive, all the seductive traits of the male which have evolved through the ages—swagger, bluff, physical heroism (so often arising from moral cowardice), with more than a spice of cruelty and ugliness—and which are almost irresistible to the bewildered, often emotional, inside people.

What can be done about it ? Here we arrive at the inside people, for it is they alone who by preserving their integrity must save humanity. The others cannot do it. ' Their eyes are holden that they cannot see.' We, the inside people, must see and see clearly ; must act and act quickly. And we must act along our own native lines, using our own inside methods, the only legitimate methods open to us, the methods of Education and Propaganda. Through education we reach the young and those innately inside people whose susceptibilities need awakening, the ignorant, the apathetic, the misguided ; and through propaganda—the press, the theatre, art in all its forms—we reach those who are already enmeshed in outside interests, we appeal to ' the inside selves in many outside persons which lean away from the outer realities toward the inner ones '.

And this brings us to the core of our problem, the root-cause of the supremacy of outside-mindedness, the chief hindrance to reform ; and that is the fact that we, the inside people, are not agreed as to which are life's ' right ' values, and as to the direction in which the goal is to be found. Like Pilate we are still asking ' What is Truth ?' In this respect, inside and outside are alike guilty. Poets and preachers, artists and idealists, scientists and politicians, have set up their own arbitrary goal and have then proceeded to alter the Rules of the Game in a vain attempt to reach it. Surely, this is beginning at the wrong end, the Unknown end. As in mathematics, if we keep to the rules the answer must be true, whether we solve the problem by algebra or geometry, so also, if life be orientated correctly, the goal will look after itself. It may prove to be other-where than we had expected—but what of that ? We must determine scientifically which are life's right values.

Here, then, is a big inside programme.

(i) Determine which are the right values in life.

(2) Formulate principles for guidance in every department of life which shall not transgress these values.

(3) Inculcate these principles by education inside and by propaganda outside.

At first sight, such a programme seems appallingly big and hopelessly slow. But there are two powerful factors which should dispel our pessimism. Firstly, I am convinced that there is a far larger number of potentially inside people than appears. All outside people begin life inside ; inside is the place of birth and early education, the place where form (or deformity, alas !) is given to life, the place where the germs of this great sickness of the Body Politic lie in wait, in ignorant homes, in misguided schools, in warping environment generally, to infect susceptible burgeoning life with a false scale of values and so to drive them into this outside madness. It is here, then, that we must begin ; and by putting our houses in order, we shall save the world.

And secondly—it is characteristic of Truth to radiate with the rapidity of light. This is not poetic imagery, but scientific fact. When once the key is found, the door unlocked, the thing will' go ' by its own momentum, with the speed of life and light; it will grow in geometrical progression, and all the pent-up, naturally ' right' powers of mankind will surge upwards with a great yearning eagerness to seize the freedom and happiness which can come from Truth alone, from a life lived in consonance with the Universe.

The realism of this letter lies, first of all, in its simplified view of the cause of international difficulties : ' competition for material things.' This is as to say that if the raw materials of the earth, and the earth itself, were so divided that no nation could possibly complain of its share, we should have perfect behaviour in international affairs. Such a diagnosis discounts the element of national character : all nations are seen as equally motivated by materialistically competitive considerations. But we know that there is more bad behaviour and more good behaviour in international affairs than world economics express ; both the bad and the good impulses express themselves in ways which are non-economic—and frequently uneconomic, A ' false scheme of economics ' cannot be regarded as an ' inside cause of world unhappiness ', If we set about solving international disorder by imposing a sound economic scheme for the distribution of raw materials, we are saying that we do not care how badly people behave so long as they manage the distribu-

tion of material things in a satisfactory way. We are saying that their thoughts, their utterances, their attitudes and personal values disappear in their fulfilling the technicalities of a sound economic system.

The writer of this letter would probably protest that a good economic system is only the first stage of an entire system of guarantees against the pursuit of wrong values. But to say ' we must determine scientifically which are life's right values ' is to make truth equivalent to a science of suppression. Education in such values would be itself propaganda—hammering ' the rules of the game ' into impressionable minds.

If we could make people live by a set of scientifically determined rules, we should be barbarically suppressing all their energy of communication and co-ordination ; we should be suppressing the whole civilized content of life, except its material content. The dictatorship countries to-day are living each by its own scientifically determined rules, let it be remembered—beginning at what they choose to regard as the ' known ' and leaving the ' goal ' to look after itself. Their sciences of truth are techniques for automatic self-perpetuation along the irrelevant course : the course is a ' true ' one so long as they can continue in it—and their methods are education and propaganda. Indeed, a ' science ' of truth can have no other end but that of physical perpetuation ; so that all that the writer of this letter succeeds in envisaging (though his hope is undoubtedly for more) is racial survival.

A realistic view of the inside is the logical accompaniment of a realistic view of the outside—the inside as a source of science. Science is founded in, is an expression of, self-ignorance. It works by disintegrating the large, complex living structure in which one is contained into its previous elements : the material of science is always ' previous ', So this recommendation would involve a suppression of the immediate structure of existence, the elimination of its actual personal content and a going back to invent rules for avoiding the dangers inherent in being what we are now. And the impetus would be ' inside ' in using what we are now as a symbol of what not to be, what goal to avoid.

On the contrary : what we need to **do** is **to** recognize **that** the confused international surface gives **a** false picture of the actual quality and character of ourselves : to place **a** high value on ourselves, to own our excellences, to prove that what **the** international surface tells of us is not so. Every protest against the present outer confusion is **a** protest that it is not so, and evidence of its unreality. The proper answer to the outside suppression of the truth about ourselves is not a science of counter-suppression—but an explicit insistence on ourselves. The realistic view is, in fact, an incomplete census of the realities. A complete census, taking ourselves into full account, would place the outer realities in proper proportion and dissipate the outer confusion, which is essentially the consequence of an incomplete estimate of existence that we ourselves make. Many good people are not counting themselves in the grand total, and so it is only a petty total. The time has come when self-appreciation is **a** duty to the world.

The following charming letter from a Danish doctor is, in a curious way, an assertion of faith that life will continue in spite of its outer awfulness. It is also a recommendation of ways of avoiding a sense of responsibility for what is going on that is practised by many good and charming people. In this kind of suspension of self one is medically immune from sensation from without; and if everyone practised it the world would continue in a permanent condition of ' going on crazy and people shooting each other ', But we cannot be interested merely in saving life from its incidental mortality. We are all agreed that life goes on. The question is : what kind of immortality ? Some of us have very strong tastes in this matter —and recognize that not to exercise them is to choose the repetitively unfatal mortality of the present world situation.

From Jens Jensen

Now I have scratched my head for a week concentrating on the answer and I am not quite sure that I have understood you. You want to do your share to make the world a better place for everybody to live in ? Or you want advice to ' inside ' people **about how** to **be**

happy in spite of the world going on crazy and people shooting each other ?

I think the answers to both are obvious, and the same : join some Socialist party, pay your fee and give your vote. Then you do your share'

Do your work faithfully (especially if it does not consist in buying things for less than they are worth and selling them for more than they are worth).

Don't believe in God.

The following letter, clearly from a Buchmanite, takes a realistically pessimistic view of both the world and ourselves : we are each full of' sins of fear, and pride, etc.', and world sin is the sum of all the individual sins.

From Stella J. Underhill

The reason things are wrong with politics, international affairs and the world in general is just that man is leaving God out of his life, his home and his work. God has put every individual into this world for some reason and plan, and we have not tried to find out what the plan is, either for the individual, the nation or the world. We cannot believe we are here just to get on as best we can in the world God has made.

The world is made up of nations, nations of homes and homes of individuals, and until the individual becomes changed and God-controlled, homes, nations and the whole world will remain in a state of chaos.

Wars come from nations being afraid of each other, of thinking that another nation is going to ' down ' theirs. If we look into our own hearts, we see just the same sins of fear, pride, etc., which when multiplied thousands of times become national fear, pride, etc.

There is only one answer to your question, ' What shall we do ? What shall they do ?' and that is to give our lives over in full surrender to God for Him to use and control, ask **Him** to show us what is the next step to be taken by *me* personally, how I can be so changed that He **can** use me to change another home, and so start to **bring** about **a** changed, God-controlled England. This can only be done **by individual changing,** it cannot **be done in a mass.**

Women **have as great a part to play in changing the world as men have ; I was going to say a greater, as a woman has an unlimited in-**

fluence in the home, either for good or evil, and it is the homes that make up the nation. Until we get the rulers of nations living and working under the guidance of God, letting Him show them what is His plan for our unemployment question, for Germany and Colonies, for the war in Spain, for the Bolshevism of Russia, etc., etc., things cannot get any better.

' Any man can pick up divine messages if he puts his receiving-set in order. Definite, accurate, adequate information can come from the mind of God to the mind of men. This is normal prayer,'

If this realistic account of life as consisting of human vessels and their evil substance is taken as a true one, then how can we believe in the possibility of improvement, there being only the vessels and their evil substance to work with ? The writer of the letter asserts that improvement can come about by ' change '—the key-word of the Buchmanite cult. Change is a mild word for describing the greatest risk to which a person may be invited for his own good or the good of the world : the risk of emptying himself of his mind on the chance of being filled with a better one.

Whenever the idea of God is used to sustain a theory, we may substitute for the term ' God ' the term ' some unknown factor ', I do not feel obliged to discuss the Buchmanites' resort to God on religious grounds, because theirs is a psychological not a religious argument and must be so examined. They are not concerned with religious problems, but with the psychological treatment of inferior-minded persons.

That is, in order to take advantage of Buchmanite methods of self-improvement, you must be an inferior-minded person to begin with. A person who is not mentally inferior would naturally not react kindly to the suggestion that he should make a blank of himself. But if you are of inferior mind and recognize this and yet refuse to regard yourself as really you, the suggestion that you ' change ' is irresistible. You rid yourself of your inferior mind, and await, in this condition of hopeful vacancy, the advent of the unknown factor. You feel in good spirits while you are doing this, because the possibilities always seem infinite if one begins at nothing.

However: there remains the question of the unknown

factor. Now, the most attractive unknown factor that anyone could imagine who is in search of a better mind than his own is the unknown, very good mind of someone unknown. Buchmanites expose themselves to the air of chance in a state of prayerful receptivity, hoping to catch the very good minds of they do not care whom—the present owners being referred to under the numerous and nameless name of ' God ', There are, after all, it would seem, some rather good minds flying about.

People of good minds are really responsible for the Buchmanite illusion that good minds may be had for the catching. They have not held on to their minds hard enough, nor have they been explicit enough in valuing their minds—so that they have given the impression that anyone might help himself who pleased. The result is that people who practise the Buchmanite method of self-improvement come in time to believe that they have actually caught hold of something. What has happened, of course, is that they have got their own minds back again—with the sad difference that they think they are now in possession of superior minds. Feeling themselves superior, ' changed ', they no longer take such a solemn view of all their little faults of character. Whereas before they took too solemn a view, they now regard their imperfections as no obstacle to perfect behaviour : they believe that they are now behaving perfectly because of these new wonderful minds that they believe they have.

Let the people of good minds make accurate estimates of themselves ; this will give the people of less good minds a standard by which to measure themselves without the hysteria of self-revulsion. We have inferior-minded people among us, but to be inferior is not to be criminal; it is really the basis of all morality—for, in the perfectly thoughtful mind, thought and morality are identical and morality is a superfluous notion. ' Intelligence ' is the moral equivalent of thinking, and people achieve it by a moral recognition of their mental inadequacies. We must practise ' sameness' not ' change '—see recommendation 7, p. 420; and self-owning, not self-repudiation—sec recommendation 13, p. 497.

THE WORLD AND OURSELVES

From J. C. Sloanc, Jr.

A copy of your letter concerning the unhappy state of our inner lives in relation to the outer world has recently come to me and as it is such a very burning question I shall try to give you my views on some of the points you raise, though, as you are doubtless aware, it is far from easy.

In the first place I felt at once as I read your letter that you had touched on a problem which has long been of vital importance to me - namely, my private, or inside, life as now menaced by a group of forces over which 1 have no control. To put it very simply, I should be more than glad just to be let alone by a large part of the world whose affairs, hatreds, jealousies and stupidities bid fair to ruin all that I had planned for my life. Being, in a sense, an ' inside ' person (though I rather quarrel with your appellation ' feminine ' for this type of personality), I find that in all probability I shall not be able to preserve my mental and spiritual privacy for many more years, and the conclusion which is forced upon me is that the sooner we adjust ourselves to a much more outer form of existence the better.

I cannot help but take a far more pessimistic view of the situation than you do, largely because your assumption of the beauty of our inner lives seems to me to be erroneous. The order of things inside our houses is not in good condition and the number of people capable of living good ' inside ' lives seems to me to be pitifully small. Families have been in a state of gradual dissolution as a fundamental social unit, and as a teacher I see the results daily in the character and behaviour of the men here in Princeton University. The reduction of the scope of life to smaller areas is not possible ; but, even if it were, I do not believe that all would be harmony and peace. The intimate difficulties we experience in our private lives, and the common inability to solve those difficulties, are largely similar to, and the cause of, the larger troubles which afilict us nationally and internationally. Those chosen few who *can* live with consideration, thought and joy are being continually thwarted by those of the vast majority who cannot ; it has been so in the past and will be so in the future. Mr. H. G. Wells was only able to sol',e this problem in his story *In the Days of the Comet* by means of a pervading gas which altered man's inner nature mechanically—all other means having failed.

To me it appears that the world exhibits a terrible paradox : on the one hand an underlying desire to live peaceably, and on the other the desire to improve one's position—a process only accomplished at

the expense of others. The first inevitably is defeated by the second. It is plainly apparent that the meek will *not* inherit the earth and they have never done so. The Chinese appear as the only modern race who have bent their faculties for centuries toward the achievement of a harmonious inner life and now their very existence is threatened. They have been, and still are, incapable of mass-organization, which might conceivably produce a greater degree of private happiness for them alL What Mr. Ling Yu Tang calls ' the reasonable spirit ' is both their great virtue and their great defect, and their [4] inside ' life is at the mercy of the ' outside ' forces against which they have not the power to defend themselves, unless it be by sheer weight of inertia.

The complexities of the outer life which loom so ominously on our inner horizon are, in my opinion, the result of our own natures seen in the individual instance. The great figures of public life arc those men who devote themselves to the effort, which they may suspect is a vain one, to promote the inner values by the weight of an educated popular opinion. It is this opinion alone which supports law and government of whatever kind, and to it we owe what small security we have. If we retire altogether into our homes we are lost. You are very right when you reduce national and international affairs to simple emotional terms, but at the same moment the inherent difficulty back of the whole terrible structure is apparent—it is precisely those emotions out of which man as an individual is made. Can that be changed ? There is the great problem. The greatest single effort to do so has obviously failed up to now, for we seem prepared to destroy ourselves in a more thorough fashion than ever before, and what then remains to be tried ?

The whole problem appears to be a vicious circle ; for the individual is powerless as such, and when organized to become effective he must surrender much of his individuality.

This has been a most unsatisfactory reply to your very interesting letter ; I fear it contributes very little to any solution of what is, to my mind, the most important question we have to face. But I doubt if any reply is possible.

To this letter I feel moved to make a number of counter-assertions, since it contains a number of assertions about the present state of inside experience, on which I am at least as reliable an authority as the writer, that I regard as unjustifiably gloomy. My assertions differ from his in the direction of a

higher estimate of the inside qualities of people; and are not merely counter-assertions, but counter-evidence.

If one is going to estimate inside qualities as possessed to-day, and inside existence as lived to-day, one must be careful to avoid using outside evidence. Apparent excellence in outside things may mean no more than that we have neglected inside things ; while apparent incapacity with outside things may mean no more than that we are refusing to be distracted by them from inside things. One must not use outside evidence as inside evidence. Inside experience is intensive, and therefore seems quantitatively smaller than outside experience, which is extensive. Dividing their experience into inside and outside halves, people are apt to include in inside experience much that is inside in character only by sentimental-realistic interpretation-even as they become inside-conscious and make a large claim of themselves from the surrounding tangle of experience. We must be careful in drawing the line : for, as I have said, outside evidence is generally misleading when used as inside evidence.

We arc not yet comfortable in assessing inside experience by inside values ; we use the terminology of inside success awkwardly. But let us rather be awkward than use the language of outside success, by which we shall certainly iind ourselves deficient—the very use of this language induces a blindness to our actual inside content.

1low to assess the insideness of ourselves and of the people with whose inside qualities we come into contact ? We can assess our own insideness by the power of our minds to maintain coherence between thought and thought, distinction between emotion and emotion ; and by our power to recognize what is permanent, and what impermanent, in its significance. Wc can place a high value on ourselves as we are aware in ourselves of a sense of values and on others as they in communicating with us speak a language eloquent of a sense of values. We must make this assessment apart from external evidence. That we are economically unsuccessful, that we are compelled by outer circumstances to live in one place when we had rather be living in another, that our

material setting, both locally and internationally, is in confusion —none of this is admissible evidence if we are assessing outselves internally.

By a strict count of what is internally good we have much to count. Fears of what the outer confusion is going to do to us in a few years are irrelevant : the necessity is to make the count now. I, myself, make the internal count by standards that would be regarded as severe ones by many people ; yet I can conscientiously assert, on intimate evidence, that I know twenty-five people of high mental virtue ; and have indirect evidence, through more remote contact, of a good many more. I would say, further, that from most of the petty daily contacts in my experience there is to be extracted a serenity indicating that virtue of self is not in these days an eccentric property. There is nothing mysterious in it. My experience is not unique ; the personal contacts of my adult life have been varied in place and in what might be called class. If I can make such an estimate, all of you can—and, in fact, most of you do.

The pessimistic conclusions which people tend to draw about people in general bears little relation to their actual intimacies and contacts : they are usually drawn by looking at the newspapers and excluding one's private experience from the count—looking through the newspapers to an imaginary all-lamentable world behind it. Just now, as I was writing this, the evening newspaper was brought to me. Mr. Justice Swift has died ; certain ' pungent ' remarks of his are quoted in the informal obituary. One is happily apposite : ' I have been an associate of criminals all my life. . . . I know there is a great deal of good in the worst of them.' This is an example of a favourable inside calculation made against more unfavourable outside evidence than most of us have to cope with in our judgments. 'Mr. Justice Swift had the reputation for being one of the most outspoken judges of the King's Bench.'

We need to be more outspoken about our inner qualities and —let us use the word to be gracious with ourselves—our inner beauties : it is only on our own evidence that they can figure in the general assessment of contemporary circumstances. They cannot be deduced from outside hatreds, jealousies,

stupidities ; all that can be deduced from ruinous circumstances is what is ruiiiable. Inside integrities are the only elements of existence that are not ruinable, and it is only by collecting internal evidence of them that we can hope to secure ourselves against the variations of external circumstances. With inadequate internal evidence we are in danger of using external evidence by which to judge ourselves, and of drawing the defeatist conclusion that power is with the forces of variation and disturbance. Yet we could not make this treacherously gloomy judgment of ourselves without a sense of values ; it is made in the vanity of self-rejection. We do not need to be better, but to own to the goodness we have.

To estimate inside existence by the dissolution of the family as a unit of intimate association is to use outside evidence as inside evidence. The family began to dissolve because it did not satisfy the higher standards of intimate association that had developed--did not have sufficient internal reality. It is now largely an external unit; where inside life and family life coincide, as in co-operative association between parents and children, sisters and brothers, the morality of the relationship is that of friendship. The replacement of the family code of patriarchal absoluteness by standards of friendship is inside evidence that people are leading better lives—better in the inside sense. Historical evidence about the dissolution of the family has external relevance—relevance to the external subject of legal and social change rather than to the internal subject of the personal conditions of existence. To deduce that, because the family is dissolving, personal values are in chaos is as to say that, because a person's body is ten years older than it was, his mind must be so much the less coherent : both are judgements based on outside evidence. Or as to say that there is sympathetic connection between the good name of a dead person and the condition of his corpse ; or between the mental capacities of human beings and their racial retention of animal capacities commemorative of ancient biological triumphs.

As for the character and behaviour of university students : the official relations between teacher and students in American universities cannot be regarded as inside patterns of contact;

and English universities officially provide not much more opportunity for intimate contact between teacher and student. What may be observed in the conventional occasions of education must (alas) be regarded as outside evidence in any count of inside qualities and potentialities. Nevertheless, although education is at present cast upon an external rather than internal level of contact, intimate communication between student and teacher is more common than it used to be in educational institutions; and even because the distinction between personal and official relationship has become clearer as education has grown more systematically external in its emphasis. This is true of contacts between student and student as well as of contacts between teacher and student : the personal element can be more freely isolated from the formal element. I call it evidence of an increased inside sensitivity of character and behaviour in both teachers and students that a teacher now naturally pauses in his mind to study the individual character and behaviour of his students ; but to do so in sociological terms is to waste these unconventional occasions of contact.

To have as an underlying desire the mere desire to live peaceably is indeed to be merely meek ; and the meek will certainly not inherit the earth. It is a fallacious argument, however, which identifies the ambition of mental integrity with the ambition of peaceful living. All active-minded people want economic security, but this ambition is, in most, incidental to the ambition of making the best out of themselves : ' to do good ', according to what their mind names good. There is no contradiction between the two ambitions, one being the physical aspect of the other. But an ambition of peaceful living may well mean merely a desire to avoid responsibility. Interest in economic security suggests some ambition of mental integrity, while peaceablencss implies no more than a demand that one be benevolently provided for. When people concern themselves with the problem of economic security they are at least showing a readiness to face responsibilities of self-defence.

The desire to be self-respectingly independent and neverthe-

less to live in an easy way that involves dependence produces the sentimental paradox that the higher one's values are the more one is at the mercy of brutal outer forces. It is not a real paradox, only an indication that mental complacency is being confused w[r]ith mental integrity. This is how it happens that people of apparently high values become exclusively concerned with the ambition of improving their position : when their mental complacency is not answered by flattering physical provisions, they turn resentful and seek not only economic security but economic revenge. People want something more than peace, are more than merely meek, if they really have high mental aims ; it is dishonest to let these rest at the negative ambition of not being interfered with. And the dishonesty appears when they face the problem of economic security : they necessarily behave in an ugly way, because they are telling a lie about themselves. They brutally demand economic ease from the world in return for being meekly nothing—although privately they have a high opinion of themselves. This is not true privacy, but secrecy ; they are keeping their personal goodness to themselves. The terms on which they deal with outer circumstances do not match the terms in which they really think of themselves. Their show of mental meekness is belied by their economic initiative—and by their secret knowledge that within they are mentally independent beings.

The outer economic situation thus reflects the dishonesty of people in not owning to their full degree of mental rcsponsiblcness ; they carry on the self-defensive activities as it were incognito, in the guise of economic systems, governmental and international provisions, legal regulations—by means of which they conceal the reality that they are providing for themselves, not being provided for. It is this lie which produces much of the economic brutality of modern life. People in general now exercise more economic initiative than people did formerly, because they are more responsible mentally ; **but** economic initiative becomes an ugly force when it wears the badge of peaceablencss. Some people are naturally dependent and meek-minded, but these are not the ones who produce the paradox to which J. C. Sloane refers. The paradox is produced

by people of positive qualities of mind—the people whom **I call** ' ourselves '—who disown their mental initiative in professions of mere peaceableness and whose initiative therefore appears only economically, in a contradictorily aggressive form.

The character and fate of the Chinese do not really afford an apt illustration of the paradox. Their meek reasonableness is part of an ancient technique of avoiding self-assertion—which includes an avoidance of all the risks of responsibility. They do not lead an ' inside life ' in the positive sense ; their morality is day-to-day, not a universal technique. It does not attempt to solve problems, only to avoid them self-protectively. ' We ' are not like that; we arc positive-minded and assume, by the quality of our minds, universal responsibilities. That the Chinese are ' at the mercy of outside forces ' is no disproof of the soundness of their technique ; it is a proof only that we who are positive-minded are neglecting our responsibilities. The Chinese are an example of the kind of people to whom we owe peace, in return for their self-restraint. But we can only give them peace by releasing our own positive virtue of self from the restraints of a false peaceableness. We suffer from a squeamish reluctance to love ourselves though we secretly think well of ourselves ; and this makes us behave unlovingly and unlovably in the execution of our responsibilities.

We must own to ourselves, ' Great figures of public life ' can only ' educate popular opinion ' in a hypocritical complacency—a suave dependence by all upon all for a guardian graciousness not too closely demanded of any. The only honest education toward a positive harmony of civilized existence is the self-education of the mentally independent in a courage of their goodness, and the education of the merely peaceable in pleasures of dependence responsibly offered them. Otherwise, the world is drawing upon a moral credit the authenticity of which we have not troubled to establish.

From Gerald Claypole

To talk of inner and outer lives is a convenient but rather dangerous short-hand. An individual life must be both outer and inner : happiness consists of a proper fusion of the two, I dissent entirely

from your view that ' outer employments are intrinsically commonplace and blank ', with its corollary that only ' inner ' employment is valuable. Not only is it obviously true that our mere existence depends on such activities as the provision of food and clothing, but I would maintain that for most, if not all, a high proportion of customary, semi-mechanical work is necessary as a kind of psychological basis for imaginative or intellectual creation. The very act of composition in the arts requires material media in order to become real. The only ' inner ' activities that are independent or self-supporting are those of contemplation and ecstasy. I am not prepared to regard ecstasy as a method of dealing with our present discontents, although it may very well be a final aim of the race, as (J. B. S. suggests in the last act of *Back to Methuselah.*

I would also disagree, for practical reasons, with your half-amused, half-superior dismissal of international problems as so much childishness. Essentially you are right ; tact and grace could solve them. I've little doubt, too, that the world could be smoothly and happily run on the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. But no one will take any notice of you if you support or proclaim such a solution ; they call it Utopian and ask you to balance the budget. They may be wrong ; the world may be unconsciously famishing for a new gospel of gaiety and light, and if St. Francis and Erasmus were reincarnated in a single personality he might be the miraculous healer we need. But would he be listened to, unless he proved at least as capable a politician as Lenin and Mussolini ?

Behind your no doubt partly provocative suggestions there seems to lurk the idea that the ' outer life ' is rather a bad joke. I regard it as a raw and often ugly new city which we shall have to live in. . . . Call this age materialist and sceptical if you like. The terms are accurate enough. But they are by no means wholly sinister. The increasing kindness, good humour and tolerance of private life is very largely due to the increasing richness of that life, and I mean by richness material as well as spiritual plenty. Possession of a motor-car, a secure salary, even access to cinema, are aids to virtue as well as to mere enjoyment. At the moment many of us may be suffering a mild form of intoxication in the use of this new wealth which has been let loose upon us too suddenly and violently for perfect ingestion. We are not yet acclimatized. But compare an average young driver, who has been brought up in a car, with his father who had to learn its ways painfully and late : studied acquaint-

ance is passing into easy familiarity and the new and faster tempo is becoming intuitive.

The failure and danger at the present time are centred in our ignorance and carelessness about the ' works ' of the industrial-political-economic ganglion, not in any likelihood of a surrender to the cheap conveniences it provides. Life is overshadowed by vague menaces, by actual wars, by the narrow and selfish dogmas taught in countries where a political breakdown of society has occurred. But the breakdown is itself evidence of the real nature of modern society. The large scale, the complications, the sensitivity of national and international units, make a proper control vital ; when such control falters or ceases men will surrender an inordinate amount of their individuality, will follow almost any leader, if they think disruption can be thus avoided. And rightly. For the inner permanent values of which your letter speaks, the real basis of a good life, cannot be preserved in this age of power unless government is both active and real, and unless there is thorough knowledge and understanding of the nature of the problems it has to face.

Dissemination of this knowledge and a clear enunciation of the principles on which this close-meshed modern society must be conducted are the first duty of thinking men and women to-day. The churches are dull and the schools timid. But the power of the written word (and the spoken word) is still growing greater. Such enterprises as the Penguin and Pelican Books are overdue. The influence of writers like Shaw and Wells is immense—no matter what highbrow cliques may think about them—simply because they tackle the real problems and spread both news and intelligence. There is a tremendous amount of sheer ignorance to be dealt with. Few people, even of high ability, understand what money is and how it works. Yet governments fall, people starve, crops are wasted, for purely financial reasons. Codes of morality, business, national and international, are hopelessly vague and inconsistent. Goodwill is confined to activities which merely patch rents in the fabric of society instead of strengthening the tissue. The discoveries of applied science are held up by vested commercial interests. In short, the reasonable conduct of life which millions of individuals practise is not recognized on the plane of corporate units.

The very last thing that thinking and sensitive people should do at this point is to separate themselves from current trends of economic and political life and controversy. If they do, the ' fretful blundering Napoleons ' of whom you speak will, by virtue of that reckless

energy which is the special mark of Napoleons, succeed in grabbing the control of more governments and perverting the manners of more innocent nations. It rests with professional writers and readers to formulate and advocate such an extension of Christian doctrine as will cover contemporary sins and follies. By all means let them keep themselves unspotted while they do this. The despair, masochism and conceit of so much would-be art and literature to-day handicaps the artist quite as much as it does his audience. But to hold oneself aloof, to hope that civilization can be sustained by select groups, at a time when contacts are closer and more intricate than ever before, is a fallacy in space as well as in duration.

This letter illustrates very clearly the realistic attitude to fixed distinctions. Obviously, there are such distinctions ; if there were not, it would mean that nothing existed except a single universal all-same inexpressible entity which could not even be described as existence—because there were no distinctions by which to describe it. Obviously, there are outer phenomena of material substance and physical action ; and there are inner phenomena of consciousness, personal identity, knowledge, mental action. Outer and inner phenomena are different in kind. This is not a mysterious distinction—we know it by the difference between what we are as minds and as bodies, by the difference between thought and physical contact, by the difference between understanding and doing, the fulfilment of mental ends as opposed to the satisfaction of physical needs. The realist knows that such distinctions exist, but is committed to simplifications because committed to the quickest way out of difficulties ; he is interested in the convenient abbreviation of the moment. Thus, the distinction between the inner and outer aspects of life is translated, even while he is admitting the distinction, into a convenient fusion—an individual life must be both outer and inner ; as if the only legitimate purpose in making distinctions was to blur them.

Thus also, if I assert the obvious, that the work of thought is fundamentally more valuable than the labour of digging potatoes, the realist puts me in the position of denying that it is necessary to eat, in order that he may make a realistic fusion of thinking and eating—and define distinct inner activity as ' con-

templation and ecstasy', indentifying it with mentally passive states in which people are notoriously oblivious of material realities. Or, if I assert that in the private pursuit there is a degree of significance and fulfilment not to be attained in the public pursuit, etc., then by the realist's measure I am making an impossible claim, because the convenience of the moment (which is to be of divided mind) demands a fluctuating importance for all kinds of pursuits, regardless of fundamental distinctions. If I say that the large-scale material problems of outer life should be handled with no more emphasis than a civilized scale of values allows to material problems, then I am defying the realistic standard of importance—that thing is most important which is for the moment most distracting : I am disdaining the views of sensible people, in allotting importance according to real rather than realistic values. I am ' essentially right ', but it is necessary to disagree with mc ' for practical reasons '—these being that ' no one will take any notice of you ' if you offer real solutions.

This frankness enables us to understand the growth of the contemporary tradition of realism. As people grow self-consciously civilized they acquire a confidence in their ability to solve problems quickly, and then a confidence in the readiest solution at hand—but in that only from the point of view of immediate convenience, since by their civilized values they must know that the immediately convenient solution is not necessarily the final one, Gradually they find themselves in the position always of believing for the moment in that in which they do not really believe. They do not really believe that motor-cars are *per se* an aid to virtue ; but a motor-car provides an immediately convenient solution, and so for the realistic moment has hypothetical value as an instrument of virtue. ' Inner permanent values ' are admitted to be ' the real basis of a good life ', but civilized technical cleverness induces a fascination with the momentary solution—which requires to be momently renewed, or there is a general loss of confidence. Civilization produces self-confidence which produces a realistic boldness which produces a dependence on technical cleverness ; and when external technique, or realism, breaks down because it has been allowed

to proceed without relation to ' inner permanent values ', drawing on itself to the point of sterility, the recommendation is—more realism. Realistic energy having reached a point of exhaustion, the only new impetus that seems to remain is time. The only new solutions which are now being realistically produced are more weeks, more months. Time itself has come to be regarded as a solution. It is, for example, the only ' new impetus ' that any of the European powers have introduced into the Spanish situation ; and they have all employed it to the single effect of prolonging the situation. The prolongation has itself come to be regarded as a solution, each power interpreting the prolongation as a solution of its own. Thus realistic technique, designed for the quick solution, is punished for evading the real solution by being forced to demonstrate with tedious slowness that it produces no solution.

More realism, more realistic intelligence : Shaw, Wells, modern novels, time and time and more time. It does not matter by what name you call it—intelligence or science or extended Christianity—so long as you enjoy the satisfaction of feeling that you are keeping up with time. This is all there is to say of the world, looking at it from the outside, as a realistic achievement: that it has kept up with time, run along with time, has no reality except as time. But, as well as being the present realistic achievement in all its meaningless confusion of good and bad incident, it is also the realistic recommendation for the suppression of bad incident: the production of more time. All that the world is as a material conglomerate, and is producing, is time ; in so far as the world in this sense is made the whole story, or the only practically relevant explanation of existence, the only equipment that can be envisaged for world-order is time-producing equipment. We thus vest responsibility in our meanest talents—and the result is that, exhausted by responsibility, they become vices of irresponsibility. A realistic account of the capacities of people to-day would not permit the suspicion that they were endowed with anything more serviceable than talents of momentary convenience. Nothing seems to be happening except incidents motivated by convenience ; time is being conveniently passed, but confusedly

also, because where there are no other expressed standards than those of convenience all activities must be translated into its terms.

But we have nevertheless other standards than those of convenience, and only a small part of our behaviour is actually motivated by it. Yet no recognition of any other kind of behaviour is possible within the realistic scope of life. We live mostly, that is, outside ourselves, although a large part of our activity can only make sense if lived inside ourselves. The outside of life, properly the realm of immediate convenience, is crowded with energies that are perverted in being made to serve convenience, and actually produce inconvenience.

However, if we assert that what we are on the inside must be regarded as something concretely happening, in order that our activities of convenience shall bespeak our presence in the world, presumably no one is going to take any notice of it. Indeed, it is not the kind of assertion of which realistic notice can be taken. This is at least a guarantee that any notice taken of it will be real notice.

The assertions and decisions now needed are personal ones. If anything more than confusion is to happen observably in the world, it must begin in ourselves—by our making ourselves happen. Only by being the governing source of our events can we have a world of more than newspaper reality. As for Shaw and Wells, these are but newspapers—the one ironically to-day's always out-of-date newspaper, the other pathetically to-morrow's always out-of-date newspaper.

From Sir Edward Marsh, K.C.V.O.

Here begin the words of Tolstoi: 'Life meanwhile, the actual life of men with their real interests of health and sickness, labour and rest, with their interests of tftought, science, poetry, music, love, affection, hatred, passion, went its way, as always, independently, apart from the political amity or enmity of Bonaparte, and apart from all possible reforms.'

Wasn't it rather a coincidence that I should come across that in *War and Peace* two days after I got your letter ?

Being on the whole an inside person (though only of the secondary

male variety) I am in all possible sympathy with your objects. I like your phrase about the ' fretful, blundering Napoleons ',

But just one or two points. Isn't there a dangerous ' duplicity ' in your phrase ' inside the houses and the minds ' ? You first advance the unchallengeable fact that ' inside the houses ' is the special province of women, and then try to lead us on, rather insidiously I think, to accept the position that ' inside the minds ' is women's *special* province too. To my mind the two ' insides ' are on a different footing. Domestic economy seems to me to be woman's province in much the same way as politics, diplomacy, etc., are man's ; and it's rather a jump from this to argue that women have a primacy in the things of the mind just because the word ' inside ' can be applied here also.

Is it not beyond a doubt that the source of all the ' inside ' things, so far as Europe is concerned, was the Athenian State, and that in those origins women played hardly any part at all ? Do let us therefore mutually admit the equality of the two sexes in these matters I I have enough of the old Adam in me to protest when you arrogate ' predominance in the inner world ' to the female element. (I am grateful to you, by the way, for admitting that men do better as women than women do as men !)

To your concluding questions, ' how are we to stop them ? ' etc., I have no answer at all. If a fretful blundering Napoleon chooses to run amuck, I can see none but ' outside ' means of protecting ourselves from him.

But if you, or any of your examiners, can suggest a method I shall be very much interested in hearing what it is, and shall wish it all the best.

The realistic assumption here is that inside interests go their way ' independently '—as Tolstoi puts it. Tolstoi's comment is to be read, rather than as a factual statement that' real interests ' are little affected by outside circumstances, as a special definition of inside interests—those which may be pursued apart from outside circumstances, individualistically. Sir Edward's definition of inside things would be the same, I believe ; that he finds their source in the Athenian State confirms this. For we can only regard the Athenian State as the source of inside interests if we make them equivalent to individualistic pursuits : the Athenian State was the first body politic that provided for

individualism. But by inside life, things, interests, I do not mean the rights of the individual as against the rights of the community. The values of insideness so construed are individualistic values, whereas by inside values I mean those which result from self-relation to the permanent generalities of existence. Inside values are indeed merely ' independent' values when they are individualistic, and as such operate in contradiction and irrelevance to community or outside circumstances, with which they maintain a pact of non-interference ; of this pact the Athenian State was undoubtedly the sponsor. ' In those origins ', I quite agree, ' women played hardly any part at all.' And if one accepts this realistic view of the origins of inside experience, one's definition of it will naturally be in terms of the individualistic activities of men in history—and ' inside the houses ' will of course carry no other meaning than that of domestic economy.

Here we have another tragic confusion caused by the realistic use of language. In many people of inside temperament the term ' inside ' evokes cultural sympathy—but their commitment to the realistic senses of words allows them to put no other construction upon ' inside life ' than the individualistic works of men. It is difficult to fit women into such a picture—because it is not in accordance with the nature of women to make an individualistic career of insideness. The inside works of women are inside existence itself. Women have not in the past been professionally conspicuous, because they are not realists; it requires a realistic interpretation of insideness to make individualistic works the sole evidence and content of internal reality. Now, when women are manifesting their insideness in other forms than those of intimate emotional contact, there will always be this fundamental difference in emphasis between the good inside work of woman and the good inside work of man : the ' I ' in the woman's work will be identical with the truth made explicit in the work, while in the man's work the' I ' will be the realistic element neutralized in the truth of the work. Women do not have to impose the discipline of impersonality on themselves, because they can be personal without being individualistic. In order to be personal—in the pure sense of voicing

the inner realities of existence—men must be impersonal. If it is to be said that women were not in the past conspicuous as professional inside people, it is also to be said that the professional inside activity of men was largely individualistic, that their works of literature and art were inside only in the negative sense of standing *apart* from official externalities, rather than in the sense of being positive dedications of themselves to inside existence.

All of which could be refuted by saying that it does not correspond with the realistic appearance of things; but such a refutation would confirm my point that the realistic scope of language and understanding limits existence arbitrarily to what has already found expression in history. The realistic assessment makes ourselves as we are now identical with the history of life up to now. My contention is, precisely, that we are indeed living in this way, by realistic assessment : that the world we use is one to which we have not added our immediate selves, and that the disorders of this world are the result of our effective absence from it. If we insisted upon the central reality of ourselves as inner beings, the official externalities would not have the power to operate in disconnection from us. To view inside activities as operating ' independently ' is to acquiesce in this disconnection. Inside activities are generated by a sense of the permanent values ; and if permanent values are not applied critically to outside activities, which rest upon temporary values, then temporary values simulate authority and apply themselves critically to inside activities. To regard inside activities as standing individualistically apart is to accept external standards of criticism, and give over the power of judgement to temporary, that is temporal, values.

If we do not break this realistic spell, all civilized self-development will have achieved no more than to intensify individualism, on the one hand, and the technique of time-life, on the other. We shall be in the position of having explored the distinctions between consciousness and matter, self and history, only to wrench existence apart from itself—in defiance of the right to compose it that we have proved ourselves to have. This is, in fact, the position we are in at the moment, if the realistic

appearance of the world be taken as a true account of ourselves. The realistic spell must be broken, not in order to save ourselves from annihilation, but simply because a prolonged lie brings a painful revulsion. The sooner we own to ourselves, and to all the significances suppressed in the realistic version of existence, the less painful will be the revulsion that many people already see on the way, in envisaging annihilation. The dreaded annihilation is, of course, the annihilation of the Lie.

The language of realism is deceptive in seeming to allow to inside activities their full significance, since such terms as poetry, art, etc., figure in its vocabulary. Actually, it allows them only the status of being things that people ' do '; they represent so much time and energy spent, but no fixed value is put upon them—because they do not produce results that can be defined in ' practical ' terms. They are not denied value, but given the courtesy-value of being perhaps ultimately valuable. Inside people are themselves tempted to use language indiscriminately, in both a real and a realistic way ; and thus the most important meanings of language lie under a cloud, as not being immediately demonstrable in the form of practical results—of temporal incidents, that is.

This confusion in the senses in which language is used introduces realistic fallacies into the notions which words represent. ' Poetry ', for example, is burdened with the fallacy that it does really consist of temporal incidents, in a mysterious way which psychology (realism applied to consciousness) may one day illuminate ; or the fallacy that it is, contradictorily, useful in being useless. Realism secretes a mysticism which must be constantly administered as an antidote to its suffocating effects. And it is by this mystical accompaniment that people can persuade themselves that the real and realistic uses of language are approximately the same. If one uses words in a real sense one is likely to be accused of ' obscurity ', because the realistic habit of language accustoms people to leave all but the surface implications of words in mystical uncertainty : one is delving into regions of meaning customarily left obscure, and so one is € obscure ',

I am sure that Sir Edward had no feeling, in writing this

letter, that he was using language in a realistic way : the genuineness of his inside sympathies would naturally prevent that suspicion. Realism intervenes between thought and articulation, ' taking the words out of our mouths ', as the homely phrase goes, and making them into a language-of-the-world that is not our own. ' The world ' used to be dumb, and people used to speak to themselves in whispers. Then people spoke aloud, acquiring the confidence of their voices in acquiring the confidence of their minds. And ' the world ' (the variable daily companion, the stranger continuously exhausted in acquaintance) overheard, and learned itself to speak. The language it acquired was not really our own : the words sounded the same, but the meanings were made out of the day 's happenings. This language we have allowed to overwhelm our own : the technique that we developed for simplifying daily, material problems has swollen beyond the sane limits of technique and become a ghostly duplicate of ourselves—draining us of our motivation, our significances, our very language. We are almost persuaded that in speaking this language we are speaking our own—that in assuming the world's tone, look, mannerisms, we are being ourselves.

What we have to do is to teach the world our language instead of relearning our own from it; to make the day's happenings derive from us, instead of deriving ourselves from their realistic mock-resemblance to us. If the source of consciousness and language were unequivocally placed in ourselves, realism would have no other prestige than that of being a technique for economy in mental energy and language. The only justification for all our technical expertness is in the waste of mind it may save—the desire to save physical energy merely does not produce technique. Machines, for example, may save trivial use of the mind, and talk : justifiable machinery does this. But when we allow material technique to take control, realism usurps our identity, and the source of language is placed in daily happenings, as if these were ourselves. Instead of economy of language, we have realistic abbreviations garrulously simulating language—and, ironically, more trivial talk rather than less (broadcasting, for instance).

In recommending a method of real, as opposed to realistic language, I should be recommending a method of emergence from the sinister outer shadow in which we have merged our existence. We must first emerge from this shadow before we can exercise inner control over outer circumstances. My fourteenth recommendation is for what might be called a therapeutic of anti-realism : see p. 509.

From George McLean Harper

My first impulse after reading your letter was to express unqualified approval, in the following terms : Public hysteria, to which even quiet ' inside ' people are liable, is a cause not only of war, but of unhappiness in time of peace, and since public disaster is not certain and cannot anyhow be averted by fussing and fretting, it is wise to keep cool. Men and women have not yet grown equal to managing the big undertakings to which they are tempted by modern mechanisms, and therefore had better not give up the ' smaller ' life which, after all, is ' the haunt and the main region ' of human happiness and will remain so, even if they ever do master their machines. So we should not try to exchange too rapidly an existing welfare for a doubtful experiment of { progress ', Apprehension of danger from foreign foes leads to armament, and armament leads inevitably to war. What is called ' foresight' in public affairs, a supposed prophetic sense of manifest destiny, has done more harm than good. A humble opportunism is safer. Let us, therefore, not' take upon's the mystery of things ' (' mystery ' in the sense of *ministerium,* i.e. administration, management).

g; In a letter by Wordsworth published in Professor de Selincourt's great edition occurs a passage which supports your contention that persons who have a poet's sense of values should be satisfied with cultivating the private, inward virtues and joys : ' It is an awful truth, that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of Poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is the truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of Poetry in my sense of the word is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.'

If by poetry we mean the perception of eternal and universal Truth, John Selden in his *Table Talk* uttered the same thought that

you express in your letter, when he says : [f] In troubled times you can see little Truth ; when times are quiet and settled, then Truth appears,'

Thus far my reflections were in agreement with your letter. But I chanced to observe that a large, heavy flagstone in the pavement before my house had, during a period of several months, sunk almost an inch below its former level and that this change was caused by the activity of innumerable ants, which had carried grains of sand from beneath it. There came to me then the thought that the quiet, unobtrusive people of the human species, the women and those whom you term ' poets ', have the power and also the duty to influence, by their intelligence and by ultimate reference to ' inside ' welfare, first their immediate environment and thus, in time, the outside world. That the performance of this duty must often involve a sacrifice of their present happiness, and even of many kinds of present usefulness, is doubtless true ; but my Fable of the Ants suggests that we should ' say not the struggle nought avaiieth ' and should do our share in support of public measures of reform and progress.

In the above letter (from another teacher at Princeton University) the disconnection between inside and outside life is made a commonsense inside attitude. The possibility of exercising a complete and vigorous control of outside technicalities seems uncertain : ' a humble opportunism ' avoids testing our actual capacity for ordering life in all its aspects. By leaving outside affairs somewhat to chance, we can dismiss much that would otherwise worry us as confusions for which we are not personally responsible. We thus hold ourselves personally responsible only for a restricted, walled-in area of life—inner equanimity protects us from outer shock. Inside life so conceived is limited to the achievement of a sophisticated equanimity, the snob stoicism of being helpless to avert sordid disaster. Two separate codes are subscribed to : a cultural code for inside life, and the realistic code of chance for outside life. The inside faculties are protected from contamination by outside circumstances, do not treat with them—in order to avoid responsibility for them.

At this point the writer of the above letter feels a pang of conscience—not an inner pang of responsibility, but rather a

realistic sense of the criticism to which such a position exposes itself. Therefore, perhaps, inside people should ' support public measures ' : give alms to the outside world in the form of outside energy. The ' self-sacrifice ' involved is that of producing this conscience-money of outside energy.

Obviously the only sincere gestures that can be made by inside people toward outside circumstances are gestures which draw their vigour from inside energy ; and the missing factor in the control of these circumstances is, precisely, inside energy, mental responsibility. The gift of outside energy to outside circumstances is actually a declaration of submission to them, invoking them to assume a greater responsibility and authority than they have already assumed. Thus people combine a reckless vanity of mind in the realm of thought with a reckless slavishness of action in the realm of their daily physical routine : this is how people are really behaving, alternating in mood between abstract equanimity and realistic pangs of conscience.

The only genuine alms that can be given to the outside world are our very minds ; and this can be done only be removing the dividing wall of realism, which is a product of an essential impotence of responsibility in outside circumstances and of our own restriction of the field of personal responsibility. We do not remove the wall by supporting ' public measures '—but thicken it rather, increase our insensitivity to the impact of the outside world upon us. The only kind of measures that can have a real external effect are private measures ; to formulate and practise them will be to exercise honestly that confidence in ourselves which we have so far confessed only to our private mirrors. Our mental faces are, in fact, only mirror-faces : we do not turn our minds upon the world, we exist in it invisibly. It is we who feed the world's sight, and the picture that the world makes of us is the one to which we must daily conform. By keeping invisible all that we really are, life becomes a lifeless realistic photography. The world will not be really ours until it is the portrait of ourselves painted by ourselves.

This way of describing the world and ourselves may be found embarrassingly different from the realistic description to which we have been accustomed. We need to be thus embarrassed.

One of my purposes in making this book is to embarrass people into feeling, looking, saying, ' ,' ', ' *We* ', The release from secrecy must start somehow, and embarrassment is one way to start it—as, sometimes, the only way to make tight-lipped people speak is to embarrass them into speech by showing them that one does not regard their silence as normal. Realistic decorum works by ignoring indiosyncrasies of behaviour and pretending that people are behaving naturally although it is obvious that they are not. People to-day are living under the rule of realistic decorum : not merely in outer affairs, but even in the inner fields of experience. Inner behaviour defers to realistic standards, and so long as it does it will be impossible to impose standards of normal operation on the outside world. Somehow the realistic decorum must be broken. It cannot be broken by indecorous private agitation for ' public measures '—the required gestures must themselves have a real decorum. In this book I am attempting, with the help of all the mixed behaviour so generously provided by its contributors, to determine the required embarrassing gestures.

From B.H.B.

Everyone to-day, with the possible exception of the dictators of the world, feels to a greater or lesser degree that the time is out of joint. This feeling is naturally most acute amongst the ' inside ' people, both because they, from their very sensibility, feel everything thus, and because the world situation protrudes itself relentlessly on their most valued possession—their private inside lives. Your question is most pertinent—what are they to do about it ? There is no refuge of space or of mind. If there was they would have found it. If they are right, only some positive action can save them and—again if they are right—the world. But before even considering action some questions require an answer.

(i) Is this inner life which we treasure of ultimate value ? Are we justified in wanting to preserve it to extend it to the rest of the world, for that in effect is the only method of preserving it ?

(2) If we are satisfied on this score, how can we best extend it ?

The answer to the first can only be given individually. It is impossible to say precisely what we seek to preserve—an initial disadvantage. Can we under the circumstances be sure that what is

awry is not the system, but ourselves, supersensitive products of the civilization that has so far nurtured us ?

To a large extent our action on the hypothesis that we are right will prove whether in fact we are. Obviously our only course is somehow to ' thrust ourselves into the outer employments ', But how ? Here again we are faced with difficulties. Either like the professional woman politician we may lose our peculiar inside virtue or, from mere inexperience, we may make a mess of things. Some very nice form of alliance must be made with the outer people.

How best to form this alliance ? How best to recruit the inside people ? Clearly the day is passed when ' Finer things are for the finer folk ', for' That's how Society began ', A social and economic revolution will help, but it must be carefully managed. Certainly it seems that such a revolution without the support of the inner people would be a disaster.

In any case it is certain that if the inside life is to survive, if it is to prove itself worthy of survival, it must for a time at least externalize itself. The outer ' instrumentalities of life ' must be simplified, which probably means that they must become intellectualized. One further question : ' Have we, the economically independent (for to live in an inside way at all one must be that from one source or another), the right to inside life while many lack the means to enjoy it ? ' A course of action that provides that justification should go a long way to answering the whole problem.

In letting the question ' Are inside values the right values ?' depend on the answer to the question ' Can inside Tightness show itself to be right according to outside values ? ' B. H. B. is accepting the realistic equivalence between truth and external show. It is a realistic fallacy to make inside experience a quantitative supplement of outside experience. If it seem? that something is missing in outside life, by the disconnection of outside from inside experience, the realistic inside answer is that truth, the content of inside experience, is the missing element and that the deficiency can be remedied by adding truth to external events in the form of more events. According to this view, that is, truth can only prove that it is truth—that it is ' right'—by its practical success in filling out the daily course of events. This ' nice alliance ' between inside and outside life is not to be brought about by the entrance of inside

people into outer employments—that is too obvious a corruption of inside virtue. It is to be brought about by a revolution which will ' intellectualize ' the outer instrumentalities of life and erase the distinction between what is fine and what is gross : in other words, by exactly that realistic fusion of values which is being generally practised to-day, to the effect we know.

The bridge by which this outside-inside traffic is made possible is the bridge of realistic language. People have a confused sense of location, of distinction between themselves and their worldly circumstances, because they stand upon this bridge. They are neither clearly mental in mental experience, nor clearly physical in physical experience ; they stand upon the bridge of realistic language as upon a bridge of sighs. Their comment on the world situation, which they avoid defining in living relation to themselves by standing upon this bridge, is a sigh.

B. H. B.'s final question, about economic independence, gives us the realistic inside sigh with all its diffident faith in the realistic equation. If inside experience is just a quantity of experience additional to outside life, then it must be that inside people are those who have successfully manipulated outside circumstances and made themselves free to indulge in more—i.e. inside—experience: are economically independent. Therefore, in providing for universal economic independence, one would be simultaneously flooding the outside world with the missing quantity of inside experience.

We can demonstrate the speciousness of this haphazard assertion merely by making the contrary assertion with greater explicitness—that economic independence and inside experience are not identical. What is less obvious than its speciousness is the reason why the specious assertion can be uttered with such sober conviction. The reason is in the realistic corruption of language ; and I have been at such pains to examine the nature of realism and its language because it is a curse upon people's tongues and understanding that they alone can lift.

An inside person is one who subordinates bodily to mental experience—not the person who, because his pockets are comfortably full, can ' take it easy ', read or write a book, paint or

look at pictures, sit down at leisure to let his thoughts run along any channel he pleases, free from the pressure of time and material necessity. We know that, with a person whose self is located in his mind, mental experience is not subsequent bodily experience ; that mental values are real by the living, instantaneously reconciling order they introduce into the varied elements of our experience and the rescue of self they thus accomplish from the uncertainties of time. We know that merely not to be hungry does not produce the decisions of knowledge — i f this were so every well-fed, economically independent dog would be a poet; and that to be economically vulnerable does not mean that we are mentally vulnerable. It is proper, indeed, that as minds we should accept our economic vulnerability as bodies—this is part of our self-education in the nature of physical existence. As minds we must recognize that all adaptation to physical realities is a strategy by which we grant them a tentative power over us in order to assess our right to power over them. A truly inside person comes to closer grips with the physical realities than an outside person—whose whole existence is the strategy of evading self-test. Inside people are constantly testing themselves ; and this is why most inside people, far from being *i* economically independent *'*, survive physical struggle by an intense ' wangling ' of the physical odds against them—including the economic odds. Women habitually practise this wangling. If they are economically independent (or prosperously dependent), they practise it in other ways—in health, for example. They are ill more frequently than men, but also and thereby tougher physically, and on the whole their bodies wear better and longer.

Poets and painters and other people whose insideness takes a professional form support themselves mostly by wangling along from week to week, year to year. And this would be a wholesomely successful technique, were it not that the conventional outside technique of attempting to amass years of physical security and immunity in advance leaves very little of the world in a liquid enough state for free and fair economic wangling. Economically, the world is rigid with the money-structures that people build for themselves in which to hide

unto death from economic risk—and whole lives are spent in making these structures bigger and more rigid. The only economic difference between large-scale Capitalism and Communism is that in Communism the economic structure is a single solid mass, while in Capitalism there is an indefinite number of huge structures each of which is trying to be as large as possible without blending into the next. In Capitalism there is at least the guarantee of a few open streets between the structures, however narrow. Capitalism is a hierarchy of values created by beginning at the physical end—a proper enough method for determining how much meaning physical experience can hold ; and certainly the method of evaluation that corresponds with our physical history. Capitalism is the method of body sensitive to mind, the method by which sensitive bodies co-operate with minds. But it has very nearly ceased to be Capitalism. People of poetic temperament are, I believe, the only real capitalists left among us.

If this has seemed to be a circuitous way of discussing the question of economic independence in relation to inside life, it is because the question was put in a realistic form which suppresses the real relation between inside life and economic circumstances. We must travel word by word, notion by notion, the distance [in][truth from realism to reality, in order to be aware of the extent to which we are libelling our meanings in acquiescing in realistic terminology.

PART IV. THE ANSWERS BEGINNING FROM THE INSIDE

THE ANSWERS: BEGINNING FROM THE INSIDE

I PLACE the following letters under the above title because in all of them the passing of world disorder is envisaged as beginning deeply from the inside, and with a dramatic sense of the occurrence of inside and outside activity within the same immediate frame of existence—and also with a self-consciousness of inside identity that gives to their view of the outside the character of an already initiated influence upon it. Some of the letters of the first group properly belong here, by their distinct inside mood and quality ; but on the whole these are intimate illuminations of the problems I have raised rather than definitions of the world emergency as a personal crisis of mind.

Each of the answers in this book stands, I feel, for many more answers of its kind—expresses an attitude to the world emergency held by many people. The comments and recommendations to which I have been moved by the answers are addressed to all those whose letters appear here and, through them, to all people who are capable of co-operating in a stabilization of attitudes to outer existence.

Let no one think that, because I have had so many strictures to make upon the answers to my letter, I am in general disappointed with the total response. If one looks at contemporary life from without, one sees few signs of sensitive private coherence ; and scarcely any signs at all of world sensibilities—either in those officially delegated or in those politically self-delegated to deal with world-problems. Indeed, looking at people from the outside, one would not be justified in expecting any response at all to such a letter as mine. Who would guess from the external aspect of our time that anyone today is sufficiently self-conscious to calculate his personal meaning in the world in which

he is living—or sufficiently literal-minded to regard the world as his very world ? Yet the act of answering my letter represents an acceptance of an immediate relation of self to world : though there is much rational disagreement in the answers and, hence, discordance of terms, all own to a sense of uneasiness in world disorder so disturbing that the disorder is as a personal one.

In other times, when people took their local circumstances literally but regarded world circumstances with impersonal vagueness, gods and kings were endowed with the responsibilities that they avoided. People are now presumed to have more than local consciousness ; but the daily impression they give is neither of fixed local consciousness nor of world awareness. They seem personal-minded only in escape from world-mindedness. It is difficult to estimate, looking at the world, what the people in it are like—to what degree they are the inner realities of their world, and their world is the outer reality of themselves. The effect is of a lively conversational atmosphere in which everyone seems to be talking—but one cannot trace the talk to anyone in particular. The world at present seems to be everyone's conversation—and yet no one's, specifically.

The answers that I have received to my letter cut through this cloudy impression with personal gestures and personal tones. This is so even of answers which voice political or sentimental persuasions rather than original, direct reactions —since their writers have made the effort of speaking here on their own authority, dispensing with their party or organization banners : they have allowed themselves to be put to the test of speaking in their own names, instead of in the name of the dogmatic group-opinion with which they may actually identify themselves. In number the letters are few enough. But they are to be regarded as experimental first-attempts in the exercise of personal conscience as a force of world order—not as in themselves an internal basis for world reliance. Nevertheless, some of the answers, and most acutely these last ones, are prompted by a sense of urgency amounting to a declared common ground of internal responsibility.

Let us see to what resolutions they can lead us.

The first is from a Czechoslovakian architect.

PART FOUR: THE ANSWERS

From Karel Honzik

The idea of dividing society into inside and outside people is properly a more poetic expression of the dialectical antithesis between the individual and society, which has already long been remarked on by sociologists. This antithesis appears in many forms and it appropriates different physiognomies. We can observe the same tension, the same polarity, in different spheres : private life and public life, the citizen and the State, the individual and the crowd—and so on. This polarity can hardly be eliminated : it is a cosmic law. But, if our strength is real it will show itself in the finding of a balance, a point of reconciling ease between the two poles.

If one element of the antithesis gets stronger than the other, there is this consequence : the condensation of all social forces to the highest tension, which can only be broken by some sudden flash —by the fire of revolution or civil war. If individual interests predominate over common interests, then, also, disorder results. When the individual attempts to scrape together all advantages for himself (or his family), surrounding himself with superfluous estates torn from his neighbours, then there is individualistic anarchy. But when organized social interests predominate over the interests of the individual, then begins a tyranny, a police government, a dictatorship of accusers. The single person is torn from his own private life, even from work chosen in harmony with his natural inclination. He is absorbed in public demonstrations, becomes a marionette in regiments marching to the beat of the public drum.

How to find a balance between these terrible extremities, between the wildness of an individual and the wildness of public institutions ? The social laws and all arrangements of the outside world should be organized in the sense of the natural expansion of the inside world ; such organization should give to each individual the opportunity for free growth to that limit which is also a maximum point of growth for all his neighbours.

If we analyse the ideas at the background of all present-day political systems, we see that they all profess a principle of harmony. But they have attempted to enforce social harmony from outside. And there are many adventurers, robbers and careerists whom we can hardly distinguish from the goodwill politicians, for they all wear the same top-hats and the same tails. We are beginning to doubt whether the proper balance can be enforced from without. We are becoming aware that the attempt to arrive at a balance must start in the inside world. The individual must organize himself,

if the whole is to have balance. Balance is exclusively an individual property 1

But what do we observe today ? The poets, philosophers and artists are delivering speeches from public tribunes, putting up political posters and advertisements on the walls, throwing watch-words to the masses ; and they are themselves only thinking in terms of watch-words. Originally their duty was to stay in a silent corner of society, apart from the ridiculous swarming of the ambitious, and from the confused cries of the masses. In such retirement they should be seeking for truth, knowledge of the world and its people ; and especially should they be doing the most heavy work in the world—to think independently. But they have committed treason against their values. They have voluntarily taken up arms as political fighters and demagogues. They all have committed this treason—all the (Left' and the ' Right ', The fact that they have accepted this division is an initial disgrace. To seek for the measure, for the balance, that was their task—and to communicate their findings to the whole world. In order to establish a balance between the outside and inside world, we must ourselves have, inside of us, a clear sense of balance. And this sense comes only as a result of a long training.

Did you ever see anyone walking on a tight-rope without long previous practice ? A Bohemian child is obliged to train I don't know how many years before it is able to walk across a line stretched between two posts. And this is only a question of mere physical balance ! Imagine, then, what arduous exercise is necessary to acquire a psychical balance. To cast personal pride into the abyss of humility, and destroy avarice, greed, envy, vanity, egocentricity, and raise in place of these modesty, curiosity of other people, and above all imagination, which brings understanding.

On the day when one person—it may be a poet, or a simple citizen—succeeds in finding the sense of balance and communicates it like a glow illuminating all beings, all things : on that day we shall have the first sign that the crisis has reached its peak and that we arc turning toward better times.

The conception *i* the individual and society ' is not really comparable to the conception ' inside and outside ', because it is merely the distinction between one and many—a numerical, quantitative distinction. My distinction between inside and outside is a quality-distinction—between the life of the mind

and the life of physical necessity. The opposition between society and the individual is a physical opposition between all the members composing a society, and the only ' balance ' by which this opposition can be liquidated is a balance between commonly enjoyed rights of interference and privileges of immunity from interference. Such a pact must be renewed from day to day, according to the physical contingencies of the day ; it rests upon no permanent values. In fact, this is not how existence is really divided. Public law may rest upon such a strategical distinction, but certainly no ' cosmic ' law does. The nature of the cosmic distinction we find in the distinction between the self as mind and the physical attributes of self. Society is the province of physical behaviour ; but this does not mean that mental behaviour is individual as opposed to social behaviour and must come to terms with it in the same way that individual physical behaviour must come to terms with neighbouring physical behaviour. Mental behaviour is personal rather than individual; its frame of reference is universal, not social. Social regulations have the object of softening the differences existing between people as physical individualities. The regulations of thought must stress the distinction between permanent and temporary realities, sharpen the differences between the mental and physical experience, in order to establish a harmony of emphases. Balance, in the sense of an even distribution of physical weight, must not be confused with measure, which implies a variation of emphasis corresponding with a true variation of significance.

Before universal distinctions can be pursued, there must of course be a just physical balance in social life. But this I think we have achieved : in daily society, killing, robbery and general maleficence is not the order of the day. Confusion and disorder arise again when physical order is assumed to be an adequate frame of mental order, and social existence endowed with universal meanings. Then it happens that, the personal-universal relation being identified with the individual-social one, anything above physical significance is regarded as a mystical individual property which must come to terms with social values. This it cannot do—by social values it is some-

thing arbitrary. Some mental behaviour takes a physically competitive form, and introduces arbitrary performances into social life, because no explicit allowance is made for an inside, non-social and non-physical, plane of existence. For example, there is much perverse behaviour to-day in international society which is really perverse mental behaviour and which should be dealt with on a mental plane—behaviour which, as we have seen, it is indeed impossible to deal with physically. But as the mental existence is an unacknowledged realm, mental perversity is met upon the social ground of life, and met, hence, without any power of control.

The writer of the above letter, after assuming that the distinction ' long remarked on by sociologists ' is equivalent to my own distinction of inside and outside realms of existence, quickly abandons his realistic approximations when he is speaking of the actual force needed to break the antithetical spell—of competition between the individual and society. In identifying the needed force he discards these realistic and unreal terms, and places it without hesitation in people as they are neither individual-minded nor social-minded, but unequivocally inside-minded. There is no suggestion that the people who are doing ' the most heavy work of the world '—the work of thinking—are anarchical in their ' retirement ' or arbitrarily individualistic in offering as governing realities principles which are not socially inspired. What he calls [4] a silent corner of society [y] is, in effect, not a social corner of existence at all, but so absolute a place that anyone thoroughly grounded there—whether a poet or a citizen like a poet—he regards as therein aglow with a universally illuminating knowledge.

Such an unqualified assumption of an internal ground as the proper vantage for judgement (a more accurate word than balance), and the proper source of all harmonizing energy, promises more than a single poet or simple citizen. To say this much is to help to uncover the ground as a common one in which many have a hold of mind—as they dare credit their inside activities of mind with universal reality, against the realistic view of mind as the resort of individualism.

PART FOUR: THE ANSWERS

From Montague Simmons

A story is told of a child threading a needle, and of the parent who watched his struggles, and, anxious to help, took the needle and threaded it for him ; but the child exclaimed, ' I didn't want the needle threaded ! I wanted to thread the needle ! ' So do those in authority blunder in, impatient for the material achievement, understanding nothing of the inward satisfaction of the ritual; missing the real power that comes of making of all motions a ritual, that turns all means into a symbol—and, by thus making them one with the self, frees the self from their interference. The world to-day overwhelms the individual with things to be done. But there is only one thing to be done : to create a ritual, to make a dance. The world must learn to dance again if the balance is to be restored.

To do this the world must take the way that the individual has taken. Every man works to find inner unity, beside which nothing else matters very much, and the dance of death may be as joyful as the dance of life. For psychology the protagonists inside a man may be the Death-wish and the Love-wish, called elsewhere the male and female principles, or the way of power and the way of surrender. The male strives to achieve unity by destroying all opposition, the female by absorbing everything into itself. The individual wholly male must in the end be unsatisfied, when there is nothing left to destroy : he is Alexander. The individual wholly female must in the end be unsatisfied, when there is nothing left to absorb : she is Ishtar. But in actual people none is wholly male nor wholly female, and the demands of each can only be satisfied by a unity in tension, which is life. The two sides, by their interaction, make the dance, and only while they dance do they live. If one or the other grossly predominates, there is no life, no dance ; merely a meaningless jerking.

In this dance of the complementaries nothing must be left out, for it is the individual's life, not just his recreation. All that affects him from outside himself must be included—men and women, things and ideas ; and thus he is moved to elevate his dance into a ritual. While outside things remain outside they are dangerous ; they are in opposition ; there is conflict. In some way, therefore, he must make them part of himself. The male in him urges him to destroy them ; but they might have made his dance a richer thing. The female in him urges to complete surrender to them ; but in this way the self will be entirely lost. Again, therefore, he has to strive for a unity in tension. So he takes the outside things, and makes them

stand for something inside ; they become symbols of **the** real within. But most of these things are not static ; they have a life and movement of their own. So they in turn become partners in a dance, and the form of their symbolization must be alive and moving, and thus the individual dances them into himself. Now he is not afraid of them ; he has power over them ; they cannot hurt him ; not him inwardly. His divine magic has made them actors in the inward drama, and their external shapes are no longer real. So he strives valiantly ; suffers valiantly ; flinging himself against the world with all his energy, he may hate it, perhaps, but also love it, where love is the realization of the necessary tension.

So, by his rituals, man has always found his deep accord with the things around him. But he himself does not stand still. Urges within him develop, he spreads himself. New things accost him, and all these have to go through the same process if he is to be at peace within himself. So, in order to live, his rituals can never remain set in one form ; yet they are none the less rituals because they grow with him.

Even so, a time may come when these new things crowd thick upon him, too many and too overwhelming for him to subject them gradually to the symbolizing process which alone can preserve his equilibrium. Then he takes fright. If he is predominantly male he will hark back to the time of his most complete maleness, and in his terror will rush, like the machine-breakers, to destroy these material menaces—or strive, like the dictators, to suppress or obliterate the overflowing ideas. If he is predominantly female he will tend to feel utterly helpless before them, and sit paralysed on the ground, allowing the host to pass over him.

This is the present state of international affairs. Physical science and applied thought have created too many new things all at once, and man has not yet had time to apprehend them as symbols of something within. There are the material inventions themselves, and the turmoil of creeds ; but more particularly those material inventions which have brought the creeds of vast hordes of people, with their strivings, to each man's separate door, as things of which he must now take account. He is bewildered by them all, and first turns instinctively to his known rituals. But the altar on which the mediaeval knight felt it proper to lay his sword seems no place for a twelve-inch gun. Man's rituals have fallen so far behind his new surroundings, are so manifestly ineffectual, that in despair at last he concludes that ritual in itself is useless, and he endeavours to do

without it, for now he has no heart to dance. Instead, he acquires a false confidence in the saving power of his own inventions : if he can only have enough of them, more than anyone else, all will be well. They lure him into this specious faith by their apparent responsiveness to the touch of his hand ; he thinks it was only because he was a child that he had to learn the ways of the tiger before overcoming him. For a penny he makes himself at home in the chancelleries ; at the turn of a knob he commands the music of the spheres. One or two only, and these not the most prominent—an engineer here, or an airman there—have truly understood the new organizations, and are free of them ; and their power is the old power, by understanding, to make these things part of themselves.

So, for the most part, the male is exerting his strength to overcome the opposition of the new thing he docs not understand, this thrusting of other individualities upon him. He builds up his new nationalism, which despises, seeks to destroy, all outside its borders ; or at least to be a bulwark against them. And the female turns either to a wholesale condemnation of the world as it is, sounding the call to leave it all, to escape into the simplicities of earlier and more primitive modes, or else to a frank pacifism, allowing the male elements to work their will.

Yet all the time there can only be one solution, the old solution. The unity in tension must be found again ; mankind must evolve a new ritual. The new things must in their turn be made symbols of inner realities ; now all the world must dance.

This is not an impossible achievement, and there is a quality in these new things themselves that make it not hopeless. Already man has got over his first shock of surprise at his own marvellous cleverness, and is now in some degree inoculated against further shocks. He can no longer be so startled and amazed at whatever science now achieves. By a saturation in the marvellous he has gained a breathing-space. And already the aeroplane, his most characteristic material achievement, shows a willingness to be incorporated as a symbol of some of his age-old aspirations.

The ideas and ambitions of other peoples are perhaps more recalcitrant, but again, recent events, by presenting us with an example of a conflict of aspirations moving toward a unity in tension, becoming in a way the dance of the toreros, may help to restore our confidence. The nations stand round the arena and watch the struggle and are indeed taking part in a ritual. This is their dance, and while they watch they are free of danger themselves.

Here again, in the enthusiasm of response and the quick recognition of a common inner ground, certain accepted notions have been introduced in which the writer finds logical justification for his emphasis on inner control—yet which, upon examination, prove to be emotional compromises between inner perception and outer blindness. He himself ' sees ', but there is a whole outer world that moves in darkness ; he tries to make this kind of seeing externally convincing by establishing a sympathetic equivalence between it and movement in outer darkness. Jt is the sort of argument we might expect, rather, from a person blind to inner realities attempting to persuade others like himself that such realities existed in spite of not being ' seen ', even because unseen. Such was the sense of primitive ritual—movement in darkness claiming some truth as a confession of darkness. But it is not consonant with civilized existence or personality.

On the inside there are now not unseen gods or nameless mysteries but personal minds, and realities that they may apprehend clearly and naturally ; while on the outside there is a world of physical experience to be directed from within—consciously, not merely instinctively, lived in. Yet the argument of this letter does apply to our things, our instruments, our material: it could be consistently said that an inner control of life involved matter in a ritual. But to include persons in the ritual is to describe inner realities as if one were justifying them to blind matter. Nevertheless, the use of such an argument does not weaken the underlying insistence of the letter upon the supremacy of inner values over external appearances. It may be understood as a restriction of positive reality to that experience alone which plays more than a ritualistic part in our lives, and as a casting out from our inner consciousness of whatever plays no more than a ritualistic part. People, in achieving control of consciousness, experiment with it by endowing their things with consciousness—thus reintroducing into the mind all the impedimenta by the exclusion of which they have arrived at the distinction between mentality and materiality. This pseudo-consciousness, when systematically laid upon things, makes them as dead life, corrupts the non-conscious passiveness

they have in being simply things. Many modern things are thus dead life rather than things : modern buildings, modern furniture and modern objects have a look of death instead of the sympathetic look of innocent material consciously treated. Conventional modern mentality, by willing its consciousness to non-conscious things, has itself a character of dead life—so that for energy it draws on the ' subconscious ', which is to say that to be alive at all it must revert to primitive and animal states of consciousness.

It is certainly true that this deadness—in modernistic buildings, for example, and in scientific deconcentration of thought —suggests primitive maleness in its blank obstinate monotony, and that the modernistic 'subconscious' suggests primitive femaleness in its reliance on caprice for vitality. But both of these peculiarities are travesties of their originals. There was a time when life was a fluctuation between male insensitiveness to death and the female counter-pull of death-feeling fear ; fear in this sense is female, and a precursor of consciousness, as elementary male recklessness is a precursor of individuality. It is proper to say that in the elementary condition of life male and female were complementary, that life fluctuated uncertainly then between these two poles ; and that if one or the other had grossly predominated then, all external life would have ceased in the rupture between the centralizing and externalizing forces. Such an observation is not applicable, however, to this late stage of life (to me a final stage)—when all distinctions have been stabilized and there is articulate relation between inner and outer forces instead of fluctuation : when life has become personal. In the dance of the complementaries nothing was left out; but in articulate relation all must be left out that is not personal. Outside things must be treated as outside things.

The elementary female way with external phenomena was not ' surrender ', but fear exerted protectively to draw back from non-existence everything that had life in it. Female fear develops into consciousness of the existent; male recklessness of death develops into individuality and purposeful resistance to death—male life being originally the unthinking impulse toward externality. Between female consciousness and male

individuality a communicating interaction occurs, by which consciousness acquires diversely expressive selfhood and diverse individuality becomes informed with consciousness. This interaction is then all living existence, sharply marking itself off from the outside world of things incapable of responsible existence—susceptible of control but not of integration. And the test of the success of this interaction, and of its truth as existence, is in its power to constrain things to be no more than things.

Outside things cannot become ' symbols of the real within '; there is no ' deep accord ' possible with outside things. Deep accord is only possible between persons. The proper relation between things and persons is a discipline exerted by persons on things by which they are allowed temporary relevance to existence, and no more. Time is thus used as a discipline upon what is spatial—and a discipline of time can only proceed from a permanent integrating habit. Montague Simmons' description of a ritualistic dance of identity with our things is really a description of life as it was before the mental integration of existence began, and a sharp material differentiation. Yet it is also an immediate description in that it points to the contradiction in modern life between the internal actuality of people as minds and the external actuality of their behaviour with their things : people are continuously and deliberately losing their minds to their things, so that instead of living their own lives they encourage their things to live for them, ritualistically. By this technique, indeed, an engineer here, or an airman there, is the thing that he empowers to be a symbolic himself. People who achieve such a ritual are not understanding their things, expelling them from their minds, but inviting things to give *their* understanding of people : they are expelled by their things from the lives they live.

The tension created by this divorcement from self, to which outside things have induced people with their connivance, must be broken rather than strengthened. The dance described in this letter is what is absurdly going on ; and has the false primitiveness that we smugly label ' modern ', The world *is* dancing, and that is why minds are distraught—as, by their consent

to this mock-ritual of themselves, they are involved in the dance. People watch the dance, ' stand round the arena ', ' are free of . danger ': they stand empty of mind, getting themselves back only as a ritualistic spectacle.

We need to be still, not to dance : to expel outside things from our minds, to expel movement. The cause of the movement of the outside world is in its continual temporariness ; as we identify ourselves with its movement we have only temporary significance—only the significance that our things can ritualistically bestow upon us.

Something of this sort I wrote privately to Montague Simmons about his letter ; and because his real assertion was that there is an attained reality of inner experience—in spite of the contradictory external appearance which makes the material courses of life seem all life—he wished the following paragraphs to be added to his original answer.

Yet perhaps all this, even then, is to evade the real issue, to substitute for an external chaos an external order, in which man loses his anxiety and fear of these outer things, indeed, but at the same time loses himself. So might one who fears war more than anything else deliberately go to join an army on active service, and find that his anxiety has fallen from him, that he is at peace ; but only because he has surrendered in his struggle to find reality, and has made action a soporific for thought. ' Frenchmen ! ' cried de Sade to the revolutionaries leaning back with relief after the struggle that seemed to them to have solved all their problems, 'one effort more if you wish to be republicans ! ' The effort he demanded of them was that now they should think, and individually seek the truth in themselves ; yet he was perhaps too deeply involved himself in these external things to offer them a clear example.

The dance, then, may not after all be the solution, may even be the chief obstacle to solution ; but if we abandon this way because it is dangerous we are left with isolated individuals carrying their inner experience of reality with them amid the general confusion ; expressing it in their lives, in their sculpture, their painting, their poems, but offering their vision only to the few who have travelled a similar road. That, for some, may be enough ; they feel they cannot help the others. If, on the other hand, this is not enough for them, if they cannot regard with complaisance what all round them they see as a

negation of all the values they have found true, it would seem that they must enter the arena. This is not to say that they must take sides, becoming ' poets of revolution ', or indeed of any cause, but that they should ' take the world as they find it ', and from that starting-point endeavour to lead it back to the way they have found valid for themselves. If they have the truth, but the world asks only for a story, they must speak in parables ; giving people, as it were, what they think they want, but also so much more—the happiness for which they are really yearning. So the dance, which in some circumstances may be merely an opiate, a substitute for thought, may yet, on the contrary, induce a mood of thoughtfulness favourable to the process of reintegration.

We are left, then, with ' isolated individuals carrying their inner experience of reality with them amid the general confusion ', But we might better say that we start with these. These are not enough, by the mere fact of their being as they are, to effect order in the outside world ; yet they are enough if they conceive themselves as the ' starting-point ', The outer world should offer a sympathetic reflection of the inner. But it will do this only if force is exerted from within to manipulate outside things and circumstances into sympathetic resemblance : there must first be a drastic distinction between ourselves and the world, in order that we may confer on the world the grace of being a day-to-day physical imitation of ourselves. And this applies not only to our things but to people as they have outer rather than inner reality. It is not possible to confer inner reality, but it is possible to purify our daily existence of physical discrepancies by undeceiving ourselves of the illusion that everything is potentially ' real ', We must distinguish strictly between ourselves—which includes our permanences—and all that passes even in its momentary identity with us as the time-substance of our lives. We must assist our outer experience in its ephemerality.

To say that the world asks only for a story is really to say that one must endow it with no more than story-reality. All that makes up what we call ' the world ' we must expect to fade as stories fade, and so treat that it is continuously fading in its continuous assumption of momentary reality. This letter in-

dicates one way of introducing a measuredness into all our experience : to begin from the inside, no matter how few the people apparent there, and to make a strict demarcation between the truth-value of inner experience and the play-value which is the nearest approach to significance that all the rest can have. To begin from the inside is to say : this is the real content of existence, but temporarily existence must be expanded to include the outer material content—thus only are we quit of material entailment. We begin from the inside, but it is the point of return as well as the starting-point. Outer circumstances, the merely experimental formations of energy, will, if lived by this measure, return us to our inside selves as to finality. To begin from the inside is to begin from finality.

Any recommendations extracted from this last group of answers will be in the nature of resolutions that we need to make as inside people.

The first answer here provides this resolution : to seek out the inside people—and as people rather than as books, works of art, etc. Our confidence that there are such will be a measure of our own insideness.

The second answer provides a second resolution : to recognize that something has been saved from loss in materialization, in the form of mind, but that much more is doomed to be lost; that our participation in time-existence (world-existence) is of inside quality as we confront externalities with an insistence on their temporariness, exacting no more from them than a graceful passage into non-existence. This is a resolution to be mentally chaste in our worldly circumstances ; and also a resolution of self-preservation. The days that now go by are not the early days of increasing possibility, but the later days of decreasing uncertainty. It is clear enough now what elements of life are on the positive side of the self-line and what are on the negative side. The negative side is the outer world from which we can expect nothing better than renunciation of any reality beyond that which we temporarily lay upon it. Each day we repeat, as a discipline, the history of the long rescue of meaning from material confusion. The resultant meanings are ourselves ; the

outer world has coherence only as we make it yield ourselves, prove it powerless to detain what is self. This is the sense in which the world is our to-morrow—the occasion for a reassertion of our certainties. These are days of decreasing uncertainty ; we daily redeem ourselves from the world with an increasing accuracy of self-knowledge—those of us who are selves, who have chosen to stay with what stays rather than go with what goes. An acceptance of ourselves as finalities, with no other difference from day to day than what clearer accentuation of self the day can effect, brings all the past ages of tension within the compass of a day. The world lags behind us by a day and a day, and it catches up only to cease. To attempt to integrate it with ourselves would be to contradict our integrity; in our daily renewal of it we are releasing it from strained identity with ourselves, and in its continual passing it is releasing us from the insane ambition of holding the transitory phases of life in permanence.

On the inside, precise fulfilment and possession of ourselves ; on the outside, a chastity of interest in things that have existence only by a sympathetic relaxation of time. Time has become a purely formal margin of uncertainty ; we know the values, the possibilities and impossibilities, but impose these temporal latitudes on ourselves in order to possess our values, our knowledge, ourselves, by an infallibility of care.

Others may not see themselves or time or the world in this way. To see in this way is evidence of an achieved finality.

So far we have distinguished, as signal inside qualities, a belief in the necessary existence of inside people, and an eagerness to discover them free of any taint of competitive individualism. Then, the inside person must think and live with an accent of finality that subdues the stress of outer things, processes and events to their proper negativeness, reducing them to temporary relevance and final irrelevance. Thirdly, the inside person must be stubborn in insideness—must resist implication in outer argument and struggle and have an unshakeable patience in his quiet constancy.

In the following letter Michael Roberts describes this inner stubbornness emotionally ; and the letter from James Reeves,

which succeeds it, gives us a picture of it as hopeful inside constancy. Michael Roberts somewhat overcame his original disinclination to contribute an answer—upon giving me permission to quote his reasons for not wishing to contribute (see p. 23). These were essentially reasons of inner stubbornness, against whatever outer argument and incident my book might impose on its contributors. I am grateful both for his stubbornness and for his recognition of my own.

From Michael Roberts.

Do anything you like with my letter, and make any comment you like-[1]-! know that anything you say will be prompted by the wish to make an essential truth plain, and not to serve a personal point against somebody.

I was in the French Alps for a month, and was followed round by circulars asking for six lines saying that Franco is a devil and Caballero is a gentleman (or words to that effect). I don't think that the outside world is as simple as that. I suspect that kind of symposium : it is an easy way out for people who think that they ought to do something at this moment and ease their consciences by signing a manifesto. Your way is better : our job as writers is to clear up a few points and to state problems clearly, not to attempt the politicians' statement or formulation and vote on it.

The politician manufactures a language—a vocabulary and a rhetoric—which, if you accept it as wholly adequate, leads inevitably to the answers he wants and to the actions he wants. But the prior question is whether the language *is* adequate to the facts. And as the poet is concerned with making language do new work and finding out the implications of language, his answer is always : no. As a citizen, I'm willing to vote and maybe to fight; I'll even argue for one party rather than another, but I won't identify my special job with that party. For all parties are opposed to that job, since it undermines the basis on which they exist. The method by which they oppose analysis, reformulation, discovery of poetic truth, varies from one party to another : imprisonment, murder, stereotyped education, Sunday papers—whichever they think the more effective in the long run.

But this is only another aspect of your problem of the ' inside people ': I look forward to your book, although I could not work out anything for it in my special way.

From James Reeves

As the problem is one of politics, so the solution cannot ignore politics ; it must, I think, be partly political. I could not answer your letter honestly and avoid using such words as ' industrialism ' and ' fascism ', For wc are not concerned only with ourselves on the one hand—the articulate ' inside ' people—and with the articulate ' outside ' people—the diplomatists and politicians—on the other. Between these two groups there are the inarticulate nations. Without a nation a group of inside people might conceivably exist; but it is impossible to imagine a group of conspicuously outside people without a nation. The political ' shouters ' exist because the nations arc their audiences : the nations are the outer world toward which the shouters direct their shouting.

As you say, politics are a trivial external mechanism. That they have become a swollen structure, imposed intolerably upon inner life, cannot be looked on as normal. Normally life is, for each individual, a series of relationships with other individuals and with things and ideas. Politics are an external mechanism regulating the relationships of groups too large to have an inner spontaneous relationship. How is it that large groups of people have allowed their inner relationships (their ' lives ') to be interfered with, or crushed, by the outer mechanism, politics. How is it that the shouters have their passive audiences ?

One reason is to be found in the changed quality of the domestic life of the nations—the monotony of life under industrialism, the monotony of urban surroundings, the changed relationships between people and things represented by the change from hand-production to machine-production, the increased potentiality of people (popular education) for relationships with ideas without the guidance and the opportunities to form right relationships : all this has gradually produced an educated mass-passivity, a nervous exhaustion which can only watch and listen. Recreation is now largely a mass externalization of inner life toward standardized ' entertainments ' and along standard emotional channels (a thousand disconnected audiences watching the same cinema-show in a thousand cinemas). The conditions of industrialism have resulted in a loss of the intimate domestic quality which wc can discern in the national life of any period or place before or outside industrialism—and no new sturdier form of community intimacy has arisen to counteract the depersonalizing effects of industrialism. Of course, all life nowadays is not indus-

trial, but it is industrialism which has produced the shouting and the listening equally.

One of the qualities of inside life is a resistance toward outer distractions—the indifference, for instance, of 'country-people' to politics; the silence of Jane Austen on the subject of Napoleon. One thing to do, then, about national life as a whole is to help restore its resistance to the contamination of outer fuss; so that a practical part of the political solution is to sympathize with efforts to improve the conditions of industrialism; efforts to relieve the nations of the burden of toil and monotony which crushes out any will they may have to maintain an integrity of inner life; efforts to bring about such of the circumstances of socialism as are necessary while still insisting that the State is a piece of trivial mechanism not to be glorified; efforts to help people to be alive without glorifying the idea of health: if such efforts are to be discovered.

Revolutions occur when a large number of individuals, confronted with unacceptable conditions of life, do what you or I would do—refuse them. It is not sentimental to sympathize warmly with a true revolutionary impulse, when it appears; but it is sentimental to think that there are no conditions of life within which the inner quality of life can be corrupted, I, like you, resent the shouting—for myself, because it seeks to violate my own inside life; and so, in order to diminish the shouting, I cannot help feeling sympathetic toward efforts to increase the resistance of the shouters' great audiences. At times of intense political fuss such a sympathy is a spontaneous outward impulse of our own internal desire for less fuss.

I think that the worst of the political fuss comes from the fascist and militarist countries; from Germany since the success of Hitler, from Italy and Japan since the beginning of their movements toward foreign conquest. Fascism is more 'natural' to post-war Germany, industrially exhausted, than to Italy, which is not an industrial country and in which the domination of the fascist bureaucracy has to be far more artificially maintained. But in both countries the fascists are so absolutely committed to propagandist methods that they cannot be made to stop without collapsing: that they will collapse through war or revolution seems inevitable.

I have written about the political solution not because I like politics, not because I wish to multiply political machinery, not because I really want to write about politics. I think people have turned to political distractions partly out of despair for the inside life, which has for so many people become flat and dull. The fascist bureau-

cracies and armies have made politics their own, because they of all people have felt, in Germany, most fatalistic (Germany's industrialism has been the most rapid and the most ruthless yet achieved) and, in Italy, most bored and most strongly drawn to outer emptiness when they had lost the intimacies of local life. There is a deep character of despair in fascism (the worship of external unity, heroism for the State, self-sacrifice, duty above happiness) which is indeed its only deep character, its only ' inner ' quality : and an inside character which craves external, organized expression is self-destroying. So that it seems to be too late to do anything for these victims of inner disintegration.

For us much more important than the political solution is the maintenance of the inner life against the infection of despair. This task, indeed, is left to the people of strong inner consciousness. There was a time when the Church claimed to be a buttress for the stability of personal life ; now it does not even claim to be that, being concerned, generally, with adding to the fuss and, immediately, with reviving itself. But, just as the Church will never revive itself nor regenerate the world by thrusting itself into world affairs, so we cannot strengthen our own influence nor directly relieve the general misery by throwing up our own work in favour of politics. We can live and we can write. If we guard the inner quality of our own living and our own writing, we must in time influence the nature of outer life. In protesting positively, by our lives and our poems, against the shapeless, newspaperish quality in life and poems around us, we must *at least* strengthen our own resistance to it and maintain our *selves.* If we give way to shapelessness and newspaperishness and try to see in them instruments to alter them themselves, we are bound to be swallowed up in the mess we want to remove. We cannot get rid of fuss by making a different sort of fuss ; we can only stand out against all fuss and offer living evidence of order and inner happiness. Politics are trivial; they are not a normal sphere for a person of inside sensibilities—nor, probably for any other sort of person. They are a mere refuge. If an intelligent person takes to politics, it probably means that he ought to be doing some other work. By doing our own work and being happy in it we can help to keep intelligent people out of the political refuge, away from the outer consolations of despair and scolding ; we can help to keep other people inside, with us.

A letter like the above is something more than a contribution

of comment: we feel in it an achievement of serene insideness and quieting power. Therefore I prefer to let it stand without comment. Some points are sketchily made and some terms sketchily used—and some assertions would surely have been differently phrased if its writer had considered their implications more closely. But let it be my responsibility to clarify such a question—for instance—as the sense in which the inner quality of life is, or is not, corruptible ; and let the firm, unhesitatingly inside temper of the letter work its effect without critical interruption.

From Gerald Bullett

These questions are perhaps unanswerable ; yet one attempts an answer, and the attempt involves the enunciation of certain truisms. The corrosive intrusion of the outside and relatively unreal world upon the intimate reality in which and by which we live would seem to be a by-product of the fact that man's merely technical or mechanical skill, his power to manipulate the material world, has increased with fantastic rapidity and without any corresponding growth in moral judgment, self-knowledge and spiritual awareness. It is an old story that we as a species are not yet mature enough to be trusted with such dangerous toys as aeroplanes, wireless, internal-combustion engines. The ' exclusively male-minded beings ' who are collectively in command of the outer world have, as such beings always will, consistently substituted means for ends. The day's news is full of gallant juveniles trying to break speed-records. This energy and ingenuity has given us a small noisy world in place of a large one punctuated by vast silences. And this extraordinary shrinkage of space has happened in the lifetime of people still comparatively young. The change which has overtaken the nations in our generation is the change from living in an airy countryside, with ample space between neighbour and neighbour, to being huddled together in the overcrowded rooms of a tenement house. Living together at close quarters without lapsing into squalor and mutual hatred is a task for experts ; and we have scarcely begun to acquire the necessary spiritual technique. Pomposity and self-righteousness, camouflaging greed and fear, are still the dominant notes in diplomacy.

But this, I know, is only to restate the problem. It does not begin to solve it. As to what we, each one of us, are to do about it, I agree that it is not the business of the ' inside people '—roughly the artists,

whether by occupation or by temperament—to ' thrust themselves into the outer employments ', I find myself strongly dissenting from the view—put forward with so much vigour and persistence by certain young modernist poets—that it is the duty of poets and their like to make their art a mirror of the political times and a vehicle of propaganda ; to be ' class-conscious '; to write ' proletarian novels '; to offer themselves as leaders of a political revolution. No sensitive person to-day can be indifferent to political and economic problems. We cannot wash our hands of the whole tedious business and shut ourselves in a cloister. And it is inevitable that our work—our art if we are artists—should have some relevance to what is going on around us. But by ' relevance ' I do not mean ' specific reference ',

The artist, whether consciously or not, is concerned with values : he gives vital imaginative expression to his vision of absolute values and by so doing he communicates that vision to others—or rather, he sharpens, in others, a sense which they already possess. The values implicit in poetry are the values by which we live at our best, in moments of incalculable beatitude. The life of the spirit at its most abundant, its most intensive, is on the plane of poetry. I am aware that this can be stated in terms of religion ; but religion speaks always in the language of mythology, and one man's acceptable myth is another man's emetic. Religion being, as I suspect, nothing in essence but the explicit recognition of the poetic values in life, all that is vital in religion is to be found in poetry. Nevertheless, we shall do well to remember that there will always remain a substantial majority of people impervious to literature and art yet capable of responding to the more explicit appeal of religion.

The art of sane living implies, I take it, a balance between ' inner ' and ' outer ', between contemplation and action. An excessive preoccupation with the inner life can lead to spiritual snobbery and a disdain for the life of action. But the demand, made by some, that imaginative artists should harness all their talents to the service of a political machine is manifestly nonsense. The true affiliation of the inside people is not with politics (specifically) but with religion. And by religion I most emphatically do not mean current Christianity. I agree with those who declare that the world desperately needs religion ; and it is clear that the Christian Church, so long as it clings (as perhaps it must) to its old ways of thought and speech, its discredited mythologies, its childish fictions, is more hindrance than help. It is equally clear, to me at least, that mere Rationalism is not enough. Surely here is a task to which the ' inside people '

might usefully devote themselves, and one that has a bearing, however indirect, on the problem before us—the task of rescuing Religion from the Churches, and Reason from the Rationalists.

That we are ' old enough ' to control our instruments is proved not only by the fact that we have these instruments, which could not have been produced in a time of racial youth, but by such awareness of their misuse as Gerald Bullett, speaking as an inside person, voices. The hands have acquired technical skill, but the absence of ' spiritual awareness ' in the hands proves nothing : one cannot expect to find moral judgment and self-knowledge there. Our age is to be measured by its minds—and we must not count hands as minds, or technical skill as personal consciousness. There are many people who cannot be counted as minds ; it is as illogical to judge ourselves by them as to hold it against ourselves that in our manipulation of material resources we have not instilled consciousness into them. To say, as Gerald Bullett does, that ' the values implicit in poetry are the values by which we live at our best ' is to assert that there are such values, such persons (' we ')—that such ' living at our best ' exists.

The chief insistence of this letter is upon the difference between inside people and ' the substantial majority '—the difference which its writer suggests can be solved by religion. ' Excessive preoccupation with the inner life ' must be taken to mean the optimistic ignoring by inside people of the fact that congenitally outside people exist—for one cannot call snobs ' inside people ', Actually, ' excessive preoccupation with inner life ' is an impossibility. Preoccupation with inner life is not an exclusive pursuit, but implies a study of every aspect of existence. Its end is the acquisition of a sense of universal relevance, so that it is, in fact, the least exclusive activity in which it is possible to engage. The problem is, rather, that there are people who live exclusive lives and make no effort of co-ordination except perhaps the convenient effort of social community—and yet who are indubitably ' there ', The embarrassment is not theirs, but ours—we feel that we have something—a permanence and wholeness of existence—in which

they are not sharing. It is essentially the problem of generosity : we know that what we have is good, and that they would be all the better for sharing in it, if only temporarily. But how to give it without throwing it away ? How to make it available to them in some form in which it will be safe from corrupt application ? If we cannot integrate them personally with existence, can we not at least inject a benevolence into our outer atmosphere by which they may participate indirectly in our inner achievements ?

To state the position simply : we want nothing from them, but they stand in need of gentleness from us. And religion in the sense Gerald Bullett intends is this gentleness; religion in the official sense has been a gospel of bestowing universally what only a comparatively small number are capable of holding.

The problem is then : how to present our permanences without travesty to those whose mental period is of short duration —how to do this without making realistic abbreviations of our values ? Whatever we offer them, and however effectively, it will not make them ' be good ', only ' feel good ', My seventh recommendation (p. 423) suggests, to succeed religious practice, a practice of ' allegiance ', This has pertinence for the problem raised by Gerald Bullett: we do not want to make changelings, rather to assist people to conform strictly to what they are. We do not want to force outside people to be inside people against their natural character. To be an outside person is not to be therein a misbehaving person—the outside person only misbehaves when he transgresses his limitations.

Before developing this problem further I should like to quote from a subsequent letter of Gerald Bullett's.

I agree that in this matter of poetry and religion one must go very carefully. In relation to poetry, religion is derivative ; and vulgarized, if not destroyed, by anything in the shape of a successful ' movement ', But there is a point at which poetry and religion meet, or—to put it another way—a point from which they both spring. Both take their rise in a mystical experience, an act of intuition. Religion is either mystical, or it is nothing. Morality, I think, is at its highest merely the translation into terms of social conduct of a religious intuition, the intuition of one's kinship (in

some sense one's identity) with all living things. ' God ' I take to be no more than a convenient name for the life, the mystery, the ' value ', the what you will, that is manifested in all individual lives. I distrust attempts to make the matter more explicit than that. Yet something specific, and at the same time not merely moral, is demanded by the vast majority of those with whom, for their sake and our own, we wish to share our religious intuitions. This is the dilemma : what are we to do about it ?

I am convinced that morality is not enough. It is not enough to perceive and to declare that outrages committed as military necessities are morally wrong. It is not enough to pity the victims and help the survivors. Unless we can see such crimes not merely as crimes but as *blasphemies,* we are spiritually dead. That is why I insist on the primacy of religion. Not *a* religion. Religion.

This brings us to a further stage of clarification. We must not expect the contact between inside people and outside people to be an explicit communication ; it must be, for want of a better word,' mystical'—an embrace, as it were, at the distance of our differences. That they are as they are does not fundamentally interfere with our being as we are, nor does their unawareness contradict that of which we are aware—so long as they keep strictly within their given behaviour-bounds. This being so, there is indeed a kind of ' God bless you ' to be bestowed on them—whereas ambitious attempts at converting them to awareness breeds in them ugly presumptions and insolences. Religion in this sense is something for us, rather than for them, to practise : a literal adherence to our difference from them, accompanied by a gentleness toward their difference —even, a scrupulous maintenance of them in their natural character.

To be zealous within our own bounds, but never without. To accept human diversity, as a factual elucidation of life's possibilities and impossibilities. To want no strength for our values beyond that which they give us—which means to have no designs depending on external support. Outside people always constitute a temptation to conquest—let them not be that temptation to us. Let us not be tricked by excessive zeal into spiritual adventures which would only mean that we were

hypnotizing them into unnatural enthusiasms—unnatural for them, One cannot go electioneering for truth !

We have now added to our resolutions, ' beginning from inside ', that of adhering to our difference, as inside people, and being gentle with outside people, in theirs. The values of an official religion depend on their success in making converts' We have no spiritual revolution to make : we must induce not popular revolution but popular *devolution*—an abandonment of inner zeal by those in whom it can only operate in spurious ways and to the confusion of values.

The sense of the following letter is that we should insist (to ourselves) on the naturalness of our status as inside persons. ' Things of the mind are ultimately all that matters ': we must be unbashed in this condition of ultimateness. In other times people covered their embarrassment in being preoccupied with ultimates by the apology that they were philosophers—to be a philosopher is to describe one's values as ' mere philosophy '; or by the religious apology that their ultimates were attributes of after-life, not of the human present—and by the wearing of clothes that released them from challenge as natural beings. Our own position must be that the inside status is the only natural form of *personal* existence.

From C. F. Nora Mackay

International affairs are too much with us largely because of the tremendous increase in electrical and mechanical devices of all kinds —by which we are made aware from hour to hour of what is happening in other countries. News comes hot-foot with the urgency of the moment; not, as before, days after the event, when the circumstances had often completely changed before we came to consider them or to worry about them. Democracy is another cause of the quick infiltration of outside affairs into private life, making national or international business the immediate business of everyone.

It does not seem to me that the women of this age have made sufficient effort to ' guard the inside importances ', We have weakened our inside defences, we have become too much a part of the ' outside world ', Because of this we are unhappy ; too late we, the thinking ones, realize our weakened defences, our half-and-

half attitude, our lowering of personal standards, our irresponsibility, and often our (silent) consent to what we know, if we think deeply enough about it, to be mischievous.

The remedy for this psychic unrest, unhappiness, call it what you will, is not, I fancy, to be found in a material change : the trouble is more deeply seated. The remedy must come from a change of heart, a quickening of the mind, a deeper and a truer evaluation of things spiritual, a renascence of the intellect; a definite stand against the amassing of material things, the possession of which so often leaves the mind more barren than before, and against the innovations of noise, of learning without tears, of purposeless movement here, there and everywhere. It must come from a determination to think, and,in so doing achieve tranquillity of life.

Ultimately that is all that matters : things of the mind, of the spirit. But until we can make this a commonplace, and until we can honestly show it in our books as the true reflection of our age, as we now show the unhappy outside side of life which so dominates us, we shall all be sufferers from this unhappiness, and the minority, who think, will suffer the most, in their sense of powerlessness.

After a lapse of months I received from Dorothy Thompson the following letter, in elaboration of her first note (see p. 24). It is a special act of grace that she has found time to say more, and in response to her own pressure rather than to pressure from me. We must take it as a sign that there is an effective inside conscience in our midst when a woman in public life can speak with such inside strength and warmth.

From Dorothy Thompson

As I said previously, the educated female is, in general, dewomanized. But one must be very careful how one says that, lest one immediately become associated with the world-wide reaction, which attempts again to confine women to housework and breeding. You know, of course, that that is not what I mean at all. The reaction is interesting, however, symptomatically—as if men, because they terribly need women, or WOMAN, were trying, hysterically, to make her be herself by pressing her into some pattern of work, some area of activity, in the hope that that will do the trick. Of course it won't—the whole procedure is blind.

You and I are conscious, I think, of a sterility everywhere—in

human relations, in the family, in the State ; wherever one looks . . . this loneliness, atomization, frustration . . . lack of warmth and juice . . , hatred, cleavage, shrillness, mechanicalness . . . ending—nothing ends, but sometimes pauses . . . pausing, then, in the New Organization, which turns out only to be militarism . . , new disciplines, even more sterile, even more rigid. And yet, crying through all these movements, the inchoate gasp after the organic, the living, the vital—throttled. Richness, serenity, faith in the life-principle, warm emotion, protectiveness, affirmation, even common sense (sense and commonality, the individual and the race, the person and humanity, not in contradiction, but in union, being organically united): what every woman knows, unless she is spiritually sterilized—doesn't all life reach after this, seek it ? But woman does not respond.

This lack of womanness in society I feel particularly here in the United States. Society is epicene. But I lack words to express it . . . the words, too, are epicene.

Her letter gives us this additional resolution : to count women as inside people without any specific professional evidence of inside work—but simply because they are women. Many women are made insensitive to their insideness by being counted in the gross public sum as men—a counting that Dorothy Thompson would call ' epicene ', If we consider that all work associated with the clarification of the inside importances has been regarded as taking place on male ground—rather than on inside ground—it ceases to be a mystery that ' woman does not respond ', When the time comes for her to speak, to be herself directly and immediately, because man has said and become all that he can : then there is a strangeness upon us—upon both men and women. There is yet no habit of listening to or seeing woman, man having avoided direct and immediate encounter with her in order to consolidate himself defensively, and been assisted in this by woman herself. By the same rule, there is yet no habit in woman of speaking and showing herself. But this strangeness must instantly disappear the moment it is really felt: it is impossible for a pause to be in existence. The moment there begins to be complaints about the unresponsiveness of women, and about the failure

of men to recognize the positive identity of women, this is the moment when the old habit is passing.

We must count women as initially existent on inside ground. If we are literal enough in this, proceeding upon the assumption that they are implicitly there, we shall find them out in their ' womanness ', their innate insideness. I do not mean merely that wc should appeal to them for self-recognition—much obstructive realism of language and interpretation can intervene between such an appeal and the response to it, as has happened with some of the women who wrote on the woman-subject in answer to my letter. I mean that a recognition of the innate insideness of women must be practised by articulate inside people—by men in the way they think of themselves in relation to women and maleness in relation to femaleness, by women in their attitude to their own female identity and to women in general. Intelligent women are sometimes to be found talking about women and their traits in the smoking-room manner of men—taking a perverse pleasure in being exasperated with them. Let them not do that : it is bad luck.

The following letter, from another American woman, is an assertion that individual inside people can exert a beneficent influence on their own particular outside environment. Inside people have failed to prevent certain horrid outer situations; inside importances have somehow not availed to restrain outer violence. Collective organized action against this violence would not subdue it: it would have the futility characteristic of all organized protest—that of attempting to prevent what has already happened. The problem here raised is, really : how, in daily local contact, to neutralize the threatening outer atmosphere—while there is not yet apparent any positive inside influence upon outer affairs, and before a fresh, milder atmosphere has taken the place of the present unwholesome one.

From Juliana Matthews

Certainly to-day the inside order of things is being threatened by the outside order of things. That the outside order of things has been allowed to assume such overpowering proportions appears to

be the fault of the outside people who run the outside affairs, but actually I think it is the fault of the inside people : they have somehow failed to make the inside importances strongly enough felt to give balance to the world. It therefore behoves the inside people, they being better equipped to see and help the situation, to assume their true responsibility. The question is indeed : how ? The difficulty seems to me to be that there is no way for the inside people to help the outside people collectively, because of the nature of the inside importances. Collective help might, and probably would, mean some kind of organization ; and organization belongs to the outside order of things and only accomplishes work of an outside kind. Yet something must be done ; and what can be done must be done from the inside and by the inside people. Those of us who feel ourselves to be inside people must exert a super-effort to make the inside importances felt in the outside world which surrounds us individually.

This adds another resolution that inside people can make by themselves, individually, without general consultation with one another : to bear themselves serenely in all their local movements and to communicate to the people with whom they have dealings, of whatever kind, their own confidence that no final damage has been done. That ultimate things cannot be damaged is something that every inside person knows. But many people of inside sensibilities confuse their sadness that outer violence should still persist, and be so monstrously general, with the fear that outside people feel lest existence rest finally at violence. Fear of this self-doubting, physical kind is characteristic of outside people. Inside people fear concretely, in the immediate, but they never fear for the ultimate consequence —since they do not put the major stress on physical chances, or on their own physical power. Let us, then, defeat this false f uturized fear with behaviour that shows an unmoved conviction of ultimate tranquillity. Real, immediate fear we practise in refusing to accept immediate violences as final omens : it is a hearty, critical alertness against the spell of the odious, not a self-debasing panic of the body.

The following letter from George Buchanan discusses the false fear induced by yielding to outside hysteria ; and indicates

what the behaviour of inside people should be in the midst of hysteria.

From George Buchanan

You speak of a great difficulty that has at all times been experienced —the feeling of contradictions between the inner and outer life. There have been certain persons in the past who, sinking down inside themselves, have denied the exterior world, as the Desert Fathers did or the French Surrealists before 1925. There have been persons of the contrary kind, whom you say you find prevalent to-day, who regard noisy outside fuss as the highest mode of existence. Your letter is clearly addressed to those who seek a balance and right relation between these two extreme points of view, at a time when the emphasis seems to fall too much on the outside, when indeed the outside is made to appear so full of danger that the timid cannot think of anything else.

I try to picture the kind of conduct that answers the case.

Now, particularly, it seems to me that nothing is gained by an ostrich-like blindness to politics. Nor is anything gained by a mental mood common to-day among intellectuals, an obsession with approaching world doom, which causes them to become nearly as foolish as Chaucer's carpenter with the idea of a second flood. Such errors flow from having inadequate ideas about politics, so that the mind, confused by complicated world events, falls into a state of fear,

I think what is behind all the manifestoes issued in recent years by artists is, unconsciously, the feeling that politics—like machines at the time of the industrial revolution—have passed momentarily beyond human control and dominate whole sections of people, whereas, as we now realize concerning machines and industrial production, they should subserve human ends. It is not that we want, like Samuel Butler, to destroy machines : we want better machines. So, too, we do not wish to abolish ordered politics, but to have politics conceived more finely on a basis of common human need and sensibility. Artists should be the voices of that common human ground.

There is no short-cut to a solution of the difficulty for those who are concerned with the inner life. Is it not demanded that people should so grow in maturity and complexity of understanding that they can adhere to the living conditions of the present and look levelly at reality ?

' The conduct that answers the case ' may perhaps be most recognizably described in the somewhat stilted word ' poise ', which carries an accent of volition—while the more mechanical word ' balance ', which has appeared frequently in these letters, does not so easily admit of application to personal behaviour. Balance implies an equality between two opposite pressures. In the context of the problem we are here discussing it would mean a fulcral point of rest between inside and outside pressure ; this conception assumes a division between mind and body which makes one the simple opposite of the other and places all reality in the blank moment of indecision when a person is neither one nor the other. But there is a faculty of poise possessed by the mind, by which physical experience is deprived of any lasting terribleness ; and by which inside people can display their essential immunity from physical danger of the good realities of existence. ' Inadequate ideas about politics ' lead people to regard physically abnormal situations as containing some final menace to existence itself. To ' adhere to the living conditions of the present' is to give no credence to present outer nightmares : if we continue to exist in spite of them, this is not by a nightmarish gritting of teeth against nightmare, but by drawing upon our knowledge that the final eventualities must be propitious. We must show that the problem of these outer disorders is a numerical one : tne large number of people who have so little reality of self that they are swept into nightmare by nightmare. In fact, outer situations have swollen to these morbid monstrous proportions because so many people have avoided the test of reality : it comes upon them thus brutally, because delayed. They are not sure what value to place in themselves, since they do not really want to survive finally. In order to bear ourselves with commanding poise among them, we must find in our wanting to survive the power to hold existence together in spite of them.

The following letter from a German refugee is an expression not of fear, but pain. It identifies inside people as those who endure—survive—the most suffering from outer circumstances :

not merely physical discomfort or damage, **but** the central suffering of knowing the violent outer appearances to be against truth. To suffer in this way is not to give outer things the power of victimizing us ; such suffering is an extract of knowledge, and the dignified alternative knowledge gives us to physical hysteria. To ' suffer quietly ', as the writer puts it, is a resolution of inside calm in the midst of outer violence. We must allow ourselves to feel the impact of outer violence and prove integrity by facing the surrounding disintegration without dying of it mentally.

Anonymous

I feel desperate and I have the feeling that others are despairing too. I only find questions and accusations—no answers. They have slighted us so often, they made us bitter.

Why is it that we can't work quietly and peacefully, do our work and get what enjoyment we are capable of feeling ? Why is it that outside people—bureaucrats and diplomats—are given this tremendous power over our lives ? Why don't they feel the responsibility therein implied ? Why may they tell us untruths with smiles on their faces, and bring us nearer the abyss—whatever that be—with every day they go on ? Why have they no regard for the suffering of individuals ? Why is there nobody to stop them ?

Look what they have done to us, to my generation, and whether we are justified in our despair. Born in Germany before the Great War, they made us grow up for four long years without a father. They reared us on substitute foods. And little later nobody stopped them when they made values insanely valueless. When a basket of inflation money could not buy a single loaf of bread ; when crooks were allowed to bleed what little life-blood there was left in the people's veins. Nobody stopped them in the years that followed when political strife and murder proved their inability to govern. When finally the climax came, what little peacefulness we had been allowed to store was crushed by the incorporation of outside behaviour—Fascism. Why do they threaten our peace now over again ?

Cannot even our accumulated unhappiness induce them to stop before it is too late ? Do they know of the anticipation of evil that numbs us when we buy a newspaper ?

They will call this melodramatic and selfish. They will argue

that there is no need to be alarmed—they have taken care of us from Adam on, they know their jobs, they have always managed to muddle through. They call us ' Miesmacher ' and pessimists. They forget that they have taught us something, and a disillusioning thing it is. We are not pessimists ; neither are we optimists, as they should like us to be. We refuse to see black, but we also refuse to see pink where there is a cloud of greyness threatening us with asphyxiation.

Why can't they behave like ordinary human beings with personal, amiable relations between them and us, personal language, and personal feelings for whatever subject they may deal with, instead of outside bureaucratism, that chills us to our very bones when we come into contact with it ?

I am afraid I cannot find anything like a solution for this problem. No suggestion that would induce outside people to see how miserable they have made us, no way to make them realize that no more time must be wasted any longer. What we can do is what we always have been doing : to go on patiently with our different jobs and suffer quietly. Trusting that perhaps on some future day a sense of our combined suffering will reach and overwhelm them—and make them suffer with us.

The following letter is from another German, a woman.

Anonymous

I was not political, and now again I am not political. Between then and now there has been a period of involuntary experience of politics. This was in Germany, in 1933, and I came to England to avoid it—not a political refugee, but a refugee from politics.

I could have stayed, with the irritation of having to choose a new butcher, now that the one who had been satisfactory for years was of the wrong political colour : the milkman refused to serve us because we were non-political. The gardener did not want to lose a City pension, so he stopped gardening for us. So I looked after the garden, and painted and whitewashed my room. I had to do something, not about ' it ', but to occupy myself. The shopkeeper from whom I bought the brush denounced me for taking away work from the unemployed (formerly we had bred and exchanged goldfish, and he had inherited my aquarium). I had already been turned out of my proper job as a bacteriologist—I had only been able to make them let me stay to finish the experiment I was doing.

People in England were curious about events in Germany, but

not for anyone would I utter a political word. English people do not give a political flavour to personal matters, and they respected my silence. They recognize the existence, if not the importance, of the ' inner realities ' you define. To hold on to them is an easier prospect than to win them back. You have my support in holding on to them.

This gives us another kind of resolution : to be unexcited in our pursuit of existence as inside people. But with this resolution should go the reservation that there must at the same time be a perception of inner realities as immediately claiming ones. The resolution is capable of misleading us into a sort of inner sleep, in opposition to outer nightmare, unless wc specify that we must be leisurely only in pursuit of the outer courses of existence. By an outer leisureliness, combined with an active immediacy of mind, we abstain from the false and unhappy futures which outer violence projects : we live truly in the immediate. To be an inside person does not mean to reserve the inner realities for a dead afterwards, but to live them now ; and the menacing externalities will be the less real in being not lived.

This is how we must live : within, the finally alive realizations ; without, our sensitive bodies moving to the mortal variations of earth—in leisurely acknowledgment of all the physical curtailments to which existence is subject. Bodily life is, properly, our way of acknowledging that particularized existence is subject to existence as a generality. So conceived and lived, it can hold for us no threat to existence as a generality—to our participation in the inner realities of existence. To have the right to a leisurely view of outer circumstances, that is, wc must be greatly busy, greatly awake, within ourselves. The confidence by which we are easy in being physical must rest on living actualities of mind—otherwise our ease is the irresponsible one of leaving others to clarify the values of existence.

There are people who regard themselves as of inside quality who do no more than feed complacently on the fruits of inside work: self-styled ' lovers of poetry ', for example. The animal ease of unworrying dependence is a more honest condition—a more substantial ease. The leisureliness of an inside

person toward his physical environment, world environment, must be a product of serene inner vigour. It has been necessary to say all this in order to distinguish the kind of ease which inside people should attain from a lazy indifference to outer trouble. Some of the letters in this book do not thus distinguish : their writers have not seen that the avoidance by inside people of strenuous outer behaviour and strenuous attitudes to outer circumstances must constitute a positive contribution to world tranquillity.

Dante was politically harsh and strenuous in his attitude to public matters, and theologically harsh and strenuous in his inner activity. I cite him as an outstanding example of what inside people are not like to-day, cannot be like—because they are in kindly contact with the inside of things. Inner activity, to produce outer ease, must breathe a content with the values imposed by subscription to the inner realities ; a content as well, therefore, with physical curtailments which such a subscription implies. Much of the contradictoriness in behaviour that daily confronts us is due to a formal acceptance of inner values and, nevertheless, an unwillingness to accept physical curtailments : hence, the physical exaggerations which have accumulated thickly around us. The inside person may seem indifferent to physical circumstances ; but he is actually setting standards of physical sobriety, and practising them—hundreds of us are, in refusing to use our energies in passions of protest. This is already a beginning.

The following letter voices the discomfort that inside people feel in their apparent ineffectually.

From Eric S, Tattersall

I can truthfully write that I have given your letter a great deal of thought. But I am forced, out of sheer incompetence to cope with the mad world of outside people, to reply by stating my sense of an almost absolute futility. The numerous projects I have thought over during the weeks since receiving your letter seem, if not utopistic and idealistic, hopelessly naive when I consider world events as they are given out in the daily press.

My many talks with people on this hope-corroding subject of

international affairs leave me with an unwholesome belief that most of the intellectuals and inside people are swimming about in an ocean of words, and that the only obvious effect these endless talks could have would be an ultimate drowning.

' As an idealist ', a Central European informed me, ' you have no place in the modern world. You must belong to one of the two parties. In point of fact, there is no option, for you belong to one of the two parties whether you admit it or not.'

I suppose the idealist is too much of an inside person. But I think the condition is true and real, though one cannot tell up to what point the condition would thrive. It is a human weakness to behave differently from our basic ideals when faced with an immediate danger, physical danger.

People in general detest the heavy strutting and loud mouthing of the men who arrange the behaviour of the mob. They are fully aware that the inoculation of vast herds of people with the vaccine of hatred and bellicose doctrines is an easy matter. But this normal and healthy loathing is not enough, is sterile if it cannot reach beyond a placid recognition of fact. It is not enough to envisage ultimate power in the hands of the armaments barons. It is not enough to recognize the destructive workings of finance.

So many of us who are not misled are drugged with apathy or futility—are so withdrawn from the tumult that, as a branch of inside people, we are, for the time being at least, neither fish nor fowl. There is a deep-seated belief that the intellectuals are ineffectual when it comes to the business of correcting the international rowdies. Endless talks over cafe tables leads us nowhere. And then again, that tortuous feeling of futility that an inside person is too much inside to dare to walk into the camps of the outside people. I do not think there are enough inside people brave enough to go out and reason with the outside people. They are convinced that the odds against them are too great.

You have written that it is a step toward an understanding of an unhappy state of affairs to suffer along with it. I wish I could see beyond that understanding, but there is too much noise, too little common sense and a deal too much ineffectual talk, all of which goes to make up the two worlds of outside and inside people. Futility in spite of an obvious need for action : the inside people are in danger of seeing themselves as chips flying from an axed block.

I believe that there is a united vision as to what the surrounding

unhappiness consists of. But I also believe that apathy and futility have taken a strong hold of the majority of inside people, and that their talks are, for the most part, without value. If there could be a centrum of inside people, and if they could reach beyond the conversational will to aid, something could be done to quell the marching power of the outside people. That IF should he surmountable. Outspoken common sense should be given to the masses.

Whatever is done to counteract the activities of the outside people must use simplicity as its keynote. A chromo of hearth and home to appeal to the native sense, to cancel the glittering, lying chromo of the sword drawn for liberty.

May I quote once again from your letter ? The phrase,' if indeed there is anything to be done ', is a most thorough summing-up of the present world-wide difficulties which beset the path of those inside people who refuse to be escapists (in the sense of committing themselves to an ostrich-like gesture) and who see the enormous task ahead of them. In it there is a note of doom, but there is also hope and goodwill in it.

I am very much afraid that my reply to your letter is unworthy. 1 wish I could see light in this labyrinth of international affairs. As an ineffectual inside person I ask your apologies.

The discomfort is characteristic : no outside person would feel a discomfort as of unfulfilled personal responsibility because world affairs were in gigantic disorder. Even the politician or diplomat could feel no greater sense of discomfort than that of having damaged his prestige by this or that unsuccessful move -and such a person would only feel a sense of failure if he were to lose his job through a false move. It is the inside people alone who feel a sense of ultimate responsibility ; they do not think in terms of a next move, and a next, but in terms of a final, generally effective move. They are, indeed, more largely practical in their view of outer disorder—and seem unpractical only by their rejection of the muddling method of move upon move, interminably. The politician views the outer situation as a field for strategy. The inside person and the plain person are closer to each other than either is to the politician, in envisaging a world settlement as a complete settlement rather than as a series of periodic individual difficulties to be dealt with one by one as they come up. The inside person and the plain

person are at one in this ' common-sense ' largeness of view. But what the inside person feels as responsibility the plain person feels as annoyance. The plain person wants only ' peace '—immediate and lasting relief from physical anxiety. The inside person wants a dignified outer order of physical things, a compatibility of values between inner and outer life : knowing that outer life cannot be orderly except as outer values conform to inner ones.

The inside person, even in feeling ineffectual, is asserting that a real solution can be arrived at only by bringing inner values to bear where outer ones have degenerated into destructive physical absolutisms. The inside person is resolved not to resort to physical means of correcting external disorder—that would be to oppose one physical absolutism to another. A centrum of inside people does, in fact, already exist, in our resolution to make no external move but the finally right one. The more ineffectual inside people feel, the more momentum there is being accumulated of genuine effectualness. The more uncomfortably conscious we feel of not counting as forces of good influence, the more responsibility we are assuming for supplying the proper influence. We must restrain our impulses to help where the disorder does not admit of our kind of help. As we avoid spending energy in attempting to be physically effectual, we are intensifying our power to be effectual in our own way. We must not try to keep pace with outside disorders, which pile up grossly without regard to what time can hold, but move at our own even pace, with a sanity of time. We are the normal, the common-sense ones—not ' they ', To be thus is in itself a contribution, although from the realistic point of view we are being ' ineffectual ',

The following letter, from an American writer, confirms the wholesomeness of holding on to and developing the inside point of view, in spite of its apparent ineffectualness, as a discipline that cannot but produce the good result.

From T. 5. *Matthews*

The problem ' What can we do for the outside world ' is an objective one for people who are wholly ' inside ' or wholly ' outside ',

For ' inside ' people, it is objective because it does not really concern them personally, only in so far as they are worried about the outside world, which is not their world. For ' outside ' people, the problem does not exist at all. But for myself, and for most of the people I know, who are neither one thing or the other, who live largely ' outside ' lives but are sometimes painfully aware of an ' inside ' conscience—not necessarily their own but to which their own responds—the problem is personal,

The problem then becomes, in our terms, not ' What can we do to help the " outside " people ? ' but ' What can we do to help ourselves ? ' How shall we arrange the terms of our conditional surrender to the outside world : how shall we fix the proportion in our lives between physical and mental ? We are still lucky enough to be able to arrange terms. There are millions for whom such a problem is an academic mockery : they would come to some terms with the outside world if they could, but their forced surrender to it has been unconditional. They cannot afford to ask for any juster proportion in their personal lives between the outer and the inner world than has been allotted to them ; they are literally fighting for their physical lives. We are luckier in our limitations : we are in no immediate danger of being blotted out if we raise our heads above the parapet or our eyes from the machine. But I cannot forget that we are lucky, and that our luck may not last. While it does last, the only answer I can see is : Clarify the situation. How can we clarify the muddle when we are part of it ? I think the nearest we can come to it is this : by trying to see our own personal situation as truthfully as we can, attaching all our seriousness to the poetic effort but not much to the prosaic result.

But to feel oneself thus not wholly inside is merely to put a modest estimate upon what one can accomplish or initiate by oneself, on one's own authority, of an inside kind. The writer is really saying that he feels guilty at not being a more effective inside influence : that he has not much confidence in his own inside force. Nevertheless he believes implicitly in the inside point of view ; which is to say that he identifies himself with inside people in intention, but does not feel sure enough of himself to claim a power of inside initiative. It is only in this sense that his concern for the troubled outside world is more ' personal ', less ' objective ' than that of the person who would not

hesitate to call himself a full inside person. If he had taken his self-examination a step further he would have had to say that he was of those who, instead of becoming outside people because their vanity protests against their limitations as inside people, compensate for their limitations in feeling community with other inside people.

The prosaic result is one's success or failure in external effectiveness. The good prosaic result would be, at its best, a secondary consequence of poetic effort ; the primary result of a poetic effort is a poetic one—to become a good self. The poetic results, the good selves, come first : the prosaic results are the ripples communicated to the physical world, which is as water to the firmness of ourselves. We must be clear about the distinction between primary and secondary results and not regard the inner kind as unachieved because the outer are not in evidence. Sufficient integration of the inner results will precipitate the good ' prosaic ' results. We do not, indeed, want ' big ' outer results—the bigger they are, the more destructive, by the nature of physical events. The only results that can be ' big ' and yet good are inner results. The desire for big physical results produces the sort of outer nightmare that now surrounds us.

The following letter, from an American woman, has a special relevance and value here, as a frank description of the moral dilemma in which people find themselves in choosing what kind of person to be—whether inside, or outside.

From Kathcrine Jackson

My reply to your letter comes very late—mostly because it seems quite impossible to answer. Though it still seems impossible, I can't shake off a feeling of guilt at not at least making an attempt. Your request seems impossible to me because we must assume that there are inner people and outer people and that we who are writing you are inner people ; and this I cannot admit.

I should say we are all outer people of varying degrees of sensibility—(and when I write ' all ' I mean all whom you address). If we were inner people the question of what can we do about it would not arise. I know this must be so—I can only think that

your purpose in writing such a letter is to rouse us from our normal state of inertia and encourage us to write down our convictions—which is a perfectly legitimate trick but a trick nevertheless.

And now that I have been tricked into attempting to express myself, I will try to state my outer convictions. We, the outer people, do not exist really. We are asleep. Our bodies move, we think and feel, yet we have no part in it and therefore things merely happen to us. There is no overseer. Occasionally it happens that we turn over in our sleep and have intimations of something otherwise. Occasionally it happens that we wake up altogether ; perhaps only for a moment. The mind and the body are separate entities for us and that particular state is as different as waking is from sleep.

To have known this and not to be able to find a way to maintain that consciousness leaves one absolutely nowhere. We return to our sleep, and it is (I'm not sure but I begin to believe) a harmful sleep. It is not the ordinary innocent sleep because it is negative to all outer effort and makes no effort on its own behalf. There is always the hope of another day and so we string our days, not adding an iota to our real existence. If we were entirely honest within ourselves, the only recommendation would be to cut our throats.

1 am an illiterate person and by this I mean I have no real respect for words. The illiterate people want a magic formula and without such a formula in sight they are on barren soil. At this point I am on wobbly ground and I don't know that the ground can ever become firm under my feet because I don't really understand poetry and don't even like it.

I begin to believe that true poetry is a literate striving toward the form of consciousness I write of. You have made this beginning of an understanding possible.

This is in no way a reply, but I thank you for the opportunity that has made it expedient for me to write you.

This is really an admission that the choice between being an outside kind of person and inside kind of person is a free one. Fundamentally, each of us decides, on his own responsibility, whether he is going to exist in one way or another, as a mental person or as a physical individual. When the choice is acknowledged to be a responsible one, the resultant behaviour is necessarily good behaviour, whichever direction it takes. When people regard their choice as determined by causes beyond their

control, they behave immorally in not renouncing all power of volition.

The wavering between sleep and waking described in this letter is a wavering in choice—living in a state of no-choice. The sleep is not ' ordinary innocent sleep ', but a deliberate evasion of choice. People who live so are not plain outside people, but inside people resisting their own inside direction, which is too strong nevertheless to allow of their becoming outside people. Why do they resist ? In fright of solitariness ?

The evasion described by Katherine Jackson is one of expediency ; the choice has been made but instantly suppressed —again and again made and suppressed. If we feel the inside appeal repeatedly, rather than continuously, this means that we are concealing from our very selves a choice already made, delaying recognition of it lest it be an unhappy choice. This state of feeling is induced, I think, by a fear of the suffering that we may bring on ourselves by being inside persons. But a sharpened consciousness of the choice-element in our position will make us less susceptible to victimization for being what we are. To regard our position as in any respect determined from without gives a power of victimization in that respect—of determination. Further, in adhering firmly to our position as a chosen one, we escape the shadow of loneliness under which many inside people allow themselves to live. For a positive choice of position implies that it is an existing general realm, frequented by others as well as by ourselves—not an idiosyncratic private position into which we have been mysteriously forced.

Indeed, ' there is no overseer '. The determinations are our own. To make no choice is to choose not to exist identifiably. But to be acutely aware, as the writer of the above letter is, that one has not yet owned to a choice, is to retain the right still to own to one. So long as there is this reservation, it is not too late. If there was any ' trick ' in my original letter, it was in reminding the wavering ones that it was not too late : equivocalness of position is a sign that the inside way has been left open. Until one commits oneself irrevocably, time in the external sense of world time is meaningless : however strong the seem-

ing of ' too late ' may be, within oneself time—one's own time —remains still unspent, still fresh.

It is only recently that people have in numbers become conscious of being choosers of their—why should we not use the word ?—destiny ; and only recently that conscious hesitation of choice has become a habitual mode of life. That the lives of many people arc of this mode is one explanation of the peculiar unrealness and staleness that world time has acquired —in being empty of so much personal time, in being matched by so little personally lived time ; one reason why world time has run on and on meaninglessly is that so few people have begun to live their own time. This surplus of world time is as if stolen from people who have so far avoided immediate articulation of themselves, from a fear of inability to sustain their chosen way of being against outer opposition.

To resolve, then : if inside impulses persistently reoccur without taking shape as a final commitment of choice, to be an inside person in private with oneself. Thus one can claim the right of self-determination and yet avoid that challenge from without which is really no more than one's history of inarticulateness haunting tyrannically. Women in particular are so haunted, and the dilemma described by Kathcrine Jackson must be experienced by many of them. Let them, then, be inside selves in private, if they lack the assuredness to communicate their identity. The assuredness will come with the realization of how much self there is within to use—as yet an unknown quantity to them, because they have in the past been so concerned with the choices of men as to have almost forgotten the power of choice hidden away in them. In familiarizing themselves with this power *in* private, they will gradually enter into the possession of a realm which, so far from being a place of loneliness, is as it were the home ground of all existence.

The following letter gives an equally frank picture—of the woman who has made the inside choice unhesitatingly, though aware of being not yet effectively articulate : confident that the choice brings with it a certainty of ultimate coherence of self.

PART FOUR: THE ANSWERS

From Robin Hale

You assume from the beginning that we inside people have our houses in order. I am certainly an inside person ; I rely for confidence on what is inside me, not on what is outside. Newspapers interest me, but only as a book or play might interest me, and world affairs at the moment cannot interrupt the course of my existence, owing to the security of my passports, my non-Jewish blood, my nationality and my safe if small income—I do not sec them as being able to disturb me except in this technical, external way. But, though I belong to your inside people, I have not my house in order. It is indeed in very great disorder. So far I have done nothing but enjoy myself. I have not conscientiously sought to develop my potentialities, to equip myself for useful work (by [4] useful ' I mean only as it can further the realization of my appropriate activity) or to plan a course of action beyond the next few months. I have only acquired a superficial knowledge of people, places and myself. But as 1 have nevertheless maintained a determination however vague to do something of true value, I must devote my energies to finding a medium and *to* drilling myself for the proper use of this medium. In other words, I must get my house in order. When that is done I shall have the right to answer your letter with proper authority as being a completed inside person. But it will not be for a very long time—and until then I can only hope to contribute incidentally to a better state of affairs, by making myself gradually into a better person.

This shows the choice of being an inside person as a pledge to do things of inside value, and a resolution also not to let incomplete inside being and activity count with oneself as achievement: a resolution, therefore, not to be provoked to hasty activity because outside pressure makes one feel it urgent that something be done. There is no power in the outside to force inside activity ; if we do not seem to respond to the outside need in an immediately effective way, we are demonstrating no intrinsic ineffectualness but rather our freedom to act in the way that is right by inside standards, and in no other way.

The following letter from Len Lye, whose professional activity is cinema, gives us a view of life as moving between a low point of relaxation and a high point of concentration—

physical life giving relief from the strain to be self, mental life giving the stimulating realization of self. This is the true rhythm of life in time : concentration and relaxation, mind and earthiness, self and mass, inside and outside —trying and not trying. When the outside gives disturbance instead of relaxation, the rhythm is interrupted : life, physical as well as mental, is suspended near the high point—and all becomes strain. Most people have no sustained dwelling at the high mental point of self, but only a momentary hold which is lost until they return to conscious self again : so that each time the mental high point is reached or approached anew in reaction from the physical. Inside people have a firm continual hold in the conscious part of life and are therefore equipped, as the others are not, to keep alive the rhythm of life in time, to renew the broken cycle by releasing the physical energies to their consummation. The trouble with outer life to-day is not that it is over-physical, but, rather, not physical enough ; instead of being the low point of relaxation, it is a strained high point of uneasiness. People do not really live their outer life physically. They try to live physically at the high point of self, in refuge from physical discomfort ; they attempt to use the mind as a field of relaxation. The eifcct is as of attempting to draw one's legs into one's mind, because the path is impossibly rocky : one cannot walk thus—or think.

With the inside person rests the power of reinvigorating the rhythm of life in time : the inside person holds the key not only to values of self but also to values of mass existence. On the mental plane, possession of existence by right of being self ; on the physical plane, renunciation of excessive self, commonalty of not-trying. When life is all-physical there is no true rhythm, only opposition between one physical entity and another—conflicting alternation, not rhythm. When life acquires a rhythm of mind and body, there is positive identity among minds and, on the physical plane—the mass or world plane—the negative identity of non-interference. When life is suspended at a point which is mental only in being a point of refuge from physical discomfort and anxiety, then nothing is happening but a suppression of life on both the mental and

physical plane of existence. This is the condition in which most of the world is at present.

From Lett Lye

About behaviour politically, crowds, or about people, 1 don't do much thinking, until lately it has consciously become such a menace that my personal line of thought for work or behaviour about it may be interfered with so much that everything seems working to waste as well as myself ; so I lose my interest and become a harmful or a harmless thing on two legs—I might as well have four.

To say this : that good behaviour and good dealing in mind things are the best things that come out of being. That interference with the living of these things stops the main thing in being,

I'm no expert on the behaviour side, so only when good behaviour is brought to me or I'm in relationship to it can I appreciate it. But perhaps people with good behaviour values of their own creation don't realize their worth—unlike myself when I realize any medium of mind, clean simplicity of statement, I revel in its worth as a conscious stimulation. A record of simplified mind statement does not of course mean that it is always an immediately easily understood one.

All the above to let you know I speak only as a selfish creator for myself, uttering to myself mental values relating to an ideal state of their simplicity, meaning their nearness to the mind, preferably an ideal state of mind without the ingrowing toenails of saintliness.

My particular flair is for visual statement. Not as a hard thinker in social values. So from the track I travel all I can say about politicians is : social development has as its material the average of the mass. Nothing better than that exists in its intelligence at that time. For its awareness of its responsibilities of living pleasure no short-cuts can be made to the at that time state of intelligence.

The social and economic people planning the mass well-being are useless unless they know about general well-being—surface well-being and inner well-being. Surface is contact with others where behaviour is expressed. Inner is contact with self where all standards are checked. Similarity of both is appreciation of others. The pleasure difference is surface sharing, inner possessing.

O.K., then, but that's not politics. I wish I could clarify in this letter why I think the average must exist blatantly as the mass, and exist quite apart from the specialists in any line of thought. Then :

staff work on the thought findings, a continual check on results so that records are kept clean. The staff work being the sieve of general well-being. The staff work on recorded statements of findings should be accessible to the people of average ways in thought or behaviour when they want to know about things as individuals. The staff must be so constituted that it can absorb the flux of ideas of the extreme without repression. For all rigid social formulas must be cracked up from within or without as conditions, mainly mental conditions of the mass, alter. Crack-ups and patch-ups causing hardships or reactions can't be avoided unless the flux of ideas is assimilated willingly in relation to the continual state of flux that may always exist in the conditions of an international organization of society.

The world state must not have any power in relation to the specialist. The state having only power in organization of lines laid down by the ever-changing staff who are rationalizing findings for the smoothest average step by step to general well-being.

In the present stage of people the killing of those not in line with political policy may easily mean the killing of valuable things in relation to a future policy. When the complete lot of us are in the state of making the best of what each has got for all, we have the securest rationalization of living.

About politics, fascism is dry metal roads. Fascism derives from one sex only, not the two. But people can't be jossed into accepting inferiority for ever. And wrong turning will eventually come to a full stop or out on the right road, if there is a right road, and if there isn't there eventually will be. Anyway all he-man stuff must get muscle-bound or burst. And so must all stuff if out of touch with the full range of human make-up.

So of all the set-ups : Capitalism only, in civilization, contains a bleak chance of individuality. Its contribution to progress was that it made competitive anxiety a ruthless creator of characteristics —good and bad individuals. The lottery for the prize of cheap power as well as non-anxiety was too vast to have many winners. The absolute ones don't bet. An absolute being is a person whose mind is absorbed with mind and not with realistic standards of living and thinking—a self-made social outcast. These absolute Pariahs—non-utility poets, philosophers, scientists and art workers —as distinct from entertainers—may be the only allowable non-doers in the structure of a well-organized international society.

In Communism it seems that individuality is sucked up for the

short-sighted good of the average. A few uncertainly absolute Pariahs are sucked up as figureheads.

Fascism supplies anxiety alt right, but doesn't even suck up Pariah figureheads. Its only use is a little practice in social organization. In all three set-ups there is the same human material and what must come out of it is the final O.K. of sensibilities and general well-being. Anyway, the mass is what we are, like the earth we've got. In it we all have our sensibilities influenced by environment if you call your mind the environment for the environment. Those who have exaggerated individuality are the Pariahs to the average. Let them be satisfied Pariahs and keep on fossicking out of the way. But those who have got a grip on surface conditions should not lose touch with those who have a grip on inner stuff for the sake of all of us.

There will always be altering of moment-values and new creative values to match up. The continual throw-up of specialist individuals as well as the continual overhaul of behaviour-values persisting as examples or guides or stimulus to those in the mass ready to take it, until everything is the best it can be at the ever-progressing moment. Until all moments lean on the next either side of the present. Until the present is either side of the best.

This letter is developing into some sort of lip-smacking philosophy or other. The reason, I think, is that to branch out into detail is book size not letter size. The only way to unphilosophize it would be to detail social means in less concentrated meanings than here and spread out in lecture detail.

And the social formulators have their different formulas as religions have their different gods, but the continual moment average logic will survive them.

About this average again. It must have its figurehead example of personalities as one form of its fancy. A true Pariah could never be a living figurehead for the average because he is the extreme of it.

The average, of course, are allowed to sneeze all they want at the Pariahs if they accidentally meet. But these Pariahs must not forget that in their minds too there is an average. The better the average the better the Pariah.

The ' average ' of mass existence is the physical average of relaxed tension—relaxed without being degenerate. It grows degenerate only if the life-emphasis is allowed to rest too heavily upon the physical: if an inertia develops delaying the mental

rebound, which then occurs hysterically and desperately. In a coherent life-rhythm physical delay is just long enough for mental insistence to accumulate naturally, and no longer. What Len Lye describes as ' staff work ' is the true political function : to be sensitively on guard against physical inertia—a physical drag in the community rhythm. The true political guardian knows the danger-point, and invokes mental values as the physical values seem about to lose vitality and freshness. I lis is a work of rationalization in that he attempts to maintain a moral parallelism between physical and mental values ; and, according as he succeeds in doing, this social life is for the time being real.

It is in the nature of physical values to break down periodically—they arc good, indeed, as they break down, are not allowed to harden into static values. This is the political guardian's responsibility : continuously to renew physical values by re-derivation from mental values —otherwise they cease to be social values. The serious politician is thus properly an inside person who dedicates himself to the guardianship of physical existence ; only as he is this will mass life have relevance to mind life. But politics, instead of being a social language arrived at by vigilant translation of mental certainty into physical unanxiety, have become an insensitive barrier between the mental and the physical, obstructing the rhythmic course of energy from inner to outer life -so that those who arc predominantly physical in their method of life are cut off from the renewing impetus and those who are predominantly mental become embarrassed by the rhythmic energy that the political barrier refuses to transmit. For it is not merely that the mass is being socially stultified : the mentally active ones are being denied their earth of ease—of which mass life is, properly, the daily expression.

I low to destroy the deadening political barrier, how to break the spell ? But we have already begun to break it ! That numbers of us have become aware of the stoppage means that just so many are somehow sending the current of life across and through the barrier. For the moment we are the politicians.

Len Lye's letter should be a reminder to us that the will to life is drawn from the inside of existence : that the inside people

stand at the source of vitality. In spite of the degenerately physical accumulations with which the world of social events is burdened, there is nevertheless life. We are holding the story of existence to its plot. Or, to put it another way, we are not allowing the rhythm of life in time to be capriciously modified. This may seem a fantastic claim to make, in view of the present condition of world life. But let us not forget that with us is the will of things as they are fundamentally. Organized attempts to deny the very fundamentals of existence may distract, discomfort or grieve the mass into abnormal behaviour. But existence goes on, its fundamentals unchanged, and the more surely now than ever by an intensified inside consciousness of it. We shall convey this reassurance to the mass as we take common pleasure in it ourselves : the feeling will spread abroad, however vaguely the mass realizes why life has now one feeling, now another.

In the following letter there is an apparent conflict—between a belief in what its writer calls ' silence ', and a belief in the value of active contact, by inside people, with outer circumstances. The conflict is only apparent. The letter is, essentially, an assertion that to be a real inside person one must somehow have already solved the problem of reconciling inner fidelity with outer interest.

A distinguished Indian philosopher, I have heard, will soon publish a work on which he has spent ten years and then, as he has long promised himself, withdraw from the world (to a mountain presumably not in the world). With the publication of this book, he considers, he will have fulfilled his obligation to humanity. This is not genuine ' inside ' behaviour : the act of philosophical retirement is a renunciation of active personality, and of personal responsibility. And work conceived in such a temper cannot possibly be of any service—either as truth, or as practical counsel. It is cast as it were anonymously upon the waters of Fate. When Fate comes to decide upon its truth or usefulness, the author will have disappeared from existence ; in leaving the decision to Fate, he is reducing the power of his **work to** that of mere suggestion. He himself will have done

nothing, will have achieved no decision by his existence—that function is delegated to Fate. And what is Fate ? Fate consists of the inside people : these are the real deciders.

An inside person is not the less ' there ' in being an inside person. He is, in fact, ' there ' more intensely and fully than an outside person : he is there all the time, and present to every aspect of life instead of being grounded in one physically particular aspect. Inside people are present to outer circumstances, and in a decisive way. Our minds bear upon the outer disorders going on around us—and they are more vivid to us than outer disorders in other ages were to the then inside people because, first, insideness has become a more sentient condition and, secondly, because the outside world has become more physically explicit and hence less mysterious in its violences. We are present, though silently : the language we speak is a product of mental integration, always the same language, and not a noisy varying jargon, product of changing physical conglomerations of event.

From Honor Wyatt

The realization, in everybody, of what is going on in the world is one of the most significant features of modern life. In the past, events described in the newspapers tended to present themselves to us merely as stories of journalistic imagination. To-day, they are happening in our own minds, and not even the less thoughtful of us can escape suffering many things for many people. This is good in that it awakens us to a knowledge of the world's need, and bad in that the measure of sadness is so great that our eagerness to help is often turned into active despair. We feel that there is more wrong than we shall ever be able to right; and so the impulse to do something becomes simply a fruitless busy-ness, a busy-ness of talking about things in a technical way as if to forget and dissolve the inner, non-technical horror of it all. Yes, there is too much talking, and the talk does not soothe, it aggravates. Somehow we must learn to keep silence.

One way of dealing with this new realization might be to fight it, to force things not to happen in our minds. This would result, in the end, in the things not happening at all. (If Fascism were not happening in the minds of Italian men and women, it would not be

happening in **Italy.)** But **the** immediacy of political and international affairs, their disordering infringement on our private lives, makes such a course almost impossible. And, allowing ourselves to realize the outside disorders in all their intricacy of ugliness or horror, we find it difficult to sit by and do nothing. That is to give the wrongness of the world too much power over us.

What can we do ? We can try to tidy up our own corners of the world. The corners of some of us are happily intimate places, where the quiet ways of living that we love, and the calm ways of speaking which come naturally to us, are the best instruments for making goodness in that corner. But some of us—even inside people—find ourselves occupied in public activity. I do not agree that dehumanization of inner faculties is necessarily the result of such activity (though, of course, when inner awareness is slight, it is in danger of being swamped by the ' importance ' of outer things). Indeed, I do not see how outer work can be well done without a certain quality of truth only to be found in inside persons. Can it be that the outside person unconsciously feels this and, in turning to inside people for help, has invaded our inner life in the way you describe ? And have we perhaps been too unwilling to yield ourselves to his need because of our fear of vulgarizing precious things ?

It cannot be right for an inside person to seek outside employment for the excitement or glamour of the outside world, but surely it is good for him to go into it naturally—if it is in his ' corner '—for the sake of regulating it by its inside significance. For instance, an inside man whose corner is journalism can colour its outer technicalities with an inner honesty, a teacher can make a contact in children's minds between the external facts, male in quality, and the internal realities, female in quality. The journalist, the teacher, the politician can, if they are inside people, keep the connection firm between the outer and the inner world, to prevent them from becoming ' recklessly disconnected '. Such people have an understanding of both worlds. Those people who understand the outer world alone are best fitted for technical work, but it is only those who have some understanding of technicalities as well as an inner understanding who can take the message of the inner people to the outer world. Their very innerness will prevent them from making too large a thing of the outer occupation—will, indeed, keep it in good proportion not only in their own minds but also in the minds of outside people. Perhaps we have been too inclined, in the past, to rely on outside people to keep the connection strong. Is it not better to

rely on the inner people for this, since it is they who are most aware of the need of the connection ? Surely, then, it is necessary for some inside people to venture into the outside world ?

A danger that comes, very often, from the desire to ' do ' something is the temptation to join some propagandist organization. To put a miltant label on our activities gives us a make-believe contact with achievement ; for the movements do no more than advertise the most ambitious persons in them. We are at heart weary of political parties, movements, causes. They belong to history. Another danger is the temptation to seek publicly conspicuous work ; this leads too often to the kind of employment in which we cannot make real use of ourselves. The thing we have to do—whether public or private—must come naturally and cannot be found by deliberate experiment. It would be good if we could do that thing well, without excitement, in ' silence '.

If our eagerness to help sometimes turns into inactive despair, this means no more than that it is impossible to establish contact with wrong outer circumstances—they are wrong because they have isolated themselves from all contact, all help. That we cannot succeed in establishing contact with outer wrong does not mean that we are not in contact with the uncontaminated elements of outer life. The wrong things are not the natural elements of outer life, but uses to which they have been put inconsistent with their character, and hence with truth itself. Because we are inside people we are in contact with the natural elements of outer life—contact more real than any that might take place between one purely external thing and another. Indeed, the externalities can only communicate with one another through us. When direct contact takes place between external things, the result is violence—because there is no tranquillizing mental intervention. That there is now so much ' wrong ' in outer life is due, precisely, to the invention of independent physical languages and the attempt to make communication a wholly physical affair. The result is violence—jargon countered with jargon, formula with formula.

When inside people attempt to establish contact with outer circumstances through the wrong forms that have been imposed on them, the result is ' talk ', We cannot really reach them :

our approach to them is returned to us unfelt, and so we sadly address ourselves rather than them. If we managed to establish contact through these artificial formulas, we should ourselves be wrong—the wrong things would be happening in our minds. If we were doing no more than maintaining mental purity by not allowing them to happen in our minds, we should be merely blotting out ourselves along with them and leaving the purified field to hypothetical future generations. We deny the reality of the wrong outer circumstances, but our minds are accomplishing something more than negation. Even in negating them we are affirming the proper external realities. Thus, the activity of all inside people has a necessary public application, has meaning for outer as well as inner contexts of existence : in this sense is certainly a public as well as personal activity.

The difference between public activity of an inside kind and a conventionally public kind is that the inside activity makes its own relevant public form; while the conventional public activity has a fixed technical form, which forces all inside energy put into it to disguise its nature in technicalities and thus prevents it from accomplishing anything more than tricks. Thus by a trick—the pretence that a value is a technicality and so appropriate to be introduced into a technical routine, an inside person can smuggle certain improvements into public machinery. But the only kind of improvement that can be made in machinery is technical—the value introduced becomes a mere technicality and, still worse, good inside energy is wasted on what could be as well or better accomplished by an outside person. The only way to influence a conventional public activity is by not being of its machinery—through inside work in its own relevant public form. Then the influence is a general one, injecting a question about values into the whole public atmosphere which the technical directors must answer if the question is general enough, and voiced by a sufficient number of inside people. Every articulate inside person is thus empowered to raise questions of manifold address—challenging not merely one of many public activities but all at the same time. For an inside person to insert himself deliberately into a single

public routine is to compress his general challenge into an incidental veiled hint. This is not good enough.

Journalism is an interesting case. If the inside person is a writer, it can be said to be a public activity ' in his corner ', But there is a fallacy here. Writing is an inside activity that has a sturdy public form of its own. Journalism is writing—pieces of writing that, ideally, differ only from writing of other kinds in being meant only to take a very short time to read. This limits the subjects of journalism, yet, ideally, it should make no difference to integrity of thought or style. But journalism in this sense only exists in a smuggled form. For journalism, besides being writing, is also something else : a conventional public activity for the dissemination of news which has degenerated into a machine for treating all matters (not merely matters of short interest) with the least scrupulousness of attention, thought and feeling that is humanly possible—an instrument for making mental carelessness comfortable. The only effective way to influence journalism is through releasing a general inside insistence on values into the public atmosphere, by inside work in its own public form. The other way is not worth the effort, the sacrifice of inside energy diffused (if not corrupted). It is only justified by the economic excuse of being one of the few sources of income open to writers. Yet they cease to be writers the more successful they are as journalists ; and then the proper thing to be said of them, if they smuggle decency into their work, is that they are outside people sensitive to inside influence. But inside influence is not increased through the conversion of inside into outside people.

Teaching, like writing, is properly an inside activity. But teaching has degenerated into a conventional public activity : we must be clear upon the sense in which we are using the word. The same problem arises as with writing and journalism. It is possible to smuggle teaching into public education, but positive inside influence upon the machinery of public education can only be exercised in the form of a general influence on all public machinery. We can say that education ought to be among the first systems to feel this influence, because it is itself an abbrevi-

ated version of inside work ; and work in an educational institution causes a less violent sense of frustration in an inside person than a great many other sorts of public work would. But no inside person can achieve his maximum of inside influence as a teacher in an educational institution. To be successful as a teacher within the bounds of public education he must abbreviate not only his knowledge, and his values, but his very self.

Inside people have an outer wisdom—' an understanding of both words ', To understand the nature of outer technicalities they do not have to practise them. They cannot understand them very well, indeed, if they devote themselves exclusively to one particular branch of external technique. An inside person may be said to be devoting himself, in his work, to every kind of activity all at once, to the end of revealing some hitherto unapparent principle of relation between them. The work of an inside person thus helps other people to know better what they are doing ; all the harmonizing forces of life are set in motion, kept in motion, clarified and intensified by inside people. For these reasons, when a person endowed with some strength of inner consciousness fills a conventional post, one tends to think of his work not as a categorical, official task, but rather as the work, peculiarly, of that person, regardless of the departmental label. An inside person is a generalist, not a specialist—except in the sense that, by ordinary external standards, to do work of general effect is peculiar—if not fanciful. Thus, in self-protection, people whose work is of a generalizing kind affect the character of being specialists, in order to be above the suspicion of fancifulness—which, in turn, causes much misunderstanding of the nature of inside work.

What conclusions have we, then ? That, even because such properly inside activities as teaching and writing have been travestied in public education and journalism, it is all the more urgent that inside work should take only those public forms in which there is no danger of an enforced compromise in integrity: because of such travesties, undiluted inside work is the more an urgent necessity. Further, that inside people engage in work which is not the less valid, publicly, in not being combinable with the conventional public forms of activity. Finally,

that if the public validity of our work is not patent, it is all the more important that it should be patent to us. Our work, our way of being, acquires large effectiveness as we see its full public implications—give visible place to it, and to ourselves, in our perceptions of world happenings and public courses.

Honor Wyatt's letter is inspired by a sense of the concrete impact of inside people upon outer life. To say that outer life is insensitive to this, to the degree to which outer disorders exist, is not to say that we do not exist concretely. It is merely to say that there is just so much insensitiveness in outer life—and just so much negative existence. What we have to do is to sharpen our own sight of ourselves, and perfect our public visibility in our own characteristic shape. This means the resolution to credit ourselves with the reality that we now have ; whatever credit we thus give ourselves must count in the general reckoning, since it is we, after all, who keep the final accounts.

In the following letter we are given an outline of the process by which people's nerves and energies are drawn into political and diplomatic conspiracies against their own quiet, against their very right to live their own lives. It raises the question, also : to what extent have inside people promoted these conspiracies ?

From Alan Hodge

[1] Outside ' people do not have distinct personal reactions to situations, but adopt fixed attitudes into which they force each fresh emotion and by reference to which they stereotype each fresh idea ; much of their life is automatically determined for them by custom. When the people responsible for custom—the ' authorities '—are themselves of an intensively ' outside ' state of mind, then custom ceases to be a simplifying convenience : it becomes a dead routine disconnected from internal realities. Thus, the attitude of those engaged in the conduct of international relations is determined by the inherited policies of the states they represent, and these policies are in turn determined by external factors such as, whether the state is predominantly agrarian or industrial, ethnically unified or troubled by minority problems, dependent on imports, and therefore on sea-power, or economically self-sufficing, and so on. These factors

have little connection with the personal conditions of character which normally determine the relations of people with one another. Policies have hardened into dead routines ; the people who exercise them are not of the kind to bring reality into them.

Dead routines, being inadequate, induce cynicism and hypocrisy in their prosecution ; as, to-day, public policy pretends identity with personal morality. Relations between people are not determined by economic competition : a poor man with a rich friend will no doubt benefit economically by the friendship, but the friendship does not exist for and does not arise from such benefit—it occurs because of intellectual and emotional sympathy. If benefit occurs without such sympathy, it can only be the basis of subservience, dependence, fear and suspicion. So in present international relations, where one state is constantly aggrandizing itself at the expense of others by economic, financial and military means, no sympathetic co-operation is involved ; there is no friendship between states, only the suspicious dependence of the smaller states on the great powers and an uneasy tolerance between equal neighbours. And yet the pretence is that international affairs are conducted on a basis of decent custom.

The professional people who to-day conduct foreign policy are of complex mentality without having any central faith of mind—they are astute, but not wise. This astuteness has spread everywhere, through propaganda by newspapers, radios and organized meetings, degenerating into boredom, or a readiness for the worst. There is no evocation either of simple, outside reactions of common sense, or of ' inside ' reactions ; and the only thing that can now restore physical common sense to the world is ' inside ' reactions. Inside people must therefore recognize that they cannot wait upon coherent appeal for their view of circumstances ; it is for them to feel the appeal in its mute unhappiness through the obstructive barrier into which politics have consolidated outer events.

At the moment it is possible to seduce people from their domestic affairs by appealing to their sense of duty to the world at large. Thus an antithesis is created between domestic order and world order, whereas the latter is properly only an extension of the former. Until there is a satisfactory domestic policy, world policy will contain all the domestic disorders in exaggerated form. True domestic order, of course, is the order which people naturally observe within their houses—of which the order represented by the Home Policy of any particular government is a parody.

Governments create an audience for their parody of order. This

is known as ' public opinion ', which is a changing collective reaction without the coherence of living custom. People are no longer allowed by the press, and other organs of this ' public opinion ', to have a consistent point of view : their opinion is subjected to daily dictation. Uncomfortable in this constant exposure to uncertain public weather, they organize themselves into opinion-blocks—labelled Socialist, Conservative, Fascist, etc., so that even the variations in opinion become stereotyped. And this abstraction and dehumanization of opinion takes place also in international affairs, where it is even more dangerous because France, Germany, the United States, etc., are represented, abstractly, as competitors in the struggle for markets and power-prestige—competitors whom it is thought right to outwit at every opportunity, as if a slight gain in the physical instrumentalities of life were a compensation for neglect of the end of life : emotional and intellectual reciprocity.

In this fantastically externalized world people cease to exist as persons ; they become French or German, Communist or Fascist—simplified one-dimensional characters, reacting to situations by opinion-policy—policy reacting to policy. Thus there arises a false consistency, an orthodoxy which condemns as unpatriotic or ' deviationist' the introduction of any personal or conventionally moral factor into the formulation of policy.

' Let us put aside all personal considerations,' says the politician, thinking that he has risen to the heights of human impartiality. But he has not : his is an inhuman partiality, it interprets every situation in terms of markets and power-prestige, and these things are inhuman in themselves when they are made ends. All other human interests—of mind and personal life—are left to take care of themselves. But they cannot take care of themselves when the dangers of the pursuit of profit and power are so imminent ; those most interested in them have to set about putting the outer interests in their proper place. This necessity does not justify the immersion of ' inside ' people in politics, it merely indicates that ' inside ' people should make clear just how the sophistications of politics obstruct the real course of life.

It is obvious that the pursuit of profit and power is driving nations to conflict. It is equally obvious that in international conflict all consideration of personal welfare is lost. War, as Clausewitz has defined it, is ' the pursuit of policy by other means '; what is wrong therefore must be the type of policy which has to resort to such means. To have a policy apart from a morality is wrong ; it gives

to physical ends a false dignity in the name of which statesman can posture heroically. Policy introduces an intransigent element into questions where unbiassed co-operation is necessary.

The politician speaks always from the platform of policy, leaving himself and his audience out of account. What he says has no lasting appeal, either to common sense or inside values, or any reality as human speech ; so that, by comparison with his utterances, he himself seems erratically personal—to be anything like a person at all. Philosophers are similarly accustomed to deliver their views in the form of lectures, employing a complicatedly dull jargon in their presentations of policies of truth—and as persons usually give an effect of' queerness ', True ' inside ' people address their utterances to their consciences, which presume all people of good mind for audience ; and this scrupulousness should be introduced into public life. The lecture technique must be eliminated. The question must be not: How am I to present this problem to others ? but : How can I most faithfully present it—to myself or anyone seriously concerned in or with these matters ? In that way the professional political atmosphere would be avoided and its false platform dignity destroyed. Public questions should not be defined in isolation from personal questions, but take their colouring from these—instead of being allowed to develop into abstract, colourless pomposities. If they were so treated, it would then be immediately apparent which questions were of most urgency. As things are now, the urgency of a question is not upon natural grounds, but abstract grounds of ' policy ',

It is generally possible to catch a person at moments when he is not being just a lecturer, or whatever his official r61e may be. But these moments do not occur in international affairs, because the political r61e extinguishes the person almost entirely. In the committee-room politicians have the opportunity to become personalized again, but their hardened outside habit usually prevents this. The League of Nations has turned foreign secretaries into committeemen, but unfortunately their fixed policies still remain, and the League is an instrument for the conciliation of policies already determined instead of for co-operative decision. Statesmen come to conferences thinking of the policies they have at stake, of the means of striking bargains to preserve national power and property, and, if possible, to add to it. This creates the opposition of Have-Nations to Have-Not-Nations.

People tend to strike attitudes when they are faced by a public.

The artificial exaggeration required by theatrical conventions is equally noticeable in the behaviour of public men toward each other. Thus, Gladstone and Disraeli did not behave as persons but as dramatized protagonists, externalizing every intimate word and gesture for the sake of their two-party game. It is more serious when this striking of attitudes takes place in international relations, because here, when attitudes conflict, the actors rely on the whole power of their nations to enforce their attitudes. Indeed, it is perhaps not so much the conflict of attitudes that is dangerous as the claim inherent in each that it is more justified than any other, because of all the force behind it. By this claim the people of a nation can be induced to fight—because they constitute the supporting force they are flattered into feeling that their physical support is a moral one. Against such flattery all Pacifist doctrines are useless. The only remedy is to change the way in which policies are formed so that their individualism will be of a technical, not theatrical, nature.

It might be asked : how can people be prevented from becoming theatrically un-co-operative when all the contrivances of publicity are at their service, designed to make their idiosyncracies of world-wide importance ? Externalization of character is to be seen not only in world affairs ; when a person now sets about to do some serious work, the whole apparatus of externalization is there to tempt him. Thus, even poets become platform lecturers. When a person gets up to deliver a lecture he tends to lose all his personal properties and moral conscientiousness, and become a didactic caricature of himself. A lecturer addresses a presumed highest common factor of intelligence ; in private he may be a person of faith and mental energy, but in public he scales down his ideas and formulates them by a logic of narrow commonplaceness—making a momentary appeal that will avoid any sequel of personal responsibility and take advantage of all the external aids at hand for creating the greatest impression with the least labour.

In anything that concerns large numbers of people nothing should be at stake but co-operation : for everyone the same thing should be at stake—namely, the proper co-operative solution, since that alone can be a lasting one. But the sophisticated irresponsibility that the public posture brings with it creates a variety of competitive interests—each of which is no more in reality than the reputation of a platform personality. Friends in their dealings with one another do not think of themselves as having things at stake. When there

is something to be decided, there is no question of compromise or of finding a formula ; it is taken for granted that the solution must be equitable and bestow a gain in harmony on everyone concerned. If this assumption were introduced into international affairs some people would still be kept busy, of course, dealing with the technique of international life, but there would be no distracting exaggeration of its importance, such as is produced by excluding every concern except that of policy—which is fundamentally that of a popular reputation for astuteness.

Perhaps it is the representative system that is at fault. The representative regards himself as empowered to live for those v> horn he represents, sucking up all their force of decision and treating them as a dead body. Between this static represented background and the changing situations with which the representatives have to deal there is no fertile interaction. Closer relations between the politician and domestic opinion can only be achieved by recognition that political and diplomatic movements must not take place in a vacuum of policy. And people who make a whole-time job of the outer order of things must be prevented from forcing false significance and value into their results. When this is done, and the result is bad, people tend to lay too much stress on representation ; they feel that all the wrongs of their lives are due to bad representation and can be politically corrected. Thus arises the doctrine of class-war. Class-war, the struggle of the represented against representatives who take no notice of them, leads to an externalizing of all life and all values.

It is difficult to say simply what should be done, in so many acts. The problem is, rather, what not to do : we have, most of us, been doing all these things that our representatives have been doing, in regarding them as empowered to make our lives for us. The energy we use in identifying our lives with their destructive impositions must be withdrawn.

Outside people are those who live more by convention than by immediate original reaction ; they take advantage of previously determined certainties to live in a safe way. Their emotions and intelligence are held in common ; each is a check upon the other against dangerous transgression of rules that it has been found safe to follow. This is a strategy of self-protection, an avoidance of new circumstances in which they may behave mistakenly because incapable of making new rules

themselves. New rules, new definitions, are left to the inside people. Custom and convention are in this sense guarantees of the good behaviour of people who are more physical than mental in their living habits. It is proof of integrity to rely on some provided code, make no new step on one's own account, if one does not feel sufficient confidence in oneself for original behaviour. But custom and convention become means of stifling existence when they are not revitalized to sustain life in new areas with which the compass of existence has been increased. We have now this peculiar situation : a full compass of life is democratically prescribed for everyone, and a new individual originality of existence assumed in everyone. The political pretence is, really, that custom and convention need no longer be relied on—and yet those who make this pretence on behalf of humanity at large are ready to appeal to custom and convention at any moment, as convenience and rhetoric dictate. Thus the mass of people are in a bewildered state ; they do not actually know how they are living, whether freely or by traditional decorum. One moment it seems the one, the next the other—and it is, in effect, neither. There has been a grotesque concentration of all authority, both moral and physical, in the political figureheads; they are free to be as inconsistent as they like in their conduct of affairs, by the democratic fiction that people have delegated their free wills to them.

For the ordinary outside person there is a fixed domestic area of life in which he may indeed behave as a free moral being. But political and diplomatic technique takes no real cognizance of private existence and morality; and the public existence provided is not even conventional in the old-fashioned way. People are being torn from what private independence and originality they may have achieved, to sustain a world routine that pretends to allow for the private person but that actually involves him completely in a brutal outer incoherence—from which there seems to be no escape back to private moral freedom and coherence.

In earlier days the rule of custom extended into the innermost area of existence. The need for custom has now been restricted to the outermost area, which is in a perfect condition to be

ruled by custom—in having acquired a great technical apparatus for eliminating random events and emotions. We have at last brought life to a point where behaviour by convention can find its proper relevance and justification : in the outer, physical area of life. This is because the distinction between physical and personal life has become accurately clear—between existence as it is limited by physicality and existence as it is a responsible and free experience.

It is clear what is outer and what inner; and custom has become clear as provision for outer experience. The less mysterious inner experience becomes—as we live it directly ourselves, not through the intervention of priests—the more explicitly does outer experience show itself to be outer. And custom is more directly and more frequently renewable from within : the inside values are not in the hands of institutions which take a whole age to formulate new advances in inner knowledge ; they are in our own hands.

World and public order is an extension of domestic and private order in the sense of being, properly, a relaxation of personal intensities, personal freedom and experiment. It is the area of life in which it is right to be conservative, conventional, intuitively simple rather than mentally brilliant—the area in which it is best to play ' safe ' because the physical realities are inelastic, of limited adaptability. What has gone wrong ? The wrong might be thus described in this context : the political career has increasingly attracted ambitious minds as a field of mental play. These have made the outer world an arbitrary reality of their own, a play-world at the mercy of their competitive cleverness. In this fictional realm no force is at work except individualistic mental strategy, devoid of any emotional or moral relevance to the actual reality, as life, of the situations concerned. This is why the nations in which there is a real domestic conscience suffer the most: there is an assumption, in the people of these, of some necessary relevance between the movements of their political figureheads and their own private feelings—but no such relevance exists. Therefore the ordinary people of these nations feel utterly deprived —not only of outer tranquillity, but of their very selves,

which they have allowed to be used to fill out the politicians' fantasies.

Libertarian mental ingenuity, such as is exercised by the professional politicians, must be judged on inner mental ground —where it fails because it is only fancy. We, the inside people, know this, can define it as *bad thinking* and recognize in these brilliant political jugglers inside people of a humble order whom mental ambition has led astray. Furthermore, we can prevent ourselves from being used in their figments, as those whose inner vitality is of a more tenuous sort than ours cannot. We can dwell inwardly on solid inner ground ; and, also, we can see through their political figments to the clean outer ground which they have obscured. If we are unhappy, it should not be for any lack of our own, but because of all that is being stolen from the helpless others.

This letter gives us the resolution, that is, to hoard our inner energies against political depredation. We have the great responsibility of protecting the more susceptible ones from this sort of parasitism ; and one way of fulfilling our responsibility is to be on ever more stern guard against contributing the least energy of credence (which is to say energy of existence) to the diplomatic show offered us as our own show. We, let it be remembered, are the only defenders that those others have. From us alone can they get the courage not to let themselves be hypnotized.

The following letter similarly insists upon the need of dissociation from the incongruous diplomatic outer world. It also makes a point, in its first paragraph, that I at first thought of suppressing—because one cannot trust the reactions to such a statement, editorially acquiesced in by me, to be ' pure ', I mean, the suggestion about my serving as a' meeting-place ' for ideas on the subject of how general outer tranquillity may be created from the inside. I have in general suppressed appreciative references to myself that added nothing to the discussion —that were merely complimentary. This, however, on second thought, seems to me to be a positive element of the letter itself, and to raise a problem that needs to be faced. In commenting

on this last group of letters I repeatedly assert that we (the inside people) have already begun, individually, to ' do something ', And in the recommendations developed I suggest practical enlargements, consolidations and applications of inside principles of behaviour, order and judgement. But there remains the problem : how to gather existing personal impetus of an inside kind into a world impetus. I am here, in this book, identifying and feeling out such personal impetus, and also anticipating its accumulation. Beyond this, I am aware, whatever happens must happen spontaneously, not as result of organizing pressure ; and I would be the last person to say that the test of the possibilities indicated in my book was in the immediate reaction to the book itself. Perhaps my book will accomplish no more than to enable the few people who are already sensitive to the internal implications of contemporary world circumstances to watch them more alertly, and with more confidence in the few things in which they have confidence. It is an advance toward ultimate serenity to recognize the final issues concealed in the temporary issues, and to count the securities against the dangers ; my insistence throughout has been that we have great and incorruptible securities—and I have attempted to indicate what they are.

At the same time, while believing that any collection of inside foices must take place spontaneously, which is to say without loss of personal impetus, I am ready to pursue the work begun in this book in any way that seems a natural, unforced consequence of the ways in which I and other inside-minded people have here approached the problem of inside influence upon outer affairs. But, if this book has a special consequence, to be of value it must have the character of a communication, not of a ' movement ', The point raised by Mary Phillips will have indeed been well raised if, in discussing it, I have made this clear. More explicitly, should I not yet have been explicit enough : we must do nothing in an atmosphere of publicity, and nothing that depends on large-scale conversion. Our position must be, as inside people, that it is outside people who need our support—not we who need theirs. What we have to do is to perfect our world articulateness as inside people—but

the language we use must be our kind of language. By the collection of inside people I mean, that is, their better communication among themselves. If we succeed in communicating effectively among ourselves we shall, in this, be forming our common instrument of outer influence. I have here attempted, with the help of my contributors, to do all the ' underground ' work possible with the material available, and at this state of our scatteredness. There may be more preliminary exploration of the kind to do. But however little progress we have made along this way, it is, at any rate, the way we must take. I should like the following letter to be read in the light of these introductory comments.

From Mary Phillips

', . . what we may unitedly do about it from the inside. . . .' Our first difficulty in a united effort to save the people of the outer world from themselves and to save the inside and important world from the continual tiresomeness of outside hysterias, would *r* m to be our geographical separation. To do unitedly implies a ' meeting-place ' to decide what practical form this unity should take. Your publication of the replies to your letter would obviously and rightly establish you as the ' meeting-place ' for ideas, but is the work this would and should entail humanly possible ? With many willing helpers, I feel ' yes ',

Would it be right for the women and men of the inside, temporarily at any rate, to cease to avail themselves of the outer world ? To refuse to vote at elections, or to buy or read newspapers ? Even the wireless and (because of the ' Press ' influence) things of superficial entertainment such as the cinema should be forgone. Surely there are enough of us for the outer diplomatic world to be aware of the weight of our disassociation from its activities. And this disassociation on the part of the very people whose interests they are supposed to safeguard would surely make them stop, if only for a little.

I don't know whether this idea would be possible in a country under Nazi or Fascist rule, as in these countries any behaviour which does not laud the activities of the outer world seems to be treated as a crime.

If, however, the world of international affairs could be made to rest, what we should do must depend on circumstances, but perhaps

some of the inside people of the homes, yet ' with a special talent for outer employment ', might then help the outer world to find a proper sense of proportion and to ensure a real peace in our time.

We can ' cease to avail ourselves of the outer world ' by watching it with collected minds rather than feeding its horrors with our anxieties and looking to it for relief from our anxieties. We are somewhat doing this already. But to make our power of resistance into an instrument by which others may escape unhappiness, and the world itself cease to be a place from which there is no return, we must be something more than quietists. We must be doing something more, in dissociating ourselves from the present outer ugliness on the ground that as a world it is not good enough, than saying that it is not good enough : we must be indicating what kind of outer world is good enough, construing it from externalities that have not been corrupted by unnatural use. As there are numbers of us whom the present world-madness has not made mad, so there are things and processes which have remained sane—the earth itself, to begin with, has not gone mad. In stopping, ourselves, we arc declaring a pre-nightmare time ; we are going back to those external aspects of life which were already good enough and filling them with an immediacy of which these latter falsely futurist days have robbed them. But, to have effect, such a definition of the good-enough world must be a living example. We, the inside people, are not only minds, but lives. In living there is much, in the way of physical existence, that we can, and do, accept with integrity ; and what we thus accept—which includes not only earth and many humanly devised things but also people as they devise them—may be said to safeguard inside interests.

It would be premature at this stage to calculate what would be the appropriate formality of communication between inside people, to keep them in sustained conference. There is, however, a simple resolution we can make which, if individually pursued, would mount into a communicative eloquence. We need, that is, to love more awarely—not, of course, in the sense of an indiscriminate tenderness toward all that is thrown up on **the table** of existence by time. We need to collect our affec-

tions ; to particularize conscientiously to ourselves the people, contacts, experiences and things of which we can say that f wish for better would be to contradict love. In resting ur u such an avowal we arc reassembling the world from the mystical wreckage created by those who have no love of existence—whom we must think of indeed as having actual hate of it. Those responsible for our world disorders are people who should have never come to exist: whose coming to exist at all may be regarded as due to an ill-defined, insufficiently explicit acceptance of existence by the existence-loving. Room has been left for the existence-hating, in which to rear myths of denial. In other times myths of affirmation countered myths of denial, but existence has now ceased to be defined in terms of myth ; it has become more literal, is to be defined in terms of people themselves. Instead of vague forces of evil, we have living personal precipitations of evil—as, instead of vague forces of good, we have living personal precipitations of good. Thus, while evil is now more acute in its impingement, it should be easier to deal with in having become personally recognizable by our more literal recognition of the good.

We are, however, not nearly so literal as we might be. If we were adequately literal we should dare literally to disown what we know to be evil. But we cannot do this without the strength that comes of literally owning what we know to be good. In fact, we are more explicit in defining evil than in defining good. We define evil—for example, all our sophisticated familiarity with the evil at work in international affairs—but allow room for it in our picture of existence because we have not filled out the picture with all the good there actually is. We do not dare literally to own what we know to be good ; and it is only by doing this that we can make the definition of evil an exclusion of evil.

Only by sufficient love ; by full owning ; by making a world of what we live well of. Romantic love makes a world of a single simple object, in which is fancifully vested all virtues and beauties ; the simple object is a means of evading the literal complex effort of love. This is a laziness of the affections which all idealisms encourage—whether sexual or religious or

political. Literal love is a complex effort, directed toward many persons and many things—all things as in belonging to our world they strengthen its meaning of unity. Love is a laying about of meaning, where meaning can be sustained ; and, if it is thoroughly love, it is also an expulsion of the meaningless. But, to be love thoroughly, it must start with a confident sweep of meaning—rest upon a courage in us of belonging widely ourselves, as we can belong well.

Inside people have this initial courage of love as outside people have not. It is for us to make the major claims for existence, to denote unequivocally what we find good ; if we do not, then outside people are tempted to make claims, which are necessarily false and extravagant because *they do not know*, do not exist widely enough to know. It is for inside people to love, and outside people and things to be loved. Our kind of love is a manifold scrutiny and naming good, theirs is a mute waiting to be claimed ; they are love-eloquent only in their response of relief in being loved.

There is much in the world that does not want to be loved, ',ut much also that does. In denying love to the one kind, we must see ourselves as saving it for the other. There is in us now, as inside people, a great accumulation of ungiven love ; in refusing it to so much in life we have been learning how to give it carefully and safely. The time has come when we can give it, must give it—the good name of existence is in our hands. The ' talent for outer employment ' which inside people have is such a talent for love.

The following letter describes the ugly results of doing too much. Poets, for example, grow ugly when they attempt to force more poetry on the world than it can hold—diluting its virtues in order to spread their public fame and flatter people into believing themselves more virtuous than they really are. Politicians and diplomatists grow ugly, and dangerous, when they attempt to expand the offices of politics and diplomacy—persuading themselves of more power of management than can be exercised through their office and, by exciting political and diplomatic energy in great numbers of people, infecting them

also with a desire to manage affairs of all kinds that do not come within their functions.

From Anthony Brown

You ask what shall we do. Is not the answer nothing, actively and honestly nothing ? The root of the whole trouble lies in excessive doing : without foundation, without knowledge, without invitation. And they are the bad outside people, the public people who do not live in their own work, but live vicariously in other people's. Comparatively few people are of pure inside character, do work of a purely inside kind ; but everyone may have a domestic character, by making his work his adequate home—so that even politicians can be domestic in their outsideness—as was Lansbury as ' .ome Secretary. Cobbet was domestic in his Rural Rides, in his Advices, even in his Protestant Reformation, but in exposing Tom Paine's bones he parted with his own honesty and became a very public person.

It is true that many diplomatists, many politicians, are public people, without any domestic character : so also are many poets, many painters. I admit that, in so far as poets are public poets, they are bad poets, but so also are politicians bad politicians as they lack domestic quality. That is the trouble. International affairs claim an increasing share of everyone's attention because the diplomatists and politicians are to that extent bad. Were they better, more self-contained and less public, more truly diplomatic, their international affairs would not obtrude themselves on us whose work they are not.

Public people are those who do not live in their work and so they commonly become the very opposite of amateurs in other people's. They throw themselves at other people's work, not for love of it, but for hate. They criticize their neighbours not because they like their manners but because they dislike them, and instead of being true professionals they become most false and harmful amateurs.

What then are we to do ? This unhappiness arises from people living their lives, doing all their work, in public. There are too many false amateurs and not enough professionals, and false amateurs breed false amateurs and so is born this diversity of sterile and destructive movements that there is to-day. As each one of us acts on the public stage rather than within the given limits of his life or work, so we contribute to the general unease. Our public acts bear international fruit and make us participators in foreign

death. What we can do, and must do if we are to survive, is to attend to our proper work and not, like childish adults, run after externals. For then we do a double harm : we neglect our own proper concerns, and, by our officiousness, baulk those who might otherwise be able to develop a true domestic element in externals. We must have sympathy and, when our work overlaps with another's, co-operation : it is so that we shall promote a general domestic quality in life ; and therein lies the cure of this present unrest.

Really the whole question is answered in the nursery rhyme of Jack Spratt. And even if his wife had not played fair it would only have made matters worse if Jack had butted in, particularly if his mouth had been full.

Inside people are under less danger of attempting to do too much than outside people are, since their ends are already, in their being people of that kind, large ends ; when their ends are vulgarized by public ambition, they automatically become small ends. The poet, for example, must change his end of truth for an end of mere entertainment when he attempts to catch the attention of large numbers of people who have no responsible sense of truth. The work of outside people has small, practical, daily ends ; if upon these are grafted large, universal meanings, there results a false competition in the same ends between inside and outside people. I am going to extract from this very illuminating letter a larger resolution than the one which its writer modestly extracts : a resolution about the quality of respect to be paid to the various kinds of work people do, and the proper distinction between various kinds of responsibility.

Until recent times there was a formal division of responsibility between Church and State, and of respect. There was no real need of conflict over the division of responsibilities, nor over the respect in which each wished to be held. Respect was paid to the Church, and demanded by it, on the ground of its responsibility for the life of the soul; and to the State as the arbiter in all earthly concerns. This really meant that the Church legislated for future life, and the State for immediate life. The distinction became less real as the idea of future life narrowed from a figurative conception into a literal prospect

—when the religious future yielded to a temporally close anticipation of good existence.

As people began to conceive themselves more finally, the distinction between immediate and future life began to lose force ; and the religious sense to wane ; and the division of responsibility and respect to be made upon a different basis. It is this basis that we must try to understand here.

Under the old system of division—Church and State—the State was responsible for the physical particulars of life, and religion for the noble generalities, always seen as administered from a mysteriously future point of control. Between these two fields of authority moved certain restless, burning r 'nds, attempting to precipitate a fusion of physical immediacy with futuristic eternity. Sometimes they resigned their energies to the Church ; sometimes they resigned their hopes to worldliness. A few remained erratically themselves—were what we should now call ' inside people ', but had then no definable status. For example, to be a poet was for long the most anomalous position one could possibly occupy—and even now the cloud of anomalousness has not altogether cleared : is one serving ' society ' (or the State), or is one assuming the role of spiritual ministrant ? Spiritual ministration, as an officially recognized function, has lost much of its former prestige and power ; so that the less original-minded poets, who feel the need of a conventional stimulus and definition of function, must choose between a romantic spirituality that makes the literature of the past a churchly monument of inspiration, and an allegiance to society far more servile than any earlier forms of dependence on worldly patronage.

What is our actual situation as regards the division of responsibility and respect ? By ' actual situation ' I do not mean the present confusion of attitude toward the different kinds of work that people do. I mean : how, actually, do the various responsibilities now fall ? The division was once, officially, into responsibilities for future life and responsibilities for immediate life. We are now at a point where what were formerly the after-life responsibilities have become immediate responsibilities as well, and the temporal distinction has lost

significance. In this all-immediateness of life the conventional priestly offices are no longer authoritative; the language they use is a futuristic rhetoric, that has no living relevance because the energy of life is now entirely concentrated in the present. People still have visions of the future, but not in the sense of visions of an after-life. What they see is the scientific future, which is no more than a physical extension of the mental present: the scientific future is, indeed, a denial that there is any future in a spiritual sense. The responsibility of that part of life for which religion was once the official authority has devolved directly upon those whom I have described as inside people—' ourselves ', The life of the spirit, in becoming immediate, becomes the life of the mind ; and we, as we are minds, are actively responsible for it. Furthermore, in translating spiritual authority into mental authority, we make ourselves responsible for the whole of life. The temporal separation between immediate physical life and the spiritual finalities is no longer a real one ; ' values ', having immediate application, can no longer be studied in futuristic abstraction. Living and knowing have coincidence in time ; the world and truth come within the same frame. The world must fit into the truth, and truth must fit over the world. The old antinomies—as of earth and heaven, time and eternity—disappear in a simultaneous concurrence of all aspects of existence ; body and soul are joined in an immediacy of mind.

I have throughout insisted upon the distinction between inside and outside existence ; but in doing this I make no separation in time between the two ' sides ', The notions ' inside ' and ' outside ' cannot, indeed, constitute an antinomy ; and the people who have in their letters treated the distinction as an unacceptable opposition could have saved themselves much irrelevant argument if they had paused to think that, however different the outside of a thing may be from its inside, the two sides cannot but form the same unit. In making the distinction as one peculiarly true of our own time I was asserting that existence now, as never before, must be regarded as a unit.

Existence no longer lags behind itself, is no longer broken into a now and a hereafter. We have our future in our present;

the pursuit of truth-no longer takes us beyond ourselves—it leads us to where we now are. Because this is happening, it is not only possible to see existence as a living whole : it has become necessary to order it as a whole. The old division of responsibilities into spiritual and earthly offices does not match our actual conditions. The attempts of politicians to order the whole of life is a caricature of the reality that life can and must now be so ordered ; it is congruous in the sense that the old division has become antiquated, though incongruous in the sense that the modern political office, which is the heir of the traditional ' earthly ' office, cannot by its nature assume responsibility for existence in its entirety.

The old division of responsibilities has become antiquated ; but this does not mean that there has ceased to be any distinction between responsibilities or that physical authority is equal, in the respect it merits, to responsibility for the general values of existence. On the contrary: the distinction between physical authority and mental authority has become so clear that to ignore it brings dangerous confusion. The political functions are unambiguously those of dealing with the physical particulars of life; and every outside activity is, in the proper sense of the word, of a political nature and entitled to respect as such. The inside functions are unambiguously those of administering the general values of existence ; and they are entitled not merely to an inherited sacredness, as successors of the traditional spiritual functions, but to a practical respect—in consideration of their immediate responsibility for the temper of existence as a whole.

I have developed Anthony Brown's suggestions to this degree of definition because in order to extract the resolution implied in his letter—that of insistence on proper respect for the various functions, each according to its responsibilities—we must have a more positive standard of respect than, merely, a professional etiquette of non-interference. There is, however, no danger of disrespect to the external activities : the danger is greatly in the other direction. People who meddle inappropriately in politics do so from an exaggerated idea of their importance, certainly not from disrespect; whereas interference by outside

people in inside activities invariably means an underestimation of their importance. But how to impose proper respect for the inside activities—a notion of their importance that does not have to rely on the sentimental appeal of their sacredness for their acceptance, or on the pseudo-practical appeal of their physical utility ? This can only be done by holding, ourselves, an uncompromising respect for the kind of work we do and the kind of people we are. Clergymen have no embarrassment in regarding themselves as spiritual royalty, born to the role. We who are on more intimate, because more immediate, terms with the inner realities of existence should be able to support our role of mental supervision with at least as much confidence, and certainly with a more natural warmth in performance and a more graceful dignity. In fact, it is only the vulgarity of the spiritual pretensions of ecclesiastical authority that discourages people of active inside vocation from making the large claims for their kind of work which they are entitled to make. The priest regards it as his function to ' save souls ', and this he does by persuading people to believe in a hereafter ; religion offers no more than a distraction from immediate physical interests which temporarily eases their strain. The truths of religion are not demonstrable in the immediate, and yet it demands respect as an immediately effective authority.

People engaged in an immediate work of truth—poets, writers, painters and women in their natural watchfulness over the lives in their intimate charge—would regard any technique of sweeping self-assertion as grotesque, because they take their responsibilities for granted and need no such publicity as religion has always had to cultivate in order to persuade themselves of the importance of what they are doing. Religion imposes respect for itself largely by publicity—a counter-publicity to the appeal of material interests. Immediately valid inside activity is not in competition with outside activity for public attention ; in its universality it is the friend of the material world, not the enemy, the spiritual competitor. The befriending instincts of people of inside character, and the fact that their influence is directed upon people as persons rather than as physical bodies (as religious influence is) or social bodies

(as political influence is), save them from any official arrogance of impersonality in the fulfilment of their functions. At the same time the contrast between their methods and the methods of religious and political officialdom is unfavourable to them in that they seem to claim no formal right to the responsibilities they assume—to act merely upon individualistic authority.

The solution is not in the creation of a publicized officialdom of inside activities : this would mean merely to bargain prestige with the State and what ecclesiastical authority still survives. The solution is in the assumption, by inside people, of a bearing appropriate to the kind of work they are doing. They know privately that they are doing the most serious and important work of all, but fear of vulgar official heaviness has made them behave with a proud playboy disrespect of their work and persons ; as women, in their innate insideness, have chosen to be ' feminine ' rather than self-importantly solemn, though to be a woman is a solemn responsibility. Inside people must not lose their ease in being the kind of people they are, but they must, on the other hand, stop playing the game of disrespect to themselves. This game leaves a bad taste in the mouth of self-appreciation, as conventional femininity has left a bad taste in the mouths of modern women.

We must throw off our strategical incognito ; we must behave with less mincing delicacy and, also, with less playboy bravado (in reaction from mincingness). Anthony Brown points out that political activity is not destructive if it has a domestic quality of its own ; and it will have such a quality if it is competent, accepts its responsibilities literally. This is true of any kind of activity: it has its own domestic quality as it is the authentic vocation of the people engaged in it. We are more likely to find homeliness in inside people and in the humbler outside people than in the ' big ' outside people—since the inside roles impose such high ends that merely to conceive these ends requires some authentic talent, and there is little room for pretence of talent in the humbler outside roles. Inside people, in assuming without false modesty their due status as people of the highest possible ends, must increase in homeliness, not shed homeliness. By playboy devices, by cloaks of femininity,

eccentricity, mystery, they have managed to be at ease in a world in which they have had no clearly defined status. We must cease to play this game of social hide-and-seek with the world ; we must openly bear the solemnities of our status—and with an ease more real than romantic informality of status permits.

Formality represses native character when the forms are imposed from without, instead of representing an internal consistency of behaviour. People of inside temperament are more likely to dispense with social formalities than people of outside temperament. Working-class people are painfully manners-conscious in ' society' ; good upper-class social behaviour, though the atmosphere of mental superiority in which it takes place may be spurious, is, if not heartily informal, at least jealous of its right to be informal. Women are instinctively hostile to official punctilios, though they are capable of indulging their detailed sense of order in trivial social niceties. The problem of formality is the problem of combining freedom with dignity of behaviour. To have dignity, people must be consistent in their behaviour; but the more responsible their position, the freer they must be from restraint. Women have for centuries been under severe social restraint, yet they have throughout retained an inner freedom of which no amount of outer restraint could deprive them—and which men have been obliged to acquiesce in, giving it such names as caprice, irrationality, incomprehensibility. Women have borne restrictions lightly, never really yielded freedom or yet sacrificed dignity. But they have succeeded thus through self-protective strategy and social cleverness. The status of all inside people has resembled that of women in this regard ; and strategy has been successful in that it has allowed us to hold in secret the high estimate of our functions that is necessary if we are to conceive them properly. The time has come, however, when to make a secret of self-respect is to fail the world in that kind of authority for which there is now immediate room, and immediate great need.

The respect for our kind of authority exists in the world in the form of an uncritical emotional readiness to pay homage to

whoever claims high authority, on however inadequate grounds. A ruthlessly ambitious politician can achieve a degree of respect formerly granted only to deities, merely by asking for it. What is needed is that the right kind of people, openly and unembarrassedly, take possession of the authority and the titles to respect appropriate to them, and to them alone, as they are functionaries of truth. To do this we do not require armies, dictatorships, money, publicity, political backing. We require only to behave outwardly in a way that matches our inner realization of the importance of our functions : to be literally ourselves in the social front we present to the world. I can now reduce my long comment on the above letter to the relevant resolution : that we, the inside people, behave with the formality appropriate to our high functions—a formality of seriousness that does not spare the world the shock of being confronted with the serious values of existence. Such a shock the world needs, and wants ; and we are the only ones who can give the shock, who are free and strong enough in mind to concentrate the attention of the world upon final realities. Our own dignity, in being responsible for the ordaining of these realities, is the only ultimate safeguard that the world has against the physical shocks that it visits upon itself, in laying exaggerated stress upon physical realities. We have been gentle, and that is right. We have not competed with other strongholds of authority for power : we have not corrupted our strength or freedom in officialdom. It now remains for us to exercise the power we have kept pure, in the form that we have stabilized through the avoidance of harsh institutional methods : the form of ourselves. We must be literally and authoritatively the minds we are, and the world's stronghold of truth. The world will not bargain over the division of responsibility and respect if it is made to feel—as it can be made to feel if we show ourselves imperturbably in our true inside character—that in it there are those who *know.*

The following letter gives a characteristically inside point of view of the difference between inside and outside action. It stresses the time element in the latter, and the leisure element

in the former ; and describes the responsibility that rests upon inside people of tranquillizing physical exuberance, slowing down temporal excitement.

From Harry Kemp

When Babel Tower was being built one workman asked another : Isn't it an extraordinary thing that man chooses to spend himself most exuberantly when there is least need that he should ? But the other workman was too tired to reply. Several thousand years later, on board a ship bound for the Soviet Union, a man (a friend of mine) asked a member of the crew, who was a Bolshevik : What would happen to the man in the Soviet Union who really wanted to do nothing ? But the Bolshevik didn't know. My reply to your question [4] What shall we do—what shall they do ? ' is : Let us all do nothing, or as near nothing as possible.

What ! An injunction to be lazy ? No, merely less exuberant, physically. The organization of a sufficient food supply should now be a simple matter : not everyone need take part (the statistics are on our side in this at least), nor need anyone feel ashamed for not doing so. But, who is to decide who is to do what, and who is to do nothing ? The people who want to do nothing will decide ; if there are too many of them, it will be up to them to choose which of them can make the best use of doing nothing. Many people would think this unpractical; I don't think it is.

We might all begin by doing a little less what each day, until saturation-point is reached and it becomes pertinent to ask : Who is going to do a little more what, so that someone else can do a little less even than before ? For by this time some people will surely be doing sufficiently little for them not to mind doing a little more—these will be the people who had originally wanted to do what rather than nothing, but who had as a matter of fact wasted a good deal of their energy being political. Then, after a temporary stage of adjustment, during which the people who wanted to do nothing would act as adjudicators if disputes arose, all the people who really wanted to do nothing would be doing as nearly nothing as possible, if not quite nothing; and those who had originally wanted to do what would be doing as much what as was required. Or there might be border-cases, of those who wanted to do nothing having to do what for a time, or vice versa. If it was vice versa, if there was a surplus of people having to do nothing, only those who really wanted to do nothing could act appropriately as adjudicators, since the sur-

plus who had nothing to do, but really wanted to do what, might tend to argue.

And how would it be with those who really wanted to do nothing, and who were free to do so ? I must now explain what ' wanting to do nothing ' means. ' Wanting to do what' means, of course, wanting to take part in the production of all the things necessary to physical life and comfort and the making them generally available. ' Wanting to do nothing ' means, of course,' not wanting to do what ', But it means, of course, more than this. It really means ' wanting to be who '—wanting to paint, or compose and play music, or wanting to think about the why of what, or to write about the who of what.

' Wanting to do what' covers all the work that you have called the ' outer ' employments ; ' wanting to be who ' covers all the inner employments. The first kind of work is designed to make life physically safe—but too much of it creates new physical dangers. People who do the second kind of work take life more for granted than people preoccupied with physical safeguards and instrumentalities ; they are less afraid of being alive. ' Wanting to be who ' means wanting to be thoroughly alive. It differs from ' wanting to do what' in being unhurried, free of the anxiety of getting things done. Not doing, but living is the object—and the more inwardly alive a person is, the less important to him is the time aspect of life.

The inside people must teach the others to do less, to know when the work of physical provision has reached the limit of sufficiency. They can teach this lesson by an intensified leisureliness in their own methods of work, and by spreading a general sense of contentment. Inside people are capable of stimulating discontent with mere physical achievement in the potentially inside people. They have it in their power, also, to stimulate content in the congenitally outside people : for they alone see clearly where physical aims reach fulfilment and mental aims begin.

It is in the nature of physical activity to reach a limit beyond which there is no more to be done by physical means—where life itself, in so far as it is physical, ceases. Beyond this limit life can only be lived by mind—only, indeed, by minds. Some people cease to exist personally at the point where life requires mental rather than physical effort; only a small part of most people survives when the border-line has been touched where continuity in time is superseded by continuity in thought.

Inside people can give outside people the assurance that there is something beyond mere physical reality. But it is a deceptive assurance if it leads them to regard ' the beyond ' as a beyond in time ; religion gave people this kind of assurance, of an after-life in which survival was so physical in quality that the ordinary physical-minded person had no difficulty in conceiving it. No such assurance can be honestly given, since it holds out the hope that everyone is capable of the timeless life of mind. Comparatively few people either want to exist timelessly, or can ; most people want to come to an end, to reach a decent point of rest. On the other hand, most people need the assurance that their existence, however limited, is part of a more enduring and significant scheme of existence than that which frames in their daily acts and consciousness—otherwise why live at all ? They themselves do not really want to be more, mean more, know more ; but they are anxious to be assured that there is more.

This anxiety can only be assuaged in one way: by a sense that there are persons to whom the permanent realities of existence are intimate realities, persons alive with them in the same world. Without such a sense life seems indeed not worth living —seems a meaningless condition in which the only reality is time, a futile range between physical birth and physical death. Hence, when outside people feel the need of an assurance of something more significant than time, their anxiety drives them to intensify physical effort, which is the only kind of exploration of which they are personally capable. Now, for instance, they are in the position of having been deprived of their religious beyond, the spiritual future, and the assurance of an immediate mental beyond has not yet reached them : the religious habit haunts them in their unreadiness to regard the present as containing, for existence, any other possibilities than those of physical fulfilment. They are in the impossible position of trying to assuage their own anxiety, although they can only *do* more, physically, create more anxiety—and are congenitally indisposed to regard anything besides physical action as immediately valid. They would not do so much, they would stop doing at the sane physical limit, if they could be made to feel *us.* We, on **the** inside, have so far failed to break through the

storm-clouds of their anxiety. If, through sympathy, we make ourselves too like them, they count us in their anxious ranks ; if we arc strictly inside in behaviour and expression, they do not see us at all. Yet we can only help them by our difference from them.

In earlier times, and until not so very long ago, people could be quieted in the midst of extreme physical hysteria and violence by the simple evocation of God. It was not the goodness or wisdom or awfulness inherent in the idea of God that quieted them—but the strangeness. And the impression was produced without any proved presence of God, merely by the th ological assurance that there was ' something else ', This is the role that we have to fulfil toward the anxious outside populace ; and we should be able to fulfil it more soberly and really because our ' something else ' is in our own immediate minds, not in an indeterminate future. We must not hesitate to be strange, do strangely, speak strangely. So long as we know that we are the agents of ultimate consistency, and hold our character as such more precious to humanity than that we should seem conventionally normal human beings for all our insideness, we ought to regard any accusation of ' difference ' as evidence that our strangeness—our something else—is at last breaking through to ' ordinary people ', They are tearing away at themselves to find the missing element of existence ; they want it now, not in a hypothetical future. They tear away the harder because they feel that it is something immediate. It is immediate, but its force is in us, not them. They do not really care where it is, so long as it is somewhere in their own immediate world. They are so ready for the strange that they will accept any ludicrous or sinister imposture and find temporary repose in it. Give them real strangeness, hiding nothing, forswearing [1] reasonableness ' and strategical reserve.

The more genuine strangeness we release, the less room will there be for the vulgarly ' queer ' in literature and art and in politics. It is not enough merely to know our own difference : they must be made to know it, to feel it. Existence has now become extreme in its contrasts—it immediately contains all the contrasts. The physical has never been so actively, expres-

sively physical; the life of mind never so concentratedly mental. When these extremes can co-exist in the same unit of time, we have at last reached an all-welding finality of existence. But the seal of finality will repeatedly break itself, and we shall have only a tortured world of paradoxes, until the extreme of insideness impresses itself upon the outer extreme in its full peculiarity : this is the needed magic touch. The peculiar quality of insideness is the intrinsic quality of existence itself : the magic touch that makes exist. We, the inside people, have the touch, the power to join to existence, to appease and compose. But it will not have efficacy so long as we pretend that it is not very different from the ordinary powers of people—the pretence that allows of pretenders. It is the most unordinary touch, and power, and quality, that may be ; nor need it be understood in order to have effect—so long as *we* understand what we are about.

The following letter describes the false spells under which people put themselves, in their anxiety for some life-transfiguring assurance of reality.

From Joyce Reeves

Before I write my reply to your letter, may I outline your argument as I read it ?

You say that there is general unhappiness because the outside world of international affairs is seriously interfering with the inside private life, which is of primary importance. The outer political world has become disconnected from the inner world, it has become dehumanized. Those who are concerned with inner reality will only become decharacterized in their turn if they try to set right the political muddle by entering it. The only solution would be for the political world to rest, until the muddle righted itself. Humour and lightness of response are necessary, rather than intensified rationalization.

I share in the universal unhappiness ; and feel that a ' different' touch is necessary to dissolve it—not more rational pressure, which so many apparently inside people seem to believe in. I do not think that those whom you call the ' inside ' people can help at all by involving themselves in the outside tangle. I think, too, that if the outside world were to stop, to rest, the problem would be solved.

But I think the difficulty lies in the nature of the outside, political life. For, if it were entirely dehumanized, perhaps it would be possible to get it to stop, as a machine can be stopped. But the forces which have made, and are still making, the evil tangle of political affairs, are themselves a kind of imitation of the inner realities ; and are, therefore, powerfully pernicious. A poet who has a poem growing in the mind cannot be made to stop by any force until the poem has worked itself out and been set down on paper in its complete shape. The forces which form international affairs at present are mock-creative, mock-poetic, and cannot be stopped until they are spent, though they can create nothing but a mock-reality.

To show what I mean I would like to write of two people I have met lately. First, a young Austrian teacher. He was well-educated, he had read a good deal, on most matters he had broad and sensible views. But on one point he showed the blind, unreasoning faith of a fanatic ; he believed in the Germanic blood-myth. He was reticent about talking of this, yet once, when he lost his reserve, he spoke earnestly and warmly of his desire that Austria should be united with Germany ; he believed that as they were one in blood they should be one State. It was impossible to doubt his sincerity. I had to take this belief of his as part of himself. For him it was true, even if ultimately it was false ; and its truth for him compelled my respect. Another time, I met a young Communist who had the same blind fanatical faith, but in the salvation of the world through the Marxist doctrine. Either of these young men would willingly have died for their faith ; to reason with them would have had as little effect as to tell a starving man not to eat if food were given to him. These were both men ; I do not think that women ever believe so fanatically in an abstract idea—I think that the appeal of Christianity to women has lain in the person, not in the creed. But, though women do not so easily put faith in abstract ideas, yet they have so far been powerless to destroy them.

Of course the ' fretful, blundering Napoleons ' of international affairs often do not genuinely hold these beliefs, but rather exploit them : they get their power through the fascination that these mock-realities have for the multitude.

I do not think that the destructive outside forces can be made to stop. I believe that the only thing the ' inner ' people can do is to shut themselves off as far as they can from problems which might destroy them, but which they cannot destroy. We must concentrate

our power in creating things which will remain for any who come after us and who can also know reality and happiness in inner things. If we can make poems and books and pictures in the little time that may be left to us, then those things will somehow survive ; and if there are still people concerned with inner things when these times are past, what we have done may help them. I do not think that we can do anything for the people of our own time who are deluded with false beliefs, or for the many neutral people who are not awake either to real or to false happiness. If my attitude is negative and pessimistic, even a breach of faith to humanity, I cannot help it.

These forces—of false magic—cannot be made to stop, the writer asserts. This assertion is true in that it is a waste of ourselves to use our energy in attacking false magic instead of in purifying and releasing our own. To attempt to destroy false magic directly means to make a critical attack on it, to argue with it, rationalize our inside power. Political dictatorships, for example, rely on a magic of simplification. If we attack their simplifications critically, prove them by rational analysis to be untrue, they have the irrational but convincing answer that their magic works, however false. To the belief that they have won from their populaces we have only to oppose our unbelief. It is not upon the false magicians that we need to work, but upon their hypnotized subjects ; and this we can only do by magic means of our own. If we compete with them on rational grounds, then they are bound to win—and ' the time left us ' grows shorter and shorter. If we compete with them on magical grounds, then our magic will outlast theirs and the time left to them will grow shorter and shorter. The decision of victory does not lie with the outer populace—whether they choose true magic or false magic ; it lies entirely with us. It is not the kind of decision that needs to wait upon time—what the future will decide. The turning-point is one that we must make ourselves : by putting off the cloak of rational normalness, useful though it has been in protecting us from vulgar incredulity.

We are surrounded by painful evidence of the readiness of people to believe extremely—so that they accept anything demanding extreme belief, however spurious and absurd.

' Ordinary ' people are now capable of believing enough, are immediately anxious enough, for the extraordinary realities to have their full extraordinary effect of ease-giving reassurance. We have this advantage over the false magicians : under the cloak of rational normalness, the robes of magic are our natural dress. We need only to put off the cloak, while the false magicians must be constantly contriving an outlandish glamour of dress, constantly changing into new costumes as the old lose their dazzle. Their costumes soon grow faded—and they themselves. We are the fresh in habit and heart; in us is the central health of existence. We need now only to this preserved and purified essence irradiate. ' Insideness ' is our personal essence, but this does not mean that we can assimilate it to ourselves in individualistic possession. As we have inner essentiality, we are the centripetal forces that hold the experimental spread of existence together. What can be so held, what is sensitive to the pull of the centre in spite of self-interested outward movement, is still within the circumference of existence.

This is what people want to feel—the tug that tells them that they have not snapped the cord of inner connection. Even the most perverse want to feel the reclaiming tug, will adhere to false centres in order to have some sense of belonging. Our responsibility is to exercise the inward pull to the utmost possibility of coherence—so that people will know in what they are real, and in what not real. For this we require no practical systems or paraphernalia other than ourselves. The thing is done in the use, by us, of our peculiar kind of energy. We are, so far, inside people only in the sense of being the personal shapes in which the inner forces have concentrated themselves : so far, we have been made and made ourselves, but we have not yet really been used, used ourselves. We will begin to use ourselves, and be used, as we recognize ourselves ; our magic will begin to flash as self-recognition flashes.

The following letter bears directly upon this problem of the self-recognition of inside people.

From Norman Cameron

Most of the people who reply to your letter will be of either of two kinds—those who, in writing, identify themselves with your ' we ', and those who answer it with ' you '.

For my part I do not belong exactly to either of these two kinds of people. I feel to a great extent identified with your ' we ', but I have too many of what you call ' male ' or ' outside ' inclinations to be able to write here as ' we ' without confusion.

I shall, therefore, write here as ' I ', at any rate in the first part of this letter, during which I shall have to pass, on my own account, through the banal preliminary discussion that will bring me to the point at which your letter begins.

Well, then, here is the human situation : socially unjust, economically mad, the cause of a huge amount of unnecessary human misery, the product of the base human impulses—different kinds of people choose to deplore it in different terms, and I agree with all of them.

Should I, then, try to do anything to change this human situation ? Yes, provided I can do so without acting hysterically. By acting hysterically I mean identifying myself with people and causes with whom or which I have no real identity. Thus, although all the terms of abuse for the human situation that I have listed above are relatively true, I belong to none of the various kinds of people who have a natural inclination to use these various terms ; I should, therefore, be acting hysterically if I were to act as they do, join in their political or economic groups and activities—for example, going to fight for the Spanish Government.

My refusal to do this last leads me, of course, to ask myself whether what I have written so far is merely an excuse for being selfish, cowardly or lazy. But I don't believe that I am selfish or cowardly; and, as for laziness, that can be a fault, but it can also be an avoidance of hysteria.

The question of what one can and cannot do without hysteria brings me to the point at which your letter begins. You mention that international affairs are now ' eating into our personal lives and labour, corroding our energies and private happiness ', At this point, then, I surely can try, without hysteria, to do something to change the human situation that is giving me this discomfort.

But though I can now do *something,* I still don't know what. I would still be acting hysterically if 1 became politically or economically active in any of the recognized ways. Thus, to be banal once

again, I believe that Liberal Reformism is ineffective ; that parliamentary Socialism, Credit Reform schemes and benevolent-conspiracy schemes are impracticable ; and that Communism, although effective in some respects and perhaps practicable, is not really attractive, either to me, who am comparatively fortunate under Capitalism, or even to the majority of those people who suffer so badly in the present human situation that they must be desperate for a change of any sort.

These last banal remarks are, however, concerned with details. The main reason why, even though I am now personally concerned with international affairs, I cannot join wholeheartedl' in any of these political or economic activities is clearly that, as you say, we [4] inside ' people cannot lend primary importance to outer employments without losing virtue—or, as I have been accustomed to put it, without being hysterical.

What can we do then ? Can we start an activity of our own—which, being our own, we can pursue without losing virtue : an activity designed to persuade the outside people to be reasonable ? But to do this, it would be necessary to persuade either huge masses of people, or else a few powerful people. We could not persuade vast numbers in the time at our disposal; and as for the powerful people, I consider that they are, *a priori*, self-seeking rogues, and that nothing can be done with them.

The solution is, I think, that our activity should not be external or aggressive at all. It should be an inside, defensive activity. Even the most unreasonable outside people have to come inside sometimes ; so that any society that has even a few people who maintain inside-the-houses standards of reason and decency must become aware of, and influenced by, these standards sooner or later.

At this moment, as you say, personal life and thought have developed to a high potentiality of happiness. It is unfortunate that there should have to be an interval of time before this ' inside ' development can take effect on the ' outside ', But it is obvious that to try to hurry on the process by external methods would be self-contradictory and worse than useless.

Those who doubt the practical effect of the gradual influence of the ' inside ' on the [f] outside ' might be reminded that the abolition of slavery and the Married Woman's Property Act were not finally due to the work of public reformers, to Christian doctrines, or to revolutionary plotting, but to a general improvement in the stan-

dardof reason and decency in people's private lives. The present unhappy human situation can be put right in the same way.

The writer hesitates to identify himself with my ' we ' in the first part of the letter, from a feeling that he has certain outside interests that prevent his being an exclusively inside person. Yet his comments on outside methods of solving the present world confusion reveal him to be a person of inside instincts, reactions and values. Such scrupulousness in self-estimation is common in inside people. It is a survival of the religious code by which the purer one is, the more unworthy, and has in it a touch of moral vanity that does not become us. Further, it is based on the fallacy—also of religious derivation—that to have physical characteristics at all is to be therein the weaker in inside virtue. To be an inside person is not to be [1] *2L* spirit'—that is to be no one, to avoid the danger of false self by leaving personal existence to others. Thus, the really ' spiritual ' people are the outside people—and the most susceptible to religious suggestion.

To have physical characteristics, habits, ' inclinations ', is evidence, simply, that we are particular, distinct beings. People may use their physical particularity as a means of closing themselves from experience which they feel beyond their powers of comprehension—it is in this sense that outside people are physical. Or people may use their physical particularity as a means of applying in particular the general power of truth they have as minds. It is by possessing physical characteristics that we are either immediate parts of existence as a universe, or agents of its coherence as such. To exist is to take part in the work of making existence all-consistent with itself. We may be responsible for the consistency of one aspect with the whole ; or for particularizing the laws that all varieties of existence must observe if they are to be counted within the circumference of reality' Whether we do one kind of work or the other, we must have physicality ; for inside people this is to say no more than that our consciousness must have precise powers of extension as well as of centralization. To have a body is sinful if we use it to deny the universal in the local, the general in the par-

ticular. But to be without a body, which is the state of mind in which the over-pure deprecate physicality, is to deny the history of existence—that existence has happened as an explicitly varied universe.

The physicality of inside people is, properly, a conscientious curiosity of the physical—a physical conscience without which their consciousness is non-co-operative, abstract, wilfully ignorant of what has variously happened in existence. Inside people know that the physical is always relevant to the particular, and that the physical definition of reality o[1] icures the values of existence. They above all people should know how to order their physical sensations ; but their awareness of the limitations of physical knowledge tempts them to treat their own physical experience as irrelevant and to regard themselves as divided beings because they have bodies. This is why we frequently find mentally sensitive people behaving with inconsistent carelessness in their physical experience: though, logically, they should have greater physical wisdom than others.

We must not, in an excess of innocence and purity, count our physical character as irrelevant and contradictory; if we do, it means that wc are not working hard enough, not making full use of our physical characteristics because not making full use of our minds. Behind such disconnection of body from mind is a failure of mind to acknowledge—as I have already said—all that has happened in existence. We may wish that things had happened more propitiously, or not at all, but we cannot ignore the physical results or substitute desiderata for results. The best we can do is to test every physical result by the inherent principle of congruity that protects existence from belying itself in any single detail: what proves incongruous is that which needs to be made reconcilable by subordination. The more physical a thing is, the more subordinate ; and our own physical nature is either a sign of our own subordinateness, or of our power to make the due subordinations.

It is well to watch and use our physical instincts from the distance of the mind. But if we make the distance one of contempt we are being abstractly internal and irrelevantly external. When a person of inside temper dissociates his

bodily from his mental parts, he naturally hesitates to call himself an entire inside person. Many of the people of inside temper who answered my letter have obviously had hesitation of this kind—yet without any strong sense of outside identity. The truth is that they have not extended identity to their physical parts, in these have no identity. This unreal scrupulousness will disappear as inside people assume an entirety of person ; to do which they must seize, with their minds, existence in its entirety. The exertion will be in many respects distasteful, but that is the work they have to do. It will be the less distasteful as they work the harder. The proper inside pride is expressed in the work, not in the fastidious comment that our hands are soiled in doing it ; purity is not in dirt-consciousness.

So much for the problem of inside identity. The other problem with which Norman Cameron's letter presents us is that of the time which elapses before inside activity takes outer effect. But outside solutions take more time : a new method devised for the new situation, or an old method adapted, and sympathy created for the method before it can be applied. Further, even when it has become possible to apply the outside method, the technique remains experimental, is the right one only so long as it works. Inside methods are not methods for the time being ; they are not technically distinct from the fundamental laws of existence which obtain at any and every time and are equally in force when things go ill, and well. The repulsion which outside methods inspire in inside people, when they are applied universally, is the protest that a fundamental law cannot be invented : it must be discovered. A technique may properly be invented—a method for simplifying two or more processes or forms in combination. But a law, in the universal sense, is a unifying, not a simplifying, measure; it must combine every element contained in its field of application in proportionate scale—whereas with a technique certain elements are suppressed by the exaggeration of others, in the interest of arriving at a particular desired result. A law does not work toward any anticipated particular result. All laws have the same general end, that of arriving at orderly relation ; and differ only in the fields on which they are variously concen-

trated—in material, but not in technique. Thus, every outer technique is a different language, but the laws of existence are all in the same language. And they do not cease to function when their end is reached—their end is in their uninterrupted functioning. An outer technique must be continually revived —applied to new objects to produce, anew, its special kind of result. A law does not expire in its results, but rather contains and correlates them.

From this examination we can see that inside people get a view of large outer difficulties impossible to out' Je people : they view them in terms of law, not of technique. When things have gone wrong in the outer world outside people only observe that certain techniques have failed ; inside people perceive, through the outer confusion, the fundamental laws at work—recognize that the confusion is due to a failure to respect these laws. If outer problems assume the proportions of fundamental problems, this always means that a false equivalence has been made between technique and law. Nevertheless, when inside people feel themselves challengingly confronted by an outer problem, there is a danger that they will attempt to translate their kind of knowledge into a technique—because the cult of techniques has acquired a domineering prestige. Many good and gentle inside people have to-day been bullied or self-deceived into the cult of techniques, and so weakened their power to exercise the laws at a time when only law can save.

We, the inside people, are the world's law-definers : not the law-makers, since laws are not made—they are. We are the law-keepers. For inside people the outer difficulties which now distress the world have already been solved : the solution is instantaneously implicit in our law-keeping. The problem is, for us, not how to solve them, but how to communicate our solution—and in its own terms, without translating it into terms of outer technique. We can only communicate it by communicating to the world the feeling that with our kind, for our kind, there is solution; and we can only give it this feeling by taking our solution in a literally immediate sense. The world is quick to know—often cruelly quick—how people regard themselves, though it is unable to estimate them on its

own account, to ' understand ' them. We cannot expect it to ' understand ' what we are doing, exactly, or why our view of it is a solution of its difficulties ; but, if it feels that we hold ourselves for seers and judges, it will make way for our seeing and our judgement. Outside people are dramatic in their sensibilities, and our communication with them must be dramatic. I do not of course mean that we should write plays or make ourselves sensationally conspicuous, but that we should see ourselves as immediate forces, credit ourselves with acting upon the present world difficulties in knowing what is wrong and what is right.

Danger arises when we try to say what would be right where there is wrong, for that involves a translation into technical terms of our ' what is right ', ' What would be right' is how we present our sense of right and wrong to others when we are trying to make them ' understand ' : it will take them time to understand, if they understand at all, and so we put it in the conditional future. To try to make them understand is to treat them as potential inside people. That is perhaps the correct educational procedure, but not the correct procedure in impressing and enforcing a solution. We are confronted now not by people, but by dark mists in which people have for the moment disappeared. Now is not the time to think of educating them, making them understand : that will be possible, if at all, only when we have cleared away the mists. We must translate our internal ' what is right ' into a dramatic ' we are right ', Remember : we can scarcely call the world, as it is at present, ' people '—in the sense of beings with whom to treat in patience of mind, as potentially coherent beings. For the moment they cannot be regarded as potential of anything ; they are enveloped in an end-of-world blackness, for the moment are this blackness. We must first cut through the blackness in order to reach them. Behind the blackness, indeed, they are undergoing the ordeal of final doubt: to what degree do they exist, if at all ? Behind the blackness they are grey and ghostly; before the blackness we are white, must concentrate our powers to a dramatic white or right. We must be as light to dark, act as light upon dark : having the speed of light.

By such dramatization of ourselves, the time-discrepancy between inside evaluation and its outside effect becomes a soluble personal difference—between our immediate perception of truth and the slowness with which others see it. To be thus as light is to send out inside sight through world-enveloping blackness. The speed of light is a near enough emotional approximation to the speed of truth for truth to be at least dramatically instantaneous when directed upon falsehood with the indifference of light to the impenetrability of dark.

Time enough then, the mists cleared, to treat one by one with the many whose potentiality of personal colour is for the moment mere invisibility. The time until then must count as time for them, but we cannot allow it to count as time for us : we must count the laws of solution as effective now in our own immediate consciousness of them—regardless of the slowness of others to see and be seen, know and be known. If truth sought corroborative witnesses, whom would it first choose—outside people, or people of our kind ? In being people of this kind we are thus chosen. The drama of truth is in progress, and more and more immediately as we make ourselves integral with it in witnessing it; so long as we are merely an audience ourselves we are somewhat outside, not quite present in mind. We must be as the drama itself to the others—as in a theatre the dramatic impression is always communicated to the audience-at-large through an audience within the audience that is more instantaneously at one with the play than the others; as applause never comes from the whole house all at once, but starts always with small, dramatically sensitive nuclei.

Or, to use an equally pertinent metaphor, we must not be as authors who identify the act of writing a book with that of selling it. With a true book there is no selling problem, only a buying problem : we provide for the participation of others in the experience it represents, but the reality of the experience does not depend on whether the book sells effectively or not. A book is not like a piece of soap : the maker of the soap does not use it himself, but the commodity within the wrappings of a true book is something that its maker has lived by, is living by, and that everyone may live by without using it up. It is not a

mortal commodity that we, as inside people, have got hold of, but the fundamentals of existence. The problem of communicating what we have is therefore not one of commodity-distribution, but of infecting others with the confidence that there is this universally same existence for everyone to have, according to his powers of enjoying it. If we make our happiness wait upon theirs we are suppressing the confidence by which alone outer unhappiness can be dissipated.

The reflected unhappiness we feel is due to a failure in ourselves to give dramatic rein to our enjoyment of existence ; and we are reining others in as well as ourselves. It has so come about partly because people are afraid of being overwhelmed by the realities of existence when directly confronted with them, and we sympathetically afraid on their behalf. But to be thus overwhelmed, to lose personality in existence as many outside people indeed must, is a happier condition than to be a person only in unhappiness. Much of humanity can only be saved by being deprived of false personality—and it is one of our responsibilities, as minds that can happily sustain the weight of existence, to relieve them of their fictitious selves. In acting upon the outside we must think of it as the gross, diffused content of existence to which we stand in the relation of mind to body. What we call the world is the body of existence. If there is any active sensibility of existence still overlaid by the world mass, it will the more quickly become personal mind with us as we impinge upon the world with the force of mind on body.

Should this read mysteriously or abstractly, it will be either because you are wholly an outside person, or a person of inside leanings who has not yet digested his insideness, or perhaps not even fed of it. Thus you become an obstacle between us and them ; you waste our time since we try to count you as one of us, and theirs since they accept you as such for the crazy reason that you seem more like them. It is our duty to them as well as to ourselves to count our numbers strictly. Our duty to you also : if you find that there is a count, you may exert yourself to be included in it. If your insideness is genuine, our evaluation of you will hold more weight than theirs.

Norman Cameron's letter has yielded several closely connected resolutions; the most urgent one is, perhaps, that we should count our numbers strictly.

From Marie Adami

I am in agreement with the argument of your letter in general, although I think it is unnecessarily confused by identifying the one tendency with the masculine sex and the other with the feminine. It has long been my view that any stable settlement of national and international politics must depend for its stability upon the settlement of stable relations between individuals, and this upon some measure of agreement in conception as to what these relations should be. The theoretical construction of a world in order, and proposals to regulate the conduct of others, other individuals, societies and nations, attract because they seem to promise a world of greater security and greater pleasure for the individual. But I do not consider that this theoretical short-cut is open. What is really open to individuals is the more modest programme of regulating their behaviour to their immediate associates. What the behaviour of one social group will be will depend upon the behaviour to one another of the individuals which compose it. What the behaviour of a nation will be to another will depend on the behaviour Jo one another of the social groups which compose the nation. The idea that at this time the world can be reduced to order by one nation seeking to dictate and compel the behaviour of another seems to me completely illusory.

Obsession with international relations on the part of individuals may well obscure the immediate duty of appropriate conduct within the small sphere of inter-individual relations. I am unable to conceive a world in international order which does not depend in the first instance on national order, and that in its turn upon inter-individual graciousness of conduct. If this is a true reading of the evolution of order and there is desire to see order extend to all relations, I see no escape from the obligation of beginning its contrivance with the foundation before seeking to put up the complete building.

' International relations ' are inevitably forced relations. Nations communicate with one another only as they have to, and the matters upon which they communicate are of a kind which do not admit of increased intimacy in intercourse. Nor can communication between nations represent any real identity

of interests : it represents an opposition of interests suspended by nations each in its own interest. It is not, in fact, real communication, but a pact of silent tolerance that needs to be continually renewed, continually subjected to the test whether the results justify the effort of suspending opposition. The quality of international relations is not unlike the quality of relations between people in underground trains : there the principle of communication is a pact of silent tolerance. If someone attempted to seize a place in which we were about to sit down, we should break the silence and utter phrases of opposition ; in general, verbal exchanges mean that something has gone wrong. Behaviour in underground railways may be said to be the more courteous the more silent it is.

Communication between nations cannot properly be compared with communication between persons. In relations between persons there is assumed a common area of interests ; their definition of the world is the same. Each nation, however, makes a different definition of the world, is a different version of the world. What we call the world is, internationally speaking, a conglomerate of variant definitions of the world; it is impossible to accept anyone as the true definition without criticizing all the others. If we try to accept all of them we have ' internationalism '—no definition. This is why, in their dealings with one another, nations cannot communicate in the large sense of the word : they must, for the contexts of international communication, abandon their world Terminology. Again, this is why, instead of communicating in terms of an articulate human world, they address one another in the primitive terms of *earth*—food, land, the physical movement on earth of their nationals and their earthly commodities. Between nations there can be no common world sense, only an earth sense. Communication between diplomats of various nations is the more insecure as they attempt to assume a common international world ; the more ' cultured ' diplomacy is, the more it is merely a secretive, non-representative communication between individual diplomats.

In the present international situation certain nations are playing a double diplomacy, both primitive and cultural, while

certain others are relying entirely on cultural diplomacy—and are thus incapacitated from meeting primitive diplomacy on the proper ground, in proper earth language. The cultural diplomacy of the nations now behaving with exaggerated primitiveness serves to engage other nations so deeply in pseudo-cultural technicalities that they neglect the proper primitive response to primitiveness. By primitive response I do not mean war, but a strict reduction of diplomatic intercourse to the physical, earthy topics : no vulgar pretence of "iendship, the severest courtesies only, such as we use with strangers who we know will always be strangers. The less friendly diplomacy is, the more dignified and the more speedily effective. The most civilized nations are to-day being the least effective diplomatically because they have been addressing the less civilized nations in the language of cultural values, and thus wasting precious diplomatic time. There is only one true diplomatic language, and that is the language of physical values. If the less civilized nations are addressed in that language, they cannot pretend not to understand it, or give the pseudo-cultural response. The primitively behaving nations could never have amassed the courage of persistent international violence if the more civilized nations had not bitten at the cultural sops thrown to their diplomatic vanity. The civilized diplomats may tell themselves in private that they are not deceived ; but they have been trapped into using a language that is not true to the circumstances. When the wise make liars of themselves, by speaking as friends to the foolish, the foolish are encouraged to be evil. Being foolish, they cannot compete as liars ; they can only compete by doing violence. And against violence lies of friendship are powerless. No wonder that the wise then begin to feel foolishly for battle-weapons.

What, then, of Marie Adami's ideal equation of international with inter-individual relations ? In saying that the principles of happy relations are rooted in the inside, not the outside, of life, she is really saying that the outside is not the proper place in which to look for them. She agrees that happiness must begin from the inside ; but a fallacy inserts itself when it is assumed that an inner happy procedure in conduct, in being

extended from concentrated personal life to physically diffuse world life, will be at the same level of communication and admit of happiness in any personal sense. Between the personal inside and the worldly outside there is a gradation from mental directness to physical indirectness of contact. Either communication between people is happy—or it is not direct communication, only physical contact; unhappy communication is the result of inappropriate intimacy. As we move from personal to social to international contact, the opportunities and possibilities of communication decrease. Between nations contact must be strictly physical if it is not to lead to the unhappiness which results from inappropriate intimacy. Happy communication rests upon the assumption—and the faith—that the more intense the communication, the more happiness there will be. For communication between nations no such assumption can be made. Intensified contact between nations means troublous contact. In international contact there is room, properly, for neither happiness nor unhappiness : the appropriate level is physical decorum—restraint of contact to the physically necessary minimum. Nations meet, as it were, to part.

But this letter does not insist upon dangerous intimacies between nations ; the kind of gradation that I have described is implicit in its writer's assertion that no theoretical short-cut to world order is open. Her real insistence, that is, is upon a greater directness of communication between persons. However, life of an inside kind is necessarily more directly attentive, more scrupulously self-conscious, than life in the outer areas of contact. The problem is not how to behave in an inside way in inside life—since it is only inside life if we so behave. The problem is, rather : where inside life ends and outside life begins—where to insist upon and practise directness of contact, and where to keep contact strictly indirect. The means of contact are now so extensive and varied that we may rightly feel that all the possibilities of communication have been explored. But at the same time there is a confusion about the laws that should govern contact—a confusion equal to the quantity of contact: we have achieved a quantitative extreme of contact,

but no qualifying order of contact. Outside methods of contact invade the inner areas of life, and people reduce personal relations to a mechanical process of spending time together in physical ease. Inside habits of contact invade the outer areas, adding to the physically tidy mechanics of practical intercourse an untidy pseudo-inside language. People are perforce unnaturally overwrought by external happenings : they strike upon the consciousness with an appearance of significant intensity, though actually they can have no greater significance than that of violence. The field of international events a thus strewn with dead emotions and thoughts—emotions and thoughts that can only live in inside, personal air.

If we have full, direct contact in the right places, we shall have no energy of direct contact left to waste in the wrong places ; and it will be impossible for external happenings to exploit us emotionally and intellectually for their symbolic aggrandizement. For it is by sucking from us a belief in them as of major significance that they become nightmares. What are the right places for full, direct contact ? They are the places where people can know one another as themselves rather than as their physical effects—where communication can have mental continuity, is not physically discontinuous and therefore in constant need of reopening. In such places of contact, on such levels of communication, we are choosing out of the whole world our everlasting associates : only so can we weave ourselves into the texture of existence, do we accept literally that there is a world in the personal, non-physical sense. When people view one another physically, when their mutuality is expressed in the physical instruments of existence, they are doing no more than avoiding destruction of one another. This is very different from a commitment to preserve one another—which is the commitment we make in real communication. We cannot answer for the millions in our own or other countries of whom we know only that they exist physically. But for the enduringness of some people we can answer : must be ready to answer, if our own lives are to take root. Whatever metaphor we use (to take root in existence, or to weave ourselves into it), it is a law of existence that we do not achieve reality merely by

believing in our own reality. In existence there must have been once only one being, and that not a distinct being since there were no others from which to distinguish itself—in pre-existence. But conscious existence is existence consciously with others : our own personal reality depends on the personal reality we can attribute to others besides ourselves.

We must seek others in whom to believe in a final way ; and we shall find them as we have a capacity to believe; and we have that capacity if we are real enough—mentally distinct enough—to believe in ourselves. And upon inside people falls the greatest obligation of personal belief in others : such belief is belief in existence itself, and in them is the central believing power.

Inside life ends and outside life begins where we stop believing wholly in individual people. At that point contact begins to grow rightly indirect: instead of believing in people, we credit them with certain virtuous desires—but without being ready to swear for any one of them that he will fulfil them. That is the quality of our social contact with people. Then national contact : people of the same nation forgive one another their common sins—to that degree of faith is contact reduced which is engaged in on the basis of belonging to the same nation. When we reach contact between nations, the element of faith disappears entirely; international contact can only take place in an atmosphere of unbelief. Orderly international contact is honest unbelief, each nation in the reality of the people composing the other, modified as evidence is produced of their existence, and according to the quality of the evidence. This is something not to be lamented. It can be made excellent use of, to give a critical edge to national life and make a nation the more conscious of its traditional faults. The dishonesty by which nations pretend to believe in one another deprives them of this necessary international medicine.

The appropriate places for co-operative directness of contact, and the only places where it can occur are, then, the inside places. And we are only truly inside in our relations with people as we seek to believe in them personally, continuously, finally. If we apply intense, direct consciousness to the people

in full and sustained view, characteristics of theirs become important which, in more indirect contact, it would be irrelevant to take note of. For example, if we ride in an underground train, it is not really relevant to be acutely conscious whether the person sitting next to us is a man or a woman ; and in business contacts it has come to be equally irrelevant. But in direct contact, in personally significant communication, whether a person is a woman or a man has great, fundamental importance—represents a crucial distinction of identity. If we avoid the implications of this distinction we are neglec ng, initially, the problem of sorting the differences by which existence is characterized : we are neglecting the cardinal preliminaries of belief. Before we can believe in distinct persons, male or female, we must affirm the basic division from which has sprung the complex differentiation of persons. A woman, to be self-articulate, must first realize her general identity as woman in contradistinction from man. A woman must know man's co-existence with woman in oppositeness in order to be able to describe to herself the problem of reconciliation in its full difficulty and urgency ; otherwise behind her realization of distinct persons there is no history of universal experience, and in her intimate communication with them no deep-reaching labour of belief at work.

It is a difficult work, to save ourselves to one another. It cannot be done without an all-remembering admission of the strain of existence that has gone before, long before—of how deep and terrible the tearing apart that took place in existence as it became existences. For the final integration of existences into an explicit personal world of existence we need the courage of believing, against all the data of human disruption that surrounds us. The outer physical world is a picture of the disruption against which we must set a personal reality of integration. The scattered elements of this physical overflow are impossible to integrate. We can only order them through a sense of their ultimate separateness—and impermanence. If we attempt to carry belief into these regions, we are loading it beyond its natural capacity.

The nations have formed themselves into units of dissociation

—rather than of distinction. The internal laws of existence supply no account of national differentiation. Each is a law unto itself, its own lawmaker. A nation is a means of providing superficial principles of action at variance with the fundamental principles of life, and thus of giving to irrelevant instincts a temporary coherence. It is a morally justified form as it is designed to allow these instincts room for harmless self-expression, and its tolerance of them represents no more than a recognition that they may grow dangerous if altogether repressed : such instincts are present in human character and must somehow be spent. A nation is an immoral form if it makes an aggressive consolidation of irrelevant instincts ; and a parody of maleness in its ambition for impossibilities. In so far as a nation can be said to have a character, its character is tentatively male—but without any comparable female identity to which it can be related. Always dying, it must be constantly rebegetting itself ; and, indeed, acquires something like a self-mothering genius the more fluid it keeps its energies—as England has, for example,

This is the kind of exploration and evaluation we must make if we are to know where to look for the most real kind of experience and where not to look. We, the inside people, must know the plan of things. The Buchmanites have a slogan which is intended to hypnotize people into a belief that great and good things are happening while they are doing nothing : ' God has a plan.' This is really as to say : ' Somewhere or other there is a plan, somebody or other must know it—therefore, why worry ? ' True, there is a plan ; but it is our worry, work, responsibility, to know it, make it in knowing it.

In the following letter we are told that the inside world needs strengthening— and not strengthening from outside, by advertisement. The only way it can be strengthened in its own qualities is by a stronger belief in one another of those who are of this world. It is from us that the plan unfolds—and by our omissions that outer confusions acquire plausibility. We must find in the personal interior of existence all the truth there is to believe in ; not to find here all that is held here

leaves open the false possibility of finding truth out there as well. Out there is only to be found what has failed to become truth, the physical world of trial by error. Evil results when truth is looked for in the wrong places.

From David Reeves

You ask what is to be done from the inside about international affairs. If I may take war as an example of an international affair, I find that when we go to war we are told that we are fighting for something—a country, a faith—which is presumably forth fighting for. The inside world is what is worth not fighting for. It is the positive aspect of peace. And similarly it is what makes all outside affairs worth keeping away from. It must therefore be strong enough to distract the outside people and to reverse the process you deplore, by which the outside world is distracting the inside people.

But the strengthening of the inside world does not come through advertisement. Advertisement destroys it. Even conscious realization of its existence in public may destroy it. The French became the rudest nation on earth when they invented the expression ' La Politesse Frangaise ', So I regard your proposal to publish a book featuring the inside world with some trepidation. It seems to me that what you say of the decharacterization of inside people when translated to outside employment may also apply to the inside world when given outside publicity. Even the expression ' the inside world ' seems to me a decharacterization of what we know that world to be. If the book were only for inside people, toward a common understanding among them, my objection would be invalid ; but a book is essentially a public declaration—at any rate a book that is about something, rather than something in itself, like a novel or a poem. The inside world only exists as people live in it. The only way to strengthen it is to live in it. And if the outside people see that you are happy in it maybe they will try to come in. But talk to them about it, even privately, and it immediately becomes a matter of economic independence, political environment, or some other outside jargon. It dissolves in words. I have shown your letter to various outside people and the result has been disheartening.

It seems that by international affairs you include everything but the life inside the houses. You say that such affairs represent the least significant kind of contact that may be between people. I think international affairs should be subdivided further. In so far as they are concerned with the outer instrumentalities of life, the exchange of

commodities, etc., they are certainly too self-serious, too much with us. But *there* is another side to international affairs you do not speak of directly, though you admit it tacitly. An inside part of international affairs, if you like. For if nothing but the life inside the houses were important to you, how would you explain your feeling of responsibility for the outside people ? Most of these people you have never met, and you do not even know their names. And yet you are unhappy on their behalf. This unhappiness seems to indicate wider sympathies than those you confess. And these sympathies, on an international scale, constitute that part of international affairs in which I am interested.

The world of commerce and war is intruding on our inside world. It is also destroying this sympathy, which has nothing to do with the exchange of commodities, nor with intensive communication between persons joined in local intimacy. And yet it exists and accounts for your feeling that the outside people are somehow our responsibility. Perhaps it is nothing more than an awareness on the part of the individual of the existence of the rest of humanity. Though the limit be indefinite, we can only know a limited number of people in our lives. But we can feel benevolent toward an indefinite number—without any contact at all. It may be a feeling emotional rather than intellectual, but that does not necessarily condemn it as impotent. It also is being tortured out of recognition by the outside world of commerce and war. Instead of spontaneous sympathies—and antipathies—between nations, we have jingo hatred of the dirty enemy, and we stand up for the national anthems of our beloved allies.

I think it is important to realize this distinction in international affairs. To feel that everything outside the houses is odious is to feel too dependent on the house—too completely confined to the four walls. But to feel that there is some sympathy between the nations, even to feel responsible for the outside people, is to feel that there is a background for the inside world, to feel more secure inside the houses.

Perhaps a more widespread realization of this background by all the inside people may help them to live more surely in the inside world, may strengthen the inside world till it distracts the outside people from their outside ways.

What of the question raised in this letter, that in making a book ' featuring ' the subject of ' the inside world ' I may be ' Recharacterizing ' the subject ? This is certainly a pertinent

challenge ; and it is right to demand in what category of activity I place my book. But first of all it must be said that the subject of my book is not the inside world. If its aim were to describe inside life from the outside, it would be merely a philosophical treatise, and I as its author be doing no more than speculating experimentally upon the possible nature of the inside world. I would not be speaking as an inside person—but as a neutralized outside person. Nor can it be regarded as a record of inside life from the inside. A true record of what life is like when lived in inside terms must its .if be a part of it: as in a poem that succeeds poetically the recording and the living are perfectly identical. I am not, however, offering my book in either sense. It is ' equally ' about inside and outside life, inside and outside problems, though this is as arbitrary as to treat ' positive ' and ' negative ' as two equal subjects when we know that, properly, the former either embraces or nullifies the latter. It may, in fact, seem like a work of mathematics to exclusively outside people ; and the result, so far as their intelligent reading of it is concerned, be perhaps ' disheartening ', It is a quite impossible kind of book—or would be if this were not a quite impossible period of time in which the world and ourselves, outside and inside, have become arrested.

An impossible disconnection of the outside from the inside elements of life has taken place : the effect is as of bodies and minds broken apart and treating with one another indiscriminately as separate persons, tangling to a point of paralysis the normal workings of existence. We are at a finally advanced degree of temporal development; the content of existence has reached a finally individualized specificness. But the precisely resolved inside elements and outside elements have not combined themselves into a co-operative articulation of existence as a whole. The outside elements are tempted to race ahead in a self-destroying pursuit of time, with no other end than the insane one of self-articulation for its own sake. The inside elements seem unable to do more than exert a backward **pull** upon them—a death-pull contradicting the reality of the future-inclined outside elements but contradicting also their own

significance as life. This present period is as a period of death, though each element is alive to itself—a self-contradicting, living death. My book partakes of this contradictoriness, placing as it does the two kinds of elements, outside and inside, in categorical opposition, making two subjects where in reality there is only one. But I do not know how to record this impossible period otherwise than by defining its impossibility. And it must be recorded : we must recognize that it is impossible and yet is, in order to feel an immediate need of proving its unreality. As a period it is a temporal *tour deforce.* To break the paralysis requires the emotional *tour de force* of beginning as it were all over again, as if we had achieved nothing, although all the instruments of achievement are in our hands. We must undo what seems to be our immediate life in order to have immediate life : analyse the death we are in, in order to recompose it as life.

Books should not be written for emergencies ; they should not be dictated by the necessity of the moment. The emergency occasions pass, and the emergency books disappear in their passing. This is an emergency book, and the emergency which has provoked it will pass. But the emergency is a fundamental one, that we have always had with us yet have never directly faced. In facing it directly we are facing immediately and as for the first time all the realities of existence together, although they have long been asserting themselves with increasing explicitness. The emergency comes upon us now like something new, because never before have the realities of existence expressed themselves so finally and never before been so deliberately evaded : it is impossible now not to face them, and yet we have allowed the impossible to seem possible.

Thus my book stresses both the emergency and the realities suppressed in it. It is, impossibly, a book about an external historical situation and, at the same time, about ' inside ' finalities. The present historical situation, however, is unreally historical; the present emergency is a universal emergency. It will pass, but what succeeds it cannot be more ' history ': what succeeds it is also the subject of my book—the realities that do in truth prevail now. I am not worried about the fate

of my book in so far as it is a record of the present historical situation and as such must pass. I am not worried, either, about its fate as a book that evokes the inside finalities from which the outside immediacies have disconnected themselves—about the number of people who will be dishearteningly unresponsive. As such a book its function is to strengthen those who have the courage to know the inside finalities against disheartening ' facts ', and against the absence of an evident will to know in ' ordinary people ', Is this the tr ,e to hesitate to be openly the first to know ? Does the fate of existence hang upon a thread of good taste ?

David Reeves has said that his objection to the publication of such a book as this would be invalid if it were only for inside people. I could have simplified this answer to his challenge by saying that, yes, it is a book exclusively for inside people, that probably only inside people will read it with any real response ; and that, therefore, it cannot be regarded as a public book proper, for reading by anyone whomsoever. But the decision as to who is inside and who outside is not so simply made. There is much insideness dazedly stranded in outside quarters, much outsideness complacently settled in inside quarters. In addressing my book to anyone whomsoever I am feeling out insideness wherever it may have strayed, however mixed with outsideness it may have become. This is certainly as to make a canvass in equivocal and impossible places, and so I have let his objection stand : in order to explain that, in finding my position impossible, one must make the further step of seeing that the situation we are in is impossible. Only by some such impossible act as a canvass of this sort can we begin to disentangle existence itself from its equivocal history.

My distinction between inside and outside people, applied to people in large numbers, acquires the character of a social distinction, David Reeves is uncertain as to the spirit in which I make the distinction—whether kindly or prejudicial. It seems to him that I am asserting the exclusive importance of inside people and inside life and yet revealing a contradictory sympathy with outside people. In the first part of his letter

he has expressed suspicion of any attempt to bring inside values to bear upon outside values—as involving the danger of vulgarizing the former ; while in the second part he is disputing his own austere definition of insideness, on which his first objection rested. He has, that is, assumed for the relatively few inside people, and for himself and myself in particular, an uncompromising insideness of view, and is concerned to determine the basis on which sympathy with large numbers can exist without compromise. I cannot treat this part of his letter as an objection to the limited nature of my sympathies, since in the reason of my book outward sympathy and inward strictness are assumed to be compatible : otherwise it would be a book against the world. I must regard his objection as being in reality a statement of the false problem of compromise that haunts many inside people, driving them frequently to the solution of compromise—because they feel themselves so few and *i* the others ' so many that it seems ugly and egoistic to press the distinction between themselves and others too closely. Why this is a false problem I can best show, I think, by applying the distinction ' inside people ' and ' outside people ' as a socially real one and comparing it with other social distinctions.

It is not mere political sentimentality to say that in a democracy social distinctions tend to disappear. The idea that social distinctions are innate is fundamental to a monarchy. A democracy results from a change in the values by which distinction is socially allotted. In a democracy the innate social distinctions tend to disappear : people are socially measured by what they achieve, rather than by what they are. In a strictly monarchical regime the social hierarchy is presumed to constitute, or at least run parallel to, the mental and moral hierarchy —so that wisdom and divinity are held to reside in the monarch, and to the nobility are formally attributed the noble qualities' In a democracy more concrete evidence is demanded of the right to social distinction. In consequence, the meaning of social distinction is narrowed to apply only to practical achievement ; while all activity that cannot be easily defined in practical terms is left socially unidentified. For example, social distinction was once allotted according to a scale of virtues : there was

at least the pretence that people of a higher social class were intrinsically superior to people of a lower class—and the avowed intention, on the part of the members of a higher class, to prove themselves worthy of the distinction. Each class associated with itself a distinct set of virtues, as its ideal of character and behaviour. Class-virtue being merely an idealistic social conception, it was inevitable that there should develop the suspicious scrutiny of persons we *f* 11 democracy. Democracy is no more than a political technique of self-protection against false imposition by the unvirtuous : it is only the negative aspect of social judgement. It can detect inadequacies, false pretences, social parasitism—everything that can be detected by suspicion. But it cannot measure virtue. Democratic scrutiny is preoccupied with the obvious ; by democratic values only the obvious can be measured. Let me now put this in the terms that we have been using here : democratic values are outside values, democracy assumes that people are outside people—*unless they can demonstrate themselves to be otherwise.* Democracy does not supply the apparatus for demonstrating the social valuableness of the unobvious—of inside people, inside things. These must enforce the social distinction to which they are entitled against the pressure of mass-suspicion.

In the world of to-day every people or regime that calls itself civilized uses a democratic technique of social distinction. In Fascist countries this technique is so rigorously applied that distinction by practical achievement comes to mean distinction according to physical prestige alone—though the pretence is that this represents moral and mental distinction as well. Even in monarchical countries the idea of social distinction as an innate attribute is only a theatrical supplement to the democratic idea. In it is concentrated the physical dignity of the nation ; or, as in England, its moral dignity. But there is no assumption that an innate virtue accompanies the circumstance of being born into an aristocratic level of society—or an obligation to demonstrate superior refinements of virtue. It is generally held more scandalous for a peer of the realm to commit a breach of the law or social decencies than for a member of

the lower classes ; but the standard by which aristocratic behaviour is judged is that of national prestige, not of aristocratic virtue.

The moral atmosphere in which most people live to-day is democratic ; and to say this means that in the general pattern of civilized society there is no explicit room allowed for the notion of virtue. Democratic society is not concerned with what a person is intrinsically—only with what he is obviously. If people are habitually estimated by what is obvious about them, there is an increasing tendency to conclude that people are composed, exclusively, of obvious human attributes ; until —because democratic scrutiny is thus limited in its power of definition—everyone is assumed to be an ' ordinary ' human being. To avert democratic suspicion, the person who has attributes which are not immediately intelligible to everyone else must exert himself to demonstrate that he is, like his fellows, [1] only human ', To be ' only human ', in the democratic sense, means to possess obvious faults and only obvious commendable capacities—capacities, therefore, of the existence of which there is ready physical evidence. This rule extends even to the ruling monarch : from the social—not national—point of view, he too must be ' only human ' to be socially acceptable to his people. He must, that is, be ' equal ', In the democratic atmosphere the notion of exceptional virtue is lost in the notion of equality—and the notion of simple virtue as well. Note how comically obsolete the phrase ' a good woman ' or ' a good man ' or ' a wise woman ' or ' a wise man ′ seems to our ears. We may say of someone that he is ' a good sort'—-but this no longer means that he is good, only that he is ' human ′, not conspicuously different from other people. Or we may say of someone that he is ' intelligent'—but we mean no more that he is not a fool.

Democracy should provide outside people, ordinary people, with a flexible technique of tolerance toward one another, and also with an acute discipline of self-protection against damage from one another. That it does not do this effectively is due to its failure to allow for the existence of people whose attributes and capacities are not of a physically obvious kind. Demo-

cracy is an excellent atmosphere for the association of outside people with other outside people, or for any association between people in which the outside, physical stress dominates. But even outside people must live by something more than alternating rules of tolerance and self-protection. There is an inherent need in them to recognize the right and the wise—if not to be responsibly right and wise themselves. They are, however, by an inculcated suspicion of the unobvious, ommitted to choose their right and their wise from among themselves. Barriers of self-protection are let down, and their technique of tolerance is made to imitate a technique of critical choice ; so that they are more susceptible to imposition than ever people were in autocracies, inviting it by their freedom to exercise consent.

The failure of democracy to allow for people of innately superior virtue and wisdom—a failure in elasticity of social distinction—leaves outside people no choice but that of calling upon other outside people to satisfy the needs to which only inside people can minister.

Outside people have a right to intrude upon inside people in the sense that it is on inside people that they must rely for clarity in what is not obvious to them. It is not to their intrusion that we object but to the intrusion of outside standards and powers to which faith has been pledged and inside virtue credited, for the paradoxical reason that they have an obvious appeal—and which outrage outside as well as inside peace.

All this requires to be said in order to show that the problem of compromise is not a real problem for inside people. The more uncompromising we are, as inside people, the clearer does the sympathetic relation between outside people and ourselves become. We can only be in a position to give sympathy in a practical form if we construe our difference from others as an innate social distinction ; only so can we define our social usefulness in proper terms. The democratic method of social scrutiny breaks down the old false equivalence between high birth and innate virtue. But this ceases to be a constructive process at the point where the old aristocratic positions of prestige begin to be usurped by persons of strong physical will.

A new, false equivalence arises between virtue and physical energy. The politicization of virtue is not entirely democracy's fault, however. It is for inside people to demonstrate that moral power is innate, represents a real social distinction—by interpreting the old positions of social prestige as positions of social responsibility innately theirs. Democracy seems to destroy distinction. But we might also say that it assists true social distinction in setting the first, simplest distinction in the scale of social judgment. This first distinction, of democratic honesty, is moreover a self-imposed one, and anticipates, essentially, the self-imposing of further distinctions. Democracy cannot tell the whole social story, account for all the people in the world, or in a nation or community. It can account only for the outside people, tell no more than the outer story ; has language only for the physical narrative-—though a profuse enough language for this.

The responsibility for telling the rest of the story is *ours* : for being gracefully and distinctly those whom democracy leaves out of definition, and for distinguishing closely between degrees of moral power. This sense of responsibility, which includes the dispensation of sympathy to the rest of humanity, is innately lodged in every inside person. The misfortunes that ' the world of commerce and war ' precipitates do not account for the feeling ' that the outside people are somehow our responsibility '; they would still be our responsibility if there were no such misfortunes, if the world of commerce were not also a world of war. The attention of the mass of humanity is abnormally preoccupied with the physically obvious aspects of life (inducing the blatantly obvious atmosphere of disaster), because it is sharply impatient and suspicious of the old socially ambiguous structure of life. In its crude way it is saying that it wants everything [1] clear ', The most practical way of sympathizing with it in its obvious misfortunes is to concern ourselves, with uncompromising warmth, in what only we can clarify. We cannot make humanity in the large ' understand ', but if we exert our moral power uncompromisingly it must inevitably feel that it is sharing in an existence that holds together fortunately.

Such considerations as whether our feeling for the outside

people is ' emotional rather than intellectual[9] are irrelevant: as irrelevant, as if, in older days, the good King, who took it to be his responsibility to be a pattern of high virtue and wisdom to his people, asked himself ' Is my feeling for my people emotional or intellectual ? ' If he was an innately good King, by nature what his position required him to be, then his attitude to his responsibility would have been both emotional and intellectual—both spontaneous and cohe' ntly sustained. The relation of the inside person to outside people is not unlike that of the good King or noble to the people whose daily moral support he was. It is, also, as irrelevant to deduce that the outside world is[c] odious ' to the uncompromising inside person as it would have been to say of the good King that his people were odious to him because they did not, like him, live in palaces.

Further, it is an inaccuracy to identify the kind of sympathy which it is appropriate for inside people to feel for outside people in general with the sympathy possible between the people of one nation and the people of another. The latter is necessarily limited in kind to sympathy in outside matters, as between outside people : in fact, to democratic sympathy—a balance between tolerance and self-protection, with a far more severe scrutiny than is exercised upon people of the same nation. Between people of different nations sympathy is necessarily restricted to attributes in which they resemble one another, are ' equal ': the stress will be even more physical than in outside relations between members of the same democratic community.

There has been much questioning here of the sympathy that it is proper for inside people to feel for outside people. This is the same as to ask, really, ' What is the proper mental allowance for the physical ?' Let us remember that it is only the religious ascetic—the inside person to whom insideness is a form of social suicide—who makes no allowance for the physical. Every person of living insideness, living mind, allows for the physical in being physical—in being a body. But the allowance made by the innately outside people for the mental is an extremely ambiguous one : they are not so generous toward minds as the inside people are toward bodies. The normal inside

person has no false pride about his physical dependence on the labour of outside people. But democracy has instilled in outside people a physical vanity which, in its excess, becomes a mental vanity, inhibiting them from dependence of mind on people of positive mind in the way in which these, of negative body, accept their physical dependence on people of positive body. The whole question of sympathy is not separable from the question of dependence. Our sympathy for outside people must include an insistence on the kind of dependence on us that we expect from them. It is for us to clarify the proprieties of dependence. Proper sympathy cannot exist between people of different nations until the basic laws of interdependence are observed. Until outside people acknowledge their mental dependence on inside people, their sympathetic reactions to one another—and to the still more ' outside ' foreign others—will be confused and capricious.

To regard this problem of sympathy as one of the appreciation, by inside people, of the reality of the outside background, is too optimistically simple in the present emergency. To see the outside world as physical background is the elementary act of vision of the inside person. The trouble is that the democratic habit of vision has made the physical background, chaotically, a foreground as well; so that the correct social perspective can only be stabilized by an uncompromising insistence on the reality of inside people, inside life and values, as the mental foreground of human society. Thus only can the international background be placed at its proper remove, can the due measure of international sympathy be determined. . . . I should say that in the present international situation more difBculties are caused by excessive sympathy for other nations than by insufficient sympathy ; hopes of sympathetic understanding are pursued that can never be realized on the international plane of communication. Attempts are made to construe other nations as ' good ', persuade them to be ' good ' —when the kind of goodness that is meant is only to be looked for in the inside quarters of existence, cannot have the obviousness of a physical attribute. Such democratic fancifulness actually leaves the way Qpen—by attributing positive moral

potentialities to a nation as a whole—for its representatives to use the international stage for acts of personal villainy. There have been grandiose villains in history before ; but never before have there been so many opportunities for villainy on an international scale. Democracy has left these opportunities open, by its incompleteness as a moral pattern of society; but the fault is also in the hesitancy of the inside people, to fill out the incomplete pattern with themselves.

To what resolution does this bring us ? David Reeves has spoken of the responsibility we have, as inside people, of distracting people from their outside ways. Let us say, instead of 'outside ways ', from resort to the outside for what the outside does not contain. We, the inside people, have gradually been acquiring a self-conscious sense of the position of social responsibility we occupy ; and this is a beginning. But when we examine the number of those who claim professional inside status, we are filled with misgiving: we cannot present ourselves as persons of inside resort in a professional whole. The solution is certainly not in more hesitancy ; it is in a scrutiny of all those who claim professional inside status—a scrutiny as strict as the democratic scrutiny to which outside people subject one another. It is by extending this technique of social judgement into our own realm, ourselves, that the failure of democracy as a complete scrutiny is to be overcome. Outside people can judge only of what is physically obvious. But what is unobvious to them is mentally obvious to us ; and we are not practising upon our own kind the strict scrutiny that they practise upon theirs. In our failure to scrutinize ourselves with sufficient vigour we are giving to them if not the right at least the opportunity of practising their kind of scrutiny on our numbers.

For example, outside people convert democratic scrutiny into a professional judgement of poets : they acquire an expertness in what seem to them the obvious standards of poetic excellence, but an expertness without instinct of innate poetic virtue. Inside people in general, and poets in particular, are so accustomed to social neglect that they are naturally reluctant to disown rigorously those whom outside people accept as

inside people ; it seems to them good that outside people should show interest in something as being of inside quality, even though it is spuriously so. It is by this defensive inside front that we tacitly identify ourselves with people who, under scrutiny of our kind, would prove improper persons to represent the outside to the inside. We might tolerate them among us as they did not egrcgiously court distinction from the democratic public ; but, in most cases, the person whom the outside people choose as a representative inside person of the moment would not stand the test of inside scrutiny. A spectacular current example of this, in the case of poets, is W. H. Auden.

We must be resolved to abandon the defensive front; to fill our social role with the dignity and confidence that it should properly inspire in us, in being innately conferred. I have already said that there are many of us, and that it is our responsibility and need to know how many. Whether there are more or fewer of us than the democratically professional count shows we cannot know until we make a count of our own : the count must be ours, and a scrupulous counting-out as well as counting-in. Our front will cease to be a defensive one so soon as we begin to count out as well as in, without compromise and without fear of damage to inside prestige in outside eyes.

' They ' cannot avail themselves of our sympathy, be distracted from their distractions, take advantage of our especial dependabilities, unless we present ourselves to them in an unmistakable accent of innate difference. Democracy temporarily shouted out of hearing all variations of accent, all social inflection. Then came this wordless world noise, animal in its non-sociality, in which even the monotonously single accent of democracy itself is lost. It is only the inside people who can restore social inflection to the world : for the democratic, outside accent to be heard again, the inside accent must sound clearly—and first.

The following letter insists that the essential stability of life is in inside things, and with inside people ; that inside people weaken themselves as stabilizing forces by benevolent intervention in outside affairs. The real question raised by this letter,

it seems to me, is : how to intervene in outside affairs in a way that shall not break the continuity of our inside activity—in a way that is not an intervention in the sense of emergency interference in outside activities, but an intensification of the natural pressure which inside forces have always exercised on outside forces.

From M. Annan

Formerly, those who wished to concentrate on the inner realities willingly left the organization of society to those whose interests were in the outer mechanism ; but in this century, nationally and internationally, we have been made to realize how badly the diplomats and politicians managed the affairs we had entrusted to them. At the same time the intimate people were shaken in their beliefs in their inner realities and suffered a strain on their emotions which left them nerve-racked : so that, losing their trust in the organizers of outer life, they were overwhelmingly tempted to meddle with exterior things.

International affairs fret us . . . invade our daily life . . . because we have become external-minded ourselves. We think of our neighbours in terms of politicians—as groups rather than as individual persons, as nationals rather than as families. Mechanical progress . . . ease of intercommunication . . . has been so misused that instead of making us aware of our essential unity it has merely shown up minor adventitious differences, so stressed them as to impair our perspective. We think in terms of petty political labels instead of conceiving the ends of life common to us all. Instead of material co-operation, we see rivalry ; and intellectual co-operation seems unable to get the upper hand over material interests.

The progress of the human race consists in the extension of its knowledge of itself and its possibilities ; yet we are nowadays more and more inclined to be turned aside from that understanding by external distractions. Instead of knowing ourselves, and by self-knowledge illuminating our understanding of one another, we stress an artificial animosity among arbitrarily built-up groups. Intuitive appreciation has been destroyed instead of enhanced.

So the world is restless ; but it is not those surrounding us who by nature are external-minded who are the most unhappy : it is the disillusioned lost ones who feel a loss of intrinsic values. Only by bringing them back to a realization of their essential inner qualities can we restore that balance. How can we bring them back ? Ex-

perience seems to show that the inner people cannot rehumanize the others by exteriorizing themselves.

Many lost their inwardness in being appalled by the outer things they observed : wishing to help their fellows, they have embroiled themselves in the external objective, lost sight of their own inner realities, yet have not helped the outer people to rediscover their sensibilities. It is too easy to forget our perspective of external things when we cease observing them from afar, from the interior. Outside people are more able in the use of their own instrumentalities than we ; and we cannot hope to decrease the influence of outer routine by joining the number of those employed in it. Those whose interests are in external intercourse, in the relations of factitious communities, cannot be compromised with ; it is useless to sally into the outer world and win the majority to a loose compromise between our ideals and their observances—the latter will soon oust the former. Let us rather remain a minority at first, sound to the core ; fortify our own defences ; refuse to externalize ourselves ; strengthen our inwardness. Their brutality may surround us, but let us keep our psychical defences against intrusion, for it is useless to attempt to change the outer forces.

Nor is this retreat into inside life a refusal to alleviate theunhappiness surrounding us : far from being selfishness, it is our best way to help those about us. By this concentration on inner things, and our homes, our intimates, we shall offer our tranquillity as a refuge and help others more than by straying into their outer activities, losing ourselves and blurring our issues. Let us devote ourselves to the safekeeping of our important inner realities and trust the externalities to the ' male ' people. After all, if a cataclysm is to destroy our material civilization, the more individuals there are who have developed emotionally and intellectually into independence of it, the greater are our chances of survival.

Inside people have never left the technical organization of society to outside people in an absolute sense. They have always had confidence in their own ultimate influence and power of communicating grace to the physical course of life ; and known that their values and perceptions gradually penetrate to the outer world, though at first in vulgarized and distorted form. It is not characteristic of them to intervene in the temporary situation ; but they do nevertheless regard themselves as practising a general and permanent intervention in

existence as a whole' The dilemma in which many people of inside temperament now find themselves is due to the peculiarity of the present external situation : is it, merely, another particular historical emergency, or are there involved in it the values of existence as a whole ? In circumstantial evidence that the latter is so is the fact that inside people are now thinking and feeling about outer problems with new intensity : they instinctively feel that the present external si' 'ation challenges the complete and fundamental influence which it is their function to exercise over existence as a whole, including its external aspects. We are confronted not with a single emergency or set of emergencies, but with all the emergencies that can possibly present themselves to inside judgement for solution. The character of being an external emergency that the present world situation seems to have is therefore deceptive : it represents, really, the whole problem of the control of life from the inside—even in being a violent and extreme demonstration of the ways in which outside life, escaping inner control, may cease to have any meaning as life at all.

Inside people have never before faced the problem in its entirety ; outside life itself has never been so explicitly distinct, so quantitatively obvious in its difference from inside life. One might say, indeed, that never before has positive intervention of an inside kind in outside affairs been possible, since the distinction between outside and inside has never been so explicit. Inside people are now feeling strong impulses to intervene ; it is inevitable that some of them should make mistakes in tactics, use outside rather than inside means of pressure—direct intervention of an inside kind in outside affairs having never yet been practised by inside people. Because we feel in ourselves a compulsion to approach the present world confusion directly, there is the temptation to find external equivalents of our energy, our values, our point of view. This gives a temporary illusion of direct action of our kind, though we are not in effect injecting anything of inside quality into the outside situation and are even adding to the confusion by intensifying the already exaggerated stress on externalities. Further, we—those of inside temperament who apply their

values to outside activity—will necessarily lose faith in our values and in the efficacy of people of our kind as we allow our orientation to be shifted from inside to outside ground. And, losing our internal stability, we become dangerously unstable forces, acting in the outside world as forces of external protest: we encourage outside people to rely on the kinds of solution that have already failed them.

The writer of the preceding letter speaks of an artificial animosity that has destroyed intuitive appreciation. We must be careful, in using such a term as ' intuitive appreciation ' and, in general, in discussing sensibilities of an inside kind, not to extend their contexts beyond the relations in which they are practically possible. For example, it can be pertinent to hate a nation for its bad behaviour—to hate the behaviour—and to hate the people of this nation in so far as they subscribe individually to the behaviour. Such animosity is not necessarily [1] artificial'; whereas attempts at intuitive appreciation by the personally remote members of two nations would certainly be artificial. While it is not the function of inside people to influence outside people to hate of other nations, neither is it their function to attempt to breed love between nations—since that is a personal impossibility. It is not the function of inside people to breed inside sensibilities in outside people, or to introduce such sensibilities into relations of an outside kind. Their function is, by means of their sensibilities, to achieve proportion—which, for the world in its present exaggerated concern with externalities, means a quantitative reduction in activity, even in the activity of ' appreciation ' of other nations.

As M, Annan herself says, ' it is useless to attempt to change the outer forces.' One cannot introduce inside sensibilities into them; one can only impose limitation on them, by the exertion of inside sensibilities. There is this additional discrepancy in her argument: she says that we should[c] fortify our own defences '—when, if our inside position is an immediately real one and we are not behind-time in our impingement upon the outer world, it is not of our defences against it that we should be thinking but of our positive exertions upon it. The defensive attitude is appropriate only so long and in so far as we are

uncertain of our position, and the outer world itself is not emphatic enough in its outerness to warrant direct intervention. We have now, on the one hand, an outside that is emphatic to the point of madness—raging round us in cataclysmic self-sufficiency. We have, on the other hand, an articulate inside consciousness, people of inside perspective in whom are lodged final powers of beneficent stability and gracious order. The juxtaposition of inside and outside forces has ne', r before been so close. It is impossible, indeed, for inside people to act now without acting upon the outside ; and impossible for the outside to resist pressure from within. The present outside wildness might be cited as evidence that the outside world is resisting inside restraint; but it is also evidence that its resistance is not successful—is suicidal.

We cannot but act; and whatever we do, because of what we are, must be a saving. The question then is : a saving of what ? It is by giving mistaken answers to this question that many inside people, while acting in the name of their insideness, lose their power to save. Their object cannot be to save themselves —since, as they are inside people, they are already saved—have achieved survival as minds. But it cannot be, either, to save any single part of external existence or compound of parts or, even, the whole of material civilization. Their object can only be to save existence as a whole—which amounts to the responsibility of demonstrating that existence cannot be divided against itself—as it now stands divided, impossibly. To save existence as a whole is to enforce, upon its transient or incidental parts, a dependence on its permanent and essential realities. And the way of this is that the stable-minded be present to all external circumstances—not as practical participants, but as observing judges. All external circumstances, no matter how confusedly different one from the other, will then have this constant and common element; that they are being viewed from a central and internal point of observation, submitted to an all-proportioning test of coherence. Much of the violently irrelevant behaviour that goes on in the world to-day—attempts as if to tear existence apart—would never have been dared if the misbehaving persons or nations felt themselves watched. In other days,

the caution to them would have been : ' God sees all.' God in this sense symbolized the judgement of posterity—but existence has a quality of absolute immediacy now that makes the notion of posterity unreal and incredible, as a potential court of judgement. The password to present existence is ' Whatever is, is now ! ' It is this password that the misbehaving nations and groups and persons use in their desperation to achieve whatever they dare fancy as achievable. That they achieve even temporarily what is against possibility and the laws of proportion is due to their pragmatic manipulation of the truth in ' Whatever is, is now ! '

It is true : whatever is, is now. The eventual court of judgement, formerly conceived either as posterity or God, sits now ; and its proper members are living inside people. What is the resolution implicit in this ? First, to estimate the influence that inside forces have, in the long past, already exercised on external forces—in the persons of professionally inside people (though they may have used indirect, esoteric jargons and shaped their perceptions into erratic creeds) and, most minutely and persistently, though inconspicuously, in the persons of women. Let us know where to place the credit, in terms of influence, for those standards of good the violation of which now shocks our sensibilities : they are not newly discovered standards, but the results of a long process of influence exerted from within on the world of outer time. What we call our sensibilities are these standards. Upon this realization of a great indirect labour of influence already achieved, we can determine what yet remains to be achieved. I should say, indeed, that the whole weight of inside influence had already been brought to bear upon life indirectly—there are no new standards to be discovered : the step that remains is only the translation of indirect into direct pressure. This involves no desertion of our position as forces of stability. On the contrary, it means a unification of the varied aspects of inside influence, already long in effect, into an immediately compact effect: all the inside forces confronting all the outside forces as with a single mind. We must study, in what ways, as inside forces, we operated separately, with scattered, diverse effect; and in what ways we operate to an ultimately

same effect—whatever special form of identity we assume, in our insideness. The obligation on us is not so much to do as to see what we have been doing, *are* doing. The difference between wanting to be of direct influence, and so being, is in the change from a many-voiced insistence to a single unbroken insistence. This is the only way to be heard.

From John Aldridge and Lucie Brown

The only conclusion we have come to is based on local experience and influenced by the kind of estrangement felt in talking to people we are very fond of who have taken the course of shutting themselves off from politics, which at this stage has the effect of obstructionism. L. B. said : ' The only thing I want to say is that inside people cannot now dissociate themselves from outside happenings, but should of necessity take a part in the outside affairs, while preserving strictly the integrity of their inside life. By their keeping in touch and taking a part in the local political activities, the inside point of view will in time be felt, in so far as their inside integrity is respected and recognized by all except the completely outside element. What we of course want is more inside people : there are too few. But they will increase only by the extension of the opportunity for life inside the houses. To be aware that a final goodness is more important than physical instrumentalities is more useful than joining the Communist party. But it seems equally important that those who are aware should feel a responsibility to get the physical instrumentalities adjusted, in such a way that the ' inside ' attitude is not barred from manifestation in ' outside ' affairs, and I feel that this can only be done by taking part in the activities already going on.'

Then I tried to say what turned out to be the same thing from my point of view : this is the result, such as it is.

As it is recognized that the function of politics (national and international) is to look after the non-personal relations between people and between countries, leaving those who are not politicians free to work out the closer, personal relations and to explore the ' realities of the mind ', the implication is that the system of politics now in use was evolved in the first place with the co-operation of those who realized this—people who were potentially the ' inside people ', The interpretation of the system naturally devolved more and more on people whose interest in it was technical (viz., ' outside

people ') and, in so far as their technique was efficient, those whose interest lay in the direction of ' inside ' affairs were able to forget about the routine of politics. The present system has worked well enough for it to be true that a large number of people have come to expect uninterrupted freedom for the development of their inside lives, and to feel that when, as now, ' international affairs are claiming the attention of everyone ', it means that the system is not working. It is not working, because those who interpret it have become so taken up with the increased complications of the technique which they have been developing to occupy their own interest that they have forgotten its intended function, and being by now almost entirely a class of ' outside ' people they are not likely of their own accord to remember it. This being so, international (and national) affairs will not cease to claim everyone's attention but will claim more and more of it, unless those who resent the claim join in reminding the others of the function of their job. They must in fact give their attention to the matter, if they are to continue to be able to give their attention to their own interests. As before, they must help to form a new system, and as before it must be a system whose technique can be mastered by those whose occupation it will inevitably be : politics can never be an inside occupation, though its aims must be compatible with the fostering of the ' inside ' attitude.

Inside people cannot in fact do more in the field of politics than co-operate with that element in the world whose aims are at least consistent with the object of increased opportunity for inside life (though, as L. B. said, the recognition of the integrity of their inside attitude should give their influence proportionately greater weight than the purely political element). For the wider the opportunity for enjoyment of life inside the houses, the greater will be the appreciation of it, and perhaps even of those values in the mind which it symbolizes.

I know that the writers of the preceding letter have since learned that their participation in local benevolent politics as inside people has made them suspect to those with whom they worked politically—exactly because they did not display the all-political mind. But the letter is nevertheless a valuable contribution. Many people of inside integrity place hope in local politics, and it is important to examine what good things, from an inside point of view, can be accomplished by these means. Local politics naturally seem a more intimate field of action, and

so less political, and therefore a field in which inside people may effectively participate in outside affairs : this is a point that needed to be raised. The letter is also important for its clear perception of the basis upon which inside people must rest their intervention in outside affairs ; that in so far as they are moved to do anything that would not ordinarily have formed part of their activity, the outside officialdom ow 5 them a debt of apology for not having fulfilled its special responsibilities. The object of such intervention cannot be, then, to perform outside work, but only to direct at those who have assumed the outside responsibilities an insistence that they perform what they are pledged to perform. The question is, therefore : what ready-made instruments exist by which inside people may communicate their insistence to the responsible outside people ? Ordinary party politics cannot serve as such an instrument, since they take no cognizance of the existence of inside people as a separate order, and in their object, the power of external administration, allow for no other kind of authority than external authority. Political pressure is of necessity quantitative pressure : elections are won not upon the voters' individual values or quality of mind, but merely upon the physical evidence that one party has amassed a greater number of voters than all the others. And the party ends with which the voters identify their will are of necessity of a kind that depend on external authority alone for their fulfilment; in politics all ends, however internal originally, become subordinated to the political motive of administrative power. This is inevitable when politics are made a self-sufficient science of life.

Behind the perception of an inside person that the physical amenities of life are not properly administrated by those responsible for them is a comprehensive perception of the relation between one aspect of life and another. His objections to economic wrongs, for example, proceeds from a special sense of social right and wrong, but this sense, in turn, proceeds from a general sense of truth. When he co-operates in a political programme of social right, the only energy that figures is his sense of right in respect to particular wrongs : it is automatically divorced from his sense of truth. In political activity there is

no room for the reason behind the special reason—room only for the operation of special values. This is why, when inside people co-operate in political activity, they tend to be sentimental in behaviour and rhetorical in expression ; they attempt to make room for the general values motivating them by an emotional expansion of the political framework.

To what extent is this habit of politics, emphasizing special values while suppressing general values, characteristic of local politics ? Are they any more effective as an instrument for communicating to people in key outside positions the insistence of inside people on a greater decency of physical life, for inside reasons ? There is this peculiar difference between local and national political activity : that the latter is directed toward seizing political power from another party and becoming the State—while the former tends to concentrate on exacting particular concessions from the State, regarding it strictly as such, not as the political party that happens to be in power. Thus, if a Liberal party happens to be in power, to Liberal local politics it is for the time being the State : as much dissatisfaction is addressed to it as if it were a Conservative party in power. Similarly, the behaviour of local Conservative politics, when a Conservative party is in power, is characterized by disagreement with the State in so far as it has the power of making changes : though the determining force in the State is for the time being a Conservative one, because the party is identifiable with the State it is temporarily the enemy.

In these respects, therefore, local politics are healthier than national politics : their emphasis is on obvious, easily defined issues (such as a drainage problem or the location of new council houses) and so there is less danger of political generalization, and so of confusing political generalities with truth. Local politics are also less formal, closer emotionally to the life of the community: there is a wide gap between the State and personal existence, allowing for much community life outside of the State pattern, whereas in national politics the State is construed as an all-inclusive pattern.

Local politics express local irritation—the scapegoat of which is, ultimately, the State. An inside person may argue that

to have party faith on a large scale leads to a caricature of his values, while in healthy participation in local politics he is merely making particular and healthy criticisms of the prevailing administration, without adopting political values as personal values. On the other hand, such criticism can only be made on ' points ': it is not capable of carrying a fundamental inner criticism. From the point of view of th State upon which local pressure is being brought, the person who agitates for better drainage because he is personally annoyed that bad drainage conditions should prevail in his village is not different from the person behind whose complaint is a clear perception of the importance to be attached to physical amenities in relation to other-than-physical aspects of life. The inside person can thus help to call the attention of the State to such matters as drainage, but through the instrumentality of local politics he can accomplish no more than that; he is even seeming to agree with outside-minded people on the exclusive or major importance of outside things. He may make himself heard, as one voice among many, but he is speaking in a language which is incapable of carrying internal inflections, his own inside reasons. His position might be likened to that of an English teacher in a foreign language-school who believes enthusiastically that the minds of foreigners will profit from an acquaintance with English literature and yet who is limited by the school curriculum to the teaching of English conversation only. His hope that their knowledge of English will at some time bring them to study English literature is comparable with the inside person's hope that, through teaching external authority that it must concern itself promptly and thoroughly with such matters as drainage, he can also teach it something about its essential function—of regulating outside things for the sake of inside things, not for their own sake.

Of participation in local politics it may be said that it protects inside people from the accusation that they are callously above such matters as drainage or housing provisions; and that, as compared with participation in national politics, it is less destructive of the direct inside approach to the external realities of existence. Such negative advantages may be granted to it;

but no positive ones, from the inside point of view. It is not a means of teaching what inside people are capable of teaching ; it has no effect on the outside system of a kind that the pressure of inside people should properly have.

Behind every intrusion in outside affairs, by an inside person, is an impulse to teach the outside something about itself. All inside activity is a studying of existence as an entirety. But even when an articulate wisdom of existence has been achieved in the inside corridors of life, there remains the work of communicating to outside people and outside systems and authorities the sense of entirety required if outside activities are to be pursued with the modest competence appropriate to their character. This is not to say that outside people can be made wise or that outside activities can be as eloquent of existence as inside activities. Wisdom cannot be taught to the outside ; but a sense of entirety can be communicated to it through an insistence on the universal proprieties. The insistence of inside people will not be ignored if it is complete and precise and coherent enough to reach the outside with the force of inner law—as even political or social law compels observance by being unequivocal in its provisions rather than by having a policeman or social monitor at the elbow of every citizen.

There is a necessary extension of inside activity to be made : an extension of the work of knowing to that of making the world of outside activity do according to what is known. If this kind of consistency is not imposed on the world, inside people themselves are in the position of allowing physical existence to contradict mental existence. But if the application of inside values to outside circumstances is in political terms—whether locally or nationally—no claim can be made of any right and responsibility of ordering existence from the inside. Specific gains in physical well-being may be won by political means, but any such gain misses the underlying sense of inside intervention : that it is an irresistible insistence, and not a petition which may or may not be granted. An inside person cannot be concerned, in his approach to an outside system, with particular political objectives : he must be concerned with

tempering the whole routine of physical life to the realities of mind to which he is peculiarly sensitive.

Not to make an active application of inside values to outside circumstances has, indeed, ' the effect of obstructionism ' : inside values are themselves obstructed, withheld from developing to a point of irresistible insistence. Yet in political activity, whatever the safeguards against corruption of inside integrity, the inside person is engaging in a woi of strategy, and the strategic position reduces his power of direct influence as an inside person to a mere power of disagreement. As an ordinary citizen he has a power and right to disagree with official power and right from motives of reasonable self-interest. It is proper that we should exercise this power and right in physical self-protection, as our local occasions require. But for an inside person to make an equation between his citizen status and influence and the influence one should expect from him as an inside person is to deny the immediate reality of his difference. For his experience as an inside person he is claiming only an individualistic authority : no greater authority than for his reactions of disagreement in his citizen status. To say that ' the inside point of view will in time be felt ' if inside people participate in local political activities is as to say, indeed, that inside people work in individualistic isolation and have no other means of combining to influence the outside except that of political combination. If this is accepted, then the next logical step is a demand for more inside people, since in political combination the count of strength is by unqualified numbers, not by kind. Suppose, through the intervention and pressure of inside people to secure, for example, good drainage and housing conditions, these objectives were thereby the more easily achieved. It would not be recognizable that the outside had yielded to the inside pressure—only that strong pressure had been brought to secure these objectives.

For a permanent, continuous and large-scale effect to be made on the outside by the inside, it must be clear from where the pressure comes, and what its motivation is. Inside people must appear to the outside in their own identity, not in the apologetic character of citizens ; and they must disprove the official axiom

that political or social ground is the only possible scene of combination. Inside people have in the past lived and worked in individualistic isolation, but this is no longer the past. There is now so much living sensibility of an inside kind that the individualistic barriers separating one inside person from another must be regarded as artificial, politically or socially induced. A common inside ground has been gradually consolidating itself, and we have only to take declared possession of it. Only by feeling ourselves upon this ground and recognizing it as a common one can we draw strength for effective insistence of our kind. Then we shall see that the proper extension of our energy to outside affairs is by the method of teaching. We stand upon a common ground which is central to all the outer spaces of existence. Our location is in truth, and our power and right are a power and right of truth—with which goes the responsibility of teaching the true place and proportion of every incidental aspect of existence. If we dare not include such functions in our identity as inside persons, then it were better to abandon the title; for this is what it means to be an inside person in these times.

The world of outside people suffers a twitch of embarrassment when it is made conscious that someone is a woman—with a world of difference between herself and what it is to be a man ; or conscious that there goes a poet or painter, or whoever it may be, with a world of difference between what he perceives of existence and what the ordinary person calls ' life ', Let us not worry about the recognition that our special identity receives from outside people—and even keep to ourselves what is a mystery and embarrassment to them. Yet some contact with them we must have in which we exert the force of our difference from them in perceptive sensibility. We cannot make them exist upon our ground, put our ground under their feet, share with them what we know of existence in a common life of mind. But we can prevail upon them to realize that the things and activities that compose for them the outside look of existence represent incidental aspects of existence. The true proportion of things cannot be seen from outer ground. We cannot teach them truth, but we can teach them our seeing of them. We

cannot teach them ourselves, but we can teach them themselves. It is in a mood of teaching that inside people must impress their identity on outside people.

There is no need to devise a technique of combination for inside people. Their combination is implicit in their being the kind of people they are and thus requires no extraneous technique : only more intimate association ^ith one another, the use of their own inner language with on, another and a more co-operative sense of the common identity they have in their difference from the external-minded majority. What we want is more inside people, as Lucie Brown says ; but we want them immediately—we want the inside people who are now. It is not a question of producing them by the doubtful means of removing physical difficulties that may be impeding their self-expression. It is a question of locating the innately inside people—of the finding of these by one another. A proper perception of the essential insideness of women by inside people, regardless of women's failure to define themselves formally as such, is the first step toward the reinforcement we have to make of our numbers.

As John Aldridge says, a new system must be formed ; but the system of which we have want—and which is not really new, in being the very system of existence—is the determination of physical courses from within : which means, practically, their determination by inside people. Such a system cannot result automatically from the political securing to everyone of a physically pleasant domestic life. The better part of people is indeed displayed in their life inside the houses ; and if everyone were guaranteed a physically pleasant domestic environment we should have a more impressive display of the natural goodness of people than we now have. Nevertheless, for most people inside goodness can have no greater significance and effect than the negative one of repose. And while people in good repose are more sensitive to inner insistences, repose cannot of itself produce the insistences that need to be made for the sobering of the outer world. In good repose from physical stress there is potential recognition of inner realities. But we are speaking here of an immediately workable system ; and for a system to

be immediately workable it must be founded on actualities, though it provide for potentialities. Inside people must found their intervention in outside affairs on actually existent inside people : which is to say, on themselves. And that, in fact, is all the system we need.

We have, as John Aldridge says, long left the control of outside affairs to the outside people ; and are entitled to resent the undue claim on our attention that they are now making. It might also be said, however, that we have never clearly indicated the ' why ' of this separation of functions, and that the present clamour is a challenge to us to give the why of inner and outer things. It is, in a sense, their attempt to provide a why of their own—and naturally takes the form of aggressive self-emphasis. Thus the working-classes become aggressively self-emphatic in attempting to provide a why of their own when the upper classes give no articulate answer to the challenge about the separation of economic functions. The militant working-classes give an answer which disregards the existence of upper classes ; as the outside world is now defining itself in disregard of the existence of an inside world. We have been long in formulating the fundamental why on which the separation of functions rests. But we need be no longer about this work. The distinction between the functions has become so clear that they seem to stand in opposition : when this degree of explicitness is reached, it is a sign that an all-reconciling why is in the air, waiting for utterance.

We must collect ourselves, and in the address of each to the outside must be the force of all our kind. We differ among ourselves by the provinces of existence we overlook, but to the outside we must each bear the character of being a teacher. If we conscientiously support one another in this character, demand of one another the assumption of this role, our insistences must soon reach the outer world, through its disposition to learn the why of its own things. With the help of science it has supplied itself with arbitrary why's of its own—acting upon which it is fast denying its right to exist: it is desperately in need of the saving why that we, and we alone, can give it. If we present our inside insistences in this mood, we need not be con-

cerned about a proper technique by which the world may respond to them. The problem of technique is not our concern, but the concern of the outside people. It is because they have solved it as fully as it may be solved that the problem of the universal why has become desperately urgent. There is an adequate technique of outer things, b"[f] the major why has not been unequivocally articulated. The world is thus in the insane position of attempting to discover in its machinery the driving force that moves it: it is engaged in creating motion, instead of in running the perfected daily machinery by its given motion. This artificially created motion must be stopped before the outer habit of life can move truly, to its given motion. And we alone can stop the false motion, by bringing the true pressure to bear upon the outer machinery ; by teaching that no matter how perfect a technique, it cannot incorporate in itself the force by which it works. The force it drew upon when it was clumsy and slow is the same force that it must use now—with the difference that what once seemed merely a driving force, to be used at physical will, must now appear as a determining force also, to be obeyed as well as exploited.

Physical laws may be technically exploited; but they are themselves expressions of internal laws. When in physical habit there is a fundamental disregard of the internal laws, the physical laws operate against those who exploit them. This is what has been happening in our world, and it is this that we, the inside people, can stop. Our essential work is to know and enact and collect the permanent realities of existence. The practical extension of this is to teach the world what may be temporarily and what may not be at all. To attempt to perform this second part of our work in terms of better drainage, housing conditions, higher wages, is to trivialize grotesquely a solemn force, in existence, of just prohibition—that inner instinct of the unallowable called by the Jews ' Jehovah ',

What we are and do must be the best of being and the best of doing. To pledge inside energy to lesser ends than these is to desecrate existence itself. Its good name is in our keeping. Others have other things in their keeping ; this is our peculiar charge. It is within the scope of our charge to clarify the values

by which life inside the houses is a closer and fuller rendering of existence than life outside the houses. But it is not within our charge to labour for houses and other physical amenities by which life of inside significance may be facilitated—though we must lay the charge on the outside keepers, as a debt of grace they owe existence on behalf of the material things with which they identify themselves.

The last contribution to this book, from Lord Gorell, is in the form of a poem. It was not originally written in definite answer to my letter, but rather used, with Lord Gorell's kind permission, as being exactly upon the subject of my letter. The first verse speaks of the temptation to moral despair which the many immoral spectacles of the contemporary world arouse in people of sensibility. The second verse makes a moral count of the goodnesses we have in the treasury of existence to oppose to despair. This, then, is a description of a characteristic alternation of mood that an inside person experiences as an observer of the life now going on around him.

From Lord Gorell, C.B.E., M.C.

There are moments when—almost—I surrender mankind,
When I come near to rescission of my fellow-men
And have to brake hard to keep from shredding their wives and daughters,
When I see, painfully screened
As a herd of sneering supers
Or a debased talking film no eyes or ears can elude,
The meannesses, the vanities, the blaring follies
That seem to be inseparable to-day from human existence.
Against my strength, I am devastated
By the ugly egoism of Youth,
By the ruthless elbowings of middle age,
By the acidulations of the old :
I am pierced by the misery of realizations,
Love degraded, Dignity derided,
The unquiet eyes and bitter mouths of the multitudes,
The indifferent trampling down of Beauty,
The rule of clap-trap and the cruelty of crowds,

The thousand and one inanities of twentieth-century life
And the barbarities that still can be.
All these, like bayonets turned in the wound
In the approved style,
Bloodily assail my spirit
In moments of depression.

This is the vision that sometimes descends on me,
A cloud-bank at once murky and disgustful,
Forcing its way over the sky beyond resistance—
But I turn to the heritage of books,
I read poetry, dream of pictures,
Play with the children ;
And it passes, it passes.
I think of the courage and kindness that have gone to the framing of lives,
Of laughter on beds of anguish,
Of unchronicled heroism in lowly places,
Of sacrifice humbly offered to the service of others,
Selflessness without joy, hope, or complaint,
Of the generosity of the spirit of Youth,
Of middle age shouldering burdens silently,
And of old age triumphing over Despair,
The infinite capacity of the regnant soul,
Of men unknown to Earth
Who are the honoured thanes of Heaven,
Of women whose whole life is the making of music,
For whom, were they to stand alone, humanity is blessed.
And I say to myself, ' Who the devil are you
To pass any kind of judgment whatsoever
Upon this tempestuous, kaleidoscopic pilgrimage,
This river of turbulence, darkness, and light,
This sea of passion, promise, and performance ?'—
There are moments of intense pride,
Till comparison spells abasement.

Two peculiarities of inside people emerge from this poem, of special relevance to our subject: that the inside person is in the position of an observer of worldly spectacles rather than of an actor in them, and that, when his observations of life con-

tradict his expectations of goodness, he opposes to them a heritage of already achieved goodness that no present evil can obliterate. As an observer the inside person has a spaciousness of vision that enables him to view ugly human behaviour and events with a fortitude that no outside person can equal. It is his obligation not to see things in a better light than that in which they deserve to be seen : his mind must faithfully record all that is to the discredit of people as well as all that is to their credit. But because his function does not rest at mere observation of humanity—because he is a partisan of existence besides being a critic of people—he must be busy at the same time accumulating specific evidence of the goodness of existence, as distinct from general evidence about the moral nature of humanity. There is a degree of goodness achieved by people which is something more than human goodness of behaviour, having significance as a revelation of the nature of existence itself. Ultimately, the interest of the inside person in making conclusions about humanity is incidental to his interest in defining existence appreciatively.

The primitive assertion of the inside person is that existence is good. Then there is the historical assertion : that the essential goodness of existence has recurrently manifested itself in people. If he cannot go so far as to claim such a heritage, he is asserting his own futility ; no final assertion can follow, by which he clarifies the permanence of what has been recurrently expressed in human life. He has no justification in the eyes of people of outside kind, and no chance of seriously influencing them, unless he translates his powers of observation into powers of judgement and truth-finding. But he cannot begin to do this unless he first allows that there has been much manifest goodness: otherwise he is presenting himself as a freak creature in a humanity that after long trial has failed to reflect the properties of existence and which can therefore have no real reason for being or containing in it anyone so articulate as himself.

In the past inside people, in their various guises, had something of this character: they were challengers of humanity's right to be. The accusing challenge, felt in various ways, stimu-

lated people to demonstrate their right to be. The primitive inside assertion of the goodness of existence was also a question addressed to humanity : ' Are you worthy of existence ?' In asking this question it became the obligation of inside people to observe ; so that humanity instinctively looked to the inside —whether as God or women or whatever or whomever it could think of as ' different'—for an opinion ot itself. But these two processes, of challenge and observation, do not constitute the complete inside function. There is, further, a responsibility of unifying with existence what is an adequate expression of it, to the end of making existence all-explicit: there is the end of truth. The inside person is beginning to fulfil the final part of his function in recognizing ways in which human life has been nobly eloquent of existence. If, however, he does not exercise his function beyond this point, he is describing truth as a human tradition of goodness : as an inside person he is a traditionalist, open to contradiction always by subsequent evidence, and not a final voice of truth asserting irrefutably what existence *is* (rather than what human life is or has been).

Lord GorelPs poem demands, I feel, to be set against this background of comment; and particularly because the attitude of the poem is frequently met with in present-day inside people—challenging accusation of humanity, reinforced by detailed observation of its vices and then counterbalanced by faith in its traditional goodness. This alternation of mood is really an alternation in time : from the present as it is evil to the past as it was good. The evidence of traditional goodness that Lord Gorell cites is of ' old-fashioned ' virtues and accomplishments. From the context we can deduce that the poetry to which he turns from the horrid modern scene certainly does not include contemporary poetic evidence, and that for the consolation of pictures he would look in the past rather than in the present. The instance of virtuous character and conduct he evokes may be from his own contemporary experience, but the language and the suggested setting convey a time or times earlier than our own—in contrast with the account of human vices, which is emphatically contemporary in tone. At some point the mind must leave these glowing memories, and be confronted again by

the disheartening immediate evidence of human viciousness: then ' comparison spells abasement ',

I am not making a literary criticism of Lord GoreH's poem, but taking it in the sense I explained at the beginning of this comment: as the kind of answer, in its alternating mood, that many people of inside temperament would give to my question —what we, the inside people, can do to save the world from its present evil confusion. The horrid contemporary evidence is conscientiously faced, any temptation to soften its painfulness is unflinchingly resisted. But when it has been faced, the mind turns to scenes that have the quality of being remembered scenes. To turn again from these brings before the eyes all the painful evidence again. And there the inside consciousness hangs suspended, as if waiting for the emergence in the present of a tradition of goodness that seems halted on its threshold. A poem by William Drummond, which was written about three hundred years ago, reminds us how characteristic an inside attitude is this sorrowful recoil from the immediate field of observation to the happier contemplation of a virtuous tradition.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn !
When such are only priz'd by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn ;
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphan-like, forlorn !
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold yet was not known and those black arts
By which base wordlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining earth's stately stage ?
To have been then, O heaven ! 't had been my bliss ;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

The impulse described by Lord Gorell is not quite the impulse to flee from the present, but it is not at any rate a penetration of self into the time and world in which these abhorred things **are** going on. Such is the step which the inside person must now take if he is to transcend his character of observer in

the character of redeemer that is the ultimate inside r61e. This does not mean that he must become an actor, in the outside sense of physically evident action : it means that the historical tradition of goodness must emerge into the present in him, and those of his kind. It is his ultimate function to remove the unreal temporal distinction betw^n goodness already achieved and evil things going on. If he is a finally observant consciousness, then everything that he knows for good is good now and forms articulate part of the living permanence of existence. According as his power of perception is an integrating power, so will the evil he identifies among the good be merely the impermanent. When Lord Gorell says, ' And it passes, it passes,' he is not speaking of the evil itself, but of the painful impression it makes on the sensitive observing mind. The impression passes when scenes of contrasting goodness are summoned in the mind—but the evil scenes are nevertheless still there to see.

Things cease to be evil when they are merely expressions of impermanence. There is only one way to cast out an evil will to permanence in things impermanent: by a staying-power in the good things. Of such staying-power the inside person is the embodiment, on behalf of the absolute good, existence become truth. It is the function of inside people to outstay the evil and be the forces around which the good things accrete in joint affirmation of truth. If they exercise their function to its full capacity, they will be assisting the impermanent to pass and pass : making the good to be and the evil not to be. In the world around us to-day forces of proved impermanence are trying frantically to achieve staying-power—in tragic final competition, as it were, with the staying-power of what is permanent. They are, in this, summarizing all the evil of the past that has gone the way of impermanence : like a ghostly, synthetic devil. The answer to them cannot be simply that of traditionalism—a heritage of goodness in opposition to a heritage of evil.

If our heritage of goodness is genuinely possessed, it is a personal heritage : an inner consciousness of forces of permanence at work in the past shaping existence toward a finally integrated

state. If our insideness is genuinely immediate, we have a staying-power that is the power of good itself to force evil out of co-existence with it. In the past inside people were learning about the staying-power of good, letting the difference between good and evil clarify itself in the free struggle of all varieties of existence for permanence. The past could not but be an imperfect account of existence—and inside people of imperfect staying-power—since existence itself was then in the process of discovering its positive form. But inside people are no longer in the self-hesitant stage of learning about the power of good from the experimental conflict of good and evil in time. Existence has taken form, and we are responsible for holding it formed : its staying-power against formlessness is lodged in us. To be as we were, defenders of the implicit goodness of existence against every evil will to formlessness, is now to be ghostly. The way to dissipate the heritage of evil that is now desperately seeking living heirs is to use our power as a living one against a dead one.

In evil there is no evolutionary force, no constructive continuity, as there is in good, since it breeds itself from what is impermanent. Its line of descent is a ghostly one ; alive, it is always no more than a resurrection of some formless thing of the past. If we propose to deal effectively with evil, we must not make comparisons between evil things in the present and omens of good things in the past: we must bring existence, in ourselves, to its final clarity and so mark out its form as to dissipate the unreal conflict between good and evil—and so evil. There is evil only as the form of existence is imperfectly defined. Ultimately there is no real room for evil in existence ; it is only a passing semblance of life—the usurper. In a fully formed existence evil things have automatic extinction. It is in us, the inside people, that the universal insistence upon form finds authoritative expression. One might say that, in a moral sense, the evolutionary impulse is an inner force of good working to shape conglomerate existence into its inevitable right form and forms. The outer forms of things are the result of the action of this force upon the impermanent: their form is in their limited duration-power. Attempts to violate the determined

limits produce the formlessness of evil, which denies the reality of existence in denying the necessity of form—of the conforming of the impermanent to the permanent.

There is no answer to evil to which evil itself will yield, except the answer we have in our staying power : evil becomes increasingly impossible as we make increasingly exact the distinction between what stays and what does i^c. To argue good against evil is merely the private consolation of inside people when they have not yet reached their height of staying power—an answer that evil can ignore. The final distinction in existence is between the good and the impermanent, which has qualified goodness as it abides by its essential impermanence.

And this is the final resolution which we have to make in ' beginning from the inside ': to stay and outstay, to dig ourselves into existence more and more deeply, to be immovable. There is no fleeing from evil things except to this immediate inside hold, where evil can be cast out of existence into nothingness because it is a permanently immediate hold. However hateful the things that come to pass, we must keep our minds *here*—send them back neither to past things of good memory nor to future things of good hope. We have arrived at an inside certainty of hold from which nothing can move us if we are genuinely inside-minded. In the past to be an inside person meant to be intimately acquainted with the fluctuations of life toward and away from a verge of goodness. To be an inside person now means to know how existence is intricately bound to itself by a centralizing vitality of goodness. There is no more to learn about' life ': we know that as life contradicts the stabilized realities of existence it is evil, unlivable—is not. Nor is there anything to be done beyond knowing : knowing does all. To know and know, stay and stay, know and stay—that is how we shall come to say of the evil scene, finally, ' It has passed,' instead of ' And it passes, it passes,'

Lord Gorell must forgive me if, in using his poem as a text, I have seemed to put him in the position of having offered it as a statement of what he considers the proper inside attitude. His poem was not originally written to figure in this book, and I should like it to be clear that I have regarded it as a description

of characteristic moods into which many sensitive people fall, rather than as indicative, necessarily, of the kind of answer he would in any case have made to my letter. It would be a poor return for his kindness in allowing me to use it as a representative inside response to the present world situation if I put him in the position of having offered it as his considered solution to our present world problems.

People whose reactions *to* the world of now do not resolve themselves into perceptions of a more positive kind than those described in his poem contribute nothing to a solution of its problems beyond their sensitiveness. We must approach our daily circumstances with something more tangible than a sensitiveness of mood if we are to bring order into them : we must ourselves be more tangible. We must be constant minds, acting upon the world rather than acted upon by it. We must be the same holding force at every turn of event. We must stay.

PART V. CONCLUSION

Recommendations and Resolutions

I

Recommendations

i. *Private Comment on Public Sources of Irritation* [x]

NOT to allow our sense of humour to soften what is irritating just because it is also foolish. To banish from our conversation the newspaper or music-hall joke about the public personage whom we know to be violent or incompetent—which falsely endears him to us and the world. To banish, similarly, the domestic or intimate joke about depressing outside disturbances. To make a precise list of the manifestations of public disorder as they affect us unpleasantly, and to say clearly on every relevant occasion what we do not like : instead of inarticulate brooding, explicit expressions of dislike, and not on a single item of irritation but on all the unpleasant items of which we are immediately conscious. To refuse to be distracted into a rational analysis of their political, economic, historical causes —the kind of intellectual exercise that provides the false consolation of ' understanding ' them. Not to hesitate to express dislike, from a feeling of unfamiliarity with ' the facts ' or of not being an expert in political or diplomatic matters. Not to be bullied out of our dislikes by statistics, or by what foreign correspondents or interviewers of famous men report. Not to confuse the light touch necessary in handling delicate private situations with light resignation to a helplessness in outside affairs. To pursue a quiet personal policy of dislike instead of indulging in deceptively impressive gestures of mass action—in which the valuable emotions of pointed dislike are lost or diffused in the physical pleasure of feeling that one is ' doing something ', (As Left people spend their emotions in liking to be Left, rather than in disliking the things because of which they are, presumably, Left.)

[1] **See p. so.**

The list of public dislikes should specify the topics, personages and occurrences that inspire unpleasant personal reactions in us' It should not be made all at once, but be regarded as subject to addition or modification at any time. The basis of selection must be dislike, and once listed a subject must be discussed in no other terms.

2. *A Canon of Good Things; the Principle that Private Possession is Necessary to Economic Integrity* '

Before drawing up an explicit canon, or constitution, of good things, we must define the values on which it would have to be based. There are two ways of going about this. We might call a conference of the dedicated inside people—those who take upon themselves, because they feel so empowered, the work of knowing and demonstrating truth. But if we did this we should be treating the notion of good as a debatable matter ; we should probably arrive at a compromise of principles, rather than at principles. It is not natural to meet to confer on the laws of truth, as it might be to meet to confer on matters of international law—since where truth is the interest one must assume that there is only one interest (truth), while with an object like international harmony the general interest would be a compatibility of special interests. We must assume, where the exclusive object is truth (which is to say where the interested people are inside people), a spontaneously single interest, not conditioned by or delayed in special considerations. This is why there is always something incongruous in international conferences of ' intellectuals ', The assumption is all wrong : that there is something to debate.

I reject, then, the course of assembling in conference to agree upon a notion of good. A notion of good is not a suitable subject for the approximations of discussion. Every inside person, to be really inside, must be equipped with a notion of good adequate to the contexts of truth she or he undertakes to clarify. Any inside person who puts herself or himself to work upon the contexts of truth involved in the problem of present world disorder must be assumed to have a sufficiently

[1] See pp. 80 and 84.

articulate notion of good in this respect. It would indeed be presumptuous of me to raise all the questions I have raised if I had no articulate notion of good to utter for these contexts. Of the two ways, therefore, of going about the task—that of defining the values on which a constitution of good things would have to be based—I must choose the way appropriate to the spirit in which the world problem is being here approached : the inside, not outside way. I must, that is, make the responsibility of defining these values a personal one.

Here, then, are what I take to be the basic values for a canon of good things.

Life is always what is going on *now* ; and only what is going on *now.* If certain things of the past are alive for us, then they are going on now. If things which are not yet—which are not officially treated as existent—nevertheless seem as alive to us as the more obviously existent things, then they are going on for us now. Whatever we feel to be of the past or of the future is not going on now, cannot go on now. More than this : to attempt to make to be now what we feel does not actually exist now is to destroy ourselves, if what we want is of the past—or to make ourselves non-existent now, if what we want can only be construed as of the future. We must eliminate from our reality what has been and is no more, and all that we think of as of ' the future ', On the other hand, we must include in our reality all that is an immediate actuality of our consciousness—all that we feel to be in actual force now. And everything that was and is no more is in some way bad, and attempts to revive it bring evil upon the present. And the things that are only future actualities are false, and attempts to make them happen now fill our present with untruths which obscure the good things we have.

Whatever we truly have—is alive with us, of us—is therein good. Goodness is the life sufficient to our aliveness. Life was good in the past as people lived only by the sufficiencies, lived the less as there was insufficiency. Our appetite of life, by the experience of the past, is learned now in what can content it and what cannot. We know what feeds us well and what ill. We can have sufficiency of life now, be fully alive, choose the

good things. When we feed our appetite of life with what is not sufficient, we have evils; and these die, and so do we. And then we learn to have appetite only for what is sufficient: we learn how not to die. And as we are greedy, want good things that are not, have an appetite for excess rather than sufficiency, so we live in the future rather than now : do not even die, do not even begin to live.

It is the responsibility of the people of the First Order, the active inside people, to define goodness in terms of people : to show what a good person is, to be good people themselves, to help others to have the personal goodness of which they are capable. This is the same as to say that their responsibility is to make truth *be* : for truth can only exist manifestly in the form of persons. When a person is an expression of truth, he is good. He who is not thus good is only something that exists from moment to moment, without continuity, permanence, responsibility, personal identity. He is the human animal, who has personality only in using the instruments of human life : he differs from the animal not so much by what he is as by using human rather than animal instruments. The majority of people are animals in this sense of being consumers rather than producers of life : they are ' the world ' as distinct from the personally real people. And they are only ' bad ', sources of discomfort to themselves and others, when they take on a false character of permanence by over-emphatic use of the instruments of life, which, thus arrested in being treated as ends, lose the power of making people of their consumers for the length of time and the extent to which they are used—grow dead, make dead.

People who achieve articulate reality on a personal plane are themselves the articulate realities of life. They are the people of the First Order. Their articulateness may take the form of writing, which is the positive expression of personal reality ; or the form of an art—which expresses personal reality negatively, physically, describing it from without rather than from within, defining what it is in termsof whatit is not. But, for all of these, the source of energy is in life as self—not in the instruments of life. And their works are not instruments of life for others,

but personal reality made manifest—life itself, in the form of a communication with others who are also selves of life.

The communication aspect of literature and the visual arts is commonly misinterpreted as a ' social ' aspect. The term ' social ' could only be aptly used of it in jhe meaning ' communication on the plane of personal reality ', But when people ascribe social significance to the works of literature or art, they are thinking of them as providing communication on the plane of *social* reality—as instruments of life which for the length and extent of their use change human animals into human beings. This is not the function of literature or art; it is the function of the obviously instrumental things of life, the patronage of which should be in the hands of people belonging to what I call the Second Order. The people of the First Order have only to cultivate and make manifest personal reality, in the form suitable to their endowments.

If I were asked to give a recommendation for crystallizing the active inside people into a conscious First Order, I should say that all these people must *know* one another : there are not so many of them as to make this impossible. They must each know who the others are, what they are doing ; it is a test of First-Order quality whether a person chooses to work in isolated individualism or seeks to associate himself and his work with others, and other work, for the integration of life as truth personally lived. This is a very different basis of association from that by which literary or artistic people commonly form themselves into ' groups ' or ' movements ', In most cases these are aggressive or defensive alliances against other groups or movements, and the works so conceived are propaganda for competing forms of literary or artistic individualism, rather than acts of communication with all the good minds there may be.

What I propose is not impossible ; nor is it merely a proposal. There exists a First Order, if there exist at all people with an object of articulate truth as their life object. Such people owe one another mutual nurturing and valuing ; only so can they express their loyalty to truth. They should be the least lonely people alive, being companions in all that is per-

possess and their attitude to and treatment of what they possess. The remedy for what is called in economic terms 'unequal distribution' is not in equal distribution or State ownership, but in the proper hospitality of each with what he personally owns. No economic revolution could inculcate in people the hospitality by which alone things can serve many people as well as a few.

Nothing that is not personally owned or ownable is capable of really good use. Nothing can be well shared in that is not administered from the vantage of hospitality. Those material amenities which constitute the most obvious good effects of life cannot be properly enjoyed unless they are personally owned and hence personally offered for consumption (i.e. in terms of hospitality). The trouble is not that a few people own and control too many of the amenities of life, but that there is so much that belongs to nobody in particular—and that much of what people do own is possessed with so little proprietary devotion that it is scarcely eloquent of life at all.

I could, by applying this principle to the present mechanism of material life, present a scheme for the complete reorganization of this mechanism. If every instrument of life that had a public use were personally owned (roads, streets, railways, dispensing institutions), within all the meanings of proprietorship and with emphasis on the hospitality aspect of proprietorship, we should have the good things well cared for and graciously shared in, and only good things. Instead of a monetary system of barter, we should have a monetary system based on the exchange of hospitality ; and money would represent not the power of seizure from others, but the power of receiving and appreciating the gifts of hospitality, which is of equal grace with that of giving it.

How would such a scheme actually work out, in the case of railways, for example ? The driver would own his engine, and the carriage attendant his carriages, and the station-master his station. But what of the railway directors, then : would they not be dispossessed of all ownership ? They would be possessors of the railways as they could cultivate the general graces of which railways are capable—as against the details of hospi-

tality of which each carriage, etc., is capable. What I am saying is nothing new : if some such faith of hospitality were not sentimentally present to oil the working of all railway organizations, they would not work at all.

It might also be asked of me : what of banks themselves, the working of finance ? And I should answer that money is properly of a complimentary nature, that each money-token is a compliment, and that financiers, bank directors, bank clerks, are all properly the proprietors of the courtesy-formulas and courtesy-emblems of life. And as to laws ? I should say that the owners of roads would make laws against abuse of the hospitality of roads, and the owners of railway carriages, similarly. But I am so serious that I do not wish to run the risk here of seeming fantastic. However, to prove my principle and to appeal for its application, I do not first need to demonstrate its practicability as a scheme of public utilities. To have public pertinence it must first win private acceptance. What the people of the Second Order must do—the women who are capable of giving backing to the inside people—is to teach people the art of possession, which can only be taught through the art of love.

In a passage in this book I describe women as, fundamentally, the proprietors of life. It is by their sense of the nature of proprietorship that they can stir the right proprietary instincts —those among them who happen to enjoy leisure enough to exercise these instincts, and to feel themselves somehow the hostesses of existence. They are the ones—of instinctive grace rather than articulate mind-power—whom we need to teach people to possess well what they possess : that is the first step in the art of possession. The second step is to teach people to know well what they may rightly possess, what they may not—to the controlled point of sufficiency ; and always by the rule that those things would be more than sufficient which could not figure gracefully in the pattern of hospitality that the material range of each person's life should present to others.

This, then, is a responsibility of the people of the Second Order : to institute an enquiry among all the people whom they can intimately approach without causing offence or misunder-

standing of motive—and the more they persist, the better they will be understood. Each enquiry should make the person conscious of himself as a possessor : what does he truly possess, what public look of grace does he put upon his possessions by good ordering and care of them, for what possessions has he no proprietary love [then why has he them ?], what does he lack without which his pattern of life is not the pattern of hospitality he could achieve—not the full material range that he feels he could beneficently share with others ? Such enquiries would clarify for each person his own power of possession and social usefulness ; and it would also provide a record of specific and legitimate needs which people of the Second Order could seek to fulfil, with the help of people of a Third Order. Who the people of this Third Order properly are I shall now discuss.

They must be people with an excess of money, of possessions, of control over the material amenities of life ; and who are morally uncomfortable in this excess. We know there are such —who ease their conscience by donations to charity, science or education. Most prosperous business-men reach a point of confession with themselves : There is more material power centred in me than I can personally administer. But there is, on the other hand, no single responsible body which they can trust to dispose of their uncomfortable surplus in a constructive way. The initial burden, of declaring a surplus, falls on them. Further, the public watches their movements—they may dispose of it in a way regarded as foolishly idealistic or ignorant or wasteful. So they choose the few safe ways that they know will not bring them embarrassing criticism. Or they protect themselves from criticism in anonymity, or by devoting their surplus to some cultural hobby which no one will have any right to criticize, since it is a private, not public, activity.

Communist or Socialist theory overlooks the fact that the capitalist frequently does not want all the power he has, would feel more comfortable if he could dispose of some of it—either in the form of money or responsibility bestowed—with constructive effect. We should respect this element of just suspicion in the capitalist: suspicion whether others could do more good with his surplus than he was doing. I admit that

he often allows his surplus to do nothing, or to become actually destructive, in being used merely to increase his power and deny to others the power of possession and hospitality in possession. But the remedy is not to abolish the whole system of possession. It is something simpler, and by means which make use of the system now in force. What we have to do is not to begin to live all over again, losing what we have so far achieved : but to make the most of what we have so far achieved.

The people to constitute the Third Order are the men of power who are also men of goodwill. Indeed, if they have really dispensed material amenities, they must be assumed to be therein men of goodwill. If there existed a Second Order earnestly dedicated to the analysis of needs—not a body of people to whom they capriciously offered charitable donations, but a body of women studying the rights to possession and exercise of power of specific people within each province, in a position to co-operate with them in a wise disposal of their surpluses—then, I am sure, enough men of power would be found to form an effective Third Order of goodwill. And there would thus begin a distribution of possessions and powers that would relax the tense material ill-will distorting the fundamental material prosperity of our civilization.

But—a very large ' but '—such a procedure would have the effect it was intended to have only as it was pursued privately, with no character of a ' movement' political or philanthropic. The only patronage here would be that implicit in the relations between the Second Order and the First Order : the First Order evoking the Second, and the Second acting as a sympathetic link between the economic population and the financial individualists.

The people of the Third Order would also come within the province of enquiry of the people of the Second : it would be their responsibility to measure the possessions and powers of those who had an excess beyond good need as well as of those who lacked or felt lack. Much of the resentment of people in being so approached should be softened by the fact that they were being approached by *women*$_y$ and women of grace, with no ulterior motive of politics or of attack on the possessive

emotions : people concerned for the happiest—not the' fairest' —exploitation of the good things.

We should be excluding—let it be noted—all recourse to State intervention. I think we can get along without this : it is important to act as persons, and not as official bodies, in any attempt to make an immediate goodness of life. The State attenuates, from day to day, the bad effects of life inherited from yesterday ; it apologizes to the present on behalf of the past, but also to the past on behalf of the present. It can take only a neutral position between any two possibilities, nor does it admit the existence of more than two : what has already been, and something that is not yet. In other words, to the State the present is always the State, a neutral period between past and future. In acting it either yields to some force of the past, or to some force of change that has accumulated through its attenuation of the reality of the present. The State is incapable of *being* the present actively : if we want to realize the immediate good life we are, we must be that life ourselves. The State stands by to be ourselves as we fall short of immediate reality, and is therefore an instrument of physical perpetuation but never of personal fulfilment.

All of which I present as a conversational outline for a constitution of good things : a rule by which life in the sense of external experience may be influenced to consist of good effects, and good effects alone. There would be more to say, more to provide for, if there were a likelihood that this rule would be acted on by a sufficient number of people to ensure its taking shape as a procedure. I can do no more by myself than picture the scope of such a procedure. The rest depends on whether people of the First Order will co-operate, in reinforcing and elaborating the rule I have drafted, so as to reach with it the people proper to act as a Second Order and, through them, the economic population and those proper to act as a Third Order.

Some of what I say will perhaps be ' over the heads ' of many people. But it should be over the heart of no one. And it should be the less difficult to understand because, precisely, I speak as a poet. That is, there is no political or religious gloss

to be supplied by which to have a better understanding of what I mean. What I mean is entirely in what I have said—I mean what I have said literally. The procedure I have suggested has **at** least the virtue—the safety and honesty—of containing its end ; whereas in a political recommendation the end stands abstractly outside the means, which have in themselves no practical beneficence.

The contention that there is an inherent virtue in possession should be the least difficult part of this recommendation to understand. The British Army, for instance, has found that the soldier is more careful and competent with his rifle if he regards it as his own—and encourages him to do so. Servants are better and happier servants if they are encouraged to feel possessive about the amenities in their control and respected in their possessive emotions ; the satisfactory cook speaks of ' my ' kitchen, not' the ' kitchen. In older days servants were really allowed to be masters of their domain ; and this is one reason why relations between servants and employers were on the whole pleasanter then than they are now. Jesus' parable about the good shepherd is a shrewd defence of the virtue of possession :

> But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth : and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.
>
> The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

The principle of possession that I have defined would probably invite most suspicion and scepticism on the question of its economic practicability. Socialist theory, it would be said, does at least offer a practicable economic method, so practicable that an entire state—Russia—can be operated (well or ill, according to your politics) in accordance with it. But I am concerned first of all with clarifying the principle. If the principle is true, then it will inspire the appropriate methods, of which the economic method will be only one among others. I am not, that is, offering as a principle an economic method. The only principle **that** can be derived from an economic

method is an economic principle : which could say no more than that the method was practicable—would not, in fact, be a principle.

The real question here is : what is the function of an economist ? The answer is : to apply principles of life economically, not to utter principles. If I am challenged to present a carefully worked-out economic method in confirmation of my principle, then I am being told : you cannot utter a principle of life unless you are an economist. One of the reasons why I can attempt to utter a principle, rather than an economic method, is in my not being an economist. Where do the economists come in, then ? They come in after the principle has been uttered, and then after its truth has been recognized and extended by people who think in terms of truth rather than in terms of economics' The economists come in when there is sufficient recognition of the principle to constitute an insistence on its application. It is the function of economists to make a principle which is true apply economically : it is their burden to justify their being economists, but it is not the burden of the principle to be instantaneously recognizable as a perfect economic theory. The recognition of the truth of a principle must precede the recognition of its economic practicability. The point is not that to be true something must be practicable, but that if something is true it must be made practicable.

What do economists want ? Well, they want opportunities for using their talents of economy. The person who thinks in strictly economic terms would, indeed, quite rightly suspect a principle that did not yield him opportunities of work : such a principle would obviously be leaving many external factors out of account. The principle I have advanced provides wide opportunity for the exercise of the economist talents—more, indeed, than the conventional Socialist or Capitalist principles. Socialist theory tends to eliminate the professional economist by treating everyone as a primarily economic-minded being. Capitalist theory tends to drive the professional economist into fields of abstract speculation, to make him merely ' literary '—because each capitalist is his own practical economist, giving to the field of life in his control a predominantly economic

emphasis. Every field of life is subject to economic emphasis, together with a variety of other emphases. It is the economist's function to point the economic emphasis with a maximum of sympathy with all the other emphases of which life is constructively capable ; and, without departing from my primary concern with the truth of my principle, I think I can indicate some of the work it contains for the sympathetic economist.

A large part of the possessions of people is in the form of shares in companies in which they have no co-operative interest. The notion of owning a ' share ' of something is a good one—if the shareholder expresses his possession in some contribution of physical labour or of thought to the company's problems. We know, however, that the person who owns shares in Cuban Railways, for instance, probably understands nothing about them, has no interest in them beyond the dividends they yield, holds no fertilizing communication with the railway personnel.

Let people by all means own shares, but in institutions and activities with which they have personal contact and in which they can exercise their interest co-operatively. Schoolmasters should own shares in schools, writers should own shares in the institutions of which books are the stock. And it would be the economist's job to work out the principle of shareholding in economic terms that were sensitive to the values of contribution involved.

A meeting of shareholders in this sense would be different in tone from the conventional shareholders' meeting, and different also from a meeting of factory-workers under a Soviet system. The problems discussed in the latter would have more relation to the real working problems of the institution than those discussed in the former. But any collective decision (and in a Soviet system decisions are collective) would be electorally determined; whereas the best kind of decision is that which results from advice given to the person possessively responsible for a special aspect of an institution, by people interested in the institution through their respective possessive claims in it. The best kind of decision is the personally responsible one.

A tram breaks down in Moscow. All the passengers get out, there is general talk about the trouble, someone has an idea how

to mend it, it is mended. To the interested tourist the official explanation is : 'You see, we all own the tram, we are all interested in it because we all own it.' But, actually, no one owns it. What is meant is ; we are all interested in it for the length of time we use it—when we stop using it, our interest passes to those who are then using it. In the real sense the tram is a dead entity; only through personal ownership do things have life and any constancy of character. But it is not merely in Communism that non-ownership is offered as the cure of mis-ownership. Non-ownership is a common social attitude in modern life. Modern architecture's most characteristic production is the 'functional' building, which imposes on no one any possessive responsibilities : it belongs to no one, takes care of itself, is repeatedly done with and dead after each resort to its various uses. It is not really a house at all, but an assemblage of interior instruments—and hence invites little grace of personality in its occupants, reducing them to human animals who use bathrooms, sit down to meals, look out of windows, lie down on comfortable beds.

Such an atmosphere of non-ownership, or functionalism, brings about a disintegration of people into their physical processes, and of society itself into people as representatives of processes rather than as representatives, each, of dignified units of personal activity. People are thus classified as eaters, sleepers, users of bathrooms, wearers of clothes, users of the instruments of sport: the ordinary human being is a different human animal in each different act of consumption, instead of a person—through the integration of the instruments of life into a reality of possession. Possession is the only method by which material things may be implemented to yield a sense of personal coherence and continuity.

The Fascist State endows its process-citizens—its eaters, sleepers and so on—with the personality of an abstract State 'I' ; which has no reality except as a power of isolating its component processes from the courses and influences of the rest of the world, and of refusing to exercise hospitality with its possessions. Herein lies one explanation of the disinclination of the liberal states to allow colonial possessions to Fascist

states: the feeling is that what is so possessed passes out of world circulation. Fascist possession, in fact, is not possession at all, but the circumscription of the instruments of life to their narrowest use. Fascism is a method with the instruments of life employed by people who are disappointed with themselves ; they are really punishing themselves, and stimulating themselves to do this with the idea that they are spiting the rest of the world in withdrawing themselves thus from world usefulness.

In the Communist State all the process-citizens are endowed with an abstract personality as ' we ', This ' we ' finds support in, takes advantage of, the inertia that prevents people from doing more than just so much for other people. It is the animal ' we'—the agreement by common consent that each shall do no more for others than he is forced to do in his own interest. Communist principle is based on the very accurate historical observation that many people can do just so much and no more ; that a large part of the world population tires easily and reacts irritably to any demand that it feels is being made upon it to extract more from the instruments of life than the daily need requires. This historical observation is founded on a reality of human temperament that should be recognized and for which allowance should be made. Russians, for example, are like that—and it is more fitting that they should live in the form of a Communist ' we' than be whipped on from day to day as they were in the Tzarist regime. Many working people tend to fall into the same sort of daily-need-and-no-more mood, partly from temperament, partly from tiredness through dispiriting work.

The way to adjust the demand on people to contribute to the sufficient enrichment of life as a common experience is not to assume that each nation is composed of a congenitally lazy population : not to set up for each a ' we ' that forces the human animal to do what must be done for others—while protecting him from doing more than can be asked of him in his own interest. The proper adjustment is by a distribution of possessions, within each social entity, that will take into account the much that people want to be personally responsible for, as well

as the little. Communists would say that they believed in possessions, that people under Communist rule had their own private possessions. If we pressed them to explain what they meant by ' possessions', they would say ' what each person needs for *private* use ', Which would be to say : ' for his own daily need ', This is to narrow the conception of possession to suit the temperament of people poor in social imagination.

There came a time when people recognized that the emancipation of slaves would be also an emancipation of themselves from the dead-weight upon society that slaves had become. There is similarly implicit, in the emancipation of possessions, an emancipation of ourselves from the dead-weight upon society that the modern clutter of commodities has become. In emancipating slaves we were admitting them into the social texture of life; in emancipating possessions we should be weaving otherwise extraneous and dead material into the personal texture of life. Industrialization has overwhelmed us with matter in quantity, to which we have as yet evolved no qualitative response. The only response we make to the large number of cars produced is to hurry to buy one, if we can, or to want to buy one, if we cannot, or to refuse to buy one even if we could. A revitalization of the principle of possession would have a constructive influence on the production of motor-cars, among other things: if people bought cars on a principle of relative need, and need were a graceful proportion between hospitality-capacity and private exigency. Very likely fewer motor-cars would then be produced—but better ones : which would take care of those dispossessed of work by the reduction in number.

There is an appreciable difference in quality between' production cars ' and ' hand-conditioned cars ' (or whatever the term is): because the latter involve more work, more personal work. Ideally, all cars should be so produced; and a similar personal factor could enter into other industrial products—high standards of possession would impose high standards of industry. Herein, also, is the answer to the question about the workman who plays no more part in industry than to control some minor operation of a huge machine : how could a feeling of possession be usefully exercised over a minor automatic

operation ? The answer would be that industry adapts i to the conventions of possession by which its products are tributed. A sensitive use of possessions would introdu sensitive personal element into industry ; that it can be do demonstrable in even such all-mechanical commoditie motor-cars.

To say more than this would be to write an economi sociological treatise, rather than to devise a recommend; having the character of a principle. I have tried to deal the fundamental considerations, those of principle ; but, al same time, to be ' concrete ' enough to encourage cone application. ' Encouragement ' is a sad word—implying existence of discouraging obstacles. But the obstacles are so great in the outer field upon which such a principle w< have to be applied, as in the inner field in which it would 1 to be understood. That is why it would have to take the 1 archical course—from First Order to Second Order to T Order; and only then to Fourth Order (the economists) Fifth Order (the public spontaneously participating), reach the understanding of only a few, that will be alrea< concrete achievement. The understanding of a few carric its wake the good intentions of many.

3. *Women as Hostesses in the Outside World, rather that Job-Holders* [1]

Formerly, I have said, the sexual sympathies of women ^s adapted to the male need of forgetting the stress of the prese in sex women exercised on men a sympathetic provocation ward the future. Now, I have said, the sexual sympathie women should be employed in helping men to shift the emph not from present to future, but from past to present. For v was then the future has come to be increasingly container our present; the nightmare—and sex is the language of nij mare—used to be the present, is now the past. The nightn elements in contemporary life are haunting reminiscences, we treat them as contemporaneously real—thus futurizing sanities of the present. It is my belief that sex is playing

[1] **See pp. 84 and 94.**

part in contemporary life of recreating old nightmares, and breeding futuristic fancies in which to escape from them' Sex itself has grown unreal, in not having adapted its mechanism to a level of life in which the balance of power is with mind rather than with body. And in growing ynreal, it has lost its saving character of sympathy, and been reduced to a meaning of animal desperation that falls below the sex-conception of primitive humanity. The so-called ' sane ', realistic modern conception of sex, as exemplified in the most advanced books on the subject, reduces sex to a beautiful science of copulation—in which any animal, except perhaps the horse, could give us better instruction.

The realities of sex have ceased to be those of copulation. In their minds, at least, people have stopped doing it: they do it in anonymous dissociation from themselves. But people remain, nevertheless, sexually differentiated beings. It is in the nature of the male—I do not mean his physical nature, but his nature in the full, universal sense—to resort to the female when he finds consciousness unendurable. It is in the power of the female to supply him with oblivion in the animal sense of sex, or with a new lease of consciousness in the mature sense of sex. And mature sex is practised by the co-habitation of presences, not by the co-habitation of bodies.

In spite of the infiltration of women into the job-world of men, there is very little actual intermixture of male and female presence there. Men largely work with men ; and even where men and women are associated in work, there is a rule of ' impersonality ', of exclusion of all but work interest, which is good in that it is directed against the admission of animal sex into working life, but disadvantageous in that it excludes the interaction of the mature sexual sympathies. However, the outside job on which men and women work together is generally not of a kind to admit of much personal interaction—not even of the sympathetic interaction of sexual presence, which is a relatively negative form of personal contact.

The insistence that women should have jobs in the outside world is based on an artificial principle of sexual equality—artificial because the notion of practical equality disregards the

significant differences between men and women, A relation based on a principle of mere equality is no relation. The job is one problem: whether women should be admitted into a certain kind of job can only be properly determined from the point of view of the job, by an estimation of whether women could introduce excellences into it that men could not. The relations between men and women is an altogether separate problem, to be dealt with by a sensitive adjustment of their differences which does not deny their differences, A principle of mere equality makes their differences meaningless, and when applied to the problem of jobs introduces just so much meaninglessness into the job's own quality : the relations between men and women are reduced in significance, and the significance of the job itself is reduced.

I am here not interested in the job, but in men and women in the world of jobs. The job-world is still largely a world of men. How should women move in that world, as it is—not as job-holders, but as women ? If they moved in it more actively as job-holders, they would still not be moving in it more actively as women. And this is what I am interested in : for in it lies a way in which they may exercise their mature sexual sympathies, healing the violences of past struggle that haunt the daily present.

In the outside world men associate largely with men. They lunch together, drink together, assemble in all-male clubs. In the exclusive association of men with men there is instantly recognizable the lack of a quality which in informal language might be called a lack of social charm. They can work up in common the harsh brilliance of heroism, or the shabby flicker of all-male humour; but the brotherhood of man, in the exclusive sense of the term, is a dramatic pretence. It is not really comfortable—its ease is the slouching ease of undress. Nor really inspiring—its energies are all energies of strain. This changes, however, when the presence of women is added —except when, as in the business world, the women assume the male business manner and behave like just so many more men.

Men should not be left alone with themselves. Long alone with themselves, they breed either violences or fatuities. And then,

when each goes home to the particular woman of his life, his sexual approach is in terms of seeking oblivion in her from outside unpleasantness. If he came home to her from a world into the texture of which the presences of women had been richly interwoven, his immediate consciousness would not lie upon him heavy with old nightmares ; he would approach the particular woman of his life in the sense of hoping to achieve through her a happy intensification of consciousness—not in the sense of forgetting to-day and being propelled into to-morrow. Indeed, if the daily action of men were generally qualified by the female accent, their contact with their particular women would lose its physically sexual emphasis ; the particular relation would cease to have the effect of a privacy that shut out, in its sexual narrowness, the rest of the world and the reality of others.

Women should be widely present in the outside world, not as job-holders necessarily, but as women. If in every factory, every shop, every office, a legitimate place were made for women as responsible for the domestic and social graces, we should soon see to how many jobs women could profitably devote themselves from the exclusive point of view of the job. There is no concern of the outside world in which there is not room for, not a necessity for, the administration of the social graces. Not only offices and factories, but even streets, especially streets ; even underground trains and platforms, especially underground trains and platforms.

A conventional feeling exists against the employment of women in the rougher jobs, which has a real basis in sensitive instinct. The cliche about ' the refining influence of women ' is only foolish and irritating when it is used as an axiom to prove that the influence of women should not be admitted into the physically urgent problems of life. To civilize the atmosphere in which the rougher jobs are done is to reduce them to their proper degree of urgency. Let women not do the rougher jobs, let men take over, take back, all the rougher jobs that women have assumed in the practice of artificial equality. The only real meaning that sexual equality has is in the necessity of the equal *presence* of women in the world of men.

This, in fact, is what civilization is: the penetration, into the rough physical exterior of life, of feminine and feminized sensibilities—the domestication of the material world. In the interior is the more intimate and personal drama of relations between the female and male forces of existence—the drama of mental reconciliation. But in order that this shall have a meaning of literal immediacy, the outside world must be the immediately relevant setting. And it cannot be that except through the introduction of female inflections into its temper. The mere holding of outside jobs by women will not accomplish this ; the danger of emphasizing the right of women to the outside job is that it comes to be regarded as an adequate substitute for the work of reconciliation which men and women have to do on the plane of mind, and which is the true end of conscious existence. The importance of the outside job is confined to the importance of means. It matters less that women should take an active part in the production of the means of civilization than that they should exert their presences to prevent the concern with means from reviving the pains of early material struggle, when to struggle seemed itself an end.

It better suits the character and functions of women to be the hostesses of outside activities than to be job-holders in them ; or, rather, the proper jobs for them there are the hostess jobs, and that outside job in which they can least exercise hostess-presence is the one that is least suitable for them to hold.

I intend this as a practical recommendation : if women can succeed in forcing themselves into the traditionally male jobs which are often characteristically male ones, and in creating male jobs for themselves, how much more easily could they create jobs for themselves which had an obvious appropriateness to their character ? No equalitarian or sociological argument should be necessary to persuade people of this point. It should be recognizable, in its simplicity, by the simplest faculties of judgement-—appealing as it does to emotional accuracy, not to the rational accuracy of opinion.

No more is needed than that women and men with a simple emotional sense of the distinctions between women and men resolve to act toward one another in the outside world by these

distinctions. This would be a resolve of mutual employment of one another : for as men need to resort to the mature sexual sympathies of women, so women need to resort to men for the mature expression of their sexuality. One might draw up a plan of jobs based on the value of women as female presences rather than as job-holders, and in a commercially plausible way. But the issue depends on emotional recognition of the values involved : any such plan would follow spontaneously from an acceptance by women of this different view of themselves as agents in the outside world.

4. *The Impossibility of Changing the Moral Behaviour of Nations by Diplomatic Means ; to Cultivate Communication with People by Private Means, and only as they can behave as Moral Equals.*[1]

The question with which this recommendation must deal is : how can a code of behaviour formulated in an English-speaking setting be applied to the world at large ? This is almost the problem which has faced the liberal countries of the world for the last few years—I say ' almost ', since there has been only a vague official discomfort with the official behaviour of certain countries, amounting to no more than a historical prescription of what constitutes good diplomatic manners and what does not.

The diplomatic formalities do not admit of moral legislation. That is why the attempt to restrain certain countries in their behaviour through diplomatic pressure has failed—for the pressure could convey nothing stronger than social distaste for what they were doing, and behaviour of that sort is immune from social embarrassment. Some more pointed pressure is needed than that merely of a standard of good manners where there is insensitiveness about manners.

We can make no recommendation involving the use of violence : physical conflict takes place when there is a dispute between peoples over their respective rights to exist. We should not allow that our right to exist is disputable, nor should there be any feeling that it conflicts with the right to exist of any

[1] See p. 95.

other people. We must deal with the problem in other terms than those of war; but also in other terms than those of diplomacy.

What terms? Moral terms. How to deal with foreign nations in moral terms? This is going to be very difficult to answer. We should not, however, be intimidated by its difficulty into turning a question that must be answered into an exclamation of despair. Foreign nations must be dealt with; and when diplomatic means lose even their social power of enforcing a quasi-moral decency of attire in international contact, then one must deal with the naked actuality of misbehaviour. If we say that the misbehaving nations are uncorrectible, we are allowing ourselves to be infected with their own cynicism. It is cynicism that gives them the courage to behave as they do: a cynicism, really, about themselves. With every case of national misbehaviour in present-day world life, the source of boldness is in some cynical attitude toward itself into which the nation has fallen. All immoral behaviour has its source in cynicism; all moral behaviour has its source in optimism.

The cynical person has no sense of his to-morrow: I do not mean his future, but the to-morrow which will be the consequence of his to-day. The optimistic person is the person who believes in consequences, in his to-morrow: any person who has a sense of his to-morrow cannot avoid being an optimist. There is an optimism which is a form of feeble-mindedness—an inability to conceive the way in which to-day conditions to-morrow. This is not the kind of optimism I mean. I mean moral optimism, in which to-morrow's consequences are anticipated in to-day's good behaviour. I think it possible that the kind of moral legislation needed for our problem is to be discovered by examining further the implications of optimism and cynicism.

It may be argued that the nations which are to-day behaving cynically are, on the contrary, looking futurewards: are each serving an egotistic ideal of national future. But in each case the national future is a conscious concentration of all that was unconsciously cynical in the nation's past. With the Germans,

for example, Prussianism of the flesh has become Prussianism of the mind; with the Italians, the materialistic cynicism of ancient Rome has become a universal cynicism discounting the vital sincerity of all other peoples together with their own. The Germans are essentially less sinister because they are cynical about themselves alone, have little real sense of the existence of other peoples. I do not say that Italy and Germany are the only cynical countries; there are many others, and many countries have a strong cynical strain in their constitution. The French, for instance, are almost evenly balanced between cynicism of flesh and optimism of mind; the Russians balanced in the opposite sense—between optimism of flesh and cynicism of mind.

With the English-speaking countries, the weight is preponderantly on the side of optimism; though America achieves this by an almost exclusive optimism of flesh—almost without mental accent. Scandinavian peoples are gloomy of flesh, rather than cynical, and for this very reason susceptible to optimistic stimulation from without: they are sympathetically open to English-speaking influences and may be counted on for negative support of any characteristically English-speaking ideal. One could apply the cynicism-optimism test illuminatingly to the character of all peoples. Applying it to the Spanish people, for instance, one would find cynicism and optimism neutralized in a vigour of resignation—in itself a force of good behaviour, yet susceptible to exploitation from without by cynical forces. Capable also of durable harmony with optimistic forces; but more likely than other peoples to reflect sensitively the ambiguousness and disorder of the cynical-optimistic play of forces in the world around it.

But I am not interested merely in making a critical analysis of the moral temper of nations. I am trying to demonstrate that any power of restraint we may be able to exercise on the world at large must derive from our own optimism: we can only impose the simple decencies of behaviour through our sense of to-morrow. By to-morrow I certainly do not mean, however, to-morrow as the only experimentally definable future. I mean the to-morrow we can accurately define as a moral inevitability.

We must first, that is, define the good to-morrow before we can enforce it universally. And in doing this we must avoid conditioning it with the evils of to-day, in so far as they do not spring from our own misbehaviour, but rather from the misbehaviour of those who cynically deny to-morrow—can dare to misbehave because they disbelieve in it. We must legislate for to-morrow without reference to what is bad in to-day. The trouble with all the attempts that have been made to preserve peace is that they use the bad behaviour of nations as their starting-point. Bad behaviour can be a basis for criminal legislation, but not for moral legislation. If you make criminal legislation your object, you can achieve no more than to ward off the most disastrous effects to yourself of bad behaviour—you cannot influence behaviour. This is what is wrong with pacifism : its vista is the criminologist's to-day, not the moralist's tomorrow. There can be no effective morality, and no moral optimism, except on the basis of the will to goodness. Morality does not come into existence before there is a sufficiently strong will to goodness to justify the formulation of moral laws ; morality is to-day's anticipation of the to-morrow promised by our good intentions.

It is from our own resources that we must draw to-morrow : they are our evidence of the requisite will to goodness. It must be our to-morrow—since most of the world is behaving without any sense of a to-morrow, does not indeed want one. By ' our own ' resources I mean the good intentions of the English-speaking world, reinforced by the sympathetic acquiescence of those people who are in one way or another encourageable. Not hell, but to-morrow is paved with good intentions.

Let us define our good intentions in a form that will serve as a plan for to-morrow. One reason why we are not at present imposing the simple decencies on the world at large is that we give only ambiguous indications of what we wish to happen to-morrow—what we wish to-morrow to be like. If we specifically define our intentions, we shall then not be guilty of the insincerity of expecting peoples to behave well who, we know, have of themselves no such intention ; we shall be legislating for to-morrow by our optimism of ourselves, not by a false optimism

of them. It is moral hypocrisy to expect them to be ' good ', But by moral responsibleness, courage of the proper moral hierarchy, we can present them with a to-morrow of ours as with *zfait accompli.* And from this vantage we can impose on them certain conditions of membership in our to-morrow. You cannot instil in congenitally misbehaving people a desire to behave well. But you can make them comply with certain conditions if they want to share in something which you have and they have not—something which is peculiarly yours.

We have something which is peculiarly ours : we have the to-morrow of our good intentions. ' They ' have no sense of a to-morrow. But if we began to take possession of and enjoy our to-morrow, instead of arresting ourselves in their to-day, they would soon become greedy of what we had and they had not. They would experience a sense of to-morrow through their desire to share in its benefits.

Colonies, raw materials, financial solvency, self-reliant armies, navies and air forces, and diplomatic prestige—these are not things that we can regard as peculiarly ours ; though, on the other hand, the external look of the world must reflect the internal hierarchy if there is to be a congruous external world at all. We cannot enforce the simple decencies of behaviour by bargaining in terms of colonies, raw materials, financial assistance and so on, because the peoples so assisted are not likely to feel that they are getting anything which belongs peculiarly to anyone else : in those bargains we are not giving anything, but acquiescing in their initial right to possess. Material possessions are like that—they do not carry moral significance until they have been used ; and then, if they have been immorally used, it can always be argued, ' Yes, but that does not prove that I would make ill use of another possession, or the same possession if it were given to me again.'

Any handling of a situation in material terms always throws it back to its starting-point again, since it is in the nature of material things to be discontinuous. If we look at a broken plate we can perhaps deduce that its owner was careless with it, but the pieces tell us nothing. To prove that its owner is careless we should have to give him another plate ; and if that gets

broken, the pieces would no more by themselves constitute a history of carelessness than the first pieces. We might go on and on supplying a person with plates, each of which in succession he broke. But the heap of broken pieces would not be a history containing the person as a character of proved carelessness. In their relations with material things people must be regarded as ever discontinuously new characters. It is only in the relations of people with one another that a morally continuous history takes shape. It is only with something that is peculiarly ours—something that is ourselves and over which therefore there is no possible bargaining in material terms—that we can behave to other peoples by the light of their history, their behaviour to us ; only by something peculiarly ours that we can exact simple decencies from peoples who, we know, would hot otherwise observe them.

I am, I realize, a long time in coming to the point. But the diplomatic treatment of this problem has been entirely in the direction of obscuring the point : in order not to ' offend ',

We do those peoples a real harm in not enforcing our moral superiority. And we do ourselves harm in that, in not enforcing it, we are breathing their poisonous exhalations instead of our own clear atmosphere.

Let us then, at last, define our good intentions. I think they are these :

We have the intention of being people of gracious behaviour and gracious appearance, and of achieving beauty of mind, and of valuing the distinct virtues of each, and of communicating with one another in enjoyment of the many we are. We have these intentions—which are aspects of the general intention of having pleasure of ourselves. Not pleasure of power, fear inspired, possessions snatched from others, pride of nation, despite of others, shrewd self-protectiveness. But the personal pleasure of ourselves, which includes no ideal not based on an estimation of what we actually are. Intercourse on a plane of dignified pleasure in persons is a peculiar property of the English language. And the to-morrow which we have to administer is ourselves.

This is, so to speak, our secret: to the rest of the world the

consciousness of those who express themselves in English is a mystery. However, we must not try to make ourselves plain in ' their ' terms—that is diplomacy. When we try to make diplomacy carry our moral values, we run the danger of losing what is peculiar to ourselves—the danger, indeed, of ceasing to understand ourselves. What we need to do is to be not less, but more mysterious : to develop our own understanding of ourselves in disregard of whether ' they ' understand us or not.

From the point of view of the rest of the world, those who express themselves in English are as members of a secret society. We are despised as we expostulate that we have no secret, that we are perfectly translatable. As we insist that, yes, we have a secret, we can impose the simple decencies, through our power to withhold participation in our secret. In our own midst we have, alas, many people in possession of the English tongue, and of English understanding, who have been so infected by the international (diplomatic) cult of ' plain ' speech that they reject as mysterious anything that is of peculiarly English intricacy. What we have to do is to be peculiarly intricate : be intricately ourselves, explore the intricate pleasure of being that.

There is the old international cry : the nations of the world ought to know one another better No. *We* ought to know ourselves better. Love is not possible between nations ; and there are few peoples between the individual members of which personal affection is the binding force. But personal affection is the binding force among those who speak English : the pleasure of knowing one another.

To meet in this sense is to claim our to-morrow, that of which we are sure : ourselves. We are allowing the misbehaving nations to deny us ourselves by pretending that they are like us, making diplomatic equations between them and us.

But when I say ' to meet', ' to know ourselves better ', I am aware of the practical limitations. I am advocating nothing which might be a subject of caricature—no Anglo-Saxon love-feast or Ku Klux Klan terrorism of ' Only English Spoken ', The only force of communication which is to be really trusted, and which is safe from dramatic travesty, is that of the written

word. And it is to this force that we must resort in actualizing the comity of persons we are by our language.

There is too much talk : in talking about world affairs to the extent we do in our daily life, we are really performing the absurd verbal pantomime of talking with the whole world. There are too many books : books that have no real need to exist, that were written merely because the habit of writing has been given to all and there is a vanity in being able to write surviving from the time when not many people knew how to. It is not wrong that so many people should be writing ; what is wrong is that so many people should be writing books. Not many people can make lasting consolidations of truth—which is the function of writing. But there is another function of writing, apart from the function of making books. And that is to express pleasure in ourselves as a comity of persons ; and the form proper to this function is—letters.

But how can a counsel of letter-writing contain a plan for imposing the simple decencies on the misbehaving nations ? I have come to this counsel by a faithful pursuance of the furthest implications of the problem, and so I must find the plan in the counsel, make the counsel yield the plan : it must be there. This, I admit, is a truly female method. It is because it is so that I have hope of finding what I set out to find. I should mistrust the counsel if it led more obviously to a next step—which would be only the obvious next step, not the wanting plan which has for so long, and so cruelly, been unobvious to us all. If we proceed by obvious steps we can only reach already obvious conclusions. The already obvious conclusions are merely statements of dissatisfaction with the present world situation. We need to go further than that, and the further steps cannot be any of the obvious ones. You may call this method an arbitrary one, in that it proceeds by the elimination of the obvious. I should call it less arbitrary than the characteristic male method of proceeding by the accumulation of the obvious—so that any next step is merely an old step with more reasons than before for making it. This method may be observed in action in contemporary diplomatic behaviour. In fact, so many ' more reasons ' for step-taking have been

accumulated that the will to act has been paralysed in the excruciating obviousness of the urgency.

But I do not mean to digress into what might seem an ill-tempered comparison of male and female methods. All I am interested in insisting upon is that we must be more mysterious rather than less.

Letters are written to-day, but they are directed toward to-morrow. In writing letters we are taking our to-morrow for granted ; we are drawing on an assurance that an existing state of relations will continue. To write a letter is the most optimistic single gesture a person can make. We, all the English-minded, should be corresponding with one another on a much wider, a much more intricate scale—corresponding not to ventilate dissatisfaction in world disorders but to amplify and ventilate the pleasure we take in ourselves. The only formality necessary to institute such a procedure would be the establishment of liaison centres for putting people into appropriate correspondence relations—with a general liaison centre for the particular centres. Such an organization could not be vulgarizable, because, first of all, it would not need to last after the habit had been established : the habit would become self-renewing, each person being then a liaison centre for all the people with whom he corresponded. Secondly, such an organization could not destructively publicize the notion of correspondence ; it would not intervene in the actual correspondence that took place—which would remain private to the concerned persons. There might be a certain amount of self-conscious, experimental silliness at the beginning, but I think it would soon subside. Women would react more enthusiastically to the idea than men, and would be more active in putting it into practice, but that I think would be all to the good ; women would be setting the standard for letter-writing, and they have a more sensitive genius of letter-writing than men. The Americans and the English differ greatly in their letter-writing manner; but the difference would be liquidated in the fact that, while the English on the whole write better letters, Americans on the whole like better to write letters.

But then what ? That the English-speaking world was

engaged in widespread letter-writing to itself would soon become headline news. Foreign countries on the optimistic side of the line would understand more or less why we were doing it; they would at least conscientiously imitate the habit and bring it into greater world publicity—the actual letters written always remaining inviolably private. The misbehaving nations, those who have stepped over the cynical side of the line, would say: But what are they writing *about*? We should have achieved, that is, the necessary secrecy and mysteriousness of ourselves in relation to them. We now maintain a pseudo-intimate mass-communication through our newspapers: newspapers in the English language are the most intimate in tone in the world. But that is to diffuse our intimacies. The effect of such a letter-writing practice as I have described would be to formalize our vehicles of public communication and intensify the actual scope of intimacies.

But have we yet arrived at any mode for imposing the simple decencies? I think we have.

For one thing, the letter-habit could not be successfully imitated in the misbehaving countries. The peoples of these countries have no energy of optimism by which to enjoy writing about themselves; they would, moreover, not believe that there was no more in it than that. I am certain that if the English-speaking world were to dramatize its cultural grace and confidence in an internally extensive letter-writing practice, the reaction of the cynical countries would be not' A good idea, we shall try it ourselves for increased national solidarity ' but ' We have a right to share in this cultural activity, out of which you are apparently getting so much pleasure ',

And then would come our moment for stipulating decencies—the grounds on which we would be willing to correspond with them. Our first stipulation would be that they would have to correspond in good English: to communicate in good English, with a desire to maintain communication, does something to the mind with a cynical cast. It cannot remove a congenitally cynical cast, but it silences cynical impudence. Our foreign correspondents might be under the delusion that, in communicating with us thus personally, they were being given world

freedom for their cynical political and diplomatic gestures—as if these occurred in a separate domain from that of personal intercourse. But they would find that they could not give themselves to the uses of correspondence if their personal energy was at the same time being drawn on to support national misbehaviour. In letters one must appear at one's social best—and one cannot muster a charm of person if one is at the same time allowing oneself to be used in an ugly national way. And, moreover, one cannot invent the epistolary eloquence of charm.

Our second stipulation would therefore be, naturally, that our foreign correspondents would have to be good correspondents : their letters would have to give us pleasure. And they could not do this if they had no charm of personal energy behind them, or the only moral equivalent to charm that exists —humility. Although our liaison centre for the establishing of foreign correspondence-contact would faithfully insist that political and diplomatic questions must not be broached, and blackball any person English or foreign who was reported to have violated this rule, the effect of such an intercourse would be to undermine nationalistic ungraciousness where it needs to be undermined : in the private person of sufficient intelligence and sensitiveness to want to write a good English letter.

Here, then, after much unavoidably whimsical to-and-fro of thought, is a wholly serious recommendation that can only be instituted with a smile. We all have a number of personal letters to write at frequent intervals ; we ought to be willing to double and treble the number for the purpose of getting our full quota of pleasure in the people who speak English, If many of us showed such a disposition (which is no more than a desire to enjoy the social to-morrow stored up in our good intentions) we should soon be drawing outer happiness from the proper source—from our social selves. And, the glow of outer happiness thus renewed in us, we could be in a position to exact some social conformity with our mood in the world abroad—if not internal conformity with our values.

We might easily tire of the practice after a time, saying we had no need for so much documentation of the pleasure we took in ourselves, and of the cultural graces which we were able to

share with others. If we reached this point, then the strategy would have worked. It is, admittedly, a strategy—but the optimistic strategy leaves no aftertaste of self-contempt. It leaves only a smile, not distinguishable from the smile of social happiness. The strategy is, in fact, to prove our right to smiling matter, by smiling in the right direction.

We need to destroy the false diplomatic smile that is experimentally turned to the misbehaving nations. The smile which we send to the people of such nations, as distinct from their rulers, is as false as the diplomatic smile which we officially turn to them, through our governments—unless with it goes, after due personal pleasure, a genuine inclination to sign ourselves [4] yours sincerely ',

5. *A Civilized Private Ethic.*[1]

How to be ourselves all the time, maintain an inner health against outer forces of a distracting or corrupting nature ? What fixed basis can be found for a private ethic—that is not merely an ideal ethic, but a rule that we can practise now, unreservedly and immediately, in spite of and in protection against all the forces at work dangerous to private integrity ?

Such an ethic must be framed in spite of outer unhappiness ; but because of inner happiness. I have said elsewhere as well as in this book that we have to-day considerable inner happiness, and there has been some disagreement with my contention. I think there would possibly be less disagreement if I defined what I meant by happiness, instead of trusting to the good temper of the reader. There is so much ill-temper in surrounding events that people tend to hide away their good temper, as if for better times : they feel that they owe these times no show of happiness. In my sense, it is an immediate enjoyment of ourselves that we owe ourselves, not a public show of what, in its present failures, the world has no right to expect from us. I must in any case define happiness in framing a private ethic, since the ethical instinct involves an identification of goodness with happiness.

An ethic cannot be designed for people who have no will to

[1] **See p. 104.**

goodness; it cannot be designed, except as a moral disguise, for people who are actually ' bad ' but who would like to be good. The purpose of an ethic is to give coherence to existing good impulses : to reinforce the moral emotions with moral intelligence. With an ethic, we can make more active use of our good impulses ; we can better avoid making mistakes from good motive ; we can be wise in being good. If, that is, our ethic is sufficiently intelligent—sufficiently informed as to the difficulty of being good in our given environment. An ethical person is an instinctively good person become studiously good. A bad person does not become good by adopting a certain ethic, but only astute. An ethic presumes an existing goodness, just as the laws of a state that are not punitive presume an existing body of good-willed citizens.

Therefore a programme of private ethics cannot properly contain punitive, or restraining, provisions ; to offer people an ethic at all is a compliment to their virtue. Nor would it be possible to frame an ethic for people who were unhappy in their virtue—who did not enjoy being good. It is only when people have found happiness in virtue that they want an ethic : a way to be happy all the time in continuous virtue.

People who have good impulses are happy in carrying them out. Unhappincss comes of not being able to carry out one's good impulses ; but good impulses cannot in themselves be a cause of unhappiness, are the only real material of happiness that we have. We are unhappy to-day in that the state of the world restricts the action of our good impulses ; yet we could not be thus unhappy if we were not using our good impulses to some happy effect, if we had not already made a close association between goodness and happiness. We live, in fact, by an ethic; but it is a loosely framed,elastic one, with no clear demarcation between the private field of moral action and the public one. In other times an ethic could represent only the private field of moral action; when kings, councillors, legislators, behaved ethically they were doing so by their private values. The conception that the public as well as the private field of action should have moral quality is a modern one : good impulses have, in modern times, acquired an energy of public

reach. When, therefore, the public field is such that we feel incapable of acting in it morally, by our good impulses, we have a sense of private frustration.

Before we can deal with the problem of finding a way of being of moral effect in the public field, we must make our private ethic strong enough to allow of a full use of our good impulses. Our private field of action must make up in intensity what it lacks in scope, yet must be at any moment capable of extension to public scope. If we can frame our private ethic in this idea, then we are saved from a sense of frustration. We are preventing the vigour of our good impulses from degenerating ; and we are, moreover, projecting from our private field the kind of public field in which we can act with moral effect—instead of letting the moral confusion of the outer world creep into our private compass and paralyse our expectation of goodness from ourselves.

I can now define the inner happiness which, I have said, I think we have. Happiness is derived not so much from a past or present condition, as from a prospect of which we can be certain. Further, the prospect must be in some way in our control, or we are not certain of it. Further, it must be a prospect of goodness, or we could not feel happy in it. We cannot feel happy in what might be subject to challenge as selfish : the desideratum must be right for others as well as for ourselves. The only impulses which can serve in the delineation of happiness are the good impulses. And according to the constancy and scope of our good impulses is the significance of happiness they can have. When I say that we have to-day considerable inner happiness, I mean that our good impulses have a capacity of constancy and scope limited only by outer conditions of life which contradict the moral actuality of ourselves. As our ethic is both self-consistent and extensive in its implications, the moral actuality of ourselves is the less exposed to contradiction from without; we have increasingly the power of refuting and nullifying outer contradictions as unreal because morally unreal.

If an ethic is designed to apply only to a restricted field, attempts to apply it outside that field are morally arrogant, or so

morally ingenuous as to be ridiculous. For example, family ethics, or the ethics of a particular state, become sinister or absurd when they are translated into a world ethic. To have a private ethic which is capable without any violence of translation of being a world ethic, we must have sufficient energy of good impulse to last through every possible moral combination of ourselves with others. A mere family or State ethic stanches the flow of moral interest or energy at the family or State line ; the only energy used in extending it beyond that line is physical resistance to or physical tyranny over another ethic. Family ethics avoid conflict with State ethics in a civilization in which they are co-existent; State ethics are capable of overriding family or tribal ethics in any State emergency.

Christian ethics are essentially a compromise between family ethics and State ethics, with a delicately transitional neutral region between where family interests end and community interests begin. This neutral moral region is the peculiar invention of Christianity—a region, it might be called, of non-behaviour, in which actions are neither good nor bad, but merely acts of separation between private and public morality. In this ethical system private morality is a fair bargain with intimates, public morality is an agility of doing what one must in any case do before one is unpleasantly forced to do it.

However, something more has been happening to us ethically than the acquisition of experience in the Christian art of getting along with others. People needed this art in self-protection, certainly. But it was incidental to the major need of a real ethic of self, by which moral energies would acquire private positiveness and, at the same time, a power of universal extension—yielding a prospect of happiness that was not exclusive in being a personal one.

I have defined happiness by showing the relation between it and our good impulses. I must now, to rid my definition of any seeming abstractness, define, further, the nature of a good impulse.

By a good impulse I mean a compulsion, felt from within, to exercise in relation to others powers the exercise of which has brought pleasure to oneself. An impulse is not good that has

not the initial value of being thus pleasurable, that has not first been tested upon oneself. Before it has passed through this test it is merely an instinct. What, then, are the good impulses ? They are the impulses to identification of interests, and to knowledge, and to fidelity of habit. The instinct to identify ourselves with elements of our immediate environment produces the good impulse to extend the pleasure of sympathy beyond our immediate environment. The instinct of local intercourse produces the good impulse to extend the pleasure of communication to a wider range of certainties. The instinct to repeat ourselves in habits produces the good impulse to extend the pleasure of self-sameness to a multiple rhythm of continuity. Every good impulse falls into one of these categories, which represent different aspects of the central good impulse—the impulse to conscious responsibility for our existence, with every contributory factor of our existence included in our consciousness of it.

When, therefore, I say we have to-day considerable inner happiness, I mean that many people live by their own original good impulses rather than by inherited instincts or imposed conventions ; that there are enough people who observe a high standard of responsibility in their private behaviour to justify the assertion that *we* have reached a high degree of moral intelligence. We suffer outer unhappiness ; but its cause is in activities so disconnected from us that, although we may not know how to tranquillize them, we cannot ascribe them to moral stupidity on our part. In private existence there is enough moral energy at work to maintain an immunity from the immoral private acts of others. ' Temptation ' is no longer a formidable word. Behaviour that by earlier moral standards might be regarded as immoral (modern sexual behaviour, for example) would defend itself as moral, generally has well-defined moral terms of its own—is, in fact, responsible. People are now not assumed to be easily victimizable, or in need of moral guidance ; not innocence but moral intelligence is the sign of virtue.

There are some elements in our life which may be said to be externally determined. But our moral existence we deter-

mine ourselves ; and, as we cannot influence a situation morally, it is therein the less real. With our sense of moral capacity goes a protest against that which will not confront us on moral grounds. What exasperates us about the outer disturbances is that we feel that we could resolve them if we could get our moral fingers on them—but they slip through our grasp, refuse to be grasped. Many of us therefore give up the attempt to take moral hold ; some of us take political hold, instead, and deceive ourselves that we are thus taking moral hold. But those political fingers and hands are not our own ; they are artificial limbs with which we provide ourselves—as if morally maimed. What we must do is not to relax our hold even though the outer situations seem to evade us. It is only by applying our moral attention all the time, and to everything, that the intangible yet nevertheless distressing situation can be made to disappear—through the force of moral denial. But for such constancy of attention, of moral hold, we must tighten our private ethic. How ?

When we are exercising our good impulses to a designed effect, a process of happiness is set in motion : we are ordering ourselves to the happy prospect. There is, at the same time, a refusal to accept any but the fortunate consequence. The simplest name for this refusal is ' beauty '—the talent of doing without the incongruous. When we describe something as beautiful, we are referring not so much to what is there, as to the absence of what would spoil it if it were there. The beautiful scene, for example, is that which eliminates (makes to be not there) objects of unpleasant association. ' Nature ' achieves for us a higher degree of beauty as we turn away to it from unsatisfactory scenes. Beauty is the best name available for that moral frugalness by which we manage to be happy with little, when more would bring frustration of our good impulses. It is by beauty that we can make a tighter private ethic.

With beauty there goes a frankness : an unashamedness of not being more, that there is not more to show. When something is exposed to view which is only partially perfect or complete, but which would be spoiled if more were there in detail or quantity, then it is beautiful. A thing which is not exposed

to view cannot be beautiful; there can be no secrecy in beauty, and no impossible pretence, either, of perfection or completeness. In beauty unashamedness and modesty are gracefully compatible.

Let us return the implications of beauty to the ground of ethics. We cannot, as the world is at present, exercise our good impulses with full immediate effect in every phrase of life. Yet we must not allow them to grow withered in the unhappiness of not having effect. We must practise a moral frugalness that enables us to make up by intensity for what our field of effective moral action lacks in scope. We must practise beauty. It is by beauty alone that we can have strength to keep moral hold on the elusive outer situations—the strength to make our lives consist of only what is morally congruous, even the strength of doing without an outside world in so far as it is incongruous. How can this be done ? By practising beauty ; by making our private world be all the world there is for us so long as the outer situations remain morally unacceptable. This must not be taken as a counsel of ignorance of or indifference to what is going on in the outside world. It applies only to the question : how to find satisfaction in moral action when there seems so little room for it ?

We must employ our good impulses intensively in the little room there is for moral action. The result will not be a perfect or complete moral conquest of life—since there are the ugly outer disorders. The result will only be beauty. But for the moment this should be enough for any moral being. It is more ethical to practise beauty than to practise despair.

How to practise beauty ? It is what women have always practised—as long as there have been women. The talent of doing without, of making the little there is of good at the moment into the demonstrable all of the moment—this is how women have managed to be beautiful themselves, make the meagre possession and security into a place of happiness, find high moral satisfaction in spending their good impulses entirely within a narrow circuit of persons.

How have women done it ? How can a technique of domesticity be transformed into a moral technique of extra-

domestic application? I would say, first of all, that the beauty-technique as practised by women operated beyond the domestic field; that all social technique—the conventions of hospitality, the manners of people with one another in social as distinct from working contact—was an extension of this technique; that by it women had done more than immure themselves from unpleasant outer circumstances; that, while keeping themselves intact by these means, they were also imposing on the outside world a standard of appearance. In concerning themselves with the immediate end of making themselves beautiful, and of forming private interiors of human and material elements that could be combined to an effect of beauty, they were denying the reality of everything that could not be combined to this effect; in being absent to ugly outside combinations they were making them unreal in their ugliness. A consequence of this was that much of life put on a false seeming of beauty and decency, in inviting the presence of women to it; under the charming social surface of life lay concealed many violences and corruptions. But the effort of conforming to a standard of appearance is in itself, for the moment, a moral act; to pretend goodness is hypocrisy, but the pretender admits the beauty of goodness in wanting to appear to have it. Clothes and moral clothes conceal much that might offend if not concealed; the act of concealment temporarily removes emphasis from what is concealed, allows the attention to exercise itself upon the genuine good.

To live by a technique of beauty is to observe in every act and relation a standard of good appearance. To live with austerity is not to live at all. This is the lowest moral demand that we can make on ourselves or others—a demand that it is not unreasonable to expect everyone to fulfil; there are higher moral demands, but these must vary according to individual powers. If we observe a standard of good appearance unremittingly and consistently, that which falsely appears good will soon cease to appear good—since only that which is good can appear good all the time. As things lose beauty for us they will disappear from our field of moral action, whether they be things of ourselves or of others. By this technique we shall be

circumscribing our field of moral action to experience in which we can constantly exercise our good impulses—and in the happiness of leading a life which at any moment is demonstrably of so much specific goodness, and of no demonstrable badness. And as we live in this way we shall be storing up reserves of moral energy with which to resist living by the unhappy occasions insistently thrust on us from without; we shall be answering them with a stronger insistence of our own : that they be occasions of good appearance, or no occasions at all. To suggest what sort of occasions they should be is another matter ; we are talking now only of how to survive morally while they are bad occasions.

Once more, then : how to practise beauty ? The first rule of all : to be *tidy* in every corner of our existence, with the fanaticism of beauty. To make what we are physically, and what we possess physically, a noble and orderly display, presenting an appearance that we are not ashamed to show. In our minds, to have no secrets ; to dispense with the thought that we cannot gracefully show to others. To develop each personal relation to its maximum of frankness, and to have no friendship where, if all were mutually confessed, the appearance of one to the other would not be a happy sight. To be not divided in our aspects, so that we have one appearance for one occasion, or one person, and another for another : where there are many faces of mind or body, those not shown are ugly in not being showable. To leave no large tracts of ourselves hidden from view : to make every moment into as full a portrait as possible of ourselves, so that it is a true portrait, up to that moment. To have no private communication with ourselves, no seclusion with self in place or mind, to which we could not admit others without guilty immodesty.

A typical piece of modern common-sense morality is ; 'I have learned to value people for that part of them which is good and to ignore the other parts.' This is not moral frugalness but moral egotism. We are not thus in any real moral relation with a person ; we use our contact with him merely to flatter our sense of being good—what we like in him mirrors something that we like in ourselves. A moral relation is a

moral compatibility between people as they are different; and to associate with people by a technique of beauty brings all their differences from us, and ours from theirs, to the surface of appearance. The legitimate moral ground for ignoring some aspect of a person can only be that it represents something which is not yet determined to good or bad effect, which does not clearly show, and which may therefore be regarded as potentially good. We should include no one in our moral experience who is not either good in our sight or capable of being regarded as potentially good.

And all our experience should be moral experience. We should admit nothing into our sphere of daily contacts that we cannot wholly love according to its kind. A technique of beauty is a technique of love by the allowance it makes for potential goodness. In the morally frugal to-day there is an allowance, by love, for more to-morrow of what to-day has of good. In living by a technique of beauty we are defining, in fact, that of which we want more—inviting, evoking, an increase of goodness. But we are not prepared for this increase, and it will not take place, unless we are clear that it would be good to have more of. It can only be good to have more of something of which it has already been found good to have a little. By love we make allowance not only for a larger moral pattern : we are loosening our moral appetite from a necessary limitation to the good provisions of the moment. When a technique of beauty is at work for to-day, there is also at work a technique of love for to-morrow.

If none of this seems practical, I am sorry: it should be. One cannot provide people with mechanical instruments by the use of which they will be morally irreproachable. The most one can do is to describe the moral state with an eloquence which will give people the courage of their enthusiasm for goodness. Enthusiasm for goodness one cannot implant; but I think there is such enthusiasm, awkwardly suppressed under the sophistication of remaining sane in the midst of much outer unhappiness. Sanity is the mere art of not regarding the evils of to-day as final. We may need sanity for reading our newspapers, **but** we need something more for living our to-day's

lives : an enthusiasm for goodness. Perhaps I have not been eloquent enough in describing it. But if I were more eloquent, it might seem that I was talking of experience of an esoteric kind, instead of normally enjoyable moral experience.

6. *The Responsibilities of Writers*[x]

What we have to consider here is, really, economy of contact —though it might at first seem that a rule by which the conception of friendship was enlarged was anything but economy of contact. But if we admit that the contact which it is possible to establish between author and reader on a page is the best kind of contact—a direct contact of mind, purified of physical distraction and conversational irrelevancy—economy of contact and wide extent of contact are not incompatible terms. By economy of contact I mean the best kind of contact, and that kind only, with the greatest possible number of people.

Much of the ordinary contact between people in modern life is idle contact; is not intimacy but a relaxation from the strain of the compelled, as against the chosen, associations. The leisure association is thus frequently no more than that which makes the least demands—instead of being, as it should, the one that makes demands of a kind to use the best part of us. The feeling of not being used to the best possible effect in their work drives people to associations in which they are used, use themselves, to no effect at all: these, at least, in having no pretence of fruitfulness, bring no sense of frustration. The negative pleasure of idle association influences in turn the unsatisfactory working association ; it becomes the object in that to use oneself as little as possible. The tendency in modern life is for both working and leisure time to be perfunctory in emphasis. Instead of constructive economy of contact, people practise a self-protective avoidance of contact.

In an age where, in most of the physical activities of life, the element of personal contact is eliminated, there should at last be a chance to enjoy personal contact on a real basis : on a mental basis. But who is to assume the responsibility of formulating such contact and giving the good example ? I think

[1] **See p. 106.**

it is the writer's special responsibility: mental contact is the realm over which the writer presides. When the presidency is not conscientiously fulfilled, it is not surprising that people in general seek the easiest instead of the best kind of contact.

It is the writer's responsibility to be the good example. He is the specialist in mental contact. And his opportunities are not only those of the printed page. Those are, we might say, the perfect opportunities : entirely safeguarded against the intrusion of impurities or irrelevancies of contact. But a writer also lives ; he must risk all the chances of human contact in all the uneven circumstances of life. The more conscientious he is in trying to maintain, in his life, the best kind of contact with the greatest number of people, the more equivalence there will be between the temper of his life and the temper of his work—and in this the more actual his work will be. A writer should, indeed, make as little distinction as possible between his life and his work. In his work there will be either the designed contact with people, or none at all; while in his life there will be some contacts which exceed in potentiality those provided for on the printed page, and some which are below what he would wish. But it is only in life that he can test the possibilities. And it is only by testing the possibilities that he can stabilize the measure of certainty that he must employ in his work if it is to be true work.

The writer must maintain in his life, as nearly as he can, the temper of his work. Any discrepancy between standards of life and standards of work inevitably shows in the work : it is not possible to pretend in writing. One can even say that the kind of life a writer chooses to lead determines the kind of work he will do. Either a writer must imitate in his life the high standards he sets himself in his work, or he will in his work imitate the low standards of his life. When standards are high they are standards of work—whether the person is a writer or not, whether or not he records his standards in anything that can be conventionally called a work at all. To work is to contribute—in however small or unobvious a way—to the orderly integration of the permanent and fundamental elements of life.

There are many stages in this general work of integration ; and everyone may be said to be engaged in some stage of it, if he has any claim to the title ' good person ' at all. The writer must be held to be engaged in the final stage of this work, by his choice of those means of integration which are both the most precise and of the most comprehensive reference—the means of words : the writer, in choosing to be a writer at all, is undertaking to be the best kind of person that it is possible to be.

It is the writer's responsibility to be the good example. His work is to make life into consciousness of existence : so that we may be that which truly is, and only that. His own life, therefore, must be lived with a motive of study—study of himself and others, himself in relation to others, and others in relation to others : that we can expect in no other kind of person to the degree of persistence and purity that we can in him. He must not only be at work all the time : his time is properly longer and fuller than the time of others—for he must be presumed to be more arduously a conscious being than others.

The writer must conceive it his privileged obligation to use himself to the best effect all the time, and to use others to their best effect and to encourage them so to use themselves. He must not conceive the relations which he establishes with people on the printed page as ending there. He must be ready to serve as a constant source of encouragement for the conscious experience which he demonstrates in his writing to be possible ; to treat tirelessly with people as they approach him in the terms of his writing.

The terms of contact which the writer stabilizes for his writing he arrives at by the practice of contact in his life—that kind of contact, that aspect of mental contact, for which he is peculiarly equipped. By economy of contact he must develop the habit of concentrated contact. The problem of how to manage practically (in quantity) the variety of contacts that his responsibility implies will be solved in his maintenance of contact on the level on which his work is cast. The more strictly he limits contact with people that is not on this level, the more ungrudgingly he can give himself to the kind of contact that is.

This is a recommendation for friendship on a large scale, communication on a large scale. It applies, for example, to the problem of this book: how to communicate effectively with its appropriate public. I shall feel that people will have begun to work upon the subject of this book when they write letters about it to one another. Once again, the solution of the problem of association seems to me to be in letters. Letters establish a distance of communication; but, on the other hand, they eliminate many of the irrelevancies of close contact and can thus be instruments of intimate communication on the subject on which they are written. I would even say that the more conscientious a writer is, the more are his readers his working associates ; their letters to him will be less letters than contributory work.

Writers should be, in their lives and in their work, centres of communication, of mental contact; and so regard themselves. I have throughout, here, described the writer as ' he ', This is always an inconvenient pronoun when used to mean ' anyone of that kind ', if ' of that kind ' does not mean, exclusively, ' of male kind ', It is the more inconvenient as the classification is more discriminating; and peculiarly inconvenient when the personal qualifications intended in the pronoun differ strongly from the common male characteristics. People of writing kind may, indeed, be said to be as females among people of other kinds, in the sense that it is their function to preside over the interior realities of existence. I do not wish to dwell on this point—on which much more might be said in the context of the special functions of writers as they are men, or women. Nor am I interested in inventing the convenient pronoun that would avoid this sort of ambiguity. It is important to keep the personal reference of the pronoun or pronominal adjective : better occasional ambiguity than the mechanical impersonality of the more inflected languages *{Vecrivain et son travail),* in which gender lies arbitrarily in the activity itself. The only real solution would be to cease to talk of writers as a race of vague number within the vague race of persons, and to talk of them by name alone. Here, for example, I am being not quite direct, in not saying who I think **the true**

writers are and what I conceive to be the special function of each as a centre of communication and mental contact: hence the evasive ' he ', I should be saying that I think ' you ' and ' you ' and ' you ' ought to be doing this and this and this. I am not, in fact, making the best possible use of myself in this respect as a centre of communication, not speaking fully as ' I ', The evasiveness, however, is only *in* my moderating my personal insistence on the nature of our responsibilities toward the possibility of common insistence : in my suiting my exhortation to the somewhat ambiguous evidence. But the function of writing is itself not an ambiguous one—the nature of our responsibilities should be clear enough. The difficulties of fulfilling them are great; but they become conquerable as we allow our work to take the difficult course, as we make them difficulties *within* our work.

If we act as centres of contact, then the boundary-line of our work is a movable, a living, one. Each writer is then extracting from ' his ' special field of communication the very best there is in it; and not only extracting it, but preserving it. And as among writers themselves there is a co-operative centrality of communication, so will the entire world become a field of communication from which a very best can be extracted—and not otherwise.

We are each—each writer, each wide-working mind—a force of redemption. We are redeemers of everything that can be redeemed finally—that can co-exist without paradox, conflict or change. It can be dangerous, I know, to use the inspirational tone ; but only when it leads one to say more than can be immediately substantiated. There is nothing that I have said of the function of writing that cannot be immediately substantiated. The madly self-conscious perversities in which many writers to-day spend themselves reveal, indeed, the poundings of their writer's conscience : the accents of wilful irresponsibility tell a guilt of responsibilities avoided. There might be a danger, in reminding writers of their responsibilities, of inspiring a vanity of writing in those without a real power of it. But I think my definition of these is severe enough, if acted on, to reduce rather than increase the number of writers. Or the danger might be, to be mocked—for speaking of writing, which

seems to be adaptable to every journalistic degradation, with a quasi-religious fervour. But this is a danger which it is good to run : in order to learn the unabashed posture of demanding and being the best when others seem to be content with less.

The fervour of such a demand and intention of the best is not, however, quasi-religious. Religion consists of emotions, supported by just enough philosophy to act as a bridge between emotion and emotion. The fervour of writing is a height of mind, not of feeling ; a constancy, not a fluctuation. Religion consists only of the emotions of people ; there is no supra-personal incorruptible element, as in an act of words. There is God, it might be said; but God, it might be said, is only the desire for good emotions. In an act of words there is the incorruptible element of truth ; and in any abuse of truth the loyalty of words is with truth—what has been ill-written is brought in its own words to instantaneous judgement by what they have falsified or concealed.

Life in its most acute state of explicitness consists of acts of words. And it is the writer's function to be as the incorruptible element of this. In writing, more so than in any other activity, people can employ a best of themselves that is also a force in existence for the best; their work can be, with more identicality of work and self than in any other activity, what they are. They are the less writers as they are the less speaking concentrations of what is best. If writers can be moved to a courage of all that they are, the full doing of their good will mount in the practice of being of it. For the practice of themselves is a practice with others ; truly to be a writer is to forswear the soothing negations of solitude, and the self-flattering affirmations of individualism. In the realm of behaviour the moral end is the good self; in the realm of language, the moral end is the good company. The writer is properly the discoverer and preserver of the world's good company.

7. *A Form of Religion Suitable to the Present*[x]

Emphatically : we do not want ' more '; we suffer not so much from the lack of good things as from the production of

[1] **See pp. 109 and 193,**

a reasonless more. We suffer from an excess of means—things produced with no foreseen end of good service and which remain, therefore, mere means. When the object in producing an instrument is only the technical satisfaction of producing it, its use can yield no other result than that of change. A large part of human energy in contemporary life is absorbed in the production and pursuit of change. And such absorption, being reasonless, is insanity.

Broadcasting centres hurl constantly changing programmes at a public that is trained to keep its attention on the move from one moment to the next. Journalism, literature, art, films, industry, education, politics, religion—there is almost no institution or activity that does not feel, in its personnel, a compulsion to be kind to change, and to demonstrate its vigour in terms of change. Ideas are respected according to the change they represent from previous ideas or the ideas of yesterday. When you meet people after a year's lapse you are not surprised that they are living lives of a quite different sort; you take the change for granted. 'What are you doing now?' is the commonplace of greeting after every few months.

In what circumstances is change good, and in what circumstances is it bad? Change is good when it represents an extension in quantity of what has already been found good in quality. All the good things of civilization are a result of good change, have come about through a wider application of an already existing standard of goodness. The idea of goodness can never be a new idea: it has existed from the beginning. Civilization may be described as the application of an instinctive standard of goodness to the whole pattern of existence. Change in this sense brings a greater number of things, a greater quantity of life, under government. Goodness itself is not inventible; but a greater capacity of goodness in things is discoverable, and in people an increased power for applying the originally given standard of goodness.

This is the elementary moral article of faith without which it is impossible to exist except transiently: that with existence there is given a standard of goodness. Existence is inseparable from goodness—is the change from non-existence to goodness.

There is no ultimate bad: what we call bad is merely that which is failing to exist. When we describe something as bad we are protesting against it as having no right to exist, denying its reality.

Change is bad when it does not represent an extension of existing good, is only a method of shifting attention from persistent circumstances. Part of the contemporary fascination with change is due to a civilized disdain of bad circumstances. Finding much in their immediate world that is not good, people disdain existence itself and comfort their vanity in impermanences—things which are means only of impermanent sensations, which have no other function than that of eating up the energy of their users. Life by these means is suicide ; it is not possible to disdain existence, and exist. Contemporary sophistication is widely engaged in an attempt to turn life into a pleasurable condition of suicide. But life so lived is not pleasurable —because it is not really lived.

Life must be lived, and there is only one way of living it: by adhering loyally to what is good in it. This is how it has happened that life has remained open for us to live—by the loyal adherence of those who came before us to what was good in it. It was much harder for them to remain thus loyal than it should be for us ; they were in the throes of developing for persons the power of extending goodness, and, for things, the capacity of receiving it. They—very slowly and painfully—drew the full outline of existence ; we have what should be the more serene work of maintaining and cherishing the evolved permanences. In this there is literal immortality. Religion embodied the faith of people that life, purified of its falsities, its bad means, must consist ultimately of permanences. Religion was people's way of being intelligent about the future. Intelligence no longer takes that form—because we are the future to which they were loyal. We have in us the power to make life consist of permanences; it is by the permanences that we should now be living.

This is why the religious instinct, as an instinct of the future, has flagged : we are beginning to be in, to live, that intended, foreknown future. It would be incongruous in us to ' have ' a religion; but, on the other hand, we are not living the life

indicated by the past except as we *are* a religion—a loyally bound existence of permanences.

How to be each alive in an existence, a continuity of, permanences. How to define the loyalty to which each one of us is pledged, in being alive now—not as acts of faith, directed toward the future, but as acts of immediate life. In other times religions were of necessity negations of the immediate impermanences ; and the permanences were, of necessity, in the form of myths—as the life of the time was poor in permanences. We are now in no need of a myth in which to let our appetite for a richness of permanences run free. There is enough in the civilized content of life to satisfy our religious appetite : our own lives are the myth, are more satisfying than myth, are lives.

In the previous recommendation I have said that religion is only the desire for good emotions ; and here I am speaking of something more—of the immediate, living satisfaction of this desire. The word ' religion' inherits the negativeness of its history as mere denial of the immediate impermanences. We need a better word, as we need to be doing something more in correction of the bad than merely denying it as the impermanent and changing. You cannot practise a religion, but only believe in it. On religious inspiration you can only practise morality —not religion ; and religion-inspired morality is always full of equivocations, since it is designed to come to terms with what is bad as well as with what is good. The practice that we need to take the place of religiously inspired practice must be unequivocally an allegiance to the permanences. ' Allegiance ',[1] that is, is more properly our word than religion. Unlike religion, it implies undivided loyalty to permanent actualities, rather than an emotional division between immediate inevitabilities and future desirabilities.

Men have been, in general, the sponsors of religions. This was appropriate in that men have been more preoccupied than women with the impermanent elements of life : they needed religion as a counterpoise to their activities of change. The division of spiritual labour between men and women was, in history, on the basis of women's instinctive suspicion of change

[1] See p. 246.

and men's instinctive love of it. Women have thus practised allegiance to the existing permanences, however few they happened to be ; men have practised religious cancellation of the impermanences they created in their experiments with change. It might be said that in women was lodged the sense of what was right; in men, the sense of what was wrong. Women nevertheless sustained the religions of men ; I think the time has now come for men to sustain the allegiance of women.

Women should be the sponsors of a doctrine of allegiance designed to supersede religion : to cultivate in people an immediate sense of permanence that was not possible in religion, and to safeguard their enjoyment of this against the corruptions of change. Such a doctrine must be religious in its quality of emotional unreserve, but positive where religion is negative ; it must concentrate on enjoyment of the good instead of on denial of the bad. Because religion allows for temporal evils and mischances, for impermanent passions and pursuits, it can never free itself of the corrective device of asceticism. Religion is a way by which people may believe in themselves in spite of contrary evidence—through an ascetic suppression of the contrary evidence. My assertion is that there is enough good evidence to allow people to believe in themselves because of, rather than in spite of, themselves. People are behaving upon sound instinct in ceasing to be religious, but the proper sequel is in a belief in themselves without benefit of asceticism, not in an epicurean philosophy of disbelief. There is enough good evidence about people—which is to say, in my sense, about existence—to form a basis of allegiance. As people will practise allegiance to the revealed permanences, what is impermanent will become self-cancelling—will cease to steal moral energy from us for its cancellation.

When I say that women are the proper sponsors of such a doctrine of allegiance, I mean to imply no formality of organization, no ecclesiastical feminism. I merely mean that the practise of emotional allegiance comes more naturally to women than to men. I am not interested in dwelling upon this point; if men find that they can practise the discipline of allegiance that I am about to outline without the special counsel of women

—so much the better. It is, however, as a woman that I am formulating the discipline ; and the confidence on which its practice would have to rely is of that kind which women habitually stimulate in people, and which they themselves habitually draw upon as the magic of the moment to black out the uncertainty of the moment.

Let each person enumerate the elements of his experience and of his character that he would like to remain the same for as long as life and self last. In thus choosing certain elements of life to form an unchanging pattern, one would, indeed, be eliminating the notion of time. To say ' I want this to go on unchanged ' would mean that one construed no temporal end for it; anything that was of uncertain duration could not be appropriately chosen as a permanence. If one said ' I should like this to go on for ten years,' one would be admitting impermanence in the thing chosen, or in one's allegiance, or in both : one would not have extracted a complete permanence from experience or an absolute power of allegiance from oneself.

Yet in attempting to form a pattern of unchanging existence, many uncertainties would at first be admitted, since this has been our history—the play of the new against the old, of large uncertainty against small certainty. A habit of permanence, to be now adequate, would have to have passed the test of the appetite for change that has moved us from previous to present certainties—the test of time. So, in the practice of the discipline that I am here outlining, there would necessarily be transitional periods, in which allegiance would be given to impermanences that would be discarded in the next period because they had proved impermanences when treated as permanences.

Suppose a person sets out to practise this discipline. He goes over in his mind the whole content of his experience, all that occurs to his consciousness. What would he like to remain the same ? Of all the experience available to him, what would he choose to form his permanent world—the elements chosen to remain as they are when chosen ? Perhaps his first thought would be for the people with whom he is in intimate relation —with which *of* these would one choose to continue as it were

eternally in the relation that one has with him at present ? By a test of this sort a few would be included with instantaneous allegiance, others would be included with some doubt. One would adapt one's consciousness to this choice for a period ; at the end of the period one would want to make certain changes in the experimental pattern of same-being. The changes, changes of attitude, would represent so much change eliminated, a firmer degree achieved of allegiance to permanences. One would at the same time be doing with oneself what one was doing with one's experience : disentangling one's powers of permanence from the confusion of desires within one. One would be making an integration of self with experience.

The kinds of experience and attributes of self subjected to this test would increase with the continued practice of the discipline. Write down your chosen elements for a same-continuing world of yours, and sit down again in, say, a month, to confirm or revise the choice. During that month your sense of loyalty, of permanent compatibility, will have been sharpening. Your preoccupation will be on the side of permanence rather than on the side of change ; you will be forcing yourself to formulate your emotions in terms of what you have, not in terms of what you have not, would like to have—in the direction of rest, not restlessness.

This is not as to say that we should ignore evil disorders going on around us, that we should be content to do nothing about them, consoling ourselves with the private compensations we can snatch from the stream of accident that rushes continuously past us. Indeed we must care about what is in an ill condition and desire it to be in a better one ; but no concern with ill things has a corrective power unless it is grounded in a care for, an allegiance to, things that are well and permanent in being well. Without such allegiance, the mood in which we approach ill things can only be a mood of ill-temper; we approach them alone, without supporting certainties, and can contribute nothing to them but motion, add no energy to them but the reasonless energy of change.

The discipline that I am here proposing would, if conscientiously practised, consolidate our emotions into an invariable

good temper. It is in good temper that we must approach evil —not the immoral good temper of tolerance, but a serene consciousness of the permanences on which we can rely, however few they may be. We must ourselves have accomplished some serenity of permanence before we can ask the world around us to proceed at least amiably in its impermanent aspects. It is absurd to expect that evil—the impermanence that has gone on too long—will yield either to a permanence or to a less viciously persistent impermanence merely because we vent ill-temper upon it. Even if we move it to change, by our ill-temper, there is no guarantee that what replaces it will provoke good-temper in us merely in being different. Good-temper can only derive from things known, from defined permanences. I am here drawing a distinction between happiness, which is a calculation of the future, and good-temper, which is the positive essence of what, if we look back on our experience, remains beneficently with us. In this sense the discipline I am suggesting here is religious rather than moral, has to do with the quality of our emotions rather than with the quality of our behaviour.

The first step, then, in the practice of such a discipline is an act of self-interrogation : on what permanences can I rest my consciousness, how much of my consciousness is being employed, is capable of being employed, in allegiance ? Women are, I think, peculiarly suited to assist in such acts, and to be the keepers of the books in which the answers are recorded and from time to time re-examined and revised, The practice of such a discipline must be entirely private, and subject to no tests but those of one's own conscience : to become a genuine process of self it must be governed from within—act in obedience to private conscience, not to external criticism. There is a greater certainty of keeping the process intimate and self-secret if the people to whom one confides it are women ; men tend to disconnect processes from persons, to systematize personal values into impersonal institutions which offer an average meaning for everyone and allow of a particular meaning for no one. But if a person should feel that he is capable of conducting the practice of this discipline without a confidential ally—so much the better.

I can imagine a hundred or more questions that might be put to me—a hundred or more absurdities on which I might be challenged. It has long been held a legitimate means of argument to challenge a principle on its application to the absurd instance (which is always put in the mouth of a third person : ' Suppose someone objected that . . . ')—and a sign of courage of principle to face the absurd instance. I am anxious to have it understood that I believe in the principle of allegiance as a practical discipline. Let us suppose, therefore, that someone objects : ' What would you say if someone with a passion for sweets put down sweets as one of the permanences of his allegiance ? After all, there have been sweets in some form or other ever since people began to prepare foods for themselves, and it is not improbable that sweets will continue to be available as long as there is life. Many people's devotions are as trivial as a passion for sweets—they leave the important things to happen to them accidentally. Are you suggesting that a person with a dominating passion for sweets should practise his passion as a religion ? '

Yes : if a person can honestly say that, beyond all other things, he would like his present fixed devotion to sweets, and the present available supply of sweets, to go on and on to the furthest imaginable extent of continuance, then let him act upon this passion as the most permanent element of his experience and of his consciousness. I can think of no better cure for a dominating passion for sweets, and no better method for demonstrating the little faith that may be placed in sweets as a permanent reliance.

This leaves ninety-nine and more absurd instances to be faced : it leaves, in fact, all the impermanences that may be self-deceptively practised as permanences for a little while—for a little while only, since to practise them as permanences must lead sooner or later to an undeceiving. A discipline of allegiance to permanences, and to permanences only, is no more than a practice of emotional honesty with oneself: not to tell oneself lies. If people were to lay upon themselves this obligation of honesty with self, false allegiance would soon be ruled out: allegiance to change. Those who give allegiance to things that

they know to be impermanent are being wilfully suicidal, but in the moment of allegiance they must deceive themselves that the impermanent thing is permanent, or they could not even pretend to enjoy it.

What happens, then, if numbers of people achieve a clear allegiance to clear permanences ? There is, first of all, so much the more good-temper in the world. There is, secondly, so much the less energy of interest given to the impermanences—which become monstrous through the energy of interest they steal from us. There is, thirdly, in each person who has passed himself through this discipline, a living tradition. The only way surely to lay the ghosts of the historical past, and our own past up to this day, is to incorporate personally in our consciousness all that is capable of, continuously invites, allegiance. These are not times for throwing away, but for asserting our good accumulations and living by them. Less than any other times do they demand forward-looking violences of riddance. The only things of which we need to rid ourselves are, indeed, our instruments of futurity—which do not look forward, but merely look away. Nothing new is now being produced except means either of destruction or distraction. What is neither distracting nor destructive is part of a permanent amplification of original goodness. The destructions and distractions have resulted from a failure to match our good results with a good care of them—we have carelessly gone on amplifying the content of experience to the point of distraction or destruction.

I present here a method of care : a practice of allegiance to be pursued with the emotional scrupulousness with which one pursues a religion, and having this advantage over a religion—that one may reach by it a degree of emotional stability at which one may dispense with the practice. No religion ever held out the attraction of a time when one would no longer need it.

At this difficult stage of approach to the various problems raised in this book, my first concern must be to direct attention away from what seem to me to be irrelevant theories of solution and toward what I believe to be the relevant definitions of the

problems. That is, we must undo the false progress of political speculation in order to see, first of all, the essential character of the problems. A religious approach is more relevant than a political one : its doctrine is intimately practicable as a political doctrine is not. You can join a party, vote as the party directs, but you cannot quite live by it.

Political goodness, whatever the party or doctrine, is theoretically in the avoidance of anything that might be objectionable to others. But political emphasis is always on the objectionable things that other people do, neither on the pleasant things they may do nor on the objectionable things one may do oneself: politics are a criticism of others that docs not include a criticism of self. Therefore one can only live a political doctrine in one's irritability, and only the pathological few, who have an exclusive emotion of political hatred, can live their lives entirely in terms of irritability. The best that can be said about politics is that they are a speculation about the troubles that may come to one from other people ; by political foresight those troubles may be avoided which come from too close contact with, or dependence on, strangers. However, when there are actual troubles to be dealt with, the political approach cannot serve : the political approach is never toward a solution, merely toward a self-protective alienation of people from one another.

Our present world troubles are not anticipated troubles, but actual troubles : indeed, what we call the world is to-day a gigantic collection of troubles. The political method with these is to treat each one as an omen of a gigantic, world-enveloping future trouble. More and more, politics of all kinds have the single common preoccupation : a coming world war. The widespread political futurizing of world troubles is one of the gravest obstacles to their solution. They are immediate, actual troubles : troubles of this world size have never before been so universally immediate. But we have difficulty in connecting them with ourselves because the social improvements accomplished by the political method have encouraged people to suspend criticism of self in social criticism. If we withdrew from the political atmosphere, into personal existence, all the problems of world extent which are ramifications of

problems of self, we should have left for outside ordering only the truly external variations—the troubles caused by things the nature of which is to be changing.

Problems of self are the necessary problems, and can only be solved in the achievement of a happy constancy of self in relation to others encountered as selves. Social problems are unnecessary problems ; to be a good self the problems of self must be solved, but to be a good society in the political sense people must merely avoid impinging upon one another as selves except by mutual choice. Natural problems are the accidental problems of physical existence which must be treated as necessary because they keep occurring continually, though we are continually solving them. They cannot be averted, nor can they be permanently solved : they keep recurring, to be solved ever afresh. Our solutions of them are not real solutions, since they contain no criticism of physical things—which, being of impermanent kind, are uncriticizable. We simply let them happen to us—and, the more acute our sense of their accidentalness, the more accurate the instruments by which we assist in their happening.

The controlling force in our experience of physical things must be our realization of their impermanence ; the more flexible the instrumental adjustment between them and the permanent elements of our experience, the better are the results achieved by our instruments. The function of instruments is not to create change, but to control change by assisting in its happening. Those means are bad means, those instruments bad, which have merely an end of change ; the effect of created change is not upon physical things, which cannot be changed from their nature of being changing, but upon people. How bad an effect this can be is most spectacularly seen when a whole nation, by the use of physical instruments on themselves, attempts to bring about new powers of self—meanwhile claiming the privilege of physical things of being uncriticizable.

When people thus regard themselves as physical entities, one must cease to regard them as people and consider how they are a bad result of means employed by us also. This is the point where it becomes crucially important to practise criticism of

self, and as an allegiance to the constant elements of personal existence ; so that we know in fine detail what room there is for change in it.

As we develop constancy of self, we shall discover that there is room only for that change which is the happening to us of the physical elements of existence ; that our instruments are for the reduction of the amount of room these elements originally occupy ; that when we attain our full scope of self, there will be room only for such change as is congruously physical, to the exclusion of unnatural improvisations whether in the form of Japanese outrages or of apparently innocent miracles of science.

When there spring up mind-scientists (psychologists) to treat the mind as just so much more of body, then we must see that our physical history is complete : there is no new physical history to be made. What is now is ourselves. Our physical past recurs around us and will not be forgotten, and must not be forgotten : we possess carefully designed means for ever remembering it in relation to what we are. But beyond this the invention of means becomes an insanity of inventing more physical history—a crazy physical future.

I have here tried to relate the practice of allegiance outlined in the first part of this recommendation to the contemporary world situation—as well as to the moral situation of personal existence to-day, I have stressed the significance of such a practice as ' criticism of self ' in order to neutralize any levity it may arouse when viewed as something comparable in emotional earnestness to a religious practice. There is an inevitable comic element in religion—simply in the naively intimate juxtaposition of so much divine grandeur with so much human pettiness. Even the pious cannot blind themselves to this: the religious joke in Homer differs little in jovial embarrassment from the modern clerical joke. So many moral difficulties are beatifically left out of account by religion that the moral ideal and the human self become two separate identities, one an angel made all of moral dress-stuff, the other an indecently naked outcast—that, nevertheless, keeps showing itself with comic perversity.

The idea of working upon oneself as I have suggested, living

by such a practice as I have outlined, need arouse no such levity. It requires of you that you take all of yourself into account, and give continued recognition to every kind of experience or attribute that claims your consciousness for as long as it persists beside other claims. A religious doctrine requires you to disown arbitrarily, without any critical preliminaries, parts of yourself and of experience that you favour emotionally. Your life is the less you the more religiously you live it; you must suppress much that is peculiarly you if your life is to picture your values —which are negative values in that they assume elements in you which require suppression and by the suppression of which you become good.

Goodness of self, and the knowledge that it confers of the difference between the good and the bad results of civilization, are to be attained not in the reform but in the definition of self. We cannot temper the violence of outward changes until we have inside ourselves all that is unchangingly ourselves and nothing that is not : then outside us there can be nothing that we hesitate to disacknowledge as a force against ourselves, if it produces change rather than adjusts change. We are the unchanging, as we are selves ; and what is outside is the changing, and yet the old—everything unpersonalizable rehappening to us. When people reach the state of being mentally ahead of their physical conditions, which is the state of human life now, then there is nothing really new except the incidence upon them of the old. To seek the new again now is to turn the old against the immediate, the things of the past against the things of the present, matter against mind, nature against human nature, our bodies against our selves. But we cannot recognize that this is what is happening unless we are watchfully constituted as selves.

8. *How to Distribute Our Attention ; how to Read Newspapers* [1]

Some order of precedence must be applied to the things that are to-day thrust in disorderly sequence upon our attention; we must distribute our attention more justly, and with more fairness to ourselves. Much of what is going on around us is

[1] **See p. no.**

entitled only to the attention of people of specialized interests. But a fiction of all-knowingness has been encouraged in modern life; intelligence is held to mean a random familiarity with everything, and everyone is assumed to be more or less intelligent. News is presented in bewildering confusion, but nobody is expected to be bewildered by it. A stoicism of attention is assumed ; and educatedness has come to be identified with the capacity for taking things for granted, no matter how destructive in effect or great in number they may be.

The expansion of science is largely responsible for this tendency. Science has not only multiplied the number of things demanding our attention, but also provided the defensive insensibility required if we are to endure so many. The attitude that I am describing is essentially the scientific attitude ; people are to-day facing the phenomena of modern life with the scientific attitude rather than with their intelligence. We hear many pleas for the scientific attitude as the proper approach to our problems. Either there is a confusion of terminology, and what is meant is intelligence, or the pleas are literally for the scientific attitude—namely, for that minimum equal attention to everything in which stoical insensibility takes the place of understanding.

Pleas for the scientific attitude as such are, in fact, idle : that is the prevalent attitude, and what we need is less of it rather than more. The ordinary vulgar attitude of our time is the scientific one—by which people offer familiarity with the external characteristics of things as a complete understanding of them. It is not sufficiently realized that by the methods of science one can learn only a little about anything : in science learning stops where understanding begins. The strictly scientific subjects of study are those about which there is actually very little to understand. Extend the attitude of science to every subject of life—and the result is that substitution of wide-ranging technical observation for knowledge on which many people ignorantly pride themselves today.

I shall confine this recommendation about how best to distribute attention to a study of the problem of newspapers, Newpapers are the most potent instrument for the diffusion of

attention, and for cultivating the scientific attitude to life. It is impossible to go on reading newspapers from day to day without adopting the scientific attitude to much that they present, in self-protection. One would go mad if one attempted to treat all newspaper material as having personal relevance ; many people do go mad from lack of a fortifying scientific unconcern in what is daily hurled at them in print.

Let me frame this then as a recommendation upon the question : what to do about newspapers, news. The scientific attitude (as an attitude to life in the large, not merely to distinct physical phenomena) is a characteristically male invention ; and newspapers and the present machinery and technique for the dissemination of news are brutally male in their separation of facts from whatever personal significance they may have. The only interpretation that ever accompanies news, or may be given to it in the terms in which it is reported, is the political one ; and when a political stress is given to facts they cease to be news. Nor can the political interpretation carry a personal meaning. The political attitude, whether in the newspaper itself or in the reader, represents an artificially cultivated mass-sensitiveness to one set of facts, which either lapses when the person withdraws to his private feelings or has the effect of encouraging scientific insensitiveness to facts not subject to political interpretation.

Many intelligent women adopt a political attitude in their reading of the daily news, because it seems the only escape offered from reading in insensibility. By means of a political attitude they can meet news of wars and social and economic disorders with some vocal reaction within themselves. It is not an original reaction, its language having been furnished to them by professional politicians; but at least they are saying something to what they are reading. In comparison with the unfeeling registration of facts that is the only possible way to meet many of the subjects presented to them, it seems for the moment a genuine approach. This explains the appeal which the political attitude holds for a good many women ; it is not so much that they believe in the effectiveness of political action as that politics seem to allow them a few limited emotions toward a

few of the facts in the chaos of facts constantly attacking their attention—largely through the newspapers.

Women who are only vaguely political—and these are far more numerous than the women who are acutely political—have remained comparatively unscientific in their approach to newspapers, less corrupted by the sophistication of insensibility than any other single group of newspaper readers. A clue to what newspapers ought to do with a continuous supply of news material, what decency of attention ought to be co-operatively observed by newspapers and their readers, can be found in the ordinary intelligent woman's instincts of attention. Or I might say : in the ordinary educated woman's instincts of attention. But by educated women I should mean something like mentally mobile, rather than sophisticated, women—women who are conversant with outer facts at no expense to their private freshness of sensation. There are many of them—neither wilfully [1] emotional' nor ' intellectual' types.

A woman of this sort would be first of all interested in the happiness of her own people : her private responsibilities would have first claim upon her. And the first care of a decent newspaper would be to avoid pointless reference to all matters of private happiness or unhappiness—since these are subjects that are either getting the attention they require, or that give or receive no profit in being reported for their mere news-value. Much of the news in our newspapers consists of information about private lives in which we can have no real concern ; but we read it with a half-sentimental or half-malicious pleasure, in relief from all the news to which we can only give the scientific response. Newspapers are aware of this, and provide quantities of private-life material to humour their women readers and the playfulness of all readers ; but it is material that contradicts the function of newspapers, which is to provide public, not private, news.

It may be said that it is of public interest to know what kinds of fraud are being practised, or what various murders have been committed and various murderers caught. But it is only the legal aspect of such news which is of public interest—the rest consists of details of private unhappiness. However, in the

reporting of crime, accidents and natural disasters, it is the aspect of private unhappiness which is stressed ; and this does not feed news-interest, but illicit inquisitiveness. Reports of private unhappiness are only justified where public help is solicited and public help can be given—help, that is, from strangers. There are many cases, but it is very rarely that a public report of private unhappiness has the object of soliciting public help.

Then there is the news which consists of information about presumably happy incidents in the private lives of strangers. If we are personally interested in the private happiness of strangers, we want more news of this sort than notices of parties, receptions, fetes, engagements, weddings and births ; we must attempt to be everybody's friend. If we are interested in a public sense (the only kind of interest applicable to newspapers), then all happy incidents should be reported as social, not private, news. Normal interest in the private happiness of strangers is the pleasure of feeling that people are living happily without our help. Society and gossip columns are addressed to no such interest.

My suggestions here seem to be for a reform of newspaper technique—by presenting news from the point of view of the woman reader. They could best be carried out, indeed, in a newspaper that was designedly a woman's newspaper—not merely an extension of woman's page trivialities, but a presentation of news in a non-scientific way, escaping the ugliness both of scientific impersonality and of the sentimental or malicious appeal which is offered in compensation for it. However, a recommendation that depended for its usefulness on the founding of such a newspaper would be mere fancy. To be a useful recommendation it must suggest means that can be put into immediate individual effect for stabilizing the distribution of our attention. Let it be understood, therefore, that although I believe such a newspaper to be an immediate practicability, my first purpose in envisaging it is to extract a discipline for reading papers—which may at the same time serve as a general discipline for the attention.

We begin upon the principle that a woman's first attention

goes to the happiness of those personally close to her—to what is happening to them. So long as things are not altogether well within the private circle she has no real attention for anything outside it. If things are well, she may pause to wonder about the private happiness of strangers. But informative details of private happiness all over the world, or even all over the national community, would be so numerous as to be unreportable, or would crowd out all other news if newspapers attempted to report them. What actually happens is that such reporting is confined to the private life of a small class—people of money or title or fame ; details of their weddings, honeymoons and social pleasures are all that is provided in the way of good news about the way strangers are living in the world at large. Yet we cannot wholesomely lay much stress on news of a festive kind. Our appetite for news, when it is positive and not merely inquisitive, is an appetite for achievements that we can regard as common world property—for incidents, therefore, that have some general continuity of meaning. If festive news were systematically isolated and explored, there would be less danger of its news-value being exaggerated.

The vulgar criterion for news-value is the power to distract attention from private interests and from other current pieces of news. Newspapers present as many different pieces of news as possible, all competing with an equal force of interestingness (power to distract) for the reader's attention. The contemporary newspaper is designed to interrupt people in the pursuit of their private affairs ; and to interrupt them not with good news, but with merely varying news. All this varying news is in the direction of bad news ; yet it carries no accent of bad news, since it is not intended to evoke commiseration—scientific interest only.

The normally sensitive person has to make her news out of the news. That is what we need to do, but more actively than we are at present doing. And we can do this in the form of news-questions. But first of all we must admit that we do not honestly seek news except when we are in a good humour about our own affairs. When in a bad humour we may seek the relief of distraction, but that is not to seek news. If it is mere dis-

traction that we seek, unpleasant news is generally more attractive than pleasant news. Real news is good news ; and we have an appetite for it when we are in a good humour, from a feeling that our private affairs are in a good way. A woman who is worried over private affairs does not naturally turn to read a newspaper. Let us not pick up newspapers, think beyond our private affairs, except as they are in as good an order as we can at the moment effect: let us not approach news except in personal good humour, and then with an insistence that it be good news.

But most stress is laid, in newspapers, upon bad news—crimes, accidents, etc. The only place where a pretence of reporting good news is kept up is in the society and gossip columns, which purvey, rather, snobberies. In our ideal newspaper these would not appear at all, nor would detailed reports of crimes and their prosecution. Our ideal newspaper implies the existence of auxiliary papers of specialized interest. There would be a gazette to cover the whole field of social celebration, and in a statistically complete manner—so that one could, if one wanted to, have a clear notion of all the festive activities, including sport, that were being indulged in all over one's own community ; and if one had such an interest one might also want the same kind of information about the world at large. That there is no paper of this kind really means that the reporting of the social forms of human pleasure is very badly done. Some people, we know, read newspapers chiefly for such items—people whose interest in the outside world does not extend beyond a desire to feel unguilty in their own pursuit of private happiness ; but their interest degenerates into frivolity if it is poorly nourished. And people who read papers with a sturdy sweep of interest are being ill served when news-space is devoted to material which would be of minor appeal even if adequately reported. Inferior and trivial reporting reduces healthy interest to scientific interest.

Similarly, there should be a special gazette dealing with such formalities as engagements, marriages, births, deaths, legacies, changes of residence, appointments made, official honours ; many people seek news-stimulation in the quotidian

particulars. And again, a special newspaper for all matters of legal interest, all detailed reporting of crimes and their prosecution. This would rid the newspaper proper of the appeal to sentimental excitement in crime and to the malicious excitement of spying upon the fundamentally pathetic and sordid court scene. People who subscribed to such a legal paper would have more than a scientific or sentimental or malicious interest in the material; they would be exercising a constructive kind of public interest, though in a limited field.

All we properly care to be told of in the general newspaper is what can be reported in terms of general good news; or instances *oi* private unhappiness that need to be called to public attention because strangers can be of help. The person of sensitive attention turns from her private field to inform herself of good public news ; then (but only then) to bad news. This is the natural progress and proportion of the attention. It is fairly safe to assume that there is no news publicly reported which cannot wait upon the reading of the good news. People who are by temperament more interested in bad news than in good are always free to turn to that first—will find the bad news first, however discreetly placed it may be. But I am speaking of the workings of the normal, healthy faculties of attention, of the natural order of precedence in the choice of news : private affairs having been explored to the point of good humour, we move to the public good news of the world, then to the news that evokes active assistance or else the passive assistance of sober sympathy.

But news is presented in a state of scientific chaos. The only way we can order„our news (without ordering our newspapers) is by asking the right news-questions. This reverses the existing process. Instead of exposing ourselves with unprepared minds to the whole unassorted news-mass, we turn to news with our attention in a state of disciplined decency of interest: there is a quality of attention before there is news. As things are, accidents, disasters and war-facts are presented with such a cheerful assumption of insensitiveness in readers that to be insensitive seems the only escape from constant laceration of our feelings. When there has been a sorrow in a household, so far

as is possible the constructive routine of courtesy, tidiness and the beneficent household amenities is maintained : only in such a setting can adequate respect be paid to the sorrow by the household's inmates and by callers. But the daily world, as pictured in our newspapers, is like a bereaved household in such a welter of disorder that it is impossible to disentagle the subject of grief for sympathetic attention. The shocking accident and the pleasant news lie tumbled in meaningless adjacency, and lose every characteristic quality except that of being interesting.

It is not that life is so complicated that news can be reported only in confusion. Life is indeed complicated, and our understanding of it is necessarily so. But news comes to us as separate pieces of news, material not yet incorporated in our life-content or understanding of life. We have a right to expect experience at the news-stage of impingement upon us to be at least simple—since it has no finality of shape or significance, would not be news if it were, but reading-matter proper. That is what we do not want news to be—reading-matter, a substitute for personally formed knowledge. Much of the confusion to be found in newspapers is due to their being offered as contemporary literature rather than as contemporary history. We do not want the passion of authorship in newspapers, the purposes of knowledge. News is, properly, material out of which people may make their individual impression of the day-to-day world' around them—their moving background.

The literary uses to which newspapers are put have the effect of inducing people to regard news-matter as legitimate reading-matter and, further, of making them impatient with reading-matter outside of newspapers which has any more serious design than that of distracting attention for a short period from private affairs. News provides an assurance that things are constantly changing, and when given literary emphasis becomes the vehicle for a philosophy of impermanence. Journalism ceases to be mere reporting; it includes the presentation of experimental truths. People turn to newspapers from private uncertainty for the comfort that everything is uncertain, and from news to literature for the same kind of comfort. Most popular litera-

ture to-day is written as for unhappy people; encourages people to regard themselves as leading, in the main, unsuccessful lives, and to accept the view that on the whole life has not been and is not meant to be a great success.

Let us return to our news-questions : for what kinds of news to ask. We can now say that we want only simple news—that is, only news. And that we want first all the good news of the day and period of time ; and, after that, the bad news to know of which can be in any way good—either in order to help practically or to pay that respect to misfortune which is good in stirring a common dignity of emotion in a world to that degree unfortunate. But it is the good news that matters most, because it is more real, more memorable, more credible, capable of more personal association with our own lives ; and there is more of it than of bad news—or would be if we insisted on its being reported. A report that several hundred people have been bombed to death may seem an extremely weighty piece of bad news ; yet, even because it is terrible and our consciousness pronounces it something that should not have happened, it has far less actual news weight than news of a beneficent amenity or achievement, or of any new step in the direction of any excellence which is commonly felt to be an excellence. A piece of good news is something which our consciousness instinctively accepts. That it is something that we feel should have happened entitles it, in its happening, to a more lasting place in our consciousness than any piece of bad news can claim. Bad news insinuates itself forcibly into our consciousness and temporarily dislodges many subjects of good humour—but only temporarily, unless we are ourselves temporary-minded, morbidly enamoured of vicissitudes.

By good news I do not mean a better report upon something which was yesterday's bad news. Such a report is merely a cancellation of so much bad news, must be read in the bad-news context to which it has reference. In our ideal newspaper better news about bad news would appear in the section devoted to bad news. What we need here to think about is good news essential, in order to frame the constructive news-questions on which we may base a discipline of the attention.

When attention moves away from the private field, its first natural point of rest is upon physical amenities which have been made generally available : new amenities—since we are speaking here of attention, which moves always to what has not been previously taken for existent, rather than of study, which treats of things taken for existent. The first good-news question is, logically, what new means of physical ease, comfort or prosperity have become available since we last looked at the world around us. The greater part of human work-energy being to-day engaged in the production of amenities, is it not grotesque that the only news-space allotted to this subject is in the woman's pages of newspapers, where it is confined to trivialities of cookery, fashion, interior decoration, beauty secrets and shopping hints sponsored by what are called the ' editorial ' departments of advertising agents—or the space which firms purchase to praise their products, with an eloquence out of proportion to their actual value ? A conscientious reporting upon the progress and increased supply of amenities of all kinds would eliminate advertising and the shabby, humiliating woman's page. However, as this is not anti-newspaper propaganda, but an attempt to define the orderly news-questions, the suggestion must be cast in that form : we must first seek news about good things happening in industrial and agricultural production, in medicine, in the crafts, in public services—in every activity that promotes dignified circumvention of the limitations of matter, and our own limitations as physical beings.

But what to do with this news-question, when newspapers provide no substantial answer to it ? Hold on to it—while we consider the other news-questions that should duly follow it. The second class of good-news information covers progress in behaviour—news indicating that people are being more considerate of others, giving more help to others, working together more co-operatively. This class of information might be called, loosely, improvement in human relations—relations between employees and their employers, between men and women as social rather than private persons, between governing and governed, between State and State. If there were a constant and coherent effort to report all improvement in human rela-

tions, we should know more concretely the kind of world, humanly speaking, we are living in. When our impression of human relations is in terms of economic, political, legal and diplomatic difficulties, we know what the world is not; but we do not know what it is. News that is categorically economic, political, legal or diplomatic is always troublous news, or news of the diminution of trouble—when it ceases to be news.

We have now the first two news-questions with which we should approach newspapers—the first two steps in attention away from private affairs: the question about progress in amenities, and the question about progress in human relations. The use of the word 'progress' is significant. It is of vague, indeterminate, sentimental meaning except in the context of news. To call people 'progressive' is merely to say that they are 'broad-minded', sufficiently uncertain of mind not to oppose what may be a good change: mildly experimental, divided between reservations of doubt and tendencies of good-will. Progressive politics, progressive education, religion or morality—the word indicates partial faith, partial earnestness, partial achievement, the preference for incompleteness and the desire to rest upon the incomplete as long as possible. News-presentation is the only activity of which it may be said that its highest possibility is to be progressive. We call it news because there is going to be more of it to-morrow, because it is going to be different to-morrow; it must be partial, since it is a report of human activities as seen in motion toward the vantage-point of ideal general happiness, seen from that vantage-point. The mood of wanting news is our most idealistic mood—a condition of absolute receptivity in which our appetite for general, rather than personal, happiness is freely elastic. We stand ready to register miraculously happy events or achievements—but also resigned to small humdrum ones. The characteristic mood toward news is idealistic, and the characteristic mood of news is progressive.

What is our next question, after the question about progress in amenities, and then about progress in human relations? The next natural question would be: what good news is there about beauty—what new works of beauty are offered, what news

of old works, what progress in opportunities for beauty ? The ordinary intelligent woman is rarely interested in newspaper critiques of art exhibitions, concerts, etc.; but she has a strong appetite for beauty, a large capacity of attention to beautiful things and impressions. I say this apart from any question of taste or artistic expertness: the appetite for beauty does not depend on the possession of special critical faculties. The pleasure that women get out of going to cinemas is a pleasure in the film as something beautiful. Critically speaking, it may be a bad film ; but if it is wholesomely liked, it is because it at least pretends to offer some consolation for a troublous element in its story, or in ordinary life. The beautiful things are the consolations. That is why so many not really beautiful things pass for beautiful: people manage to extract some meaning of consolation from them as they need consolation. The thing that is not really beautiful cannot give genuine consolation to a memory of genuine private suffering ; but the balance is somehow always exact. Beauty cures painful memory, and the quality of the pain a person has endured bears a very close relation to her sensibility of beauty.

It is in the contemplation of beauties that ugly past experience is wiped out. Every beautiful thing represents just so much loosening of the emotions from fear of pain. One loves the beautiful thing not for the truth emanating from it, but because one feels secure from hurt with it; it is beautiful as it allows us to exercise such trust—even, one might say, such innocence—upon it. Another point about the experience of beauty is that there must be many beautiful things for there to be beauty at all—or any strong appetite for it: beauty presumes a stage of life and mind where there is much vigour of trustfulness, and much material shaped away from its power to interfere painfully in our conscious experience. Beautiful things, whether shaped of the material of sight, touch or sound, may be said to represent the removal of physical anxieties from the field of expectation. An appetite for beauty implies an emotional spaciousness of unanxiety ; to want news of beauty is the natural expression of our freedom from anxiety about life. When the appetite for beauty and news of it is not

respected, the wholesome trustfulness of the mind is corrupted, people are encouraged to revert to past pain and carry old anxiety forward into the present.

This is how news of art, architecture, sculpture, handicraft, drama, music, dance, cinema—and any form of physical grace, as distinct from physical amenity—should be reported : under the heading of news about beauty. The critical aspect of these things, the measurement of their precise artistic success, is properly dealt with in pages of study—not in pages of news. Mistakes of judgement do not matter so much in the news page; judgement has no place there. What we want there is simple news of progress in the exercise of the faculties which result in beauty ; that the various beauty-activities should be treated collectively as material for news about beauty rather than as material for journalistic authorship or suave supplements to motor-car accidents, or as personality-information (feeding sentimental or malicious curiosity about the eccentricly conspicuous) or service-information (whether it is worth going to this exhibition, play, film, concert, etc.).

In our ideal newspaper such beauty news would fill a generous third section. We have not our ideal newspaper; but news of beauty should be our third demand upon the newspapers actually presented to us—that is what we should look for in the third instance. And, newspapers apart, it is in this order that we should distribute our attention generally : progress in physical amenities, progress in human relations, progress in beauty.

The next move in attention is to learning-matter, to news about progress in learning. By this I mean strictly learning, not knowledge. Learning is correction of past inaccuracies of knowledge, false suppositions, calculations, beliefs. All learning consists of corrections of what has previously, from ignorance, passed for knowledge ; but learning is not itself knowledge. I am anxious to make this distinction clear here, because I feel that everything of the nature of knowledge, simulating the nature of knowledge, relating to knowledge, should be kept out of newspapers. But the importance of learning is precisely its importance as good news: **it** represents **so much** progress

away from ignorance. Knowledge, on the other hand, should be published in books alone. Yet our newspapers are full of much that affects to be knowledge—experimental statements offered as truth.

Articles of the essay type, opinionated editorials, stories, book-reviews, art-criticism (and, in some papers, even poems) are dealt out to readers with a deliberateness appropriate only to writing that is part of a sustained, personal activity of knowledge and is offered to people only as their minds are concentrated in a personal activity of knowledge. People's minds are not thus concentrated when they look for news. The activity of knowledge is a private performance; the meeting between author and reader is a private meeting. Truth, which is what we achieve when living and knowledge of life are identical experiences, can only be a private realization. Learning, however, is a collective activity. One cannot personally live the material of learning, as one can live knowledge : in learning one is, as it were, attending a public meeting, the world as a whole is undergoing a mass-conversion from past errors. The true knowledge of the past is always handed on personally, by individual authors of the past. But mistaken knowledge is handed on collectively, as a common possession of learning which the succeeding age has the collective responsibility of correcting. Much more might be said about the distinction between learning and knowledge, but I want here to say only enough to indicate the news-quality of learning, and what a large share it should have in our newspapers.

All school-books are, or should be, purveyors of good news about learning—corrections of past errors. But there are many other sorts of books which have learning-value rather than knowledge-value, and which should appear in newspapers rather than books. This will not seem a fanciful suggestion if one considers that the number of words contained in a daily newspaper is equal to that of a very long book. If some decency of order were observed in the presentation of news, columns of idle information would be eliminated and there would be room for as much constructive good news as anyone of ordinary intelligence could do with—and as much post-school learning

as any mentally healthy adult could want. Our ideal newspaper would not need to be published so frequently ; it could be published on better paper, and people could make their own private scrap-books of information, as they wished. There is not enough amateur-practice of this sort; too much is left to the specialist in learning, with the result that he acquires a false character of profundity and a sordid character of secrecy (sordid because learning is properly collective, not private), and that ordinary healthy-minded people shrink from learning as if it were more wholesome to be ignorant than learned.

This is not to deny that there must be books which offer learning rather than knowledge. But learning justifies book-form only as it makes an authoritative reference-book for the time being—until more learning justifies a revision. The reference-book is a book by courtesy; it cannot be confused with reading-matter as such, and it is doomed by its nature to be succeeded by a more accurate one—whereas it is not in the nature of a real book to be replaced by others. Newspapers have so confused the distinction between reading-matter and information-matter that people are to-day offered all kinds of learning, brightened with literary decorations, for legitimate reading-matter; and in consequence do not really read when they come to reading-matter proper, and invite the writing of newsy books. In other days books of information and learning were expected to be dull, and their writers practised no literary deceptions to make them otherwise.

It may seem that I have been wandering from the subject of news and the discipline of attention. But the current newspaper exploits, to what it believes to be its advantage, various fallacies about reading-matter, learning, knowledge, the appetite for news and the exercise of attention ; and it has been necessary to explore these fallacies to the point where they can be seen as such and a wholly different atmosphere of news (and attention) created in their dissipation.

We cannot forthwith initiate our ideal newspaper, but we can destroy the power of newspapers as they are to corrupt and disintegrate our attention; by approaching them with such news-questions as I have indicated. What good news about

physical amenities, and about human relations, and beauty, and learning? Then, and then only, what bad news? By this time our attention is ready to take the homeward turn. If we have not wasted time in animal gaping at the collective world, we shall have remained human; and, our attention returned to our private domain, it will be our self-evoked mind again—the more so as we have extended it with no illusion that in the world at large is secreted any special gift to private life or private mind. Our attention being an impulse of good humour, not an act of beggary, we resume our private status with fresh courage for its responsibilities of behaviour and knowledge.

People seek news, loosen their attention, always with the end of finding encouragement. When news, or any food for the attention, encourages only by distracting or offering bad news abroad to match bad private news, they are being cheated of the encouragement to which their participation in the life of the world, by living their own lives, entitles them. We must insist upon encouraging news, collect encouraging news, give attention only to what encourages; except where we can personally help in misfortune (it is encouraging if personal help can sometimes be given to complete strangers) or where emotions of deprecation, sorrow or horror can induce a momentary sense of identity with the unfortunate (to feel a momentary sense of identity with complete strangers is encouraging).

I should like to be more obviously practical; but our ideas about news and ways of spending attention are the weakest element in the situation, and it is with them that the first work must be done. To urge the ideal newspaper while these ideas were as disordered as they are now would certainly not be practical. Further, newspapers, are just so much paper: the real concern is not what state they are in, but what state our minds are in.

The most practical step, when a confused situation consists of a confused attitude to it as well as of the situation itself, is to clarify our state of mind. That is the only way to set about making our situations—instead of letting them make us. The wrong situations that to-day monopolize the world scene

are, really, no situations at all. No one has made them ; they have no structure ; it is impossible to live them. They are mere accumulations of inertia of which momentarily destructive but essentially powerless characters take advantage ; whose action consists merely in forcing our own inaction down our throats as something which they are doing. This is what has been happening in the newspaper field, in the diplomatic field, in the literary field—in every field of life according as we do not claim our full title to make our lives.

The kind of action needed is not collective protest against wrong situations and collective physical abolishment of them this could lead only to the substitution of one wrong situation—one non-situation—for another. A personal action within each original mind is needed. If we act in this sense, then we shall have real situations—outer situations that result from ourselves and are therein our true worldly effects.

9. *Companies of Friends as the Basis of Self-Government*[x]

This is to be a recommendation for a coherence of intimate life, for a more extensively co-operative domestic unit than the family unit—which has in general ceased to be a fostering centre of intimate association between adults.

People now belong more actively to the company of their friends than to their families : this is the circle of relations in which they feel the most natural membership. The company of our friends is a refuge from the claims which other units of association make on us: from the economic unit, the family unit, the parochial or State unit. We may feel it as a refuge from formality to informality, from careful to careless association. But it is more than that unless we regard our chosen, as against our compelled, commitments as the childish elements of our life—as mere play. Some people, indeed, throw off their adult character among their friends and use friendship as a plane on which to relive the carefree hours of childhood : a good deal of friendly intercourse is mere childishness, with friends as mere playmates to one another. With this kind of friendship, however, we cannot really speak of chosen as against compelled

[1] See p. i n .

associations—the friends are accidentally found, and in that the less friends.

Where choice is exercised, the friendship is thereby an adult one. Where associations other than those of friendship are maintained in a mood of obedience to compulsion, one is not being purely an adult, but rather a slave-adult. If we mean to live to our full adult capacities, we must put every kind of association to the test of adult choice. It may be said that there are many things in life to which we must resign ourselves, although we do not like them. It may also be said, on the contrary, that there is so much variety in possibilities and alternatives that one need not, actually, be in any situation which one does not like : the mind is adult in its capacity to distinguish and choose between the different possibilities. For example, a person who can fill only one kind of job, and that kind of job only in one particular workshop, town, or region, is by these limitations so much a child—or a slave-adult if he frets at the limitations without being able to break through them. It may be objected that there are civio-and legal compulsions upon us which it would be impossible to resist. To this I should reply that if one likes belonging to a certain community, its rules are not compelled, but chosen : in liking membership in the community one is choosing its rules along with it. And most people do not fret at being where they are, of the community to which they belong. When people change their location, they are not substituting a chosen for a compelled place, but rather altering a previous choice. Even to be born in a certain setting may be said to represent an instinctive first choice of setting.

The more adult, the more conscious, one grows, the more choices and adjustments between choices one can make. The more adult one is, the more one is doing what one likes in every aspect of life. By liking I do not mean caprice, but a choice of correspondences, so that one's life is a sympathetic affirmation of other things one is aware of besides oneself. In the constitution of some people there is a large element of caprice, which works by antipathy rather than sympathy ; in criminals caprice is the dominating element of character. Civilization,

or human adultness, is not merely criminality restrained. It is a positive condition of life, in which people behave well in a variety of ways because they enjoy doing so.

The more civilized people are, the more the circumstances of their lives are chosen by them : they may be said to collect their circumstances. Every kind of association, in civilized existence, ought to have in it a quality of adult friendship—work and community associations as well as the private ones. Unfortunately, there are many civilized possibilities which are not fulfilled, although everyone is assumed to be pledged to fulfil them; some of our associations are thrown at us by accident and we can only come to civilized terms with them by denying them any real importance. All the more reason, then, for concentrating in the friendship field of experience as much energy of choice and co-operative sympathy as we can save from the humiliations of compelled experience.

In friendship we can create the perfect unit of association —a unit which will have both private and social reality. A company of friends joined in adult sympathy can be a model of what civilized society should be. Such a company is the real home, and it is also the real society.

Let us imagine a company in operation—or, rather, in the process of being formed. We begin with a group of people who know one another ' through ' one another and among whom a general devotion prevails. They rarely meet all at the same time, and perhaps only a few live in the same neighbourhood ; and there is more positive intimacy between some than between others. But a thread of common interest is drawn from one to the other : slanting off here, darting across there, curling round again to include someone at another corner of the emotionally or geographically spread pattern of friendship—pursuing an intricately irregular course but always coming round upon itself again. Among another company of friends there will be another thread, tracing its own intricate line. The thread of each company will have a unique colour of its own ; and there will be a point where it touches upon itself with a force of self-possession and self-renewal, the social heart of the company.

What I have described should be a familiar reality to every-

one who leads a civilized life. Civilized society is, indeed, implicitly composed of such personal units. Most other forms of association have a discontinuous reality; are interruptions to the continuous reality of friendship always alive, however vaguely, at the back of our minds. Personal ambition or economic necessity may reduce the insistence of friendship, but it remains nevertheless the durable basis of association, and every other form of association is artificial to the degree to which it is not identifiable with friendship.

We must redeem our membership in the company of our friends from its emotional vagueness, its mere affectionatencss. Each company must make itself an effective social unit, be a conscious and chosen centre of orientation, to which as many as possible of our activities have positive reference. Furthermore, between company and company there can be a sympathetic and intimate interaction which is not possible between the family unit and the unit of civic community, or between family and family, or community and community, or job and job, or family and job, or job and community. We all belong to one company of friends rather than to another, but most of us have friendly connection with people whose direct membership is in some company other than the one to which we directly belong. Companies of friends are thus everywhere interlocked through the incidental friendships which their members have with the members of other companies. If each company were more self-consciously integrated, there would not only be more useful co-operation between its members ; indirect affiliation with other companies through incidental friendships would begin to have increased significance and communicative value. We should have a social organization that corresponded with our natural and free social movements—an organization in motion. The motion would arise in us; we should be our own governors.

Democratic society is based on the principle that self-government is the best kind of government. Authority is held to have been conveyed from autocrats to ' the people ', But the mandate handed over includes powers which were never really taken away from people, and which people have never,

indeed, fully exercised over themselves. Democratic government diffuses authority that was hitherto autocratically concentrated. But the assumption that this immediately results in self-government leaves large elements of life ungoverned—the real, personal elements. In autocracies these elements were suppressed and denied, with the help of family tyranny. In democracies the family ceases to be an instrument of the State. The suppressed personal elements are let loose ; the individual person expands—to be a person represents a quantitatively greater expanse than it used to. Through democracy life has become actually larger in personal content—yet without any provision for the government of, or for government by, the additional elements. Democracy diffuses authority that was hitherto autocratically held, but in having the mere object of deconcentration can of itself achieve no new, constructive basis of concentration. Democratic government is constantly fluctuating between diffusion of power and checks on diffusion in order to prevent confusion : always keeps some reserve of autocratic power to save society from anarchy. Democracy, in fact, is not self-government, but the transition from autocracy to self-government. And it ceases to have any more meaning than that of personal anonymity—becomes a permanent prelude to an abstract sequel—as we continue to avoid the responsibility of internal self-organization.

The company of friends is the natural successor to the historical family, and their meeting as a company accomplishes at once the domestic and the social contact. Such companies are the real civic units, which if fully adult do not need a political parent—the State—to administer their personal responsibilities. As things are now, the State fills in the large outline of society as it fails to define itself solidly, in terms of its component social parts. And it can only pretend to fill it in—can only act upon supposition—since people do not articulately identify themselves with the social parts to which they properly belong; people allow themselves to remain unknown factors, have as it were no domestic address at which they can be civically located. Politicians, in acting on behalf of people, must thus always guess at their state of

mind—and, so easily succumb to the temptation of inventing states of mind on their behalf.

People must make themselves known, must demonstrate that the large, democratically drawn outline of society is in actuality filled in by themselves. People are known factors : they are known to their friends. The outline of society seems to contain empty, undefined or unidentified patches, but a real substance is there—companies of friends are there. That they are not visibly there is due to careless self-location.

If society were actively identical with the companies of friends that compose it, and between these companies there existed an instantaneous sympathy of communication, the State would be an organic power ; it would be not the abstract conception that it is now, ' society as a whole ', but the internally impelled action of people in the public field of action. In a successful society the State is not its form but its action. As a form the State is unreal and lifeless ; its features only vaguely suggesting its substance. It has no vital intrinsic existence except as it acts, and even its actions are unreal if they are not spontaneously generated within the social substance. This is one of the reasons for the appeal of war : it is one of the few events in which the State seems to be the action of a society, throws off its static character—becomes an event.

Having shown that by an organization of society in companies of friends I am thinking in terms of self-government, not sentiment, I can now indicate more specifically how such companies could be instituted.

First of all, we must each of us examine our friendships and consider toward what particular group of associations we most naturally lean. If we find that our various friendships do not meet, are isolated associations, then there is surely something very wrong with our lives : we are living by deconcentration, not accumulation—this is death, not life. If we find that we float indiscriminately and lazily between one group of associations and another, then we are not using ourselves effectively in either, nor being of any use. If we have no difficulty in distinguishing our natural social place, then we must have already done some of the work of living integration,

and our friends also. If our social impulse is toward people whom we do not really regard as friends, and among whom we could not possibly make friendly use of ourselves, then the act of dissociation will be a constructive step toward appropriate associations.

Now let us assume that a number of us, chosen friends, have assembled to consider how best to integrate ourselves socially. Certain ones of us may still doubt whether they have made the proper choice—whether they see the rest of us often enough for their contributions to be useful, whether they cannot perhaps figure more usefully in another company of friends. The decision would be upon the principle : ' In what company can I devote myself most actively to company interests ? ' Orientation in one company rather than another would constitute no breaking of friendship ; the removal would be upon practical grounds, and by common consent. A friend in another company would be a sympathetic link with it—we should be pleased to have him there. In our present loose condition of friendship we are frequently uneasy about associations engaged in by friends of ours of which we know nothing ; and friendships tend to lapse when a large part of a friend's life is mysteriously disconnected from our own. If society were divided into self-organized companies of friends, the mystery attaching to the friend in another company, with whom we have something but not everything in common, would cease. We should think of him as participating usefully in the life of his company, exactly as we were participating in ours. We should be pleased to have him located there, and he would be pleased to have us located where we were : we should enjoy a sense of being communicators between our respective companies.

Each company would be in touch with many others at the same time, through the individual friendships of its members with members of other companies. A common feeling developed in one company, or a benefit resulting from common counsel, would thus distribute itself spontaneously from company to company ; we should not only be practising co-operative development, but also giving to society a pulse of opinion that could be felt at any and every point of contact—a pulse of

private opinion as against the artificial pulse of public opinion, which is only the publicist's guess.

The company is not a substitute for home in the physical sense—but we would not want it to be that. A home is, physically, a household. The family household had an absoluteness of private centrality which it becomes no physical setting to take upon itself. The single household may be a place of secrecy, or of privacy. If it is the former, it is where we feed greedily upon the little we have ; if it is the latter, it is where we cultivate ourselves until we feel that we have something good enough to be shared with others. A household should be a field of self-cultivation ; the company of our friends should be a common home where the fruits of privacy are put to co-operative use.

When the absolute family household began to break down, and with it its tyranny of domestic secrecy, people rushed to what seemed the logical alternative : indiscriminate public living, with the single household as the bugbear. But the logical alternative is privacy—of which there was little enough in the old, secretive family household. Indiscriminate public living, being without any scruples of privacy, drives people to take refuge from their own lives in artificially induced other selves—in eccentric lies about themselves, ' secret' lives. Much modern sexual aberration, for example, is a result of a hunger for privacy, in the perverted form of secrecy, which cannot be satisfied in the indiscriminate, homeless manner of living made fashionable by contempt of the family household.

We need to be fixed, each, in a single household permanency, for the end of self-cultivation. There are many who cannot afford an ample household. There are many ' homeless ' women, and ' homeless ' men, whose household terrain, for reasons of economy or what might be called life-story reasons, is confined to the bed-sitting-room. Nevertheless, where people have an end of privacy in the sense of self-cultivation, they are bound to collect around themselves a household atmosphere ; and the stronger this end, the more likely are they to find helpful partners in self-cultivation. The person of the solitary household will escape the sentiment of loneliness, of romantic

resentment against society, if he can define his relation to society in terms of his relation to an immediate company of friends. Some people are by nature unsuited to close household partnership—people whom convention, in other times, would either have prevented from living alone or assigned to monastic life. A statistical report of the number of people who to-day live alone is deceiving if taken as an accurate account of the homelessness of the people of our time. Many of these solitaries would represent households ; many women who live alone would count as households if they did not put themselves under the anachronistic cloud of being unwanted sexually.

Our personal circumstances become more and more, in civilization, the ones that we have actively chosen. It may even be said that, where a modern country reverts to semi-civilized autocracy, its nationals are submitting to a common choice implied in their being of that nationality. Political opposition to a regime does not acquit one of responsibility for its existence ; the object of changing the national system represents an admission that all have somehow connived in it—hence the revocation. Political status excludes every choice but the common one; so that all political injustice is as previously chosen by those who organize to oppose it, as well as by those who passively accept it. If we maintain an alert personal watch over our circumstances, there is less danger of susceptibility to unhappiness from public circumstances : the common choice is the less ours. In fact, the more consciously people exercise personal choice, the less power has the choice of a State to enforce itself as a common choice.

Unhappiness of private origin is very often the result of an unreal conflict in choice, or of a false conception of ourselves by which false reasons become as instincts. An end of self-cultivation, from a desire to be what we are both happily and actively, imposes on us a scrupulousness of choice ; we learn to do without where we cannot exercise choice personally, and, where we can, to choose the things, contacts, experiences, which nourish us to completeness of self—in combination with which we can be ourselves more expressively. But self-cultivation is not a final end. How inadequate it is as such is seen

if we consider what the term ' a cultured person ' conveys. It conveys a person who has no end beyond that of self-cultivation. He has graces of feeling and mind ; his presence decorates any social gathering. There is a well-fed air about him—he has taken in the best. If he is an author, for instance, the most we can say of his books is that they are the work of a cultured person. He has, clearly, profited from his opportunities to absorb the best: his work is a portrait of himself. Everything we say of his work will be in the nature of a personal compliment : more than complimentary comment we cannot make. It does not impinge upon any other activity of personal expression ; he has not knit his mind into the general fabric of thought. Whether the ' cultured person ' be author, rich man, poor man, wife, husband, schoolmaster, mere acquaintance, the whole story is told in a compliment.

To set oneself an end of self-cultivation is to withdraw from the common problems of existence—unless it is followed for the further end of enriching a field of existence shared with others, of integrating oneself with existence rather than avoiding its dangers. Liberal education has encouraged in people an end of self-cultivation for its own sake. It develops a shrewdness in avoiding dangers : if one has been educated one is assumed to be safe from being caught in a variety of embarrassments. Education provides ways out of difficulties, but not ways into them—ways of solving them. People are trained in the individual solution : which is to say that they are trained to avoid problems which require a co-operative one. Thus, the expansion of culture has broken down autocratic culture into individual culture, but no positive, co-operative notion of culture has taken the place of autocratic values. The general cry ' What can any individual person do ? ' is not the assertion that the individual person can do nothing, but rather a picture of how superior advantages of self-cultivation have been used to disintegrate society individualistically.

The only recognized means of correcting individualism is political organization—in which people merely intensify their educated shrewdness of self-protection to avoid some common physical danger. Nothing is integrated in political

organization but their powers of resistance ; they are using no positive best of themselves, living no difficulties immediately and personally—the only way to arrive at solutions. The daily lives of the political-minded with others show no personal method of solution in practice ; they are risking the world in their theories, but not themselves. They may spend a good deal of time in attending political meetings, talking political talk : they may even get themselves killed. But to be willing to risk physical death in protest against something is to see life as merely the absence of a certain kind of irritation, insupportable unless the irritation is removed ; death in such circumstances is a refusal to take all the risks of living. The only real difference between the cultural and the political individualist is that the latter is more impatient of annoyances. A sufficiently large dose of culture would sooth political fury in many.

Beyond the end of self-cultivation, if it is inspired by more than self-interest, comes an end of knitting oneself into existence: one must risk the person that one has made of oneself in the largest unit of life in which one can have immediate effect. And this unit is the company of our friends. The company of friends is the field of cultural integration ; and the field in which the individual person can begin to ' do something ' about world difficulties. The company of friends consists of individualities, but it is also a real piece of the world. In it may be combined, should be found combined, inside and outside forces in nice adjustment—since it is a private as well as a social unit.

As, in the old domestic system, the meanings associated with home were centred in the woman, so in the company of friends the woman members are properly the collectors and accumulators of the company. The beneficent mothering of the company is a woman's function. As the sponsoring of social intercourse is in general the charge of women, so, for coherent companies of friends, women are the natural sponsors. There will in each company inevitably be at least one woman to take upon herself the sponsoring part. Here we have already an aspect of government, the executive aspect, translated into personal and lovable terms. No stiffness of dignity, no harsh-

ness of impersonality, none of the unpleasant connotations of superior ruling power, are included in the notion of sponsoring' A sponsor is one who invests faith in something and exerts herself to help it justify her faith ; helps it to fulfil the promise she makes on its behalf. In companies of friends which are merely careless conglomerations not to be relied on as a social home, much of the fault is with their women members, who are failing in their responsibility of sponsoring—all of them are failing to concentrate this responsibility in one or several of them. Some of the fault is also with the men members, who are probably anxious to avoid the kind of centralization which results when women play an active part in anything—from a feeling that in decentralization is freedom. It is indeed important to avoid being too tightly caught in any centralization enforced by men : that is always repressive centralization. But women do not' enforce '—they sponsor. This distinction is seen in its simplest terms if we compare the female and male functions in reproduction. The male function is an enforcing of the opportunities for reproduction which sex provides. For the male the reproductive principle is the abstract one that there exist possibilities of reproduction ; and reproductive action begins and ends in the single, so to speak, experimental assertion that reproduction is possible. The female, on the other hand, is concerned with the individual existence that may result. She is concerned with the actual problem of embodied existence—this is a concrete bodily attitude before the reproductive incident occurs, and for a long time afterwards.

The first step in the consolidation of such companies as I have described lies with women. They are the natural sponsors of friendly association, and in companies of friends should assume and be endowed with a permanent sponsoring function. What of the other members of a company, men and women ? I must indicate the other kinds of functions that come within the scope of company action, since I am presenting the company plan as a plan of government. But I must first make it plain that in such government the force of cohesion cannot be power. Government resting on power is not secure,

is not permanent, not pleasant, can legislate only for the most vulnerable aspects of life, take advantage only of what is weakest and most inferior in people. Company government would provide for and avail itself of what is strongest and best in people ; and the initial impulse of government would come from them—be always a fresh compound of individual choices, not power-compelled ' common choice ',

The principle appropriate to company government is that of counsel : laws are not enforced, but counsel given and asked. There is no civilized excuse for the existence of any relation between adults which would not be a dignified relation between people meeting in the same room. If we meet people in the same room in a governmental relation, the dignified possibilities do not go beyond those of counsel. Counsel that needs to be supported by power is not well given, is not true counsel—and where people want assistance in self-government they cannot do with anything but counsel. The ' administrative ' functionaries in the company of friends are counsellors, and each according to the branch of experience in which he or she is best equipped to give counsel. Some of these functions of counsel are easily distinguished; others depend on the composition of the particular company. The number of counsellors in any company would be according to the personal complexity of its members in life and thought.

Let us now consider the possible varieties of counsel in such a plan of self-government. Every company would want a counsellor of health—one of their number who was personally (not of necessity professionally) interested in matters of health, and who would be the more interested as there lay upon him or her the responsibility of collecting and perfecting counsel for a whole group of friends. When the health (not the narrowly medical) aspect of some problem needed consideration, it would be to this person that we should go for counsel; and, besides advice in the specific problem, the counsellor of health would bring up at company meetings any new points of counsel that had occured to him since the last meeting. Then, a counsellor of economy. Not someone in whom we were obliged to confide our finances or who had any power of control over them,

but someone who developed a natural expertness in economic matters for the benefit of his company, and who could be relied on to supply the economic point of view as it was needed and to share his economic findings with the other members. A counsellor perhaps of strategy, who would specialize, on behalf of the company, in situations where individual people may be at the mercy offerees beyond their control—the civilized version of the War Minister. A counsellor of scruples (in behaviour)- - the civilized version of the Attorney-General. A counsellor of pleasure, or entertainment. And of taste. And of amenities and conveniences. And of learning—to consider on behalf of the company the degree of learning proper to the general level of existence which it represents, and be available for consultation in any personal problem of learning.

And a counsellor of public problems, who would not only be well-informed in public events, but have the responsibility of extracting a coherent company reaction to them. If society were composed of such companies as these, formed in this sensitive way, there would be constant intercourse between private living and State action—no artificial time-barrier between the outside situation and all those whom it affected either physically or nervously. Public people would be confronted with an immediate pressure of private reactions. The delay in consolidating and defining private reactions is one of the chief reasons why intolerable public situations lag on : they remain vaguely tolerable until their essential intolerability accumulates into a mass-weariness involving even those responsible for them.

The number of counsellors and kinds of counsel would be determined by the peculiar composition of each company. In some companies there might well be more than one sponsor. Anyone could assume a function of counselling who felt himself appropriately equipped ; the element of competition would be eliminated by the nature of the government—depending on counsel rather than on power. Association with members of other companies would carry a distinct accent of communicative circulation which it now does not. There would develop a natural tradition of passing on counsel, from company to com-

pany, and of neighbour-awareness of what was being lived and felt and thought in other companies.

This would still leave the pursuit of self-cultivation to its proper privacy ; but it would be pursued in a real, immediate and sympathetic social environment. I have spoken, in a previous recommendation, of writers as the proper guardians and centres of good company. But I use company there in the sense of mental rather than social persons—of people joined in that final association of mind of which it may be said that there is only one company for all. The two notions are not incompatible. One has to do with our innermost existence, the other with existence as a daily balance between inner concentration and world diffusion. The social company is a means by which private realities may come to urbane terms with externalities : by which externalities may be distanced, rather than evaded in cultured individualisms or substituted for internalities.

The point might well be raised : What of people who belong naturally to a certain company but are physically separated from it ? To this I should answer that as people became more conscious of their social orientation, in terms of their friends, they would somehow manage to see the members of their proper company more frequently. Where geographical separation could not be overcome, they would assume courtesy-memberships in an accessible company, but keep in communication with their proper company, through the members with whom their friendship was closest. One might thus, in the course of a year, have membership in several companies. Some people might have relevant membership in more than one company at the same time. The companies would not be exclusive bodies, but a unit of self-government open to anyone who could share profitably in its associations. It would thus be possible, wherever we were, to participate in an intimate social order.

Such a plan needs no more impetus for its initiation than social goodwill. It requires no propaganda, elections or political revolutions ; no money, huge assembly halls, governmental offices ; new schemes of social research. None of these are effective instruments without social goodwill—and dependence on them generally indicates, or breeds, its opposite.

Nothing is required but ourselves. This is one of many recommendations here offered, so that it might be protested : Among all these fine plans one would not know where to start. You may start with any or all of them. Or with any plan you may think of yourselves that takes its start from yourselves. My labour here shall not have been wasted, though none of my suggestions be forthwith acted upon, if it produces in however few a realization of where the beginning of world happiness lies—in ourselves. That realization will be a beginning.

Perhaps Rabelais' Abbey of Thel£me will be recalled—designed for the entertainment of amiable people only, where religion was the religion of pleasure. ' Their life was governed not by laws, statutes or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure.' Their only law was : ' Do what thou wilt,' People who moved in honest companies, they held, had a natural instinct of good behaviour ; but a bad, repressive rule of society produced bad behaviour. In a free society people ' entered into a very laudable emulation, all endeavouring to do what pleased their fellows.' The application is farcical, but the principle is serious. The application is confined to pleasure, because to suggest its application to any other part of life in those times would have been ludicrous in its impossibility. The story is farcical, indeed, only in that the setting for this company of amiable people, who pursue pleasure with such healthy zest, is called an abbey. The farce is in the literalness rather than in the ludicrousness of Rabelais' idea : he could only show how literally he meant his recommendation of freely chosen pleasure to be taken by placing it in the setting with which pious suppression of the pleasure-instincts was associated.

A recommendation now of a freely chosen, literally self-imposed form of government need not be given a farcical setting in order that it should be understood that it is meant literally. There is no need to resort to pictorial eloquences to ask that companies of friends be seen occupying official houses of government. Not only is the suggestion not ludicrous (there is a temper in us that permits of its being put into practice); but, further, it does not need to be pointed with farce—there is

no institution or tradition that would have to be defied, as in Rabelais' times an exclusive rule of choice in social diversions would have had to face the hostility of the ecclesiastics.

In Disraeli's novel *The Young Duke* a group of young pleasure-loving aristocrats are playfully discussing the ideal crew for a yacht that the Duke of St. James is proposing to buy for himself. ' What a delightful thing it would be,' he says, ' if, throughout life, we might always choose our crew; cull the beauties, banish the bores.' A friend says : ' One might collect an unexceptionable coterie from our present crowd. It would be curious to assemble all the pet lambs of the flock.' And somehow, by braving conventions of chaperonage and the prevailing courtesies of invitation, the thing is done ; there ensues the perfect,"?,'? *champctre,* staged at Twickenham.

What was daring in 1829 has since become the ordinary method in fashionable society. With the disappearance of the family as the dominant unit of social association, free choice has also become the ordinary method of friendship. But, friendship being a carelessly and loosely maintained unit of association, most of us have a good deal to do with people whom we would not place in our chosen crew—which is bad both for them and for us. We should indulge in much less unkind talk and feeling about people with whom we had little in common, and yet with whom we had frequent social contact, if we saw them as members of a company in which they usefully participated—although we might not be at ease as a member of the same company. There are few people for whom there does not exist a potential company in which they could be regarded with some affection and respect—who could not be pet lambs in some flock or other.

If there were a prevailing custom of companies, the people whom nobody liked would soon exert themselves to be likeable enough to fit in somewhere. One of the great encouragements to unpleasantness, and to indifference to being disliked for it, is the social disregard from which many quite pleasant people suffer and the tribute that is frequently paid to unpleasantness if it is reinforced with wit, fame or dominating energy of any spectacular kind. The proper social evaluation of people is

according to their reason for desiring the company of others—whether to dominate or defer, or to contribute their sympathies to some community of sympathies from which they may draw a suitable government of themselves.

Much personal material is going to waste or being corrupted in social idleness which is, potentially, good social substance. The standards by which people are publicly assessed are obedience to the laws or success in forcing the individual product (whether a commercial, political or cultural product) on a great many people. The intrinsic social value of a person can only be demonstrated within the company of his friends ; and only as he feels certain of having immediate social weight there. If he does not weigh there, he has no natural weight elsewhere : no real social evaluation can be made of him on any other basis. Once we see official governments as expressing the collective pressure of all the persons who comprise the State, it becomes easy to understand why they are light-weighted in their actions—and must, when positive action seems necessary, make up for the missing social weight with the personal power of politicians ; and why it happens that the single politician can force action that is not commonly wished, by filling out the missing social weight with his own.

10. *Not to Apply Past Solutions to Present Problems* [x]

In every past age certain problems have been solved ; and certain problems raised and left unsolved. Every age has solved problems carried over from the preceding age, and in turn bequeathed unsolved problems to the succeeding age : what is inherited from the past, always, is not so much its solutions as the residue of unsolved problems. Every age consists of its people and of certain unsolved problems, as every individual life consists of a new, original person and of an inherited outer environment or set of unresolved situations. We cannot speak of a person as inheriting himself: he is a new, separate life that was not before. But he does, nevertheless, inherit something, something which was before. He inherits problems of personality that the past did not solve, the

[1] **See p. 113.**

the general one of existence viewed as an immediate whole : it has not been so viewed before, and could not be so viewed now if we did not have behind us so much work of special solving. We have defined the parts of existence, but there remains the work of defining the whole. This we cannot do unless our perceptions are of world extent. I do not mean that a sense of existence as a whole is to be identified with a world sense. A world sense is no more than an ability to assemble in one time of perception all the special problems awaiting a *general* solution that compose the living quantity which we call ' the world ' ; a sense of existence as a whole is a final sense of its quality. But we cannot come by such a sense of the quality of existence until we have a full, all-immediate sense of it in its quantitative world variety.

That we have achieved such a world sense might be demonstrated in our common sensitiveness to the world confusion that surrounds us : the scale on which the confusion is occurring might itself be said to be evidence of a common world sense. No one would deny, in fact, that contemporary problems are uniquely of a general kind. And yet the solutions suggested on all sides have been only special solutions—solutions that, with the relevant special problems, form part of the general confusion resulting from our failure, so far, to provide the solution of solutions. Special solutions have been torn out of their special-problem contexts and offered as general solutions. The present world situation is seen as an enlarged version of this or that old situation, rather than as a completely new situation in presenting, for the first time, the gross sum of all the old ones.

Contemporary economic solutions of the world situation are exaggerations of special economic solutions already arrived at for special economic problems. The values of Capitalism, for example, provide a solution for the initiating aspect of production ; and of Socialism, for its distributing aspect. Socialism came as the special solution of a problem of distribution that did not develop until Capitalism was well advanced as a solution of the problem of the initial risk of production. The latter problem naturally arose before the former, but both solutions

have for some time been synchronously at work in modern industry. Certainly, all is not well with modern industry. However, there is much that is well, and even as a result of the application of these two special solutions. The relation between these two problems and their solutions could be improved beyond their present state of impingement one on the other, but there is a point in modern industry and in every special aspect of modern life where improvement depends on the general and not on the particular solution : that is what is [1] new ' about this age.

When Socialism is offered in the exaggerated form of Communism as a general solution, the problem of distribution has to be sufficiently enlarged to seem our whole world problem. Its only power, in this form, is as a militant critic of Finance—of exaggerated Capitalism offered as a general solution of our peculiarly general contemporary problem. To tear either Capitalism or Socialism out of its special-problem context has a grotesqueness similar to that of offering the stage-coach as a solution of a contemporary problem of travel. We have today no special solutions to find of the problems of travel, nor any special solutions to find of the problems of industry. What we have to find, rather, is the general solution needed to restrain all our special solutions from disproportionate emphasis one at the expense of another and all at the expense of world coherence.

In my comment *on* page 113, where I anticipated this recommendation, I said that it was a male habit to apply the formulas used in old situations to new situations, and that this habit actually suppressed new problems demanding formulation and solution. Obsession with ancestry has always been a stronger force in men than in women ; the man as father is impelled by the notion of lineal continuity ; the woman as mother impelled, rather, by the notion of a new being, a fresh start. The natural male impulse is toward more energetic restatement or re-enactment of some previously found formula or design of behaviour ; the natural female impulse is toward the yet undefined—toward the mystery awaiting translation into living terms. Men bring the past into the present; women, **the** future into the present. (Yet women's sense of the past

is always of a more remote past than men's, and men's sense of the future always of the intangible rather than of the immediately imminent future). It is women's instinct of the immediately imminent that creates the background of the present against which men restate or re-enact the past—and to which the things of the past must moderate themselves, in order to have a seemlincss of survival.

Looking back upon the ages of the past, we may find it difficult to discern the perpetually female character of the immediate background of any period, less difficult to discern the male character of its foreground of action—perpetually evocative of its dramatic antedecents. This perception of history is the less difficult as we become aware of the role of background that women have fulfilled—as we are now increasingly aware, through the positiveness of self that women have been gradually assuming. The destructively chaotic world drama going on around us should also make us increasingly aware of the historical tendency of male action to be merely reassertive—since what we see is the giant precipitation, in one time, of all the formulas that men have in every age stood between themselves and time-confounding mystery. Men of truly contemporary sensibility renounce this conglomerate historical show as their immediacy ; and women of truly contemporary sensibility renounce the r61e of being mere background as no longer the effective female role—if they remained merely this, the monstrous outward show would overwhelm them and, in revenge, all manifest existence would be sucked into its background and extinguished.

The women of now must translate their historic power, that of making the repetitions of men adapt themselves to an ever newly immediate background, into a power of final immediacy. They must declare a new situation which is also the entire and permanent situation of existence, never before concentrated within one time : the situation in which all the separately resolved elements of existence ask a reconciling rule of co-existence—in attempting to co-exist. This is the female character appropriate to our time ; as it is a time in which are all times, so must female identity in positive form reclaim from

mere negativeness all the historical manifestations of itself. And, similarly, the male character appropriate to our time is of a self-moderating energy—since only by self-moderation can all the insistences historically formulated by the male will achieve co-survival.

The vision by which to perceive our age in its difference from other ages must be female in its unconventional intuition of finality as looming in immediate imminence ; and the contemporary male counterpart is a new male will of peace—a readiness to accept an embracing solution that will moderate all the male solutions of the past conceived in struggle rather than in peace.

To ignore that to be truly alive now requires such extreme newness of vision and such extreme wisdom of will is to be parasites upon our time—enjoying the luxuries of an external modernism without exerting ourselves internally to make our time out of ourselves. This external modernism, which we so cavalierly label ' our ' civilization, represents the general inheritance descended to us from the whole past. We spend our energies in greedily claiming it and extracting physical luxuries from it; but, as an age, we have not yet done anything to solve it—for what we have actually inherited is an unsolved problem. And while we leave our estate in this condition, the luxuries we extract from it will at any moment turn into ghostly nightmares, raised by our greed and sloth from an inheritance that we have allowed to become overgrown with death. In so far as our time is an inheritance from the past, we are as absentee landlords, not living upon our estate but drawing sustenance from it parasitically.

We have not yet proved that we are alive *now.* In our contemporary world atmosphere the proportion of fresh living air is gruesomely small. It is fraudulent, indeed, to pretend that we have actualized a contemporary world. Where are the signs —if we look at what we call our world—of an immediacy of situation ? Looking at it, we can scarcely affirm that there is any definable situation at all: instead of a present situation, we see only dark shadows cast by the past upon an unseen present ground, If the signs of the true present situation of life are

thus dimmed by the shadows of the past upon us, are there any signs by which to know, at least, our immediate selves—how many of us risk ourselves upon the contemporary atmosphere ? Those of us who have achieved any immediacy of self tend to hold themselves back from membership in any world of now, stipulating what kind of world it must be before they own it theirs. And, curiously, those who make their world membership conditional upon a yet non-existent world situation rely on old formulas—the solutions of the past projected by exaggeration into the future. Every solution of our present world disorders so far offered to us has this unreality : the economic solution, the political solution, the diplomatic solution, the religious solution, the psychological solution.

There is only one immediate way of solution for our present world disorders, and that is for those of us who are immediately ourselves to take stand upon the whole present ground of time and outline upon it with ourselves the obscured contemporary world. I said in my preliminary comment on this recommendation that we have no right to put the burden of solution upon an [4] if ': the solution must be ourselves. Our every personal act and thought must carry a sense of immediate world-membership and bring out of the shadows the immediate world of ours that is there. We have, as people of no other age had, a full capacity of world sense, and of recognition wherein things are evil and wherein they could be good. We have, as people of no other age had, all the sensibilities by which to identify the final quality of existence and to know instantaneously what violates this quality. I do not mean that the whole world population of our time has this unique difference from the whole world population of any other time. The actively contemporary people of any time are its inside people ; the life of its general population reflects that of which its inside people fail. We, the inside people of to-day, cannot make permanent that which is impermanent, endow matter with redeeming faculties of mind, save from extinction what is naturally destined to extinction. It is proper that we should fail of what the laws of existence forbid, in being the articulate vehicles of these laws. But the life of the general population of **to-day does**

not reflect merely this necessary failure of existence to make any more of its outer elements than their nature permits. It reflects an apparent surrender, as if by existence to itself, to a power of confusion in its outer elements over its inner elements.

Existence itself seems to have failed, and—incongruously—at a time when in its inner elements, its inside minds, is immediately concentrated a power of general solution over the contradictions that it tolerated in itself while it was growing to full explicitness. The life of the general population of our time, which is to say the world life of our time, should have the appositeness of being our outer life : should reveal in a chastened material emphasis wherein we have succeeded as minds. The true end of so much concern with the material aspects of existence can be only in their proper chastening. All contradictions in existence take material form, self-contradictoriness being the nature of matter; and our clumsiness and hesitation in uttering the indicated general solution give a false voice to the material content of our life. That that seems to be the entire content of existence itself, and the general problem of problems—and its solution in the mechanical renewal of material existence.

The general population, that should serve as a sympathetic link between the inner and outer elements of existence, loses human identity in the emphasis that has thus accrued to the material pageant in its enactment of life. ' Humanity ' wears the faces of its machines ; ' our ' faces are invisible in the merely reminiscent assertion that somewhere, in this travesty accepted as the contemporary show of life, existence dwells—may be found there to-morrow because it seemed to be there yesterday. Any solution that does not in its utterance reveal existence to be completely and finally now—that does not show what is completely and finally—is a coward's resource, forced upon us by our subjection to external modernism : this has assumed the appearance of being our present, against which we dare raise only whispers of the past, to be shouted bravely through the megaphone of the future. Such is the character of all the current solutions *to* which people are pledging, impossibly, contemporary faith ; and I hereby list them.

1. Communism, and every political or economic variant of Socialism.
2. Any solution by statecraft.
3. Any solution by economics or politics.
4. Any categorically religious solution.
5. Any solution to which the label ' scientific ' may be attached.
6. Any solution based on psychological theory.
7. Any solution in which the label ' internationalism ' figures prominently, or the label ' peace ' in the internationalistic context.
8. Any solution by arms, and equally any solution in which a cult of physical ' fitness ' plays a prominent part.
9. Any solution that flies the banner ' education ',
10. Any solution by feminism or masculinism.
11. Any solution diplomatically initiated,
12. Any solution financially initiated.
13. Any solution that takes the form of a proselytizing organization, with a figurehead personality in control.

In fact, any single advertised solution you can think of, or any composite of advertised solutions ; any solution that does not happen inside yourselves and accomplish itself through what is going on in you. Or, to leave no room for doubt, let us say, simply: any solution that has ever in any way been tried before. What does this leave ? It is our work to find out exactly what this does leave : namely, what we and our world exactly are.

11. *Indications for a New Moral Law* [1]

The Law of the Old Testament was cast in terms of prohibition. It appealed to man's sense of the dangerous and exhorted him not to do what his feelings must tell him to be against physical decency. Its stress was upon the danger of physical excesses ; and the transgressions warned against were of a kind that sensitiveness to social criticism would in any case bring man to avoid. Old Testament Law formulates a natural human

[1] **See p. 120.**

instinct against physical recklessness and physical scandal: it is the peculiar contribution of the Jews to the art of daily living —a technique of strict physical privacy.

The tendency of New Testament or Christian Law is in the other direction. It is based, rather than on a fixed principle of prohibition, on a theory that man is capable of infinite change, has numberless potentialities. It is, indeed, an incitement to man to experiment in the direction of human glamour—not a Law in the precise sense of being a definition of man's nature. Under the Christian dispensation, in which man lives upon a stage of exalted imaginings in his own favour, human nature becomes a mystery into which are read dazzling possibilities of noble revelation. The Christian impulse in behaviour is always an optimistic exaggeration of a given human instinct, with as much effect of the supernaturally good as can be made consistent —consistent not with the relevant human situation, but with the self-imaginings possible in spite of the situation. Thus, while the strength of Jewish moral Law is in its appeal to a natural human inclination toward physical privacy, the attraction of Christian Law is in what may be called (without undue flippancy, I hope) the publicity-appeal of lavishly good behaviour.

The test of good behaviour, according to Old Testament standards, is that it shall not arouse repulsion in other human beings ; according to New Testament standards, that it shall win admiration from other human beings for its unexpected, and almost superhuman, excellence. By the Hebraic code the proper behaviour toward enemies is a segregation from them in a privacy of hostility—except as they violate this privacy. By the Christian code people must seek to love their enemies, envisage a happy peace with them even in fighting them : which is a spectacular and unexpected attitude, designed to provoke self-admiration and admiration from one's enemies, and inconsistent with the immediate truth that one has enemies. In the Christian moral atmosphere there is a passionate unreadiness to accept any immediate appearance as finally true. The immediate situation always provokes the argument: ' Perhaps human nature is better than that, perhaps the essential human possi-

biiities are here grossly underestimated.' Christian behaviour is motivated by this sort of argument, rather than by anything that the immediate situation itself seems to dictate ; while the Hebraic moral tendency is to seek in the immediate situation those actualities which have proved constant in human nature and may be accepted as finally true of it.

Old Testament morality is contained in civilized morality in the form of a shrewd sense of what man is not; but there is also contained in it a romantic Christian supplement of conjecture upon what man may well be in spite of what he is obviously not. Civilized morality may be said to be a blend of these two elements : civilized behaviour varies irresolutely between suspicion and self-suspicion, restraint and self-restraint, on the one hand, and, on the other, experimental credulity and self-confidence, enthusiasm and ambition. In this wavering of men between the poles of determined actuality and of undetermined potentiality, women have played a dual part—of both warning and of encouragement. It is a passionate wavering : a self-torturing division between a fixed ' no ' and a movable ' yes ', between self-limitation and self-exceeding. And it will continue to be man's active moral habit until he construes some other end of behaviour than that of holding a good opinion of himself. Yet this is the only end of behaviour that he can construe for himself. So long as he has this end alone he will find no point of stability in his nervous measuring of what he may be against what he is not; he will not have the stability of being what he is finally, so long as to be what he is finally is not his end. But how is he to know such an end if he cannot construe it for himself ?

The end of being what he is finally must be construed for man by woman. The moral stability of the world depends on the framing of a new moral Law from the point of view of women. It is women who see, finally, what men are ; men can see only what they are not and what they want to be. Men of themselves could never reach final content with themselves. They would travel endlessly from restraint of self to experiment with self, enjoying momentary sensations of Tightness in this or that behaviour, but never a sense of content with themselves as

beings of a precisely and explicitly stabilized nature. No matter how much time were given to men to reach a point of stability, they would never of themselves admit or know the final limit—would never of themselves say ' This is what we finally are.' The first utterance of finality must come from women ; though to be immediately real it must evoke response in the minds of men whose sensitiveness to the inner rhythm of existence has released them from the tyrannically perpetual outer cycle—as to be decisive it must come from women whose sensitiveness to outer activity has released them from the timeless inner atmosphere.

There is an inner rhythm of existence and an outer rhythm, a female and a male rhythm. Kach is time ; but female time has a rhythmic constancy with a significance of final repose, while the rhythmic impulse of male time is toward variety in infinite progression. Male time makes variations upon the rhythmic theme of female time. Female time provides the stimulation for male time, but is also the standard of caution against incongruous development: to say that women have played a dual part in relation to men, both of warning and of encouragement, is to say the same thing. And gradually these two forces of time, different only in that one was deduced from the other, have been approaching identical occurrence—the unity which they are finally destined to achieve. But male time will never of itself recognize its finally necessary sameness with the inner rhythm upon which it has made play, since its original rhythmic impulse was toward differentiation and its rhythmic energy is a will to be at variance. The declaration of the final identical occurrence of these two times must be the insistence of female time. The inner rhythm must demonstrate the eventual compatibility imposed by existence upon its constant and variant inflections ; even the variable must reach —can reach—a constancy in variation.

Is this mysterious ? Mysterious only in that it applies widely. It is, for example, a faithful account of the problem of rhythm that is faced in poetry, as well as of the sense in which the rhythms of poetry are the true rhythms of existence. It is also a comprehensive clue to the apparently mysterious

difference in the ways in which women and men live, work, feel, think—including the stereotyped distinction between the intuitive and rational methods of arriving at decisions. It is also an accurate definition of the relation between time as an ever-immediate moment and time as a historical series. What has all this to do with the subject of this recommendation : a new moral Law, from the point of view of women (or equally we might say, from the point of view of the inside), telling what content with themselves men can now achieve and inspire ?

The new moral Law that now needs to be given to the world by its inside voices must no longer appeal to physical fear or to imaginative courage, but be a Law of *reassurance.* I have said that it must be a Law as from female reality to male reality ; and even as from women to men. My alternate account of this, in terms of rhythm and time, should spare the reader any irrelevant protest against it as mere feminism : show that my woman-man distinction is not socio-sexual but the self-acquired distinction by which existence differs from itself, and that my thought is therefore of all existence.

Here follows, then, my suggestion of the kind of reassurance, in the form of Law, that existence in inner rhythm should now be giving existence in outer rhythm. Or that people of the inside should be giving the world ; or that women should be giving men. It does not matter, really, in what terms you state the distinction—so long as the reassurance comes from where there is an immediate power to reassure. This is what everybody is asking from—not from everybody. What is there besides everybody ? Part of us is asking this from the other part, yet with no clear sense of what constitutes the other part—with no assurance, even, that there is another part, except in its own uncertainty of itself. Who are of the other part: who of us have the power of reassurance, which is the power of being of and knowing the inner part and so of making whole ? The world will never move to acknowledge its inner part, never of itself find wholeness. Wholeness will come only in the acknowledgment of the outer part by the inner part; in the saying wherein man, or the world or outer part, is finally becoming

to the inner necessities of existence. Some of us must pronounce such a fiat for all of us.

It is becoming that, if there be a world at all, it be a world of such variety as it is—in peoples, languages, nations, cities, and inventions by which to enjoy its variety. The more variety there is, the closer in time are the different ways and lives and doings and things in their occurrence ; until, as now, all the variety that has been distinguished in existence occurs as in one instantaneous continuity of time, and it can be finally known and determined how much variety is compatible with a permanency of co-existence.

These are the respects in which it is becoming that ways and lives and doings and things differ. First of all, for the sake of displaying the richness of existence, and showing that all that may anyhow be is in this existence, which is all existence. Then, for the sake of pleasure : that one kind of living in existence be not a stealing of pleasure from any other kind, and that there be no kind which is not for the pleasure of itself as a liveable differentiation of existence. And for the sake of not being more than it is pleasant to be—since for one thing or kind to try to be like another thing or kind as well as like itself is to try to compress the scope of existence and to be it narrowly instead of being of it pleasantly. And it is becoming to differ for the sake of not hating and not provoking hate : to be apart in the things peculiar to you and to hold them apart, so that they do not challenge the things of others. Whatever you claim as peculiarly yours to be, yet ask others to be also, is therein falsely yours, and provokes hate of you for not being truly different in your claim of difference : this is against love, which is a spaciousness of existence according to its variety.

It is becoming to differ, in proof of love of existence for holding even you, besides all else it holds ; and in proof of earnestness, that you truly and finally accept what you differently are by the provisions in existence for difference of being. And in proof of a courage to exist, daring to be you only, that inflection of existence peculiarly. And in proof of a death-sworn adherence to your choice of kind, that you keep in per-

manence the pact you have made with existence in receiving yourself from it.

Be gentle with everything of bodily experience ; take your body to be the comforter of what is short-lasting and know that it saves the short-lasting from being tragically long. Your body saves you yourself from existing tragically if you know it for the sign of what you do not have to do or be and cannot do or be. Place trust in the discretion of the body and press no hopes upon it: it is your knowledge of what has passed and what passes, your comfort in not being what you are not, your security against pursuit of the impossible. With your body you know what is not, you make the past be past—as with your mind you know what is, you make be what is to be. This is how you are now, and how it becomes you to be ; and if it is otherwise between you and your body, then you are something that shall never be.

You are a mind, a being of now, boundaried against the mistakes of the past by your body. You are a world, the geography of now, boundaried against misiocation in impossible universes by this universal frame contracting toward us, expanding toward nothingness. You and you and the world are exactly what you were destined to be. If among you there are impossible horrors, these are sins of mind, an astonishment to be locked in yourselves so safely—like a refusal to believe that it is so. You will not tell yourselves that it is so ; you ply your bodies to let in new horrors and then wait to see whether these can or cannot be. These horrors are indeed impossible : you are locked in against them. But by the black magic of uncertainty you ply your bodies as if to squeeze the reassuring answer out of impossible chance. Nothing is happening except that you are plying your bodies horribly to produce the horrors that you would like to be proved not there. This is not becoming either to your minds or to your bodies.

You need be in no hurry now for reassurance, since you have reached the limit of existence's possibilities of variation and there can at least be no new difference in its conditions. You can afford to wait—until the sense of what you and your world and existence itself are finally like accumulates in some all-

watchful part of existence and descends upon you as your own also. Wait; make no new plans. This may seem to be idling, but it is a good idleness which is a waiting to know. Anticipate the revelation of no terrifying secret—there are no more secrets in existence. What you and you and the world and all existence are like is no longer a secret. All that can be made known to you you already know, although you will not tell it to yourselves : some lingering guilt, that you have availed yourselves of existence's possibilities of variety, keeps you restless and uncomfortable and looking away from judgement. Be assured that you could never have come to this if existence did not allow of it. Were you destined to be abandoned by existence, you could never have come to this.

It is becoming that you should acknowledge that existence has allowed of you : this much you can acknowledge by yourselves. Not to acknowledge it is unbecoming and unfits you for knowing what you finally are.

Such should be the temper of the immediate moral approach to the world—or to man or men or humanity or existence',s outer variety by whatever name ; such an end of reassurance should the last Law have. And some of us, the watchful part of existence, must assume this charge of justifying the final whole of existence : only so can the variegated part be moved to recognize what is unjustifiably different from the whole—too different to exist.

A reassurance is being asked that certain things—the worst things—cannot happen : to dissipate this false fear among us that they may happen. All the devils now loose are devils evoked by the false fear of confessing fearlessness ; even the kindly allow themselves to contemplate unendurably cruel prospects, feeling that they must somehow prove their impossibility. It is not enough that the kindly should define the unendurable. These dreadful eventualities that are being enacted on the world stage are indeed impossible, but will seem to exist until explicitly denied ; and there are those among us who can do this.

12. *Redeeming Intelligent People from Vulgarity of Behaviour and Thought*[x]

How to bring the abnormal outside types back into the picture —those who cannot return of themselves ? I have said that we can do this through our sense of their discomfort in their disconnection. They do not see the picture of existence as a whole, but they feel their disconnection : they show discomfort. There are very few of them who do not show more discomfort than perverse pleasure. Perhaps there are none who have ease in self-isolation on the outside of existence. They attempt to prove to us that they are happy; but they do not prove their happiness to us, only their wildness.

This raises the whole problem of mercy. And the clue to it is, I feel, in the female way of mercy. We must distinguish first between forgiveness and mercy. Forgiveness is the male way, mercy the female way. Men forgive : are ready to disregard wrong-doing in anticipation of some future action to replace what has been found inacceptable. Men practise indulgence in terms of action—in their indulgence is always a charge to do something else. Therefore their indulgence is constructive only where there is room for something more to be done, and where wrong-doing results from not having done enough ; it becomes destructive where wrong-doing results from having done too much. This is the weak point in forgiveness : it can be an incitement to a more violent repetition of the forgiven offence. It releases the indulged person to his devices again ; it is extended not with regard to the fundamental nature of the person, but on a supposition of potential change in behaviour. It does not face the problem of character that the person represents—as, I believe, merciful rather than forgiving indulgence does.

In being merciful to men, women take into account the kind of beings with whom they are dealing. A woman of good character is capable of loving a man of bad character, in full awareness of his defects : indeed, this has been such a paradoxically common occurrence in the history of love-relationships as to

[1] **See p. 129.**

constitute an ideal pattern of romantic love. What the woman is doing of course, in such a case, is exerting herself to include the man in a home-making picture ; she sees him as an uncomfortably disconnected being and seeks to comfort him rather than change him. Her solution is not that he should be or do something different, but that, simply, he should have orientation. This is the method of mercy ; and it is the opposite of the method of forgiveness, which leaves the ' difficult ' person to himself, instead of drawing him within some guardian frame. When a person is thus mercifully claimed, he is separated from his idiosyncratic plot of action—from a picture of existence composed entirely of himself and his fancies.

All bad behaviour is enacted in the fancy. All the disorders that to-day contradict our notion of a world in order take their start in the fancy of self-isolated minds—of people who exist without a picture and so without any vision of themselves. *In* fact, they could not do what they are doing if they saw themselves ; and we seem unable to stop them, because their actions and the disorders they precipitate are literally unseeable, not in any real picture. They act in a realm real only to themselves, and real only in the moments of action : their actions are therefore uncontrollable. We cannot approach them in terms of their unreal behaviour. We cannot cure the world of its disorders by forgiving it its disorders and saying, ' Let us make a new start ! ' That would be to forget all the unacceptable action and the nature of its authors, and to wait nervously for new action that would be perhaps better, but probably as bad as, or worse than, the old.

If our notion of a world in order is an immediately liveable picture—and our abhorrence of world disorder is evidence that it is—we belie it in conditioning its truth with a prospect of better action from someone or other. We weaken the actuality it has for us in suspending it for possibilities of good behaviour from those whose bad behaviour is so painful to us now. That we put ourselves in such a weak position is due to our attempt to include in our compassionate general picture of things not only the world and all its people, but all the bad behaviour of its people : which means that we are perpetually putting off the

making of our picture—and perpetually forgiving the world its sins.

In so far as it was impossible to draw a full picture of existence, forgiveness was, in the past, the inevitable attitude of people to a world that was not quite a world. In this attitude they were really forgiving themselves, promising themselves, as humanity, to be better : they were not taking themselves altogether seriously, or finally, as world substance. The habit of not taking themselves altogether seriously still persists in people ; humanity has an instinctive resistance to regarding itself as stabilized into a world. Many of us know, however, that the time of stabilization has been reached; the inability of people to go any further, to produce new kinds of action, confirms this. The bad behaviour that overshadows our picture of existence is no longer forgivable, as bad behaviour once was—no longer disregardable ; the ill-behaving do not even forgive it to themselves. As never before the ' difficult' ones feel themselves outside the picture, feel a picture to be there from which they are defiantly absent. Bad behaviour was never before so fanciful, fancy so fanciful, disorder so outstandingly disorderly. This curious contemporary evil does not fall back easily into the past, as it once did. It lingers noxiously—and even because there is a fixed picture, of a world in order, for it to linger around.

The quality that has hitherto been used only to redeem a single person to the life-story in which he belongs needs now to be used in the redeeming of the world to the story of existence in which it belongs. We, the inside people, must regard ourselves as the makers of this story—with a function of mercy rather than of forgiveness; we must compose the picture of a world in order, bringing into it even the ill-behaving as they can be separated from their behaviour. There is scarcely anyone so wrong-minded that he is nothing apart from his perversities. If we find any who are irrevocably sworn to the discomforts of perversity, we shall then have identified those whom we can honourably neglect and banish from memory. Perhaps for these few—and perhaps the few notorious outside figureheads do not alone compose the number or are not all of the

number—forgiveness and forgetting may be the appropriate last unmerciful rites.

In my preliminary comment on this recommendation I have said (p. 129) that we must, each of us, make a census of all the uncomfortable outside people who come into our personal experience—within reach of personal communication : this will be our Conscience Book, the book of those to whom we owe an effort of mercy. We shall recognize the discomfort that marks the person without some sure inner holding ground—who lives outside the goodly world-picture—by a manner as of having to fight to live ; and by a greater emphasis on what he does than on what he is ; and by the unpredictability of what he will next do ; and by a greater energy of antagonism than of affection ; and by how his name brings up before us someone apart from others, a someone in himself, rather than a being blended with others in inextricable association ; by a suggestion of placelessness—as someone not to be seen in a room or touching earth, but hovering nakedly in the public air. One trait will characterize them, rather than many ; one look —rather than a living face. What they do will be clearer than what they are—their action like a screen hiding what they are. And they will all be people whom it is difficult to imagine in the graceful posture of asking help.

The people who perform outside work in quiet exercise of their given outside functions do not suffer from this world-harassing discomfort: such people compensate for their outsideness with a wholesome dependence on something that represents to them the inward pull of existence—their wives, it may be, or some vaguely insistent code of shame and decorum. The exaggeratedly outside ones are those driven by a demon of independence, whose actions are not moderated *beforehand* by an instinctive devotion to some symbol of the inside. (They may practise a formal devotion to symbols of the inside, but this is always as after the independent action and has the effect of stimulating them to arbitrariness.) And the most fantastic and uncomfortable, perhaps, are those whose outsideness is in deliberate rebellion against their own sensitiveness to realities of the inside; whose outsideness is an attack on their own

negative inside personality ; who put the whole problem of existence in terms of their own individual being and thus define it as a choice between the humiliating weakness of being good and the exciting strength of being independent of any inner control.

The typical' strong men ' derive from such a conflict—a conflict that has no reality except in their own will; and those also who, while regarding themselves as professionally inside people, attempt to introduce into the inside role qualities of physical wilfulness and insubordinate individualism which are alien to it. People of either type are equally careerists. Those of the latter type are the more miserable in soul because their choice remains a divided one : they hold on to their inside sensibilities and must continually torture their moral sense, whereas the outside careerists completely suppress their sensibilities and grow morally numb. This is why, in the inside person turned soul-careerist, the sardonic vein is generally more conspicuous than any other—developing, frequently, into gloom entire (as in T. S. Eliot) or into disbelief entire (as in James Joyce). With the strong-man careerist there is no development except that of increasing violence—a straightforward process of dissolution : the soul-tearing paradox of wanting to be ' good ' as well as individualistically ' strong ' has been cast out at the beginning of his career.

I have so far, in describing the traits and telling the story of people in whom outstdeness is perversity, had mostly in mind figures and processes of men. What of women who are driven to exaggerated externalities of behaviour ? With them the problem is more obscure. They are undergoing a reversal of nature; in men the incongruous outside stress is a result of enlarging natural male instincts into an abstract individualism. The danger that a woman runs, in taking the outer course, is not that of becoming too monstrously herself, but of losing self entirely—since her self is the intrinsically inside location of her being in relation to outside existence. A woman is born with a self; a man, with powers of making his own. He may make it well or ill, in regard or disregard of inner laws of coherence. But a woman either is herself—or she is nothing.

Once she departs from inside location, there is no check upon her course : a woman's only check is in her self.

A man's work is all the making of himself - either well or ill, A woman has her self initially ; her work is the use of her self, her insideness, in helping others to achieve self. Properly, to help them to achieve self well; but often, in the enthusiasm of helping, women have helped men to ill achievements of self - because they would take help of no other kind. It is the function of women to help men in the making of themselves, but also to let no lie pass : according as men achieve self in regard or disregard of what is possible in existence, their lives must bear the stamp of this. It is women who press life to its extreme of explicitness—to the point where the stamp upon it must be either one of good or evil. And where life bears the stamp of evil, the women who have helped in the making of it lose themselves in it, have ceased to be selves : only the male self of this life remains—the female part used in the writing on it that it is evil. Such loss of female self is no loss : for the inner realities, from which women take self, remain the same seat of judgement of good and evil as always—retain the centralizing genius which all women are born to, though some lose it (and their selves with it), and men are gifted with according to their desire to be compatible selves or selves unto themselves.

To return, then, to the problem of women who lose their inner identity in yielding to the pull of the outside. This may happen in two ways. It may happen in the sense of functional sympathy with the male processes : in their stubborn insistence on being watchfully present to the doings of men, women become lost to themselves when these are doings committed in egotistic irrelevance. But, in co-operating with men in the making of arbitrary male selves, women have significance only as sexual beings ; all that is lost in such cases—deprived of significance—is the physical symbol. Thus, feminism was doomed to have the shallowness of a political cause : its exclusive object being to redeem the physical symbol—woman sexual, simply and finally. Such redemption of woman as a physical being submerged in male life does nothing but liberate phvsically. It does not save women from using their new

physical freedom in pseudo-individualistic, self-extinguishing outer courses ; and it sanctions, furthermore, an abandonment by women of their ineradicable function of being the caretakers of existence, which includes the keeping of a close personal watch upon men.

We have come to that final point in the development of existence where the significance of the physical conjunction of women with men has been absorbed in the conjunction of the inner with the outer forces of existence. Every potentiality of existence—every possible precipitation and combination—now occurs in concrete immediacy. There is no need for the female to act upon the male through indirect physical identity, as a symbol enticing him to express what self he wants to be. Wherever now women are resorted to by men as merely sexual beings, nothing is happening but an evasion of existence on the part of these men. The women are as doors, letting them escape out of existence without protest; and even the sexuality is unreal. If women lend themselves to such sexuality, and are at ease in doing so, there must be something right about it—what women do instinctively is always in some ultimate way right. The ' physically submerged ' woman should worry us less than ever now, since in the modern all-sexual relationship no life at all is being lived : it is a death, and so altogether unworrying. In fact, the cult of sex cannot be practised in civilized life with the old appearance of female subservience, for the reason that sexuality has yielded to more direct communication between the forces that formerly spoke through it, expressing now no more than blank difference between them.

The real woman-problem of to-day is that of the woman who, no longer operating under the sexual spell, attempts to turn her dower of inside energy into an outside, individualistic self. In this she loses all personal sense of her function of taking care of existence, yet there remains with her a physical memory of woman as the helper of man in his work of achieving human selfhood. She has rejected the old female position of seeming subservience to the male will, but she has confounded this with her deeper entailment in the inner ground of existence and torn up the roots of that too. In order to have a motive of self,

therefore, she sublimates the only female associations left to her. Against abhorred subservience to the male she sets a motive of service to ' humanity ', in the form of a cause or daily work demanding a self-suppressing doggedness that is a far greater outrage to female dignity than old-fashioned sexual pliancy. All this is executed in exalted earnestness and impersonality. The man of exaggerated external leanings will have an arbitrary, chilling or secrecy of self, but no man can equal the bleak purity of no-self of the over-externalized woman.

The self of the over-externalized woman has been left behind in the inside ground that she has left behind. Nor has she a natural power of making a self : the self in her is what she is innately, and if she abandons this she is nothing. The female self cannot be made, like the male self, by a fusion of conflicting elements; a woman is born integrate, and her growth is the using of self—not, as in a man, a growing into self. The over-externalized woman adopts humanity as a second-self—which is to say that she identifies herself with men in general, conceiving other women as merged along with her in an endlessly flowing human course of life. This conception of endless humanity is a characteristic result of the loss of inner female sensibility. The female eye always sees an end, looks toward a resolution ; even as primarily passive beings, women exerted a limiting influence on male horizons, and their children were themselves ends reached, not symbols of an endlessly self-reproducing humanity.

Excitement about humanity as endless takes the place, in the over-externalized woman, of private emotions ; and there is a curious failure of emotional distinction in her between her children and her husband, and between friend and friend. In her private life there will be a vagueness about people, a fond neglect of distinction between person and person, which makes it almost as indiscriminate as her sphere of external contacts ; but, because few women can maintain an unbroken poise of resistance to their instinctive female nature, there will be sudden irrational eruptions of ' femininity ', of a disorderly and not altogether pleasant quality—crudely capricious and ' primitive " in their inarticulateness when compared with the subtler

femininities of woman old-style. Better so, however : in these hysterical eruptions there is a sign of some remaining health of female instinct. It is through this healthy residue that they can be restored to their abandoned women-selves, and through this alone.

I have dwelt on the traits of the over-externalized woman, as distinguished from the over-externalized man, because in attempting to restore them mercifully to their due place in the general pictuie we must first see how they are perverting their given sexual identity : the man in assuming an isolation of consciousness unnatural to man, and the woman in assuming a gregariousness of consciousness unnatural to woman. Their fount of health is their given sexual identity, and it is to this that the first appeal must be made. An inside man could make a stronger appeal to the suppressed woman-self of the over-externalized, decharacterized woman, than an inside woman could. Between the outside-minded woman and the inside-minded woman there would be little emotional communication, and perhaps the only result of an appeal would be to exacerbate the outside-minded woman—since she would feel her mind, of which she is so proud, subjected to criticism. She would probably assume a position of defence as against anti-feminist attack, entirely missing the nature of the appeal. To the outside-minded, feministic woman, any woman who is not categorically a feminist is a greater enemy than any man whosoever : men must be conciliated, be given proof of women's ability to think and behave like men, and this is a simple problem—their reactions simple and foreseeable. But the reactions of other women to what seems to the feminist an obvious axiom of human equality are infuriatingly incalculable. (The feminist's attitude to other women is not unlike that of the Socialist to the working class.)

The inside-minded man, in appealing to the outside-minded woman, would have the initial advantage of not being a woman and so of not seeming a potential traitor to the advance of women toward human equality. Because he was a man, he could the more easily isolate the healthy female residue in her. It would seem natural that a man should approach her as a

woman, and she would instinctively accept such an approach as a courtesy from a man where she might not accept it from a woman ; she would consider it an insult, very likely, to he spoken to as a woman by a woman who did not present herself as man-like in mind. An inside-minded man could speak to the outside-minded woman as a man recognizing physically a woman, but seeking in her a mentally articulate female self. As an inside person he could address her in the kind of language that it would be appropriate to use with her if she were actually in the habit of speaking in her true inside character.

I may have seemed to deal too harshly with the over-external jzcd woman. I can perhaps make my attitude clearer by explaining that much of the resistance of women to being articulate in their own characteristic way is due to a congenital fear in men of their being articulate at all. So, when at last they began to become articulate, they felt themselves confronted by a deafness in men to what they might say, and were intimidated by this strategical deafness into trying to prove that whatever they said would not be frighteningly different from what men themselves might say. Another factor has been the association of inarticulateness with the very condition of being physically female, and therefore the association of articulateness with the condition of being mentally male. This was in large part due to the anxiety of men to express themselves first and, further, to avoid as far as possible being held to account for their articulations— an anxiety to which women deferred through long ages by remaining primarily physical in expression, listening yet unanswering. But in whatever differing detail wc describe the past relations between men and women, there is this common emotional result of all the particular forms their relations have taken : that every woman, in expressing herself, has an initial embarrassment in breaking the spell of silence, and that many women are intimidated by their embarrassment into speaking as much like men as they can when they at last find their tongues.

Having put the matter in this light, I can now say that there is an obligation of mercy on men to the women who have sacrificed their natural expression to the illusory comfort of speaking like men. Since there can be no real comfort in

this, they **put** more and more energy into the work of making a language for themselves like the ordinary language of men—to their increased fluency in that language, but also to their increased discomfort.

Let the inside-minded man take it upon himself to induce as many outside-minded women as he can have personal contact with to speak in natural character. He is the kind of person with whom they can do so in comfort, whose ear is not deaf to language of the inside ; once they have been induced to speak so, they will know the difference between the comfort of this and the discomfort of expressing themselves in man-to-man dialect.

And let the inside-minded woman list in her Conscience Book all the men of uncomfortable outsideness of mind with whom she can have personal contact; there is an obligation of mercy on women to let men retrace their footsteps from things ill-done, where they can. For women, through those long ages of muteness, have done men the honour of having high hopes for them, but also the injustice of exercising no restraining influence where there was any chance of the fulfilment of a high hope. This could perhaps not be avoided in the past—until it was clear what men could achieve, it was just to leave as many chances open to them as hope could allow. But it is now perfectly clear what men can and cannot achieve, and the injustice of hoping too much of them can now be avoided. Most of the discomforts of the world used to be caused by the failure of men to go far enough ; now they come through a perverse triumph of going too far.

Women have always had confidence that they could keep **a** balance in existence by spurring men on where chance allowed hope and restraining them where the sense of danger prevailed over hope. We worked thus by a sensitiveness to events rather than by an immediate knowledge of men : **but** events are now immediately identical with men. All the events distracting our lives to-day are literally so many men—whereas in other times events were the tendencies of men rather than men themselves. We must now practise **our** sensitiveness to events—to the varying **atmosphere** of life **around us—as a personal knowledge of**

men. We cannot anticipate in terms of historical events the taste that to-morrow will have—whether of good or evil—because history has now translated itself into personality. But we can thus know the more exactly what will happen ; we can see the personal shape within every projected action and certain unhappiness where men pursue the over-eventful course.

The strength or weakness or direction of men's wills used to be merely the measure of the probable turns of circumstances. We no longer calculate circumstances, but rather human temperaments. The state of men's wills has become the very gist of event, and to-morrow's evil circumstance is only to-day's unhappily willed self. Every unhappiness of self that we know of, through our knowledge of what men can and cannot achieve, must affect us with the force of a continuously occurring event. The atmosphere of the world is full of such events ; and the most monstrous of them are like furiously impotent phantoms that we have allowed to form through our failure to confront men with our knowledge of their capabilities and incapabilities. In our contact with them we still rely merely on our historically habitual sensitiveness to events.

Inside-minded women have an obligation of mercy to men as they have gone too far in the direction away from the central hold of existence, the female home-ground of existence from where the saving inward pull is exercised. I say ' inside-minded women ' rather than, simply, 'women': women as minds, exercising the function of maintaining unity in complexity. As physical beings women connive at the complex, in acquiescing in it; as mental beings they have the responsibility of translating their physical consent into a work of reconciliation. This is both what woman must do, being what she is, and what man waits upon her to do : he can ask to be reconciled to existence, but he can contribute to the work of reconciliation no more than his feeling of its necessity.

So long as man has not reached the limit of his energy of variation, what is and is not reconcilable in a single whole of existence remains unclear, and the only clue is in women's sensitiveness to events : man projects, but is not himself thus sensitive. When, however, he reaches the limit of his experi-

mental energy, and the further results are not projections of himself in the form of events but unnatural shapes of self, then there is no more mystery : it becomes possible to know precisely what may and may not be. In men the desire to rest at the limit must supersede the desire to extend the limit, as the natural persistence. The inside-minded woman and the inside-minded man are like-minded in the concurrence of this knowing with this desire. But the inside-minded woman can be more practically helpful to the man uncomfortable in a persistence of going further than can the inside-minded man, because she can confront his impossible desire with her knowing ; while the inside-minded man would seem to be merely opposing a desire to stop to a desire to go further.

The inside-minded woman has thus an obligation to the man uncomfortably stranded in outsideness of self to help him to retrace his footsteps : she owes him at least the mercy of trying so to help him. She can do this through her power now to prophesy to him his own unhappiness. He can have no view of himself, since his ambition of that of which he is incapable is projected blindly into a non-existent future ; but she can measure his unhappiness through her immediate knowledge of what men may and may not achieve. I mean this literally : let each inside-woman approach those defiantly outside-minded men with whom she can reasonably establish communication, as a prophet of their unhappiness. To say to someone engaged in an uncomfortable adventure of will, ' You are wrong ! ' may well have no other effect than that of intensifying his will. But to say, ' Retrace your way, or you shall be unhappy ! ' will be an irresistible appeal if there is still some love of existence in him — i f he has not altogether cast himself out, become mad. For if our prophecy is really merciful he must feel from it that he *is* unhappy ; and no one can endure to remain unhappy, feeling that he is so.

This mercy of personal prophecy is what we have to do, as women, toward man and man. It is also the kind of mercy that inside people in general owe the world. Such is my meaning in offering this book—a meaning of mercy to the world, in prophesying the unhappiness it shall have if it does not feel the

unhappiness it has. By exercising prophecy upon it in this merciful sense, we can make it retrace its unhappy way and cease to project the unendurable ; make it and ' them '—to use the word of my original letter—*stop,*

13. *The Proper Attitude and Approach to the Multitudes and their Problems* [x]

Given that people of inside temperament—people endowed with intuitions of the inner truth within the outer appearances—have a natural aversion from exposing their intuitions to the crude tests of mass judgement. Given that it is proper to shrink from notoriety, from the jocular or irate publicity that the [c] different ' point of view frequently earns for itself ; to avoid wasteful martyrdom, wasteful conflict, argument, ill-temper ; to keep the inside point of view uncorrupted by impatience, contempt, arrogance, militant ambitions, dictatorial ambitions of popularity. Given that the best way is to let the power of the inside view of existence accumulate a natural irresistibility rather than to compete with outside policies in violence of appeal. But what is the next step, when this power has accumulated within us to bursting-point ?

Always there has been implicit in the condition of sensitiveness to the inner meanings of existence a further condition of power : power to make these meanings prevail as the governing criteria of world life as well as of private feeling and thought and behaviour. How is the transition between the two conditions to come about naturally : how to acquire an externally effective articulateness without becoming as loud-mouthed as we have been gentle-mouthed ? How to translate our inner intelligence into an insistence upon a general intelligence of life without turning into indecently suppliant idealists—or, on the other hand, into indecently militant realists ?

It is first to be said that we must do nothing in disrespect of our instinct to avoid blatant self-advertisement. We must understand that the reluctance of people of inside temperament to expose their intimate perceptions to [s] the eyes of the world ' is not mere timidity—as the traditional quiet and modesty of

[1] **See pp. 151 and 193.**

women does not proceed from timidity in the sense of fright. Genuine inside people are not timid, but rather gravely conscious of the disrepute or meaninglessness into which truths and true intuitions may fall when circulated without thought for the chances against their being recognized. Further, it has invariably happened in the history of revelation—by which I mean the shaping of inner knowledge in forms which give it some outward intelligibility—that truths widely published without careful calculation of the wide public's state of receptivity have in them weaknesses that can be used as weapons against truth. It is sacredly important to avoid saying too much at the inauspicious or unready time, showing too much in the inhospitable place. Truth itself, like female identity, cannot itself be corrupted by the unappreciative or disrespectful reaction ; but the weapons of indifference or disrespect can be dangerous to those tempted to use them.

The laws of discretion represent that knowledge which is symbolized, in the *Genesis* parable, in the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. It is symbolically appropriate that the woman is given the role of having instituted the reign of discretion—of moral delicacy and good taste. For if it had not been so in reality, the great experiment called ' humanity ' would soon have come to grief in a flash of universal repugnance. Then we come to the most mysterious passage of the Old Testament: where the Lord God of *Genesis* is reported as fearing lest the man—the word in the Hebrew text represents both sexes—take also of the tree of life and so live for ever. Once the gift of discretion is acquired there is also acquired, by implication, the gift of truth with its accompaniment of immortality.

The use of discretion is not merely for the avoidance of monstrous acts of innocence, but for the wise nurturing of the gift of truth—and to guard against premature or irrelevant use of the gift. Thus the Lord God of *Genesis,* who at first put no prohibition on the tree of life, removes humanity from the temptation of this tree once the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil has been eaten. The gift of truth, of potential immortality, is an unreal gift until the gift of discretion has been seized : then it is clear that the gift of truth will be inevitably

drawn upon, and it becomes important that a long history of discretion should precede the practice of truth—of confidence acquired through discretion. If at the primitive stage of modesty human life had had truth within easy reach, the result would have been a world of timid, idealistic immortals.

From this point the Lord God of the first chapters of *Genesis* becomes the Shadow of Discretion—which does not lift until the Christian era; throughout the rest of the Old Testament we hear much of discretion but little enough of truth, or immortality. Now, I hope that my discussion of these parables will not be read as a conversational digression. My purpose in examining them so closely is to show that when people gifted with an inside view of existence shrink from self-assertion they are leaning against a background of wise moral tradition—continuing a history of moral discretion to which Christianity stands as an exciting adventure in truth and immortality rather than as a morally logical sequel of revelation. For nearly two thousand years the more articulate part of humanity, sustained by the heritage of moral confidence bequeathed by the Old Testament, has been engaging in brave spiritual indiscretions. The tree of life, that bestows the gift of truth and immortality, was sought again, and the fruit plucked in season and out, by anyone and everyone. It was the right tree, but the notion that the secret of the fruit was to be had for the plucking has resulted in nineteen centuries of self-congratulation, by humanity, for powers and graces seized in the dark and lost as soon as grasped.

Let me now leave this Biblical atmosphere and bring the subject into our own atmosphere again. It is good to be discreet and contain ourselves. It is wise to store up moral strength patiently, spend it sparingly—and only fully when all other kinds of strength have failed : we must not display it vainly, or trust in it for other than moral victories.

But the term ' moral victories ' must be defined with great discretion : it, even, has somewhat too victorious a sound. If we make the moral ends too grandiose, we are driven by our own inner good sense to leave the fulfilment of them to others and retire from the scene in a self-protective cloud of well-wishing. The way to enter into the possession of ourselves as morally

effective beings—beings of good work—is to prescribe moral ends that do not depend for their fulfilment on a problematical capacity in humanity at large for understanding the final truths on which moral ends must rest. This has been the outstanding mistake of Christianity : humanity at large was confronted with extravagantly flattering moral expectations of itself and, at the same time, the final truths were given out with a vagueness and unclarity of definition that permitted of their debasement by the vulgar to ' comprehensible ' moral platitudes.

The result of the Christianization of life has been a general dilettantism of truth and a general moral dilettantism, running their respective courses without organic relation one to the other. The dilettantes of truth become ' artistic ' snobs toward the morally dilettantish multitudes ; and these feel themselves free to be dilettantes of truth as they individually please—the exercise of inner sensibilities being apparently an open game. No wonder then that, at a time when all other strengths have failed—the strengths of political, social, scientific and animal good sense—and the need is clearly and uniquely for immediate moral reliance, the genuine inner minority shrinks from offering itself as a centre of truth.

History seems to show that the true intuitions, when given out to the multitudes as moral generalizations, form a diffuse, ragged spirituality which serves no end but that of a day-to-day philosophic complacency. And so the choice seems to be, for people of inner sensibility, either to stand stoically apart in tragic criticism of the way of the world—or, idealistically, to urge the multitudes to develop saving intuitions of their own.

But history only shows that ' truth ' has been scattered prodigally to the multitudes. Their imagination of truth has been over-stimulated and their faculties of moral appreciation have been dulled by the strain put upon them. For the multitudes cannot experience truth, cannot ' know '—can only appreciate the moral aspects of truth. That is, the inner minority must be discreet in its utterances of truth : it must not expect recognition of truth from the multitudes, only moral appreciation. Much that we come to know we must keep to ourselves. But our inner certainties have an external application—and the ways

in which they apply externally we must communicate to the multitudes. If we do not, we are keeping back something to which they are entitled : moral comfort.

Our moral victories, then, must be victories of comfort-giving ; and it is to this standard that moral ends must be tempered in their definition. If we set ourselves this gentle task, in fulfilment of our responsibilities to the multitudes, we shall be satisfying our instinct of discretion and bringing them as near to truth and immortality as they can, or wish to, come. The multitudes do not care about knowing truth or being immortal themselves. All they want is to feel assured that they are participating in an existence which has itself inherent, true permanences, however transient and limited their own sensations of its reality. Without such an assurance they are not merely a dead weight that must be perpetually disregarded in any calculation of the realities of existence, but even an obstacle to truth as the living, all-prevailing reign of these realities. With such an assurance they, the transient multitudes, are translated into a continual testimony of truth : they themselves not directly speaking or knowing truth, but being—to use the generous figure—as the fat of truth's land. This is the kind of confidence of which they arc capable, of which their very lives are an instrument. In them is the power to trust: they exist to trust—and are thus spoil to every wickedness or frivolity that can temporarily make itself a vessel of faith.

We must distinguish between the confidence that is in us, a confidence of mind established within solemn boundaries of discretion, and the emotional trustfulness that is in them, hemmed in by timidities of mind—but welling up and overflowing its boundaries, from very weakness, at the intemperate call of the prophets of false comfort.

We must set before them not truth but moral ends tempered to truth as we know it. Thus we shall be both satisfying and overcoming our instinct of discretion, that makes us shy of owning to whatever truth is in us.

It is no easy thing to say what ends we can set before them that shall infallibly answer their desire of comfort: how we can feed and strengthen it so that it shall itself dispel the lies

that have tempted it and enlarged it as hell, cheated and taunted it. But, to begin with, we can lay down for them as moral certainties a few beliefs—in terms of time, the terms in which the multitudes feel their desire for comfort—that correspond emotionally with what we *know* to be true.

We know that the powers that various people and peoples have been exploiting to the common unhappiness of the whole world are false powers, and that to the degree to which they are false the consequent unhappiness cannot truly be, is a terrible unreality. We know that these powers are false, doomed to exhaustion. But the multitudes cannot know this. All that they can do is to feel what is given ; and, when they are given an unhappiness that seems to overcloud everything else, they cannot but feel that the powers causing this unhappiness are true powers, even though they may recognize them instinctively to be evil. Millions to-day are thus actually believing in evil, in its efficacy. Thousands and thousands put their faith in political parties, or in governments, which encourage them to fear false powers as true powers, to anticipate from the violent even greater terrors than they have already strewn, and to look to military aids as instruments behind which to take shelter from evil instead of as instruments of righteous wrath.

The multitudes are being given only unhappiness and, on the other side, vague hopes conceived in fear and feeding fear and panic. Some, turning from this fear and panic, lift their hearts from the intolerable present and sadly cry promises of ' Peace ' to themselves. But the intolerable present continues nevertheless around them—and because they are fancifully making promises to themselves, *not being given promises.*

The multitudes are being given wide unhappiness ; and from nowhere seem to come authoritative promises that the powers causing this unhappiness are doomed to die. The politicians and statesmen are like men drowsy-drunk with their own intelligence, who cannot tell how the balance lies between the powers of good and the powers of evil. They can give no promises—and even because they do not know clearly, are not impassioned to distinguish infallibly between the true and the false. They thus encourage the use of power without regard to its inspira-

tion ; and the judgement of things by their seeming-good at one moment, without regard to how they may seem at the next. The politicians and statesmen are *all* discretion. The knowledge of good and evil is in them the worldly wisdom of the moment, curtaining from the multitude what will happen next—concealing alike evil things at work for to-morrow's evil and good things at work for to-morrow's good. They indeed can make no promises.

But we can, who know what is a true power and what a false. Are there none alive who dare to say to themselves that they know the difference between the true sources of power and the false ? I would say that there are many such. And they are the number to dedicate themselves to the giving of promises to the multitudes. This is the true distinction between the inside ones and the outside ones : those who have in them the truth by which to give promises that cannot fail because founded in truth, and those who have the simplicity to wait, fearless against disaster-promising evil, for their fulfilment. The simplicity of the multitudes is a necessary weapon against the power of evil to inspire terror : informed with the moral strength we can give them, by inducing them to believe that the things of unhappy import are doomed, it is the faith that laughs down what seeks devilishly to be terrible.

The multitudes were not made to know. Neither were they made to mourn : they were made to be content. By the hellish unhappiness forced upon their consciousness in these times they have been dazed and spasmodically terrified, but not deeply saddened. Newspaper reading and superficial education make them speak knowingly of the unhappy things to which they are witness, but without knowing. They have a sense of discontent, a desire for the unhappy things to be over; but they have no values by which to know beforehand how every sinister force must collapse, or wherein the disturbing force is sinister. It is our part solemnly and wrathfully to mourn the wastes that forces doomed to fail have temporarily drawn across the surface of existence. No political or ecclesiastical authority, as we have seen, is capable of the truth-inspired lamentation, powerful in its wrath, healing to the multitude in

its promise that the comfort-stealing things will suffer defeat to the degree to which they have enjoyed victory.

The multitudes will not ask how we are going to make this come to pass—any more than they enquire into the detailed mechanism by which armies and navies are brought to a point of efficiency at which they may be easily set in motion for their defence. The multitudes are content to let the ways in which good objectives may be accomplished remain mysterious to them : this is, on their part, the good taste of faith—which matches the discretion of truth that is rightly possessed by those internally empowered w[r]ith truth.

The proper moral ends to set before the multitudes are ends of believing in the promises we can give them, empowered not with political or diplomatic astuteness or scientifically astute fighting arms but with the personal gift of truth in us. Let it be clear that I am here speaking only of the dissipation of things of ill-fortune, of the violences and terrors which one part of the world, diabolically possessed, wreaks upon the rest. This work alone, of all the works needful for the proper ordering of life to the true laws of existence, is to be accomplished by an appeal to the faith of the multitudes. And this alone, of all the good works, brings the world to an end—as it has been a free-to-all place of experiment, with as much free play given to the chances of evil as to the chances of good. In the other works our consciousness of the permanences of existence is a sufficient wisdom. But in this work we must use our time-sense.

By the truth in us we know that the term of free play between the chances of evil and the chances of good is in reality over—if not quite over in time. We have many of us, on the inside, taken this so much for granted that we have gone forward to the positive works carelessly : without making sure that the seal of doom was finally fixed upon the things of ill-fortune, upon the falsely derived powers. We must pause a little, not suspending the positive works but firmly marking the point where they shall begin to be evidently operative. This means standing ourselves in a scrupulously beforehand position, in relation to **the** evil things that we assume fated to vanish in conceiving our good

w[r]orks. In our own calculations, in our inner activity of mind, we have passed over the evil things as in reality gone. Halt a moment. The multitudes do not advance quite so fast, are always as much behind as the truth-sensitive minds are further in truth than their discreet affirmations and self-affirmations show.

We, knowing, can take much for granted about how things *must be* that is not popularly plain as what *is.* There is much of which we have strong inner confidence, much of which we feel so sure that to talk about it popularly would be to present it as something debatable—a matter of opinion. This is as it should be. But the multitudes can take nothing for granted of which they are not given explicit assurance. They can only apprehend the good things negatively, through a feeling of evil things not there ; and in this sense are by nature always a little behind the actualities, express their immediacy in terms of their escape from the hold of the evil things of the day before. There is a perpetual mass-anxiety that can be taken advantage of to make the coming and going of evil things as if perpetual. There is this perpetual, inherent discrepancy between mass-consciousness and personal consciousness : up to the point where the responsible inner minds—those responsible for the universal validity of the good things—resolve the discrepancy between their time, a progressive becoming-permanent of the good things, and the historical time of the multitudes, a progression away from falsity rather than toward truth.

Call this discrepancy the difference between mortality and immortality ; call it the difference between the reign of time and the superseding reign of truth ; or the difference between materially and personally articulate reality. But however you call it, the more accurately you define it the more closely you come to see it as an unreal margin of difference between truth and allowable error. We know that in existence as it truly and finally is there can be no room for error: truth cannot make allowance for error. To speak in the parable of the Garden and its trees : there is only one Tree, the two are the same Tree. Discretion of knowledge and truth are the same. Yet we have come to where we are in understanding, in responsible sense of

existence, by letting this margin seem to be ; we have drawn the inevitable outline of existence by means of this margin. The margin itself tells what must not be, as the reality within the margin tells what must be.

Thus, in order to tell expressively what must not be, the margin admits of the possibility of things that must not be in order to reject them as impossible. All its power of margining off the impossible from existence, of telling what must not be, it derives from the inner reality, that tells what must be. It does not know that its power is derivative, it does not even know that it has this power. It knows nothing, is merely an automatically moving margin : verging toward the impossible things as they are temporarily capable of creating the illusion that they are possible, pulled back from them by the force of the inner reality. And the multitudes, and all the spaces of outer life, are of this movable margin. And the revulsion it undergoes against the impossible—which is the evil and unhappy-making—is always proportionate in strength to the degree of integration that the good things, the permanences, have reached as immediate truth.

The reason why so many of us now feel that the sinister outer happenings of our time are impossible things to be happening now, things to be discounted as unreal if we are to keep our sanity, is that in the inner sense existence has become a fixed immediacy of truth : we therefore assume that the outer margin cannot but react by ceasing to fluctuate between curiosity of the impossible and revulsion from it. We are correct in this assumption, but to do no more than make the assumption, and wait, is to stop exercising the old inner pull upon the outside before it has actually ceased to be a movable margin. The old discrepancy between outer and inner, the very problem of time itself, still remains to be liquidated.

While we are postponing the liquidation of the problem of time—which is the same as the problem of the multitudes—the outer margin of life is as if disconnected from all inner control, and moves insanely as if by its own power, with not even the old rhythm of attraction to and revulsion from the impossible : all seems a motion between one set of impossible circumstances and

another. But suppose that we do as I have said it is our responsibility to do—stand ourselves a little *beforehand* and give promises of what shall not be because it must not be. Suppose that the multitudes are brought to make these things not be through their belief in our promises. And the doomed things pass; and no fresh evil comes. What then ? If the very existence of the multitudes is dependent on their having things from which to escape, things in relief from which to be happy, does not the end of evil things mean the end of the multitudes ? Does not the outer margin of life disappear in ceasing to be a movable one ? What final reality have the multitudes as personal beings, how really can they be said to exist, do they exist at all ?

We have seen the evil ends to which the multitudes can be used when they are experimentally made ' real ', All the incredible violences of our time have been perpetrated by means of the multitudes—humanity in the sense of physical numbers, so implemented that its reality seems incontrovertible. We must solemnly recognize that the multitudes have no final reality as personal beings. Does this mean to say something as fantastic as that existence will exist without the multitudes ? Is it not much more fantastic to say that existence will always have the multitudes with it ?

What are the multitudes ? What of the multitudes that now exist—and the whole physical part of existence, which the multitudes daily revive ? If we dismiss the multitudes, do we not dismiss physical existence itself, and make of existence an abstraction ? Such questions must undoubtedly suggest themselves to the minds that think beyond time—but they are only a sign that we are hurrying too fast away from the problem of time. It is not my meaning that we should neglect the present fact of the multitudes : on the contrary.

Let us put the case like this. However purified existence becomes of external irrelevancies, however integrated as truth and all-immediate, we shall never forget—it shall never be forgotten—that ' there was a time ' when existence was not thus consciously and permanently co-ordinated. This memory of time is the guarantee that once there is final order there can be

no reversion to disorder, or lapse from truth into error. Memory of time will survive even time ; and the multitudes are the stuff of this memory. The multitudes will survive as our memory of evil things that came, and went. This is the solution of the problem of time and of the problem of the multitudes : how we should think of them and act toward them. Not by sentimental impulses of humanitarianism, nor in contempt of them for their transience as personal beings, but through the realization that they represent our permanent inheritance of memory from time. We cannot enter into full inheritance of truth until we have brought tranquillity into our inheritance of memory; and this means the tranquillization of the multitudes.

The outer margin of life does not become immovable and non-existent in being rid of its potentiality of entertaining new impossible things : it then should have the instantaneous flexibility of memory. This transmutation of time into memory is after all no new thing. The time between ourselves and the heavens and all the original elements of the material universe we have reduced to memory ; countless years of time to a self-repeating year of memory. The time between the moon and ourselves to a month of memory. The time between the ancient earth and ourselves upon it now to a day of memory. Machines have transmuted the time between us and the things of the earth into hours of memory. Indeed, almost everything of time has been so transmuted except the multitudes. They are the last, because of the moot question : what are they, do they belong on the inside of existence, are they immortal—and, if not, do they merely die like beasts of the field ? The time between us and the multitudes, between us and ' the nations ', as the Hebrew prophets called them, used to be a matter of years, has now been reduced to a day of time—our contact with them takes place to-morrow always.

But this short time-distance between the minds and the multitudes should have the memory-value of an instant Hurried editions of newspapers and fast-succeeding wireless broadcasts and other instruments of mass-communication parody this memory-instant that divides that mociern multi-

tudes from reality—heaping, rather, many to-morrows upon each advancing day, and all to-morrows of evil potentiality.

I am not going to press this view of the multitudes further. You will already have felt that I have pressed it too far. But no : at least thus much thought you must take for the quality of the existence in which you are a responsible mind—else it will hang upon you like rags of pestilence, for all your inward soundness of self.

We must feel that there is a solemn charge upon us to give the multitudes a promise and promises that the evil things will cease to be. When ? In this ' when ' is the test of our soundness. A day and a day and a day : how can we reduce that for the multitudes to an instant of memory ? Only as we can bring each promise to fulfilment on the day on which we have made it—having been able to give the multitudes, for moral ends, belief in our promises. And as you cannot make promises, mourn the evil things and mourn your weakness and be ashamed before the multitudes. And as you dare in strength to make promises that after a day and a day and a day still do not reach fulfilment, gather your strength into anger : not a shouting anger or a weeping anger but an angry anger. By the strength of truth in you let it flash, cutting off the evilly possessed multitudes from the benevolent multitudes. Where has anger gone ? It does not flash from the politicians and statesmen ; nor from the arguers and meeting-holders and demonstrators—they have not the bearing of angered beings. One must dare to make promises, before one can be illumined with the power of anger.

And even this way is the way of discretion.

14. *How to Speak Purely, in a Way to Avoid Fallacies of Language and Mediocrity of Thought*[1]

' For then I will turn to the people a pure language.'

A pure language. Let the language you use be really turned newly from yourself—not things said or written by others, that have not clung together as their words uniquely, blown to tern-

[1] See p. 213.

porary life by your breath. Give more than breath to your language, otherwise the words are not yours, only the breath.

Do not give your breath to words easily, do not speak too readily. Be ready with words only as you feel between your indrawn breath and the substance of your thought a word-producing combustion that is your own.

Be somewhat curious what you are going to say : do not know too well beforehand: quote yourself as little as you quote others.

In something that I read recently there was a reference to something that someone, a man, had said about the way women think; to the effect that women only think when they are speaking. Now, it is quite impossible for a man to deduce what is going on inside a woman when she is not speaking, whereas it is in general possible to say that when men are not speaking a good deal of their energy goes into storing up things that will be said later. That is, in speaking women tend to say what they *are* thinking, while men in speaking tend to say what they *have* thought at some previous time. It is not relevant here to discuss ' how much ' thinking women do in comparison with the amount that men do, or the practical effectiveness of their thinking as compared with that of men, or the difference in kind between the thinking habits of women and men. I am only interested here in clarifying the original, ever-immediate quality that our language needs to have if what we say of ourselves and our world is to correspond with what we and our world immediately are. And I think there is a clue to this necessary freshness of language in the speaking habits of women, to whom the occasions of language are always new occasions. In this sense, what someone said of women, as quoted by someone, is entirely correct—and a tribute to the virtue that women peculiarly keep in using language.

If we impose upon ourselves a discipline of keeping wordless until the thing thought of is fully and directly present to our minds—so that we do not speak about it until we are speaking as if with it—then we shall avoid the realistic approximation to what we mean, the half-statement prepared for use before we have brought ourselves to actual experience of the thing we

are speaking about. Whenever we speak realistically, we are speaking about things as we suppose them to be from some previous deduction by someone else, or from some deduction of our own made when there was no strong pressure to think about them : we are not really speaking about things in immediate relation to ourselves, nor are we interested in making the true comment on them from our point of view. In realistic comment, in fact, there is no point of view ; it is what anyone might say, speaking on a subject without strong personal interest in it, more concerned in putting the subject aside than in fixing the exact meaning it must have for him.

The realistic habit of expression develops from the need of *not thinking* about various subjects—either because one is forced by circumstances to pay more attention to others, or from insufficient capacity of mind or experience to think about them properly. Thus it has the justification of economy or of lack of proper thinking ability, but can never be justified as the best, the truest, way of speaking about a subject. When we are seriously concerned to make a true statement about something, or an accurate definition of a problem, then the use of the realistic habit necessarily forces us to leave many elements out of consideration and to express our new understanding of the subject in old terms, that cannot but be inadequate. There can be no excuse for realistic language except that of shortage of time, or an audience of inferior intelligence, or one's own inferior intelligence, or the relative triviality of the subject—none of which is an admissible excuse when the reason for speaking is serious and the subject itself serious.

When the subject is serious, time is not an admissible consideration : if it is really a serious subject, it is important that other things should wait upon the true statement about it, the accurate definition of the problem it represents. Here is one of the reasons for the spread of the realistic habit in modern times : so great a profusion of subjects, that people have difficulty in discerning the differences between them in importance and tend to regard all subjects as of equal importance. Another obstacle in the way of serious attention to the important subjects and realness of language in discussing them is the demo-

cratic assumption that, since everyone is concerned in everything that goes on, all discussion and definition must be in a language equally intelligible to everyone. A thing is not held to be true until it has universal consent, and universal consent is not by faith of the many in the findings of the responsible few but by 'understanding': general understandability, not quality of thought, is made the primary test of truth, and thus a lack of personal quality in language is held a virtue rather than a defect.

Thus, further, the ideas of people of inferior intelligence with a realistic promptness of speech are generally preferred to the findings of wise people expressed in language appropriate to the accuracy of their thought. Words, through debasement in realistic use, have shrunk in meaning-capacity; meaning, lias come to be something larger than word-sense, so that when one uses words according to their full meaning-capacity one is held to be defying the limitations of language. The standards by which a pure, a real, use of language is held to be capricious—and a proof even of inability to express oneself intelligibly—are capricious realistic standards, which limit the meaning-capacity of words to the least meaning they can carry without becoming entirely meaningless. In the realistic habit of words, indeed, individual words are so low in meaning-capacity that they convey very little by themselves: it is the phrase—words hardened into a conventional set of associations—that is the unit in realistic language, not the word. When people use language realistically, therefore, they are relying on conventions of phraseology rather than on conventions of meaning. And dictionaries themselves show this taint: words are assumed to take their meaning from the phrases in which they are habitually used, instead of phrases being regarded as taking their sense from the meaning of the words that compose them.

Inevitably, the realistic habit of language, when generally accepted as an adequate habit, induces a trivializing of the important subject and self-important preoccupation with trivial subjects as a substitute for seriousness. From this there results a monotony of language—and thought—the only relief from which is in sentimental rhetoric and irrational emotion-

alism. Realism and idealism are husband and wife : however at odds they may seem, their quarrels are domestic ones. It is impossible, when using words realistically, to get into one's words any of one's personal intensity at the time—any quality of difference between the words as used now rather than then, here rather than there, in this context rather than that, and by someone moved by a fresh perception of the subject to which the words refer. The idealist always uses words in a realistic way ; he compensates for their inadequacy by adding a personal element of exclamation, exhortation and emotional recklessness which does not actually get into the words but merely surrounds them with a cloud of wordless breath. Thus the words of an idealist are even less active than the words of a realist: he quickly withdraws his breath from them and keeps it apart as something too sacred for words. I mean this analysis to be taken literally : the idealist is intoxicated by his own breath, withdrawn from the words he uses.

To return to the problem : what rules to follow, to avoid debasing language in realistic use—and blunting freshness of perception. I have already given, at the beginning of this recommendation, a few rules toward *a pure language.* And I have in general tried to indicate that the quality of our thought is conditioned by the standards we set ourselves in language. In putting ourselves into language, rather than communicating by a pantomime of signs or not communicating at all, we are putting the very essence of our being into circulation. If we do not put ourselves into our language we have not, indeed, refined within us the essence of our being ; and when we speak realistically it is as to put nothing of ourselves, or very little, into our language. This may be due either to selfish, arrogant or timid reservations of ourselves, or to a vanity that prevents us from showing what there is in us, from fear of its seeming too little to others : whatever the cause, the result is to use words approximately in the state in which they float about in our memory without enlivening them with our life, without being really present to the occasions of language. Not only do we thus give nothing the occasions of language, but we are —literally—thieves of time,

To repeat my indications at the beginning, then, as a rule of language which is a rule at once of thought and of moral integrity : in expressing yourself in whatever context, on whatever occasion, speak only as you have some living interest in your subject, only as it is in some way yours. Otherwise what you say is a lie—loveless realism.

And let the occasions of language be each an important one in itself. Whenever you communicate with others in words, the important part of the occasion is the words uttered. If in speaking you have any other end than that of finding the words which are truest to the occasion or the subject at that moment of your interest in it, you are a thief of time and an impostor. If the time is short and not much can be said in it, cut away for the moment all aspects of your subject for which your time does not allow. To say little of little is truer than to make the abbreviated realistic generalization. If it is in you to speak wisely of a whole subject, you will find the time to do so.

Do not speak on any subject through a previous opinion of it: this always makes a preliminary tightening of the mind. Let the material rise fresh before you, and you rise fresh to it. To talk through an opinion is to limit the content of your subject always to the contexts of some previous occasion. Let each occasion of language be a new occasion. Does this mean that a changing, unstable attitude is the best way of arriving at true statement ? No : it means that in speaking on a subject we must each time express anew the scope of its significance for us, and thus avoid making positive generalizations on the basis of a stale impression. Let our subject be as many subjects as we can at the moment coherently bring together through our particular interest of the moment. Otherwise we are always commenting on many subjects in terms of a fixed, loveless interest—our own preferred subjects, which really represent lack of interest: we are voicing always no more than opinions. Comment by opinion is the method of realism.

And if the subject is a small subject, let the language in which you discuss it be a large language bent toward it in kindness, **and** the terms in which you meet it be kindly terms; **and** thus also will your language be properly severe with the small sub-

ject realistically swollen into a large one. But your language must first be purified of the narrow jealousies of self and the meanly broad generalizations of the hasty-lazy outer world, before it can be a measure of what is large and what small.

And to those of limited intelligence speak of their things only, in which they are not unintelligent; otherwise you make a mixture of theirs and yours, which is realism. But in speaking of their things do not forget yours : thus you will be speaking of their things truly, in a wide sense—instead of speaking of your own in a narrow sense.,

And what of those of inferior intelligence : who in these flattering times would be bold enough to own himself to be such ? Yet there is not one of the multitudes who would not be pleased to be relieved of the heavy burdens of intelligence that have been put upon them by the easy-living people of better intelligence, who make the understanding of all things existence, life and death, a commonplace miracle. It is neither commonplace nor a miracle—but a difficult work, to which only the few are dedicated. It is the talent of the multitudes to speak simply of simple things. Do not tempt them to try to speak simply of difficult things by speaking too simply of them yourselves, or speaking of their simple things with a learnedness that brings them to believe that their simple things are indeed difficult things. That curse upon their simplicity is one that Science has put upon them. And nothing can lift it but a pure language.

What examples can I give you of the difference between a pure use of language and a realistic use—an example not of these times, when the realistic habit is so strong that people speak realistically without any delibve intention of so doing ? The simplest examples, I think, are found in the Bible.

Now, Jesus used language in -rtely realistical way. His prophetic message was to is. Though it was founded in spiritual values tr them to understand, he was bent on winning the w multitudes, however little they understood its signif . Therefore he made use of a realistic language, . *M* he could keep as much of his meaning as seemed pru , -to prevent their feeling bewildered.

' Why speakest thou unto them in parables ? ' The reply is given from many angles. The multitudes are incapable of understanding—the disciples are flattered by his frankly low opinion of the capacities of the multitudes. It is impossible to underestimate their intelligence—' But whoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath,' Yet even his disciples need parables : even the interest of these is difficult to hold. And this is a deliberately realistic method—to hold interest in what one is saying by loosening the sense toward the frailties of one's audience and taking the response for understanding. A disciple may not have root in himself, and become irritated by the persecution he must suffer; or receive the seed among thorns—suffer loss of worldly prosperity. ' But he that received the seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word and understandeth it.' What it means to receive the seed into the good ground is in no way defined : no more is said than that ' He that is won to listen understandeth ', Which is a realistic method of language—and the kind of understanding referred to is itself realistic.

> Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.
>
> And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other.

These verses from *St. Luke* are realistic—both verbally and morally realistic. The full meaning is not contained in the words uttered. There is an idealistic reservation : ' It is a spiritually safer course to avoid condemning people too roundly, no matter how badly they treat you, because the whole question of what good is, and v t evil, and on what basis heavenly rewards are given, is n mystery.' The words used give only half the mean? sentence has a quick appeal that it could not have meaning were^ conveyed in so many words. By t in the chnical neatness of the procedure suggests nplet^[1]^ to' understand ' what blessing those that cun n e a n ! *e.* blessing those that curse you—attention is disti. t_ ^e [illegible] behind the phraseology : which would take iphs of careful philo-

sophic argument to justify, and even then be of doubtful acceptability to the intelligence.

But in the comparable verses in *Proverbs* no realistic devices are used : the words are used to their full capacity of meaning, and their meaning and the full meaning of the writer are identical :

> He that saith unto the wicked, Thou art righteous ; him shall the people curse, nations shall abhor him ;
> But to them that rebuke him shall be delight, and a good blessing shall come upon them.
> Every man shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer.

There is no unexpressed reservation about the distinction between wickedness and righteousness. Wickedness, it is textually clear, is what everyone instinctively loathes ; and it is part of the nature of righteousness to have instinctive recognition of wickedness and righteousness : this meaning is brought to intense personal explicitness in the passage.

The verses in *Proverbs* relating to the treatment of enemies afford a further illuminating comparison in verbal method. Instead of the incomplete generalization ' But love ye your enemies . . . ':

> If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink ;
> For thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.

[4] If you see your enemy cast low, and in great want, do not withhold assistance from him. When he is thus in your power kindness may make him ashamed of his previous evil treatment of you, and this will be a good influence upon him,' All these implications are immediately explicit in the verses; whereas the corresponding verse in *St. Luke* lets the appeal rest on the phraseological interest of ' loving your enemies '—so startlingly syrn-V $d_{D\ a}$ word-combination that interest in the very complex ' ',',''' of it is dulled and the whole notion accepted without corff£lete definition by the speaker or understanding on the part of his audience. St. Paul, making an effort in the *Epistle*

to the Romans to clarify the moral problem of treatment of one's enemies, could do no better than give a close paraphrase of the *Proverbs* verses. But the additional tag ' Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good ' reintroduces realistically attractive phraseology, and leaves a complex notion lingering in the wordless background : which is nevertheless assumed to be as good as understood if the actual words strike forcibly enough upon the ear.

I would say finally that in realistic language there is a divorce of sound-appeal from meaning-appeal, and that it is the sound-appeal which is chiefly relied on as the test of the truth of what is said or written. This is to exploit the physical power of words to drive away all thoughts not obviously related to those forming the casual surface of their meaning, and to become accustomed to speak always within an inelastic range of contexts. People who think and express themselves and listen or read under the sound-spell would do well to test their words and the words of others, whenever possible, in a strict silence, resisting every minute sympathetic twitch of the vocal apparatus and pitching the scene of understanding nearer to the back of the head than to the front. It is not improbable that with much realistic language the centre of word-energy is in the vault of the mouth rather than in the brain.

II

Resolutions

i. To look for and keep community with people of inside quality : people who are not types but selves ; people whose personal force does not depend on position, reputation, mere industriousness, specialized intelligence, shrewd individualism ; people whose goodness is in their very presence, so that we do not need to deduce their quality from the evidence of their works—such people indeed, if they have works to show, will be present in them. This quality is not mysterious. It is even plain through the time-clouds of history. If we look in history for the cruel or shrewd or proud or brave or ambitious, we find them : history contains anything we might wish to look for, in varying proportion. The good are there too, and if we look for them the signs are unmistakable. For instance : Luther answers to our notion of a spiritual and moral reformer if we associate with the role qualities of persistence, intellectual shrewdness, uncompromisingness on points of doctrine. If the first quality we associate with this role is goodness of person and presence, then Luther is not our man. His energy and self-confidence, and his powers of argument and persuasion and leadership, make us classify him with the domineering personalities of history, but not with the good. His attitude to the peasants during the Peasant Wars, his contempt of them as ' boors ', his discouragement of the few princes who were moved to compassion for them, his insistence on the necessity **of keeping them** in a degraded condition—these are things that must colour our sense of his inner virtue.

In **our** times the various qualities of people are categorically **clearer**; **the** proportion of people of one kind to people of **another** has grown more fixed ; **our** sensitiveness to kinds **of character and energy** has grown more acute and discriminating.

There is less confusion of qualities. We are less confused about the distinctions between one quality and another. At least, this is true of our sense of character, action and function—if not true of our practice of judgement. We must make it true of our practice.

To seek out those of original goodness, the people of good mind—' mind ' in the meaning not of applied intelligence, but of native, coherent virtue ; people of whom we can say and feel ' These are people who have the very integrity of existence in them.'

To be able to count ourselves among a wholesome number of these, that we feel to be an adequate number, is a confirmation of our own inner virtue.

2. To be chaste in the quality of our intetest in worldly circumstances ; to keep clean our sense of difference between the temporarily and the permanently significant. To test severely the preoccupations in our mind to which we habitually *return* from the varying preoccupations; to make surer and surer that they are the truly constant concerns, so that we ourselves are fixtures in the varying world around us.

3. To be stubborn and unshakable in what we have of fixed virtue, fixed mind—but not in the sense of domination, opinion-waging, display of powers of contentiousness. To put the use of our power in the being of it. To have powerful patience.

4. To adhere imperturbably to our difference from the mass-numbers. To seek not to change others but only to clarify the differences between virtue of inner and outer kind. Thus only can outer virtue, outside activity, cease to be of evil potentiality. All outer distress has its source in the false equating of inner with outer virtue, inner with outer power, inner with outer purpose : of such chaos is born all violence, all revolution against differences and right distinctions. Thus to make the various forms of virtue and power and purpose into which energy of being is divided devolve upon people according to the forms of character they naturally possess. To create an atmosphere of appropriateness—an appropriateness of function

and responsibility. To see the reordering of our conditions not as a work of revolution but of devolution—the devolving of responsibility according to the respectively different talents of responsibility. Revolution rests always on an appeal to mass vanity, disregards all proprieties because the imposition of unnatural proprieties has brought disorder and unhappiness. But order and adherence to the natural proprieties are identical. Therefore to keep before us the natural differences between people in quality, refine and purify our own quality, infect others with a sense of the differences in quality between the various talents of life.

5. To recognize our status of ' insidencss ' as a natural, not eccentric status, and strengthen the naturalness of ourselves by making our different sensibilities apply immediately, to life as it is now; so that they are not mere sensibilities of criticism, positively applicable only to life in an imaginary ' better ' state. To mean what we mean for *now,* to enact our sensibilities in life as it is now; so that there is an immediate infiltration of ourselves into the present living substance of existence.

6. To count *women* as initially and natively ' of the inside'. To bring about this kind of self-recognition in women individually by recognizing and seeking out the innate insideness of women in general, as a kind.

7. In our local, daily contacts, in our private habits, to have a serene bearing : to make clear that, for all the outer violence, disorder and ugliness, no ultimate damage has been done to the things that matter ultimately, inwardly. To communicate personally, in every accent and gesture, this sense of final, undamageable realities.

8. To have a poise of being that draws its strength from the knowledge that the final eventualities of existence are good ones: literally to live by these. Many, many people have so little reality of self that extreme experience of the bad things and of the good things equally annihilates their personality—thus there is a mass habit of self-protection from knowing finally, feeling extremely. Therefore to protect them from direct

sensation of reality : a sure instinct of self-protection makes them avoid it. But to adopt the same technique ourselves is constantly to deny ourselves what it is in our nature to want. That the masses do not want to know finally themselves does not mean that they want those who have the power of knowing not to know' On the contrary, it is their instinctive expectation that those who have this capacity will fulfil it and give life in general, including their indirect share in it, this reliance.

9. Not to avoid the pain of contemplating outer disorder and the unhappy results of it. To confront it in such a way as to prove upon it our power of not being killed mentally by it. To learn where its power of confusion fails and develop in ourselves the precise power that the truth of good things has against it.

10. To be leisurely and unanxious about the outer courses of life, the ways in which things come to pass physically. But, on the other hand, not to assume a proud ease of inner things. To accept our physical entailments gracefully, fearlessly, without reproaching them for failing to yield satisfaction when they only possess the negative goodness of being sane limits of satisfaction ; not to press them to yield intensities—when outer experience grows intense it leads in the direction of evil. To seek good intensity of experience in those things alone which happen inside ourselves.

n. When we feel a will to remedy a bad situation and yet cannot think how, not to compensate for our sense of ineffectualness by engaging in activities that rely on the physical power of organized numbers. To give the physically energetic response to the bad outer situation—which means reliance on the warring power of physical numbers against it—is to have become infected with the very disease responsible for the situation. Not to keep the pace set by outer disorders, but to keep one's inner pace; to wait for the appropriate power of order to accumulate within ourselves.

12. Though there seem to be no obvious results of persistent insideness of view and inside integration of power, to

continue our inside way uninterruptedly : every time we break the spell of inside confidence we are relaxing our virtue and losing time. Failure of inside confidence because we seem to be ' doing nothing ' is, indeed, always the vanity of feeling the particular inefficacy of oneself. The remedy for an unendurable sense of personal inefficacy is in a firmer sense of community with other people of our kind. Movement toward them, based on a faith in the virtue of inside things, is necessarily constructive ; whereas the rush to the outside and the ways of the outside, arising from a sense of frustration, cannot but be fruitless of results of the kind one wants and destructive of the very virtue for which one seeks expression.

13. As it seems difficult to see the ' prosaic ' results—such, for example, as political parties make their objective—as a possible consequence of energy of an inside kind, of the exercise of power of an inside kind : to dare to *raise* the standard of the results set as the objective. Your ends must be such as could only be achieved through inside energy, by the exercise of power of an inside kind. Those who seek to solve the large problems of life by outer means set themselves as an objective results that could never be the solutions of these problems, being limited by an insufficiently high standard of achievement, by ends which are not ultimate, permanent ends. Not to accept their definition of the desired results, for then we are equating their ends with ours and only insisting upon a difference of means—which is bound to give us a doubt of our means. (If you feel a modest hesitancy in setting yourselves high ends, remember that you are not alone in them, cannot be alone in them if they are general, not particularistic ends. Make yourselves to be not alone in them.)

14. If we feel an inner confidence, an inner conviction identical with our sense of self, that ' somehow' things must be made assume a right order: not to be provoked into hasty activities of self-expression from an impatience with our inarticulateness, the difficulty of defining the ' somehow '—or into self-deprecating defeatism. The power of that' somehow ' and the articulate manifestation of it are not separate from each other in time, but must appear concurrently. What is

done by such power must be right once and for all. Therefore to regard our apparent failure to achieve results by the serious methods of inner knowledge as a sign that the results so achieved will have a seriousness and finality of effect that results achieved in any other way could not have ; and to regard them as in the process of achievement even in our pursuance of our quiet, apparently do-nothing way.

15. To feel the source of renewal in us, when unhappy barriers intervene between inner and outer realities, confusing the essential rhythm of life. Such a confusion of the life-rhythm makes the multitudes, the outside masses, doubt against their natural instinct that it is a happy privilege to participate in existence : doubt even existence itself. To see ourselves as gifted with the power of renewal, as having it in our power—because we know good—to send through the intervening barriers of unhappy event a fresh stimulus of pleasure in existence. To let our knowledge make way from us to them in this form. The multitudes do not want ' reasons ', only the courage to enjoy themselves. Such courage communicated to them, that has its source in our right reasons, will make of them an instrument for dispelling the very forces that bring unhappiness upon them and use them to general unhappy effect. To think of ourselves as dedicated to the stimulation of faith in the inner integrity of existence—rather than faith in ' ideas ', emergency means of putting right the evil that men do.

16. To distinguish between the healthy outer things and ways, and the abuses to which they have been put. To deny the false external realities, but affirm the natural ones. Not to conceive of new laws of physical nature, or a new physical nature—by such diabolism many of our present disorders have been brought about. The given external realities are susceptible of good use if used as given. But a full sense of their susceptibility of good use can only be derived from a full sense of the inner values of existence. Therefore to see ourselves as acting to inevitable outer effect—to an inevitable result of good physical order—the more unerringly as we are the more ' inside ' in work and way of being.

17. To hoard our inner energies strictly ; to keep them from corruption in mediocre uses; not to let them be stolen by the politician for the support of mean faiths, mean hopes ; not to give credence to any method of order that does not correspond in quality with the quality of our energies. To use no form of action incompatible with the dignity we attach to our values. To proceed neither erratically nor sentimentally, but through conventions suitable to our kind of power. The conventions of outer things and ways are not suitable conventions for inner things and ways ; but an adequate formality of inner action is the surest guide to the proper outer conventions.

18. To begin in quiet the use of ourselves toward a dignified outer order of things. The material for the influence of inside upon outside is in us ; this material must be in good order itself, to make order. To begin first by assembling in ourselves all the securities against the apparently powerful outer forces of disorder. After counting and assembling and evaluating the securities, to have better communication among ourselves, testing the quality of ourselves upon one another, co-ordinating the special virtues into which inner virtue individually forms, shaping ourselves into a general instrument of truth—so that we are our own best means. Not to seek to ' convert' others, but only to find those with whom we belong and who belong with us in having no ends but final ends. But not to regard ourselves as of a separate world, rather as being dedicated to the definition of the self-compatible common world in which inner realities and outer realities do not insult one another. Therefore to love more awarely, and be prepared to reconcile everything of good use of whatever kind, but not by destroying differences of kind. To draw that exact outline which includes all things, activities and beings of good use, and in the order of their capacity for being co-operatively joined with one another—that outline, therefore, which exactly excludes things, activities and beings of evil effect.

19. Not to expand our functions or purposes beyond the **point** where we cannot fulfil them by our own power. Borrowed power results in ugly and impudent works—impudent

in their inferiority ; and ultimately doomed to disrespect. To rely entirely on what authentic dignity of inner virtue is in us. This is the true guarantee against failure : if our power be in our virtue, however little there may seem to be of it, it will be sufficient. The more serious our functions and purposes, the less are we in a position of having to compete with other functions and purposes ; the only emulation proper to us is emulation of self.

20. The multitudes want and need, in their now extremely sensitive faculty of anxiety, a more convincing assurance of inner stabilities than ever before. Conventional religion has failed them : the more it tried to give the multitudes, the more vaguely defined were the inner stabilities offered. But the multitudes do not want to be offered the ' other' things for their approval or understanding: they want and need these things among them, to feel them among them. The inner stabilities are not theological or political propositions : they are the inner people themselves. Not to restrain our power of giving them reassurance, in fear of seeming abnormally ' different ', Not to feign their kind of normalness, in order to flatter them : from us they do not want flattery, but strangeness sufficient to their need.

To be the inner stabilities of the outside multitudes by the way in which we take our place among them. If we cannot find the right way to do this, they will continue to look for reassurance from their outer stabilities, that they themselves must continually and desperately renew. The outer stabilities in which they place faith are, indeed, made of themselves ; and the multitudes are incapable of any real faith in themselves.

21. By self-recognition and self-refinement to concentrate the power in ourselves into a magic : to let it loose, that is, without translation into plausible outer terms—but only after we have satisfied ourselves of its reality from our point of view, only after *we* understand it. The multitudes have been the victims of the false magic of publicists of all kinds—dictators, scientists, politicians, industrialists and entertainers. They have had no

refuge from this but their own uninspiring common sense. To give them a true magic.

22. Not to reject our insideness as insufficient because we are physically limited. We could not have inner power in relation to outside things if we did not have physical means of communicating our power to them. To doubt whether one is ' entirely ' an inside person because one has physicality is, indeed, to make the inside position an abstract one, a loveless and ambitious one, a state of haughty and loveless spirituality. And it is part of the excessive pride of this point of view to feel that, since inside influence does not break through to the outside with miraculous ease, there can be no really serious urgency : that this cannot be a time for the successful exertion of inside influence.

Many people of genuine insideness indulge themselves in a self-flattering ghostliness of mind, on the one hand, and in a physically self-indulgent life, on the other—as if the time itself were not good enough. The time is good enough : it is the time. Whatever inner sense of Tightness we have is real for now, true of now.

To live ourselves now ; to let out the illumination that is in us, not setting ourselves arrogant standards of success; not to bargain for a victory with the outside, but to take the risk of exerting our power.

23. To seek those in whose power of influence we can believe along with our own; to conceive ourselves as responsible for clarifying the inner plan of things; to regard the room there still is in the outer world for evil and confusion as in a real sense due to our failure to work hard enough upon the clarification of the inner plan; to fill out the plan precisely enough, to believe in ourselves literally enough.

24. To regard ourselves, in so far as we are personal minds and have an inner reality of self, as being innately appointed to fulfil **the** most serious responsibilities of existence. To assume **that** with these responsibilities goes an authority for which the current democratic distinctions of prestige do not make allowance—**but** which they do not, on the other hand, prohibit.

There are positions and offices of moral prestige which democracy made vacant because they were not adequately filled. They still remain to be filled. As we do not fill them they fall to the comedians and impostors—or seem to become obsolete.

25. In the past the inside forces have worked dividedly and indirectly: in great uncertainty of the distinction in kind between inner and outer reality, inner and outer power. People of inside temperament either institutionalized themselves in competition with worldly institutions or served worldly institutions in an attempt to make an easy reconciliation between inner and outer power; or remained withdrawn in strictly private, ' unknown ' activity ; or were floating individualists—more concerned to be ' free ' than to find their internal hold. There are now no mysteries left regarding the distinction between inner and outer reality, inner and outer power ; the distinction in all its aspects is immediately and completely manifest in every aspect of life to-day. This is a ripe time : frighteningly ripe if we are not ready to live immediately, hearteningly ripe if we are.

The inside people need no longer live, work, be, in disheartening division or in sterile unworldly unity or in mystical obscurity. They have been brought close to one another; they are interlinked in inner consciousness, they are really of one mind—and would be so effectively if they kept sufficiently fresh and intimate communication with one another.

Not to be shadowy, divided, suspicious of the time ; to know the difference between now and then.

26. To be moved by large, not little, reasons ; to combine not in self-defence, not in separatist professional pride and ambition, but to regard ourselves as having a common function of teaching the elements of existence.

But this does not mean that we must expect the multitudes to help us in our work. We must show them work already done, the already answered ' why ', We must teach them the repose-giving answer to ' why ' and ' why ' and ' why ': else they will seek the why of existence—the answer to all the why's—in the

outer mechanism of life, which is as to permit them to divide existence against itself.

27. Not to rely on the assumption that there is implicit goodness in existence; not to make the inside role one of mere passive, critical observation; not to lean wistfully upon the instances of explicit goodness that the past has afforded. Against immediately observable evil to set not the past but ourselves as the immediately alive good. To be constant minds ; and so to draw upon the staying power of goodness that present evil shall be outstayed.

Not to be merely pained by evil, but solemnly incredulous of its power to exist now.

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