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Points of View

by

H. G. WELLS, Dean INGE, Sir OLIVER LODGE,

J. B. S. HALDANE, Sir WALFORD DAVIES,

G. LOWES DICKINSON

EDITED BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

These are the famous "Points of View" which aroused universal interest and discussion when they were delivered over the wireless. Everyone who heard them—and who did not?—will be glad to have them collected in one volume.

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MORE POINTS OF VIEW

MORE POINTS OF VIEW

A SECOND

SERIES OF BROADCAST ADDRESSES

by

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON

SIR JAMES JEANS/DAME ETHEL SMYTH

SIR JOSIAH STAMP/SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

HILAIRE BELLOG

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

MUSEUM STREET

First published in serial form in "The Listener"

FIRST PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM 1930

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
UNWIN BROTHERS LTD., WOKING

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

IT might be said of the six men who contributed to the first volume of *Points of View* that they are generally known to the public as thinkers first, and as members of their several professions second. The reverse is true of those who contribute to this second volume, *More Points of View*. The Archbishop of York, Lord Grey, Sir James Jeans, Dame Ethel Smyth, Sir Josiah Stamp and Sir Henry Newbolt are famous, first of all, for the eminence they have attained in their respective professions. And, perhaps in consequence of this, all of them speak from the very individual standpoint of their own work and experience. The Archbishop of York bases his defence of Christianity in the world to-day on his studies as a theologian and his activities as a churchman; Sir James Jeans's long perspective of human progress and evolution reflects his consciousness of the vastness of the universe; and Sir Josiah Stamp draws on his practical experience of business and confesses that his point of view is frankly economic; he admits that though in one sphere he speaks with authority, in others he cannot express himself positively, and feels he must still be collecting evidence before giving his opinion. And all the contributors, while acknowledging that they can touch with greater authority upon one particular aspect of life more than another, have emphasised that there

are other aspects. So where Mr. Shaw and Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Wells embraced all mankind in their surveys, the later contributors have rather stressed the particular features with which they themselves are concerned. Both methods are equally valuable in stimulating thought and discussion.

I

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

FROM WHO'S WHO (1930)

YORK, ARCHBISHOP OF, since 1929; Most Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE. M.A.; D.Litt.; Hon. D.D.; Hon. Chaplain to the King, 1915-21; *b.* The Palace, Exeter, 15 Oct., 1881; *s.* of late Archbishop of Canterbury; *m.* 1916, Frances Gertrude Acland, *y. d.* of late F. H. Anson, 72, St. George's Square, S.W. *Educ.:* Rugby (Scholar); Balliol College, Oxford (Exhibitioner), 1st Class Classical Mods., 1902; 1st Class Lit. Hum., 1904. President Oxford Union, 1904; Fellow and Lecturer in Philosophy, Queen's College, Oxford, 1904-10; Deacon, 1908; Priest, 1909; Chaplain to Archbishop of Canterbury, 1910-21; Headmaster, Repton School, 1910-14; Rector of St. James, Piccadilly, 1914-18; Editor of *The Challenge*, 1915-18; Canon of Westminster, 1919-21; Bishop of Manchester, 1921-29; President of the Workers' Educational Association, 1908-24; Editor of *The Pilgrim*, 1920-27. *Publications:* *The Faith and Modern Thought* (six Lectures), 1910; *The Nature of Personality*, 1911; *The Kingdom of God*, 1912; *Repton School Sermons*, 1913; *Two Essays in Foundations*; *Articles in Mind*; *Studies in the Spirit and Truth of Christianity*, 1914; *Church and Nation*, 1915; *Plato and Christianity*, 1916; *Mens Creatrix, an Essay*, 1917; *Issues of Faith*, 1918; *Fellowship with God*, 1920; *The Universality of Christ*, 1921; *Life of Bishop Percival*, 1921; *Christus Veritas*, 1924; *Christ in His Church*, 1925; *Personal Religion and the Life of Fellowship*, 1926; *Essays in Christian Politics*, 1927; *Christianity and the State*, 1928.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

To state one's point of view with regard to any particular problem or enterprise is usually not very difficult; to state it with regard to life and experience as a whole is difficult, because it is plainly wise to try to see these in every possible aspect, and that seems to involve shifting the point of view as often as possible. But every man who thinks seriously at all must at a particular time have adopted some attitude or other to the age-long problem of the one and the many; either he believes that life is a single whole in which every activity has its own appropriate place in relation to all the others; or he does not. If he does, then either he believes that he knows in some degree its principle of unity, or else his main concern is the search for it; if he does not believe that experience is a unity, then he will find in one or other of its departments his dominant interest—it may be science, it may be art, it may be politics; there is a great variety of possible dominating interests for thoughtful people.

THE MEDLEVAL BACKGROUND OF MODERN THOUGHT

The characteristic of modern thought and life, as distinct from mediaeval thought and life, has been sectionalism. It is important to see the modern move-

ment against the mediaeval background, because its distinctive impulse has so largely been one of reaction. The great Middle Ages were a period of unification. The so-called Dark Ages which preceded them had been a time of chaos and disintegration following on the collapse in the West of the unifying power of the Roman Empire. Men were eager to bring purpose and system into life. From this point of view three names are of supreme importance: Hildebrand, who became Pope Gregory VII, Innocent III and St. Thomas Aquinas; and behind these three is the great genius, one side of whose mind supplied the leading ideas of all that period—St. Augustine of Hippo. The name of Hildebrand stands for a great reformation in which he was the central figure. Society was chaotic and the Church corrupt; Hildebrand had the vision of a purified Church giving order to the world. The name of Innocent III stands for the achievement of the Papacy by which this vision was most nearly realised. St. Thomas is the greatest of those scholastic philosophers who provided the intellectual expression of this vision and achievement by mapping out the whole area of thought and action in provinces, each with its own frontier, under the controlling sovereignty of theology, queen of the sciences.

Of course, the practical accomplishment lagged far behind the intellectual scheme. But the conception was a noble one, and the scheme most thoroughly

worked out. From our modern standpoint it is open to criticism in two main respects, which are indeed intimately related to one another. Vast as was the intellectual energy and capacity employed in the construction of the scheme, it won its complete unity too easily. The scholastics are not to blame for this. The historic method, and the idea of evolution which goes with it so closely, had not yet become part of the furniture of men's minds; the notion that there were new facts yet to be learnt, new modes of experience to be appreciated, could not weigh with them. We know that our apprehension of the universe is bound to be in one way or another superseded in the generations that follow us; any unification that we attempt will be that of pervading principles, not of a completed system. If a philosopher produced a system of thought which fitted all existing knowledge together, but left no room for any more to come, we should know for that reason alone that he was in error. It was this apparent completeness of the scholastic system which made it resist new knowledge which it could not assimilate. Thus it became a mental tyranny, bound at last to be indignantly repudiated. For this reason also it could not be transformed by perpetual readjustment. When experience outstripped it, it could only break up.

The other failure was part of this. In the intellectual scheme of the Middle Ages we do not watch the progressive unification of experience by the appre-

hension and articulation of its own principles, revealed by its successive stages; we see a unity imposed from above by deductive argument from theological propositions, which were not themselves regarded as open to criticism or revision. And this is the intellectual counterpart of the use of persecution for preventing the growth of varieties of belief which would, as was supposed, be fatal to the unity of social and political life. It is true that St. Augustine had employed the text "compel them to come in" as a justification of persecution. But not even his great influence could have led to the Albigensian crusade or the Inquisition, if persecution had not belonged so closely to the prevailing habit of mind. And here it is possible and necessary for us to censure that habit of mind. For it supposed itself to assume the supremacy of Christ; and if one thing is more conspicuous than another in the teaching and practice of Christ, it is His absolute refusal to infringe the liberty of the individual. All response was to be free, and if no free response was forthcoming He would seek no other.

THE RENAISSANCE OUTLOOK

Whatever finally caused the Renaissance, its character is clear. It was a movement of emancipation. The significance of Machiavelli is not his lack of moral principle, but his quite clear assumption of the autonomy of politics as a sphere outside the

control of theology. He made the State an object of man's allegiance, but left nothing to which the State's allegiance can be given. And in this, all civilised nations have followed him, though illogically shrinking from his perfectly correct conclusions. Art began in practice to claim a similar autonomy. Science and philosophy equally set out upon their own investigations, ready to accept the conclusions to which their own processes conducted them. For a long time there was some acknowledgment of a universal sovereignty in God; but this became steadily weaker as an effective influence, until at last religion, which had been the public and universal concern *par excellence*, came to be regarded as of all private concerns the most intimately private, an affair between each man and his Maker, and affecting only what is purely individual.

In practice, of course, some principle of action was necessary. Various forces were at work all through the Middle Ages, substituting for the non-national relationships of Feudalism the self-conscious and self-distinguishing nations which already confront us in the sixteenth century. Nationalism, actual and ideal, took the place of actual Feudalism and ideal Catholicism as the governing factor in politics. It inspired great heroism in its service; it facilitated the growth of cultural traditions by which the life of the whole world is enriched; it supplied units of self-government so that men could learn the difficult

arts of political liberty; and it led us, through its culminating self-expression in the Great War, to the search for an internationalism which shall at once conserve its benefits and avoid its perils, in the League of Nations. In the political sphere we are quite evidently trying to find our way back to an all-embracing unity.

THE GLORIFICATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL

In the spiritual and intellectual spheres, there was no nucleus of new unification to which men could turn when the growing wealth of experience cracked the mould of the mediaeval unity, except the individual consciousness. This was assumed as a point of established, or given, unity, and from it the pioneers of the new adventure took their start. Luther's declaration at the Diet of Worms—*Hier steK ichy ich kann nichts anders* ("Here I stand, I can naught else⁵⁵)—and Descartes⁵ discovery that, in the effort to doubt all things, one certainty remains, namely, the doubter's assurance that he is doubting—*Cogito, ergo sum* ("I think, therefore I exist⁵⁵)—are the spiritual and intellectual expressions of the same principle—the autonomy of the individual in mind and conscience.

It would be impossible to enumerate what we owe to the practical assertion of this principle. All the wealth of art and literature, all the enterprises and achievements of science, all the equipment and

organisation of life which these have made possible, we owe in part at least to this principle. And yet the life so equipped and organised is felt by many to be purposeless. Our poets and novelists do not for the most part suggest that life as they see it has any goal before it, the reaching of which is helped or hindered by the characters which they depict. Everything is fugitive and futile. All discipline is repudiated, but the result is rather boredom than exuberance. To take the obvious example—few novelists of our time show any respect for the Christian ideal of marriage or the Church's law regarding it; but the picture they give us does not lead one to suppose that the abandonment of these is any guarantee of happiness. No doubt such generalisations are subject to exceptions: and one voice there is which calls to another way than that of individualism run wild—I shall refer again in another connection to the late Poet Laureate's great utterance, *The Testament of Beauty*—but the impression made upon me by contemporary literature is broadly what I have described.

And now the heart of this glorification of the human individual is taken out of it by the discovery that the unity of the individual himself is not a fact of his original nature but an achievement of conscious and social life. Psychology leaves us in no doubt about this. It will have nothing to do with a central core of personality or self-hood, ordering all the elements of human nature by the power of something

called a will. Each of us at birth is a mass of instincts and impulses—each ready to be stimulated into activity by its appropriate environment. The first business of our education, which begins at birth and is not finished at death, is to fashion all these into a unity which shall control every one of them. It often happens that during that process two, or even more, groups of elements are formed; it is for this reason that boys and adolescents sometimes seem to be hypocrites. Real hypocrisy is on the whole an adult failing. But it easily happens that young folk behave after one fashion in one company and after a very different fashion in some other company, without any hypocrisy. The boy who is a perfect little gentleman in the headmaster's drawing-room, and a perfect little fiend half an hour later, is behaving with complete sincerity and spontaneity on each occasion, but his character is not fully formed; he is, perhaps, no longer a multitude, but he is two inchoate personalities not yet fused together; and each becomes active when its own environment sets it going. Yet all the while there is the basis of unity in the fact that only one impulse or group of impulses can be active by means of his bodily organism at any one time. That fact sets up from the outset a rudimentary sense of continuity, personal identity and responsibility. As this sense of responsibility develops it becomes the chief means of unifying the whole personality.

THE NEED OF A UNIFYING PRINCIPLE

But if all this is true, then the chief need of humanity, now more urgent than ever before, is for some principle that may bring unity into life. It is possible to go a long way in unifying personality on the basis of self-interest. But you cannot go all the way; for there are generous elements in human nature which can never be brought under its sway. And so far as success is reached by that method, it only prepares for deeper failure; for the self that is unified under the principle of self-interest will come into conflict with other selves governed by the same principle. No sectional principle will do. Self-perfection, self-expression, "Art for Art's sake", "Business is business"⁵⁵, "My country right or wrong"—these are products of the modern departmentalism which has led us to moral bewilderment, aesthetic chaos, industrial class-war, international and interracial jealousy, with the suicide of civilisation as its inevitable outcome. The principle of unity which is to meet our need must be in its nature truly universal.

We are in search, then, of something which is wide enough to cover every human interest, august enough to claim an absolute allegiance, and connected by an intimate, but also an identical, relation with every individual and every race. That is what we want, if we can find it. But it is quite inconceivable that such an ideal should emerge out of the extremely various experiences and traditions of mankind.

No English sketch of an ideal plan for life will appeal (say) to the Italian or the Frenchman. No European sketch will appeal to the Indian or Chinese. And if we try to imagine an international committee attempting to draw up a universal plan of life, we know that they could only reach agreement by confining themselves to platitudes, and that what they put forth could have no compelling force whatever upon the passions of mankind. There are many problems, social and political, of which there is demonstrably no solution until the parties concerned acknowledge one common standard of judgment. But we cannot construct that standard. What we want can only be found if the ultimate ground of all existence is somewhere and somehow made known otherwise than in the partial and fitful apprehensions afforded by the experience of different men and races. In other words, if there is a God who is the Father of all men, and if He has revealed His character in some way that we can understand, then the crying need of the world can be met; and if not, it cannot be met.

THE ANSWER OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

Now the Gospel is precisely the proclamation of the good news that God exists and is eternally what we see in Jesus Christ. That such a faith is the answer to such needs as I have outlined needs scarcely to be pointed out. But it is worth while to point to

the importance of the fact that the revelation is given in a Person and not in a set of propositions—not even in a set of propositions about that Person. It is to Christ, not to the Creed, that the world is to look for its salvation. The Creed is important because it points to the one hope of redemption; but its importance is secondary, for it is not itself the source of saving power. Remembrance of this will save us from the central mediaeval blunder of imposing the rule of theology on science or art, or *enforcing* a submission of conduct to religion. The unity we seek must come from the all-pervasiveness of the influence and spirit of a Person. The message of the Gospel to individuals, to groups, to classes, to nations, to races, is "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus", and the same message is given to statesmen, to economists, to scientists, to artists, to poets, to novelists, to journalists. Moreover, it declares that this is possible just because Jesus Christ is not only a historic figure like Socrates or Caesar, but is the manifestation of that universal and eternal Spirit in whom we live and move and have our being, and who is Himself the source of our existence and sustainer of our life.

THE BASES OF CHRISTIANITY

But is the Gospel credible? To complete the description of my point of view, I must try to give you in the same sketchy outline what I conceive to be the

grounds for belief in God and in Christ as His self-revelation. And first let me say that the strength of the case for Christian theism is not to be found in any one line of argument, but in the convergence of several independent lines of argument. First, then, I take this. Science never attempts to explain the existence of the Universe itself. It explains any given part of the Universe by showing its relation to other parts. This process is, indeed, very far from complete; but even if it could be completed, it would not explain the existence of the whole or (consequently) of anything at all. If that question is raised, and there can be no doubt about the intellectual impulse to raise it, no answer can be satisfactory if it is of such a kind as to require further explanation. The explanation of all things cannot be found in anything which needs itself to be explained. If, concerning the answer given, the mind can ask again the question, Why so? the answer is no final explanation. Now there is in our experience one principle, and only one, which does, so far as it is applicable, give such a final explanation; it is the purpose of living intelligence. It is therefore reasonable to make the hypothesis that the explanation of the Universe is to be found in the purpose of a living intelligence—or, in other words, in creation by God.

Secondly, whatever is to account for all particular existences must be adequate to the most highly developed. We may make a rough classification of

existence as things, animals and persons. The thing is passive, moving as it is moved; *it* is not sentient; it has no feelings to be considered. The animal is self-moving and has feelings. But it has no purpose or plan of life. You do not say to a puppy, "What would you like to be when you grow up?" To have such a purpose in life is the distinctive mark of personality. So the principle invoked as the explanation of all things must at least be personal in the sense of acting by intelligent purpose.

Thirdly, the world as science presents it to us increasingly appears to exist in a series of grades or strata. A rough classification of these is matter, life, mind, spirit. But these are related to each other in such wise that the lower is necessary to the actuality of the higher, while the higher can direct the lower to conformity with its own ends. Thus life only appears as living matter—the organism; mind only appears as directing organisms; spirit only appears as guiding minds. Reality as a whole cannot be less than one of its own parts; so as spiritual beings exist within it, spirit must be part of its own nature. But if so, and if spirit exists by guiding mind, mind by directing life, and life by possessing matter, then the system of reality as a whole must be spiritual. It is just this conception which Robert Bridges has set forth with a noble combination of logical power and poetic beauty in his great poem *The Testament of Beauty*.

Fourthly, all this receives reinforcement from the religious experience of mankind and especially of the saints. If the general argument of philosophy seemed to me to incline towards atheism, I could not confidently reject the theory of some psychologists that all religious experience is illusion. If there were no experience which seemed to be a personal relationship with God, I should have to admit that the balance of probability in the general philosophic argument is not decisive. But the two converge and support each other; it is in the mutual support of general argument and religious experience that we find the main strength of the case for theism. There are other converging lines of argument from moral obligation and from beauty, which I have not room now to trace; this strengthens the case still further. But for me the convergence of the two lines already mentioned is the most important. For the philosophic argument points to creation by a personal spirit capable of personal relationship with persons; and religious experience appears, at least, to be the apprehension from our side of such relations with the infinite reality.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INCARNATION

Once more, in personality as we know it in ourselves, the process of evolution has produced a being capable of apprehending universal truth and absolute obligation; for though our range in these regards

may be limited, yet in principle we are familiar with such apprehensions. The truth that $2 + 2 = 4$ is not dependent on circumstances; it is genuinely universal. But beyond the universal and the absolute it is self-evidently impossible to go. Man then, in respect of his reason and conscience, is akin to whatever is 'ultimate. Here is the image of God stamped on human nature. Here also is the condition making possible a personal revelation of God in human nature. The Incarnation is in principle possible.

But does that same principle of evolution allow us to believe that it has actually happened? Can the final revelation be already given? Men often ask this question. But it betrays great confusion of thought. Finality of principle and direction is not inimical to development and progress. No mathematician proposes to reconstruct the multiplication-table in the interest of mathematical advance. What is given to the world in Jesus Christ is not the goal of man's destiny, but the direction to be followed and the power to follow it. There still remains the task of bringing all activities into conformity with the mind "which was also in Christ Jesus⁵⁵; there are infinite vistas of progress before the human race.

VISTAS OF PROGRESS

It is not possible now to describe the task awaiting us as we look down those vistas. But we may easily

begin to envisage the difference that it would make if in international affairs the mind of Christ were always in control; if patriotism were always Christian, so that patriots always desired for their country pre-eminence in service rather than in power, and valued power only as a means of service; or again the change in our social and industrial life if men always cared more for justice than for gain, more for fellowship than for domination, more for what might link them to their fellows than for what enabled them to feel superior; or again the change in much of our literature and art if there were a constant loyalty to the mind, the spirit, the outlook of Christ, so that with complete freedom to handle all subjects and to handle them freely, the artist were really delivered from the chaotic futility of mere self-expression, without regard to the question whether there is a self worthy of expression or only a talent for expressing it.

PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Each group, and indeed each individual in each group, must work out the meaning of all this in the various departments of life. For the Church as a whole, or anyone in its name, to undertake this would be to repeat the mediaeval blunder, and to give up just what is best in the whole modern movement of mankind. But at least four principles can be stated as part of the Christian view of life, and

as calling for application in great things and small every day. First, personality is sacred; progress means the perpetually fuller recognition of the personal element in human beings in all relations of life; that personal element shows itself above all things in free intelligent choice. Secondly, we are not isolated individuals, but members of a brotherhood; progress means the perpetually fuller realisation in practice of this fact of fellow-membership in the family of God. Thirdly, the duty of man is to serve God by serving his fellows; progress means the perpetually greater number of those who put service before gain as the guiding principle of life. Fourthly, power is subordinate to love, and love exerts its power by self-sacrifice; this is the way of the Cross; progress comes mostly not through those who fight for it, but through those who suffer for it.

Now all this is not proved. We walk by faith, not by sight. Intellectually regarded, the Christian faith is a hypothesis to be tested by thought and practice. Spiritually regarded, it is a discipleship in which we rely at first on the testimony of others and progressively find the vindication in our own experience. . . . But the charge to the Church is "make disciples of all the nations"; and the call, to mankind is "Come unto Me and I will give you rest"⁵⁵. The world can only know whether that promise is fulfilled if it first fulfils the condition. I cannot offer proof; each individual and mankind itself must find the

proof by the experiment of practical discipleship. But I hope I have succeeded in setting before you in a sketch that view of the world which from my point of view I seem to see, and which I now summarise as follows:

I believe that life and the world constitute a single whole; I believe that the Word of God—that is, the mind and character of God in self-expression—is the principle of its unity; I believe that this mind and character of God are fully expressed, so far as human nature allows, in the person of Jesus Christ as set before us in the Gospels and as known in the experience of the Christian Church; I think that the state of knowledge is beginning—though only now after a long interval beginning—to make possible again the enterprise of seeing all life and the world as a unity having that revelation as its focusing point; and I am convinced that nothing is now so important—for indeed the alternative is in the long run the collapse of civilisation—as to reconstruct our whole fabric of thought and practice around the self-expression of ultimate Reality in Jesus Christ as its focus and pivot and dynamic source of power.

II

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON

FROM WHO'S WHO (1930)

GREY, 1st Viscount, *cr.* 1916, of Fallodon; EDWARD GREY, Bt., *cr.* 1914; K.G. 1912; P.C. 1902; D.L.; D.C.L.; Chancellor of Oxford University since 1928; *b.* 25 April, 1862; *e. s.* of Capt. George Henry Grey and Harriet Jane, *y. d.* of Lt.-Col. Pearson; *S.* grandfather 1882; *m.* 1st, 1885, Dorothy (*d.* 1906), *d.* of S. F. Widdrington, Newton Hall, Northumberland; 2nd, 1922, Pamela (*d.* 1928), *y. d.* of late Hon. Percy Wyndham and widow of 1st Baron Glenconner; *Educ.:* Winchester; Balliol College, Oxford; Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1892-95; was winner of M.C.C. and Queen's Club Tennis Prize in 1896; M.P. (L.) Berwick-on-Tweed, 1885-1916; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1905-16; Temporary Ambassador to U.S.A., 1919; President of Armstrong College, Newcastle, 1918; owns about 2,000 acres. *Publications:* Fly-Fishing, 1899; Twenty-Five Years, 1892-1916, 1925; Fallodon Papers, 1926; Charm of Birds, 1927.

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON

WE have had several points of view given in recent months. Some have been intellectual, as, for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells'; some have been political, as, for instance, Mr. Lowes Dickinson's; some have had a religious basis, as that of the Archbishop of York. But the point of view I am going to try to give to-night will be neither religious, nor political, nor intellectual. I hope you will not infer from that that I have no faith, no politics, or no intellect, because what I am going to give is simply a point of view, not necessarily the point of view that I think best, but *a* point of view, and I am going to try to make it practical.

First, I must start with some hypotheses about life. Is there a mind in the universe, or is it all blind force? If it is all blind force, then it seems to me that nothing is worth while and nothing matters, but, if one accepts the hypothesis which Bacon expressed years ago in these words, "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legends and the Talmud and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind", then all that we know on this earth, and we ourselves, are part of something in the great scheme of things which has the supreme direction, purpose and intelligence, and, if that

be so, then things are worth while, and everything matters.

And, further, I think that personality, individuality, becomes more and not less important the higher the forms of life. In the lowest forms of life, as we know them upon the earth, there is very little difference between the individuals of different species. When you come to the higher animals there is considerably more difference, and when you come to mankind you come to a great variation of individuals; even in the same family, with the same upbringing and surroundings, the individuals will differ very much in their qualities, in their disposition, and so on. I think it is a fair inference from that, that in forms of life higher than any we know personality is increasingly and not less important, and, if that be so, what is very important to each of us is, What does life make of us, or what do we make of life?

Life is a stream of experience; we can none of us avoid it; it is having its effect upon us, and it matters greatly what it makes of us or what we make of it. In childhood we have hardly consistent personality. As the Archbishop of York said a week or so ago, a boy may be a perfect gentleman in one place and a little fiend in another. We are full, in childhood, of inconsistent impulses which are not co-ordinated, and we are very inconsistent persons, but if we develop well and normally, gradually some of those impulses and tendencies come to dominate, others

are subordinated, and eventually you see people grow up into a sound, strong character which is a harmony. That seems to me what the development of individuality in life ought to be. How is that brought about? To bring about that harmony, that consistent whole, there must be some guiding principle in our lives which gives shape and regulation and which utilises the great community sense that there is in mankind of the difference between right and wrong. By right and wrong I mean this. There are some things which we admire—courage, physical and moral, consideration for others, truth, sincerity; we admire those things and approve them. The opposites of them—cowardice, extreme selfishness, lying and bad faith, we disapprove; we call those things wrong. I believe that that distinction between right and wrong is not an artificial thing which has arisen simply out of what is convenient to the human race; I believe it corresponds to a distinction which is part of the universal scheme of things. If this be so, it is very important that this distinction between right and wrong should be kept alive in us and that we should make it the guiding principle in our lives. I venture one suggestion of a way by which we may help ourselves to secure that. Of course, it is fairly easy to attack a really brutal, bad motive when it comes to us and prompts us to do a bad thing. We say at once, "No, that is wrong; I cannot do that". But are there not many other

motives which are not exactly bad, but which are belittling, and not ennobling?

I can illustrate what I mean by a very pleasant story of St. Theresa. The story is that St. Theresa was once met carrying a pitcher of water in one hand and a lighted torch in the other. She was asked what she was going to do, and she said, "I want to burn up Heaven and quench Hell, so that henceforth men will be moved not by the fear of Hell, but by the love of God alone⁵⁵.

There are other motives which are very insidious. I would say, on the story of St. Theresa, that the devout man who becomes concentrated on his own personal salvation is not likely to become a fine character or even a good Christian, but motives have misled him. The same way with other motives; there are several of them very insidious, not necessarily bad. A certain amount of vanity, I think, is a necessary ingredient in us. Anyhow, it is better to have some vanity than no personal respect at all. But it is a very insidious motive; it is constantly prompting us without our knowing it. It may disguise itself under various forms. It may disguise itself under the form of extreme humility, which, I suppose, is what the person had in mind, whoever he was, who wrote the following little verse about it:

Once in a saintly passion I cried, in desperate grief,
"Oh! Lord, my soul is black with guile, of sinners I am chief".
Then stooped my Guardian Angel and whispered from behind,
"Vanity, my little man; you're nothing of the kind!"

I lay stress on our motives. You may say, "Oh! but that leads to introspection; that is morbid" Well, in some cases it may be. But I think what people suffer from, much more than too much introspection, is too little introspection. An old Greek sage once said, "Know thyself⁵"; and it seems to me that with many of us, at any rate, other people know us much better than we know ourselves. Well, that ought not to be so; we ought to know the motives from which we act, and not allow ourselves to be impelled to act from small motives which stunt our growth, instead of making us grow into a stronger personality.

Now let me take the conduct of life and look at it from three aspects. The three aspects I will take are, our relations to other people, our work, and our pleasure. In relation to other people there are some persons—they are exceptions, but there are some, and very fine exceptions—who are so moved by good will towards mankind that they devote their whole lives entirely to good works. But they are the exceptions. For most of us, our relations with other people come under three heads: the relations between man and woman, especially between one man and one woman, in marriage; the relations between parents and children; and the relations of friendship. I will take as an example the relations between parents and children. In some of the lower animals—in some fish, for instance—they do not exist at all; some fish have no means of knowing

their own offspring or identifying them; but when you come to birds and animals, you find great affection between parents and their offspring, and even the most timid of them will at times, in order to protect their young, show courage and self-sacrifice to a degree which, if they were human, we should call heroic. But when we come to consider mankind, we find that it is not with mankind as it is with animals. With animals the relations between parents and offspring cease as soon as the offspring are able to look after themselves; they cease to know each other as parents and offspring. The affection between parents and offspring has served the material purpose of carrying on the race, and, having served that purpose, it disappears. But with mankind it is different. The relations between parents and offspring take a form which lasts through life, and they become very wonderful; in other words, they show that mankind has transmuted what was originally an animal instinct, intended for the material purpose of preserving the race, into something which far transcends any material purpose; it is very wonderful and beautiful—in other words, an ideal. The same is true of marriage, and the same is true of friendship in mankind. It seems to me very important that all of us—young people especially—should have presented to them these ideals of relations between human beings as possibilities, things to which they may themselves attain. It is quite true that to have

an ideal does not by any means ensure that one attains to it; but it does make it probable that, if we have an ideal, though we may not attain it, we shall attain something higher than we otherwise should have reached if we had had no ideal. That is why in literature I do not advocate reticence. I do not advocate that it should make life appear more beautiful than it is; it is quite desirable that it should dwell on the ugly things in life, and so show the things that ought to be avoided, but it ought not to do that without showing us also the things to which we should aspire; and if people do not know those ideals it is possible they miss a very great thing in life. It is not all of us who can find pearls of great price, but none of us can find pearls of great price if we do not believe that such things exist.

I pass from that to the question of work, and that is fairly simple. Some people have such great talent that their work is obviously marked out for them. They tried to make Sir Isaac Newton a farmer. He broke away from that and became President of the Royal Society. But those exceptions are few; for most of us circumstance or necessity chooses and decides the sort of work which we have to do in life, and for us Carlyle's motto is not a bad one, "Do the duty that lies nearest to you, and the next will already have become plainer". In other words, circumstance or necessity having chosen our work for us, what

we have to do is to do that work as well as we can; and independent of what the value of that work may have been in the world, anybody who has followed that rule throughout life has done a great deal to make himself or herself a strong, sound, reliable character.

So much for work. Now I come to the more complicated question of pleasure and enjoyment. I, of course, put aside pleasures which injure people, mentally or physically; they destroy themselves in the end. I am not going to dwell upon pleasures which are of a simple kind, but of a wholesome kind, which have a great part, a legitimate part, in life, such as sports and games. I want to consider the higher pleasures which really have a great effect in widening our character. I do not believe that things like great music, great art, great literature, especially great poetry, the beauty of outdoor nature, and the power which is in many of us of responding to these things—I do not believe that all that was intended to be wasted and not used. On the contrary, I believe it was intended to be cultivated and developed. People sometimes think that modern inventions have increased enjoyment. I am very doubtful whether that is true of all the modern inventions. There have been a great many in my lifetime. There have been two which I think are entirely good, not liable to be abused or misused. One is electric light and the other is the push-bicycle with the pneumatic

tyre. But when we come to other things—the telephone, for instance—I am very doubtful whether it does not interfere with, rather than help, our enjoyment of life. Of course, for work in offices it is very necessary, and for many things it is very useful, but to cultivate the higher enjoyment of life we want spaces of undisturbed time, and the telephone undoubtedly is a great invention which tends to cut up our time into fragments instead of giving us spaces with leisure. The same idea applies to motor-cars. Motor transport may be a very great boon, especially to people who have hard work to do and who have comparatively little leisure, but motor-cars have made movement so easy that we are always moving about. They are supposed to save time, all these easy means of transport, but it seems to me that, on the contrary, people are now more hurried than they used to be. There is a story which will illustrate that, of an Oriental and a Western companion. I do not mention the nationality because I do not know who is listening. The story is this. They were travelling in a tube on one of the railways in a great city. They were in a train that was going to take them to their destination. The train stopped at every intermediate station, and at one of them the Oriental suddenly found himself seized by his companion, dragged out of the compartment, hurried across the platform into another train which they entered just as it was moving off. When this

was accomplished, the Western companion said to the Oriental, "By doing this we have saved a minute and a half." "What shall we do with it?" said the Oriental.

I know a man who defined a motor-car as a means of taking him away from home when he did not want to go. Now, what did that mean? It meant—he was born long before the days of motor-cars—that he had developed indoors and outdoors in his own home pleasures which, when he had a free day, gave so much enjoyment to him that the day did not seem long enough. I sometimes wonder whether, if he had been born in the days of motor-cars, constantly moving about, he would have developed those pleasures which made him so certain—as far as anything in life can be certain—that when he had a free day at home the day was not long enough for all the enjoyment he found in it.

Two of the most happy books that I know are Gilbert White's *Selborne* and Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*. They are both of them happy because there is so much repose in them, and at the end of Izaak Walton's book he puts as a motto "Study to be quiet". All these modern inventions are making quiet—that quiet in which we can develop our pleasures—more rare. I sometimes wonder whether anybody ever took so much pleasure in writing novels as Jane Austen, and certainly very few people have written novels which have given so much

pleasure to others to read. I think if there had been motor-cars in the days of the Austen family they would not have been able to afford a Rolls-Royce, but they would probably have had a small car; and if Jane Austen had developed the motor-car habit, and especially if she had taken to driving a motor-car herself, I do not believe she could have produced the perfect work which she has produced.

I go from one to another modern invention, the greatest of all—the wireless, potentially the greatest boon of any invention of the time, perhaps of all time; but it needs to be *used* in order to get the best out of it that can be got. It is not using it to the best advantage to turn it on for hours and sit idly listening to what is coming next—simply passing the time without doing anything ourselves to contribute to it. Still less is it fair to ourselves, or to the wireless, to turn it on simply because we have a vacant hour, and then find fault with it because the particular item does not happen to interest us. The proper use of the wireless which makes it such a tremendous boon is that people should study the programme and select one or two things each day which they think will be interesting—either music which they are sure they will like, or a talk on some subject which they know they will find interesting—note the times at which these items will be given, and then definitely set apart those times for the wireless, to hear something they particularly wish to hear.

Used in that way wireless is an extraordinary boon, but unless people regard it as a great opportunity for selecting things they will lose the best of it, and they will probably lose also some opportunities of finding pleasures for themselves in other ways.

Something of the same sort applies also to our great national collections, the British Museum or the National Gallery, for instance. It is no good to go to those places and simply to roam through them without an object. We want to get to know something about them, and there again select the things which we have the greatest aptitude to enjoy. I used to use the National Gallery that way, knowing very little about pictures myself; but I got to know certain pictures which gave me very great enjoyment. When I was in office and had a spare half-hour on the way to the office, the National Gallery being fairly in my way I used to go and sit down in front of one or two of the pictures that I specially enjoyed, and in that way, without knowing very much about pictures, I did get very great enjoyment from them.

Once when I was in the old Turner Room in the National Gallery, sitting in front of a picture by Turner that I particularly liked, a really very sad thing happened. I heard a shuffling of many feet and a girls⁵ school—or part of it—entered the Turner Room. There was nothing sad in that, but the guide looked hastily round the Turner Room and said,

"Now, girls, we have only two minutes; there is 'The Death of Nelson⁵ and there is 'The Battle of Waterloo' "—indicating two that I thought were the least interesting pictures in the room. Now, I ask, what could have been done with two minutes in the Turner Room? I think that in two minutes nothing could have been done. It is even more difficult than attempting to give one's point of view of life in half an hour. But in five minutes something might have been done: they might have been halted in front of the great picture of "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus", and whilst they were looking at the gorgeous colour and wonderland of the picture they might have been told the great story which it illustrates, and that would have interested them; they would always have remembered the picture by the story told them in that way, without being shown any other pictures in the room, and later on in life some of them might have gone of their own accord to see some of Turner's other pictures, and got to know pictures even more beautiful than "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus". In the same way I will take as an illustration the proper use to be made of Kew Gardens. As you enter Kew Gardens there is a "bill of fare" put up which tells you the things most worth seeing in that particular week. In that way people who go to Kew may see things in each season of the year which are specially worth seeing. They know these things, and year after year, as that particular season comes

round, they go to see the same things. Now I used Kew in that way, and there used to be certain treasures which every month one made a point of seeing, because one liked them.

The development of those kinds of pleasure, going on all through life, is increasing and enriching a man or woman's enjoyment of life, and therefore that form of enjoyment has a great part in making personality rich and complete.

I take those four things—pleasure, work, our relations with other people and the guiding principle of the innate sense of right and wrong—as things which people may develop and cultivate through life, and thereby feel and make others feel at the end of life that as far as they are concerned life has been worth living, because, beginning as children, they have made themselves into personalities which it was worth while to create.

Please do not think that these are complacent reflections, on my part, of one who has lived up to what he is advocating. On the contrary, one looks back on many shortcomings. But the fact that one is conscious of shortcomings is no reason why one should not hold up to others an ideal which is better than that to which one has oneself attained.

The end of my time is drawing near, and I will only say, in conclusion, one word about the point of view as one gets old. One has to correct the tendency, **which is common to old age, always to feel that**

times were better when one was young, and that there are many things of which one disapproves and which one thinks have deteriorated. Sometimes one thinks in the present day that compared to sixty years ago there is less faith, and that social conduct is, I will not say bad, but more sloppy than it used to be, and there is less standard about it. Nowadays, one is inclined to feel that the people have taken the "nots" out of the Commandments and put them into the Creed; but then one remembers that that was said by a very witty lady who died many years before I was born. It was said in times which were in some ways more strict than those which came afterwards, and one feels sure that she was merely representing a tendency, which comes to some people, to think that the present times are not so good as when they were young. When I reflect on the changes in my own lifetime, it seems to me that the conscience of the community has developed very greatly. There is a community-conscience now, which feels a responsibility for poverty, weakness, and misfortune; which does not take it as much as a matter of course as our predecessors used to do; which is determined to make real efforts to remedy it; in other words, the conscience of the community of civilised nations is now more alert, more sympathetic, more merciful, than ever it has been before. That, in a very real sense of the word, is evidence of progress.

I11

SIR JAMES JEANS

FROM WHO'S WHO (1930)

JEANS, SIR JAMES HOPWOOD, Kt., *cr.* 1928; M.A., D.Sc. (Hon.) Oxon; LL.D. (Hon.) Aberd.; F.R.S.; Secretary of the Royal Society; *b.* 11 Sept., 1877; *s.* of W. T. Jeans, London; *m.* 1907, Charlotte Tiffany, *d.* of Alfred Mitchell, New London, Conn.; one *d.* *Educ:* Trinity Coll., Cambridge; 2nd Wrangler, 1898; Smith's Prizeman, 1900; Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1901; Univ. Lecturer in Mathematics, 1904; Professor of Applied Mathematics in Princeton University, 1905-9; Stokes Lecturer in Applied Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, 1910-12; Research Associate, Mt. Wilson Observatory, 1923. *Publications:* The Dynamical Theory of Gases, 1904; Theoretical Mechanics, 1906; The Mathematical Theory of Electricity and Magnetism, 1908; Radiation and the Quantum-Theory, 1914; Problems of Cosmogony and Stellar Dynamics, 1919; Atomicity and Quanta, 1926; Astronomy and Cosmogony, 1928; Eos, or the Wider Aspects of Cosmogony, 1928; The Universe Around Us, 1929, etc.

SIR JAMES JEANS

QUITE frankly, my point of view is that of a scientist—an astronomer. In brief, this means two things. First, because I am a scientist, I am apt to see human life as a chain of causes and effects; the life of to-morrow will be what we make it to-day; as we sow, so shall we reap. Second, because I am an astronomer, I am apt to see the problems of to-day set against a background of time in which the whole of human history shrinks to the twinkling of an eye, and to think of these problems specially in relation to man's past history on earth.

Our ancestors of a century ago read their origins in the Book of Genesis, with 4004 B.C. printed in the margin against the account of the creation. To-day we trace our origins back to a far greater antiquity. We believe that the earth is merely a tiny fragment of the sun, which got splashed off, almost by accident, something like 2,000 million years ago. For hundreds of millions of years it remained uninhabited until at last life arrived, and after passing through many forms—protozoa, fishes, reptiles, mammals—culminated in man. The upward ascent was a devious one; life, it seems, followed many dead-ends before finding its final road which led to man. Also we know that man is an absolutely new

arrival on earth; he has possessed and governed it for less than a thousandth part of its existence.

Most of us still think of ourselves as the final triumph of biological evolution; we are convinced we have come to stay as rulers of the earth. I wonder why. A being watching us from another planet might see things very differently. Gigantic reptiles, dinosaurs, ruled the earth for millions of years, but failed to retain their supremacy. Then huge mammals, terrible in their weight and strength, but almost brainless, governed for many million years more. Man has ruled only for a fraction of one million years. Why should he suppose that he has come to stay? Rather it seems to me he must still establish his claim to be the permanent governor of the earth. His own acts will decide whether he is fit to rule in perpetuity or not. We must maintain our position by fighting for it.

We have fought against the wild beasts which once overran the earth and won; human intelligence prevailed over brute strength. But we have not yet conquered the microbe; we are still so ignorant of the causes and modes of operation of certain classes of diseases that they may yet exterminate our race. We have also to fight against famine, against vice, against disruptive social tendencies and against bellicose tendencies to self-destruction. These fights have not yet been won; the issue is still in doubt. We have no right to take it for granted that they

will all end in our favour, or that we must inevitably go on to higher and higher things: the dinosaurs and dinoceras of past ages might have thought the same in their day, yet the fate in store for them was decay, defeat and extinction.

They could not have escaped their fate. We can. We face the future with a weapon in our hands that was not given to earlier rulers of the world—I mean scientific knowledge, and the capacity for increasing it indefinitely by scientific research.

It is a new weapon. No doubt the men who first discovered the uses of fire, who first replaced stone weapons by bronze, or bronze by iron, were scientists in their own way. So also were those shepherds and herdsmen who first noticed that a healthy, vigorous offspring came from healthy and vigorous parents, and *vice versa*. Yet in those early days science entered life in such small doses as to be negligible. To-day, thanks to science, we advance more in a few years than our ancestors did through the whole duration of the Stone Age.

It is our use of this weapon that will mould the future of our race for good or for ill. We no longer believe that human destiny is a plaything for spirits, good and evil, or for the machinations of the Devil. There is nothing to prevent our making the earth a paradise again—except ourselves. The scientific age has dawned, and we recognise that man himself is the master of his fate, the captain of his soul.

He controls the course of his ship and so, of course, is free to navigate it into fair waters or foul, or even to run it on the rocks.

It is important to choose the course with care, for we know that we have embarked on a very long voyage. The early Christians believed that the world would end in their lifetime; their Founder had said so. Quite rightly, then, they devoted their whole attention to the living generation. To-day, few, even of our religious teachers, expect the world to end in our time. The earth was in existence millions of years ago, and in all probability will still be in existence millions of years hence. For more time than we can imagine, it is likely to remain in much the same physical condition as now, and so will provide a suitable home for the human race. Whatever our views on a future life in another world, we recapture the old Jewish concept of an immortality in this world—or something which is effectively as good as immortality—enjoyed not *by* us but *through* us, by our posterity. Our problem is no longer merely to muddle through for a few more generations. We see ourselves as the architects of a tremendous future, with science giving us the power to build for good or evil, to make or to mar.

We have hardly yet realised how grave a responsibility this casts upon us. Amongst other things, I think we shall in time come to see that we must recast a large part of our code of social morality.

Virtues and vices have frequently changed places as life moved on through the ages. Witch-burning used to be a virtue, and lending money at interest a vice. And to-day humanitarian acts which appeared wholly virtuous while we were, so to speak, sitting about waiting for the last trumpet to sound, may appear thoroughly vicious in view of their effects on a long posterity. If we are to make the earth a paradise again, it seems to me that our first duty is, at all costs, to prevent the moral, mental and physical wreckage of to-day from reproducing itself and starting a new sequence of unhappy lives trailing down through endless generations. To encourage this stream of misery becomes a vice; to check it a virtue.

The racing man knows he cannot get a good racing stable by breeding from his slowest horses; the farmer will not get a good dairy herd by breeding from the cows which yield least milk. The teacher knows that, generally speaking, clever parents produce clever children. It is now known, as a scientific fact, that both physical and mental qualities are inherited. For this reason, I do not believe that we shall get a happy and successful England unless we replenish our stock mainly from the more happy and more successful members of the community. Good education, good physical conditions, good environment are all valuable and necessary, but they will never make a "born-tired"

or moral weakling pull his weight in the world. Neither will they give him a happy life. We want something more than good environment—we want good raw material in the form of children born from the best possible stock.

Our unsentimental ancestors achieved this in a very simple way: they just allowed the weaker and less successful to go to the wall. Two hundred years ago three-quarters of the babies born in London died in infancy—three out of every four. Those few who survived must, on the whole, have been abnormally strong, or else born of successful parents, who were able to give them every care. Thus, it was natural for the English race to become strong and successful; the process was almost automatic.

To-day we are heading in precisely the opposite direction. There is no weeding out of the unfit, we save nearly all our babies indiscriminately—good and bad, strong and weak, healthy and diseased. It would not be so bad if this meant that all types contribute equally to the future population of England. Unhappily it does not mean this: in actual fact the largest contribution comes from the most miserable and least successful classes. In the professional and other successful classes late marriages and small families are almost the rule; many of their men spend the important parts of their lives in India or the colonies, abroad or at sea. The result is that these classes are not even maintaining their

present numbers; they are on the road to extinction. The same is true of the skilled artisans. Thus it is the most valuable elements of the nation, and not the unfit, that are now being "weeded out", to use an inappropriate word. Meanwhile our present system of doles, grants and subsidies makes marriage easier, and parenthood less of a responsibility, in the least successful classes of the community. In this way, it increases the population in precisely those classes which are even now overpopulated and unable to find employment. It is in these classes that the birth-rate is highest to-day; it is from these classes that the majority of our criminals, paupers and ne'er-do-wells come.

By political action we are, I fear, deliberately pushing our unborn babies into the wrong places. Too many are born, often unwanted, into slums instead of into comfortable homes; too many inherit their physical, mental and moral characteristics from the less vigorous and less successful members of the community. We rob too many of their birthright of health, energy, competence and happiness before they are born. We of to-day are building the England of to-morrow. And I fear it will consist far too largely of hospitals, prisons and lunatic asylums. Its population will contain too many unemployed, and too many unemployables. This is the price our children will have to pay for our irresponsible humanitarianism and sentimentalism;

these have held almost undisputed sway in recent years. I believe there is a vigorous reaction against them in the rising generation, but the real irresistible reaction is yet to come, I think. It will come with overwhelming force as soon as the average hard-working, self-respecting citizen begins to realise how great an incubus the unfit and defective, the unenterprising and incapable, form on the prosperity and wealth of the nation, how they make his wages lower, his food dearer, and the risk of unemployment greater.

If we cannot strike a juster balance between the claims of sentimental humanitarianism and those of future generations, it seems to me that the average quality of our population must progressively deteriorate, and I can feel but little hope for England's future. It is, I think, as serious as that. If we are to

**build Jerusalem
in England's green and pleasant land,**

we must, I think, reverse our present policy. We must in some way contrive to secure that as many as possible of our future citizens shall inherit not only a healthy mind in a healthy body, but also those special qualities which make for success and happiness. In this way—and I think in no other—we may hope to establish a nation in which life shall be overflowingly worth living for all, and not merely for a fortunate few.

Many of those who have given their "Points

of View" have declared themselves democrats, although with varying degrees of enthusiasm. If I am a democrat, I confess it is mainly because I cannot find anything else to be. The actual achievement of democracy is that it gives a tolerably good time to the underdog. Or, at least, it honestly tries; and it is, I think, for this reason that most of us accept it as our political creed. My objection to it is that, as I think, it forms a barrier to further upward progress. True progress—to better things—must be based on thought and knowledge. As I see it, democracy encourages the nimble charlatan at the expense of the thinker, and prefers the plausible wizard with quack remedies to the true statesman. Democracy is ever eager for rapid progress, and the only progress which can be rapid is progress downhill. For this reason I suspect that all democracies carry within them the seeds of their own destruction, and I cannot believe that democracy is to be our final form of government. And indeed, there is little enough of it left in Europe to-day.

We are still at the very beginning of civilisation. Ordered government has a past of some thousands of years behind it, but a future of millions of years before it—at least, we hope so. The historians of the remote future will, I imagine, see democracy merely as one of the early experiments tried in that age of repeated upheavals—our own—in which mankind was still groping its way to a rational mode of life.

It may be that democracy—like teething—is a state through which we have to pass on our way to higher things. Anyhow, it is a restless, feverish state, and I hope it will soon give place to something better. I wonder what. Possibly, in future ages, the power to vote and govern will not be regarded as a right, but as a distinction, to be acquired by service or merit. This may suggest that I have but little respect for the sacred principle of equality. Perhaps so. If I had to choose a one-word motto I do not think it would be "Equality". I might choose "Excelsior"—let us get on to higher things. And a traveller will not get far towards higher things if he is ever afraid of putting one foot in front of the other.

For similar reasons, I feel very little sympathy with socialism. If I think of democracy as a juvenile ailment, I think of socialism as a definite disease. The cause of this complaint seems to me to be poverty and hard times. I am not thinking of the abstract academic socialism of Karl Marx, or of our own intelligentsia; this no longer seems to me to have much practical interest or importance. I have in mind the real, live socialism of the man who finds times hard, employment scarce and wages low, and so wants to levy toll on the wealth of his more successful neighbours, the type of socialism which flourishes in the poorest and most miserable parts of England, and in the most backward and hard-hit countries of Europe. By discouraging thrift, hard work and

enterprise, this socialism lessens the wealth of a country, and so makes the poor still poorer. But experience shows that it can get no foothold in a prosperous country, so that the cure for it is better trade, better times, and, I think, better education.

If not cured, it kills. Our socialist orators tell us much in glowing terms about the hypothetical socialist future, or at least about their dreamy visions of the socialist future. Why do they tell us so little about the socialist and communist experiments of the past, in which their theories were really tested? It is, I think, because these experiments all ended in failure. The truth seems to be that no socialist State ever endures for long—as such. Thus I do not picture the future government of the world as either socialistic or democratic.

I have often wondered how far, if at all, it is possible to foresee the future state of society. It is commonly supposed that heavy manual labour will gradually give place to machinery, and that in the end electricity will do all our hard work for us like a sort of fairy godmother. All this depends, of course, on whether our descendants succeed in finding some new sources of power. The world's supplies of coal, oil and forests will soon be burnt up, and it may be that nothing will be found to replace them. Nothing appears to be in sight at present, and after we have burnt up the earth's accumulated store of fuel in a few hundreds of years, our posterity may be compelled

to return to a much simpler life for their many million of years on earth. They may have to be content with the comparatively small amount of power they can extract from rivers, waterfalls, tides and winds.

It is true that science points to one interesting alternative. The sun and stars pour out light, heat and power in stupendous profusion, and we now believe that they obtain it by annihilating their substance. They turn their atoms into power. It may be that the scientists of some future age will discover how to transform the atoms of our earth into power. If they do, mankind will be able to obtain practically unlimited power with almost no effort. Then the annihilation of a spoonful of sea water will suffice to keep a big ship going at full speed for a year; annihilating a barrow-load of clay will keep England supplied with light, heat and power for several years. If ever this vision is realised, even partially, the curse which fell on Adam will be lifted, and heavy manual labour will almost disappear from life.

The last century has seen science progress enormously on its physical side—it has ushered in the electrical and mechanical age, and has produced so many new scientific devices and inventions that we have, I think, got a bit drunk with them. I do not believe this condition is permanent. Lord Grey referred to the disintegrating effect of telephones and motor-cars on our lives. I agree with him as to the present, but I think we shall soon learn to make

the telephone and motor-car our servants and not our masters. I have often thought that, just as the mechanical side of science has advanced in the past century, so the next century may see a similar rapid and sensational development on the biological side. And this may change the state of society more than we can imagine. To take only one instance, suppose science shows us how to fix the sex of unborn children—so that parents can choose whether their next child shall be a boy or a girl. The first tendency would, I suppose, be to equalise the number of the sexes, so that every woman could find a mate. But would it stop there? Or would women want to reduce the numbers of their sex still further, so that every woman would be greatly sought after? Or would they perchance want to increase their numbers, so that by sheer weight of numbers they would rule the earth?

Far be it from me to prophesy what they might or might not do. I will only suggest that greater biological knowledge may, before long, alter the whole structure of society. Those who think that the life of the future will be like that of the present, only more so, are likely, I think, to be wrong.

For this kind of reason, I do not think we can foretell how large the future population of the world is likely to be. Obviously, the increase must stop sometime and somewhere. The population of England more than trebled in the last century. About eight

centuries more of increase at the same rate would see the inhabitants of England packed like sardines—there would literally be standing room only. For myself, I am inclined to think that England is already overcrowded; I rather suspect that a less thickly populated England would be a happier England. I should like to be able to think of the England of the future as one in which there will be room as well as opportunity for every human being to live in dignity and comfort. I hope every family that wants it will be able to have a garden of their own. I hope, too, that there may still be left wide stretches of country-side and open spaces uninhabited by man.

So much for the temporal world of things which are seen. What of the things which are not seen which religion assures us are eternal? Some of the speakers in last year's symposium discussed the claims of spiritualism or psychical research to provide proof of the survival of the dead. Speaking as a scientist, I find the alleged proofs totally unconvincing; speaking as a human being, I find most of them ridiculous as well.

Any approach of science to the unseen world must, I think, be along very different lines. Fifty years ago, the universe was generally looked on as a machine: it was said that the final aim of science was to explain all the objects in the world, including living bodies, as machines, as mere jumbles of atoms

which would perform mechanical dances for a time under the action of blind purposeless forces and then fall back to form a dead world. Modern science gives but little support to such materialistic views. When we pass to extremes of size in either direction—whether to the cosmos as a whole or to the inner recesses of the atom—the mechanical interpretation of Nature fails. We come to entities and phenomena which are in no sense mechanical. To me they seem less suggestive of mechanical than of mental processes: the universe seems to be nearer to a great thought than to a great machine. Such, at least, is the view I feel inclined to take at present, while fully conscious that at any time the pendulum may swing back again as our scientific knowledge increases.

Are we free to take the next step, and assert that the universe is, in its essence, a universe of thought, and that the material objects in it, atoms, stars and nebulae, are merely creations of thought—not, of course, of your individual mind or mine, but of some great universal mind underlying and co-ordinating all our minds? As a speculation, yes; but certainly not yet as a scientific fact. We ought not, I think, to say more than that scientific knowledge seems at present to be moving in this direction. For myself, I find almost any system of idealistic philosophy preferable to the materialistic and mechanistic views held two generations ago, but who knows how things may look two generations hence?

It will be thought that all this provides a very hesitating, uncertain and shifting "point of view" Yes, it does; and there is a reason. We on earth have been thinking seriously about these things for, shall we say, 3,000 years. After three million years our descendants will still probably be thinking about these things. If they make equally good use of their time they ought to know a thousand times as much then as we know now. Yet even then, so far as we can foresee, human life on earth will only be in its infancy. Our race cannot expect to understand everything in the first few moments of its existence. To-day, it is in the position of a new-born baby which has, just in the last minute, opened its eyes to study the outer world. Its first impressions are, no doubt, vague and imperfect; they probably contain many errors, but also a germ of truth. Even if the baby has only discovered that the world is a very large place and begun to suspect that babies are not its only content, it has discovered something. Its new point of view will be better than the vague, introspective, self-centred dreams in which it indulged before it could properly focus its eyes on external objects. But it would be absurd to expect the baby to understand everything. For a long time to come it must guide its conduct by instinct, by practical hand-to-mouth considerations, by its inborn moral sense, if it has one. Except in the very simplest of matters its newly awakened intellect is not yet a very safe guide.

With this in my mind, I do not worry overmuch about abstract philosophical problems, nor do I trouble much about questions such as finding a logical or rational basis for ethics or morality. Sayings of Christ—"It is better to give than to receive", and "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—take one into regions where logic and science are at present unable to provide any guidance.

We of the present age know very little—almost nothing; we are rather pioneers setting out to explore a new country. We have the thrill of ever-changing views; now and again we reach a ridge or summit which opens up new and unexpected vistas—of necessity our "point of view" must continually change. Those who come after us will live in a very different world, which they will understand far better than we understand our world to-day. They may find it more wonderful than anything we can imagine; on the other hand, it may prove unspeakably dull. In either event, they will not know the thrill of the pioneer. And, unless human nature changes vastly in the meantime, we may be sure they will regret the "good old days" in which we are now living. They will think of our age as the Golden Age, the glorious morning of the world. And I, for one, do not regret that fate has cast my life in it.

IV

DAME ETHEL SMYTH

FROM WHO'S WHO (1930)

SMYTH, ETHEL MARY, D.B.E., 1922; Mus. Doc; composer; *d.* of late Gen. J. H. Smith, C.B. *Educ:* (musical studies) taught by Heinrich von Herzogenberg, late Prof, of Composition at the Hochschule, Berlin, then Conductor of Bach Verein at Leipzig. Compositions performed as follows: Chamber music at the Abonnement concerts, Leipzig; Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin at Leipzig Chamber Concerts; Orchestral works at M. Henschel's Symphony concerts and at Crystal Palace; Opera, *Fantasio*, brought out at Weimar, and again at Carlsruhe by Mottl; Opera, *Der Wald*, at Berlin; *The Wreckers*, at Leipzig; Mass in D, Albert Hall, 1893. Was a militant suffragist and composed, among other suffrage music, *The March of the Women*, the battle-song of the W.S.P.U.; Doctor of Music, Durham, 1910; Mus. Doc. Oxon, 1926. *Compositions:* Two Symphonies: Overture to Anthony and Cleopatra; a Mass. Operas: *Fantasio*; *Der Wald*; *The Wreckers*, 1906; Songs with chamber music accompaniment, 1907. Choruses: *Hey Nonny No*, and *Sleepless Dreams*, 1911; *Dreamings* (for Female Chorus), *A Canticle of Spring*, 1920; a string quartette, four orchestral songs, 1913; two books of songs, 1912; comic opera, *The Boatswain's Mate*, 1915; *Fete Galante*; *A Dance Dream* (one act opera), 1923; *Entente Cordiale* (comic opera in one act), 1925; Trio for Pf. Fl. and Ob.; Concerto for VI. Horn and Orchestra, 1926 (arranged as piano trio). *Publications:* *Impressions that Remained*, 1919; *Streaks of Life*, 1921; *A Three-legged Tour in Greece*, 1927; *A Final Burning of the Boats*, 1928.

IV

DAME ETHEL SMYTH

[This article is a Talk and is published as such and is not intended to be a literary essay.]

IF you will promise not to think that a series of reminiscences is about to be inflicted on you, I should like to start with a personal anecdote. I remember how, when I was a small child, a clergyman cousin who thought conceited little girls should be kept in their place once called me up to his armchair and said, very impressively, "And now, my dear, pray give us your valuable opinion on things in general". I saw that I was being chaffed and snubbed; whereupon a latent dislike to this cousin burst out into a furious flame that years have not yet quite extinguished.

But to-day, when the B.B.C., without irony and in all seriousness, puts much the same question to me, my sole feeling, besides gratification, is a hope that anything I have to say may be of some small interest or use to others.

I must prepare you for the fact that to hold forth on any very definite question, such as politics, religion or the relation of the sexes, is a thing I cannot persuade myself to do. To my mind these are subjects for experts, and to throw oneself into any of the arenas where such things are dealt with

breaks up the internal quiet an artist needs, if his soul is to have half a chance of expressing itself. Of course one has one's opinions and preferences; but no right, no "call" (to use a nice old-fashioned expression) to inflict them on others. On the other hand, the angle, generally speaking, from which anyone who has lived keenly looks out on life may perhaps be a legitimate thing to talk about, and the best way to do this without boring people is to stress one or two points one considers of importance.

Almost first among these I rank independence of spirit. Every age brings its own particular disruptive elements, and in this, our twentieth century, one of them is, I think, the discouragement of individuality and individual opinions—the shrinking from the idea of not being like everyone else. Look at the illustrations in the daily press—those terrible pictures of men and women famous in sport! All their faces wear the same expression, a foolish, pointless grin. And you feel that every one of them has deliberately adopted the motto "Keep Smiling" as a guiding rule in life. Now heroic and commendable as this motto is in times of danger and difficulty, admirable as are those who deserve Hamlet's encomium to Horatio, as one who managed to present a smiling face to bad fortune and a not indecently elated one to good fortune—granting all that, I ask you can anything be more irritating than a standardised

smile, inspired, one would say, by some enterprising dentist—a grin that seems designed to wring from beholders some such ejaculation as "What a dear fellow!" or "What a sweet girl!"? In moments of depression the sight of Mr. Drage's Christmas Smile, as the advertiser termed it, that might have been studied a few weeks ago on every London tube platform, made one feel as if one would never smile again!

Now an artificial industrialised smirk is but one among many symptoms of the disappearance of individual moods. Go to Land's End or John o⁵ Groats by all means, but do not think you can get away from the exact hat that ninety-nine out of a hundred girls you see in London are wearing. And in art, even people of relatively independent mind find it difficult not to adopt the point of view some newspaper Lord or other has worked up into what he calls the general verdict. Now if "to live well" includes knocking happiness somehow out of our journey through life, I would venture to assert that one of the chief secrets of happiness is cultivating opinions of your own, in contradistinction to eagerly finding out what the prevalent, the popular, the fashionable view of an important matter is and persuading yourself that you, too, feel thus. No one, of course, should lock up his mind so securely that no new idea can find a way in; but people whose instinct is sound often hesitate to cling to it in face of

what others tell them is the prevalent opinion of the moment.

Let me give an illustration picked up in my own domain—music. It is an age of hustle. One result of that is, that conductors who are not quite on the first line as musicians have got into the habit of taking everything too fast. A really good horseman would never ask a weight-carrying hunter to gallop like a Derby winner. His size, his build, predetermine his style. Or, to vary the metaphor, who would complain because Dr. Johnson's repartees are less something or other—let us say less subtle—than Oscar Wilde's, as if all wit must be of the same calibre? Now, the inner construction of a piece of music determines within certain limits the pace with which it can with propriety be bustled along, and—to take an example from music which all who are reading this probably know—Gilbert and Sullivan should not be taken at a rate which makes it impossible even for singers who can enunciate (and how many of these are there nowadays?) to say the words distinctly. Yet the hideous ideals of "slickness" and "snappiness" (to quote two admirably vulgar terms coined by another branch of our race) haunt the brains of some conductors, and you will hear well-known pieces of music like the Scherzos of the *Eroica*, or of the Ninth Symphony, or the First Movement of the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert, taken at a rate which causes all delicate

articulation to be blurred. Profound musicians never indulge in this sham brilliance, but the lesser seem unable to get along without it: probably they are afraid of being told they are not vital!

Well, that is their affair. What I want to call attention to is the weakness of not clinging to one's own instinct as a member of the public *in* such matters. A very, very musical friend of mine, commenting the other day on the fact that he—and he is neither old nor deaf—loses half the pleasure of these Gilbert and Sullivan performances because he cannot distinguish the words at such railway speed, wound up by saying: "But I dare say I am old-fashioned". Old-fashioned, indeed! He was simply sane and right-feeling. I only wish I could hope the lecture I read him on the point of trusting his own judgment had any effect!

To all and sundry I would cry: "Be yourself—for better or for worse!" What I said about a piece of music containing in its own construction the law that governs the pace at which it should be played is true of our views in most things. The justification for thinking and feeling this way rather than that is hidden in our blood and bones; and what seems to me the only interesting part about anyone's opinion is that it is the outcome of a particular structure in which I believe one's physical build has probably as much to say as one's mentality. Opinions are as plentiful as the sands on the sea-

shore; the only thing that gives your opinion and mine dignity and comeliness is that it is our own—not that of some other person.

In casting about for anything to say that might possibly be of use or interest to one's readers, it occurs to me that, when you are no longer in your first youth you cannot help having noticed certain mental tendencies which I call the "great illusions". I think there are two of these to which humanity is specially prone—about which I, anyhow, feel very violently: one concerns the difficulties of one's own path through life; the other concerns money.

I will begin with money. Great illusion number one is that every person ought to make, or in some manner become possessed of, as much money as he can. For instance, I live in a semi-suburban part of the world where the price of land is on the rise—more particularly on the airy heath where my cottage sprang into existence some twenty years ago. To my astonishment, well-meaning acquaintances are continually saying—in the tone of good friends passing on racing tips—"I suppose you will be selling your cottage now?" and when asked "Why?" the reply is: "Well, you will get a lot of money for it". No thought, you see, of the nuisance of finding another cottage to replace one built for oneself to suit oneself; no wondering whether it would not sadden one to snap short one or two local friendships that have grown up in a couple of decades; no

thought, above all, of tearing up other less tangible roots which one probably has struck, as all decent plants will do if let alone. And all this for the turn-over of a few hundred pounds!

This sort of thing reminds me of people pushing and hurrying out of a theatre; not because anything really depends on the two or three minutes thus saved but from the force of a bad habit. I have often pulled people up about this house-selling business, and after a second or two they quite see the foolishness of the question in my own case. But the unutterable folly of thinking that though you are well off and comfortable you must naturally wish to be richer still, and that only eccentric people like myself would prefer to remain as they are—that, I fear, it is hard to make people see! Even in Euripides⁵ time the great illusion subsisted that money brings happiness, and that therefore more money must bring still more happiness, so I suppose it is an ineradicable strain in human nature. But a good many people know better; and one wishes these would take heart of grace and make a protest now and again.

The other great illusion is that other people have a far easier time of it than oneself, that one is the victim of exceptionally hard luck. "Look at so-and-so," one says to oneself, "what an easy time of it some people have!"⁵⁵

Now, even if it were true that fate seems to have

taken a special pleasure in tripping you up, to dwell one-half second on that thought is like pouring a cupful of cold water into the kettle you are trying to make boil—a great mistake! For to get your steam up, and keep it up, requires all your energy and courage. But my contention is that this reading of other people's lives is in nine cases out of ten wrong. Your heart knows its own bitterness, but you do not know the bitterness that is in the hearts of others. Looking up at a mountain from below, to climb it seems such a simple job—round that bluff, up that arete, and there you are! But when you come to try it you realise that nothing but a fallacious perspective, as seen from below, could have induced you to believe it would be an easy task. So it is with the difficulties other people have to contend with.

Now, though I said I did not propose to tackle definite issues, because I do not believe in pontificating on matters you have not gone into as thoroughly as you can, there is one subject that I venture to think really is a personal speciality, a subject to which I have dedicated myself—in my youth almost unconsciously—all my life. And that is the subject of my own sex. And after all, there is no harm in men knowing (perhaps it may not bore them to know) how a female individual feels about the part her own sex has got to play in the future.

We all know that every kind of change has come

about in women's external fate, and that they are now eligible for this and that career, and so on. But what chiefly interests me is what sort of inward emancipation has gone with these changes.

It is no good burking the fact that the habits of centuries cannot be shaken off in a few years; and on this subject I recommend all who have not yet done so to read Virginia Woolf's last book, *A Room of One's Own*, which puts the matter in a nutshell—a nutshell, moreover, built of such exquisite material, filled to the brim with so much fun and beauty, with such concentrated essence of wisdom and imagination about this woman-business, that it is consoling in a world of expensive shams and nostrums to reflect that the book only costs 5s.!

All I can do is to put one very fundamental truth concerning this question in a less attractive nutshell, and say straight out that during past centuries women's mentality was that of slaves. They acquired, of course, much dexterity in getting their way in spite of their masters; all slaves learn how to do that—and the chief recipe was, and still is, flattery. And of course, the appetite of the male has grown by what it fed on! A very wise man of European reputation once said to me: "Take an old fellow's advice; no matter who the man is, lay it on with a trowel, for I can promise you not one in a thousand will suspect foul play". (The expression "foul play" remained with me because it was amusing.) And I

remember that about the year 1909, just before I became interested in women's suffrage, a most intelligent friend of mine, one who knew me well (that is the funny part), told me that recently in Russia the dustman or someone had taken a squalling child from its nurse, whereupon the child, perhaps arrested by the smell of dust, stopped squalling, and the nurse—also a Russian—exclaimed: "You men do everything better than we do, even dandling a baby⁵⁵. Now, though not a suffragist in those days, I had always remarked with scorn and disgust the open way women flatter men, making matters worse by laughing about it among themselves afterwards, and I could see that my contemptuous treatment of this nurse-anecdote was a slight shock to my friend. Which proves, I think, the innocence of man on this topic! [In after years I overheard a Frenchman say to this same friend: "I cannot resist flattery for more than two years", and my friend replied: "I cannot resist it for more than two minutes!"—a flash of insight, you see, which my comments on the Russian nurse may have helped to bring about!]

But as regards my own sex, I do not think we can talk of spiritual emancipation till this slave habit of flattery has worked itself out of our blood; and, above all, its ugliest manifestation—a tendency to belittle women to men. Responsible people at our music colleges have told me that a new pupil, asked if she would like to be taught singing by a man or a

woman, will generally opt for a man, though, as Jean de Reske pointed out to me, all the celebrated teachers of singing have been women, and though five among the best London singers I know have been taught their art by women, and are in continual touch with their teachers to this day! It may be that these pupils think it will please the head of the school to ask for a male teacher; it may be that they think they can get round a man more easily than a woman (both of which assumptions are correct), or it may be that they themselves really believe *a priori* that a man must know the job better than a woman. All these are slave traits.

Another is that women do not stick up for each other and for themselves half enough. Among women who are working for their livelihood this pusillanimity often comes from a fear of offending the upperdog and quarrelling with their bread and butter. For such cowardice one has pity and sympathy; but none for rich and prosperous women who could take a lead in seeing that their sex has fair play and do something about it. Two years ago the British Women's Symphony Orchestra—one of the great outlets for women players (whom men are still trying to keep out of first-class orchestras) had got into debt, not by their own fault. For eighteen months I tried in vain to get the paltry sum of £200 out of various rich women who were by way of loving music. In each case I tried

to make my plea convincing. I told them that women, who, Mozart said, have more natural gift for stringed instruments than men and who certainly are among the most brilliant orchestral players at our colleges and schools, find themselves debarred, once their training is over, from the privilege of joining first-class orchestras; and I pointed out that this devoted body of instrumentalists was founded to give these women scope till the hour strikes when capacity and not sex shall be the determining factor, which it is to-day. Eventually the debt was paid off—*but not by women!*

As regards the composition of the Permanent B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, that will come into being next season, I am quite easy in my mind: first, because I really do believe the B.B.C. wishes to stand for a square deal in all things; second, because the experts who, under the new musical management, will be responsible for this band, have proved again and again that in their case, anyhow, fair dealing to women players is not merely an ideal. Still, it is an uphill fight for the female instrumentalist. Only last week one of the best wood-wind players we have—a woman—was offered, and accepted, an engagement to play at a Chamber Concert. The letter had been addressed to Y. Z., Esq., but her acceptance was signed with a Christian name that revealed her sex. Result: the engagement, which carried a good fee, was cancelled by return of post!

and in last year's B.B.C. orchestra, that claimed to include nine or ten women players, the number was quietly reduced to two (one of which was the harp, who, like Venus, is always a woman). In fact, if any member of an orchestra has to be dispensed with (say, for financial reasons) it will never be one of the men—and this is odd, because not one single authority at our musical colleges would maintain that the female orchestral player is less efficient than the male!

Now, is it men alone who go to concerts and festivals? No. Yet on the committees that shape the musical policy there are seldom if ever any women to see to it that women musicians have a chance, whether as orchestral players or composers. If you have heard of me as a composer, take my word for it it is mainly because I am also a writer. What do you know about other women composers? I could name several to you, but at what festivals and concerts do you see their names on programmes? How are you to know of their existence if the conductors and committees who settle programmes will not let their work be performed?

Now I would have you believe that sex is a matter of supreme indifference to me—though I cannot help noting the fact that when the right sort of woman takes on a job she begins at the right end. (The most recent instance is Mrs. Courtauld, who guarantees a series of concerts in which the one thing needful, "sufficient rehearsing", is the actual founda-

tion of the whole scheme.) Otherwise, if the Beethoven Concerto is to be magnificently played, I do not care whether Mr. Catterall or Adila Fachiri is the executant, and a fine piano concerto thrills me whether it is composed by Mr. Walton or by Dorothy Howell. The only difference is that probably few of you know anything about the latter, because it is seldom if ever played; and if drawing attention to the fact is to be a musical feminist, then by all means dub me thus. But what I want to rub in hard is, that to alter this state of things, to go against vested interests, to break down ancient privileges, is a very difficult task, wanting energy and persistent worrying away at the powers. I say that you women of leisure and means ought to use your leverage for less fortunately situated women. In whatever towns you are in the habit of listening to orchestral music, you ought to see to it that the works of women are occasionally performed and that women play in the orchestra. And if none of this happens you ought to band yourselves together and refuse to guarantee or subscribe to these concerts. *Don't merely say: "What a shame!" Take trouble about it.* Publish your intention in the newspapers. In fact, follow the policy of the importunate widow, for, believe me, that is the only way to get this sort of thing done. It always strikes me, by the way, that if the Evangelist had been a female, that widow, who I don't mind saying is one of my favourite characters in history, would not

have been handed down as a person who made herself a nuisance, but as a glorious instance of what is to-day called "sticking it". Nevermind. Whatever they call her, all I say is, take her as your model.

I must now pass on to the most important part of my Point of View. I had often asked myself, "How can women help to prevent another war?" Because one never forgets that, since it is the men who would have to do the fighting, a noble fear of seeming unpatriotic—or worse, cowardly—might make them hesitate to speak their whole mind on this subject. Still, nowadays a war cannot be fought without women's help and we ought to face the issue now. I am a soldier's daughter and sister—all my people have been soldiers, and I draw a small pension under a title that is a peculiar joy to me, namely, "Bengal Military Orphan". All the same, the thought of another war—a war of poisonous germs, of gas, of hideous mechanical ingenuity, a war which will end civilisation—is to me, as to most people, the worst of nightmares; and just because we English belong to the winning side I consider it doubly our duty to do all we can to prevent war happening.

Well, I asked two friends of mine—a woman and a man, whose lives are entirely dedicated, as experts¹ to this question—what they would advise me to say here.

¹ The authorities quoted are Dame Edith Lyttelton and Viscount Cecil.

The opinion of the woman is that anti-war work should begin in the nursery. I myself remember in 1902 an Englishman saying to me: "It's like the German's infernal cheek wanting a coaling station in such and such a place!" Well, it seems to my friend and to me that such a remark should be made for ever impossible; that the old exclusively English view of geography, history, politics, etc., should be extirpated in children, and a mentality substituted that is ready to take the views and aspirations of other countries into account. And myself, I want to add that a child's idea of soldiers should, I think, be a body of sane people whose object in life is to prevent certain other mad and wicked people from trying to stir up war.

The male friend, if I may call him so—the man who probably knows more about these matters than anyone alive—was abroad when I consulted him, as usual busy on this very question. So I wrote to him, quoting the views of our mutual friend which I have just passed on to you, and asked him if he could make any suggestions. After remarking that the idea of starting the good work in the nursery is nothing short of all-important, his letter runs thus:

"The difficulty about peace is that it is so much less romantic than war, I always feel that whenever I am speaking to schools or colleges; and therefore, I suppose, mothers feel it in educating their children. The best antidote seems to be to insist on the *difficulty* of destroying war, and to point **out that**

peace is not merely the absence of fighting, but a new mind and attitude toward all that is evil. If peace merely means greater leisure, more riches, and the absence of danger, then it may easily seem sordid; but if it can be understood as the necessary condition for the cultivation of all that is noble and great in human nature, then it ought to attract the young. War might be figured as a kind of Minotaur ready to eat up the youngest and most valuable of grown-up mankind, and then one might point out that to destroy it is surely a great and glorious enterprise! This, of course, quite apart from the religious side, which probably you would not wish to touch.⁵⁵

The writer goes on to say:

"It is not a mere accident that nine-tenths of the time of League of Nations organisations is taken up with schemes for destroying such things as the opium trade and the white-slave traffic, and the like, together with many other improvements for making it easier for nations to live and co-operate together. That is really the other side of peace—the *positive and active* side of it, which is made possible by the prevention of war, and which in its turn helps to put an end to the spirit out of which war comes. I do feel very strongly that the immense response that the younger men and women have made must not be allowed to cool off under the impression that peace is a dull, drab, negative kind of thing fit only for the timid and the selfish."

Here the letter ends, and I think there is nothing to add to these admirable remarks except, perhaps, that, if my woman friend (in her way as big an authority as the man) says that the good work should be begun in the nursery, I myself cannot help adding—"and carried on in all boys' schools and girls' schools".

And now one final word. I have said that in passing on a few of the views and reflections that have come to me in my course through life, a vague hope has haunted me that perhaps some of them may be of use to others.

In pursuance of this idea I would like to read you six lines printed on a little card which I have. Who sent it to me I cannot remember. Who wrote these six lines I have never known. But again and again they have turned up in a certain drawer and proved their worth.

The card is called "Why Were the Saints Saints?" And the answer is:

"Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful and patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still and kept silent when they wanted to talk; and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all. It was quite simple, and always will be."

V

SIR JOSIAH STAMP

FROM WHO'S WHO (1930)

STAMP, SIR JOSIAH (CHARLES), G.B.E., *cr.* 1924; K.B.E., *cr.* 1920; Hon. D.Sc. Oxford; Hon. Sc.D. Cambridge; Hon. LL.D. Harvard; Hon. LL.D. Columbia; D.Sc. (Econ.) Lond.; Hon. Mem. Soc. Incorporated Accountants and Auditors; F.B.A. 1926; Chairman of the London Midland and Scottish Railway, and President of the Executive; Director of the Bank of England; President, Royal Statistical Society; Member of the Economic Advisory Council; *b.* 21 June 1880; *e. s.* 'of Charles Stamp, Yomah, Bexley; *m.* 1903, Olive, *d.* of Alfred Marsh, Grove Park; four *s.* *Educ.*: London University (Faculty of Economics and Political Science). B.Sc. 1st Class Hons. 1911; Cobden Prizeman, 1912; D.Sc. 1916; Hutchinson Research Medallist, 1916; Newmarch Lecturer in Statistics, 1919-21, 1923; Member of the Senate, 1924-26; and of Board of Studies in Economics and other University Committees; at various times Examiner (Economics, Political Science, Statistics, etc.) for Cambridge, London and Glasgow Universities, and Society of Incorporated Accountants; Guy Medallist of Royal Statistical Society, 1919; Member of International Statistical Institute; Hon. Member American Statistical Association; President British Association (Sec. F.) Oxford, 1926; First Beckly Lecturer on Social Service (York Wesleyan Conference, 1926); Sidney Ball Lecturer, Oxford, 1926; Rede Lecturer, Cambridge, 1927; Member of Councils of the following: Royal Economical and Statistical Societies, Institutes of Transport and Industrial Psychology, British Academy, etc.; President Abbey Road Permanent Building Society; President of the Institute of Transport, 1929-30; Governor of London School of Economics, of Birkbeck College, of College of Estate Management, of University College Aberystwyth, of the Leys School and Chairman of Queenswood School; Lieutenant of the City of London; Colonel (R.E.) Transport and Railway Corps; General Treasurer of British Association for Advancement of Science; Member, Royal Commission on Income Tax, 1919; Member, Northern Ireland Finance Arbitration Committee, 1923-24; Member, Committee on Taxation and National Debt, 1924; British Representative on the Reparation Commission's (Dawes) Committee on German Currency and Finance, 1924; and upon (Young) Experts' Committee, 1929; Member, Court of Inquiry, Coal Mining Industry Dispute, 1925; Statutory Commissioner under London University Act, 1926; entered Civil Service, 1896; Inland Revenue Department, 1896; Board of Trade (Marine Dept.), 1898; Inland Revenue

(Taxes) 1900; Transferred to Secretariat, 1914; Assistant Secretary to the Board, 1916; Resigned, Mar. 1919; Secretary and Director Nobel Industries, Ltd., 1919-26; Director Imperial Chemical Industries, 1927-28. *Publications*: British Incomes and Property; the Application of Official Statistics to Economic Problems, 1916 (3rd edn. 1922); Wealth and Income of the Chief Powers, 1919; The Fundamental Principles of Taxation in the Light of Modern Developments, 1921 (2nd edn. 1923); Wealth and Taxable Capacity, 1922 (2nd edn. 1923); Joint Report on Double Taxation (League of Nations), 1923; (with C. H. Nelson), Business Statistics and Financial Statements, 1924; Studies in Current Problems in Government and Finance, 1924; Report on Effect of Reparation Payments on Industry (International Chamber of Commerce), 1925; British Edition of Rignano's Social Significance of Death Duties, 1925; The Christian Ethic as an Economic Factor, 1926; Articles in Encycl. Brit., 13th and 14th eds.; The National Income, 1924 (with Prof. Bowley), 1926; On Stimulus, 1927; Some Economic Factors in Modern Life, 1928.

SIR JOSIAH STAMP

I THINK I ought to begin with my point of view on "points of view". Truth is so many sided that even the most gifted and most industrious cannot hope to have first-hand knowledge of more than a few of its aspects. In our endeavour to relate the significance of our personal contacts with the others which we receive at second-hand, we take much trouble to weigh evidence and judge credibility and reliability in others, whose testimony we have to consider. Then, in becoming responsible for a description of the "truth" about any subject or object, we often deliberately subordinate the small section of our intense personal knowledge—which we suspect we may overrate in importance or unconsciously regard as crucial when it may be incidental—and deliberately favour and emphasise what we acquire and adopt. We keep a tight hand on our "point of view" lest we be accused of unscientific treatment or a bigoted standpoint. But since we inevitably exclude or belittle any knowledge or views that are actually repugnant to our general scheme of truth or any that contradict our own field of personal observation and reasoning, the result does still represent our "point of view", catholicised as far as we have the grace or scientific strength to do

it. It must inevitably be so, since for each observer his own personality must be the centre of experience! A friend was asked the other day what place he thought the most interesting. "Any place that I happen to be in"⁵⁵, was the reply—not egotistic, but representing the subjective character of all opinion. But when I am asked to express my "point of view", I feel that I am free from the usual scientific obligation to blend the observations of everyone else with my own. Like the observer in the old story, if I happen to be leaning against the leg of an elephant, and I know nothing about the rest of the animal, I can describe it as "like a tree". I feel something like a youngster left alone with an assortment of good things and with no obligation whatever to study the family's wants or feelings. I become more of the artist and less of the scientist.

When I examine my "point of view" thus isolated, I find myself envying some of my predecessors in this series because I cannot honestly express myself as positively about many things as they have felt able to do. There are numbers on which I feel I am still collecting evidence—I haven't heard the case through—before, even to myself, I give a provisional verdict. On others I have made up my mind, but I am ready to reopen the case on the slightest provocation. Here I can only state a present opinion, without much indication whether to me it seems final or only a "carry over". Nor can I indicate the road

travelled, and how much evidence has been weighed, and whether the balance of evidence to me is emphatic.

Most "points of view" have dealt at some length with "democracy". Merely as a principle of government, I think democracy can be easily overrated—we have reached it too soon. First, the average individual is not well enough educated, in the sense of knowing what is really good for himself, to enable him to weigh an apparent direct good against the unseen indirect harm that it may do him through its effect on society as a whole. He will cheerfully vote for some boon for himself which will react on the whole health of the community on which he depends, and this applies to rich and poor alike; nor has he a good balance between present and future boons. Second, the art of getting the best thought effectively to the top, and to the position of practical effectiveness, has not yet been discovered. In intellectual matters, in democracy, brute force still prevails. But, like others, I hope against hope that toddling democracy will teach itself to walk steadily before it breaks its neck because it cannot. Certainly "government of the people, by the people, for the people", as a principle, is to me about as long as a piece of string, unless I know something about their standard of moral and intellectual judgment. Nevertheless, when it can be clearly said that it understands the issues involved, I trust democracy, and I believe

heartily in its principles. For I have no great confidence in the complete purity of motives of any known autocracy, or in the intellectual skill, in managing a complex world, of any alternative yet evolved.

My point of view for the main issues of daily life is frankly economic. That does not mean that it is materialistic, still less pagan. I know well enough that the economic is only a small part of the whole rounded and complete life of the individual, and that what is due for imagination, affection, sentiment and religion outweighs in ultimate value any "nicely calculated less or more" of a few groceries, or the difference between a seven-and-a-half and an eight-hour day. But, at the moment, in this country especially—for many of the nations on a lower standard of life are happy enough to go on with—the economic issue dominates. We have fussed over it to such an extent that it is like a nail in the shoe—until it is removed or flattened we can neither read poetry nor admire sunsets, nor listen to sermons, nor even be reasonably sweet-tempered. The other elements of the good life are difficult to attain so long as we have an unsettled economic problem. It is quite possible for the full and rounded and happy life to be unattainable even with the best standard of living in the world, if we have a "grouch"—a ground for comparative discontent—which obsesses us. So the economic point of view to me is

the most important, because it is "in the way". The preacher will say there is another course open—to make people care more for non-economic values, and the problem will then cease to worry them. I do not believe it, so long as it is a question of really misunderstanding the facts *about* economic goods, rather than merely being too *fond* of them. But there is an additional reason why the economic view-point is supreme just now. It is that we are in real peril, and a serious breakdown of our economic society—which will endanger all our other values—is far from being impossible.

The "bee in my bonnet"—my point of view—is that the most urgent problem of the day is the stability of the unit of monetary value and measurement, that is, of prices. It transcends in importance the problem of unemployment, of industrial unrest and co-operation, of crushing taxation, of industrial advance and rationalisation, of international relations, because it underlies them all. A just and skilful settlement of problems in any one of these fields can be ruined if this central problem is not solved. We had a standard of value that changed by 40 per cent, over a period of some twenty-five years, and then changed back again to a similar extent over a like period, in the Victorian era. **That** was just tolerable, for changes then mattered **far** less than they now do, but in itself it accounted **for** much difference in economic fortunes. **But we are**

now feeling the effects of a change of 20 per cent, in money values in five years—the most striking change of modern times as a phenomenon not confined to one country—with no kind of guarantee or evidence that it may not continue on a like scale for years to come unless we get control of it.

Such a fall in gold prices—prices measured in a gold standard—is peculiarly dangerous to this country for several reasons. First, we are the most dependent on foreign trade, because we have arranged our industrial structure over many years past so as to supply exports to a wide range of foreign customers at competitive prices. A heavy fall in world prices necessitates readjustments in costs which we are not economically or politically in a position to secure with the necessary promptness. If we are securing a high standard of life for our wage-earners in competition with lower standards abroad, it can only be kept up by higher individual output and efficiency. Every fall in the price level makes the task more difficult, unless the output and efficiency per individual is simultaneously increased. Second, our wage settlements are on a large scale and tend to remain fixed until large or striking events precipitate change. Meanwhile, unemployment is the corollary of an unadjusted position of a competitive or unsheltered industry, both as against a competitor abroad or a sheltered industry at home. You cannot permanently have a British worker

getting goods costing £3 per week as his reward when a continental worker gets goods costing £2 a week, unless the output and efficiency of the British worker is 50 per cent, greater. You cannot permanently get capital to flow into the British industry to secure 4 per cent., where it can secure 8 per cent, elsewhere, because of that very attempt to balance unequal conditions. You cannot permanently have the unsheltered engineer, receiving 50s. per week, riding from his works in a tramcar, at the front of which his less skilled colleague as driver works less hard for £4. Third, the national debt charge and other commitments fixed in terms of money form an excessively high proportion of our national income. The proportion becomes higher as the national income expressed in money falls, unless the total quantity of production is at the same time substantially increasing. We have added well over 1,000 million pounds sterling of real weight to the national debt during the last few years by this cause alone. Fourth, the most important possible single cause which can bring down the whole Reparation structure, with its dangerous political reactions upon good faith and inter-Allied debts, is further appreciation in the value of gold. The average "Young Plan" annuity of 102½ million pounds is not very different in real weight of goods and services from the normal "Dawes Plan" annuity of 125 million pounds as envisaged by the experts in 1924.

It is clear to me that unless some machinery can be rapidly evolved for making the measure of value sufficiently stable, so that contractual settlements painfully arrived at on a just basis (between nation and nation, between borrower and lender, between debenture holder and ordinary shareholder, between the provider of work—by hand or brain—and the provider of capital) will all "stay put" for a reasonable period, a stage of great difficulty is ahead of us. This stability is a matter of international action, in a field where identity of view as to the nature of the problem is lacking, and still more the nature of the remedy, so that the disposition of the least progressive may well dominate the situation. I hope more from the successful establishment of the International Bank, and from the co-operation that it will induce in the finance of nations, than from any other source. It is of more importance to the future of civilisation than a settlement of reparations or than an immediate reduction of armaments. But it is a matter in which democracy, as such, is helpless, and has no advantage over any other form of government, except to make it more dangerous not to achieve a solution.

I had many years⁵ experience as a Civil Servant with the preparation of schemes and the elucidation of principles for different Governments and Ministers of all complexions. I have also had many years as a student of statistics and economics, and I have

found that I could keep my studies nearer to the truly scientific the further I kept from party programmes and political presentations (with their absence of those half-tones which are the realities of economic life). These have unfitted me, I fear, for the joys of political warfare, though I appreciate the value and necessity of political and party divisions and the impossibility of getting along without them. From my point of view there is still much to be popularly realised about many basic facts of economic life before we can put the economic problem successfully on one side and apply our minds and souls more unreservedly to other issues of life. A whole group of these relate to the true nature of wealth and exchange, and we need clearer ideas about the connection between individual output and the standard of living; about the connection between what we put into the pot and what we can get out of it; about the fallacy of the "lump of labour" theory (and about the short-time conditions in which it is true); about the connection between the level of real wages and unemployment; about the reactions of scarcity and the failure in the long run of "making work", and of trade restrictions; about the effect upon the individual real wage of the undue proportion of the ordinary family budget spent in alcohol; about the sources and supply of new capital, and its necessity; about the conflict between the economic comfort of immobility in individual

trades and the value of mobility to the community; about the negligible effects of dividing still further the gains of the few among the many; about the effects of large-scale production abroad; about the position of research; about the effects of direct taxation upon prices; about the connection between visible and particular imports, whose objectionable features are seen, and unknown and general exports whose importance is unrealised; about the reaction of social humanitarianism upon our economic future; about currency and credit; about the economic waste and overlapping of our distribution system, and about the futility of financial jugglings in amalgamations and flotations, unaccompanied by physical changes. Until there is clearer thinking on these matters, or until obscure thinking about them no longer serves to prevent intelligent action—that is, until things have no longer to be made popular or acceptable before they can be made effective—I do not think democracy can get into its stride. Not until then will the field of government cease to be cluttered with economic difficulties so that we can turn our attention more successfully to other and higher issues. The citizen of the future must have a better appetite for slightly bitter facts, and be less prone to deny the existence of any fact affecting himself that is not sweetened to his taste; he must have better judgment in deriving a proper course of action from those acts, and he must devise a better machine for giving

effect to that judgment in a practical programme. Then I believe democracy will be a great success.

I have no faith in Socialism as a panacea, although I believe that nothing for common service begins to be efficient until it has a touch of the official or bureaucratic about it. I do not particularly object to the common supply, by national or municipal means, of service that is wanted on uniform lines in circumscribed areas. But I think it folly to argue from success in certain of such fields to success over the whole. Often the very success of Socialism in limited areas is parasitic upon individualism as a whole. The fact that we want to ride in trams or to post letters consistently on an average that can be relied upon forms a basis for a type of control, especially if backed by the general credit, which is wholly impossible of universal application. The fact that each of us has the glorious liberty to spend *£i* in ways which may call into action the resources of any part of the country or of the world is, in the last analysis, the reason why even the most intelligent form of Socialism must be impracticable. If we will consent to buy only what a Government has prescribed and at a prescribed price, and not to leave it unbought, then Socialism, generalised, can begin to have a chance.

There are two other major issues which, from my point of view, dominate practical but non-economic life. The first is that we have completely failed so

far to harmonise our growing instinct for social humanitarianism and equalities with ultimate social strength and survival. Ethics and biology are in conflict, as we know well, but we refuse to recognise it in practice. I agree with much that Sir James Jeans said upon this question. The constant effort to relieve and support the weak, or to obtain the advantages of corporate action in which individual responsibility is often hidden, and the way we strive "officially to keep alive", are both fraught with the probability of a real nemesis in a few generations. Amongst the less fortunate in the community are those who have fine qualities but who have been victimised by fate, to help whom is a real social investment with a fine social dividend; but there are also many who are underdogs through improvidence, irresponsibility, and general inherited weakness. Our all-round policy of making things smoother for the less fortunate does not discriminate, and it will bring inevitable nemesis for the race. In its economic aspects the problem is closely related to the eugenic. Making it easier for the less vigorous stock to survive and multiply is bad enough; but putting the burden, as we really do, upon the more vigorous stock, so that they are unable to do as well for themselves as they might, doubles the evil effects on the balance of the population in future. This is no plea for leaving undisturbed by graduated taxation extremes in the distribution of wealth, especially of inherited wealth. But it does

point clearly to the dangers of heavy social expenditure at the expense of the reasonable rewards accruing to first-class enterprise, leadership in brainwork, risk-taking, and thrift. Every transfer of wealth in this area "counts two on a division"⁵⁵. There is something eugenically wrong here and now, without waiting for ultimate consequences, when a first-class honours graduate lecturing on chemistry, or doing research work, is getting little more than the man who cleans the laboratory windows or minds the building. When those of the former class pay heavily towards the education and social service of the latter, the gravity is emphasised. The economic machine is often unfair, but where two workers are fairly getting the marginal result due to their respective contributions to the economic whole, no considerable transfer can be made from one to the other on compassionate grounds without some evil consequences ultimately arising. The brutal truth is that hard weeding, pruning and thinning are essential for all vigorous growth and improvement. I saw recently an account of a special national "preserve"⁵⁵ for chamois in Switzerland (from which carnivorous animals were excluded) maintained by the Government; the herd gradually deteriorated until a few wolves were introduced, and a definite improvement to the best standards was then quickly manifest.¹ And yet

¹ Professor MacBride, "The Herd Instinct in Animals," *Eugenics Review*, July 1929.

the humanitarian instinct and practice is the finest flower of civilisation, and tenderness for the weak and unfortunate a real differential of the Christian belief. In my view the way out of the dilemma in practical affairs will be found along eugenic lines. By all means let us do all we can for those whose lot is genuinely unfortunate, and temporarily so—subject to a more practical desire to let natural economic results follow economic slackness in the individual—but let us discourage in every possible way the multiplication of the stock from this section of the population, and refrain from overweighting the best stock. In other words, we must be as tender as possible to the ills that are, but as ruthless as possible, realising the utter mistakenness of a humanitarian policy, in all matters relating to the generations that are to be. The practical working out of this compromise is a first-class problem for the next few decades. But two factors press it on, one helping a successful solution and the other uncertain. The new-found possibility of a conscious direction of the birth-rate, and possibly soon the sex-rate, is an economic engine of vast power and even danger; the establishment of universal peace will make the purely economic inter-racial competition more ruthlessly eliminating. No doubt, warfare that depended upon physical prowess and courage was once of some biological value in weeding out the weakly, but modern warfare, eliminating the best manhood of

both sides by the impartial cruelty of machinery, is distinctly dysgenic, and there is not necessarily any question of the survival of the fittest about it. The nation that eagerly puts a premium upon individuality and enterprise, and does not deaden all to a common level, is the nation with survival value in the new economic substitute for the biological effects of war.

The other great problem is the machinery of government. The present task in its complexity and variety is too vast and detailed for the apparatus. Nearly every Minister has too much to do on his own responsibility. The time of Parliament is very ineffectively spent; vast issues have to be decided in a short allotted time. There is no certainty that the best thinking will come to the top in practice. It has to be capable of easy and attractive presentation. It stands very little chance unless it is aided by the very different and subsidiary art of exposition. There is a story of a Member of Parliament who delivered a most thoughtful and original speech that fell completely flat and had no influence whatever. By way of experiment the identical speech was made on the following day by a practised orator, and its effect was profound and immediate.¹ In a real thinking community such a dependence of matter upon manner would be impossible. Part of the truth

¹ Kinglake and Peel, vide White's *Inner Life of the House of Commons, or Memories and Reflections, Earl of Oxford*, i, 55.

about the machinery of government is that we have not discovered the secret of the "economical transmission of power" in mental force comparable with what we have done in physical force for steam and electricity. The art of thinking, in the individual, is in its infancy, and not very much of our educational system yet deals with its direct improvement as a definite process with its own technique. But when we come to the methods of organised thinking the waste of power is enormous and the result very much a matter of hit or miss. The best quality material put into a machine may be ruined by defective working and bad design. But a perfectly working machine of election and committees and references cannot produce anything greater in quality than the raw material of thought that is fed into it. There is no royal road to a solution of this problem, which is common both to politics and industry, but much more skilled attention must be given to it. The whole of our past practice has been too traditional and empirical, and it requires intensive study. Equally, too, the way in which invention and research are financed and get into practical operation in industry is still too opportunist and haphazard for a scientific age. Popular voting and desire cannot control the facts and findings of chemistry, but it still plays a great part in what is "acceptable" in economics. The future progress of economic practice must rest on a more scientific use and widespread under-

standing of statistical methods, which cannot be bullied or coaxed into preconceived notions and wishes.

I am profoundly moved by the littleness of the economic and political issues in the larger view of life and destiny. My archaeological and antiquarian instincts give me a sense of history which sees happiness and purpose and moral progress persist in the most diverse conditions. Economic content is all relative and comparative in the most limited way. A 10 per cent, difference between the fortune of a man and his neighbour is potent to disturb the spirit, where the knowledge that one is four times as well off as one's prototype a hundred years ago, or twice as well off as one's neighbour in Southern Europe, fails to touch the imagination. Our powers of adaptation are remarkable. The luxury of one generation becomes a basic necessity of existence in the next. I see no satisfying conclusion to economic and scientific progress without a moral and religious background.

I can never quite understand why the public think that a popular novelist or even a playwright must necessarily be an expert in religious guidance, or any ultimate philosophy. To me his point of view is one item only in a great synthesis. I have a profound regard for the findings of physical science and astronomical speculation, and a constantly growing feeling of their inadequacy as an explana-

tion (or justification) of life and the universe. More and more the great framework of "pointer readings" and measurable entities which science has elaborated requires a metaphysical philosophy to give it meaning. It tells us more and more about existence in one or two dimensions. But the things that make life real are qualitative, and elude all physical record and measurement—love, goodness, beauty, and even vitality. Physical science seems to tell me about as much concerning the prospects of immortality, or its nature, as a blind man can about a flower. The facts of consciousness and instinct and the data of psychology must be included in any scheme of thinking that is to be satisfactory as a long run solution. William James, at the time he was the greatest expert of his day in religious experience, admitted that his own was meagre. But that of others existed as a fact to be accounted for—it could not be pooh-poohed away, and behind it James inferred a reality.¹ On the broader aspects of religious thinking I am a modernist with no great differences from Dean Inge, Bishop Barnes, Canon Streeter and Professor Eddington. I have an instinctive belief that what works or makes a difference has in it real truth. You call this pragmatism. So when we come to the impetus and conduct of daily life I am, after long mental meanderings, more unashamedly "pragmatic" than ever, though I know well why prag-

¹ *Letters*, vol. ii, pp. 210-215.

matism is discredited as a pure philosophy. I am a convinced believer in the permanent value of organised religious institutions, in the preservation of the religious instinct in society, and in the practical "canalisation" of moral force. We shall let them decline at our peril. It is a matter of relative indifference to me that the literal meaning of words, creeds and hymns lags somewhat behind modern scientific conceptions, so long as they carry a moral force, which moved our fathers, over to the average man of to-day, and without which he is a sorry creature. I have no passion for a new edition of any great hymn-book with every new book on astronomy or the atom. Fancy trying to get public worship and moral exaltation and spiritual immediacy by way of collects in the vein of Herbert Spencer or Haeckel! The pulpit has a more difficult task to-day than ever, but a more essential one. In all the larger problems of mind and conduct I find that the story of the life and death of the Galilean peasant, Jesus Christ, when I have done all with it, both constructive and destructive, that modern knowledge suggests to me, still remains the most startling challenge to thought and purpose. Unless we have faced the issues He raises, and found some place in our scheme in which they are consistent, we have no satisfactory "point of view". In my philosophic and scientific mentality I know all the absurdities and snares of anthropomorphism. The scientific mind cannot understand

why the Absolute, the First Cause, must be a Deity like a superior human being to the average man. But the average man can only think comfortably in anthropomorphic terms, and after all, I am spiritually a democrat, and the spiritual world exists for the average man and the clever ones are only his servants. There is little to be gained by the complete unity of the Churches. They need to be rationalised into a few essential forms. The removal of vestigial remains of past ideas which have no longer any significance, and consolidation into several main types of worship and appeal, will make for vitality. And continued vitality with a living appeal and high moral sanctions, and a dynamic which can touch the average man who is neither a scientist nor an intellectualist, is of the highest importance in the survival value of the community. In my teens I was caught in pure thinking by the sheer arrogant determinism of the physics of that day, but in the pure practice of life I rebelled at its stark absurdity, as much as any master of the art of practical living has rebelled against philosophic idealism. The way out has come through physics itself, even if we have to get into the recesses of the atom or the far reaches of the universe to break the chain of determinism. In philosophy I am content with emergent evolution and all the other modern refuges from scientific predestination. The modern doctrine of the complete sacrifice of the interests of

the individual for the good of the future race, although in some respects a worthy ideal, is not sufficiently practical as a guide to conduct. We know little enough what will be "good" in the future of the race. A reasonable balance is necessary between the feelings of the present and the supposed interests of the future. On the whole, in self-sacrifice the needs of others in *this present* age come first. Similarly, the notion that the moral incentives arising from a belief in personal survival are less worthy than those which are evoked by collective immortality or race survival seems to me quite unwarrantable. The fact that personal immortality has no deep roots in the present findings of physical science seems to me almost irrelevant.

The two most significant things that make this age a great one to live in are the conception of Relativity and the approach to Spiritualism. A few people can think painfully now for a few minutes at a time in four dimensions, but when it becomes a common background to men's minds in the far recesses of the future the whole universe will be different. A few people to-day are battering at the doors of the unseen world. I do not know how much significance is to be attached to the tiny residuum of their efforts which will satisfy modern tests of knowledge. I have no personal faculty for the pursuit. But I do feel that it is the *will* to do it, and the method and the effort, that are significant. In

the slow processes of evolution their ultimate success in developing two new senses for the mastery of all knowledge would be no more remarkable than the marvellous universe of life as we grasp it to-day that has come to us from such unimaginable beginnings, and yet the ultimate significance of that future may be just as unfathomable.

VI

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

FROM WHO'S WHO (1930)

NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY (JOHN), C.H., cr. 1922; Kt. 1915; M.A., Hon. Litt.D. Cambridge and Sheffield; Hon.D.Litt. Bristol and Oxford; Hon. LL.D. Glasgow, Toronto and St. Andrews; barrister and author; Official Naval Historian 1923; *b.* Bilston, 6 June, 1862; *e. s.* of late Rev. H. F. Newbolt, Vicar of St. Mary's, Bilston, and Emily, *d.* and co-heir of late George Bradnock Stubbs; *m.* 1889, Margaret Edina, 4th *d.* of Rev. W. A. Duckworth, Orchardleigh Park, Frome, and Edina, *d.* of Lord Chancellor Campbell; one *s.*, one *d.* *Educ.*: Clifton College; Corpus Christi College, Oxford (Scholar, Hon. Fellow); 1st Class Classical Moderations, 2nd Class Lit. Hum. Barr. Lincoln's Inn, 1887; practised till 1899; editor of the Monthly Review, 1900-4; Vice-president of Navy Records Society; Vice-president of Royal Society of Literature and Member of the Academic Committee; Professor of Poetry, 1911-21; Chm. of Departmental Committees on the Distribution of British Books Abroad, 1917-18, and on English in National Education, 1919-21; Controller of Wireless and Cables in European War; President of English Association, 1927-28. *Publications*: Taken from the Enemy, 1892; Mordred, a tragedy, 1895; Admirals All, 1897; The Island Race, 1898; Stories from Froissart, 1899; Froissart in Britain, 1900; The Sailing of the Long-Ships, 1902; Songs of the Sea, 1904, and Songs of the Fleet, 1910 (both with music by Sir C. V. Stanford); The Year of Trafalgar, 1905; The Old Country, a Romance, 1906; The New June, 1909; The Book of Cupid, 1909, and Aladore, 1914 (with Lady Hylton); Songs of Memory and Hope, 1909; The Twymans, 1911; Poems New and Old, 1912; The Book of the Blue Sea, 1914; The Book of the Thin Red Line, 1915; Story of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, 1915; Tales of the Great War, 1916; The Book of the Happy Warrior, 1917; A New Study of English Poetry, 1917; St. George's Day, 1918; Submarine and Anti-submarine, 1918; The Book of the Long Trail, 1919; The Book of Good Hunting, 1920; A Naval History of the War, 1920; An English Anthology, 1921; The Book of *the* Grenvilles, 1921; Studies Green and Gray, 1926; New Paths on Helicon, 1927, etc.

VI

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

NOWADAYS it is hardly permitted to men of my age that they should have a point of view at all. Perhaps it is only in the studio of the B.B.C. that their outlook can be thrown open to the public without fear of slighting treatment. As for respect—an elderly point of view has little chance of honour even in its own family. I learnt this ten years ago, shortly after the War, when a man I know was listening to a discussion in his own home circle. He took advantage of a pause to suggest: "If you would like to hear how the matter looks from *my* point of view . . ." But there he was interrupted by a young and charming voice: "Thank you, Father, *but your* point of view is just what we *don't* want—you see, you belong to the wrong generation."

I was pleased with this, because it was so easy to answer. Of course I did not answer it; but I said to myself: "There are very few things now that the young do not know, and there is nothing that they are afraid of. They are sure that their own point of view is the best possible: they bravely ignore the certainty that it will change—which for them must mean that it will change for the worse, because by their reckoning the older you are the less your point of view is worth considering,"

My own belief is quite the opposite. I do not think a man's vision need deteriorate as his eyesight does. I believe that if you have been given at all a decent chance in life—an education, and fairly congenial work, and so on—you will find your point of view growing steadily wider and clearer. The growth is in three stages: at first your view is limited to the prospect of your own advantage, your own success; and some are content to spend their whole lives in climbing up to that. But the typical man, our fellow-countryman as we know him best, soon enters the second stage, in which he finds self getting too small for him. He has learnt at school what it means to belong to a community, to be part of something much larger and more valuable than any individual. When he goes out into the world he cannot be satisfied unless his work includes something done not only for himself but also for his service or profession, for his neighbours, for his Church, for his town or his county, perhaps even for his country. His experience enlarges rapidly, he makes acquaintance with views other than his own, in books, periodicals, debates and broadcast lectures: in short, he receives a real education—that education to which his schooltime was only the introduction. His childish ego has grown up and become a human being.

Then look at him later on—he has almost unconsciously entered the third stage. Certain of his own

concerns, though they are not forgotten, have ceased to fill so large a space in the foreground of his view. He has lost sight of some fine things—such as pride and passion and the happier kind of recklessness ; and he has worked off or turned off his acquisitive and combative impulses—perhaps he does not now look upon these as the finest part of him. What has he gained instead? Well, that is what I was coming to: he has gained a point of view—one which he would not willingly exchange for that which belonged to his younger days. He looks now, as he used to look then, over a landscape which is in a sense his own; but now he likes it better than he did, not only because it has lost the hard outlines and colourless glare of noonday, but even more because it is so much wider and so much more visible as a whole. It seems now to include almost all the inhabited earth, and to show up the works and ways of all men in a clearer and more favourable light—at any rate in a more merciful light. For an illustration let me remind you that this universal, clear, compassionate light on life was just what moved so many of us last year in Mr. Thornton Wilder's story, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*.

And now, if there is anyone who cares to pass a few minutes standing beside me, and looking over the landscape of to-day as I see it, I will try to point out one or two things which strike my own eye. They are in the main contrasts or changes made by

the War; but some of them had their origin farther back, and were only hastened on by what happened in those four years.

A change which is particularly interesting to me is the closing up of the national fabric, the lessening of the distance between the habits and standards of one class and another. We are now nearer in our way of life, and also in our understanding of each other. During the War officers and men lived and died at very close quarters with each other: at home wage-earners were for the time far better off than they had ever been, while professional men and those who could not earn became what we called "the New Poor". This made the experience of all classes more complete, and at the same time they were drawn together, temporarily if not permanently, by the feeling that they were engaged in a common cause and exposed to the same human sorrows and anxieties. The result is, I think, undeniably that we know each other better—perhaps it is not so much that we have made a discovery as that we have found living confirmation of our old beliefs. At any rate, everyone is now in a better position to give evidence on the national character, in its various incarnations; and I believe that the evidence, if we could put it all together in a representative form, would make a report which we might be glad to have. It might help us to regain our balance, which has been disturbed of late by too many Plain Tales

from No Man's Land. These rabidly truthful War books, what do they prove? They prove, I think, two things—first, that even a brave man, when he has been hurt, bodily or mentally, beyond his power of endurance, is tempted to indulge his own feelings too much and consider the feelings of others too little; and, secondly, that if nations in a crisis would sit down and count up the whole cost of war, they would never break the world's peace. The first of these need not be proved again—need not even be remembered. The second ought never to be forgotten.

I come now to a second point which is even more interesting and more immediately urgent. This new position—this comparative nearness of classes under the pressure of war—has not yet had its full effect. But it has at least suggested to us that our old divisions, our horizontal class divisions, though they may have been natural were not inevitable. It has shown us the outline of a possible social life in which our real interests and sympathies might cut, as it were, vertically across the differences in our circumstances and make of us a far more united people, in disregard of class or convention. This is not an easy thing to carry out—not a mere matter of good will expressed in good words. Any such association, if it is to be genuine and effectual, must be based not on condescension or philanthropy, but on a community of habit. The meeting-place must be one where all

can be sociable because all are at home—as distinguished from the formal occasional places of meeting that we know, those places where no one is at home. When I use the word "meeting-place" here I am not thinking of a room or a park or a platform: I mean a place of the mind, where people of all kinds of occupation, or of none, can follow their own pleasure in the company of others who are doing the same. If you ask me for examples, I suggest community singing and community plays, or gatherings like the annual meetings of the English Association—but such illustrations mean little to those who are not already familiar with them. And other opportunities will soon be devised if it is once seen, as it is clearly to be seen from my point of view, that we are not yet one nation. We are just a group of tribes with different traditions and ways of life. We are crowded together in one small island, but we live separately and we are continually embarrassed by our lack of familiarity with each other's dialects and cultures. We have points of contact, but the great difficulty is that our points of contact are not often points of fusion: religion, trade relations, politics—how can a nation be united by its divisions? Are not we, on the other hand, now and then pleasantly surprised by the warmth of local patriotism, when we return perhaps to some haunt of our youth and compare memories with those who have really no other bond with us? How we re-estimate

the place and the people, and are happy to find ourselves speaking and feeling as they speak and feel!

Is it possible that you who hear me do not know this pleasure, do not desire a great extension of it? I should like at this moment to have what even the B.B.C. cannot give me—some sign of assent. Well, is it not the custom of many of us to find interest and recreation in foreign travel, in making acquaintance with a foreign scene, a foreign idiom, a foreign way of life: would it not perhaps be equally recreating to view the English, the Scottish, or the Welsh scene in the same way, to study the languages and dialects of our own island, to note the customs, virtues, humours, songs and dances of our own neighbours, who might in time be really and not only partially our own people? I will go further, and say that the life even of the most fortunate and well-fortified among us is a poorer and more difficult life if they have never made friends outside their own environment, that is, outside the restricted sphere in which they began their self-conscious existence. And by friends I do not mean proteges or patrons: I mean companions in the pursuit of happiness.

I have spoken first of a new hope left us by the War, I will set it off by speaking of a new apprehension. It is one worth mentioning because it is wholly unexpected and touches us in a vital spot. What has been happening to our love of freedom? During the

War our freedom was very markedly diminished. It was wholly to the credit of the nation that necessary precautions and limitations like the censorship and food control were readily accepted: and I think we may say that we bore them with just the right mixture of humour and exasperation. But what surprises me, and at times dismays me, is the prolonged acceptance of some of these unnatural war conditions in time of peace. We have a good saying, "Let sleeping dogs lie", but need we make it a statute of the realm? Have we forgotten that by long custom every one of us is allowed to have and keep a dog of our own called Freedom, and that we cannot let Freedom sleep perpetually if it is to remain alive. The law was that every such dog might follow his master everywhere, so long as he did not interfere with any other man's dog. There were also some official demands to be observed, but they were comparatively harmless. Are they still harmless? No, for they are no longer needed to meet an extreme necessity. Is it still necessary to commandeer the land of England for vast roads and electric power stations, with the curt explanation that the engineers' instructions take no account of amenities? Or, again, that you can, if you wish, appeal against the destruction of your garden, but it will cost you a hundred thousand pounds! Forty years ago a whole countryside would march to save a threatened footpath: to-day we tamely agree that nothing can

be done, and are thankful that the injury is not in our own neighbourhood—forgetting that every bit of rural beauty is the nation's, and that since the invention of the motor-car the whole country is in our neighbourhood. Yes, decidedly Freedom is sleeping: we have become too docile, not too law-abiding, but too tolerant of public works. If we cannot defeat them otherwise, it is time that we set up an Amenities Commission and gave the Chairman of the National Trust a place in the Cabinet.

But in saying this I have only darkened my own misgiving. Is it really only sleepiness or slackness that makes the nation to-day so tolerant of these ruinous developments? Is it not rather that there has been a complete change in the valuation of amenities? What was it that the men of the past found their pleasure in? Scenery? Yes, but what aspect of it? The remoteness and peace of it, the seclusion of lanes and villages, the solitude and silence of the hills, the distant expanse of lakes or rivers. In the present generation are these considered to be amenities at all? Noise is the element in which our people now live; they prefer speed to any kind of peace, and publicity to any remoteness or seclusion. There is perhaps something human, something sympathetic, in their readiness to enjoy themselves among a throng of their fellow-men, but are they not killing what they seek? I remember a company promoter who planned a mountain railway because,

he said, when he stood on that summit and looked round upon that perfect solitude he could not rest until thirty thousand more could share it with him! This amused some of us and annoyed others; few, perhaps none, realised that this was a warning of what was coming—the age of the Multitude, not only many-headed but many-footed, destined to tread heavily on many delicately beautiful things and places. The warning was repeated some years later—I think in 1913—when Mr. Marinetti put forth in Italy, France and England what he called the Futurist Manifesto. This announced the advent of a new world, a new way of life, a new consciousness. It proclaimed that mankind had already acquired the following characteristics—a new mechanical sense, a fusion of instinct with horse-power; a love of speed, physical and mental; an acceleration of the rhythm of life, enjoyment of the intoxication of danger; abhorrence of a quiet life and of all that is old and known; a depreciation of love; and the power to transfer passion, art and idealism to finance and sport. Further, that man's consciousness was now touristic—a world-consciousness of life in crowds, in big liners and vast hotels, without the sense of home, of distances, or of solitude, and accompanied by the destruction of the feeling of *the beyond*. Last of all, man had come to feel a love of depth and insight in all mental and spiritual activity.

This again amused some people and irritated

others; but what surprises me on looking back is that none of us believed it to have any substantial truth in it. The young of that day, I suppose, were already too busy carrying out the programme to think about it, and the older generations were so reluctant to believe that they shut their eyes and looked upon life as a thing unchanged, or only for the moment deranged.

But to-day, after an interval of seventeen years, we can see, we cannot help seeing, that the new race *has* arrived and *is* living the new life in the new world. How unwelcome it is to some among us we may understand from the remark which I have heard uttered several times lately: "I am glad I shall not live to see what is coming."

I confess that I felt some momentary sympathy with the speakers—I remembered so many beautiful things and places whose loss would be a real mutilation of life—but I remembered at the same time that though I have seen many hideous petrol pumps, I have never known a really philistine motorist: and I have shared the pleasure of a good many. Common sense said plainly: "You yourself couldn't do without speed or travel, and you know it. Your despair is only verbal. You declare that you would rather not go on playing the game of life under the new rules; but that is only a form of expletive, a bit of strong language to relieve your feelings. In reality you accept the change." I agree: to be honest, that is

what I do, that is what I feel when I leave the places of conversation and stand by myself looking out from my own point of view. There still in sight lies the England of our forefathers: in many places much more picturesque, more solitary, more unspoiled than the England of to-day. Yes, but also far fuller of hunger, cold, misery, injustice and unchecked violence: with resources everywhere lying idle for want of knowledge and ordered energy. Who would give the new land for the old? London in a sixteenth-century engraving looks what Dunbar said it was four hundred years ago, "the flower of cities air". Yes, but the picture does not tell you that no man of to-day could walk down a street of it with his mouth open or sleep in a room of it with his window shut. In short, new generations must have new conditions: the life of nations is always changing, cities always growing, transport always increasing, and roads being made or widened to carry it. You cannot deny to the many what the favoured few have so long enjoyed and praised. All that can be done is to keep unchanged as many beautiful places as possible, and when it is no longer of any use trying to pack a great nation into a small island, then our descendants must build their palaces by the waters of Naivasha or in the great Canadian spaces or beneath the Southern Cross. What concerns me more deeply is the other side of the question—the supposed change in the character and consciousness of the

race. Here again I doubt my own misgiving. I do not see much that is unparalleled in what is going on, though of course there is much that is new. The Elizabethans, whom we are never tired of admiring, were very like ourselves in their energy, their thirst for adventure, danger and world-wide expansion, their hurry to get rich and their love of display. They were attracted by foreigners and foreign fashions, despised homekeeping wits and a quiet life, and in general widened the range of their consciousness and accelerated the rhythm of their whole being. If our own children and grandchildren are taking the same course, is it reasonable of us to mistrust them? I for one should be very sorry to see them failing to reproduce the family traits of their ancestors. I like to see Raleigh, Drake and Sidney reborn, and none the less if they come back with some of the old failings as well as all the old virtues.

I do not believe, then, that we need seriously fear the effect of the new material environment, or the new modes of life, upon the character or outlook of our successors. They will bear a good deal that we cannot bear, and enjoy a good deal that we are not able to enjoy: but that will not make them machines, or endow them with anything so monstrous as a mechanical sense, or a capacity for perpetual motion.

There are some other items in the futurist forecast

to which I cannot give any credence. It seems hardly consistent to promise a love of depth and insight in all mental and spiritual activity, and at the same time to prophesy the destruction of "the feeling of the beyond"⁵⁵. We know now, if it was not already clear in 1913, that the feeling of the beyond is among the ever-burning lamps of the modern world as it was of the ancient world. Nothing seems to me more certain than that our posterity will continue—no matter how completely they may have mastered the material world—to seek out the world which lies beyond, either in Time or outside Time. Already we have been freed by science from the errors which misled us a generation ago: we are no longer invited to view man and the universe as machines, called into being by a fortuitous concourse of atoms and destined for the universal dust-heap. We are now told that the world of the senses "has been probed by every device of science and has disclosed only symbols. Its substance has melted into shadow." The universe bears signs, not of any fortuitous origin, but of conscious design. Even for present purposes, for the everyday life of our world, this changes the whole sky for us. If there is design there is a designer, a mind, and the life we receive has a meaning as part of the whole. A workman's power to work, a soldier's power to endure, fails him if he does not believe he is working to a plan, ordered and directed by a mind greater than his own. We

have for ages been accustomed—and it now appears that we were right—to found all our active life upon faith. We had faith that the universe was not meaningless, not an automatic pattern, like the work of an old woman who has fallen asleep over her knitting: we had faith that the sun which set at night would rise again in the morning. It was this faith in the order of nature which made science possible, for science proceeds by the use of one working hypothesis after another. In the same way poetry has lived by the faith that what is beautiful is true to a divine order; and poetry has an appeal to us that science cannot have. Science interprets to us an order which it does not fully know: it continually changes its interpretation, and we are unable to check its results. This keeps alive our interest, but gives us nothing to assure us. We fall back upon poetry, which has a more intelligible and more convincing method of verifying its hypotheses. The great poets are those who have the exceptional power of drawing from a source deeper than their own intellect, their own invention or their own intuition: and what they communicate to us is confirmed by a corresponding consciousness in ourselves, which is the most real thing in our life. If we ask that the beyond shall be proved to our senses or our intellect, we are asking what is impossible and contrary to nature: it cannot be proved, though it may be experienced. The race that is to succeed

us will know better, I think, than to wait for proof. They will live and die in certainty, asking only for that which was offered the world two thousand years ago—to have life and to have it more abundantly.

VII

HILAIRE BELLOG

FROM WHO'S WHO (1930)

BELLOC, HILAIRE; *b.* 27 July, 1870; *s.* of Louis Swanton Belloc and Bessie Rayner Parkes; *m.* 1896, Elodie Agnes Hogan (*d.* 1914), of Napa, California; two *s.* two *d.* *Educ:* The Oratory School, Edgbaston; Balliol College, Oxford; Brakenbury History Scholar, and 1st Class in Honour History Schools, 1895. On leaving school served as a driver in the 8th Regiment of French Artillery at Toul, Meurthe-et-Moselle; matriculated at Balliol, January 1893; took final schools, June 1895; M.P. (L.) S. Salford, 1906-10. *Publications:* Verses and Sonnets, 1895; The Bad Child's Book of Beasts, 1896; More Beasts for Worse Children, 1897; The Modern Traveller, 1898; The Moral Alphabet; Danton, 1899; Lambkin's Remains, 1900; Paris, 1900; Robespierre, 1901; Path to Rome, 1902; Caliban's Guide to Letters, 1903; Avril, 1904; Mr. Burden, 1904; The Old Road, 1905; Esto Perpetua, 1906; Hills and the Sea, 1906; The Historic Thames, 1907; Cautionary Tales, 1907; On Nothing, 1908; Mr. Clutterbuck's Election, 1908; The Pyrenees, 1909; On Everything, 1909; A Change in the Cabinet, 1909; Marie Antoinette, 1910; On Anything, 1910; Verses, 1910; The Girondin, 1911; More Peers (with Lord Basil Blackwood), 1911; The Party System (with Mr. C. Chesterton), 1911; On Something, First and Last, Blenheim, Malplaquet, 1911; Waterloo, the Four Men, The Green Overcoat, 1912; The Servile State, 1912; The River of London, This and That, Greycy, The Stane Street, Tourcoing, 1913; The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry, 1913; A Continuation of Lingard's History to the death of Edward VII, 1914; General Sketch of the European War, 1st Phase, 1915; The Last Days of the French Monarchy, 1916; General Sketch of the European War, 2nd Phase (The Battle of the Marne), 1916; The Free Press, 1917; Europe and the Faith, 1920; The House of Commons and Monarchy, 1920; The Jews, 1922; The Mercy of Allah, 1922; On, 1923; The Contrast, 1923; Verses and Sonnets, 1924; History of England, Vols I and I I ; The Cruise of the Nona, 1925; Mr. Petre, 1925; Miniatures of French History, 1925; The Emerald of Catharine the Great, 1926; A Companion to Mr. Wells's History of the World, 1926; History of England, Vol I I I , James I I ; Many Cities, 1928; But Soft, We are Observed, 1928; A Conversation with an Angel, 1928; Belinda, 1928; Survivals and New Arrivals, 1929; Joan of Arc, 1929; The Missing Masterpiece, Richelieu, 1929.

VII

HILAIRE BELLOC

WE find ourselves in a world where we know our own existence and where something which Aristotle called "Common Sense" makes us recognise the reality of existences outside our own. Further, we find in ourselves senses of right and wrong, pleasure and pain. When we set out to interpret ourselves and the universe about us—to find out the meaning of the affair—our own origins and nature and destiny—whether there be a conscious will behind the universe—whether that will is indifferent to us or not, and so on: when we begin *that* supreme inquiry, we are brought to a halt. The great questions, the only questions the answers to which really matter, remain unanswered. It is doctrine indeed that the human mind can, unaided by revelation,, discover that God is, that He is omnipotent, one and personal. But it is not doctrine (and still less is it experience) that every human mind can of its unaided power achieve this feat; and it is quite certain that not one in a thousand attempts it. As for the nature and destiny of man, his possible immortality,, his responsibility, his free-will, we are left without, a clue.

Faced with the great unanswered questions, the tendency of men, after a first examination, is to

proclaim them unanswerable. Of course, where men do not trouble to think, merely accepting what they have been told, they may answer conventionally one or another of these great questions; but the moment they begin to reason, their first, most natural, attitude is scepticism. They conclude thus:

"We know nothing of these things. Nothing can be proved upon them, and therefore it is futile to continue the search, and puerile and ignoble to pretend to have discovered an answer. The man who does so is either abandoning the use of his reason and blindly accepting that to which he has been accustomed by long repetition since childhood, or he is a hypocrite and liar, and perhaps the worst sort of hypocrite and liar—the man who lies to himself in order to feel at ease."

Now it so happens that there is a third point of view or attitude of the mind, neither sceptical nor the mere product of habit and repetition, but working upon the following lines:

"I have discovered an absolute Authority upon earth; I have heard a Voice which speaks on these affairs in the unmistakable tone of combined integrity and knowledge. I have come upon a Personality whose commands are at once justified, salutary and (as it were) a part of my own being, because they proceed from that which was the Author of my being, to whom I tend and with whom I, like all creation, am in organic connection. **The**

answers given by this Authority to the great unanswered questions, I accept as final and true.⁵¹

This third attitude, which is neither the high sceptical attitude nor the confused "circular" attitude of mere habit, is called Catholic. It is the attitude which I who am writing these lines adopt in common with a good many other people. I adopt it with all its consequences in political and social action, in the general frame of the mind, in the texture of character which it produces, and in the duties which it imposes apart from, and sometimes in contradiction to, all lesser authorities whatsoever.

This third type of philosophy is unique. One hears men talk of "warring creeds", "conflicting systems" and "various religions"⁵⁵, and including the Catholic Church in that general description as though it were of the same stuff as the rest. Such a confusion argues an ignorance of the matter discussed. Catholicism is not one opinion amongst many, nor one set of doctrines and customs amongst many others. It is of an essence different from all else. It is the only institution on earth which ever has, and still does, proclaim itself infallible and absolutely authoritative. No one of those other institutions which seem to be of its own kind and nature (because they make many statements in common with Catholic statements or because they have a traditional ritual and body of doctrine largely in common with Catholicism—for instance, the Eastern Church) is really of the same

•stuff at all. For *they* say that there is no visible, localised, concrete, definite, citable authority of the kind. They admit no living and teaching authority among men to be continuously infallible and active to-day and for the future.

At the best they say there *has* been one in the past and *may* be one in the future. But the attitude of those who say that there *is* one, fully alive, and that it always has been and always will be such an authority, is peculiar to Catholics: that is (since one has to define accurately in these days of loose phraseology), peculiar to those who are in communion with the Papacy, accept the infallibility of its decisions and of the General Councils, not only in the past but as they are continued under authority to our own day.

There are certain strange marks to be observed attaching to this institution called "The Catholic Church". In the first place, while making this awful and unique and (in the eyes of most people) incredible claim to certitude based on reason (while no one else has certitude other than blind), it answers some questions only, others not at all. One might imagine that a system of the kind would pretend to universal knowledge; it professes none save on its own field. For instance, it affirms a creation. Our lesser, very interesting, questions upon the *mode* of creation it leaves unanswered. Next, note that it is and has been throughout the ages intensely loved, and even more intensely hated.

The violence of that hatred is inconceivable to those who have not felt it. It arises only on contact. It is hardly felt in the absence of the irritant. But in the presence of that irritant hate blazes out like a fire.

Lastly, though hated, it is quite astonishingly unknown. It almost looks as though hardly any man not within this institution could possess the faculties whereby its character may be appreciated.

I have known one or two exceptions (perhaps half a dozen in my whole life) of men born and brought up outside the Catholic Church, never dreaming of accepting it as other than an illusion and man-made, yet really knowing what it was all about and of what stuff it was. These men were men of very wide reading in many languages and of wide travel and experience. But to one such there are a hundred equally well-read and equally widely travelled who are as much in error upon the savour and character of the Catholic Church as, say, the average French journalist is in error upon the nature of an English public school.

For instance, you will find men highly educated, and with a good knowledge of other things, who imagine that Catholicism in some way restricts intellectual exercise. They say this to *us*, to *us* who feel that our intelligence cannot act freely in any other atmosphere, who enjoy the whole range of scholastic inquiry and of those great minds which established the casuistry of Moral Theology! They

tell us we are restricted from doing that which the Catholic alone has fully done for two thousand years, that is, looking into everything to find its cause, and searching continually for further and further detail in the general body of truth. Or again, they will regard Catholicism as a bundle of disconnected affirmations, some picturesque, some absurd, some obvious. They may live all their lives reading the history of a Catholic country, or period, and yet remain completely ignorant of the simple fact that the Faith is not only one vast coherent system, explanatory of the universe and of man therein, but a system which is so alive that it ramifies perpetually into a wider and wider exercise of faculty and meets and deals with every new situation with which it is confronted.

Again, you will find many people of fair instruction and fairly wide reading, who imagine that Catholicism refuses to face reality, and organises this illusion, whereas the whole point of Catholicism is the facing of reality and the refusal to be drugged by mere repeated affirmation, or to do anything but laugh at the silly modern systems of self-deception which have arisen from a desire to avoid the ordeal of human life.

It is this character in the Faith—that it is universal, that it has the very ring of reality, that its authoritative voice is recognised at once if it be heard—it is this character, I say, which has brought into its

orbit, as by an irresistible pressure, the best brains of our time. Among all other kinds of men it has been particularly those men who had the keener senses combined with the highest intelligence who have harked back to the religion of Europe. What that appeal of Catholicism to the intelligence may be I can perhaps best illustrate by a metaphor which I have always found singularly applicable.

The old painters often amused themselves by drawing a picture which at first sight was unintelligible. Put your eye in a particular position, and the picture falls at once into perspective and corresponds with that which it was meant to portray. There is such a detail in the National Gallery; among the objects appearing in a particular picture is one object which at first sight looks like nothing on earth: a long drawn, oval, yellowish thing with meaningless lights and darks upon it. Look at it from a particular point to the side of the picture and you will see it to be a skull; change your position slightly, and it resolves itself into chaos again. Now the Catholic attitude is like that. From the vantage-point of the Catholic attitude the meaningless pattern of the world falls into perspective. Catholic philosophy and action is found consonant with the life of man and with man's normal relation to the world about him. The Faith explains; it explains fully; and it is the only thing that does explain.

Nevertheless, as I have said, it is hated and suffers

from a really astonishing ignorance of its character and habits in the minds of onlookers. On this account I suggest that conflict between the Catholic Church and the other forces of the modern world is imminent. Whether we have yet heard the first clash or no is debatable. Whether a recognized and violent open battle will be waged a short time hence or not till after a lifetime or more, no one can tell. But it is coming.

That which is not Catholic in the modern world is not only tending towards, it is racing towards, a new set of laws, a new condition of the civic mind which is incompatible with Catholicism. There cannot but be an atmosphere created in which, in the long run, either Catholicism will not be able to live or its opponents will not be able to live.

There are many avenues by which we may see that state of things approaching. Perhaps the most important is that of the debate on Free Will (remember that all political questions are ultimately theological).

The Catholic Church may be called an Exercise of the Will. But as the modern world loses its remnants of Christian doctrine, the function of the Will not only declines, but is in prospect of being denied. The substitution of physical science for philosophy; of the quantitative for the qualitative; of unimportant things, directly demonstrable to the poorest mind, for important things which the greater minds grasp

by appreciation—all this process is making for a clash between those who retain the doctrine of Free Will and those who have sunk unintelligently into the drift of materialism and fatalism; a conception that all the process of the world and of ourselves is inevitable. To take but one instance of an issue on which the clash might soon come; this new paganism tends to regard evil as due to impersonal causes. It tends to eliminate moral indignation and to deprive of its meaning the distinction between right and wrong.

Again, the denial of Free Will ultimately tends to restrict more and more the liberty of the individual. It tends indirectly, but with its whole power, to the sacrifice of human dignity for the purposes of a supposed collective temporal and merely material good. Here again the new paganism cannot but clash with the Catholic Church. We may be upon the edge of new laws which will enforce a declaration from parents to promote the sterilisation of the unfit. We may live to see new laws enforcing one system of general education to the exclusion of dogmatic teaching in schools under public authority, to which the mass of people are forced to send their children.

But particular instances give no idea of the magnitude of the quarrel. A whole social tissue is being built up as an organism about us, and the more coherent it becomes, the more its new personality is emphasised, the more violent and emphatic is its

necessary quarrel with that opposing institution whereby alone, as I conceive, can man fulfil his being. For in the Catholic Church alone can man fulfil his being and achieve such poor happiness as freedom and responsibility breed in this brief preparatory life between birth and death.



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