# Alpha and Omega

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# PREFACE

THESE scattered Essays bear the title *Alpha and Omega* because in subject they range from primitive magic to post-Impressionism. Two of them, "Crabbed Age and Youth" and "Alpha and Omega," were read in briefer form before the Sunday Essay Society of Trinity College, Cambridge; one, "Scientiæ Sacra Fames," before the London Sociological Society. Two, "Heresy and Humanity" and "Unanimism," have been already published in pamphlet form by the Cambridge Society of Heretics. My thanks are also due to the Cambridge University Press for permission to republish "The Influence of Darwinism on the Study of Religions"; to the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies for kindly allowing me to reproduce "Homo Sum"; and to the *New Statesman* for permission to republish "Scientiæ Sacra Fames." The paper on "Art and Mr. Clive Bell" appears now for the first time.

The proof-sheets came into my hands soon after the outbreak of the War. Publication seemed to me impossible. Seen in the fierce glare of war, these theories—academic in origin and interest—on Art, on Philosophy, even on Religion, seemed like faded photographs. But later, thinking intently on the War itself, I have come to see otherwise. The same realities underlie our academic thinking and our international conflict. This I have tried to make clear in an "Epilogue on the War: Peace with Patriotism."

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# ALPHA AND OMEGA

## I.

## "CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH"

*Pace* the Passionate Pilgrim, whose psychology is somewhat rudimentary, Crabbed Age—real Old Age—and Youth have rarely, for a reason that will appear directly, found much difficulty in living together. It is notorious that parents, after worrying and bullying their own children, become, as grandparents, almost besottedly tolerant and affectionate. Children and young people, for reasons perhaps not wholly disinterested, usually adore, or at least tolerate, their grandparents.

The real rub—if rub there be—is as to relations that are closer, relations between fairly mature youth and quite early middle age. I apologize for a catchpenny title. I shall use "Crabbed Age" as a convenient term; but when I say "Crabbed Age" I shall mean anything completely or hopelessly grown up—anything, say, well over thirty. After all, age is relative. I remember distinctly when a person

of fourteen seemed to me utterly grown up—on the shelf.

Is there, then, as between Youth and this kind of Crabbed Age, any real difficulty, or is it a put-up thing? I confess that personally, being an incurable optimist, I have almost no personal experience of the difficulty. I was brought up myself with the utmost possible strictness, on the good old "seen but not heard" principle, but I always adored being with grown-up people. They were to me as gods, and I only asked to be allowed to observe in peace their magnificent doings. Now that Crabbed Age has come upon me, I feel, though I fight against it, a similar sentiment of veneration towards Youth. Youth is to me, to use its own vocabulary, "simply splendid."

From this fools' paradise of imagined mutual admiration and sympathy I was rudely awakened, and but for that awakening it would never have occurred to me to put together my reflections. About two years ago a young and gifted member of the University of Cambridge, though not, I hasten to add, of Trinity College, was heard to utter this momentous statement: "No one over thirty is worth speaking to."

It was, I confess, a blow. I had overpassed the taboo age myself. I had had more than one conversation with the utterer of the doom, and these conversations I had, in my folly, felt to be worth while. (I may say in a parenthesis that, to my relief, I have been credibly informed that

the taboo age limit is slowly moving on now towards forty.)

Now, when I had recovered from the blow to my personal vanity—for, of course, it was nothing else—I said to myself: "This is really very interesting and extraordinarily valuable. Here we have, not a reasoned conclusion, but a real live emotion, a good solid prejudice, a genuine attitude of gifted Youth to Crabbed Age. It is my business to understand and, if I can, learn from it. Give me an honest prejudice, and I am always ready to attend to it." The reasons by which people back up their prejudices are mostly negligible—not reason at all at bottom, but just instinctive self-justifications; but prejudice, rising as it does in emotion, has its roots in life and reality.

Then I asked myself, Had I, in my poor way as Crabbed Age, any corresponding prejudice? Honestly I thought I had not. But I was self-deceived. A mere accident brought the truth out. A friend asked me one day to come and "dine quietly." I accepted. As she went out she turned at the door, and said: "Oh, I forgot to tell you, we shall be just a set of middle-aged fogies—it will be deadly dull! Do you mind?" I said: "What! No young people, no 'really good conversation'! Oh, thank Heaven!" (I ought to explain that, among a certain set, "really good conversation" is slang for an acute form of dialectic, freely seasoned by obscure epigrams.)

Well, the moment I had said that I blushed spiritually. If I had reflected or reasoned for a moment, I never should have said it, but it just came out. It was a self-revelation. There was I with a counter-prejudice against Youth, just as crude, and in its way insulting, as the Gifted One's utterance. There was I feeling that Crabbed Age and Youth could not or had better not dine together—would enjoy themselves more apart. The plot began to thicken. There really was a rub somewhere.

The three subjects at which I was at work at the time—they were mainly professional, and all of them helped me to shape my conclusion—do not sound very relevant. They were—

(*a*) Savage initiation ceremonies.

(*b*) That remarkably well-worn subject, the rise of the Greek drama.

(*c*) In amateurish fashion, the philosophy of M. Henri Bergson.

I am almost ashamed to mention any one of these three subjects, they have been recently, in their respective circles, one and all so shamelessly boomed. Moreover, as regards the last (M. Bergson), I am well aware that his philosophy is discredited by some of the keenest wits of this University. None the less, it is to these three influences I owe my conclusions, for what they are worth, so I make my acknowledgments.

I will not weary you with the tortuous processes by which I arrived at my conclusion, or,

rather, by which it half unconsciously grew up. I will simply state these conclusions at the outset for clearness' sake.

There is, I believe, a certain amount of inherent and inevitable friction between Youth and Crabbed Age. This friction may, if rightly understood and considerately handled on both sides, take the form of mutual stimulus and attraction. More often, from ignorance of its true source, it causes a blind irritation. The cause of this friction I believe to be mainly this:

Youth and Crabbed Age stand broadly for the two opposite poles of human living, poles equally essential to any real vitality, but always contrasted. Youth stands for rationalism,[1] for the intellect and its concomitants, egotism and individualism. Crabbed Age stands for tradition, for the instincts and emotions, with their concomitant altruism.

A word to avoid misunderstanding. When I say Youth is egotistic, and Crabbed Age altruistic, I am not praising Crabbed Age and blaming Youth —I am long past blame and praise, or, rather, I am not yet ready for them; there is so much still waiting to be understood. The whole art of living is a delicate balance between the two tendencies. Virtues and vices are but convenient analytic labels attached to particular forms of the two tendencies. Of the two, egotism, self-

[1] Due allowance of course being made for the anti-intellectual reaction in the present generation (see p. 232).

assertion, are to the youth as necessary—sometimes, I sadly think, more necessary—to good living than altruism. Moreover, the egotism of youth is compulsory, inevitable, and equally the altruism of age is ineductable.

I will take my points in order, and, first—

Youth stands for intellectualism, rationalism, egotism. Youth has a clear head and a—comparatively—cold heart.

What evidence have I for a statement dead against the conventional view—a mere paradox? Youth, we are always told, is emotional. Young people are carried away by passion. "They were dangerous guides, the 'feelings,'" and so on.

When we want to find out the mainsprings of action in a person or a class, naturally we look to their characteristic occupations on the occasions—they are rare—when such persons are free. As contrasted with Crabbed Age, the characteristic amusements of Youth are, we shall all roughly agree, athletics, dancing, writing poetry, acting, debating. Athletics I rule out of my discussion. I know nothing of it; besides, I am not sure that, but for sheer physical inability, Crabbed Age would not remain addicted to athletics to the end. Dancing comes under acting; poetry will come in presently by the way. The two pursuits I want to examine for the moment, the two which really advance my argument, are (1) debating, (2) acting.

Who is it, I ask, who starts and keeps going Debating Societies? How is it that Heads of

Houses have no clubs for the discussion of abstract questions, no Sunday Essay Societies? How is it that the *Ad Eundem* and the *Ambarum* Clubs, to name two venerable Crabbed Age Societies, meet to dine and gossip, but never, so far as I know, for abstract discussion? It is certainly not that their hoary members are too inert. Some among them are quite remarkably and even terribly busy. It is not that they are too dull. Many, most of them, are men of acute intelligence. It is simply that among normal people, once thirty passed, once Crabbed Age fairly set in, then abstract discussion, save for strictly specialist purposes, is apt to pall; the middle-aged palate is satiated, jaded.

There are exceptions, perhaps foolish exceptions, and the writer of this paper is conscious of proving the rule. But I venture to think anyone who cares passionately for abstract discussion, be his hair never so grey, his hand never so palsied, is in spirit young. I do not say this is an advantage. It is possible to stay young too long. There is a "time to grow old." If you stay young beyond your time, you gain some ways; but you will pay for it: it is a form of *hybris*, of transgression, of "uppishness."

When I speak of this passion for abstract discussion in the young, I shall be told, I know, that this world of Cambridge in which I live is narrow and academic—hyperintellectualized; that the ordinary young man and maiden are dancing and making love, or earning their livings, and

not concerned to discuss abstractions. This may be partially true, and I only pretend to speak of the worlds I know. Professional and literary London I have known, academic Cambridge I *do* know. That other Youth—that is, happy peasants, coal-heavers, opulent stockbrokers, and the higher form of young barbarians—I do *not* know, and of them I do not speak. I accept my limitations.

My next characteristic of Youth is—acting.

Leave together a large number of young people under thirty, provide them food and leisure, or supposed leisure, such as is carefully provided in this University. I will undertake to say that before long some form of amateur drama will be the outcome. Leave together the same number of people over thirty-five or forty—to be quite safe—and I will undertake to say no such drama will arise. Acting—in a special sense to be defined presently—is instinctively felt to be a young thing. I said not long ago to a middle-aged woman who acted remarkably well, "Why on earth don't some of you people who really *can* act start a club, and give us a play once or twice a term?" And she said, "Oh, it would be delightful, but I don't think we could. Acting is such a young people's sort of thing."

But what has acting to do with youthful or any other egotism? Surely, it will be urged, acting is typically altruistic; the actor sinks himself in another's personality.

True enough of real acting. But—and this is

just the instructive point—the young do not as a rule act at all; they do what is the very opposite pole of acting—they *masquerade.*

Again I mean no disparagement. Acting is sinking your own personality in order that you may mimic another's. Masquerading is borrowing another's personality, putting on the mask of another's features, dress, experiences, emotions, and thereby enhancing your own. Masquerading is often quite as beautiful as acting or more; neither actor nor masquerader is to my mind an artist. But that is by the way. Personally, for my own amusement, I would rather be a good mimic than anything in the world—it must be such pure altruistic joy; but, for the spectator's pleasure of watching it, give me a fine personality masquerading. In a parenthesis, I may say that I believe a good part of Mr. Gordon Craig's interesting tirade against the personality of the actor is due to the fact that he does not recognize the beauty and legitimacy of the masquerader. But this is a separate story. My point for the moment is that Youth, and especially shy Youth, is strongly possessed by the instinctive desire to masquerade. Youth is inhibited artificially from enhancing personality by the normal means of living; he eagerly seizes the chance of doing it in borrowed plumes.

Why does Crabbed Age cease to masquerade? Crabbed Age is still both proud and vain. Crabbed

Age still loves Art. It may be we love only *le faux bon*, but still we love it. Crabbed Age crowds to Music-hall, and "Miracles," and Russian Ballets, and "Œdipus Rexes," it makes any excuse to take children to pantomimes. It is not even that Crabbed Age at thirty is too stiff and clumsy to dance. Some of the finest dancers I have known off the stage have been over fifty. Crabbed Age simply doesn't want to masquerade. Masquerading bores Crabbed Age. Why?

Simply because the impulse to *imaginative* self-enhancement dies down as soon as liberty to live is granted. Man's natural megalomania has found its natural outlet. Crabbed Age is busy living, not rehearsing, and living, if sometimes less amusing, is infinitely more absorbing. It takes so much out of you. Of course, needless to say, the real actor, the born *mimic*, goes on acting with one foot in the grave.

Now, real life—and here comes the important point—real life, as contrasted with life imagined and rehearsed, on the whole compels at least a certain measure of altruism. There are many methods of compulsion, some gentle, some violent. We will consider for a moment only two, and these the most normal.

Normally, in the first place, life itself will lure you, catch you, and marry you, make a father or a mother of you, and your children will soon stop your masquerading, and teach you that you

are not the centre of their universe—nay, compel you to revolve round the circumference of theirs. Marriage, through the lure of passion for the individual, compels your service to the race. This great education in altruism is necessarily more drastic and complete for woman than for man.

But suppose you elude the natural lure of life. There is society waiting with its artificial lure—waiting to catch you and make an official of you, a functionary, a thing that is only half or a quarter perhaps yourself, and a large three-quarters the tool and mouthpiece of the collective conscience. How often one has seen a year's officialdom turn a man's spiritual hair grey! The gist of all officialdom is not its labels, its honours, but the sacrifice of the individual will; and for this society is always ready, and rightly, to pay a big price. Of course, though there is loss, there is great gain in officialdom as in marriage. Each is a godly discipline by which the young man learns not to be the centre of his own universe.

This being the centre of your own—of course, quite fictitious—universe is best seen in the extreme case of the megalomania of young children, as yet untaught by life. Their own experience is always illuminating. I had as a child—I was about seven—a very kind and much-adored aunt, aged about forty. At forty-one she quite unexpectedly married. I can

never forget the shock her marriage gave me. My whole universe was deranged. My other uncles and aunts, of course, held that she was "a disgrace to her sex" for marrying at over forty. An uncle, happily married himself at forty-three, was especially strong on this chapter. This was not what troubled me and that set my whole world out of gear. What was wrong was that I was disorientated. I had been at the centre of my own universe, my aunt gently and protectively hovering over that centre. Suddenly she had made a centre of her own, and I was out at the circumference, with no tendency at all to hover sympathetically round her. Of course, I could not see that at the time. At seven years old one cannot analyze, so one must agonize. That is why it is so terrible to be a child, or even a young thing at all. One sees things, feels them, whole. There is no such devastating, desolating experience as to have been at the centre, warm and sheltered, and suddenly to be at the outmost circumference, and be asked to revolve as spectator and sympathizer round a newly-formed centre. It needs a new heart, it spells conversion. But of that elsewhere.[1]

To make this ego-centrism of youth clearer, may I use an analogy? It is merely an analogy, but I think instructive. Greek drama, we have been told *ad nauseam*, arose out of the chorus, which then differentiated into chorus and specta-

[1] See p. 64.

tors, and ultimately into actors and spectators. That is what happens, or should happen, in life. Youth is a chorus. Every single member of that chorus, by virtue of masquerade, feels himself to be the centre of the action. He *is* the centre of it to himself. A chorus is an aggregate of *pas seuls*, a congregation of—shall we say Morning Stars, dancing together? As long as you want to be, and feel yourself to be, the whole of life, as long as you do not specialize and become a functionary, you do not co-operate, you cannot apprehend or be interested in the personalities of others. You are only one of a great chorus, all masquerading, all shouting, "Me, Me—look at ME!" Once you specialize, once you become an actor with a *part* in life, then you need all the other actors; the play cannot go on without them. Even your part in it depends on them. The *me* becomes *us*.

I cannot here go into the question of the altruism of specialization and its relation to co-operation. It has all been splendidly worked out by Professor Durkheim in his *Le Travail Social*.[1] He shows that, far from it being true that specialization narrows the individuality, specialization is almost the condition of any true individualism. Through co-operation the sense of personality is born and nourished. Savages who all do everything are not individuals, they are merely members of an undifferentiated herd.

[1] See p. 71.

We all know how the normal individual developes and enlarges as soon as he gets a piece of work in the world. The narrow, tedious people are those who are "living their own lives" and consciously "developing their own individualities"—trying to out-shout the other members of the chorus instead of singing in tune, playing their *part* as actors in a troupe.

Specialization, limitation, then, is essential to life and growth. Marie Claire, or, rather, M. le Curé, in *Marie Claire*, says "à quinze ans on a toutes les vocations." Mr. Forster, in *Howards' End*, says (p. 260) of Margaret when she comes to Crabbed Age: "As for discussion-societies, they attracted her less and less. She began to 'miss' new movements, she was passing from words to things. Some closing of the mind is inevitable after thirty, if the mind itself is to become a creative power." Here, then, is one secret of division. Youth is bored by Crabbed Age because Youth "a toutes les vocations"; it wonders at the dulness of Age, which refuses to be excited about everything, Crabbed Age is bored by Youth. It is only *le bon Dieu* who can rightly claim to have *toutes les vocations*, and it is this God-Almightiness of Youth, and specially gifted Youth, which is to Crabbed Age stupid and tedious. Once Youth condescends to specialize, to drop the God-Almighty masquerade, once, through the compulsion of life, through marrying, through having a bad illness, through accepting a "post,"

through any bit of actual work or responsibility, Youth takes a *part* in life, becomes a real part, instead of claiming a theatrical whole, straightway Youth mellows, becomes interesting and easier to live with.

This "easier to live with" comes out in another way. When and how is companionship, equal comradeship, possible between Youth and Crabbed Age? Instantly and easily if you are bent on a common inquiry or on any form of common work. Who, save as a matter of curiosity, asks whether a fellow man of science is twenty or forty? And why not? Because the scientific inquirer is not *quâ* inquirer the centre of his own universe; he is intent, not on the relations of things to himself, but of things among themselves—the hot personal focus is non-existent. Similarly, the dramatic as contrasted with the lyric artist is bent on uttering, not his own emotions towards the outside world, but on the interplay of others' emotions. Youth of necessity breaks out into lyric, own cousin to masquerade. Crabbed Age, if he be artist, attempts drama. First poems, first novels, are almost always lyrical.

To go back to and have done with my drama metaphor, the chorus of masquerading Youth differentiates into actors, each specialized, in all humility, to a part. But last there is a third stage. Some withdraw from the stage into the *theatre-place* and become spectators.

This is real Old Age, and it should never be

crabbed. These actors have first masqueraded, rehearsed life in imagination, then lived to the full, and last, discharged from life, they behold it. It is the time of the great Apocalypse. It is one of the tragic antinomies of life that you cannot at once live and have vision.

If another figure may be pardoned, looking back on life I seem to see Youth as standing, a small, intensely-focussed spot, outside a great globe or circle. So intense is the focus that the tiny spot believes itself the centre of the great circle. Then slowly that little burning, throbbing spot that is oneself is sucked in with thousands of others into the great globe. Humbled by life it learns that it is no centre of life at all; at most it is one of the myriads of spokes in the great wheel. In Old Age the speck, the individual life, passes out on the other side, no longer burning and yet not quite consumed. In Old Age we look back on the great wheel; we can see it a little because, at least partially, we are outside of it. But this looking back is strangely different from the looking forward of Youth. It is disillusioned, but so much the richer. Occasionally nowadays I get glimpses of what that vision might be. I get my head for a moment out of the blazing, blinding, torturing wheel; the vision of the thing behind me and without me obscurely breaks. It looks strange, almost portentous, yet comforting; but that vision in incommunicable.

People ask: " Would you or would you not like

to be young again ?" Of course, it is really one of those foolish questions that never should be asked, because they are impossible. You cannot be—you that are—young again. You cannot unroll that snowball which is you: there is no "you" except your life—lived. But apart from that, when you rise from what somebody calls "the banquet of life," flushed with the wine of life, can you want to sit down again ? When you have climbed the hill, and the view is just breaking, do you want to reclimb it ? A thousand times no ! Anyone who honestly wants to be young again has never lived, only imagined, only masqueraded. Of course, if you never eat, you keep your appetite for dinner.

Youth, then, analyzes and masquerades. Crabbed Age specializes, lives, acts a part. Now, in the light of these considerations, I seem to see something of the cause of the manifold mistakes they make in trying to live together.

And here, though naturally my sympathies are with Crabbed Age, I say advisedly the fault lies in the main at his door. Age lives, and he must learn to let live. The remedy, the only remedy, for Youth's excessive rationalism and egotism, is life, more life—that is, being in fuller and freer relation with more people and things. What does Crabbed Age, or, rather, what *did* Crabbed Age, say on this chapter ? "We must guard the young—shield them from life." My generation

used to talk of life as if it were a sort of miasma or mosquito charged with malaria, and always watching to bite the unwary, or a sort of personal devil walking about seeking whom it might devour. "See," they said, "what foolish, rash things young people do when left to themselves; they are not fit to face life, they must profit by our experience."

Ah, here is the great fallacy, the pathetic fallacy, of Crabbed Age. It is useless, or almost useless, to offer to Youth the treasures of experience gathered by Age. "When you are my age," says Crabbed Age, "you will know what I know, see as I see." Nothing could be more profoundly false. History does not repeat itself. Evolution forbids. When you are my age, you will not know what I know, but something quite different. Experience is not a counter to be handed from age to age. I have often thought in bygone transitional days that, when I was really old, I would write down briefly, for the sake of the young, what I had learnt by living—not what I ought to have learnt, but what I really had learnt. It seemed to me then that this would be useful. That book will never be written. I know better now. The race does not tread the same stream twice. It is waste of time putting up signposts for others who necessarily travel by another, and usually a better, road. Old people are apt to make disastrous confusion between information that can be accumulated and con-

veyed, that is identical for all time, that is *knowledge*, and *experience*, that which must be lived and cannot be repeated.

But Old Age does worse than that. In trying to impose its experience as a law to youth it sins not only through ignorance, but from sheer selfishness. Parents try to impose their view of life on their children not merely or mostly to save those children from disaster—that to a certain extent and up to a certain age we must all do—but from possessiveness, from a desire, often unconscious, to fill the whole stage themselves. This egotism of Age is ranker, more inexcusable, than any egotism, any masquerading, of Youth. It has only to be seen clearly for what it is to be—by all generous if elderly souls—at once rejected. Parents must learn, and are fast learning, to regard their children, not as property to be exploited for personal use, but as "experiments in the life force"[1]—I borrow Mr. Bernard Shaw's phrase—to be reverently cherished. A child who grows up the counterfeit presentment of its parent, who walks in his parents' footsteps, is an evolutionary failure.

Crabbed Age is here not without some excuse. The truth that it has failed to grasp is a hard one for human nature. This truth is that, in all matters that can be analyzed and known, Youth

[1] Equally, of course, the parent is an experiment in the life-force, but the young child is powerless to control or hamper that experiment.

starts life on the shoulders of Age, and therefore, *ceteris paribus*, he sees farther and is actually more likely to be right. This is at the back of some of the irritation of Crabbed Age. It *is*, perhaps, just a little mortifying, if you have expended much energy and emotion, say, on the question of a Future Life, to find a generation arise which treats the Immortality of the Soul as though it were a sort of dusty Early Victorian photograph. I am conscious myself of a certain soreness on this chapter. I spent some eager years of youth as an evangelist of dancing; I helped to found a "jig-club." Few joined, and no one outside acclaimed my new gospel. Now that my own feet begin to falter, a whole new generation is dancing, and shouting my own gospel, on my shoulders.

Of course, if we aged ones are right-minded, we shall take it all as a compliment. Mr. Sheppard[1] well says: "When the fathers think that the Age of Reason is achieved, the sons may be trusted, if they are of good stock, to see that it is still far off." When we who teach see our spiritual children turn against us, hit us on the head with those very weapons we helped them to forge, it behoves us to remember that it is because they are "of good stock," but it isn't pleasant, all the same.

In another respect Age sins worse than Youth. Age dominates, possesses Youth, uses Youth for its own selfish purposes, demands its sympathy

[1] *Greek Tragedy*, p. 124.

and adulation, and then expects Youth to be grateful. Youth does not make the like demand on Age. This word "grateful" is always a danger-signal; it means a certain denial of friendship and equality. Youth is pathetically "grateful," and therefore it is difficult for Youth and Age to be friends. The relation is that of helper and helped, not of mutual comradeship, where help is given and taken without account. I once knew a tutor who, rash man, thought he had made a friend of a pupil. The pupil wrote, as it happened, to announce his marriage, and used the occasion to say how "grateful" he was and for what. "I owe you eternal gratitude: *you have helped me to find . . . myself*—that self which I am now about to dedicate to another." The tutor's face was old and grey as he laid down the letter. But the young man was quite sincere: his tutor had been to him, not a friend, but a door by which he might enter, a ladder by which he might spiritually climb. The friendship between Crabbed Age and Youth is always beset on both hands by the fiend of megalomania; the younger enhances himself through the skill and knowledge of the elder, the elder feeds his vanity on the open-eyed admiration of the younger. Only very delicate souls can live unhurt in such an atmosphere.

But am I right in saying that each generation, as new to the part, really starts better equipped? am I not begging some dreadful Mendelian question or assuming that acquired characteristics

are inherited? I do not know whether they are or not. What I do know is a different matter. Acquired institutions and acquired language *are* inherited. The present generation comes into a world equipped with different and sharper weapons. It goes to better schools and Universities; it uses a finer, richer, acuter terminology. It does not spend its young strength on the educational futilities that were arranged for my edification. I never now meet a child who spends its Saturday mornings in repeating the dates of the Creation, 4004 B.C., and the date of the Flood, 2378 B.C. Nor do I often meet anyone who agonizes as I did over the question of Eternal Punishment. People say, to comfort me, that it all went to strengthen my moral and mental fibre. I can only say that the price paid was in excess of the commodity purchased, and that I should have been better employed learning cuneiform and hieroglyphics. For myself, I face facts, and admit that the younger generation stands upon my shoulders, and for that reason it would be a scandal if I were not found sitting at its feet.

Can Youth, then, learn nothing from Age? In the matter of experience, I believe almost nothing; in the matter of communicable knowledge Youth is already ahead. But something remains. Crabbed Age is not always, I admit, a work of Art, but it is a work of Life. As such it should be reverently contemplated. If we Crabbed Ones were artists, and could express our experiences

*as a whole*, as a living thing it would be priceless. Most of us cannot, but there remains always, for better for worse, for precept for warning, that *imago*, that *paradeigma*, that is ourselves.

I have been concerned to emphasize the fact that Youth is naturally and necessarily egocentric, Crabbed Age by compulsion altruistic; they stand, it seems, for the two integral factors of our morality—self and the other.

But though egotism is the rule for the young, and altruism for the old, we all have known exceptions. We have known the ancient egotist, a most unlovely and not quite infrequent sight, and perhaps we have known, also, one who is delicately and beautifully young, scarcely more than a child, and who yet by some heaven-born instinct is old in altruism, sensitive to others from the outset, who never needs to learn. It frightens us a little; we feel such a one must die, for he knows all things. Others, rarer still, have a sort of impersonal, almost aloof, altruism. They are born with an intense consciousness of the whole of things, they come unto the world haunted, as it were, by the unseen faces of the souls that have been and that will be, a vision denied to most of us at any age.

These exceptions, it may be, only prove the rule, but they bring me to my last point.

All class distinctions, whether of age or station, are survivals of savagery, and savagery surviving out of time is apt to savour of vulgarity.

I think it was Blake who said, "The man who

generalizes is an idiot." That is rather a sweeping statement. The man who generalizes[1]—if an idiot—is a most useful and necessary idiot in providing the tools for life. But it is quite true that life itself escapes him, slips through his clumsy, classifying fingers. The man who handles life by means of generalization—that is, who treats individuals merely or mainly as members of classes—is not exactly an idiot, but for social purposes a rather tiresome, blundering savage. It saves time and trouble to treat your tutor as a member of the class "don," or your pupil as an "undergraduate," it saves thinking and still more feeling; but who save the coward and shirker wants to be saved thinking and feeling?

The conviction of this latter-day stupidity and savagery came over me when I was working at initiation ceremonies. An initiation ceremony is primarily nothing but a tremendous emphasis on the transit from childhood to full manhood, from Youth to Crabbed Age, from being outside the club or the circle to being inside. It takes among most savages weeks, or even months, to get it done, and very anxious and painful months they are. You retire into a hut, or, better still, that your seclusion may be the more complete, you carry a small hut about over your head. When you sit down, your maternal uncle sits down by you and

[1] For the danger of generalization to nations as well as individuals, see p. 247.

preaches to you by the hour on tribal customs, tribal morality, tribal traditions. It is a comfort to know that from time to time there will be an interlude, when he will teach you a tribal dance. Then it all comes to a head. You are beaten about the head with a club and half killed, some of your front teeth are knocked out, you are scarified, your hair is cut in some amazing pattern, a joint of one of your fingers is cut off, and then at last you are allowed to be a man. The whole gist of the, to us, monstrous performance is to emphasize the difference between Youth and Age, to show how prodigiously important and different grown-up people are, and how essential it is that the young should learn in meekness. Crabbed Age has got the upper hand and will show his supremacy.

Initiation ceremonies among savages are most severe and protracted in the case of young men. Sometimes for girls they do not exist at all; the girl has no social soul to be saved. But the last survivals of savagery linger on as so often among women. In the higher barbarian circles girls still in my young days went regularly through a process, not of "going in," but of its correlative, "coming out." After strict seclusion in nursery and schoolroom, a girl's hair was suddenly put up, her skirts were lengthened, she was allowed to wear jewels, and she made a sudden epiphany at a dance given in her honour by her kinsfolk. To support her through this ordeal, she was

allowed to kiss the hand of the reigning Sovereign; she thereby obtained much *Mana*.

One great factor in the advance of civilization is the minimizing of distinctions, the abolition of these temporal crises, the treating of human beings, not as classes, but as individuals.

This point comes out very clearly in people's manners. People with second-rate good manners —*le faux fin*—always observe and emphasize class distinctions, both of age and station. There is with them a touch of kindly condescension to Youth and inferior station, something of genial unbending just to set the pupil at his ease, a shade of graceful deference to the Bishop or the reverent senior. I have one friend with supremely good manners, and I have found out his secret. He has no manners at all! He speaks with exactly the same slightly colourless courtesy to child, young man, great lady, Archbishop. He is not, I regret to say, a Socialist, but his mind does not work in classes; in his eyes we are all—human individuals.

My moral, then, is this: Forget the subject of this paper; decline the crudity of class distinctions; ignore Crabbed Age and Youth as classes, and you will find that as individuals they will and can most happily live, and even dine, together.

## II.

## HERESY AND HUMANITY

THE word " heretic " has still about it an emotional thrill—a glow reflected, it may be, from the fires at Smithfield, the ardours of those who were burnt at the stake for love of an idea.

Heresy, the Greek *hairesis*, was from the outset an eager, living word. The taking of a city, its *expugnatio*, is a *hairesis ;* the choosing of a lot in life or an opinion, its *electio*, is a *hairesis ;* always in the word *hairesis* there is this reaching out to grasp, this studious, zealous pursuit—always something personal, even passionate. This comes out clearly in the words to which it is opposed: *hairesis*, " choosing," " electing," is opposed to *phugê*, " flight from," " rejection "; and, again, *hairesis*, what you choose for yourself, is opposed to *tychê*—the chance from without that befalls you by no will of your own. Only in an enemy's mouth did *heresy* become a negative thing—a sect, causing schism, a rending of the living robe.

Free personal choice sounds to us now so splendid and inspiring; why, then, in the past,

was it so hated and so hunted? Why instinctively in our minds, when we hear the word "heresy," does there rise up the adjective "damnable"? To be a heretic in the days of Latimer and Cranmer was to burn. To be a heretic in the days of our grandfathers was to be something of a social outcast. To be a heretic to-day is almost a human obligation.[1]

The gist of heresy is free personal choice in act, and specially in thought—the rejection of traditional faiths and customs, *quâ* traditional. When and why does heresy cease to be dangerous, and become desirable? It may be worth while inquiring.

The study of anthropology and sociology has taught us that only a very civilized person ever is or can afford to be a heretic. For a savage to be a heretic is not only not safe, it is practically impossible. We all know nowadays that the simple savage leading a free life is, of all mythical beings, most fabulous. No urbane citizen in the politest society is half so hide-bound by custom as the simple savage. He lives by imitation of his ancestors—*i.e.*, by tradition. Long before he obeys a king he is the abject slave of that master with the iron rod—the Past; and the Past is for him embodied in that most dire and deadly of all

[1] Some portion of this paper was read at the inaugural meeting of the Cambridge Society of "Heretics," on December 7, 1909. My thanks are due to the Editor of the *Englishwoman* for permission to reprint it.

tyrannies, an oligarchy of old men.[1] The Past, they feel, has made them what they are; why seek to improve on it or them ? In such a society, personal choice, heresy, is impossible.

How came such a state of things to be ? Why is it tolerated ? Why is it not only not disastrous, but for a time, as a stage, desirable ?

Because, at the outset, what draws society together is sympathy, similarity, uniformity. In the fierce struggle for existence, for food, for protection, the herd and the homogeneity of the herd, its *collective*, unreflecting action, are all-important. If you are in danger of extinction, you must act swiftly, all together, all but automatically, you must not be a heretic.

We see this clearly in that noblest of latter-day survivals, the " good soldier." The good soldier is not a heretic; he does not, and may not, reflect and make personal choice. To him the order of his commanding officer voicing the herd is *sacrosanct.* Be it contrary to reason, be it contrary to humanity, it must still be obeyed. War has many horrors. To me not the least is this—that it must turn a thinking human being into an at least temporary automaton; it bids a man forego his human heritage of heresy.

What I want for the moment to emphasize is this: that only certain elements in civilization,

[1] See Dr. Frazer, *Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship*, p. 84.

which later will be particularized, make heresy safe and desirable; primitive man is always, and rightly, suspicious of heresy. The instinct to burn a heretic was in a sense, and for a season, socially sound; the practice went on perhaps needlessly long. The instinct of savage law is the defence of *collective*, the repression of individual, opinion and action.

The milder forms of heresy-hunting, those that most of us remember in our childhood, deserve consideration.

It has puzzled—it has, alas! exasperated—many that society should be so alert and angry, should feel so intensely, about heterodoxy. If I deny the law of gravitation, no one will worry me about it. Privately, and rightly, they will think me a fool; but they will not come and argue at, and browbeat, and socially ostracize me. But if I doubt the existence of a God, or even, in the days of my childhood, if I doubted the doctrine of eternal damnation—well, I become a "moral leper." The expression has now gone out; its mild, modern substitute is looking at you sadly.

Such treatment naturally makes the honest patient boil with indignation; but the young science of sociology comes to smooth him down by explaining how this *is*, and, so long as the strength of society is in its collective homogeneity, *must* be.

Religious views, sociology teaches us, and many

other views on matters social and political—in fact, all traditional views—are held with such tenacity, such almost ferocity, because they belong to the class of views induced, not by individual experience, still less by reason, but by collective, or, as it is sometimes called, "herd," suggestion. This used to be called "faith." The beliefs so held may or may not be true; collective suggestion is not in the least necessarily collective hallucination. Mere collective suggestions—that is the interesting point—have the quality of obviousness; they do not issue from the individual, but seem imposed from outside, and ineluctable; they have all the inevitableness of instinctive opinion; they are what Mr. William James would call "*a priori* syntheses of the most perfect sort." Hence they are held with an intensity of emotion far beyond any reasoned conviction.[1] To doubt them is felt to be at once idiocy and irreverence. Inquiry into their rational bases is naturally, and in a sense rightly, resented, because they are not rationally based, though they may be rationally supported. It is by convictions such as this that a society of the homogeneous kind—a society based on and held together by uniformity—lives and thrives. To attack them is to cripple and endanger its inmost life.

[1] See especially a valuable paper by Mr. W. Trotter on "The Sociological Application of the Psychology of Herd Instinct," in the *Sociological Review*, January, 1909, p. 37.

To realize this is clear gain. We feel at once quieter and kinder; all or most of the sting is gone from the intolerance, or even ostracism, of our friends. When they look sad, and hint that certain views are not respectable, we no longer think of our friends as unreasonable and cruel. They are *non*-reasonable, *pre*-reasonable, and they are hypnotized by herd-suggestion. They become, not cruel, but curious and interesting, even heroic; they are fighting for the existence of the homogeneous type of herd—a forlorn hope, we believe, but still intelligible. Further, we begin to see what we, as heretics, must do; not reason with our opponents—that would be absurd —but try, so far as we can, to get this immense force of herd-suggestion on to the side we believe to be right. Suggest to people that an unverifiable opinion is as unsatisfactory an implement as, say, a loose tooth; and as to a mental prejudice, it is simply a source of rottenness, a decayed fang—out with it!

Why, and how, has heresy ceased, or almost ceased, to be disreputable?

Two causes have brought this about: Science and another movement towards what I will call Humanity, and which I shall try later to define.

Science is from the outset the sworn foe of herd-suggestion. Herd-suggestion, being a strange blend of the emotions and imaginings of many

men, is always tolerant of contradictions. Religion revels in them; with God all things are possible. Science classifies, draws ever clearer distinctions ; herd-suggestion is always in a haze. Herd-suggestion is all for tradition, authority; science has for its very essence the exercise of free thought. So long as we will not take the trouble to *know* exactly and intimately, we may not—must not—choose. We must advance as Nature prescribes, by slow, laborious imitation; we must follow custom; we must accept the mandates of the *Gerontes*—the old men who embody and enforce tradition. We must be content to move slowly.

We must not be unjust to collective opinion; it does move, though slowly, and moves even without the actual protest of open heresy. Things were said and written a century or two ago which, though no definite protest has been made, could not be written or said now. There has been a slow, unconscious shift. In the regulations of the University of Cambridge it is still enacted that every year " a prize be offered for the best poem on the Attributes of the Deity," and that this prize be annually awarded until such time as, in the opinion of the Master of *x* College, " the said Attributes shall have been exhausted." Somehow, nowadays, we should word our regulations differently.

Collective opinion, then, advances, but very slowly. Many people think that to be slow is

sure; but our wise copybooks used to say, "Delays are dangerous." You may prop up an ancient building till it topples about your ears; adherence to tradition may land you in straits made desperate by the advancing tide of knowledge. You may delay a reform till the exacerbation caused by your delay is worse than the original evil.

Heresy, then, is the child of Science; and so long as the child holds fast her mother's hand, she may run her swiftest, she will not faint or fall. Science opens wide the doors that turned so slowly on tradition's hinges, and opens them on clean, quiet places where we breathe a larger air. If heresy has in it too much of the fever and fret of self-assertion and personal choice, our remedy is to enter that "great kingdom where the strain of disturbing passion grows quiet, and even the persecuting whisper of egotism dies at last almost completely away."[1]

It is well to remember our debt to science—our inward and spiritual as well as material debt, because the generation is passed or passing which saw and was wellnigh blinded by the great flood of light that came last century. But the complete heretic needs more than science, he needs humanity, and this in no vague general sense, but after a fashion that it is important to understand as exactly as may be.

[1] Professor Gilbert Murray, *Sociological Review*, 1909, p. 272.

Science broke the binding spell of herd-suggestion. For that great boon let us now and ever bless and praise her holy name. She cleared the collective haze, she drew sharp distinctions, appealing to individual actual experience, to individual powers of reasoning. But by neither individual sense-perception nor ratiocination alone do we live. Our keenest emotional life is through the herd, and hence it was that, at the close of last century, the flame of scientific hope, the glory of scientific individualism that had blazed so brightly, somehow died down and left a strange chill. Man rose up from the banquet of reason and law unfed. He hungered half unconsciously for the herd. It seemed an *impasse:* on the one side orthodoxy, tradition, authority, practical slavery; on the other science, individual freedom, reason, and an aching loneliness.

But life meanwhile was feeling its way blindly to a solution, to what was literally a harmony. Something happened akin to what goes on in biology. The old primitve form of society grew by segmentation, by mere multiplication of homogeneous units; the new and higher form was to develop by differentiation of function—a differentiation that would unite, not divide. Instead of a mechanical homogeneous unity we get a disparate organism. We live now just at the transition moment; we have broken with the old, we have not quite adjusted ourselves to the

new. It is not so much the breaking with old faiths that makes us restless as the living in a new social structure.

What is actually meant by organic as opposed to mechanical unity is seen, of course, very clearly —has long been seen, though not rightly understood—in the ever-increasing development of the Division of Labour. Professor Durkheim[1] has shown that the real significance of this is social and moral even more that economic. Its best result is not material wealth, but the closer, more vital sympathy and interdependence of man with and on his fellow-man. Its influence extends far beyond the supply of material needs. If one man depends on you for his supply of butter, and you on him for your supply of tea, you are drawn into a real relation ; but if the interchange be of thought and sympathy induced by that material commerce, the links are closer, more vital. This is no metaphor; it is a blessed and sometimes bitter reality. A close companionship withdrawn is a wound to our actual spiritual life: if our egotism and self-sufficiency be robust, we recover from it; if weak, we go maimed and halting, with minished personality.

Division of labour has often been supposed to damage the individual. Anthropology corrects this mistake. To the savage division of labour

[1] To the specialist, my debt throughout this paper to the writings of MM. Durkheim and Lévy-Bruhl will be evident.

is almost unknown; each man builds his own boat, carves his own weapons, and makes them scrupulously, religiously, as his fathers made them before him. Yet the savage has the minimum of individuality. In his case it is not that individuality is crushed out by the herd, but that it has not begun to exist, or only in faint degree, because the savage has scarcely begun to co-operate. It is through this co-operation that we at once differentiate and organically unite. This is our new gospel: we are saved, not by science, not by abstraction, but by a new mode of life.

As the individual emerges through co-operation and differentiation the force of tradition is gradually broken. What takes its place ? The answer is at first depressing. Fashion, a new and modified collectivism. Under the sway of tradition, as M. Tarde has pointed out, *we copy our ancestors in all things ;* under the sway of fashion *we follow our contemporaries in a few.* Fashion, it will escape no one, rules us now, not only in matters of dress or food, but in the things of the spirit; and more and more, it would seem, as we escape more completely from tradition. But the rule of fashion, though sometimes foolish and light-headed, is on the whole beneficent, and makes for freedom. It is better to be swayed by our contemporaries, because, unlike the ancients, they lack prestige, and never become sacrosanct;

about their heads is no semi-religious halo. Moreover, fashion is fickle, swift to change; small movements and associations grow up to promote particular fads, and die as swiftly as they rose; each association implies a dissociation, and by this frequency of association and dissociation we get rid of the permanent homogeneous class, that insistent incubus of progress. Each person belongs to many temporary associations; and at the cross-roads, as it were, his individuality emerges.

More strange still at first, but assuredly true, is the fact that only through and by this organic individuality can the real sense and value of Humanity emerge. We are humane so far as we are conscious or sensitive to individual life. Patriotism is collective herd-instinct; it is repressive[1] of individuality. You feel strongly because you feel alike; you are reinforced by the other homogeneous units; you sing the same song and wave the same flag. Humanity is sympathy with

[1] M. Durkheim (*De la Division du Travail Social*, pp. 35-73) has shown with great cogency, in his examination of criminal and civil law, that repression and vengeance are the characteristic and necessary notes of *solidarité mécanique*, and that the new justice of a society based on *solidarité organique* has quite other functions. The same thought has found fine expression in Mr. Galsworthy's *Justice*, and in two penetrating and beautiful articles by him on the Suffrage question in the *Nation*, March 19 and 20, 1910.

infinite differences, with utter individualism, with complete differentiation, and it is only possible through the mystery of organic spiritual union. We have come, most of us, now, to a sort of physical union by sympathy and imagination. To torture even an enemy's body would be to us physical pain, physical sickness. There will come the day when to hurt mentally and spiritually will be equally impossible, because the spiritual life will by enhanced sympathy be one. But this union is only possible through that organic differentiation that makes us have need one of the other.

In a word, if we are to be true and worthy heretics, we need not only new heads, but new hearts, and, most of all, that new emotional imagination, joint offspring of head and heart which is begotten of enlarged sympathies and a more sensitive habit of feeling. About the moral problem there is nothing mysterious; it is simply the old, old question of how best to live *together*. We no longer believe in an unchanging moral law imposed from without. We know that a harder incumbency is upon us; we must work out our law from within. The first crude attempt was by agglutination—*Qui se rassemble s'assemble ;* differ at your peril. A long discipline of agglutination backed by religious sanctions was needful, it seems, to tame the tiger-cat, egotism within us. Primitive religion, most of us who investigate the subject are now agreed, has made

for civilization mainly because it is the emphasis of *social* values, or, to put it more exactly, of herd-instincts.

But in mere religious agglutination man was not to find his goal. We heretics believe the time for that is past, and that we must adventure a harder and higher spiritual task. Our new altruism involves a steady and even ardent recognition of the individual life, in its infinite variety, with its infinite interactions. We decline to be ourselves part of an undifferentiated mass; we refuse to deal with others in classes and masses. Parents no longer treat their children as children, as a subject-class to be manipulated for their pleasure, but as human beings, with views, outlooks, lives, of their own. Children, it may even be hoped, will learn in time to treat their parents not merely as parents—*i.e.*, as persons privileged to pay and to protect and at need to efface themselves—but as individual human beings, with their own passions and absorptions. We are dissatisfied now not only with the herd-sanctions of religion, but with many of those later sanctities of law to which some even emancipated thinkers ascribe a sort of divinity. We feel the inherent savagery of law in that it treats individuals as masses. Only in a civilized anarchy, we some of us feel, can the individual come to his full right and function.[1]

[1] My fellow Heretics are, needless to say, not committed to this personal view.

Yet all the time we know that we can, with spiritual safety, rebel only in so far as we are personally sensitive to the claims of other individual lives that touch our own. The old herd-problem remains of how to live *together ;* and as the union grows closer and more intricate the chances of mutual hurt are greater, and the sensitiveness must grow keener. Others are safe from and with us only when their pain is our pain, their joy ours; and that is not yet. Meantime, whenever the old tiger-cat egotism snarls within us, we should resign our membership of the Society of Heretics, and go back for a season to the " godly discipline " of the herd.

## III.

## UNANIMISM AND CONVERSION

THE subject of the present paper[1] is "Conversion and Some Contemporary French Poets."

We do not usually associate Conversion—the change of heart, the New Birth, with French poetry—and I have had a lurking fear that you might think I was employing a sort of catchpenny title, meant to attract a reluctant audience. This is not so; the connection between Conversion and certain recent French poetry is real and vital. In any case the form of my title was finally fixed by our President, not by me. I had boldly offered to him a paper on "Conversion and Unanimism." He felt, I am sure rightly, that even for an assembly of Heretics such a title was at once too obscure, depressing, and even repellent, so he suggested by way of enlivenment and elucidation the addition of "Contemporary French Poets." Knowing him to be a wise man with a sensitive hand always on the public pulse, I bowed to his decision—bowed openly, so to speak, but secretly I decided to speak mainly about Unanimism all the same.

[1] Read before the Society of Heretics, Nov. 25, 1912.

You will hear, then, to-night a good deal about Unanimism, ancient and modern—its meaning, its theory, and, above all, its relation to Conversion. You will hear a little, only a little, about the actual French poetry that is its expression, and with this I will begin.

Who are the Unanimists ?

A little band of young French poets, all of this century, none of them, I think, much over twenty-five, who dreamed a dream, and who founded l'Abbaye,[1] a monastery without an Abbot, but with a printing-press, a monastery in which dwelt not only men like-minded, but also women and children.

Je rêve l'Abbaye—ah ! sans Abbé

—a monastery where artists, artisans, dreamers, poor but gay at heart, might live together *doux comme des fleurs*. How young it all sounds ! They lived together for fourteen months. Cold and want—yes, positive hunger—through a terrible winter, broke and scattered them. No one had any money, the printing-press did not pay, l'Abbaye became a dream once more, but a dream that lived and worked.

[1] The story of l'Abbaye is briefly told by Mr. Flint in the *Poetry Review* for August, 1912. To Mr. Flint's article I owe my first knowledge of the Unanimists. I am also deeply indebted to the sympathetic study of Unanimism in the *Propos Critiques* of M. Duhamel, to which my attention was drawn by the kindness of M. Georges Roth, of Gonville and Caius College.

The founders of l'Abbaye did not call themselves Unanimists; they did not call themselves anything. But in 1908 the Abbaye Press published *La Vie Unanime* by M. Jules Romains, and this gave rise to the catchword *École Unanimiste*. Its meaning is clear enough. Unanimism is oneness in spirit. "The Unity of the Spirit is the bond of peace." We have of late become shy of talking of spirit, we are afraid of the dualism of body and spirit, so, if we prefer to define Unanimism in more modern terms, we may say that it means "Life is one," "Life unites." The watchwords of the school are Union, Affirmation of Sympathy, Inclusion. Like all living movements, Unanimism is positive; it affirms rather than denies.

For myself, I prefer to keep the words "body" and "spirit," for, though their usage may be old-fashioned, between body and spirit there is a real distinction, though not a separation. The body is the means, the vehicle, of seclusion, of individuality. Each body is a shutting off, a circling round a separate ego; even the most spiritual part of our body, the brain, is an instrument, we are nowadays taught, of *ex*clusion.

Science has shown us to some extent what is meant by individuality, and we are not as individual as we used to think. The rudest mental shock I ever received in my life was when I first read Mr. William James's *Psychology*. I had felt so sure of the solid existence of one thing at

least, of myself, and suddenly I seemed to go to pieces, to lapse into a stream of consciousness, an ill-defined compound, or tendency, partly myself, partly other people.

I have just been reading another book, Mr. Julian Huxley's delightful *The Individual in the Animal Kingdom*, a book I would implore everyone to read at once. You see there, as in a picture, how the whole of animal life sets towards the making of the individual, and yet how the individual never is, never can be, complete. Completion would spell death.

The body, then, makes for severance. To take a simple instance. I can only speak for myself, but as a matter of experience, if I find myself actively disliking a person, really shrinking from him, getting out of the room if he or she come in, I always find this antipathy, this repugnance, is of the body. It is some little physical thing, some trick or habit, something perhaps mainly nervous, that is intolerable. I have never felt the same almost uncontrollable shrinking from anyone's spirit, for example, as expressed in a book. Indeed, it has happened to me to tolerate, and even be attracted by, a book, and to be instantly repelled by the author.

So I like to think of *Unanimism* as being what its name says—the Unity of the Spirit.

One element of Unanimist theory should endear the school at once to the heart of every sound Heretic, and that is their protest against

the undue sway of the traditional. The Abbaye boasts that it is "pas pourvu d'Académies."

We as Heretics should, I think, expend our sympathies, not mainly on orthodoxies which stand stiff and secure in their own traditional buckram, but on young movements, like Unanimism, just trembling into life.

The Unanimists do not, like the Futurists, demand that we should make a bonfire of the past, and above all of our Museums, but they do say that in poetry, and, indeed, in all art, *il faut des barbares, des fauves*, and by barbarians they mean poets who sing of their own personal thoughts and emotion, express—if you like it—their own reactions, not those reactions handed down to us by others and labelled canonical and respectable. The spirit, says M. Romains, has many ways of getting possessed of truth. The man of science gets hold of things from the outside, regarding them with respect to their measure and their quantity. The poet, the musician, and the god, instead of measuring the surface and the weight of things like the man of science, possesses them without convention or caprice, "as a man possesses his hate or his hope"—*comme un homme possède sa haîne ou son espoir*. The Unanimists affirm rather than criticize or deny. Yet historically one sees clearly enough that they stand for a reaction against the lyrical egotism in art and literature of the close of the last century. In

the eighties and nineties, through which I had the misfortune to live, *the* great artistic crime was to be *bourgeois*, to consider the bourgeois, to be understood by him, to be popular. The divorce between art and the community was wellnigh complete; poets and artists formed little esoteric groups, eccentric in mind, manner, vocabulary, even clothes. Their method was that of *megalomania*, the enhancement of individuality by exclusion, seclusion by concentration on the ego. The Unanimist reaction is complete. It is for the people their poets would sing, and never again of themselves. "I would write," one of them says, "not that you may know me, but that you may know yourself."

The poet's object is so to write that each man should learn to love his own life, penetrate it, and see its beauty and value, *faire que chacun aime sa vie la pénêtre.* The Unanimists renounce academic rhyme and rhythm, they renounce academic seclusion. The focus of interest is all shifted from the ego, from the inside to the outside; therein is their salvation.

What is the Unanimist creed? It is best given in Christian words: "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst." One trembles, however, to find a creed so large and invigorating about to crystallize into something very like dogma. This dogmatic aspect, which is, of course, the only form sufficiently defi-

nite for analysis, is best seen in two poets—M. Arcos and M. Romains.

Life is one—but you may think of that oneness in two ways. There is the stream of life in *time*, or, rather, in what Professor Bergson calls *durée;* that is one. Each of us is a snowball growing bigger every moment, and in which all *our* past, and also the past out of which we sprang, all the generations behind us, is rolled up, involved. Or we may think of the oneness in another way, so to speak laterally or spatially, contemporaneously. All the life existing at one moment in the world, and at every successive moment, though individualized, is one. We are all of us members one of another. That is M. Romains' doctrine. So far as he has a philosophy, and he is very much a philosopher, M. Romains' is based on Professor Durkheim, M. Arcos' on Professor Bergson.

If you will pardon a personal confession, I may say that my own interest in this school was caused in a sense by this conjunction. For the last five years my outlook and my specialist work have been profoundly altered by the writings of these two philosophers, who seem so alien. They had given me new life. It was an amazement and a delight to me to find suddenly that in France and for a school of very young thinkers the same two angels had stepped down and troubled the stagnant waters. I felt a burst of sympathetic Unanimism.

M. René Arcos is the author of a poem called "What is Being Born"—*Ce qui Nait.* What is being born, what is even now coming to the birth, is—God.

> "There is someone in me who is stronger than me.
> There is someone in me more true than me.
> Each man makes God a little—with his life."

It is not long since Mr. Bernard Shaw was here scandalizing some of us by telling us it was our business not to worship, but to make—God. M. Arcos puts it more vividly, and perhaps more reverently; we are part of the whole stream of creation that groans and travails into consciousness for his birth. The individual life in this great panorama counts but as a momentary vision. A sentence in Mr. Wells's recent book, *Marriage* (p. 498), reads like an echo of *Ce qui Nait.* "This is as much as I see in time and space as I know it, *something struggling to exist.* It's true to the end of any limits. Above the heart in me is that: the desire to know better, to know beautifully and to transmit my knowledge. That's all there is in life beyond food and shelter and tidying up. This Being, opening its eyes, trying to comprehend, nothing else matters."

M. Arcos piles on metaphor after metaphor to show us as in a picture *L'Évolution Créatrice.* In the great masqued dance of the ages the individual accepts the "immense incognito imposed by the Divine law." He is but one sheaf in the vast harvest. Behind me, he says, I hear Time,

with his scythe mowing down life. Each moment of my life is a ripe ear fallen. And once in a ghastly vision he sees Time—*Durée*—as as army of galloping horses; the riders are carried along stiff and senseless, but galvanized by the impulse, the electric shock of contact with *durée* into momentary, individual life. The simile is Professor Bergson's, and without some knowledge of Professor Bergson's philosophy most of M. Arcos' poem would be hard to follow. It is impossible to summarize, for it is just a caldron teeming with imagery in which phantom after phantom rises up to tell the same tale, the birth of the God in duration.

M. Romains' work, though even more patently based on that of a philosopher, is quite other. His mind is, I think, deeply impressed not only with the tenets, but with the temperament of that philosopher, who is, of course, Professor Durkheim. His method is marked by the same qualities. Strength, iteration, tenacious dogmatism, a certain hardness, a rather gimleting habit of mind.

Professor Durkheim's doctrine is familiar by now to most of us. If not familiar, you will find it very persuasively stated by Mr. Cornford in his *From Religion to Philosophy*. In brief, it is this: Religion is not the aspiration of the individual soul after a god, or after the unknown, or after the infinite; rather it is the expression, utterance, projection of the emotion, the desire of a group. Now, historically this is true of the

enesis of religion. That I hold is established. Religion, in its rise, is indistinguishable from ocial custom, embodying social emotion. The ıost primitive religion we know, which we carcely venture to call religion, is Totemism. `otemism is of the group—" totem " itself means group." Totemism, Professor Durkheim has hown, is the expression of group-emotion rallying ound a symbol of unity. The most primitive of ites is the collective choral totemistic dance.

The only debatable question to my mind is, Does religion remain to the end what it was at the ɔutset—social ethics of groups? M. Romains :hinks it does. Boldly he waves aside the whole ɔf orthodox theology, and substitutes the group-ɡod. The real things of to-day, he says, " are ɔorn when there are many men. They are ɔreathed forth, exhaled, from multitudes." The :eal forces of to-day—half god, half devil—are :hese group forces. These, and these only, M. Romains says, are gods—things super-, or rather *infra-*, human.

Further, he establishes a hierarchy which seems at first in its formulation a trifle grotesque, but which yet is profoundly actual and suggestive.

First there is the god or force *of the group two*, known to all, common to man with the rest of animal and even plant life. This god of the group two is a rudimentary creature, violent and, till blended with other and more distinctively humane forces, always transitory. From the outset, as

Professor Bergson has shown, this god, the vehicle of the race-life, is the sworn foe of the individual. This poor god of the group two has fallen lately on somewhat evil days. He used to dominate romance, and even morality; all was fair in love and in war. Now in literature he is almost taboo. His manifestations are felt to be too uniform, monotonous, predictable, to be adequate material for either creation, artist, or spectator.

Next comes the god or force *of the family*, a god violently dominant up to quite recent days, demanding and receiving holocausts of human and especially feminine lives, a god sometimes a tower of strength and joy, but often also a terror and a paralysis. Then comes *the god-village*, peaceful, somnolent, slack; then *the god-town*. One must have lived long in a metropolis to know his haunting, complex potency. I can remember the time when life lived outside of London seemed to me scarcely life at all. Last there is that terrible irresponsible monster, *the god-crowd*. Through him we realize what indeed is evident enough throughout, that to M. Romains a god is often, perhaps usually, half devil.

To resume his doctrine. Any association of men begets a force, which is not the sum of the forces of its individual members; and this new force, this group-begotten potency, is more real, more living, than any orthodox divinity. Moreover, each group-god is necessarily a Unanimistic force. For better for worse it unites, not divides.

We may further note that in a sense the small group is always the enemy, or at least the rival, of the larger group.[1] The family group is often, odd though it may seem, the foe of the group two, the town of the family. We see this principle working at Cambridge in academic life. The small group, the college, with its circumscribed life, and closer and intenser reactions, is always more or less at issue with the larger group, the University. There is, I may remark in passing, no better place for the study of group-divinities than a smallish college.

Personally, I would rather not call these undeniable group-forces *gods*. The word, I think, having other and very strong associations, makes for obscurantism. I am content that these various human associations, from the rudimentary group of two up to the complex city-group, should be recognized as definite forces which it is our business to realize and understand and control, in order that they may be utilized and enjoyed. They are now intense realities, and in the past they have been undoubtedly the source of many theologies. What is Eros but the mystical force of the group two, in love and friendship? What

[1] The remedy is, of course, the co-ordination of the rival groups into a more completely organized society. For this topic, which is a little outside my present interest, see Mr. McDougall's chapter on "Social Psychology" in his manual on *Psychology* in the Home University Library.

is Bacchus but the collective strength and joy of the group of young initiated men, the Bacchoi?

The Greek word for god, *theos*, was, as Professor Murray[1] has pointed out, not so stiff and personal and human-shaped as our word "god." The fact of success is, Æschylus says, a god; and Sophocles, in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, says splendidly that, in the unwritten law of the human conscience, "A great god liveth and groweth not old." "To recognize a friend after long absence," Euripides says, "is a god." While Pliny, most magnificently of all, says, "God is the helping of man by man"—*Deus est mortale juvare mortalem.* Pliny probably borrowed his saying from Poseidonios, and the Unanimists might well take it from Pliny as their motto.

M. Arcos, then, we have seen, stands for the unity of life in time, along the generations, for *durée*, the thing that is coming to the birth, the god that is being born. M. Romains is more of space than time: he is of contemporaneous unity. Also he is much less cosmic. The whole creation with him does not groan and travail. It is humanity with which he is concerned, and, almost wholly, with the grouping of humanity. His Unanimism, being of man only, has a certain aridity, like the classical humanism of the Greeks. We miss the birds, and the beasts, and the flowers, the great god Pan.

Of the third Unanimist I find it difficult to

[1] *Four Stages of Greek Religion*, 1912, p. 139.

speak. First, because we have some of us lately seen him in the flesh, and one hesitates to dissect a live personality. Next, he is more of a poet, less of a philosopher, than the other two, and his verse has a peculiar simplicity and poignancy that makes analysis almost impertinent.

The book by which M. Vildrac is best known, and which is, indeed, his confession of faith as a Unanimist, and therefore open to analysis, is his "Book of Love"—*Livre d'Amour*. A few months ago a friend asked me if I had heard of the new French poet, Vildrac, and urged me to read him, offering at the same time to lend me the *Livre d'Amour*. I answered: "Oh, please don't. I am sick of the very title." Anyone who has been brought up on Ovid naturally loathes the word *Amour*. But my friend persisted, and, trusting to his taste, I took the book, opened it, and was instantly spell-bound.

This *Amour* is not the *God-of-the-group-two*. That in itself was a relief. Still less was it Love in the abstract, Love of the Absolute. I think it was Dr. MacTaggart who truly said that, "As for loving the Absolute, you might as well try to fall in love with the General Post Office." This *Livre d'Amour* is of the love of Everyman, but so little abstract, so direct, so personal, as almost sometimes to be unbearable.

Above all things M. Vildrac's poetry is sincere, alive, first-hand. It has on it that nameless bloom of the thing felt, the thing said, for the first

time. It has not yet crystallized into theory. Someone has remarked somewhere that Poetry does not *advocate* a new world, it *creates* one, and—strangest thing of all—the greatest art, while it creates a new world, alters the old one only a very little. I don't understand this, but I am sure it is what the Post-Impressionists forget. Now, M. Vildrac's new world of love is the old thrice-familiar world, only . . . only . . . reborn by a touch.

You will certainly be told that Vildrac is like Walt Whitman. So he is in a sense. He writes *vers libres*, and his creed is much the same. The Unanimists have, indeed, rechristened themselves Whitmanists. They have, moreover, one important characteristic in common. Though they are Christian in their avowal of a universal love, their Christianity is wholly untouched by asceticism. Read, for example, that moving poem "L'Auberge," where salvation is wrought by a love that is half pity, the love of spring for autumn. Vildrac, like St. Peter, like Walt Whitman, has seen a sheet let down from heaven, and heard a voice saying, "Call thou nothing common nor unclean." In this they are like, but oh the difference! Where Walt Whitman wallows interminably in front of you till you do not know where to look, Vildrac just touches you, touches you to the quick, and is gone. It may be in part because his medium is the clean, sharp-cut French tongue. I am not sure.

And the difference between Vildrac and St. Paul! St. Paul, even after his conversion, seems

still to "breathe out threatenings." He is dominant, insistent, self-important; we feel him the arch-egotist. Vildrac is gentle, shy of his personality and yours, almost to wildness; he shrinks away lest even that gentlest love he has to offer should intrude and so hurt you.

His poems as a rule scarcely bear summarizing, but take the verses called "Commentary"—a confession of experience. A poet sits down to make a poem. He has done it so often before, but he must tread the beaten road again. Pen and paper are before him, but to-day he cannot begin; he feels he is stifled—pent in. He had been about to tell the old story, to set *himself* once more on the stage of his poem, the same old dusty self, with its stale sentiments and emotions and passions, only tricked out, costumed anew, masquerading as someone else. Suddenly he knows the figure to be tawdry, shameful. He is hot all over when he looks at it. He must get out into the air, away from himself; out of the stuffy museum where for so long he has stirred the dead egotist ashes; out into the street, the bigger life of his fellow-men. He must live with them, for them, through them.

I quote a translation by a poet[1]—himself, I think, unconsciously a Unanimist:

> "I am weary of deeds done inside myself,
> I am weary of voyages inside myself,
> And of heroism wrought by strokes of the pen,
> And of a beauty made up of formulæ.

[1] The translations of M. Vildrac were kindly made for me by Professor Gilbert Murray.

" I am ashamed of lying to my work,
Of my work lying to my life,
And of being able to content myself
(By burning sweet spices)
With the mouldering smell that is master here."
*Livre d'Amour*, p. 17.

And the poet goes out, meeting this man and that, learning to know them and to love them, showing them the bigness, the beauty, of their lives, and . . . he never comes back.

We have had before us three different exponents of Unanimism. M. Arcos showed us the stream of life in ceaseless change, yet uninterrupted unity; M. Romains, the oneness of life lived together in groups, its strength and dominance. M. Vildrac has shown us the value of each individual manifestation of life, and the strange new joy, and even ecstasy, that comes of human sympathy.

Such, in brief, is Unanimism, and at this point you may well ask, What in the name of reason has this unity of spiritual life, this Unanimism, to do with the old religious doctrine and experience of Conversion ?

Everything, I believe, and hope to show.

I perhaps ought to confess how, as a matter of fact, it dawned on me that there was any connection. I was reading M. Vildrac's *Livre d'Amour*, when suddenly I felt a hot wave of conviction: This man has been converted; here was the old, old story of a change of heart, sudden

and complete. So I set to work to see what lay behind it.

What, then, is Conversion? What, if any, reality does it represent?

The very word Conversion has a strange, old-world, superstitious sound in our ears to-day. Probably I am the only person left in this room who was brought up in the old evangelical doctrine —*Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.* I hope and trust that no young child's life is embittered nowadays by being told that he must "flee from the wrath to come," that he must "look not behind him," that the "old Adam in him must die," that he must "lay hold on salvation and the cross of Christ," and that if he neglect so great salvation he will go "into outer darkness, where shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth"—"where their worm dieth not."

It was a grim and awful thing to tell a child. It only shows what a tough thing a healthy child's mind is that any of us emerged into even tolerable sanity, though we carry, I think, always the scars, in a certain ferocity of mind, a certain intolerance in conviction.

Now, of course there came a reaction, and of course, as usual, it went too far; we emptied out the child with the bath-water. It is that child I want to save and bring back to-night—the kernel of truth in the doctrine of Conversion. A doctrine

like that, so terrible, so soul-searching, is not a mere phantom of the sick mind. It represents, in however exasperated and monstrous form, a real experience—a real living, possible emotion that any of us may any time go through. What is the experience? What are the facts?

Fortunately, sufficient facts have been now collected to allow of something like a generalization. They are easily accessible in two books—Mr. William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and Mr. Davenport's *Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals*. William James's book is probably familiar to you all. Mr. Davenport's book is much less brilliant and fascinating, but a very useful supplement, because less sympathetic; it is the work of a man by nature rather rationalist than mystic. Also, in Mr. James's book we get the higher forms of *mystical experience;* in Mr. Davenport's, the cruder revivalist forms of Conversion largely dependent on crowd-psychology and herd-suggestion.

From these two books certain facts clearly emerge:

1. What we call Conversion is only the sudden, crude, and rather violent form of what is known as the mystical state.

2. The phenomena of the mystical state can be noted and examined quite apart from the intellectual account given of them by the patient, the mystic, a converted man himself.

What I mean is this: The patient explains his

experience in terms of whatever theology he has been brought up in. Generally he explains this experience as a revelation of, through union with, a god. If he has been brought up in the religion of Isis, he announces that he has been made one with Isis, and seen her face to face. If he is a worshipper of Bacchus, he announces that he *is* a Bacchus, he is one with the god. If it is St. Ignatius, he is " rapt into the knowledge and deep mystery of the Holy Trinity." If it is St. Theresa, she swoons into ecstasy as the Bride of Christ.

I propose, therefore, to neglect all these after-the-event explanations—that is, all the theology—and to examine only the actual psychological experience. I am aware that in so doing I may part company with some, and possibly most, of my audience; they will think I am begging the whole question. I can only ask them to bear with me and to realize that I am not now saying that a God does not exist who may be the object or the agent of Conversion—far from it. All I say now is that I am examining phenomena which do not necessarily carry with them the hypothesis of any god's existence.

My own position is substantially that which I set forth some ten years ago in a paper[1] read to some of my audience before we became Heretics. It was modestly entitled " Alpha and Omega," and claimed that we could, and, indeed,

[1] My seventh chapter is this paper is much enlarged form.

almost must, drop theology if we would keep religion.[1]

I would only add now as a corollary that we may, I believe, drop theology, and yet, in certain exceptional cases, keep what is, I now believe, the essence of religion—Conversion.

Setting theology, then, aside, as being but in this matter a series of explanatory hypotheses, what are the notes of the Mystical State whose sudden invasion we call Conversion? Taking Conversion, as a psychologist necessarily must, as merely a form of human behaviour, how would it be described?

Its rhythm is uniform.

1. There is a time of depression, a sense of loneliness, of failure, disaster, often amounting to complete desolation and positive despair. Life is felt to be not worth living. Of course, if the patient has been brought up on the old legal theology, this emotion takes the form of a conviction of sin. But this we set aside.

2. This depression is succeeded by a time of extraordinary exaltation, of peace and joy unutterable. Intellectually this often, and, indeed, usually, takes the form of a sense of the sudden and almost intolerable significance in things.

[1] A similar position has recently been put forward by Mr. Bertrand Russell, with a skill and philosophical knowledge far beyond my power, in a paper called "The Essence of Religion," which appeared in the October number, 1912, of the *Hibbert Journal*.

The relation of the whole of things is seen, or rather, perhaps, felt, directly, intuitively. There is a new and marvellously illuminating focus, and the old focus is only with difficulty reseized. Morally and emotionally this takes the form of a sensation of oneness. Individuality seems somehow submerged, partitions are broken down, there is a boundless sense of escape and emancipation from self.

It is in trying to utter this experience of oneness that mystics and converted people exhaust their vocabulary. "This," says Mr. James, "is the everlasting and triumphant mystical tradition hardly altered by clime or creed." In Hinduism, in Neoplatonism, in Sufism, in Christian Mysticism, in Whitmanism, we find the same recurring note. Oneness, the Individual Soul, is lost in the All. It is this state that is almost always explained by mystics in paradoxes—"dazzling obscurity," "the teeming desert," "the voice of silence," "Om tat sat," "he that will save his life must lose it."

3. Last, there is another characteristic note of the whole operation. It is involuntary, is no work of the Conscious Will. You cannot convert yourself. If you are a theologian, it is the work of the Spirit. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. "By Faith are ye saved, not of Works, lest any man should boast." If you are a psychologist, knowing that some of your best intellectual work is done unconsciously, and often in your

sleep, you begin to wonder if your *sub*conscious self has something to say to it, and what is going on among your *synapses*.

Now, in all this sea of mystical experience is there any solid scientific plank to which we can cling? I think there is. I think, if we go back to quite primary and even savage Conversions, we can get hold of something solid and simple. The only light I, personally, can ever get on anything is by tracing it back to its first known beginnings. As you know, the notion of the New Birth is not of to-day or yesterday. Anthropology has taught us that the notion of the New Birth is practically almost as old as society itself. When among savages a boy is initiated, he is often said to be born again, reborn, twice born. Not only is he said to be reborn, but his rebirth is acted in pantomime; he is killed, buried, burnt, torn to bits, in pantomime, and then resuscitated, resurrected. Dr. Haddon not long ago gave us Heretics a vivid picture of these initiation ceremonies.

Now, what does all this initiation amount to? In understanding this we grasp, I think, the secret—or at least one element of the secret—of Conversion.

Into what is the boy reborn—initiated? Into his tribe, his social group. He dies as an individual; he lives again as a full-grown member of his tribe. He is sown a severed fragment; he is

raised and reaped a social collective unit, a new man, with a new outlook, new hopes, fears, joys, sorrows. Suddenly his centre of gravity, the focus of his outlook, is shifted. The former things are passed away. Behold, I make all things new!

Now, I am well aware that very similar sensations, both intellectual and emotional, are gone through by some people after taking a strong whisky and soda, and sometimes on coming to from an anæsthetic. An ounce or two of alcohol or ether will produce sometimes a pound of maudlin Christianity or pseudo-philosophy. The interesting thing is that the sense of revelation and of oneness can be engendered without either a stimulant or an anæsthetic.

The rhythm of Initiation has been well analyzed by Mr. Marett in his *Birth of Humility*. It is precisely the same as that of Conversion; it is, first depression, *asthenic emotion* as the psychologists in their unattractive lingo call it, then exaltation and ecstasy.

Now you will see what I am coming to. The savage New Birth is the abrupt transit from the merely individual existence of the child to the social life of the grown man. Conversion, I believe, is in its primary essence nothing else than this: the individual spirit is socialized. The self is thereby submerged. As Euripides said of the ecstatic follower of Bacchos, θιασεύεται ψυχάν. Dr. Verrall has left us this illuminating translation, " His soul is congregationalized."

This submergence of the separate self is a thing that always happens in great emotion. " Religious rapture, moral enthusiasm, ontological wonder, cosmic emotion, are all unifying states of mind," says Mr. James—states of mind in which the " sand and grit of selfhood incline to disappear and tenderness to rule." The converted man swims out as it were into the open sea of other people's emotions.

Conversion, then, is but a sudden Unanimism; Unanimism is at heart a slower, more gradual, more civilized Conversion. It is the release from the prison-house of self. Genius, someone has said, is only the power of making more and more fruitful mental connections than other people. These connections are often made unconsciously—in sleep, or when thinking of something else; made, I suppose, in relation to these mysterious *synapses*. Moral genius is but the innate or acquired power of *feeling* more sensitively for and with other people, of making wider, deeper, more vivid connections.

The submergence of, the release from, self is *the* important factor; but the joining of a group seems an almost necessary condition; only so is release obtained. Sometimes the joining of a comparatively small group, where reactions are close and vivid, is essential. Thus a Churchman vowed in Baptism to temperance may never be converted from drunkenness till he joins a small group of Total Abstainers. In any case, the

consciousness of self is partially submerged, and thereby vitality is mysteriously reinforced.

That Conversion is the submergence of self in a wider emotion we can see, so to speak, in a practical way. Who are the subjects of sudden Conversion, the great historical converts? Why, who but the supremely vital egotists, the people in whom self is inordinately strong, who are over-individualized?

Think of St. Paul, think of St. Augustine, think of St. Theresa. With them, even in moments of profound self-abasement, it is all I, I, I. "I am of all men most miserable"; "all sinners, of whom I am chief." The intense urgent personality of the man surges up again and again—the burning focus on the unhappy self, a focus that not even Conversion can quite temper or diffuse.

And—an important question—*when* does Conversion of the egotist take place? Normally, after some great crisis attended by disaster. Some shattering blow has been dealt to a man's personality, to his affection or ambition. All his life has been centred, perhaps, round some love or some ambition that fails him. His life, hitherto self-centred, or dominated by the god of the group two, is all in pieces. If he is weak, he dwindles and dies or lives a half-starved life. If he is strong, all the pent-up forces, all the cut-off reactions, surge over from the self-centre into

the circumference of other emotions, other lives. He turns to God, theology would say; he learns at last not to desire other men for himself, but to love them for themselves, says the Unanimist.

But with the egotist the first stage of Conversion, the blow shattering self, is essential, and of course involuntary; it must come from without. The happy, prosperous egotist is never converted; he knows satisfied desire, but never Unanimist love. It is a rather terrible truth that the perfectly happy, contented man, whom life has fed to the full, knows as a rule neither creative art nor, in the Unanimist sense, religion. The two are very near, though, of course, largely distinct. Both mean a hard thing—the standing out away from self. One function of all art and all religion is to distract attention from that divinity which is ourselves. Mr. Bullough[1] has recently and beautifully shown us that art looks at things from a certain distance. Self, in so far as self consists in practical "motor" reactions, is withdrawn. You cannot really see anything while you want to use it for your own ends. You cannot really feel towards a human being while you want to have that human being or to use him for yourself. You cannot, in a word, know Unanimist love till you have slain desire.

[1] "Psychical Distance as a Factor in Art and an Æsthetic Principle," *British Journal of Psychology*, June, 1912.

It is the great egotists, then, who—once the ego shattered—are twice born.

And who are those who are *never* converted, or, perhaps one ought to say, are born converted, —born twice-born ?

Why, people of the Christlike type, the altruists, those who are born loving the brethren. Probably we all know someone who is born *Unanimist.* The young are necessarily and rightly for the most part egotists. But sometimes you meet someone utterly and beautifully young, who yet instinctively seeks to help everyone, sees the good in everyone, will not at any price hurt anyone—cannot, somehow, live by another's loss or live with another's pain. And then you tremble, for you have seen a thing divine, but too frail and lovely for this rough-and-tumble egotist world. Robust egotists sometimes feel such people are weak; to me they are in a mystical way, not only the glory, but the strength, of the world to come.

Of course they lose some robust human joys: they lose that keen human delight which the Germans so well call *Schadenfreude,* known to most of us—the joy that comes from others' hurt, the enhancement, the complacent swelling out, of your own personality when another is diminished, the shining in your eyes when you realize that another man has made a fool of himself. All this and much more the Unanimist at his Baptism of Fire must " steadfastly renounce."

I heard a little while ago of a society founded in this University, or rather, perhaps, in this town. Its members pledge themselves to repeat to each other every complimentary thing they hear said of any member. I do not belong to that society, I was born too far North, and to us Northerners to pay a compliment, or even, face to face, to repeat one, is matter for a surgical operation. But I feel it to be a good society, Unanimist through and through. It affirms agreement and fosters brotherly love. It is the reverse of *Schadenfreude.*

Now, Unanimism—this is my last point—is, I believe, the new religion for which the world waits. Mankind is turning in its long egotistic sleep, and waking to—Unanimism.

The new truth is, of course, as most truths are, a palimpsest, written this time over the ancient script of Christianity. Christianity began with the mandate, "Love one another"; but, alas! she soon crystallized into glittering churches and exclusive hierarchic organizations. She forgot her first Unanimist Love. Worse still, she made a strange unnatural marriage with Hebraism, and from a Hebrew lawgiver issued the disastrous dictum: "The Lord thy God is a jealous God."

This jealous God was, of course, the natural projection of the passion and jealousy of the human heart. Once projected, he became the

imminent horror of the old Conversion doctrine. He must have your whole life, your whole heart. It was an *impasse*, for your heart was full of love for lovely things and lovable people; you could not give up all, and yet, in the words of the desperate hymn, you prayed:

> " The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be,
> Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
> And worship only Thee !"

Lovers still address hymns like this to the jealous god of the group two. They long to make a holocaust of everyone and everything on the altar of passion, but nobody now dreams of calling that cruel madness religion. We know it for what it is—the egotism, the megalomania, imposed by the fierce divinity of the group two, exclusive, anti-Unanimist.

Unanimism has come to stay. It already is, if unconsciously, our religion. I see it working in a thousand shapes. I see it in Peace Societies, in Socialism, even in Strikes, in each and every form of human Co-operation. Never was man so little theological, never so profoundly religious, so passionately social. Professor Durkheim—and before him John Stuart Mill—has shown us in his *Division du Travail Social* (pp. 35-75) an unexpected Unanimistic truth in political economy. Only through that co-operation which is compelled by our modern specialization do we attain real freedom and full individual life, life based

on sympathy and mutual interdependence. Our present profound dissatisfaction with our Criminal Law is due, he also shows us, to the same Unanimist stirrings. Repression, vengeance, disunion, are the keynotes of our old disastrous system. We kill the criminal or condemn him to solitary confinement, put him out of society, because he has shown himself socially defective! A strange remedy. A savage schoolboy vengeance! Tit-for-tat! The new justice just dawning is based on what he calls, not Unanimism, but *Solidarité organique.* Its function is to unite what was severed, to find what a man is fit for, to help him to such specialization, such training, as may make him a real and indispensable living member of the human body politic.

I see the stirrings of this same Unanimism not only in practical philanthropy, but also broadcast in modern literature.[1]

I open Mr. Wells's *Marriage.* Trafford says to Marjorie:

"It seems to me that the primitive socialism of Christianity and all the stuff of modern socialism is really aiming at one simple end, at the release of the human spirit from the individualistic struggle."

[1] The tragic conflict between articulate thought and reason and the instinctive emotions is well shown in M. Julien Benda's remarkable novel, *L'Ordination.* Mind and the individual fall before Life. "Sa grace est plus forte." But to M. Benda *Unanimism* is apostasy. His hero dies as a thinker, *buvant l'indistinction.*

And again:

"When you and I talk, man and wife together, Marjorie, it is ourselves. When we talk religion it is mankind. You've got to be Every Man in religion, or leave it alone. . . . Salvation's a mystical thing, a collective thing, or there isn't any."

It isn't the worship of the god of the group two, as M. Romains would say. Still, we must remember that many men and women never do and never can get beyond the group two, and the worship of even this rudimentary god is a step, and a big one, out of the prison of self; the first great mystical lesson is experimentally learnt, the lesson that individuality is enhanced, not diminished, by partial submergence of self in another.

The study of Unanimism has helped me to understand things otherwise, to me, perplexing.

It has helped me to understand the ethics of Conformity. It has been a constant puzzle to me why able and honest people should go on conforming to religious practices when they have ceased to believe the doctrines involved in these practices—why they should go to church or chapel, read prayers, say grace, or what not, when they have ceased to believe in a god, or, at all events, no longer believe that he is accessible to their petitions. No explanation has ever been offered to me that seemed in any way worthy of the spiritual integrity of the conformists. In

the light of Unanimism I think I understand. It is a question of relative values. The individualist is always more or less an intellectualist. He values first and foremost the intellectual truth he thinks he has attained. The Unanimist values more than truth the sense of unity and sympathy induced by a common ritual; he shrinks from seeming to get ahead intellectually of his fellows. On his system of values conformity is for him justified. For an individualist, with his quite other and intellectualistic system of values, it would be culpable. It takes both sorts of people to make a decent world.

Unanimism has further helped me to understand Conservatism, which is, of course, own brother to Conformity.

How anyone could be interested in keeping things as they are, or in advancing at a minimum pace, has remained to me for years—in fact, ever since I began to think on the subject at all—an insoluble puzzle. It seemed so dull. But in the light of Unanimism I think I see at last. Conservatives are the real democrats. They refuse to advance till the last laggard is abreast with them. Intellectually this is extraordinarily tiresome and depressing, but emotionally it is fine and Unanimistic. Liberals, Reformers, are intellectual aristocrats, hence the extraordinary intolerance and narrowness of nearly all " advanced " people. The intellectual aristocrat does not persecute; he leaves that to the excited herd. He shrugs his

shoulders, goes straight ahead, and lets the devil take the hindmost.

Last, the study of Unanimism has helped me to understand a final mystery—the extraordinary reverence paid to the official. An official *quâ* official, from the crowned head downwards, has always appeared to me, and especially when decked out in official finery, a *quasi* comic figure, something of the dressed-up doll. He rouses in me the instincts of the street-boy, and I have wondered much at the veneration he excites. I wonder no more. I see in him the real pathos and grandeur of the sacrificial victim. He is sacred through suffering. He commands, but only by obeying. He must not think for himself save within the narrowest limits. He renounces, like the god-king of old, his own soul, even his daily life, that he may represent others. He must always walk in step. He stands for the oneness, the average oneness, of the Community. Through and through he is Unanimist. We owe him—we are bound to pay him—not only social distinction and the trappings and pickings of office, but a real reverence. I understand also now why nearly all business has to be transacted by committees, but into this long and painful subject I cannot enter to-night.

The new religion of Unanimism is among us, but we are scarcely conscious of it, because it is so little intellectualist, it has at present no creed and

no theology. Of theology in general I do not, as beforesaid, mean to speak. I owe theology too many private grudges, and am too well aware that our opinions are apt to grow straight out of our personal pains and prejudices.

But on one point there will be no dispute, and it is of importance. Theology is intellectualist; it throws stress on thinking right, on forming correct religious conceptions, having right objects of faith. Now, thinking right and feeling right are not to be rashly sundered, but it is possible to stress one or the other, and Unanimism stresses feeling rather than thinking. In this it is the child of its age. It is obvious that nowadays[1] reason, pure reason, has suffered a certain eclipse, intellectualism is distrusted, perhaps unduly. The cause is fairly obvious. A bygone generation believed in Reason as a motive power, and as a motive power Reason was, of course, a dismal failure. It is abundantly possible to see the right clearly, to utter beautiful things about unity and tenderness and infinite love, and yet in your private life, in your actual relations with those about you, to be as hard as nails, pitiless, bitter, suspicious, egotistic. Unanimism says: "Stop writing about humanity; be a man, be humane."

Yet, though Unanimism is in a sense anti-intellectualist, it is also, and this is a curious point, in some way the child of Science. A scientific man can scarcely be a complete egotist; his life-

[1] See p. 232 for further analysis of this reaction.

work compels him to study, not the relation of things to him only, but their immutable relations among themselves. Science, concerned with the universal, releases from the personal and individual, and is therefore *the* great Unanimist discipline. Moreover, science, which began through mathematics with the quantitative and immutable relations of inorganic things, passed to the study of Life, which is change, to Biology, to Psychology, the relation of that which is within to that which is without, and ultimately to Sociology. Both these young sciences teach us the laws of our dependence one on the other. Psychology and Sociology formulate and explain[1] what Christianity preached and Unanimism tries to practise —" No man liveth unto himself."

Never, perhaps, do we so touch the secret of Unanimism as in that intellectual specialism, with its concomitant co-operation, made necessary by the wide scope of modern science. You are working at some new problem, getting, you hope, at some new theory. You instinctively feel you are on the right track, but you do not know enough, your specialism is too narrow. The post comes

[1] With, of course, at present only partial success. When, if ever, Psychology and Sociology have completely explored the field of human relation, these territories will be, like mathematics, withdrawn from the sphere of religion, and handed over to science. The weakness of Unanimism may seem to be its excessive stress on *human* relations, but we must remember that these relations belong as yet to the partially unknown, the proper sphere of religion.

in; somebody from France, from Germany, from America, sends you a pamphlet. It is not about your own work. It is about his specialism, and he is grinding his own axe. But suddenly your own axe has got a new edge. He has got hold in his specialism of something you could never know. His key fits your lock, and the delightful door flies open. You do not know him, perhaps you never will, perhaps it is better you should not—the body might divide you for ever—but you write to him out of a full heart, your whole being goes out in a great Unanimism.

To conclude. Looking back over the ages, we seem to see three landmarks of advancing civilization. The Age of Force, the Age of Reason, the Age of Unanimist Love.

The need of resisting outside force made man unite in groups and humanized him. His comparative security gave time and opportunity for the individual to develop, safe within the group, and reason was able to emerge. Fully developed, this individual life is homesick for the other lives through which it emerged, and from which it is never wholly separate. Man comes to feel that only through the overtones of these other lives can his own sharp individual pitch be softened into musical timbre. Reason with all her gathered sheaves comes home to the service of Unanimist Love.

It is of the coming of this New Unanimist Messiah that M. Vildrac sings in *The Conqueror :*

> " And the time came in the land,
> The time of the Great Conquest,
> When the people with this desire
> Left the threshold of their door
> To go forth—towards one another."

Unanimism spells Conversion—Conversion not to God, but to your fellow-man.

## IV.

## "HOMO SUM"

*Being a Letter to an Anti-Suffragist from an Anthropologist*

DEAR ANTI-SUFFRAGIST,

Will it induce you to read this letter if I tell you at the outset that the possession of a vote would grievously embarrass me? Personally I have no more interest in or aptitude for politics than I have for plumbing. But, embarrassing though I should find the possession of a vote, I strongly feel that it is a gift which ought to be given, a gift which I must nerve myself to receive. May I also add that, had your Society been founded some ten or twenty years ago, I might very possibly have joined it? I cannot do so now, because my point of view has changed. How this change came about, I should like to explain a little later. For the present, will you, by way of apology for this letter, accept the fact that there is between us the deep-down sympathy of a conviction once shared?

And further, by way of preface, may I say that I do not want to argue, probably because I find

that in my own case disputation rarely, if ever, is an efficient instrument in my search after truth ? What always interests and often helps me is to be told of any conviction seriously and strongly felt by another mind, especially if I can at the same time learn in detail the avenues by which that conviction has been approached. This is why I venture on the egotism of recounting my own experiences.

In my own case, the avenues of approach to what I believe to be truth have been circuitous and through regions apparently remote and subjects irrelevant. I have been investigating lately the origins of religion among primitive peoples, and this has led me to observe the customs of South Sea Islanders and North American Indians. In order to understand these customs, I have been further driven to acquire the elements of psychology and sociology. Without intentionally thinking about the suffrage question at all, while my thoughts have been consciously engaged with these multifarious topics, dimly at first, and strongly of late, the conviction has grown up in my mind that I ought to be a Suffragist. I can with perfect candour say that for weeks, and even months, I have tried to shirk the formulation of my own views and the expression of them to you, partly because I feared their expression might cause either boredom or irritation, still more because I wanted to do other things. But the subject, fermenting in my mind, has left me no

peace, and irresistibly I have felt compelled to embark on this letter.

Your position is, I think, what mine once was: that a woman is better without a vote. The possession and use of a vote—of political power—is somehow "unwomanly." With this position in one sense I still heartily agree, but I must add a hasty and perhaps unexpected corollary. Possession and use of a vote by a man is unmanly. This sounds absurd, because by "man" our language compels us to mean not only a male thing but a human being; and of the word "woman" we cannot at present make the correlative statement. In this undoubted linguistic fact lies hidden a long, sad story, the secret, indeed, of the whole controversy. For the present, may I summarize my position thus? I share with you the feeling that a vote is unwomanly. I add to it the feeling that it is unmanly. What I mean is that, to my mind, a vote has nothing whatever to do with either sex *quâ* sex; it has everything to do with the humanity shared in common by two sexes.

May I illustrate this statement? We are apt to speak of certain virtues as "womanly," certain others as "manly." It is "womanly" to be meek, patient, tactful, modest. It is manly to be strong, brave, honourable. We make here, I think, an initial mistake, or, at least, overstatement, apt to damage the morality of both

man and woman. To be meek, patient, tactful, modest, honourable, brave, is not to be either manly or womanly; it is to be humane, to have social virtue. To be womanly is one thing, and one only; it is to be sensitive to man, to be highly endowed with the sex instinct; to be manly is to be sensitive to woman. About this sex endowment other and more complex sentiments may tend to group themselves; but in the final resort womanliness and manliness can have no other than this simple significance. When we exhort a woman to be " womanly," we urge her to emphasize her relation to the other sex, to enhance her sensitiveness, already, perhaps, overkeen, to focus her attention on an element in life which Nature has already made quite adequately prominent. We intend to urge her to be refined; we are in peril of inviting her to be coarse.

The moral and social danger of dividing the " humane " virtues into two groups, manly and womanly, is evident. Until quite recent years a boy was often brought up to feel that so long as he was strong, brave, and honourable, he might leave gentleness, patience, modesty, to his sister. To her, so long as she was gentle, tactful, modest, much latitude was allowed in the matter of physical cowardice and petty moral shifts. Both were the losers by this artificial division of moral industry. The whole convention rested on a rather complex confusion of thought, which cannot here be completely unravelled. The virtues

supposed to be womanly are in the main the virtues generated by subordinate social position. Such are gentleness and the inevitable "tact." They are the weapons of the weaker, physically or socially, of the man or the woman who dare not either strike out or speak out; they are virtues practised by the conquered, by the slave in rude societies, in politer states by the governess and the companion, but also by the private secretary and the tutor; they are virtues not specially characteristic of the average duchess. In a word, they are the outcome, not of sex, but of status.

The attempt, then, to confine man or woman within the limits of sex, to judge of right or wrong for them by a sex standard, is, I think, dangerous and disastrous to the individual, dangerous and disastrous to the society of which he or she is a unit. This is felt and acknowledged about man. We do not incessantly say to a man, "Be male; your manhood is in danger." Such counsel, we instinctively feel, would be, if not superfluous and impertinent, at least precarious. A man sanely and rightly refuses to have his activities secluded into the accident of sex. We have learnt the lesson—and to this language bears unconscious witness—that "man" connotes and comprises "humanity." Dare we say as much of "woman"? The whole Woman's Movement is, to my mind, just the learning of that lesson. It is not an attempt to arrogate man's prerogative

of manhood; it is not even an attempt to assert and emphasize woman's privilege of womanhood; it is simply the demand that in the life of woman, as in the life of man, space and liberty shall be found for a thing bigger than either manhood or womanhood—for humanity. On the banners of every suffrage society, one motto, and one only, should be blazoned:

*Homo sum; humani nihil* (ne suffragium quidem)[1]
*a me alienum puto.*

In the early phases of the Woman's Movement this point was, I think, to none of us quite clear. The beginnings of a movement are always dark and half unconscious, characterized rather by a blind unrest and sense of discomfort than by a clear vision of the means of relief. Woman had been told *ad nauseam* that she must be womanly; she was not unreasonably sick to death of it, stifled by unmitigated womanliness. By a not unnatural reaction, she sought relief in what seemed the easiest exit—in trying to be manly. She sought salvation in hard collars and billy-cock hats. Considering the extravagance and

[1] To anyone who has patience to read this letter to the end, it will, I hope, be sufficiently clear that I wish to emphasize rather the importance of the general movement for woman's emancipation than the particular question of the vote. The words of Terence chosen for my motto mark my attitude: "I am a human being; nothing that is human do I account alien." But that there may be no ambiguity I have allowed myself the addition of a parenthesis, "not even a vote"—*ne suffragium quidem.*

inconvenience of the feminine dress of the day, small blame to her if she did. I am ashamed to remember now that a certain superficial ugliness in the first beginnings of the movement blinded me for a time to its essential soundness. It was at this date that, had your Anti-Suffrage Society existed, I might have joined it.

The danger, never serious, of any tendency to "ape the man" is over and past. The most militant of Suffragists[1] never now aims at being masculine. Rather, by a swing of the pendulum we are back in an inverse form of the old initial error, the over-emphasis of sex. Woman, not man, now insists over-loudly on her own womanhood, and in this hubbub of man and woman the still small voice of humanity is apt to be unheard. This new emphasis of sex seems to me as ugly as, and certainly coarser than, the old error. Still, we are bound to remember that perfect sanity can never fairly be demanded from those in bondage or in pain.

The woman question seems, then, somehow to hinge on the balance between sex and humanity. Between the two there seems some sort of rivalry, some antinomy.

But is this possible? Is there really any conflict, any dissonance? And if so, how may we hope for its resolution?

[1] I cannot bring myself to use the ugly diminutive now current.

The real issue of a problem is always best seen when its factors are so far as possible simplified. We may therefore be pardoned if for a moment we go back to consider conditions of life less complex than our own. It was, indeed, in studying the psychology[1] of primitive man, in noting how primitive man faced the problems of sex and humanity, that what may be in part a solution of the difficulty occurred to me.

That frail, complex, pathetic thing we call our humanity is built up, it would seem, out of some few primitive instincts which we share with other animals and with some plants. Sex[2] is one of these instincts, nutrition another, self-preservation a third. These three instincts all work together for the conservation of life in the individual. Each in itself gives satisfaction, and—a noticeable point—they do not normally clash. Each makes way for the other, no two acting simultaneously. Hunger appeased makes way for love, and love for hunger. Instincts on the whole tend to be

[1] I should like here to acknowledge my debt to Mr. W. McDougall's *Introduction to Social Psychology*, a book which should be in the hands of every student of social phenomena. My psychology is almost wholly based on the work of Mr. McDougall and Dr. William James. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that for my views on the woman's question neither of these writers is in any way responsible.

[2] For brevity's sake I use the word " sex " as equivalent to what psychologists term the " instinct of reproduction "; the equivalence is valid for all but the lowest forms of animal life.

*re*current rather than *con*current. If we had only these simple instincts to reckon with, if our humanity was based only on sex, self-preservation, nutrition, there would be, it seems, no " war in our members."

But to these simple impulses, these life-functions, as it were, man has added another—the gregarious, or, as sociologists pleasantly term it, the " herd " instinct.[1] Why men and some animals herd together—whether for warmth, for food, for mutual protection, or from some obscurer sympathetic impulse—is not very clearly known. But once the " herd " impulse is established, the " simple life " is, it would seem, at an end. Up to this point, though individuality was but little developed, the life impulses of the unit were paramount; but henceforth the life impulses of each unit are controlled by a power from without as well as by instincts from within—controlled by the life impulses of other units, a power that acts contemporaneously with the inner instincts, and that is bound to control them, to inhibit for its own ends the individualistic impulses of hunger, of reproduction, even of self-preservation. With the " herd " instinct arises the conflict between *our* life impulses and the life impulses of others. Out of that conflict is developed our whole religion and morality, our sociology, our politics.

[1] See Mr. Trotter's very suggestive papers on " Herd Instinct " in the *Sociological Review*, 1908.

Between " herd " instinct and the individual impulses, all, happily, is not conflict. The " herd " helps the individual to hunt and to get food—above all, helps the weaker individual to survive. But, on the whole, what we notice most is *inhibition*. The history of civilization is the history of a long conflict between herd socialism and individualistic impulse. What concerns us here is the effect of " herd " instinct on one, and only one, of these impulses, the sex instinct. Herd instinct tends to inhibit *all* individualistic impulse, but the conflict is, in the case of the impulse of sex, most marked, and, it would seem, most ineluctable. The herd aggregates; sex, more than any other instinct, segregates; the herd is social, sex anti-social. Some animals—*e.g.*, birds—are gregarious until breeding-time, and then they separate. Had humanity had no sex, it would probably have been civilized ages ago, only there might have been no humanity to civilize.

At this point you will, I am sure, exclaim—I am almost tempted to exclaim myself—" This is impossible, outrageous !" What about the primal sanctities of marriage ? What about " the voice that breathed o'er Eden " ? Are not man and wife the primitive unit of civilization ? From the primitive pair, you will urge, arises the family, from the family the tribe, from the tribe the state, from the state the nation, from the nation the federation, from the federation the brotherhood of all humanity. Alas ! alas ! To the roots

of that fair Family Tree, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations, anthropology, sociology, and psychology, have combined to lay the axe. Alas for Eden! Adam and Eve may have learnt there, though they appear to have forgotten, their Duty towards God, but of their Duty towards their Neighbour they necessarily knew less than a pack of hunting wolves. Society, in so far as it deals with sex, starts with the herd. Society is founded, not on the union of the sexes, but on what is a widely different thing—its *prohibition*, its limitation. The "herd" says to primitive man, not, "Thou shalt marry," but, save under the strictest limitations for the common good, "Thou shalt *not* marry."[1]

Here, again, a glance at primitive conditions may serve to illustrate my point. Without entering on any vexed questions of origins, it is now accepted on all hands that in the social state known as *Exogamy* we find one of the earliest instances of marriage, or, rather, anti-marriage law, of inhibition of the sex impulse by the herd. Savages over a large portion of the globe are still found who form themselves into groups with *totems*, sacred animals or plants whose name they bear. Within these *totem* groups they agree *not* to marry: the Buffalo man may *not* marry a Buffalo girl; he *may* marry an Antelope girl.

[1] I use "marriage" throughout this paper to mean simply the union of man and woman irrespective of any forms or ceremonies that may attend it.

All Antelope women are his potential wives. All Buffalo girls are *tabu*—are his " sisters " or his " mothers." Sex, if it is not, as some sociologists think, the origin of the pugnacious instinct in man, is at least often closely neighboured by it. By the institution of exogamy, by the *tabu* on the women of a man's own group, peace is in this respect secured—secured, be it noted, not through sex union, but by its limitation, its prohibition.

All this, you will say, is curious and interesting, but really too primitive to be of any avail. We have shed these savage instincts. Pugnacity about sex is really out of date, as irrelevant to humanity as the horns that the buffalo exhibits in fighting for his mate. I am not so sure that pugnacity in relation to sex is really obsolete, since sex is still shadowed by its dark familiar, jealousy. But let that pass. The instinct of sex is anti-social, exclusive, not only owing to its pugnacity; it is, we have now to note, anti-social, exclusive, owing also to the intensity of its egotism.

Once more I would not be misunderstood. Egotism, the self-regarding sentiment, is, like pugnacity, an element that has worked and does work for civilization. The self-regarding sentiment is, indeed, the very heart and kernel of our volition, and hence of our highest moral efforts. Moreover, all passion, all strong emotion, intellectual passion excepted, is in a sense exclusive and egotistic; but of all passions, sex emotion

is nowadays perhaps the most exclusive, the most egotistic.

The reason of this is so far obscure that it must be considered a little in detail. As civilization advances, the primal instincts, though they remain the bases of character and the motive power of action, are in their cruder form habitually satisfied, and therefore not immediately and obviously operative. Among the well-to-do classes it is rare to find anyone who has felt the stimulus of acute hunger, and unless he go out into the wilds to seek it, thanks to generations of good government and efficient police, a man may pass his whole life without experiencing the emotion of fear. But for the prompt and efficient satisfaction of the sex impulse society has made and can make no adequate provision. And this for a reason that demands special attention.

It is very important that we should keep hold of the initial fact that at the back of sex lies a blind instinct for the continuance of the race, an instinct shared with plants and animals. This instinct is so bound up with our life, with our keenest and most complex emotions, that we are inclined to forget that there is an instinct at all, apt to forget, not how *low* down, but how *deep* down, it lies. This instinct, it has been well observed, tends "in mankind to lend the immense energy of its impulse to sentiments and complex impulses into which it enters, while its specific character remains submerged and uncon-

scious."[1] This is not the case with hunger, nor yet, save to some slight degree, with fear. But, if it is important we should not lose sight of the basal instinct, it is still more important that we clearly recognize the complexity of the emotional system into which that basal instinct enters, because therein lies the complexity of the problem of relating the individual to the herd. So long as the need is simple and instinctive, its inherent egotism is not seriously anti-social; but when the simple instinct of sex develops into the complex sentiment of love, the impulse and its attendant egotism is, if less violent, far more extensive and all-pervading, far more difficult to content and to balance. When any wife will suffice for any husband, egotisms do not seriously clash; when two men are in love with one woman, we have tragic material.

This egotism, this exclusiveness in sex emotion, is most easily observed in its acuter phases, and in these analytic days is noted by patient as well as spectator. Take the letters of the newly-engaged. Old style (frankly self-centred and self-projective): " We feel that all the world is the richer for our new-found joy." New style (introspective, altruistic): " We shall try not to be more selfish than we can help." The practical result is probably much the same; in the intensity of the new reinforcement of two lives united, all

[1] See W. McDougall, *Social Psychology*, p. 82.

the outside world, once so interesting, becomes for a time a negligible fringe; but the advance in the new intellectual outlook is marked. Personality, we now recognize, is not a thing that you can tie up in separate parcels, labelling each parcel with the name of the person to whom it is addressed. Any new strong emotion dyes and alters the whole personality, so that it never is, never can be the same to anyone again. Analogy is usually misleading, but the closest and most instructive analogy to what happens is that of focus. You cannot have a strong emotional focus on two things at the same time. Of this natural and inevitable sex egotism society is, of course, wisely tolerant. This man and woman will ultimately do society a supreme service, and for a time she accepts as inevitable that they should be, in common parlance, "no good." Society *en masse* has a good deal of common-sense, but in the more intimate clash of individual relations sentiment is apt to obscure clear vision, and the necessarily egotistic and exclusive character of sex emotion[1] is sometimes overlooked. This oversight may be the source of much misunderstanding, and even of obscure suffering.

Take a simple instance, constantly occurring, almost always misunderstood. A man loses his

[1] I apologize to all psychologists, and especially to Mr. McDougall, for a somewhat loose use (unavoidable in a popular discussion) of the terms "instinct," "emotion," "sentiment."

wife early in life; his daughter grows up; they live in constant companionship, in close sympathy. She helps him with his work. They are " all-in-all " to each other. In middle life the father falls in love and marries again. Father and daughter still love each other, but the daughter wakes up to find herself wounded, inwardly desolate. The father is too intensely happy to mind anything very acutely, but in a dim way he is irritated with his daughter for her obvious uncontrollable misery, and conscious that, if she, who used to be his only earthly joy, were out of the way, things would be for him more comfortable.

What has happened, and what does the father say ?

If he is an early Victorian father, now is the time for him to revel in a perfect orgy of self-deception. " My love," he will begin, " at your age you need a woman's guidance. Putting aside my own inclinations, I have formed new ties, I have sought and found for you a new mother. Welcome her, love her, and obey her, as your own." Nowadays, however, public opinion is barely tolerant of self-delusion so besotted. The father is more likely to feel uncomfortable than complacent, and he will take refuge by gliding into the nearest and safest moralizing rut. " My dear, be reasonable. The love I feel for my new wife has nothing to do with my affection for you, my daughter, and cannot conflict with it. It is

impossible that I should take from you what was never yours." Perhaps even, warming to his subject, he will add: "My love for my new wife makes me a better and a nobler man. Instead of loving you less, I love you more. Some loss there may be, but much gain. We should both of us be thankful to her who——" etc., etc.

The father is, of course, with the best intentions, talking rubbish, and rather insulting rubbish at that. In the daughter's heart anger at his stupidity is added to desolation. She knows him to be the prey of his own strong, blinding sex delusion. His life *is* richer and happier, so he demands that hers should follow suit. His horizon *is* enlarged and brightened, so he fondly expects that hers, too, will glow with a new light. She, unexcited—nay, depressed with the sense of imminent loss—knows quite well the source of his delusion, the impossibility, already pointed out, of a strong double emotional focus. What one gains, the other loses. If the father is a man who cares for truth, he will know, and—if he has also the keen cold instinct of the surgeon's knife—he will perhaps say, "Everything *is* different. In the old days, when life left *me* cold and desolate, *you* were the focus, the fire at which I warmed my frozen hands. On my hearth a new fire is lit now, by the side of which your flame is pale and cold. By it you cannot stand. Face facts. You are young. Go out into the cold and rain, make for yourself no

false shelter; for my sake and for yours, flinch as little as may be." And the girl, if she is wise and brave, accepts the inevitable. She will stretch out no appealing hand; she will silence the reproach upon her lips. How should she blame her father? He cannot help himself or her. Nature, the Race,

> "La Belle Dame sans merci,
> Hath him in thrall."

Sex, then, like other strong instincts, is anti-social and individualistic. In its primal form it induces, perhaps more than any other instinct, pugnacity; in its later and more diffused form, as the emotion of love, it is exclusive through its intensity of focus.

Now, this intensity of focus, this egotism, is often confused with altruism, and is labelled "Devotion to another." Society, it will be urged, may suffer from the exclusiveness of sex, but is it not ennobled by the spectacle of utter self-devotion, the devotion of the lover to his mistress, of the wife to her husband? A Frenchman long ago defined love—with a truth that is not at all necessarily cynical—as *le grand égoïsme à deux.* No one who has gone through the experience of "falling in love" will deny that the definition is illuminating. One secret of the intense joy of loving and being loved is the immense reinforcement of one's own personality. Suddenly to another you become what you have always been

to yourself, the centre of the universe. You are more vividly conscious, more sure of yourself. Many motives move a man and a woman to marriage, but of these not the meanest is a healthy and hungry egotism.

But surely, it will be urged, self-devotion cannot be akin to egotism. The self is "lost in another." "Hence the purifying, elevating nature of the flame of love, which burns up all the dross of selfishness," etc., etc. But does it? Can any honest man or woman say that he or she, with single-hearted devotion, desires solely the good of the beloved one? A man desires his wife's happiness. That happiness comes to her through another, not through him. Is he utterly content? What he really desires is not solely her happiness, but that her happiness should be in him.

Surely, though, there is such a thing as utter devotion, that asks no return? The spirit of "Though he slay me yet will I trust him," a spirit of self-abasement rather than self-enhancement. There is, and it is what modern psychology calls "negative self-feeling."[1] Its recognition throws a flood of light on the supposed ennobling devotion of sex, and especially, perhaps, of sex in woman.

[1] Mr. McDougall (*Social Psychology*, p. 62) says that "negative and positive self-feelings" were "first adequately recognized" by M. Ribot (*Psychology of the Emotions*, p. 240).

Egotism or self-feeling takes, we are now taught, two forms, positive and negative—the instinct for self-assertion, the instinct, sometimes equally strong, for self-abasement. With the first form we are all familiar. The second form, which is quite as real, and perhaps more poignant, has been, till lately, somewhat neglected. This instinct of self-abasement, of negative self-feeling, appears in animals. A young dog will crawl on his belly, with his head sunk and his tail drooping, to approach a larger, older dog. The instinct is not fear; it does not accompany flight. The dog approaches, he even wants to attract attention, but it is by deprecation. It is the very ecstasy of humility.

This negative self-regarding sentiment, this instinct of subjection, enters into all intensely passionate relations. It is an ingredient alike of love and of religion, and accounts for many of the analogies between these two complex sentiments. There can, however, be little question that, though it is rarely, in moments of vehement emotion, wholly absent in either sex, it is more highly developed and more uniformly present in women. In the bed-rock of human—or, rather, animal—nature lies the sex-subjection of woman, not, be it clearly understood, because man is physically stronger, but because he is man and his form of sex self-feeling is dominant and positive; woman's is more usually submissive and negative.

A superficial thinker may imagine that here I give my case away. "Ah! now at last we have the truth. Man is born to command, woman to obey. Woman is by nature unfitted to rule, and hence to vote. Back to the hearth and home." Not at all. Woman *quâ* woman, *quâ* sex, *is* in subjection. What purpose that serves in the Divine economy I do not know, but it seems to me a bed-rock fact, one that I have neither the power nor the wish to alter—one also, I think, that has not been clearly enough recognized. But woman *quâ* human being, and even *quâ* weaker human being, is not in subjection. The argument from superior force is as obsolete as war-paint and woad. When a man first says to a woman, "I must insist that you . . ." he had better take care. He is in danger of toppling over from admiration or friendship into love. The woman, if she is attracted, yields, with a strange thrill. This is not because he is the stronger. The same evening her brother also "insists" that she shall not borrow his latch-key. He is also stronger, but there is no corresponding thrill. When a woman says to me, with a self-complacent smirk, "My husband would never allow me to . . ." I do not pity her as a down-trodden worm, but I blush for her, inwardly. I know her to be cold, and I suspect her to be coarse.

My point is, I hope, clear. If woman were woman only, "the sex," as she is sometimes

called, she would wish, she would ask, for no vote, no share in dominion. A claim based on sex is, to my mind, doomed to failure, and this is not because man is physically or even mentally stronger, but because *qua* man he is dominant, he has more *positive* self-feeling. The consciousness of this haunts, I believe obscurely, the inward mind of many, both men and women, who object to " women's rights "; they shrink from formulating this consciousness, and confuse it with the argument from superior strength. It is better, I think, that, if true, it be plainly faced and stated. To my mind, one of the most difficult problems that men and women have to work out together is how to reconcile this subjection of sex with that equality and comradeship which is the true and only basis of even married friendship.

Our analysis of egotism into positive and negative has important bearings on the subject of " devotion " and its supposed " hallowing " influences. Sex devotion is not altruism. This truth women, perhaps, more than men need to lay to heart. I do not think women can fairly be blamed for their confusion of thought in this matter, because the sanctity of devotion has been so constantly impressed upon them. Their charity is always to begin, and often end, at home. What purpose in evolution this tendency to self-devotion in women serves, remains, as before said obscure. It is the cause of intense rapture to women, and, so far, is a good. It occurs in strong natures

as much as, and perhaps more than, in weak. When unduly fostered, and when not balanced by sympathy and comradeship, and by a wide intellectual and social outlook, it acts in married life as an obscure canker, peculiarly irritating and poisonous, because masquerading as a virtue. The egotism of self-assertion atrophies life by over-focus, but the egotism of self-abasement adds to this morbid over-focus a slackening and enfeebling of the whole personality, which defeats its own end and repels where it would attract. The important thing is to clear the air and see plainly that this sex devotion, this egotism of self-abasement, is *not* altruism. It causes none of the healthy reactions of altruism, none of that bracing and expanding and uplifting of the spirit that mysteriously comes of "giving ourselves to something other and greater than ourselves."

But, it may again be urged, granted that sex leads to egotism, yet, because it is intimately bound up with the parental instinct, it does *also* lead to altruism. Bound up with, associated, yes; but of its essence, no. People do not marry that they may indulge the altruism of bringing up their children. Races exist who are not even aware that marriage has any connection with the birth of children, and to whom, therefore, the prospect can lend no altruistic impulse. Parental or, rather, maternal instinct is one, and perhaps the greatest source of "tender" altruistic emo-

tion, of that disinterested love for and desire to protect the helpless which is the least egotistical, and perhaps the loveliest, of human sentiments. But the maternal instinct in the main is a thing healthy indeed and happy, but nowise specially holy. It is an extended egotism. Our *ego*, we are nowadays taught, is not limited by our own personality; it extends to wife and husband, to children and relations, to our clothes and possessions, to our clubs and associations. The extended *ego*, like the personal *ego*, is apt to be at war with herd-altruism. Love of my own children does not necessarily lead to love of yours. A woman will often shamelessly indulge about her children an egotism that she would blush to exhibit for herself. Strange though it may seem, the most altruistic members of society, the best citizens, are not invariably those with the largest families. Here, again, we are bound to remember that a large tolerance should be extended by society to the egotism of parents. It is from parents that society draws the raw material of which society is made.

Before leaving the question of sex egotism and sex exclusiveness, may I guard against any possible exaggeration or misunderstanding? The instinct of sex, by its association with pugnacity, and by the intensity of its mutual egotism, is, we are obliged to admit, to an extent beyond that of the other instincts, exclusive and anti-social.

Under the influence of sex and the intensified self-assertion it brings with it, a man will demand that society should be a sympathetic spectator. Here comes in his *positive* self-feeling; he will be sensitive and alert to resent any shadow of criticism as to his choice, but share his emotion he cannot. Most highly civilized human beings have moments when, if they look facts in the face, they feel that under the influence of passion they fall, somehow, a little below themselves, just because of this intense egotism, this inexorable inability to share. The social conscience is sensitive nowadays. Our very religion has come to be, not a matter of personal salvation, but rather the sense of sharing a life greater than our own, and somehow common to us all.

And yet, all said and done, a man or woman is generally (not always) the better and the bigger for passing through the experience of *le grand égoïsme à deux*. Because of the frailty of our mortal nature he can have this experience only towards one human being at a time, and that one must be of the opposite sex. But through that one

> "Earth's crammed full of Heaven,
> And every common bush ablaze with God."

To almost every mortal it is granted once in his life to go up into the Mount of Transfiguration. He comes down with his face shining, and of the things he saw on the Mount he may not speak. But through that revelation he is suddenly

humbled before all the rest of the world whom he cannot thus utterly love.

To resume: Sex, we have found, is a splendid and vital instinct with a singular power of interpenetrating and reinforcing other energies. But it is an instinct that has for its attendant characteristics, among primitive peoples, pugnacity; in later civilization, intense egotism. Always and everywhere it tends to be exclusive and individualistic. This exclusiveness of sex seems permanently and inexorably imposed by ineluctable nature. Now, if the object of life were the reproduction, the handing on of life, we should say, and rightly say, to woman: " Be womanly: be wife and mother." And we should say to man: " Be manly: be husband and father." So best would our purpose be served. But the problem before us is more difficult, more complex. We want to live life, and human life, for woman as for man, is lived to the full only in and through the " herd "—is social. We want, in a word, for the sake of this fulness of life, to co-ordinate our individualistic instincts, of which sex seems to be the strongest and most exclusive, with our altruistic, herd instincts.

The old view, while we were yet untroubled by ethnology, sociology, and psychology, was that life is a sort of Sunday-school, which we entered at birth to fit us for a future life. It had rules we were bound to obey, virtues and vices to be

acquired and shunned, praise, and, above all, blame, to be duly apportioned. Alas for the Sunday-school and its virtues! it has gone the way of the Garden of Eden. We may well nowadays sometimes sigh for their lost simplicity. The life we know now is more like a great maelstrom of forces out of which man, in tardy self-consciousness, just uprears his head. And the maelstrom is not only of mechanical forces, which he might compute and balance, and which by counterpoise negate each other, but of vital spiritual and mental forces, which *grow* by counterpoise, and whose infinite intricacy baffles computation. Not the least difficult, and certainly among the most intricate and complex, of the problems before us, is the due counterpoise of sex and humanity.

The problem is not likely to grow simpler. Sex shows no signs of a tendency to atrophy. In view of evolutionary laws, how should it? It is by and through sex that the fittest survive. On the whole, it is those least highly dowered with sex who remain unmarried and die out. It is true, however, that, though the sex impulse does not atrophy, it becomes milder and less purely instinctive by being blended with other impulses. From a blind reproductive force it becomes a complex sentiment. Therein, in the diffusion and softening of the impulse, lies the real hope, but therein lies the complexity of the problem. It is interesting, and may be, I think, instructive, to

note a very early and widespread attempt at solution made, and still being made, by primitive man—an attempt in some respects curiously analogous[1] to the efforts to-day of beings more highly civilized.

Over the greater part of the world, from the South Pacific Islands, through Australia, Melanesia, Polynesia, Africa, and America, an institution has been observed common to nearly all savage tribes called the " Man's House." The savage, instead of living a simple domestic life with wife and child, lives a double life. He has a domestic home and a social home. In the domestic home are his wife and family; in the Man's House is passed all his social, civilized life. To the Man's House he goes when he attains maturity. It is his public school, his university, his club, his public-house. Even after marriage, it is in the Man's House he mainly lives. For a woman to enter the Man's House is usually *taboo;* the penalty is often death. Oddest of all to our minds, the Man's House is not only his social home, but also his church. A woman among savages must not go to the Man's Church. To join in

[1] I should like to state distinctly that the ethnological observations introduced from time to time are to be regarded, not as arguments supporting my thesis, but merely as illustrations. The desirability of the emancipation of women is no wise bound up with their acceptance, and should they be discredited to-morrow or otherwise interpreted, it would remain untouched. The study of primitive custom has, however, helped me to my present point of view, and may, I hope, help others.

the mysteries of the Man's Church, or even, sometimes, to behold them from a distance, is to a woman death. At the sound of the church-bell, the sacred Bull-roarer, woman must flee, or fall flat with her face to the ground. The home is to us the place of hospitality for strangers. Not so for primitive man. The entertainment of strangers, all contact with and news from the outside world, is reserved for the Man's House. There, too, he discusses the affairs of the tribe, there holds his parliament; in a word, a Man's House is " the House " and has all its " inviolable sanctity." From religion, from politics, from social life, from contact with the outside world, woman is rigidly secluded. She is segregated within her sex. She is invited to be " womanly."

From these undoubted and world-wide facts the learned German,[1] who has contributed so much to our knowledge of them, draws a conclusion singularly germane. The province of woman, he urges, always has been, *always must be*, that of natural ties, of sex and of the blood relationships that spring from sex. Her emotional sphere is that of the family. Man, on the other hand, is by nature apt for society. He is naturally drawn to artificial associations, made not under the compulsion of sex, but by free choice, through sympathy, equality of age, similarity of

[1] Heinrich Schurtz, *Altersklassen und Männerbünde*, 1902; and for English readers, see Hutton Webster, *Primitive Secret Societies*, 1908.

temperament. Woman is the eternal guardian and champion of the union of the sexes. She sets her face always against comradeship, against the free association of equals, which leads to advanced social complexes, to clubs, brotherhoods, artificial societies of every sort. In fact, broadly speaking, woman is of the individualistic instincts; man is of the herd sentiments. Ethnologically speaking, woman is of the family; man of the Man's House.

This *mutatis mutandis* is the position occupied by many at the present day. But, be it observed, this position must not be based on arguments drawn from primitive sociology. Our learned German, had he read to the end of his own book, must have seen the refutation of his own theory. *The Institution of the Man's House almost invariably breaks down.* The doors, once so rigidly closed to all but the initiated man, open inch by inch. Gradually the Man's House alters in character, becomes more religious, the centre of a Secret Society to which woman begs or buys admission; it ends as a mere sanctuary or temple, or as a club-house whose taboos are less and less stringent, and whose last survivals are still precariously entrenched in the precincts of Pall Mall.

The institution of the Man's House was unquestionably an advance in civilization; but what is good for a time is not therefore good for *all* time. The full reasons for its breakdown are too complex for discussion here, but one cause of

inadequacy is clear. Good and useful though the Man's House was for man, it left out half of humanity, woman. It civilized man by releasing him from sex, or, rather, by balancing his sex instincts which gather round his home with his " herd " instincts, his comradeship which centred round the Man's House. But the solution was crude, and by segregation. Release was sought, as too often to-day, not by a wise asceticism, but by the banishment of temptation, by the seclusion of women within their sex. It is as noticeable to-day as then that the less self-restraint a man is prepared to exercise, the more rigorously will he insist that woman shall be secluded. It is only the man who has his passions well to heel who is prepared to grant liberty to woman. Man had, and in part, still *has* yet to learn that one half of humanity cannot be fully humanized without the other.

We are now at the second chapter in the history of the relation of the sexes. Woman, as well as man, is asking to be civilized, woman—who bore man, and who will bear his children. In woman, too, is this tremendous sex impulse, that may devastate, and that should fertilize. Is woman to live life to the full, or is her function only to hand on life ? If she is to live it to the full, there is for her as for him only one solution. Sex must not be ignored or atrophied, still less must it, by a sort of mental jugglery, be at one and the same

moment ignored and over-emphasized. Woman cannot be moralized through sex, because sex is a non-moral—that is, a non-social—instinct. But, for woman as for man, *non*-moral sex, the greatest of life forces, can be balanced, blended with other and humane sentiments. Man, because he is physically stronger, has got a little ahead in civilization. Woman, not because he is stronger, but merely *quâ* sex impulse, is at present subject to him. It is for him, surely, to hand on to her the gospel that has been his salvation, to teach her the words: "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

If sex, then, is egotistic, exclusive, if it needs balance by a broader humanity, what are the chief non-egotistic humanizing tendencies? What master-passions can we oppose to the individualism, the exclusiveness, the pugnacity, the egotism, of sex? The answer is clear. We have two great forces at our disposal—the desire for knowledge,[1] or, as psychologists call it, the "instinct of curiosity"; and pure altruism, the desire to use our strength and our knowledge for the welfare of the herd, and specially its weaker members. Now, it is the emergence of these two desires which have marked the two stages of the

[1] As Professor Gilbert Murray has said: "The love of knowledge must be a disinterested love; and those who are fortunate enough to possess it, just in proportion to the strength and width of their love, enter into a great kingdom where the strain of disturbing passions grows quiet, and even the persecuting whisper of egotism dies at last almost completely away."

Woman's Movement—I mean the demand for higher education, the demand for political freedom.

At this point I must make a somewhat shameful confession. For long, very long, I was half-hearted as to the Woman's Movement. I desired higher education, freedom to know, but not, as I explained before, the vote, not freedom to act and control. The reason was mainly pure selfishness, and—for this is always at the back of selfishness—a sluggish imagination. I myself intensely desired freedom to learn; I felt it to be the birthright of every human being. The thing was self-evident to me, I did not care to argue about it; it was a faith held with a passionate intensity beyond any reasoned conviction. Man had always most generously held out to me the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge; I not unnaturally placed him on a pedestal, and did homage to him as my Sacred Serpent.

But as to the vote, politics seemed to me, personally, heavy and sometimes rather dirty work, and I had always, on principle, preferred that a man-servant should bring in the coals. I am not ashamed of my lack of interest in politics. That deficiency still remains and must lie where it has always lain, on the knees of the gods. But that I failed to sympathize with a need I did not feel, of that I am truly ashamed. From that inertia and stupidity I was roused by the Militant Suffragists. I read of delicate and fastidious

women who faced the intimate disgusts of prison life because they and their sister-women wanted a vote. Something caught me in the throat. I felt *that they were feeling*, and then, because I felt, I began to understand.

To feel keenly is often, if not always, an amazing intellectual revelation. You have been wandering in that disused rabbit-warren of other people's opinions and prejudices which you call your mind, and suddenly you are out in the light. If this letter should meet the eye of any Militant Suffragist (pugnacity, may I say, is *not* my favourite virtue, though my sympathies are always apt to go more with the church militant than the church triumphant), I should like, though I do not fight in her camp, to thank her from my heart for doing me a signal service, for making me feel, and thereby teaching me to understand.

An eminent novelist has recently told us that women are to have higher education, but not political power, not the Parliamentary vote. Women are "unfit to govern." An eminent statesman has only yesterday told us that women may have University training, they may even look for that priceless boon, that crown of intellectual effort, the degree of Bachelor of Arts; they may have knowledge, and the label that guarantees them as knowing, but membership of the University, power to govern, power to shape the teachings by which they have profited, No.

Have Mrs. Humphry Ward and Lord Curzon, in their busy and beneficent lives, found time to read M. Henri Bergson's *L'Évolution Créatrice?* Long ago Socrates told us that we only know in order that we may act. M. Bergson has shown us *how* this is, and *why*. Intellect, as contrasted with instinct, is the tool-maker, is essentially practical, always ultimately intent on action. To a few of us—and we are happy, if sometimes lonely—knowledge, which began with practical intent, becomes an end in itself, an object for rapturous contemplation. But to most human beings, and these are the best of our citizens, knowledge is the outcome of desire, and is always forging on towards action, action which necessarily takes shape as increased dominion over the world of nature and humanity. You can, it is true, shovel ready-made information into the human mind, without seriously affecting life and character. But the awakening of the *desire to know* is primarily nothing but the awakening of the *intention to act*, to act more efficiently and to shape the world more completely to our will.

Mrs. Humphry Ward and Lord Curzon are half a century too late. They may entrench themselves on their castle of sand, but the tide has turned, and the sea is upon them. When women first felt the insistent need to know, behind it, from the beginning, unconscious though they were, was for most of them the more imperative impulse to act.

Women *quâ* women remain, for the better continuance of life, subject to men. Women as human beings demand to live as well as to continue life. To live effectively they must learn to know the world through and through, in order that, side by side with men, they may fashion life to their common good.

I am, dear Anti-Suffragist,
Sincerely yours,
AN ANTHROPOLOGIST.

## V.

## SCIENTIÆ SACRA FAMES

ORIENTAL gods, we are told, are apt to be of two types. There is the head-god, who thinks and plans and wills; he sits aloof, supreme, inert. There is the secondary under-god, who originates nothing himself, but carries out the thoughts and behests of the head-god. This under-god only knows that he may do another's will, and what he knows he knows, not for the sake of knowledge, but that he may do.

Gods among Orientals are usually male, but this under-god reflects oddly what, till recent times, has been the normal attitude of woman towards knowledge. A woman learns a little medicine that she may carry out the instructions of a doctor and soothe a patient; she learns modern languages that she may help out a linguistically dumb brother or husband when he takes his walks abroad, or that she may entertain his foreign guests at home; she becomes generally "well informed" that she may partly understand or—much more important—appear to sympathize with and admire man's conversation; she

becomes " accomplished " that she may amuse his leisure hours. But the dear delight of learning for learning's sake a " dead " language for sheer love of the beauty of its words and the delicacy of its syntactical relations, the joy of tracking out the secret springs of the human body irrespective of patient or doctor, the rapture of reconstructing for the first time in imagination a bit of the historical past, that *was*, that in a few laggard minds still obscurely *is*, unwomanly. Why ?

Some half-century ago a very happy little girl secretly possessed herself of a Greek grammar. A much-adored aunt swiftly stripped the gilt from the gingerbread with these chill, cutting words: " I do not see how Greek grammar is to help little Jane to keep house when she has a home of her own." A " home of her own " was as near as the essentially decent aunt of those days might get to an address on sex and marriage, but the child understood: she was a little girl, and thereby damned to eternal domesticity; she heard the gates of the temple of Learning clang as they closed.

But not for long. Those Golden Gates are flung open wide now; the incense is swung by the censers of the vestals within. The battle of the Higher Education of Women, begun at one University by a man, is fought and won. It would be hard, even in a University or an anti-suffrage society (*distinguo*), to find man or woman nowa-

days who thought, or at least dare say, that learning, even of the purest, unsexed a woman. No time need be spent in slaying dead lions, yet it may still be worth while to examine briefly why the Peri was ever excluded from Paradise. It is only when we can analyze the source of the disease that we cease to fear its recrudescence. Till then the poisonous adder is scotched, not slain.

What is it lies behind the Golden Gates ? what is the nature of this air too pure and rare for a woman to breathe ?

It is not that any particular knowledge or information is denied as unsuitable. Men only came to learn Latin and Greek by the accident of medieval tradition. Rather it is that unstinted knowledge begets a habit of mind, an atmosphere, an attitude deemed unwomanly. Between feeling and knowing there is a certain antithesis; the province of women was to feel: therefore they had better not know. There is, as in all the most poisonous falsehoods, some grain of muddled truth.

Medieval logicians loved to raise the question, *an feminæ sint monstra*—are women human beings or monsters ? Whenever there is any discussion as to whether women should or should not know this or that, the ghosts of these delicious old schoolmen gather round.

The power to *feel* and the power to act and

react we share with all the other animals; the power to *know* is at least one, if not the chief, hall-mark of humanity. If women are not to *know*, they may be sirens, but they are not human, and the sooner they get back to their fishes' tails the better.

But there still remains in the minds of many thinking persons a prejudice to the effect that only certain kinds of knowledge are appropriate to women. I have the greatest possible respect for honest prejudices; they are the stuff out of which right opinion is ultimately, if slowly, moulded, they are the genuine growth of a living emotion. Many years ago, in his great small book *Psyche*, Dr. Frazer showed us how most of our most cherished institutions—such as, for example, private property, the inviolability of human life, the sanctity of marriage—had arisen out of tolerably gross superstitions. In like manner our most enlightened views grow out of unreasoning prejudices.

What sort of knowledge, then, does herd-opinion—popular prejudice—allow to women?

Roughly speaking, as we have seen, all kinds of knowledge that have immediate practical issue. A knowledge of modern languages, enough arithmetic to do accounts, sufficient medicine to be a nurse—these are womanly "accomplishments." The word is significant. But the study of "dead" languages, useless for human intercourse; of the higher mathematics; of philosophy

and science in its borderland as philosophy—of these the question is still asked, " What good are they to a woman ?"

At first sight this might appear merely due to the selfishness of man, seeking in woman merely an efficient " helpmeet." I should like to say at the outset that I have no belief in the superior selfishness of man *quâ* man. Perhaps I am prejudiced by the fact that I live in a college founded for women by a man, and founded in the teeth of solid, academic herd-prejudice. To be set in authority over a fellow-human being, as man has been set over women, is a serious spiritual danger. Everyone who has ever been a clergyman or a schoolmaster or a college don knows that he must watch and pray. But set the slave over the master, the woman over the man, and in six months there won't be a pin to choose between them. It is not then, I think, the selfishness of man *quâ* man, but something in the nature of woman, that has so far stood in her way as a candidate for *scientific* knowledge. Now at this point I am obliged to ask for a moment what precisely we mean by knowledge.

When we *feel* a thing, we are conscious of its relation to ourselves, and perhaps to our immediate surroundings, and usually not of much else. We have what philosophers call " knowledge by acquaintance." " A man of sorrows and *acquainted* with grief." All knowledge, of course, starts from " knowledge by acquaintance." When

we *know*, we add to this "knowledge by acquaintance," this feeling, this experience, what is called "knowledge by description." We are conscious not only of the thing felt, but of a great deal more *about* the thing: conscious of its relation to other selves than our own self; conscious, too, of the relation of the thing to other things; we observe its qualities—that is, we classify it. This knowledge of the relation of things among themselves irrespective of us may become in its turn a source of emotion personally felt; but that emotion is different, more impersonal, not less keen, but wider, calmer.

In his delightful *Imagination in Utopia*[1] Mr. T. C. Snow has recently shown how, as civilization advances, and less time and energy need be spent in the mere brute effort of keeping ourselves alive, man tends to live less and less in the kingdom of direct experience, more and more in this kingdom of knowledge peopled by figures of the imagination. These imaginative emotions are not "the figments of a race of bloodless prigs," not duller and dimmer than actual experience; but, as everyone who has experienced them knows, they are different, rarer, more impersonal.

This release from self which comes through knowledge, this imaginative altruism, do not women need it? In a sense, more than men. Women, as already noted, are supposed to be by nature unselfish. It is part of the ill-considered halo woven about their heads. As a fact, their

[1] *Hibbert Journal*, 1913.

egotism is just as intense, only the *ego* is slightly more extended to include husband sometimes, children almost always. The danger is greater, because egotism with women masks as altruism.[1] Now, this family egotism of women was doubtless of great value in early stages of civilization, and a sound instinct cherished it; and there is still a feeling in many minds that disinterested knowledge in a woman endangers exclusive family devotion. So it does, and this is clear gain. The old virtue was fast rotting into a vice, and a very subtle one. A man would not say: "I must not devote myself to science; it might endanger my exclusive devotion to myself." But without self-contempt he might say, and his wife agree with him, she had better not devote herself to art or science, lest the dinner and the children be neglected.

Women, it is further urged, are no good at advancing knowledge; by nature they are neither artists nor inventors. As regards art, the statement may be true, though Sappho and Jane Austen may give us pause. But creative art is one thing, and it is rarely cumulative. Scientific research, and, still more, the imaginative reconstruction of the past, is another. Sir Thomas Barlow, at a recent Medical Congress, said that the scientific landscape of to-day is "not one of high mountain-peaks and deep valleys, but a lofty and magnificent tableland of well-ordered and correlated knowledge. Our present age is an age of co-operation, marked not so much by

[1] See p. 103.

individual emergence as by interdependent, collective advance, and for this pre-eminent genius is not essential. The great geniuses and, by parity of reasoning, the great criminals may yet remain men. We need not fret about it.

I think it was Mr. Bernard Shaw who said somewhere that, if the great congregations of cowards, known as the Human Race, were to be made courageous, they must be made religious, and by religion he meant, if I remember rightly, the sense of being part of something bigger and stronger than yourself. Religion has never been denied to women. But the emotion of religion, this sense of being part of God, may be the deadliest danger unless informed and directed by a knowledge of the ways of God—*i.e.*, the nature of the universe and that part of it which is man. A religious woman without knowledge is like a lunatic armed with an explosive. Moreover, imparted information avails little. She must have within her the scientific spirit, what the Greeks called *sophrosyne*, which knows and is quiet, which *saves* and is saved.[1]

We must always remember that freedom to know has but recently been won for men. Almost as soon as they realized their prize they were willing to share it. Even about men the old semi-magical question is still asked, What *use* is this or that subject in education—that is, what immediate relation has it to action? It

[1] Professor Gilbert Murray, *Four Stages in Greek Religion*, p. 182.

is not the least surprising that a conservative and medieval atmosphere should linger on about women. Whatever is a centre of keen emotion tends necessarily to be a centre of conservatism. Each sex is conservative and irrational about the other. The reason is, of course, clear. From a centre of personal emotion it is hard to get far enough back to see clearly and judge sanely. Sex is still guarded as sacrosanct by countless taboos. A hand is laid on our ark, and we do not stop to ask if the hand be for blessing or cursing. If knowledge in woman really separated her from man, knowledge might be accursed; if, as we believe, it unites her anew, it is for blessing. Man, not woman, happened to be dominant. His home is rightly dear and sacred to him. Shortsightedly, he has thought sometimes that a wider focus of interest imperilled the fire upon his hearth. Blindly, half unconsciously, he created a demand for fools—fools whose interest was focussed on himself. The supply was not wanting. But he himself has not been wholly content with the creature of his creation, and the prayers of the congregation are now asked on behalf of the husband who is sick of a wholly devoted wife.

We used to be told that "a man does not want a learned wife," "men do not want to talk to learned ladies." The hopeful thing now is that thinking men and women nowadays do not ask what "a man wants," but in what direction

humanity is moving; whether God is developing Himself, and how we can most intelligently help Him. Science tells us that we are not the parents of our own unborn children. We mothers as well as fathers are but a link in a long chain, a channel for the life-force of the race. We should justly despise the man who devoted his life to fatherhood. We might safely predict that his devotion would be useless to his unborn, a morbid nuisance to his born, children; *mutatis mutandis*, and assuredly there are *mutanda*, the same is true of the mother. If she starve herself as an individual, the very milk of her motherhood will run dry. What is really wanted for the home is, we are beginning to find out, a little more wide human knowledge and a little less egocentric sentiment.

Knowledge is never, or very rarely, divorced from emotion and action. M. Bergson has shown us very clearly that all science grows up out of the desire to do and to make. Man is essentially the tool-maker. An elephant can use a tool, but apparently not make one, though now that a young Eberfeld elephant has been supplied with a typewriter developments may be expected. Man through knowledge seeks to control his environment and adapt it to himself; the lower animals are content to adapt themselves to their environment. The hall-mark of knowledge, then, of science, is that it holds immediate personal reaction in suspense, it insulates the agent for a

moment, giving him over to contemplation. It seems to me that just here a difference does exist between man and woman, and it is a difference that may be physiologically explicable. This is a matter on which I can only offer conjectures. The last word must, of course, remain with experimental psychology.

Socially we have seen that women need this imaginative altruism, but do they need it in the sense that by nature they lack it? Are women less detachable than men, and, if so, why?

A phrase that I read long ago — I regret to say I cannot tell you where — has stuck in my mind. "Woman," the writer said, "is more *resonant* than man, more *subject to induction from the social current.* Man is better insulated, more independent, more individualized." Broadly I believe this is true; whether to be insulated is wholly an advantage, and to be resonant always intellectually a drawback, I shall consider later. I do believe this superior resonance and this inferior insulation in woman to be a fact; but I am not sure of the explanation, whether it is a fact partly or wholly induced by social conditions, or a factor inherent in sex. I mean this resonance may be in part one of the servile qualities that are naturally well marked in women[1] and all persons who occupy subordinate positions. On the other hand, it may be a biological secondary characteristic of woman.

[1] See p. 84.

Popular prejudice, in which, as I said, I have great faith, has always demanded that woman should possess "tact." That is just what I mean: that they should be socially "in touch," not insulated from their fellows. The Southern nations, who are more feminine, have more "tact," more sense of their fellows, better manners; the virile Northerner still stands out as the typical John Bull, going his own way, tramping, not to say trampling, along. I really think what we mean by virility in a spiritual sense is mainly insularity. When a man is swiftly sympathetic, we feel him to be a little feminine; the virile man is often keen to be sympathized *with*, but not to sympathize—things not to be confused. The finest natures on both sides are not very sharply sundered as to spiritual sex.

Another manly trait points in the same direction. Man is more "reserved." It is the pride of the average Englishman that he "keeps himself to himself," does not show emotion, does not "give himself away." In a recent remarkable book Mr. Feilding Hall has pointed out that this "secrecy," this boasted reserve, is a common sin, often mistaken for a virtue. It is supposed to indicate a strong character; really it is an almost infallible sign of weakness. Goethe says a man willing to share himself draws all men to him. Anyhow, for better or for worse reserve is *virile*, part of a man's insularity.

The difference between men and women is illus-

trated, expressed, "projected," as we nowadays say, by the arrangements of the ordinary middle-class home, which are to me deeply depressing.

Man and wife share a dining-room. They are both animals, and must eat, so they do it together. Next comes the wife's room, the drawing-room: not a room to withdraw into, by yourself, but essentially the room into which "visitors are shown"—a room in which you can't possibly settle down to think, because anyone may come in at any moment. The drawing-room is the woman's province; she must be able and ready to switch her mind off and on at any moment, to anyone's concerns.

Then, at the back of the house, there is a hole or den, called a "study"—a place inviolate, guarded by immemorial taboos. There man thinks, and learns, and knows. I am aware that sometimes the study contains more pipes, fishing-rods, foxes' brushes, and golf-clubs, than books or scientific apparatus. Still, it is called the "study" or the "library," and the wife does not sit there. There are rarely two chairs—there is always one—possibly for a human being to sit on. Well, that study stands for man's insularity; he wants to be by himself. The house where you don't and mustn't sit in the study is to me no home. But, then, I have long known that I am no "true woman." One of the most ominous signs of the times is that woman is beginning to demand a study.

Take another point. It has always puzzled me why a man who frankly considers woman his intellectual inferior should seek, or pretend to seek, for companionship in marriage. That he should seek marriage as the means of founding a family and building up a home is simple enough. For these functions woman is, in a way, more essential than man. But why pretend about companionship? Of course, to associate with your mental inferiors ministers freely to what Mr. McDougall calls "positive self-enhancement," and that is undoubtedly at the back of many an unequal marriage; but to choose your mental inferior as your companion year in, year out, would be to me—well, tedious. Being a woman, I felt I could not solve the difficulty, so I asked a really thinking man. I asked him what, to his mind, a man expected to get from the intellectual companionship of his wife that he could not and did not get from a man friend. After some reflection he said: "I think it's something like this: Of course, a man doesn't expect his wife to really understand his work, though she will be interested in it because it is his; but he does expect her, somehow, to keep him in touch with things and people in general. If it weren't for her, he would go off and lose himself in his own specialism."

That interested me, because it seemed real. There was no foolish confusion between interest in the work and interest in the man. If you

don't understand a man's work, you can't be interested in it, though you may in him; and you may show him that interest, and even try to flatter him, and that may biologically for him be more important, as it is usually more pleasant. The critic on the hearth is apt to be an irritating instinct, and to care more for criticism than admiration means a very single-minded love of work.

It has been my good-fortune all my life to work with men in my own subject. I never analyzed the nature of the help they gave me till I sat down to write this paper. I simply accepted it as a good and pleasant thing in life, perhaps the best and pleasantest, the purest pleasure life has to offer. But now I asked myself the counter-question, What exactly did I get from a man's mind that I didn't and shouldn't from a woman friend? At what point was the man friend's help essential, and why?

Now, emphatically, I never looked to man to supply me with new ideas; he might accidentally, or, as oftener happened, we might flash them out together; but that was not what I wanted. Your thoughts are—for what they are worth—self-begotten by some process of parthenogenesis. But there comes often to me, almost always, a moment when alone I cannot bring them to the birth, when, if companionship is denied, they die unborn. The moment, so far as I can formulate the need, is when you want to disentangle them

from yourself and your emotions, when they are sending out such a welter of feelers in all directions, setting up connections so profusely and recklessly that you hold your sanity with both your hands, and yet it seems going. Then you want the mind of a man with its great power of insulation. That is why a man's mind is so resting. To talk a thing over with a competent man friend is to me like coming out of a seething caldron of suggestion into a spacious, well-ordered room. Some men's minds, most artists and poets, I imagine, are as restless, as suggestive and suggestible, as ramificatory, as any woman's; what I mean is, simply the male element in the mind, is its power of insulation.

Supposing it to be true—mind, it is only a supposition—that women are more "resonant," men more insulated. Can we see any biological reason? Now, here I looked, of course, for help to the scientists and doctors. I waited—I positively waited—before I wrote this page, till Sir Almroth Wright's book came out, and I spent 3s. 6d. upon it. I knew that much that was in it would probably offend me, but I thought, coming as it did from a man of science, there must be much in it that was scientific, and *that* was what I wanted. Well, if that book had been written by a woman! that tissue of dogmatic prejudice! However, I won't waste space over a book that contains not a single contribution to science, though to me once or twice it was

suggestive. I leave it gladly to the not very tender mercies of Mr. Bernard Shaw in the *Statesman*. He has shown that Sir Almroth gives an admirable picture of . . . a second-rate man's mind, of all second-rate minds, men and women. The book has been to us all, friends and foes, a grievous disappointment—a blot on a great man's scutcheon.

But I am glad to say another book by a scientific man *has* helped me—the *Antagonism of Sex*, by Mr. Walter Heape. I believe its title to be most unhappy, its conclusions mistaken; but some of its premises agree with my own theory, and so I gladly adopt them. Mr. Heape provides me with a kind of a physiological basis for my view of the inferior insularity of woman, her superior "tact." Man, says Mr. Heape, *quâ* sex seeks in marriage his own individual pleasure, woman the furtherance of the family, the perpetuity and protection of the race. Woman is in matters of sex the first law-giver, seeking to control errant man for the family's sake.

After clearly setting forth the rôle of woman as Lawgiver (a matter in which he was anticipated by the Greeks in the great figure of Demeter Thesmophoros, Mother Earth as Lawgiver), Mr. Heape proceeds to the somewhat astounding deduction that woman, the primeval Lawgiver, must not vote; but with that deduction I am not concerned, only with the interesting premise.

In the light of Mr. Heape's investigations, we begin to understand something, I think, of the "physiological basis of womanly tact" and "resonance." Biology tells us now that that individualistic organ, the body, is a relatively late product of evolution, called into being, it would seem, primarily as the host or trustee of the germ-plasm or germ-cells, which are the race to be—that race which is always beckoning to us, sometimes threatening us. We recognize now a sharp distinction between the *soma*, the *individual body*, with its various somatic tissues and organs on the one hand, and the germinal or racial cells on the other. The body can function successfully without them, but unless the body is in health they cannot successfully function. These last are in the body, but not of it. They have in them the life of the world to come, and as such are sacrosanct. They do not exist for the individual, but primarily (not of necessity ultimately) the individual exists for them.

The root of the matter seems to me this,—when we use the word *sex*, we had better use the word *race*. Woman is termed "the sex." What we mean by that somewhat offensive expression is that Nature has tied woman somewhat closer to the race. She has more social, racial tact.

Now, is this intellectually gain or loss—this being in closer touch? Surely, like all things human, it is part gain, part loss. It *is* intellectually useful to be able to insulate yourself, to go

out into the shadows wearing your blinkers, bearing your dark lantern intent on your specialist investigation. It is also intellectually fruitful to turn on your searchlight, to be in touch with practical issues. It was Mr Sidney Webb who once said to me very crossly, "What is the matter with all you University lecturers is that you utterly cut loose from all practical affairs; you spin your webs across an empty space."

The tendency of the intellect pure and simple, we have seen, is temporarily to remove, to cut loose, from practical reaction—to induce sheer contemplation. That remote contemplation may issue either in art or science. Women are, we are told, not great artists or great inventors. It is probably true, and, if true, the reason may be that they detach themselves with difficulty from racial practicalities. But they *can* detach themselves—they *are* individuals; they have an individual *soma* in addition to racial life. As well deny them individual bodies as individualizing minds. But the fact that in mind as well as body they may be *more* racial, less individual, may have its significance—may be of use for the whole body politic.

It may be instructive to look at some purely man-made products, and consider if they are wholly admirable. Such man-made products are Elementary Education, Public School Education and Tradition, our University system, our crim-

inal law. I prefer to speak of what I intimately know. There is another and a more stately edifice—austere, untouched by hand of woman. I mean the whole majestic fabric of theology—theology medieval and modern—man-made from the beginning. What has the intellect and individualism of man made of God—that God who " is not far from any one of us," in whom we live and move and have our being ? It has made of Him—the Deity. I noticed with amusement at a recent discussion at the Heretic Society at Cambridge that " Deity " is a man's word; women don't talk of " the Deity." And this " Deity," this man's god, is one of two things—either a gigantic, overgrown, impossible man, or that thing still remoter from experience, that utter Abstraction remote from all reality, the Absolute. Man, in a word, has made of religion, theology, an intellectual abstraction, divorced ever more and more from life.

I have never met with a woman who was interested in theology. I have met a few who were religious, and by religious I mean in intimate contact, close touch with the bigger will, the larger life, that includes our own.

One final point: The present time is unmistakably one of the emergence of women to fuller liberty and to increased influence. We may regret it. The present day is also marked by an emergence, unparalleled in history, of the *racial* conscience. This shows itself in politics. The

only human will to which we bow nowadays is the collective will of the people of which we are ourselves a part. It shows itself in religion, which of course embodies and reflects social fact. The only god we believe in now is immanent, not imminent; few people are satisfied now with the conception of God as King or even Emperor, as Lawgiver, or as External Creator—all conceptions that have served their turn as the expression of primitive states of society. Most of all, this racial conscience shows itself in the new-old doctrine of immortality, of life eternal, for the race, for which each man in turn sadly or gladly lays down his individual life.

It shows itself, of course, in our philanthropy—in our increased sensitiveness to other lives.

It shows itself in a less obvious but perhaps more interesting way in wider scientific method. Science to-day is, as already noted, more co-operative, more democratic. The several departments, once sharply sundered, now work in conjunction; there is a sense of the whole towards which each is tending. A University that used to be split into faculties is now—though specialization is intenser than ever—conscious of its unity, its interrelations. That consciousness may yet save our older Universities, spiritually moribund, though they are. My own subject, classics, which used to be a garden enclosed, and wellnigh a *hortus siccus*, is now saved. Thanks to archæology, to anthropology, it is now open to all the winds of

heaven; its half-stifled life breathes afresh. By contacts we are saved.

Moreover, the new sciences of to-day tell the same tale. Ten years ago in England psychology, with psychical research, scarcely existed. Now, however much philosophers and mathematicians may seek to bar the way, her influence is everywhere felt—hers and that of the sister science, sociology. Mathematics had to be followed by chemistry, chemistry by biology, biology by psychology, psychology by sociology. And what is psychology but the science of human behaviour, of human reaction, of *contacts*, not insulations. Our whole morality is looked upon now, not as a system of heaven-sent virtues—truth, purity, constancy, obedience, what not—but as a balance maintained between the interests of the individual and the interests of the race, the better relating of the two.

Now, this racial consciousness shows itself also in a certain reaction,[1] and perhaps a perilous reaction, against pure intellectualism. Our age is in a sense anti-rational. If your writings are rationalist in tone, your youngest reviewer is sure to crush you nowadays with the epithet "Early Victorian," and say you are "out of touch" with vitalism. The present age is concerned with affirming life as a whole, not Reason as the Lord over Life. By the mouth of its greatest philos-

[1] For a more detailed analysis of this reaction see the Epilogue on the War.

opher we are told that the next step forward in philosophy must be, not through reason, but through something bigger—through intuition.

Now, of course, all this is in a sense the usual swing of the pendulum, the reaction inevitable, salutary, of generation against generation; but the coincident emergence of women is a new factor. Are the two—the emergence of women and the rapid development of this race consciousness—merely coincident or causally related?

There is great need for consideration and for experiment. In reading the books of the two scientific men I have quoted, one thing has deeply depressed me: They are specialists in modern science, yet their minds are medieval, untouched by evolutionary faith.

To the services of the Anglican Church I am attached by many close ties of tradition and sentiment, but until this last summer years had elapsed since I had attended one. I found myself singing the doxology almost mechanically: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Suddenly I said to myself: "This is what is the matter with them both, 'As it was in the beginning.' Woman's prime function was so-and-so; so-and-so it must remain to the end, undeveloped, untouched by evolution." It is hard to shake oneself loose from these fossil virtues; they are bone of our bone, and the old skeleton still rattles. I catch myself still thinking that, because I loved

someone when I was seventeen, I ought to be devoted to them still; and because I believed something in the sixties I ought to be sticking to it now like grim death—yes, very like grim death. For what is life? *Durée.* And what is *durée? Changement.* Every stagnant virtue rots straightway into a vice.

One thing is clear: we must avoid dogmatism; we must adopt the method of experiment. When scientific men write of women, they often seem to lapse into medievalism, and to lose all faith, not only in evolution, but in their own experimental methods. All the time I was writing this paper I felt: "We are talking and arguing almost wholly in the dark." We must free women before we know what they are fit for intellectually and morally. We must experiment. Sir Almroth Wright and Mr. Walter Heape may be well inspired. We women may have all to go back into the harem to-morrow for the good of the race. If so, back we must go in the name of science. But, again in the name of science, we are *not* going till experiment has been tried.

To conclude. Have I been arguing for sex in intellect? In a sense, yes. Body and soul are indeed hard to sunder. We may talk as we like of spiritual friendship and intellectual sympathy that is purely Platonic, as though the intellect were a thing purely discarnate; but who does not know that spiritual jealousy is as sharp and as hot as any physical pang? One reason of the

great and protracted popularity of marriage as an institution is that it consecrates, and even canonizes, all jealousy, spiritual as well as physical; sex-exclusiveness masquerades as the purity of the home.

To deny sex in intellect would seem to me a desperate pessimism, and would be in intent to reassert the old obsolete dualism between body and soul. But to put the question in that way, to speak of a sex in intellect, is itself slightly medieval. There is, I believe, between man and woman an intellectual difference which makes their co-operation desirable, because fruitful.

But it is not quite a difference in faculty; rather, it is a difference of focus—of focus of attention. We do not nowadays rightly divide up our mental constitution—any more than our Universities—into faculties. What I mean is this: Two and two are four. No manly strength or womanly tact will make them otherwise. Happily for our hope, however, knowledge is much more than any logical, mathematical proposition or series of propositions. Intellect is never wholly and separately intellectual. It is a thing charged with, dependent on, arising out of, emotional desire. A philosophy, it has been somewhere observed, is a personal attitude towards the universe. We can watch the physical and emotional sides of knowledge in our own minds. Anyone who makes even a very small mental discovery can note how, at the moment of the making, there is a sudden

sense of warmth, an uprush of emotion, often a hot blush, and sometimes tears in the eyes. Who can say that a process so sensuous and emotional, or at least attended by concomitants so sensuous, is insulated from a thing as interpenetrating as sex?

Anyhow, one thing is clear. To face the facts and the problems of life is characteristic of to-day. To see them clearly we need the binocular vision of the two sexes. The point of view of man and woman, their angle of vision, is a little, not very, different—just enough to give roundness and reality to the picture. Let man and woman both learn to know, to think dispassionately, to recreate imaginatively, to feel impersonal emotion, and then let them look and act together. Prophecy in the complex sphere of humanity is not apt to be profitable. We may, however, look back and see that appetite has been in part transformed into romantic love. We acknowledge now that desire is at the root of all our values and emotions, so we no longer scorn and crucify the flesh; but we believe in the possibility of its slow transmutation through other factors in our being. Prime among these factors is the holy hunger after knowledge. This hunger is but the latest, rarest utterance of the Will to Live. We may dare, then, to dream that in the future man and woman may experience ecstasies of spiritual union unknown to us elder romantics.

Southern races made of their god—that is,

their ideal—a woman, a mother with a subordinate child, a son or lover as attributé of womanhood.

Northern races—always more virile—made of their god a man, or, the better to strengthen his manhood and emphasize the exclusion of woman—three men.

There was a sect in antiquity, small, despised, persecuted, who made their god in the image of neither male nor female, but a thing bisexed, immaculate, winged, and—this is the interesting thing for us—looking out on the world *four-eyed :*

> " Father and Mother—the Mighty One, Erikapaios:
> He of the fourfold eyes, beholding this way, that way."

Such was the hymn the Orphics chanted. And, if we would worship knowledge, this is the hymn we must chant to-day, together, men and women—to-day and to-morrow.

## VI.

## THE INFLUENCE OF DARWINISM ON THE STUDY OF RELIGIONS

THE title of my paper might well have been "The Creation by Darwinism of the Scientific Study of Religions," but that I feared to mar my tribute to a great name by any shadow of exaggeration. Before the publication of *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man*, even in the eighteenth century, isolated thinkers, notably Hume and Herder, had conjectured that the orthodox beliefs of their own day were developments from the cruder superstitions of the past. These were, however, only particular speculations of individual sceptics. Religion was not yet generally regarded as a proper subject for scientific study, with facts to be collected and theories to be deduced. A Congress of Religions such as that recently held at Oxford would have savoured of impiety.

In the brief space allotted me I can attempt only two things: first, and very briefly, I shall try to indicate the normal attitude towards religion in the early part of the last century;

second, and in more detail, I shall try to make clear what is the outlook of advanced thinkers to-day.[1] From this second inquiry it will, I hope, be abundantly manifest that it is the doctrine of evolution that has made this outlook possible, and even necessary.

The ultimate and unchallenged presupposition of the old view was that religion was a *doctrine*, a body of supposed truths. It was, in fact, what we should now call Theology, and what the ancients called Mythology. Ritual was scarcely considered at all, and, when considered, it was held to be a form in which beliefs, already defined and fixed as dogma, found a natural mode of expression. This, it will be later shown, is a profound error, or, rather, a most misleading half-truth. Creeds, doctrines, theology, and the like, are only a part, and at first the least important part, of religion.

Further, and the fact is important, this *dogma*, thus supposed to be the essential content of the "true" religion, was a teleological scheme complete and unalterable, which had been revealed to man once and for all by a highly anthropomorphic God, whose existence was assumed. The duty of man towards this revelation was to

[1] To be accurate I ought to add "in Europe." I advisedly omit from consideration the whole immense field of Oriental mysticism, because it has remained practically untouched by the influence of Darwinism.

accept its doctrines and obey its precepts. The notion that this revelation had grown bit by bit out of man's consciousness, and that his business was to better it, would have seemed rank blasphemy. Religion, so conceived, left no place for development. "The Truth" might be learnt, but never critically examined; being thus avowedly complete and final, it was doomed to stagnation.

The details of this supposed revelation seem almost too *naïve* for enumeration. As Hume observed, "popular theology has a positive appetite for absurdity." It is sufficient to recall that "revelation" included such items as the Creation[1] of the world out of nothing in six days; the making of Eve from one of Adam's ribs; the Temptation by a talking snake; the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel; the doctrine of Original Sin; a scheme of salvation which demanded the Virgin Birth, Vicarious Atonement, and the Resurrection of the material body. The scheme was unfolded in an infallible Book, or, for one section of Christians, guarded by the tradition of an infallible Church, and on the acceptance or refusal of this scheme depended an eternity of weal or woe. There is not one of these doctrines that has not now been recast, softened down, mysticized, allegorized into something more conformable with modern thinking.

[1] It is interesting to note that the very word "Creator" has nowadays almost passed into the region of mythology. Instead we have *l'Évolution Créatrice.*

It is hard for the present generation, unless their breeding has been singularly archaic, to realize that these amazing doctrines were literally held and believed to constitute the very essence of religion; to doubt them was a moral delinquency.

It had not, however, escaped the notice of travellers and missionaries that savages carried on some sort of practices that seemed to be religious, and believed in some sort of spirits or demons. Hence, beyond the confines illuminated by revealed truth, a vague region was assigned to *Natural* Religion. The original revelation had been kept intact only by one chosen people, the Jews, by them to be handed on to Christianity. Outside the borders of this Goshen the world had sunk into the darkness of Egypt. Where analogies between savage cults and the Christian religions were observed, they were explained as degradations; the heathen had somehow wilfully "lost the light." Our business was not to study, but, exclusively, to convert them, to root out superstition and carry the torch of revelation to "Souls in heathen darkness lying." To us nowadays it is a commonplace of anthropological research that we must seek for the beginnings of religion in the religions of primitive peoples, but in the last century the orthodox mind was convinced that it possessed a complete and luminous ready-made revelation; the study of what was held to be a mere degradation seemed idle and superfluous.

But, it may be asked, if to the orthodox revealed religion was sacrosanct, and savage religion a thing beneath consideration, why did not the sceptics show a more liberal spirit, and pursue to their logical issue the conjectures they had individually hazarded? The reason is simple and significant. The sceptics, too, had not worked free from the presupposition that the essence of religion is dogma. Their intellectualism, expressive of the whole eighteenth century, was probably in England strengthened by the Protestant doctrine of an infallible Book. Hume undoubtedly confused religion with dogmatic theology. The attention of orthodox and sceptics alike was focussed on the truth or falsity of certain propositions. Only a few minds of rare quality were able dimly to conceive that religion might be a necessary step in the evolution of human thought.

It is not a little interesting to note that Darwin, who was leader and intellectual king of his generation, was also in this matter to some extent its child. His attitude towards religion is stated clearly in chapter viii. of the *Life and Letters*.[1] On board the *Beagle* he was simply orthodox, and was laughed at by several of the officers for quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality. By 1839 he had

[1] Vol. i., p. 304. For Darwin's religious view, see also *Descent of Man*, 1871, vol. i., p. 65; second edition, vol. i., p. 142.

come to see that the Old Testament was no more to be trusted than the sacred books of the Hindoos. Next went the belief in miracles, and next Paley's "argument from design" broke down before the law of natural selection; the suffering so manifest in Nature is seen to be compatible rather with Natural Selection than with the goodness and omnipotence of God. Darwin felt to the full all the ignorance that lay hidden under specious phrases like "the plan of creation" and "unity of design." Finally, he tells us, "the mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us; and I for one must be content to remain an Agnostic."

The word Agnostic is significant not only of the humility of the man himself, but also of the attitude of his age. Religion, it is clear, is still conceived as something to be *known*, a matter of true or false *opinion*. Orthodox religion was to Darwin a series of erroneous hypotheses to be bit by bit discarded when shown to be untenable. The *acts* of religion which may result from such convictions—*i.e.*, devotion in all its forms, prayer, praise, sacraments—are left unmentioned. It is clear that they are not, as now to us, sociological survivals of great interest and importance, but rather matters too private, too personal, for discussion.

Huxley, writing in the *Contemporary Review*,[1] says: "In a dozen years *The Origin of Species* has worked as complete a revolution in biological

[1] 1871.

science as the *Principia* did in astronomy." It has done so because, in the words of Helmholtz, it contained "an essentially new creative thought," that of the continuity of life, the absence of breaks. In the two most conservative subjects, Religion and Classics, this creative ferment was slow indeed to work. Darwin himself felt strongly "that a man should not publish on a subject to which he has not given special and continuous thought," and hence wrote little on religion and with manifest reluctance, though, as already seen, in answer to pertinacious inquiry he gave an outline of his own views. But none the less he foresaw that his doctrine must have, for the history of man's mental evolution, issues wider than those with which he was prepared personally to deal. He writes, in *The Origin of Species*:[1] "In the future I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be securely based on the foundation already well laid by Mr. Herbert Spencer, that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation."

Nowhere, it is true, does Darwin definitely say that he regarded religion as a set of phenomena the development of which may be studied from the psychological standpoint. Rather we infer from his *piety*—in the beautiful Roman sense—towards tradition and association, that religion was to him in some way sacrosanct. But it is

[1] Sixth edition, p. 428.

delightful to see how his heart went out towards the new method in religious study which he had himself, if half unconsciously, inaugurated. Writing in 1871 to Dr. Tylor, on the publication of his *Primitive Culture*, he says:[1] "It is wonderful how you trace animism from the lower races up to the religious belief of the highest races. It will make me for the future look at religion—a belief in the soul, etc.—from a new point of view."

Psychology was henceforth to be based on "the necessary acquirement of each mental capacity by gradation." With these memorable words the door closes on the old and opens on the new horizon. The mental focus henceforth is not on the maintaining or refuting of an orthodoxy, but on the genesis and evolution of a capacity, not on perfection, but on process. Continuous evolution leaves no gap for revelation sudden and complete. We have henceforth to ask, not, When was religion revealed or what was the revelation? but, How did religious phenomena arise and develop? For an answer to this we turn with new and reverent eyes to study "the heathen in his blindness" and the child "born in sin." We still, indeed, send out missionaries to convert the heathen, but here at least in Cambridge, before they start, they attend lectures on anthropology and comparative religion. The "decadence" theory is dead, and should be buried.

[1] *Life and Letters*, vol. iii., p. 151.

The study of primitive religions, then, has been made possible, and even inevitable, by the theory of Evolution. We have now to ask what new facts and theories have resulted from that study. This brings us to our second point, the advanced outlook on religion to-day.

The view I am about to state is no mere personal opinion of my own. To my present standpoint I have been led by the investigations of such masters as Drs. Wundt, Lehmann, Preuss, Bergson, Beck, and, in our own country, Drs. Tylor and Frazer.[1]

Religion always contains two factors. First, a theoretical factor, what a man *thinks* about the unseen—his theology, or, if we prefer so to call it, his mythology. Second, what he *does* in relation to this unseen—his ritual. These factors rarely if ever occur in complete separation; they are blended in very varying proportions. Religion, we have seen, was in the last century regarded mainly in its theoretical aspect as a

[1] I can only name here the books that have variously influenced my own views. They are W. Wundt, *Völkerpsychologie*, Leipzig, 1900; P. Beck, "Die Nachahmung," Leipzig, 1904, and "Erkenntnisstheorie des primitiven Denkens" in *Zeitschrift f. Philos. und Philos. Kritik*, 1903, p. 172, and 1904, p. 9; Henri Bergson, *L'Évolution Créatrice* and *Matière et Mémoire*, 1908; Dr. Preuss, various articles published in the *Globus*, see p. 15, note 1, and in the *Archiv f. Religionswissenschaft;* and for the subject of magic, MM. Hubert et Mauss, "Théorie Générale de la Magie," in *L'Année Sociologique*, vii.

doctrine. Greek religion, for example, meant to most educated persons Greek mythology. Yet even a cursory examination shows that neither Greek nor Roman had any creed or dogma, any hard-and-fast formulation of belief. In the Greek Mysteries[1] only we find what we should call a *Confiteor;* and this is not a confession of faith, but an avowal of rites performed. When the religion of primitive peoples came to be examined, it was speedily seen that, though vague beliefs necessarily abound, definite creeds are practically non-existent. Ritual is dominant and imperative.

This predominance and priority of ritual over definite creed was first forced upon our notice by the study of savages, but it promptly and happily joined hands with modern psychology. Popular belief says, I think, therefore I act; modern scientific psychology says, I act (or rather *re*act to outside stimulus), and so I come to think. Thus there is set going a recurrent series: act and thought become in their turn stimuli to fresh acts and thoughts. In examining religion as envisaged to-day, it would therefore be more correct to begin with the practice of religion—*i.e.*, ritual—and then pass to its theory—theology or mythology. But it will be more convenient to adopt the reverse method. The theoretical content of religion is to those of us who are Prot-

[1] See my *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, Cambridge, 1903, p. 155.

estants far more familiar, and we shall thus proceed from the known to the comparatively unknown.

I shall avoid all attempt at rigid definition. The problem before the modern investigator is, not to determine the essence and definition of religion, but to inquire how religious phenomena, religious ideas and practices, arose. Now, the theoretical content of religion, the domain of theology or mythology, is broadly familiar to all. It is the world of the unseen, the supersensuous; it is the world of what we call the soul and the supposed objects of the soul's perception—sprites, demons, ghosts, and gods. How did this world grow up ?

We turn to our savages. Intelligent missionaries of bygone days used to ply savages with questions such as these: Had they any belief in God ? Did they believe in the immortality of the soul ? Taking their own clear-cut conceptions, discriminated by a developed terminology, these missionaries tried to translate them into languages that had neither the words nor the thoughts, only a vague, inchoate, tangled substratum, out of which these thoughts and words later differentiated themselves. Let us examine this substratum.

Nowadays we popularly distinguish between objective and subjective; and, further, we regard the two worlds as in some sense opposed. To the

objective world we commonly attribute some reality independent of consciousness, while we think of the subjective as dependent for its existence on the mind. The objective world consists of perceptible things, or of the ultimate constituents to which matter is reduced by physical speculation. The subjective world is the world of beliefs, hallucinations, dreams, abstract ideas, imaginations, and the like. Psychology, of course, knows that the objective and subjective worlds are interdependent, inextricably intertwined, but for practical purposes the distinction is convenient.

But primitive man has not yet drawn the distinction between objective and subjective. Nay, more, it is foreign to almost the whole of ancient philosophy. Plato's Ideas,[1] his Goodness, Truth, Beauty, his class-names, horse, table, are, it is true, dematerialized as far as possible, but they have outside existence, apart from the mind of the thinker; they have in some shadowy way spatial extension. Yet ancient philosophies and primitive man alike needed and possessed for practical purposes a distinction which served as well as our subjective and objective. To the primitive savage all his thoughts, every object of which he was conscious, whether by perception or conception, had reality—that is, it had exist-

[1] I owe this psychological analysis of the elements of the primitive supersensuous world mainly to Dr. Beck's "Erkenntnisstheorie des primitiven Denkens."

ence outside himself, but it might have reality of various kinds or different degrees.

It is not hard to see how this would happen. A man's senses may mislead him. He sees the reflection of a bird in a pond. To his eyes it is a real bird. He touches it, *he puts it to the touch*, and to his touch it is not a bird at all. It is real, then, but surely not quite so real as a bird that you can touch. Again, he sees smoke. It is real to his eyes. He tries to grasp it: it vanishes. The wind touches him, but he cannot see it, which makes him feel uncanny. The most real thing is that which affects most senses, and especially what affects the sense of touch. Apparently touch is the deepest down, most primitive, of senses. The rest are specializations and complications. Primitive man has no formal rubric "optical delusion," but he learns practically to distinguish between things that affect only one sense and things that affect two or more; if he did not he would not survive. But both classes of things are real to him. *Percipi est esse.*

So far primitive man has made a real observation; there are things that appeal to one sense only. But very soon creeps in confusion fraught with disaster. He passes naturally enough, being economical of any mental effort, from what he really sees, but cannot feel, to what he thinks he sees, and gives to it the same secondary reality. He has dreams, visions, hallucinations, nightmares. He dreams that an enemy is beating

him, and he wakes rubbing his head. Then, further, he remembers things—that is, for him, he sees them. A great chief died the other day, and they buried him, but he sees him still in his mind, sees him in his war-paint, splendid, victorious. So the image of the past goes together with his dreams and visions to the making of this other less real, but still real world, his other-world of the supersensuous, the supernatural, a world the outside existence of which, independent of himself, he never questions.

And, naturally enough, the future joins the past in this supersensuous world. He can hope, he can imagine, he can prophesy. And again the images of his hope are real; he sees them with that mind's eye which as yet he has not distinguished from his bodily eye. And so the supersensuous world grows and grows big with the invisible present, and big also with the past and the future, crowded with the ghosts of the dead and shadowed with oracles and portents. It is this supersensuous, supernatural world which is the eternity, the other-world, of primitive religion, not an endlessness of time, but a state removed from full, sensuous reality, a world in which anything and everything may happen, a world peopled by demonic ancestors and liable to a splendid vagueness, to a " once upon a time-ness " denied to the present. It not unfrequently happens that people who know that the world nowadays obeys fixed laws have no difficulty in believing that six

thousand years ago man was made direct from a lump of clay, and woman was made from one of man's superfluous ribs.

The fashioning of the supersensuous world comes out very clearly in primitive man's views about the soul and life after death. Herbert Spencer noted long ago the influence of dreams in forming a belief in immortality, but, being very rational himself, he extended to primitive man a quite alien quality of rationality. Herbert Spencer argued that when a savage has a dream he seeks to account for it, and in so doing invents a spirit world. The mistake here lies in the "seeks to account for it."[1] Man is at first too busy *living* to have any time for disinterested *thinking*. He dreams a dream, and it is real for him. He does not seek to account for it any more than for his hands and feet. He cannot distinguish between a *con*ception and a *per*ception—that is all. He remembers his ancestors, or they appear to him in a dream; therefore they are alive still, but only as a rule to about the third generation. Then he remembers them no more, and they cease to be.

Next as regards his own soul. He feels something within him, his life-power, his will to live, his power to act, his personality—whatever we

[1] Primitive man, as Dr. Beck observes, is not impelled by an *Erkenntnisstrieb*. Dr. Beck says he has counted upwards of thirty of these mythological *Triebe* (tendencies) with which primitive man has been endowed.

like to call it. He cannot touch this thing that is himself, but it is real. His friend, too, is alive, and one day he is dead; he cannot move, he cannot act. Well, something has gone that was his friend's self. He has stopped breathing: was it his breath? Or he is bleeding: is it his blood? This life-power *is* something; does it live in his heart or his lungs or his midriff? He did not see it go; perhaps it is like wind, an *anima*, a *geist*, a ghost. But again it comes back in a dream, only looking shadowy; it is not the man's life, it is a thin copy of the man; it is an "image" (*eidôlon*). It is like that shifting, distorted thing that dogs the living man's footsteps in the sunshine; it is a "shade" (*skia*).[1]

Ghosts and sprites, ancestor-worship, the soul, oracles, prophecy—all these elements of the primitive supersensuous world we willingly admit to be the proper material of religion; but other elements are more surprising; such are class-names, abstract ideas, numbers, geometrical figures. We do not nowadays think of these as of religious content, but to primitive men they were all part of the furniture of his supernatural world.

[1] The two conceptions of the soul, as a life-essence, inseparable from the body, and as a separable phantom, seem to occur in most primitive systems. They are distinct conceptions, but are inextricably blended in savage thought. The two notions, *Körperseele* and *Psyche* have been very fully discussed in Wundt's *Völkerpsychologie*, ii., Leipzig, 1900, pp. 1-142.

With respect to class-names, Dr. Tylor[1] has shown how instructive are the first attempts of the savage to get at the idea of a class. Things in which similarity is observed, things indeed which can be related at all, are to the savage *kindred.* A species is a family or a number of individuals with a common god to look after them. Such, for example, is the Finn doctrine of the *haltia.* Every object has its *haltia,* but the *haltiat* were not tied to the individual, they interested themselves in every member of the species. Each stone had its *haltia,* but that *haltia* was interested in other stones; the individuals disappeared, the *haltia* remained.

Nor was it only class-names that belonged to the supersensuous world. A man's own proper-name is a sort of spiritual essence of him, a kind of soul to be carefully concealed. By pronouncing a name you bring the thing itself into being. When Elohim would create Day, " he called out to the Light ' Day,' and to the Darkness he called out ' Night ' "; the great magician pronounced the magic Names, and the Things came into being. " In the beginning was the Word " is literally true, and this reflects the fact that our *conceptual* world comes into being by the mental process of naming.[2] In old times people went

[1] *Primitive Culture,* fourth edition, 1903, vol. ii., p. 245.

[2] For a full discussion of this point, see Beck, *Nachahmung,* p. 41, Die Sprache.

farther; they thought that by naming events they could bring them to be, and custom even to-day keeps up the inveterate magical habit of wishing people " Good-morning " and " A Happy Christmas."

Number, too, is part of the supersensuous world that is thoroughly religious. We can see and touch seven apples, but seven itself, that wonderful thing that shifts from object to object, giving it its *seven*-ness, that living thing, for it begets itself anew in multiplication—surely seven is a fit denizen of the upper-world. Originally all numbers dwelt there, and a certain supersensuous sanctity still clings to seven and three. We still say " Holy, Holy, Holy," and in some mystic way feel the holier.

The soul and the supersensuous world get thinner and thinner, rarer and more rarefied, but they always trail behind them clouds of smoke and vapour from the world of sense and space whence they have come. It is difficult for us even nowadays to use the word " soul " without lapsing into a sensuous mythology. The Cartesians' sharp distinction between *res extensa non cogitans* and *res cogitans non extensa* is remote.

So far, then, man has provided himself through the processes of his thinking with a supersensuous world, the world of sense-delusion, of smoke and cloud, of dream and phantom, of imagination, of name and number and image. The natural course

would now seem to be that this supersensuous world should develop into the religious world as we know it, that out of a vague animism with ghosts of ancestors, demons, and the like, there should develop in due order momentary gods (Augenblicks-Götter), tribal gods, polytheism, and finally a pure monotheism.

This course of development is usually assumed, but it is not, I think, quite what really happens. The supersensuous world as we have got it so far is too theoretic to be complete material of religion. It is, indeed, only one factor, or rather it is, as it were, a lifeless body that waits for a living spirit to possess and inform it. Had the theoretic factor remained uninformed, it would eventually have separated off into its constituent elements of error and truth, the error dying down as a belated metaphysic, the truth developing into a correct and scientific psychology of the subjective. But man has ritual as well as mythology—that is, he feels and acts as well as thinks; nay, more, he probably feels and acts long before he definitely thinks. This contradicts all our preconceived notions of theology. Man, we imagine, believes in a god or gods, and then worships. The real order seems to be that, in a sense presently to be explained, he worships, he feels and acts, and out of his feeling and action, projected into his confused thinking, he develops a god. We pass therefore to our second factor in religion—ritual.

The word " ritual " brings to our modern minds the notion of a church with a priesthood and organized services. Instinctively we think of a congregation meeting to confess sins, to receive absolution, to pray, to praise, to listen to sermons, and possibly to partake of sacraments. Were we to examine these fully-developed phenomena, we should hardly get farther in the analysis of our religious conceptions than the notion of a highly anthropomorphic god approached by purely human methods of personal entreaty and adulation.

Further, when we first come to the study of primitive religions, we expect *a priori* to find the same elements, though in a ruder form. We expect to see

> " The heathen in his blindness
> Bow down to wood and stone,"

but the facts that actually confront us are startlingly dissimilar. Bowing down to wood and stone is an occupation that exists mainly in the minds of hymn-writers. The real savage is more actively engaged. Instead of asking a god to do what he wants done, he does it, or tries to do it, himself; instead of prayers he utters spells. In a word, he is busy practising magic, and, above all, he is strenuously engaged in dancing magical dances. When the savage wants rain or wind or sunshine, he does not go to church; he summons his tribe, and they dance a rain-dance or wind-

dance or sun-dance. When a savage goes to war, we must not picture his wife on her knees at home praying for the absent; instead, we must picture her dancing the whole night long, not for sheer joy of heart or to pass the weary hours; she is dancing his war-dance to bring him victory.

Magic is nowadays condemned alike by science and by religion; it is both useless and impious. It is obsolete, and only practised by malign sorcerers in obscure holes and corners. Undoubtedly magic is neither religion nor science; but in all probability, as will later be seen, it is the spiritual protoplasm from which religion and science ultimately differentiated. As such, the doctrine of Evolution bids us scan it closely. Magic may be malign and private; nowadays it is apt to be both. But in early days magic was as much for good as for evil; it was publicly practised for the common weal.

The emotional, pre-intellectual character of magic comes out instructively in a malign practice widespread among primitive peoples. A savage has an enemy, he wants to hurt him, so he makes a rude image of his enemy and sticks pins into it. Here, we are sometimes told, the savage acts in obedience to a false law of analogy; he argues, "As I stick pins into this image, so may sharp things be stuck into my enemy, and he be hurt." The real explanation is far simpler. The savage cannot get at his enemy, who is remote or anyhow reluctant, so he gets his psychological relief by

sticking pins into an image; he does it for the sheer joy of it. Such embryonic magic is not dead to-day. We get a letter that hurts us; instinctively we tear it up. There is more in this than obedience to a law of false analogy. The mere tearing of it up makes us feel better. Intellectual motives are, even to-day, far less dominant than we are apt to think. A man is ill at ease within; he is strenuous and eager for outside reforms. He naturally thinks his impulse is the reasonableness of the reforms. He becomes inwardly happy, at rest with himself. The reforms remain equally reasonable, but somehow they lapse: he no longer needs to stick pins into the image.

The gist of magic comes out most clearly in magical dances. We think of dancing as a light form of recreation, practised by the young from sheer *joie de vivre* and unsuitable for the mature. But among the Tarahumares[1] in Mexico the word for dancing, *nolávoa*, means " to work." Old men will reproach young men, saying, " Why do you not go to work ?" meaning, Why do you not dance instead of only looking on ? The chief religious sin of which the Tarahumare is conscious is that he has not danced enough and not made enough *tesvino*, his cereal intoxicant.

Dancing, then, is to the savage *working*, *doing*, and the dance is in its origin an imitation, or

[1] Carl Lumholtz, *Unknown Mexico*, London, 1903, p. 330.

perhaps rather an intensification, of processes of work.[1] Repetition, regular and frequent, constitutes rhythm, and rhythm heightens the sense of will power in action. Rhythmical action may even, as seen in the dances of Dervishes, produce a condition of ecstasy. Ecstasy among primitive peoples is a condition much valued; it is often, though not always, enhanced by the use of intoxicants. Psychologically the savage starts from the sense of his own will power; he stimulates it by every means at his command. Feeling his will strongly, and knowing nothing of natural law, he recognizes no limits to his own power; he feels himself a magician, a god; he does not pray, he *wills*. Moreover, he wills collectively,[2] reinforced by the will and action of his whole tribe. Truly of him it may be said, "La vie déborde l'intelligence, l'intelligence c'est un retrécissement."[3]

The magical extension and heightening of personality come out very clearly in what are rather unfortunately known as *mimetic* dances. Animal dances occur very frequently among primitive peoples. The dancers dress up as birds, beasts, or fishes, and reproduce the characteristic

[1] Karl Bücher, *Arbeit und Rhythmus*, Leipzig (third edition), 1902, *passim*.

[2] The subject of collective hallucination as an element in magic has been fully worked out by MM. Hubert and Mauss, "Théorie Générale de la Magie," in *L'Année Sociologique*, 1902-03, p. 140.

[3] Henri Bergson, *L'Évolution Créatrice*, p. 50.

movements and habits of the animals impersonated. So characteristic is this impersonation in magical dancing that among the Mexicans the word for magic, *navali*, means " disguise."[1] A very common animal dance is the frog-dance. When it rains the frogs croak. If you desire rain you dress up like a frog and croak and jump. We think of such a performance as a conscious imitation. The man, we think, is more or less *like* a frog. That is not how primitive man thinks; indeed, he scarcely thinks at all; what *he* wants done the frog can do by croaking and jumping, so he croaks and jumps, and, for all he can, *becomes* a frog. " L'intelligence animale *joue* sans doute les représentations plutôt qu'elle ne les pense."[2]

We shall best understand this primitive state of mind if we study the child " born in sin." If a child is " playing at lions," he does not *imitate* a lion—*i.e.*, he does not consciously try to be a thing more or less like a lion : he *becomes* one. His reaction, his terror, is the same as if a real lion were there. It is this childlike power of utter impersonation, of *being* the thing we act or even see acted, this extension and intensification of our own personality, that lives deep down in all of us, and is the very seat and secret of our joy in the drama.

A child's mind is, indeed, throughout the best

[1] K. Th. Preuss, *Archiv f. Religionswissenschaft*, 1906, p. 97.
[2] Bergson, *L'Évolution Créatrice*, p. 205.

clue to the understanding of savage magic. A young and vital child knows no limit to his own will, and it is the only reality to him. It is not that he wants at the outset to fight other wills, but that they simply do not exist for him. Like the artist, he goes forth to the work of creation, gloriously alone. His attitude towards other recalcitrant wills is "they simply must." Let even a grown man be intoxicated, be in love, or subject to an intense excitement, the limitations of personality again fall away. Like the omnipotent child, he is again a god, and to him all things are possible. Only when he is old and weary does he cease to command fate.

The Iroquois[1] of North America have a word, *orenda*, the meaning of which is easier to describe than to define, but it seems to express the very soul of magic. This *orenda* is your power to do things, your force, sometimes almost your personality. A man who hunts well has much and good *orenda;* the shy bird who escapes his snares has a fine *orenda*. The *orenda* of the rabbit controls the snow and fixes the depth to which it will fall. When a storm is brewing, the magician is said to be making its *orenda*. When you yourself are in a rage, great is your *orenda*. The notes of birds are utterances of their *orenda*. When the maize is ripening, the Iroquois know it is the sun's heat that ripens it, but they know more;

[1] Hewitt, *American Anthropologist*, 1902, N.S., iv., i., p. 32.

it is the cicala makes the sun to shine, and he does it by chirping, by uttering his *orenda*. This *orenda* is sometimes very like the Greek θυμός, your bodily life, your vigour, your passion, your power, the virtue that is in you to feel and do. This notion of *orenda*, a sort of *pan-vitalism*, is more fluid than animism, and probably precedes it. It is the projection of man's inner experience, vague and unanalyzed, into the outer world.

The *mana*[1] of the Melanesians is somewhat more specialized—all men do not possess *mana*—but substantially it is the same idea. *Mana* is not only a force, it is also an action, a quality, a state, at once a substantive, an adjective, and a verb. It is very closely neighboured by the idea of sanctity. Things that have *mana* are *tabu*. Like *orenda*, it manifests itself in noises, but specially mysterious ones: it is *mana* that is rustling in the trees. *Mana* is highly contagious; it can pass from a holy stone to a man, or even to his shadow if it cross the stone. "All Melanesian religion," Dr. Codrington says, "consists in getting *mana* for oneself or getting it used for one's benefit."[2]

Specially instructive is a word in use among the Omaka[3]—*wazhin-dhedhe*, "directive energy, to

[1] Codrington, *The Melanesians*, Oxford, 1891, pp. 118, 119, 192.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 120.

[3] See Professor Haddon, *Magic and Fetichism*, p. 60. Dr. Vierkandt (*Globus*, July, 1907, p. 41) thinks that *Fernzauber* is a later development from Nahzauber, a hypothesis that is, I think, possible but unnecessary.

send." This word means roughly what we should call telepathy, sending out your thought or will power to influence another and affect his action. Here we seem to get light on what has always been a puzzle, the belief in magic exercised at a distance. For the savage will, distance is practically non-existent; his intense desire feels itself as non-spatial.

This notion of *mana, orenda, wazhin-dhedhe,* and the like, lives on among civilized peoples in such words as the Vedic *brâhman*[1] in the neuter, familiar to us in its masculine form Brahman. The neuter, *brâhman,* means magic power of a rite, a rite itself, formula, charm, also first principle, essence of the universe. It is own cousin to the Greek δύναμις and φύσις.

Through the examination of primitive ritual we have at last got at one tangible, substantial factor in religion, a real live experience, the sense, that is, of will, desire, power, actually experienced in person by the individual, and by him projected, extended into the rest of the world.

At this stage it may fairly be asked, though the question cannot with any certainty be answered, " At what point in the evolution of man does this religious experience come in ?"

So long as an organism reacts immediately to outside stimulus, with a certainty and conformity

[1] See MM. Hubert et Mauss, " Théorie Générale de la Magie," p. 117, in *L'Année Sociologique,* vii.

that is almost chemical, there is, it would seem, no place, no possibility, for magical experience. But when the germ appears of an intellect that can foresee an end not immediately realized, or, rather, when a desire arises that we feel and recognize as not satisfied, then comes in the sense of will and the impulse magically to intensify that will. The animal, it would seem, is preserved by instinct from drawing into his horizon things which do not immediately subserve the conservation of his species. But the moment man's life-power began to make on the outside world demands not immediately and inevitably realized in action,[1] then a door was opened to magic, and in the train of magic followed errors innumerable, but also religion, philosophy, science, and art.

The world of *mana, orenda, brâhman,* is a world of feeling, desiring, willing, acting. What element of thinking there may be in it is not yet differentiated out. But we have already seen that a supersensuous world of thought grew up very early in answer to other needs, a world of

[1] I owe this observation to Dr. K. Th. Preuss. He writes (*Archiv f. Relig.*, 1906, p. 98): "Die Betonung des Willens in den Zauberakten ist der richtige Kern. In der Tat muss der Mensch den Willen haben, sich selbst und seiner Umgebung besondere Fähigkeiten zuzuschreiben, und den Willen hat er, sobald sein Verstand ihn befähigt, *eine über den Instinkt hinausgehende Fürsorge* für sich zu zeigen. *So lange ihn der Instinkt allein leitet, können Zauberhandlungen nicht enstehen.*" For more detailed analysis of the origin of magic, see Dr. Preuss, "Ursprung der Religion und Kunst," *Globus*, lxxxvi. and lxxxvii.

sense-illusions, shadows, dreams, souls, ghosts, ancestors, names, numbers, images—a world only wanting, as it were, the impulse of *mana* to live as a religion. Which of the two worlds, the world of thinking or the world of doing, developed first it is probably idle to inquire.[1]

It is more important to ask, Why do these two worlds join? Because, it would seem, *mana*, the egomaniac or megalomaniac element, cannot get satisfied with real things, and therefore goes eagerly out to a false world, the supersensuous other-world whose growth we have sketched. This junction of the two is fact, not fancy. Among all primitive peoples, dead men, ghosts spirits of all kinds, become the chosen vehicle of *mana*. Even to this day it is sometimes urged that religion—*i.e.*, belief in the immortality of the soul—is true, "because it satisfies the deepest craving of human nature." The two worlds, of *mana* and magic on the one hand, of ghosts and other-world on the other, combine so easily

[1] If external stimuli leave on organisms a trace or record such as is known as an *Engram*, this physical basis of memory, and hence of thought, is almost coincident with reaction of the most elementary kind. See Mr. Francis Darwin's Presidential Address to the British Association, Dublin, 1908, p. 8; and, again, Bergson places memory at the very root of conscious existence, see *L'Évolution Créatrice*, p. 18: *Le fond même de notre existence consciente est mémoire, c'est à dire prolongation du passée dans le présent;* and again: *La durée mord dans le temps et y laisse l'empreint de son dent;* and again: *L'Évolution implique une continuation réelle du passée par le présent.*

because they have the same laws, or, rather, the same comparative absence of law. As in the world of dreams and ghosts, so in the world of *mana:* space and time offer no obstacles; with magic all things are possible. In the one world what you imagine is real; in the other what you desire is *ipso facto* accomplished. Both worlds are egocentric, megalomaniac, filled to the full with unbridled human will and desire.

We are all of us born in sin; in that sin which is to science "the seventh and deadliest," anthropomorphism, we are egocentric, egoprojective. Hence necessarily we make our gods in our own image. Anthropomorphism is often spoken of in books on religion and mythology as if it were a last climax, a splendid final achievement in religious thought. First, we are told, we have the lifeless object as god (fetichism), then the plant or animal (phytomorphism, theriomorphism), and last God is incarnate in the human form Divine. This way of putting things is misleading. Anthropomorphism lies at the very beginning of our consciousness. Man's first achievement in thought is to realize that there is anything at all not himself, any object to his subject. When he has achieved, however dimly, this distinction, still for long, for very long, he can only think of those other things in terms of himself; plants and animals are people with ways of their own, stronger or weaker than himself, but to all intents and purposes human.

Again the child helps us to understand our own primitive selves. To children animals are always people. You promise to take a child for a drive. The child comes up beaming with a furry bear in her arms. You say the bear cannot go. The child bursts into tears. You think it is because the child cannot endure to be separated from a toy. It is no such thing. It is the intolerable hurt done to the bear's human heart—a hurt not to be healed by any proffer of buns. He wanted to go, but he was a shy, proud bear, and he would not say so.

The relation of magic to religion has been much disputed. According to one school, religion develops out of magic; according to another, though they ultimately blend, they are at the outset diametrically opposed, magic being a sort of rudimentary and mistaken science,[1] religion having to do from the outset with spirits.

But, setting controversy aside, at the present stage of our inquiry their relation becomes, I think, fairly clear. Magic is, if my view[2] be

[1] This view held by Dr. Frazer is fully set forth in his *Golden Bough* (second edition), pp. 73-79. It is criticized by Mr. R. R. Marett in *From Spell to Prayer*, Folk-Lore, xi., 1900, p. 132, also very fully by MM. Hubert and Mauss, "Théorie Générale de la Magie," in *L'Année Sociologique*, vii., p. 1. With Mr. Marett's view and with that of MM. Hubert and Mauss I am in substantial agreement.

[2] This view as explained on pp. 170-172 is, I believe, my own most serious contribution to the subject. In thinking it out I was much helped by Professor Gilbert Murray.

correct, the active element which informs a supersensuous world fashioned to meet other needs. This blend of theory and practice it is convenient to call religion. In practice the transition from magic to religion, from Spell to Prayer, has always been found easy. So long as *mana* remains impersonal, you order it about; when it is personified, and bulks to the shape of an overgrown man, you drop the imperative and cringe before it. *My will be done* is magic; *Thy Will be done* is the last word in religion. The moral discipline involved in the second is momentous, the intellectual advance not striking.

I have spoken of magical ritual as though it were the informing life-spirit without which religion was left as an empty shell. Yet the word ritual does not, as normally used, convey to our minds this notion of intense vitalism. Rather we associate ritual with something cut and dried, a matter of prescribed form and monotonous repetition. The association is correct; ritual tends to become less and less informed by the life-impulse, more and more externalized. Dr. Beck,[1] in his brilliant monograph on *Imitation,* has laid stress on the almost boundless influence of the imitation of one man by another in the evolution of civilization. Imitation is one of the chief spurs to action. Imitation begets custom, custom be-

[1] *Die Nachahmung und ihre Bedeutung für Psychologie und Völkerkunde,* Leipzig, 1904.

gets sanctity. At first all custom is sacred. To the savage it is as much a religious duty to tattoo himself as to sacrifice to his gods. But certain customs naturally survive, because they are really useful; they actually have good effects, and so need no social sanction. Others are really useless; but man is too conservative and imitative to abandon them. These become ritual. Custom is cautious, but *la vie est aléatoire.*[1]

Dr. Beck's remarks on ritual are, I think, profoundly true and suggestive, but with this reservation—they are true of ritual only when uninformed by personal experience. The very elements in ritual on which Dr. Beck lays such stress — imitation, repetition, uniformity, and social collectivity—have been found by the experience of all time to have a twofold influence—they inhibit the intellect, they stimulate and suggest emotion, ecstasy, trance. The Church of Rome knows what she is about when she prescribes the telling of the rosary. Mystery-cults and sacraments, the lineal descendants of magic, all contain rites charged with suggestion, with symbols, with gestures, with half-understood formularies, with all the apparatus of appeal to the emotion and the will; the more unintelligible, the better they serve their purpose of inhibiting thought. Thus ritual deadens the intellect and stimulates will, desire, emotion. "*Les opérations magiques . . . sont le résultat d'une science et d'une*

[1] Bergson, *op. cit.*, p. 143.

*habitude qui exaltent la volonté humaine au dessus de ses limites habituelles.*"[1] It is this personal *experience,* this exaltation, this sense of immediate, non-intellectual revelation, of mystical oneness with all things, that again and again rehabilitates a ritual otherwise moribund.

To resume. The outcome of our examination of *origines* seems to be that religious phenomena result from two delusive processes—a delusion of the non-critical intellect, a delusion of the over-confident will. Is religion, then, entirely a delusion? I think not.[2] Every dogma religion has hitherto produced is probably false, but for all that the religious or mystical spirit may be the only way of apprehending some things, and these of enormous importance. It may also be that the contents of this mystical apprehension cannot be put into language without being falsified and misstated, that they have rather to be felt and lived than uttered and intellectually analyzed; yet they are somehow true and necessary to life, and through an interminable series of more or less grossly anthropomorphic mythologies and theologies, with their concomitant rituals, man

[1] Eliphas Levi, *Ritual,* p. 32; and "A Defence of Magic," by Evelyn Underhill, *Fortnightly Review,* 1907.

[2] I am deeply conscious that what I say here is a merely personal opinion or sentiment unsupported and perhaps unsupportable by reason, and very possibly quite worthless, but for fear of misunderstanding I prefer to state it.

tries to restate them. Meantime we need not despair. Serious psychology is yet young, and has only just joined hands with physiology. Religious students are still hampered by medievalisms such as Matter and Spirit, Body and Soul, and by the perhaps scarcely less mythological segregations of Intellect, Emotion, Will. But new facts[1] are accumulating, facts about the formation and flux of personality, and the relations between the conscious and the subconscious. Any moment some great imagination may leap out into the dark, touch the secret places of life, lay bare the cardinal mystery of the marriage of the spatial with the non-spatial. It is, I venture to think, towards the apprehension of such mysteries, not by reason only, but by man's whole personality, that the religious spirit in the course of its evolution through ancient magic and modern mysticism is ever blindly yet persistently moving.

Be this as it may, it is by thinking of religion in the light of evolution, not as a revelation given, not as a *réalité faite,* but as a process, and it is so only, I think, that we attain to a spirit of real patience and tolerance. We have ourselves, perhaps, learnt laboriously something of the working of natural law, something of the limitations of

[1] See the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, London, *passim.* For a valuable collection of the phenomena of mysticism, see William James, *Varieties of Religious Experience,* Edinburgh, 1901-02.

our human will, and we have therefore renounced the practice of magic. Yet we are bidden by those in high places to pray, "Sanctify this water to the mystical washing away of sin." Mystical in this connection spells magical, and we have no place for a god-magician: the prayer is to us unmeaning, irreverent. Or, again, after much toil, we have ceased, or hope we have ceased, to think anthropomorphically. Yet we are invited to offer formal thanks to God for a meal of flesh whose sanctity is the last survival of that sacrifice of bulls and goats He has renounced. Such a ritual confuses our intellect and fails to stir our emotion. But to others this ritual, magical or anthropomorphic as it is, is charged with emotional impulse; and others, a still larger number, think that they act by reason when really they are hypnotized by suggestion and tradition. Their fathers did this or that, and at all costs they must do it. It was good that primitive man in his youth should bear the yoke of conservative custom. From each man's neck that yoke will fall, because he will have outgrown it. Science teaches us to await that moment with her own inward and abiding patience. Such a patience, such a gentleness, we may well seek to practise in the spirit and in the memory of Darwin.

## VII.

## ALPHA AND OMEGA

By Alpha I mean the first dawning of religion; by Omega, a full-blown theology. The object of the following paper is to show that, if we are to keep our hold on Religion, theology must go.

Let us try to get some clear picture, some living panorama, of the living alphabet that stretches from Alpha to Omega. Oddly enough, a sort of conspectus lies to our hand in a great religious ceremonial recently enacted—the consecration of Westminster Cathedral on June 28, 1910.

The consecrating Bishop,[1] vested in cope and mitre, and bearing the pastoral staff in his hands, advanced to the closed door of the main entrance, attended by deacon and subdeacon, who bore before him the Crucifix between two large lighted candles.

At the closed door of the main entrance to the Cathedral was a table, spread with a white cloth, containing a bowl of water and a plate of salt. Having blessed the salt and water and mixed them, the Archbishop aspersed with the holy water thus obtained the

[1] Our account is taken from *The Times*, Wednesday, June 29, 1910.

walls of the Cathedral. Three times he made a circuit of the vast and stately building, using a spray of hyssop as a sprinkler, and praying that the Cathedral might therewith be kept from all defilement and the assaults of the spirits of wickedness.

Here the action of the Bishop is twofold—magical and religious. The precise meaning of the two terms will be defined later, but, broadly speaking, all will agree that to seek to purify a building by aspersing it with salt and water is a magical proceeding. But, as though he had not full confidence in his own magical powers, the Bishop also prays, that is, asks someone else to do what he may have failed to do himself. It will be further seen that, while the magical aspersion involves no theology—or, if there be a god, it is the Bishop himself—the religious act assumes a god, a person who can be prayed to.

Having, with God's help to his magic, cleansed the Cathedral outside, the Bishop attempts entry.

The next part of the ceremony was the claim of admission to the Cathedral. Forming a wide half-circle around the main entrance were the choir, and as the Archbishop knocked three times at the closed doors with his pastoral staff they recited in Latin the antiphon: "Lift up your gates, ye Princes, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." The deacon inside asked: "Who is this King of Glory?" and the Archbishop replied: "The Lord of Armies, He is the King of Glory," and added, "Aperite, aperite, aperite." The doors were then opened. The Archbishop traced a cross on the threshold with the end of his staff, saying: "Behold the Sign of the Cross, flee, all ye phantoms," and, entering the Cathedral, cried aloud, "Peace be to this house!"

This step in the ceremony is mainly magical. It is of special interest because the Bishop is here, clearly, the old medicine god-king. The " King of Glory " is to come in, and so the Bishop enters. Of course, the ceremony would now be explained as symbolic. The Bishop is " the viceregent of God on earth," etc. In primitive days it would be taken literally—the god-king-priest enters, bringing his *mana* with him.

The ceremony of magical induction is instantly followed by—it is, indeed, coincident with—the ceremony of extrusion. The phantoms are magically expelled, not by the power of God, but by the Sign of the Cross.

Once within, the plot thickens; we have a rite all-important, all-significant, and too little known.

### Ceremony of the Alphabet.

The building was empty. No one[1] is allowed inside a church during the ceremony of dedication save the consecrating Bishop and his attendants. On the floor of the spacious nave, from the main entrance to the Sanctuary, were painted in white two broad paths, which connected the corners diagonally opposite, and, intersecting at the centre of the nave, formed a huge figure X, or St. Andrew's Cross. Where the lines of the cross converged was placed a faldstool; and here the Archbishop, still in cope and mitre, knelt in prayer, while the choir continued to sing the ancient plainsong of the " Sarum Antiphon."

Meanwhile attendants were engaged strewing the nave with ashes. This meant the laying of small heaps of the ashes, about two yards apart, along both lines of

[1] *The Times* correspondent was by special grace admitted into the gallery.

the St. Andrew's cross. Beside each heap of ashes was placed a piece of cardboard containing a letter of the alphabet—the Greek on one line and the Latin on the other. The Archbishop then went towards the main entrance attended by the deacon and subdeacon, and preceded by the Crucifix carried between lighted candles. Starting first from the left-hand corner, Dr. Bourne advanced along one path of the St. Andrew's cross, tracing with the end of his pastoral staff the letters of the Greek alphabet on the heaps of ashes; and, returning again to the main entrance, repeated the process on the other path, tracing this time on the heaps of ashes the letters of the Latin alphabet. This curious ceremony is variously interpreted as symbolizing the union of the Western and Eastern Churches, or the teaching of the rudiments of Christianity, and as a survival of the custom of the Roman augurs in laying their plans for the construction of a temple, or as the procedure of Roman surveyors in valuing land for fiscal purposes.

The learned theories here suggested are needless. The rite is a piece of primitive magic. The alphabet is made up of *elements*, out of which the whole human speech is compound. These elements (*stoicheia*) stand for the elements out of which the universe is compounded; and their order, the row (*stoichos*) in which they stand, is the world order. By the might of the elements you have power to control the universe; the Cathedral is become a microcosmos.

I have chosen this ceremonial because it is more frankly magical, less "contaminated" by prayer and theology, than any other known to me. But, of course, our own (Anglican) State Church contains magic enough. All sacraments are magical—that is, they attempt direct control of unseen powers; they do without the intermediary

of prayer; they do not connote theology. We have only two sacraments; the Roman Church has seven, besides other rites, like that of exorcism, frankly magical. Speaking generally, the Roman Church lays more stress on magic, we on prayer and its correlative, theology. I say this not to disparage the Roman Church. She is nearer Alpha, and will have therefore, perhaps, less difficulty in abolishing Omega.

It is time now that we asked the question, What precisely do we mean by magic, by religion, by theology? We shall then be able to show how and in what measure, if theology be abandoned, something that is at least akin to magic and religion may be retained. But, first, why do we want to retain anything? We know that the Sign of the Cross does not and cannot make evil phantoms, if such exist, flee. We know that strewing ashes and tracing alphabets does not help us to command the universe. Why show reverence for all this *hocus-pocus?* Why try to keep it up?

Frankly, I am not concerned to keep up this or any other religious or magical *hocus-pocus.* What I am concerned with is the spirit that lies behind it—some element which I do believe to be essential to human progress, and therefore a thing to be conserved. I have come to this conclusion very slowly and, I admit, reluctantly, and to show how I came I must for a moment lapse into autobiography. I do not think one's

view or attitude can be understood without the statement of how it grew up. Thought, to be living, does and must arise straight out of life.

My religious life goes back into the middle of last century. I was brought up in what used to be called the " Low Church " School, thoroughly Church—to enter a Dissenting chapel was absolutely taboo—but rather violently Protestant. One of my childhood's earliest and most ardent desires—long unfulfilled—was to see a " Papist," as they were then called. We were Evangelical, almost, though not quite, to the point of Calvinism.

Needless to say, I reacted into rather extreme High Churchism. I was always a ritualist at heart (that form of Churchmanship still holds me by sentiment), but there was too much Protestant blood in my veins for it to take real possession; so I lapsed into Broad Churchism, and finally, as I thought, into complete Agnosticism.

When I came to college, late in life—I was twenty-four — I was a complete Agnostic; but whenever I had the chance I went to hear Mass or the nearest High Church simulation of it. In the Cambridge of the seventies the opportunities were not as ample as now.

Having tried all the theologies open to me, I came to the conclusion that religion was not for me, that it said nothing to my spiritual life, and I threw myself passionately into the study of literature and art. For the fifteen years that I lived in London I don't think I ever entered a

church. I lived with artists and literary people, studying art and archeology, lecturing on art.

And then within my own professional work it happened rather oddly that I became slowly aware that what I really was interested in was, not Greek art, but Greek religion, and even Greek literature held me largely for its profoundly religious content. So, gradually I worked and lectured more and more on Greek mythology, and less and less on Greek art; and then, again, I found it was not mythology really that interested and drew me, save for its poetry, but ritual and religion. I was always hankering after that side of things, wanting to understand it, excited about it.

Please don't misunderstand me. It was not that I was spiritually lonely or "seeking for the light"; it was that I felt religion was my subject. Well, of course, I plunged into comparative religion. That only confirmed my own agnosticism as to all the theology. As a personal question, religion, I thought, had no longer any interest to me. Possibly I had had too much of it in my early years; there is such a thing as religious satiety, and I needed rest and space.

My interest in religion as a study grew and grew. People used to write and ask me, Why don't you lecture on Greek Art any more? and I had to write back: "I simply can't; religion is so much more interesting."

Possibly outsiders saw a certain absurdity in an avowed—quite openly avowed—Agnostic pas-

sionately studying religion. I never thought about it at all till I came back to Cambridge about 1900. It was then part of my normal official duty to say grace on occasions and to read prayers in the morning. I did this a few times, and then some lingering sense of truth and decency rose up in me, and said: You are an Agnostic; you can't, you mustn't. As you value your spiritual life, you mustn't use words you don't believe. So I didn't.

Then I began to think, was I really devoting my life to the study of a number of pernicious superstitious errors? Of course, some people can and have done that. I felt absolutely certain that it was not so with me; that I was studying a vital and tremendous impulse—a thing fraught indeed with endless peril, but great and glorious, inspiring, worth all a lifetime's devotion.

And then bit by bit I came to see that the thing I loved, that beckoned to me and drew me irresistibly, was religion; the thing that hampered and thwarted and even disgusted me was theology. Theology is the letter that killeth, religion the spirit that maketh alive, and, if the good ship Religion is to live in to-day's turbulent waters, we must not shrink, we must throw overboard the Jonah of theology.

Such is my main contention, but before I can hope to make it seem reasonable, or even practicable, I must make more clear the distinction

already implied and assumed, between magic, religion, and theology; I must also try to show something of how they arose and what is their biological function.

And first we have to remember that all this magic, religion, and theology, is a *human* heritage, something that for better for worse marks us off from the lower animals. No animal, so far as can be known, has or has developed any religion, and no man, so far as we yet know, however rude, exists who has not some primitive form of religion, who does not practise some elementary form of magic. This is not to say that religion is necessarily good. No animal of his own motion gets drunk, and man does; but if we are disposed to throw off religion as a bygone superstition, this reflection into its human character may give us pause. Countless thinkers, who imagine they want to renounce their heritage of religion, only, in reality, I am sure, long to cast off the yoke of an obsolete theology.

Man's behaviour in trying to influence the world about him is, psychologists[1] tell us, of three types. He can act mechanically, or magically, or "anthropopathically." You want to make a ship go: you can either stoke the engine—that is mechanical action—or you can whistle for the wind, if it is a sailing vessel—that is magical—or you can fall

[1] I take my psychology mainly from Professor Leuba, to whose *La Psychologie des Phénomènes Religieux*, 1914, I am greatly indebted.

down on your knees and pray to God to send the ship along—that is anthropopathical. By this clumsy word is simply meant that you treat the force which is needed to send the ship on, as though it *felt* like a man; you entreat it or you bribe it; you pray to it or you sacrifice to it.

Now, when we look at animals, we find that they are capable of "mechanical" action up to a certain point. They cannot stoke an engine, for they cannot use tools; but they do observe, and they do in wonderful fashion adapt their action to experience; they do "learn from experience." A bear will go along a slender branch just so far as it can safely carry him, not because he understands the laws of force and gravity, but because he has learned "by experience," and that experience of his and his fore-bears has become instinct. The bear learns to climb the dangerous tree with safety just as we learn to ride a bicycle, not by theorizing, but by continual blunders checked by perpetual disaster. An animal also can behave anthropopathically. He can treat a man as a man, a dog as a dog. He can appeal with great skill and effect to human emotions. But, unlike man, he does not behave anthropopathically to natural forces; he may show fear at the sound of thunder, but he does not try to placate it by gambolling and begging. He has, we are inclined to say, "too much sense." Perhaps we ought to say he is too closely limited by instinct. Constant, imminent experience teaches him that man

is man, and thunder is thunder; the wise dog has no illusions.

And yet, again, no animal practises magic. A hot dog might like a cool breeze, but he does not whistle for the wind. Animals, it is known, and specially birds, have dances of their own. Bears can dance with wonderful grace and facility. Yet animals have no ritual dances. They dance under the stress of particular emotions, but they do not dance to obtain particular ends, to get food and drink. How is it that again they "have too much sense"? The instinctive adaptations of animals through stress of circumstances are little short of miraculous. Witness the pigeons of the Tower Bridge. The bridge opens to let ships through, and the pigeons have learnt to build their nests at such an angle that when the bridge opens the eggs do not fall out. Lloyd Morgan's famous experiment with the ducklings is instructive. They had taken a bath in a tin tray morning by morning since they were hatched. One day the tray was set before them as usual, but with no water in it. They got in, and automatically splashed about. The next day they got in again, but they did not stay in so long; on the third day they gave it up for good.

It took Mr. Lloyd Morgan's ducklings just three days by the experimental method to find out a mistake and put an end to their useless activity. Man goes on for generations, for centuries, performing magical rites which experiment has shown

to be fruitless. These experiments are always costly, often laborious, and even painful and prejudicial. From the point of view of science, man, compared with the duckling, is a poor product. The lower animals within their limitations are so wise; they lack the power to progress, but, checked as they always are by experience, all avenues to the worst form of idiocy and mania are also closed. Why is this?

Because—psychologists again tell us—the lower animals have no "free ideas," or, at least, such faint ones that the "free ideas" do not become a motive power to action. By "free ideas" we mean, not abstract conceptions, but ideas that arose in our minds *in the absence of the objects that gave rise to them.* In a word, they have no clear and active memory. Some sort of memory, undoubtedly, animals and even plants have, and it can be reawakened simply and vividly by the renewed presence of the object; but, in the absence of the object, this memory is not vivid and articulate enough to act as a motive. For an animal to learn by experience, the satisfaction of his desire must follow quickly on the effective act, and the experience must be repeated at short intervals. Our bicycle experiences again instruct us. We do not learn to bicycle owing to our "free ideas," but by frequent muscular adaptation to experiences frequently repeated at short intervals. We are all familiar with the stock advice, "Do it a little every day"; "Never miss

a day"; "It is no use talking, you must *do* it." The fact is, we do not master the bicycle: the bicycle masters us, forces us to adapt our body to it. Our reason is useless; we learn to do it "by instinct."

Of course, these "free ideas," this faculty man has for registering an impression and recovering it as a motive, is at the back of all his progress. It is equally at the back of all his self-deception. He stores up, so to speak, a number of loose, irresponsible, possible motives (for all ideas are potentially desires), and these are "free"—*i.e.*, unchecked by immediate experience. Once the ideas are "free," and a man is straightway, in the fullest sense of the words, "at the mercy of his ideas," for better for worse he is the prey of auto-suggestion. A friend of mine once wrote to a Christian Scientist to ask if he could undertake to cure her little dog, affected by a troublesome snuffle. The healer wrote back: "Most certainly I can cure your little dog; 'Divine Love is for all.'" But, when it came to actually sending the patient, difficulties were raised about accommodation. The healer knew all the time that, though in theory he was obliged to include the dog, on the dog he could not efficiently practise self-suggestion. He probably did *not* know that it was because the dog's "free ideas" were too weak to be motor.

Probably, almost certainly, the capacity for "free ideas" to the motor point goes with the capacity for language. Speech holds ideas, clari-

fies them, frees them, and gives them life-blood. The fancies that flit across our brain, and probably across the feebler brains of animals, remain ineffective phantoms till speech grips and crystallizes them. A dog can hunt in dreams. We all know this in practice; we all know the uneasy state in which we "understand, but cannot express." We all know, too, the sudden sense of relief when the right word found precipitates the thought. If we cannot struggle through into words, the thought flutters off, unstable and ineffectual, like a dream forgotten at waking. Speech makes thought communicable, and a thing that can be communicated gains, though it loses; it becomes at once more solid and less real, more abstracted.

Religion, then, and magic and theology, are not, so to speak, things in themselves: they are elements in our great human heritage of "free ideas" of imagination. We have stopped now, or we ought to have stopped, talking of "religious emotions," "the religious instinct," and so on. There are no religious emotions. Religion, we are sometimes told, is compounded of fear and love and awe, etc., but fear and love and awe are felt in matters purely secular. What we call "religious emotions" are *the common emotions of humanity directed towards particular objects* which have a character of their own, and which it is therefore convenient to call by a label, to call "religious." These religious objects are spirits, demons, gods—

in a word, unseen forces felt to be operative; and these unseen forces are, broadly, the common object of magic, religion, and theology.

"No man hath seen God at any time." It is essential to the object of religion that it should be unseen. Once seen it leaves the kingdom of "free ideas," and enters the domain of experimental fact; it ceases to be religious, becoming a matter of science. But the unseen is not therefore the unknown; "free ideas" are freely *experienced* as motor forces, and it is as a motor force mainly that religion maintains itself. It is the immense rest in imagination given to some spirits by the conception of a Father in heaven that maintains our creed as orthodoxy. It is the immense enhancement of his megalomania that makes the savage go on believing he can magically "sing" an arrow, and thereby slay his enemy.

If magic, then, religion, and theology, have for their common sphere the domain of "free ideas," invisible forms, where and how do they differentiate? In this, I think, mainly: Theology is "eikonic," a thing of definite images and clear-cut personalities; magic is impersonal—that is, it deals mainly with forces not personalized. It is "aneikonic"; it demands for its object no clear image or shape. Religion hovers between the two, inclining, however, almost always to the eikonic and personal. To the average man the idea of religion implies belief in a personal God, and the attempt of man to relate himself to that

God by prayer or praise or sacrifice is the attempt of man to treat the unknown force anthropopathically. Magic not only deals with impersonal forces, but it deals with them impersonally, directly, refusing to regard these forces as personal agents who can be profitably implored or bribed. When the Bishop traces the alphabet on the holy ashes, he is not approaching God as a human being to be placated; he is not approaching Him at all, he is trying by magic to get direct control of the forces behind the universe.

Now, the Bishop's attempt is a failure, all magic is a failure; why, then, did I say at the outset that we must renounce the Omega of theology and go back to the Alpha of magic? I do not propose to restore magical practices. What I mean is this: The idea underlying magic is nearer to our modern standpoint, more manageable, less irreconcilable, than any theological system—any system of personalized divinities that have to be anthropopathically approached. Note how religious reformers, prophets not priests, persistently protest against the anthropopathic method. Sacrifice, which used to be almost coterminous with religion, is dead; the field of prayer is more and more restricted; even praise is felt to be precarious. Sacrifice is dead, not only or chiefly because the slaying of innocent animals is repugnant to us; we do it still complacently by the hands of others for our food, with our own hands for sport. It is dead because we do not really

believe in the personal existence of the King whose face it was our anxious business to smooth with a gift.

Sacrifice is dead, prayer constantly restricted; but sacraments live on, and probably will long live, because they are magical. Sacraments presuppose nothing more than just what science is disposed or compelled to admit: an invisible prepotent force on which and through which we can possibly act, with which we are in some way connected. Sacraments clash with no clear-cut conviction; they lend themselves to mysticism, to the notion of a god who is immanent, not imminent. The notions of immanence and the mystic's submergence of personality in ecstasy, are near akin. The notion of the external God who was Creator or Ruler or Judge or Proprietor was the reflection of a time when man was very sure of his own selfhood and separateness, when lines were sharply drawn and selves were envisaged as solid bodies in space mutually exclusive, not as forces interacting. Sacraments are for union; they know nothing of a god who draws a ring fence round himself with the notice, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." We want a god nowadays, or a "free idea," who will represent mystical truth, such as, "He that will save his life must lose it"—who will teach us, not sacrifice to him, but self-transcendence in other selves. It was Lewis Nettleship[1] who said long

[1] *Remains*, vol. i., p. 53.

ago: "The times when one feels one is most truly oneself are just those in which one feels that the consciousness of one's own individuality is most absolutely swallowed up, whether in sympathy with nature or in the bringing to birth of truth, or in enthusiasm for other men. Thus, the secret of life is self-giving."

Gods and theology are always, I believe, a temporary phase, always perforce fabricated, and only to be broken. They are husks, shells, that the swelling kernel of religion must always break through; and by religion I mean, in the main, just that commerce with the unseen and unknown that we have by virtue of our "free ideas." I mean the religion that is something more than mere convention. I am quite aware that among primitive peoples, and among people to-day who are anything but primitive, religion is little more than a ritual which they would be uncomfortable if they did not perform. It is, as Mr. Lowes Dickinson[1] has well said, "a kind of lightning-conductor for the emotions and desires that are concerned with the ordinary business of life, with birth, marriage, and death." Nearly all normal people fly back to church on these occasions. But to temperamentally religious people it is much more: it is the constant, haunting dominance, the beckoning, sometimes almost the

[1] In his invaluable Report to the Trustees of the Albert Hahn Fellowships, October, 1913, which he kindly allowed me to read.

threatening, of the unseen. And so it has always been; always there has been this note of the invisible, the not fully known, in so far as religion is differentiated from mere social custom.

But many temperaments are ill at ease with the unknown. Few—none, I should think—can bear to live always in commerce with it. The strain is terrific. Besides, there is all the known to be lived with, and rejoiced in, too. So what does man do? What has he done in all ages, in all countries?

He instinctively rationalizes the unseen, the unknown; he makes of it some comprehensible figure, something known, realized, with which he can live at ease. He makes an idol, not in wood or stone, but in his mind, and before that idol—relieved, comforted, reassured, at home—he bows down, calling it God. He then tells stories about the idol, about what it does for him, how it saves him from his terrors. If we ourselves are the makers of these tales, we call them theology; if others with whom we do not agree make them, we call them mythology; and just because we have some subconscious misgivings as to the reality of these idols, we are very angry if anyone ventures to doubt their existence. But, mark you, these "gods," each and all, are a moving away from religion; they are a rationalizing into the known, not a relation of faith to the unknown. Whatever you think you *know* about the unknown is so much filched from religion.

Now, of course, the human spirit is free, and no one must condemn the making of theologies or mythologies. But here comes in a curious point, a sort of principle that has been forced on me in my study of comparative religion. In the development of religion, it is now an accepted law that things begin with the imagination of beings of whom you cannot in any fair sense of the word predicate divinity. Perhaps the greatest advance made in the study of Greek religion of late has been to show that the Greek *gods*, Zeus, Apollo, and the rest, are a temporary phase, an outcome of particular social activities and social structure, which inevitably causes anthropomorphism, or, as I prefer to call it, anthropophuism—the making of gods with human natures—and the anthropopathic action of the worshipper. We know now that, all over the world, a people of peasants tilling the fields, dependent much on weather and climate and nature generally, will have as their gods vague *dæmones*. But a people vigorous, self-reliant, practically efficient, a people of conquerors, immigrant, colonial, whether Hellen or Teuton, always make their gods or god in *human* shape. They believe in themselves, and they project their own images. God is for them what they trust and believe in—that is, their own right arm. Religion is a transfigured morality.

That is on the whole a good and healthy state, but mark the result.

First, it is a sad limitation. Morality is social, due to the reaction of man on man; it is human. But religion is our reaction to the whole, the unbounded whole. The reason why the influence of the Indian poet Tagore has been so rapid and widespread is that Indian religion includes reaction towards a world wider than our human activities, the whole natural universe. Indian religion is, to quote Mr. Dickinson again,[1] as compared to Christianity, "inhuman." The tremendous forces of Nature, and what lies behind them, is the object of worship, of speculation, and of art. Man in the Indian vision is a plaything and slave of natural forces; only by ceasing to be man does he gain freedom and deliverance.

Our god and the Greek gods have through sheer humanity become profoundly *non*-religious. They are of the known quantity. We, like the Greeks, are a practical people; we insist on dealing with the known—practical politics, a "going" concern.

Next, not only is this a limitation, but it has brought about a most pernicious confusion of religion with morality. It has made of religion a moral obligation, a thing you can seek to impose. We can and must impose morality, because morality is just the system of give and take which is the condition of our living together. But we proceed to make our human gods into incarnate patterns of *morality* (though, oddly

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 9.

enough, they usually lag behind the morality of those who made them), and then in the name of morality we seek to impose these imagined humanities on our neighbours.[1]

But, of course, no educated man makes a quite so gross confusion. What we mostly do is to blend together in one image two things that are distinct (as far as anything in this universe is distinct)—the real mystery of the universe, the force behind things, before which we all bow, on the one hand, and on the other the various and shifting image, the rationalized man-made *eikon*, which was fashioned and imagined by man when confronted with that mystery. We have confused theology—a rational thing that can be intellectually defined, though it must never be morally imposed—with religion, an external reaction towards the unknown, the hidden spring of our physical, spiritual life.

In my own specialist work of Greek religion my friends have brought against me of late a somewhat serious charge. They tax me with some lack of reverence for the Olympian gods, for Apollo, for Athena—nay, even for Father Zeus himself. My interest, I am told, is unduly focussed on ghosts, bogies, fetiches, pillar-cults. I pay to them and to such-like the attention properly due to the reverend Olympians. Worse

[1] On the dangers of *sich imponiren* in politics, see p. 245.

still, in matters of ritual I prefer savage disorders, Dionysiac orgies, the tearing of wild bulls, to the ordered and stately ceremonial of Panathenaic processions. In a word, my heart, it would seem, is not in the right place.

Now, in the light of a better understanding of the psychology of religion, theology, and magic, I am able, if not quite to justify my lawless instincts, at least to submit some reasoned *apologia pro hæresi mea*. I begin to see that my own deep inward dissatisfaction with Olympian religion rose from the fact that, while developing and expressing to the full the eikonic element, it disallowed the aneikonic. Not my dissatisfaction alone, otherwise I might well have disputed it. Professor Ramsay has called the Olympians "an idle, superfluous, celestial hierarchy."[1] Mr. Gilbert Murray writes: "The Homeric religion is not really a religion at all. The twelve Olympians represent an enlightened compromise made to suit the convenience of a federation."[2] With the "twelveness" of the Olympians, with the Olympian *system*, I have here nothing to do, though it raises most interesting ethnographical problems which we hope further researches will solve. The secret of my discontent lies deeper, and it is that each several well-accredited Olympian is inadequate because he is not a god, but an anthropomorphic *eikon* of a

[1] *Dictionary of the Bible*: "Religion of Greece."
[2] *The Rise of the Greek Epic*, p. 235.

god. I say advisedly the accredited Olympians; for the half Olympians, Demeter, Dionysus, Eros, are more than eikons, they are life-spirits, "Things that are," and with them I wage no war.

What is eikonism? What does it do? Eikonism takes the vague, unknown, fearful thing, and tries to picture it, picture it as known, as distinct, definite—something a man can think about and understand; something that will think about and understand him; something as far rationalized as man himself. The vague some*thing* becomes a particular some*one*; to use a modern philosophical jargon, eikonism *pragmatizes* the divine god. Out of the terror and emptiness of the Absolute, or rather its savage, inchoate equivalent, men take and fashion just what they can realize and use. Having made the vague something into a definite, intelligible, some*one*, articulate and distinct, they give him a life-story and provide him with human relations: eikonism generates immediate mythology. For mythology is only, like eikonism, the attempted expression of the unknown in terms of the known; it usually obscures rather than illuminates religion.

Seeing the god clearly, discreetly, segregating him completely as an individual, giving him characteristic attributes, eikonism tends inevitably to polytheism—lands us, in conjunction, of course, with other causes, in Olympianism. That eikonism, when it takes on, as with the Greeks, the form of anthropomorphism, has civilizing ten-

dencies, no one will deny. It tends to expurgate the cruder monstrosities, to eliminate vague terror; human gods tend to be humane; but how partial and precarious the process, how liable to swift corruption, the Olympians themselves witness. Its great advance is artistic.

Turn to aneikonism. Aneikonism does not make its gods, it finds them—finds them in the life of Nature outside man, or in the psychological experience, the hope, the fear, the hate, the love, within him. It begins with fetichism, it ends in symbolism; its feet are in the deep sea-wells and in the primeval slime, its head is swathed in mists and mysticism. Starting with a vague effort to seize and imprison the unknown terror or delight within or without, to make the El of a moment resident permanently in some tangible Beth, aneikonism is the outcome rather of emotion than of intellect, begotten probably in that early stage when thought and emotion were not segregate as now.

Aneikonism is always imaginatively more awful than eikonism. Lucan saw this of the imageless worship of the Gauls:[1]

> "Non vulgatis sacrata figuris
> Numina sic metuunt. . . .
> Tantum terroribus addit
> Quos timeant non nosse deos."

Shaping no human form, aneikonism tells no human story, has no mythology, no human genealogy, no pseudo-history; it renounces whole

[1] iii. 415-417.

domains of art and literature, all the variegated fabric and fancies of polytheism. Its tendency is towards monotheism and pantheism. It generates cosmogonies rather than theologies, and from these cosmogonies is born a rude and primitive philosophy. Hence, though the gods of aneikonism are not scientific, they are not wholly irreconcilable with science; they are life principles within the whole of Nature, not impossible, unthinkable, outside creators and rulers.

Turn to ritual. The ritual of eikonism is simple and easily intelligible. Having made the divine into a man, it treats him as such, offers sacrifice to him, prays to him, praises him. The ritual of aneikonism at its lowest is magical; it aims at direct control of unknown forces, of things that are. Seeking the virtue of magical contact, aneikonism kisses its pillar. Aneikonism will not sacrifice or pray or praise. It holds no human traffic with " fabulous immortal men." It is at once above and below that. At its highest, aneikonic ritual, being monotheistic or pantheistic, aims at union; in a word, it is sacramental, mystical.

I had often wondered why the Olympians—Apollo, Athena, even Zeus, always vaguely irritated me, and why the mystery gods, their shapes and ritual, Demeter, Dionysus, the cosmic Eros, drew and drew me. I see it now. It is just that these mystery gods represent the supreme golden moment achieved by the Greek, and the Greek

only, in his incomparable way. The mystery gods *are* eikonic, caught in lovely human shapes; but they are life-spirits barely held; they shift and change. Æschylus, arch-mystic, changes his Erinyes into Eumenides, and is charged with impiety. Dionysus is a human youth, lovely, with curled hair, but in a moment he is a Wild Bull and a Burning Flame. The beauty and the thrill of it!

It has been suggested to me that eikonism and aneikonism in their ultimate analysis represent the workings of those two factors of our being with which modern science is now and rightly, but so tardily, much concerned, the conscious and the subconscious. The subconscious makes for fusion, union, emotion, ecstasy; the conscious for segregation, discrimination, analysis, clarity of vision. On the action and interaction of these two our whole spiritual vitality would seem to depend, and to the understanding of this interaction very much of our modern science is bent.

To be an Atheist, then, to renounce eikonic theology, is to me personally almost an essential of religious life. I say this in no spirit of paradox, but as matter of deep conviction. The god of theology is simply an intellectual attempt to define the indefinable; it is not a thing lived, experienced; it almost must be a spiritual stumbling-block to-day. The very attempt to *impose* the god of theology, the desire to enforce his worship,

shows that. For witness we have all the dismal medieval but still extant apparatus that stretches in an iron chain from the Inquisition to Compulsory Chapel.

I shall be told that theology is a help to expressing and understanding, that when we say God is our Father, or Judge, or Redeemer, etc., we are helped to realize something manifested in the universe. In the past the figures of gods must have helped, or they would not have survived, and they helped the more that they were never imposed as articles of faith. They were focuses of emotion, though quite as often of bad as good emotion. To me theology is about as helpful in religion as it would be, say, to try and write the philosophy of M. Bergson in medieval Latin. With infinite ingenuity and the twisting of words it possibly might be done, but why try ? It is not only that the particular forms of theology are dead, but that the idea of theology—*i.e.*, a science of the unknowable—is, if not dead, at least, I venture to think, dying. God and reason are contradictory terms.

I know I am apt not to be fair to theology. I owe it a sort of grudge, because the impossibility of accepting its man-made figments made me for years think I was irreligious, whereas I know myself by temperament to be deeply, perhaps almost insanely, religious. The unseen is always haunting me, surging up behind the visible—no merit to me—a positive weakness for the " reli-

gion of Time," because things temporal are apt to go misty.

Theology is dying—must, I think, inevitably die—because we are beginning to know what knowledge is, and what are its limitations. To know is to abstract, to classify, to compare these abstractions which are qualities, and which for practical purposes we extract from the complex reality of experience. By such processes, by such compounding of qualities, of wisdom and strength and what not, do we compound those idols that we call our gods. My business is not for the moment epistemology, but this much I must say, that I avow myself a deeply religious Atheist with much more confidence than I should have had some seven years ago, before I read the philosophy of M. Bergson. That philosophy is, I hold, a trumpet-call to religion in the sense I have defined it, and that is why it has echoed in, and is answered by, so many hearts whose heads have barely grasped it. But this philosophy is a shattering blow to theology, because all theology is but a thinly-veiled rationalism, a net of illusive clarity cast over life and its realities.

No need to enlarge on the new and wondrous illumination of this philosophy. It has brought new reverence for life and reality, it has forced us to recognize that intellect is the servant, not the lord, of life. It has changed our whole outlook, for it has taught us that life *is* change, and cannot in its fulness be permanently formulated.

Theology says: "Here, outside me, is God as Creator." Religion says: "Within me I experience *l'Évolution Créatrice.*" Theology says: "I offer you a scheme of salvation—take it or leave it." The terms are clear and rational. Religion says: "Within me goes on a process of change; I undergo it, I can never know it, for it is me." Theology says: "God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." "The Faith once delivered to the Saints"—permanent, defined, apprehended.

Religion says,

"Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean,"

and the faithful plunge in.

"Pour nager il faut sauter."

## VIII.

## ART AND MR. CLIVE BELL[1]

SOMETIMES—not very often—in the reading of a book, an odd thing happens. With the feelings, instincts, tastes, of the writer one is conscious of sudden and close sympathy; for his reasoned convictions, his theories, his dogmas, one has an equally strong antipathy.

This has happened to me with Mr. Clive Bell's book on Art. I am almost sure that his theory is wrong, but his heart seems to me often in the right place, and, in the matter of art, he would be the first to own that the heart takes and keeps precedence of the head. What follows is written, not to attack Mr. Clive Bell, but to clear my own head. My heart being in the same place as his, I shall assume the soundness of our common tastes.

An author allures us at the outset who gives us illustrations so beautiful. The Wei figure which is frontispiece, the Peruvian Pot, the Byzantine Mosaic, the Cézanne, all make immediate appeal. Only as to the second illustration, the Persian Dish, we have our private heresy :

[1] *Art*, by Clive Bell, 1914.

the noseless—or is it mouthless?—rider (the doubt is permissible) leaves us cold for a reason that will appear later. Otherwise we see eye to eye and rejoice; we are conscious instantly of what we used to call "beauty," and now, by an ugly but safer phrase, call "æsthetic emotion"; and a man who chooses with such, to us, apt instinct must needs, we feel, be heard.

We will begin with sympathies, reserving to the end our one crucial antipathy. I wish that thirty years ago, when Mr. Bell was probably being born or brought up, I could have read chapter iii. —"The Christian Slope." It would have saved me much travail of soul. It was then my business to lecture on Greek Art. I knew instinctively, the moment I looked at the Parthenon marbles, that Pheidias was "a master of the early decadence"—"a man in whom ran rich and fast, but a little coarsened, the stream of inspiration that gave life to archaic Greek sculpture." I knew that in the spell-bound Harpy Tomb in the half-awakened "Korai" of the Acropolis Museum was a form and a significance denied even to the "Ilissos," and for about a year I timidly said it; and then, frightened by the big tradition dead against me, I tried to "take a wider view"—to "see beauty everywhere," even in the Græco-Romans; and finally, disheartened and feeling myself an impostor, I threw up the lecturing sponge and fled. And again, when, a little later, I went to St. Apollinare in Classe, I knew that here was

the real thing that made one's heart stand still; but friends and companions whom I reverenced saw only what was " interesting " and " strange," and I doubted my own instincts.

Next my heart goes out to Mr. Clive Bell when he talks of music, for his experience is mine. Sometimes, very rarely, the perception of pure form lifts me out of myself; often, mostly, music merely stirs wells of personal emotion. No new thing is added to my life, only " the old material stirred." " I begin to read into the musical forms human emotions of terror and mystery, love and hate." " I have tumbled from the superb peaks of æsthetic exaltation to the snug foot-hills of warm humanity." This, Mr. Bell says, is " a jolly country." No one, he adds, " need be ashamed of enjoying himself there." I differ wholly. Long ago I gave up going to concerts. It seemed to me, for me, wicked, blasphemous.

Again and again Mr. Bell cleanses the air of some foul fog of confused thinking. Take what he says of " beauty." He rightly refuses to use the word because it has been abused. The word " beautiful," he justly says, is to the man in the street, more often than not, synonymous with " desirable." That is why it is tacitly, and sometimes overtly, demanded of all women that they should be " beautiful." When an artist calls a wrinkled old hag " beautiful," he uses the word in quite another sense, and he is apt to be suspected of humbug.

Then, again, how clear-cut is his thinking on Art and Ethics! Mr. G. E. Moore has shown us that "states of mind" alone are good as ends—that is, states of mind alone, not things, are "good in isolation." Art engenders ecstasy—a state of mind supremely good. It therefore is not a means of promoting good actions—to hold that, is, with Tolstoi, to put the cart obstructively before the horse. Actions are not ends in themselves: they are only roads to goods—*i.e.*, to states of minds. To say that a thing is a work of art is in itself to make a "momentous moral judgment."

Returning to "The Christian Slope," how illuminating is the observation, that in the history of art "the summit of one movement seems always to spring erect from the trough of its predecessor!" The upward slope is vertical, the downward an inclined plane. For instance, from Duccio to Giotto is a step up, sharp and shallow. From Giotto to Lionardo is a long, and at times almost imperceptible, fall. This rids us at once—and how great the riddance!—of all the accumulated rubbish of "historical criticism," of "evolution in art." "To think of a man's art as leading on to the art of someone else is to misunderstand it." This rids us of all the traditional wrongheadedness that makes us try to show how Giotto must needs "creep a grub that Titian might flaunt a butterfly." In the matter of command of tools and materials, in the matter of facility for photo-

graphic representation, this evolution is true. In the matter of what really matters, vision, significance, it is utterly false. Giotto at the top of the slope sees the Promised Land, and down the long Renascence slope the vision fades into the light of common day. "By a slope I mean that which lies between a great primitive morning, when men create art because they must, and that darkest hour when men confound imitation with art."

I come to my crucial antipathy. Among sympathies so profound this antipathy must needs be crucial to be felt at all. It is, indeed, a most intimate division of soul, cutting at the very heart of Mr. Bell's theory. He tells us at the outset that he who would elaborate a plausible theory of æsthetics must possess two qualities —artistic sensibility and a turn for clear thinking. About the robustness of my own logical faculty I have genuine and grave doubts; about the reality and intensity of my own rather rare and narrow æsthetic emotions, none. What of theory I have to bring forward is based directly on personal experience. But my theory would never have been formulated save as a counter-theory to Mr. Bell's. Again and again, as I read his book, I felt, as to its main contention, How fine, how almost right, and yet how utterly wrong! So I had to turn to and examine my own experience.

Mr. Bell's theory is well known, but for clear-

ness' sake I restate it. To talk about æsthetic emotion at all, we must admit that a certain quality is shared by all objects that provoke æsthetic emotion. What is that quality? Only one answer seems, to Mr. Bell, possible—Significant Form. In each object of art, lines and colours combined in a particular way, certain forms and relations of forms, stir our æsthetic emotions. These relations and combinations of lines and colours, these æsthetically moving forms, he calls "Significant Form"; and "Significant Form" is the one quality common, he thinks, to all works of visual art. I am not sure that this quality need be *one;* there may be a fundamental pluralism in art. But let that pass. The word "significant," with its intellectual associations, is, I think, misleading: "emotional" would have been, perhaps, nearer the truth, though "significant" has a fine, almost magically suggestive, air. But I am not going to quarrel with a label. Had Mr. Bell been satisfied with the positive content of his definition, I should probably have agreed. Form—call it emotional or call it significant—*is* a prime element in the causation of æsthetic emotion. But he goes on to negation, and here the worm turns.

It is on page 25 that negation, and with it, I think, error, creeps, or rather tramps, in.

"Let no one imagine that representation is bad in itself." For that let us be thankful! "A realistic form may be significant in its place as

part of the design, as an abstract. But if a representative form has value, it is as form, not as representation. The representative element in a work of art may or may not be harmful; *always it is irrelevant.* For, to appreciate a work of art, we need bring with us nothing from life—no knowledge of its ideas and affairs, no familiarity with its emotions." The italics are our own: they mark the fundamental error. To us representation is essential, not irrelevant—as essential as form itself. Of the two, not of the one, art is compounded. Of this, for me, I am personally sure. This is to me a matter of experience, and though the whole school of Cambridge Rationalists might rise up to deny the validity of the experience, I abide unshaken.

A work of art that causes me æsthetic emotion has always about it something of a trance-like quality, for the artist is always a sleep-walker. It is real, but with the reality of a dream. It is reality, but reality caught—held somehow at a distance. The spectator is spell-bound. This emotion is, I think, just what Mr. Bell describes himself as feeling for significant form. But, when I come to analyze its cause, my conclusion is quite different from his. It seems to me that the very essence of this cause is representation of reality; but that representation, when it becomes art, is caught and fettered by form. It is not the fetters, the form, the pattern, that holds me spell-bound, that catches my breath, that sends

a cold shudder down my spine; it is the spectacle of reality fettered, it is *formal representation.* But to take away the representation element is to empty the wine from the chalice. I am sure of this, because this special ecstasy does not come over me when looking at a beautiful pattern. Here, I expect, I differ from Mr. Bell. But—and I freely expose the inconsistency—it does come over me, to some extent, when looking at fine Romanesque architecture. I cannot, I admit, explain this, for in Romanesque architecture there is no representation. I am here, I know, in a logical hole, which makes me feel that my theory, though I believe it to be true, is not the whole truth.

I want to go a little farther. This trance-like, spell-bound feeling comes over me when I look at many of the Primitives. There is in the Acropolis Museum at Athens an archaic woman's figure, to look at which is to me all but unbearable. The reality behind her face—I am inclined to accept Mr. Bell's metaphysic—seems just about to break loose, utter itself, and the tension is overmuch. But I feel it even more exquisitely, perhaps because more consciously, when I look at figures treated with almost brutal realism, figures that push representation to the utmost, such as some of Degas' dancers. They are caught and held by a spell, and thereby they hold me. They are things enchanted. Now, it is form, I am sure, that casts the spell—that is, the fetters. Then Mr.

Bell is right, but Reality is the enchanted nymph, and she must be represented, and we must almost feel her struggle. Art to me is very like a dead face or a sudden halt in a dance, but the noise of life and its flutter must be there if you are to feel the silence and the binding spell.

Art, then, to me is not the creation of significant form, hollow of content, but the fettering of reality by form—a widely different thing. It may be possible to make my meaning clearer by the analogy—or is it more than reality ?—of rhythm. To say that art is the creation of significant form, and that representation is irrelevant, is like saying that metre—abstract metre—is a poem. A poem is the shackling of live speech by the fetters of a rhythm, and the sense of beauty arises when the fixed forms of the metre are broken,[1] and we feel the words breaking up against the rhythm. It is so, of course, in music. There *is* a rude joy in the regular beat; but this is simple and soon palls. The sense of the beat is keenest when the measure is syncopated. This law that freedom is only felt through fetters, this relation of the gospel to the law, seems deep-seated. It probably holds in the moral world. A young generation that worshipped life, and thought to find joy in the utter freedom of every vital impulse, already hankers after law, and is returning disillusioned

[1] I owe this conception of rhythm in its articulate form to Professor Murray, but it is a thing I have long blindly felt.

to old fetters or forging new ones. Life is doomed to make for itself moulds, break them, remake them.

"As works of art," Mr. Bell justly says, the Futurist pictures are negligible. And why? Because, he explains, they are descriptive—that is, representative. They aim at presenting in line and colour the chaos of the mind at a particular moment; their forms are not intended to promote æsthetic emotion, but to convey information. That they are failures as art—those I have seen—I agree, but not because they are representative. The new field they open up is priceless as material, but it is not informed. There will come one day a Futurist, let us hope, who will cast the spell, and set the motors and aeroplanes sleep-walking. It is, perhaps, a not very hard thing to give form and silence to a rough-hewn figure. To throw the modern whirlpool into trance is another matter, and needs, perhaps, a bigger man.

I think I dimly discern two reasons why Mr. Bell will have none of representation: First he is fighting his friend, Mr. Roger Fry, and Mr. Fry holds (or did hold in 1909) that art, which is the utterance of the imaginative life, is closely bound up with actuality. Art is to him the vision of life when practical reactions are cut off. The artist is, as M. Bergson[1] beautifully said, "le distrait." It is always dangerous to argue even with the

[1] *La Perception du Changement*, p. 12.

best of one's friends. It crystallizes one's errors. To Mr. Fry art is reality *se*cluded, and so, reacting against Mr. Fry, Mr. Bell *ex*cludes reality.

But not only does he react against a friend's theory, but Mr. Bell is also the champion of a movement of Post-Impressionism. In his instructive analysis of Post-Impressionism he shows us that one characteristic of the movement, and a sound one, is the resolution of artists to free their art from literary and scientific irrelevancies. To do this they make a cult of Simplification. In Mr. Bell we detect some of the fanaticism of the devout worshipper. He has not escaped altogether the dangers—of which he is well aware—involved in championing a movement. Post-Impressionists simplify; they love half a cheese and an apple and a bottle of water. It is only a step more to say, Let us have no subject at all, only a pattern of lines and spaces reinforced by colour. This wholly logical step has been taken by the more ardent souls. This drives Mr. Bell to the desperate position that " all informatory matter is irrelevant, and should be eliminated."

But see him partly conscious of his own plight. " Not every picture," he pathetically observes, is as good seen upside down as upside up." The artist is tempted to humour the weakness of the flesh in the spectator, and let Adam or Eve, for a change, stand upright on their feet. " *Enter by the back-door Representation in the quality of a clue*

*to the nature of the design.*" Could anything be more ingenious or more unconvincing? Subject is there, we are sure, not as a clue to design, but because, when the bird has flown, the empty cage is useless. It is not "information" that is reprehensible in art, but information uninformed. Form, as Mr. Bell himself says, is "the talisman." But what use the talisman without the thing enchanted? Form without content is dead. It is the beat of the live bird's wing within the cage that makes form "significant."

# EPILOGUE ON THE WAR: PEACE WITH PATRIOTISM

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων.

" WELL, I never was more surprised in my life ! I hear all these dons are enlisting. It simply amazes me. I thought they cared nothing about it, and that they despised the war, and now they have all turned soldiers. And I hear it's the same at Oxford !"

Thus spake, early in September, a military friend. Rage, sheer red-hot rage, choked me and held me speechless for a moment. My academic friends, it would seem, were, in the eyes of the professional soldier, Gallios all—these men, whose passion it was to know the truth and teach it, who scorned the cheap delight of sport, and lived laborious days striving after the difficult right. Now, when the lust of conquest was maddening half Europe, when every human value hung in the balance, and all that made life worth the living was threatened, these men, to me the pick of their country's manhood, would stand aside, not, forsooth, because they were drunk with port-wine and dissolute, but because, over-intellectualized, cold and critical, they would " despise the war " !

When speech came back I could only splutter something elementary to the effect that I supposed even a don might do his duty. The war has brought this release—that it is possible now to utter the word *duty* unabashed. Not even the youngest eyebrow is uplifted to mark the anachronism. But *duty* remains a question-begging label. I was in no fit state for fruitful analysis. But as I went home rage died down, and it is rage, just as it dies down, that "gives, most furiously, to think." If I began with anger against my friend, I have ended with gratitude.

Long life and many sins against the light had taught me thus much. Whenever at an accusation blind rage burns up within us, the reason is that some arrow has pierced the joints of our harness. Behind our shining armour of righteous indignation lurks a convicted and only half-repentant sinner. If a charge be wholly false, it carries no sting—we simply reflect on the stupidity or passion of the accuser, and he drops out of mind. If the charge rankles, we may be almost sure some sharp and bitter grain of truth lurks within it, and the wound is best probed. That the contempt—for contempt, of course, it was, masking as respect—of the soldier for the don was mistaken, I felt sure; but, since the insult rankled, it must be in some sense true—the don did somehow despise the soldier. Let the soldier look to his own sins. Mine it was—my sympathies being wholly academic—to see when and how the don had blundered.

At the present moment, when issues vaster and more imminent overshadow all our thinking, the mere question of why the Army sniffs at the University, and the University sniffs back at the Army, is too little actual, seriously, to engage anyone's attention. The don has turned soldier, and proudly, if a little shamefacedly, parades the uniform which, ten years ago, would have been to him *anathema*. Still, even in this sudden fraternity rumour says that, as between Regular and Territorial, brotherly love does not wholly continue. Be this as it may, a trivial and merely professional rivalry or even animosity would not be worth analysis at a time so critical, save that this very rivalry is significant of bigger issues—of those momentous issues of War and Peace on which our whole being is now exclusively focussed. It is because, with every fibre of body and mind, I stand for Peace that I want to try and understand this ancient animosity. If I seem to start from matters parochial, I can promise to end with questions international.

Before saying anything about War and Peace, it is perhaps demanded of each and every writer to state his own position. Coming out from a beautiful and, to me, most illuminating address on the subject, I heard a voice behind me say: "Well, I'm blessed if I know whether he thinks we ought to be at war or not! *They ought to say*"—"they" being, presumably, those persons

who thought themselves qualified to teach and preach. The injunction to stand and deliver is always vexatious to the academic mind, trained to weigh and balance and see a hundred sides at once. But the listener's instinct was, I think, sound. My view, then, is this: How far our past policy is responsible in part for bringing about the war I am not competent to decide. But at the last moment we had, I believe, no alternative but to fight. To be perfectly frank, I ought perhaps to own that this view is not quite of my own making. In the depths of my fanatical heart I dream of a day when our army will go out, not to war, but, if need be, to martyrdom, and when that army will consist of every man and woman in England. I doubt if a Hun could be found to " durchhauen " that silent, defenceless band. But I have been too often wrong to have, as regards practical affairs, any rooted confidence in my own judgment. So I have, rather reluctantly, adopted the position of my specialist friends. By specialists in moral judgment I mean such men and women as have not only thought more honestly and strenuously, but also lived with a resolute self-control beyond what I can myself ever hope to achieve. They have earned the right to a valued judgment.

My own opinion about the present actual war I hold, then, to be quite valueless. What I offer for consideration is quite another thing—my conviction of one cause, I should like to say *the*

main cause—of *all war*. This cause is, I believe, a thing that we could, if we cared enough, put an end to; it is also a thing that we—all of us, soldiers and dons alike—most carefully foster. I shall best arrive at it by considering for a moment the motives that have sent my academic friends to the front, or to not less arduous, though less glorious, labours at the rear. To guard in advance against possible misunderstanding, let me say at once that I am not setting out to prove that, as the soldier stands for war, the don stands for peace. Soldiers may stand for peace and dons for war. What I am in search of is a certain inward war in our members which makes perpetually for international conflagration.

Why, then, we must first ask, did my friends "join"?

Was it fear? "Roll up before it is too late." "Hearth and home are in danger, wife and child." I think not. Fear counts for something *now*, since the disastrous raid on unarmed Scarborough and the holy stones of S. Hilda, but not in August—not very seriously now to us islanders.

Was it patriotism? "Your country calls you?" "England expects——" "For God and the King." This question I must partially waive, since the main gist of this paper is really to show the meaning and function of patriotism, its wrongness and its rightness. When we are truly patriotic, war will, I believe, end; but for the present, to the question, "Was it patriotism?"

the answer must be "No." It was something much bigger, something that was not *for* England or to be imposed *by* England, but something for the whole of humanity—some right for which every civilized human being was bound steadfastly to stand.

In 1870 Mr. Gladstone said, in his inspired way: "The greatest triumph of our time will be the attainment of the idea of public right as the governing of European politics." To-day our own Prime Minister[1] translates this public right into concrete terms.

"It means," he tells us, "first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of States, and of the future moulding of the European world. It means, next, that room be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. It means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of compelling ambition, for grouping and alliances and a precarious equipoise—the substitution of a real European partnership, based on the recognition

[1] In his valuable *The War and the Way Out*, Mr. Lowes Dickinson has in most opportune fashion called attention afresh to this solemn pronouncement of our Prime Minister. With his criticism of what he calls the Governmental theory as the main cause of the War, I do not see wholly eye to eye, as will later appear.

of equal right, and established and enforced by a common will."

"It *ought* to mean," says Mr. Asquith cautiously. It *does*, it *shall* mean, answers every thinking civilized man, be he don or professional soldier.

War against Force, against Militarism. "War against War"[1] is a call which a man may well answer, in a spirit of clear thinking and solemn self-sacrifice. Just as in the *Guerre des Paysans* the Belgians made themselves soldiers to avoid the dominance of a military class, that spirit, I am sure, is here and now. But into the response of the don, as contrasted with that of the soldier, enters another factor, curious and instructive. When Tommy goes off to the front, he sings, I am told, by way of confession of faith: "We're here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here." And a very good marching song it no doubt is, for Tommy's business is not psychological analysis. When the officer starts on the same errand, he has the immense personal joy—a joy, perhaps, beyond all others—of feeling that at last his profession, his particular job in life, has not only become suddenly real, but *the* reality of the moment—*the* thing that counts. Consciously or unconsciously, that thought must set his heart aflame.

With the don it is, of course, just the reverse.

[1] See Mr. Lindsay's admirable pamphlet which bears this title.

His temple of learning war lays in temporary ruins—ruins not only material, but spiritual. His golden apple, plucked with such rapture from the Tree of Life and Knowledge, turns suddenly to ashes in his mouth. Who cares to-day whole-heartedly for Hittites or Minoans? Who raises to-day the question of the Origins of Tragedy or Comedy? Learning, and still more research, is a hard mistress; she will have your whole heart or none of you, and which of us has the genius to die the great death of Archimedes? War upsets every value; the beam is suddenly kicked, and down falls the scale of learning. I heard a mother lament the other day: "Oh, our education is all wrong! Why don't we teach our girls to nurse and to cook? What is the use of learning Greek?" Learning *is*, temporarily, at a discount; but even in the time of a plague should we do well all to turn plumbers and doctors?

The odd and interesting thing is, not that war should temporarily upset values, but that this very upset—this topsy-turvydom which places learning lowest—is positively welcomed just by the man who might be expected to resent it: the scholar and thinker. Keen though I was that every friend of mine who was serviceable should serve, I confess that it came at first to me as something of a shock to find that many of them —men and women — went, not reluctantly, but with positive alacrity. The bugle-call had, for

them, whether it summoned to the hospital-ward or the camp, some quite peculiar, compelling magic. Rarely had Cambridge seen so many shining faces. Why ? There were diverse reasons, for of dons there are diverse classes.

There is, first, the don who is a don merely by circumstance, who never has—who never will—make his calling and election as a thinker sure. We all of us have among our academic friends men and women, honourable and honoured, whose ideal of life is really not a University, but a camp; who love to live and make live by rule, not to gain time for learning, but for sheer love of regulation. Military discipline—nay, even martial law—is the breath of their nostrils. All such, and they are sometimes the salt of the earth, answer with shining eyes the bugle-call. To all born organizers War is bringing, in schoolboy phrase, " the time of their lives."

But—more surprising—the real student, the born don, is keen to go. This academic alacrity was, of course, widely quoted and commented on —not always kindly. " Trust a don, if he goes at all, for going jingo," said one paper. There was, of course, just a grain of truth in the taunt. The plant of moral violence, and the instinctive faith in bloodshed and war, is curiously apt to spring up from the soil of academic life. Treitschke may stand as an instance, and of it the professional soldier is guiltless. Long before the war broke out Professor Gilbert

Murray,[1] with his accustomed insight into the human heart, touched this secret academic weakness.

"A man everlastingly wrapped round in good books and safe living cries out for something harsh and real—for blood and swear-words and crude, jagged sentences. A man who (like the Greek God) escapes with eagerness from a life of war and dirt and brutality and hardship to dwell just a short time among the Muses, naturally likes the Muses to be their very selves, and not remind him of the mud he has just washed off."

Academic Man needs—to put it plainly—"a change." But, further, most University men, and many women, have been, from very early days, mercilessly specialized by our public school system. Life has been planned out for them into two departments—hard, mental work of the acquisitive and analytic type, and just so much play as is necessary to keep work going. Both departments—work and play—have been unnaturally sharpened and polished by competition to the point of an almost desperate and mechanical efficiency. The average don is debarred from that wholesome blend of thinking and acting which makes up the life of the soldier and the man of business. There are, of course, men born to be pure thinkers, as there are men born to be poets, but the normal man instinctively desires the mixed life.

[1] *Euripides and his Age*, p. 103.

But there was more than any of this—more than the mere desire for change or for the mixed life of thought and action, though this was a healthy enough desire for minds over-focussed, and, through over-focus, stale in vision. There was a deeper, a more spiritual hunger. Into the seething cauldron they stepped as though some healing angel, and not some devil, had troubled the waters, and the cure they found was just the bond of a common fellowship. It is not good for a man to be alone—it is not good to be "the cat that walks by itself." The shyer, the more self-conscious, the more completely isolated, the don, the more inwardly he longs for fellowship, only he is powerless to seek and gain it by himself; it must come by some outside compulsion.

Alone and safeguarded from emotion, all thinkers must be *while they think;* that is the price they pay for their high calling. You cannot think when you are in a crowd, or in a rage, or in love. But, by the eternal rhythm of life, you must feel first, and then think—let yourself go in emotion, recover yourself in reflection. Thinking is reflection on life, and without life on which to reflect it is barren. Thinking can only be shared with the elect—feeling almost *is* fraternity. "Our higher ideals are forgotten, but we are a band of brothers standing side by side."[1] Learning severs us from all but a few—love reunites us. Such is the mystery of life. Now, all

[1] Professor Gilbert Murray, *Thoughts on the War*, p. 4.

this—this hunger for the common life of the don doomed to monasticism of spirit—no soldier bred in the excessive collectivism of the camp can realize. The don himself probably did not consciously know it—certainly never consciously sought relief. For duty's sake he stepped down with the host into the flood, and was re-baptized and found salvation. To him the camp, with its privations, was not purgatory to be endured to win salvation for others, but paradise, unsought yet won.

Yet another thing. War is a savagery—a set-back to civilization—and yet, or rather because of this, it has for the quite young—say, for those under thirty—a singular charm lacking to the middle-aged. *It chimes with a modern reaction.* From the lips of those who have only a childhood's memory of the disastrous Boer War, and to whom the Franco-Prussian War is mere history, one hears much about "war has its good side." "Man, after all, is a fighting animal," and hard on the heels of all this follows as a corollary that "we must always have war"—that peace is a poor, emasculate, and even effeminate business; and at a woman's college the motion before the house was that "a short war is, under certain circumstances, better than a long peace." The motion was lost by a big majority; that it could ever have been put is matter for a day of Academic Humiliation, spiritual and intellectual.

The blunder that underlies such a motion is

elementary. War cannot be "better" than Peace, because neither War nor Peace can ever in themselves be either good or evil. As Mr. George Moore long ago showed us, only *states of mind* are good or evil in themselves. War is not a state of mind—it is a convenient label for a number of heterogeneous activities, and these activities may bring about an infinite variety of states of mind, some hellish, some heavenly. To try and settle your disputes by killing your opponent is always a stupid brutality, but out of that stupid brutality may arise to others, and even to the slayer, clearer thinking and purified emotions. Out even of evil—and war is not evil — can come good — that is the fact we call God. But are we to cause or allow or maintain war that our souls may be saved? Are cathedrals to be shelled and homes laid waste and children butchered that by terror and pity we may be made pure? My God! No! No! No! "Slaughter," whatever Wordsworth may say, is *not* God's daughter; and, anyhow, better go down to the nethermost hell than buy heaven at such a price. The fact remains, however, that War and the modern reaction do chime together, and for a moment the question must be considered, What is this Reaction, and why does it chime with War?

The two questions must be taken together—they throw light on each other. Several months

ago I was studying the Reaction with curiosity; that curiosity is now so completely swallowed up by the bigger emotion of the War that, save for the understanding of the spirit of War and Peace, it has ceased to interest me. But, first, I want to say that I use the word *Reaction* with some reluctance and some sense of injustice. I should prefer "swing of the pendulum." By reaction I imply no blame. The Reaction seems to me, on the whole, a forward movement; but its own supporters formulate their creed as a return to past ideals. That arch-reactionary the Abbé Dimnet calls his book *France Herself Again.* Perhaps it is also fair to add that I am not, save within narrow limits, a reactionary myself. I observe the movement necessarily from the banks rather than from mid-stream, so that my analysis may strike the more ardent as chilly. The watchwords of my generation—which still set my heart aglow—were Knowledge and Freedom. To put it less pleasantly, we were Intellectualists and Individualists. The rising generation stands broadly for emotion and collectivism.

Of collectivism I do not want to say one needless word. Frankly, just now I am rather bored with it. For five long years, in season and out, I have preached collectivism—its relation to life and religion, its inspirations, its perils. I cannot have charmed very wisely, for my friends the deaf adders, with one or two exceptions, stopped their ears and glided swiftly away into their holes.

Nowadays, collectivism is not only booming as a fashionable dogma; it is—a conquest far more significant—astir in every man's heart. A dogma once boomed is, intellectually, stale, and therefore useless; but a lived experience may remain vital long after the dogmatic death. With collectivism, for argument's sake, I have ceased to conjure.

One theoretical point, however, must needs be emphasized for clearness' sake, and we shall then have done with *isms*. Intellectualism and individualism go necessarily together; the marriage is of nature, not convention. In like fashion, collectivism and emotionalism, which react against the two other impulses, cannot be sundered. This lies deep in the very heart of things. A wise physiologist has told us that man is a thing made up of the two ends of his nerves—the end in touch with the outside world reacting and acting: that we used to call body; the other end secluded by man's separate body within his brain: that we used to call spirit or soul. And yet they are not two, but one man. The outside end touches what we call the actual world, brings us into touch with our fellows, is active and collective. The inside touches the no-less-actual world of images, imaginations. But because it is created by the self, the secluded and secluding brain is, primarily, individualistic—not ultimately, because it is to some the supreme motor force.

The outside end, what we call the actual world

of primary sensations, is the stuff of which all our dreams and all our abstractions, all our art and all our science, is made, and the return to these primary sensations is of the essence of the modern reaction. Because of this thirst for primary sensations it joins hand with War, and we hear so much of "purgation through primal emotions." To the modern reactionary even art itself is suspect, is not primary enough. Science seems to him simply insignificant. It was a sudden revelation to me when a friend, himself an artist, said: "I am only just beginning to realize, through other people telling me, that there can be any real pleasure in getting to know things." Pleasure! It isn't pleasure—it is hunger, it is passion; but a generation "fed up" with knowledge, nurtured on cheap abstractions, knows it not. Such a generation prays with Keats: "Oh, for a life of sensations, rather than thought!" Sated, yes, desolated, by insistent analysis, it seeks to drown individual consciousness in collective militancy and mysticism. The Hound of Heaven is seen to-day chasing back the lost—because separated—soul and self.

This reaction is most clearly seen among our allies the French, for with them it is logical, explicit, and has found swift and full expression in literature.

"Nous sommes à un de ces moments où l'on s'aperçoit tout à coup que quelque chose a bougé.

Comme un bateau qui, pendant la nuit, tourne sur son ancre la littérature a pris une orientation nouvelle."[1]

The great Anatole and all he stood for—all the materialism, pessimism, the cynicism, the delicate *esprit* and the conscious art—no longer represent France. Maeterlinck, with his bloodless symbolism, his effortless, pain-stricken shadows, has, now we are told, no following. Young France refuses to roll in the mire, or to toss in a nightmare dream. She is up and awake, and out for *action*. Chief among new leaders are the " three B's "—Brunetière, Barrès, and Bergson—and to them as marking the transition may be added the belated convert Bourget. The movement is, of course, anti-intellectualist. The watchwords are Home and Country. The idols of this new French market-place are the Church and the Army. It is a complete *volte-face*, and it is something more than a shift of opinion; it is, as M. Bergson has said, a " renaissance morale, une vraie récréation de la volonté." It is incarnate in such novels as *La Colline inspirée* of Barrès, and *La Maison* of Bordeaux—this last a book I tried, but I must admit failed, to read.

Cult of the family, the smallest of all groups—cult of *la patrie*, a group still to the thinking of the old liberalism too narrow—these are the new inspirations, and they are set in definite opposi-

[1] Jacques Rivière, "Le Roman d'Aventure," in *La Nouvelle Revue*, 1913, p. 748.

tion to the old ideals of the " citizen of the world." You are to draw your inspiration from your local soil, from the very chairs and tables and clocks and mirrors of your ancestral home, as beautifully shown in Estaumié's *Choses qui voient.* Before all things be local, parochial, patriotic—*i.e.*, dwell on your differences, and be prepared to fight for them; cultivate the small, combative herd-emotions, and for your religion M. Péguy will provide it for you. Your god must be the projection of France, as local as Jahveh and as combative. " C'est embêtant dit Dieu. Quand il n'y aura plus ces Français."

This god demands, he necessitates, immediate unquestioning faith, faith so unquestioning that it is a mainspring of action, faith wholly dogmatic and non-intellectual, whose only function is to pull the trigger. Such faith is in its final analysis a local affirmation of self-confidence, " la croyance c'est la patrie."

For an old liberal to depict such a reaction is to caricature it. In England, necessarily, the reaction is less explicit, and, though quite as anti-intellectualist, much less logical and theoretical. It therefore takes on shapes that, to the middle-aged, are less grotesque, though still irritating. Reactions are always irritating to those who do not react, and the only way to allay this irritation is to track out the cause and try to find the human need that called for the reaction. Ten years ago we were faced by a perfect orgy of

egotism and individualism; the younger generation came trampling over their elders, and " their pride was as the pride of young elephants." The prostrate ones are just getting their heads up, and they find to their amazement the young ones are back in their own tracks. Ten years ago to mention the word " duty " was to write yourself down a fogey. The watchwords now are discipline, faith, simplicity, convention, law, obedience. Collectivism is the virtue of the young, their vice individualism. A few hoary truths have raised their buried heads. One is: " No man liveth to himself." Another: " He that hunts pleasure or even happiness fails to catch her." And another, harder to state, is that for the fullest realization of life rhythm—which is law—is wanted as well as movement—which is life.

The reaction is obvious enough. That it chimes with the war-spirit is patent. The question remains: What is its purport—the need it satisfies ? Why did it come ? The ugly, pessimistic thought crops up in some elderly minds: These young things react because they have got what they wanted. They despised conventions, when conventions restricted their relations, say, with the opposite sex. They are married now, and those very conventions they once despised are ranged on the side of their satisfied desires. They trampled on their parents; they are now parents themselves, and realize the trembling passion of

a parent's instinctive protectiveness. So they are all for hearth and home. Now, there is a certain horrid truth about this, but it is true for all generations—for all ages—not for one. We, all of us, all our lives rebel against the convention that hampers, accept the convention that emphasizes personal desire. Our problem is to account for the particular reaction of a particular generation. The solution is, I think, not far to seek.

The present generation was born at the end of a century marked by two things—by an intellectual expansion perhaps unparalleled, and, as the consequence of this intellectual expansion, by an amazingly swift accession of material wealth. It was cradled in a perfect slough of delicate, scientifically-thought-out personal comfort, masking as sanitation. The atmosphere of personal luxury is a small matter, easily lived through by any robust nature. The atmosphere of second-hand, traditional intellectualism is more serious, because, as we have seen, it involves at its best individualism—at its worst egotism. It is against this preponderant intellectualism, with its attendant egotism, that the present generation instinctively reacts. Amazingly clever though it is, it has felt itself, somehow, sterile in motive power. It desires to *feel afresh*, even that it may think anew. It asks to be born again. I do not know whether I am singular in my experience, but what has most impressed me in the young is their

extreme old age—their hoary wisdom. The youth of the past was in love with ideas, drunk with ideals, avid of analysis; the youth of to-day sees life steadily, and sees it whole. Above all, it craves for action, and only for such thinking as is immediately translatable into action. For souls so sick or so new-born the army is not a penitentiary, but a paradise.

But what has all this to do with patriotism?

Much. Let us take a concrete instance.

The idol of the modern reactionary is the Russian, and, among Russians, Dostoievsky. Russia is, someone has said, the land of Worship, Failure, and Pity. Her characteristic son is, to many of us, the faithful, patient moujik, who, through all his suffering, yet believes that there is something in "God's light," as he beautifully calls the world, besides greed and pain. Russia, as one of her great sons[1] tells us, "is so large and so strong that material power has ceased to be attractive to her thinkers." He tells us, too, that the leaders of public opinion in Russia are "pacific, cosmopolitan, and humanitarian to a fault." When Russia's political exiles are released from Siberia, then we shall know that leaders and rulers are one. Till then we believe and—tremble.

We all adore Russia in her literature. Even

[1] Professor Vinogradoff, *Russia: The Psychology of a Nation*, pp. 12, 13.

through the spotted, disfiguring veil of a translation the beauty of her sad face beckons us. But why specially Dostoievsky? There are many reasons why the reactionary soul goes out to him, and of these I can only deal with the one which is all important for my argument, and brings me to the heart of it. Dostoievsky stands for patriotism, and reactionaries are all ardent patriots. There enthusiasm is national rather than international; and here I believe that the reactionaries have struck on a real truth, somewhat neglected by us older liberals, and a truth that, if only it can be carefully guarded, ought to be fruitful. Patriotism to us older liberals was not an inspiring word. It spelled narrowness—limitations. We aspired to be citizens of the world, and against that world-wide aspiration, widened to abstraction, might be brought with some justice, the accusation that we "aimed at a million, missing a unit." The young reactionary actualist, always practical and realistic, sees the function of the smaller group, the family, the nation; he distrusts, even hates, the larger abstractions which inspired us, and in a measure he is right. By the same showing, he looks for differentiation rather than unity; his mind resents classes.

But first as to Dostoievsky. We have all dreamt of him as Christ-like. We have all been moved to our uttermost depths by the figure of the Idiot Mushkin; we have all fallen on our

knees with Father Zozima before Dimitri and his sufferings to come. These were appeals to our common humanity. We have been perhaps not wholly surprised to find that the man who created these amazing figures was himself not only epileptic and dissolute, but also an arch-egotist to the verge of madness—that his letters are full of his own sufferings, not the sorrows of others, his own debts—paid again and again by others—his own wrongs, which, from nature and the state, were hideous—the supreme importance of his books and their publication. His passion for Christ was the instinct of a soul bound by the fetters of egotism, reaching out to the salvation of altruist love.

This arch-egotist—this humanitarian—is also, as he appears in his letters, supremely a patriot, and that in the narrowest sense. He really hated the international ideal, just as he hated and caricatured the Nihilists. The Socialists he regarded as honest visionaries with a, to him, quite inexplicable *parti pris* for principles. The young Progressivists are to him a snarling, peevish crew. The devotion of his life was not to a principle, but to a personal Christ. He is through and through a reactionary of the most modern type—in his realism, his anti-intellectualism. Yet he was, in date, middle-Victorian. If anyone wants to sneer at the out-of-date thinking of the last century, he does well to remember that it was on December 22, 1849, that the death-sentence

was read, Dostoievsky stood up in his shirt against the prison-wall to be shot.

Salvation, then, for Dostoievsky was to be found, not in the doctrines of foreign socialists, but, first, in the person of Christ, and, next, in national life and custom. His debts obliged him to live abroad, but, out of Russia, he is always "a slice cut off a loaf." His utter inability to see any good in foreign lands would be childish if it were not the source of such poignant misery. Geneva touches him with no thought of either Calvin or Voltaire. It is a miserable, desolate place, where there are open fireplaces instead of stoves, and no Russian double-windows. Italy is no better. Most of all, oddly and modernly enough, he hates Germany. The faith in Europe and the power of civilization got on my nerves, he writes—the German got on my nerves; and perhaps the main root of his ugly hatred of Tourgenev was Tourgenev's "tail-wagging to the German."

Alive and breathing love and hate, we see in Dostoievsky the figure of the reactionary incarnate; realist, anti-intellectualist, Collectivist of the small group, the nation, a patriot through and through. But it will instantly be said, every nation is, of course, patriotic—there is nothing specially Russian about that, nothing specially reactionary. Yes, there is, and it is here that we have to learn in all humility a great lesson from reactionaries and Russians before we can

attain to the Patriotism that is own sister to Peace. For a moment let us look at the Patriotism of Germany, alas! now the handmaid of War!

*Deutschland, Deutschland ueber Alles.* A noble and patriotic sentiment, to begin with. Self, with all its pettiness, lost in love for one's country[1]—a song that has warmed a thousand simple, generous German hearts. But, alas! alas! how soon—how almost inevitably—a noble collectivism passes over into an ignoble imperialism, for "Ueber Alles in der Welt" includes our fellow-men, with their other and sometimes alien ideals. It is that fell *ueber*—over—above. How long ago the Greeks warned us against "uppishness"—ὕβρις. It is worth keeping up a classical education that our youth may know how ugly and how fatal "uppishness" is.

But ὕβρις is, after all, not quite what I mean. For the vice that, to my mind, sins worst against patriotism—a vice alien, it would seem, to the Russian, but far from alien to the Englishmen, is perhaps best expressed in German—*sich imponiren*—to impose oneself. Now, mark, Dostoievsky, the reactionary patriot, never tried *sich imponiren*. He was Russia for the Russian, but

[1] It is, I think, a rather crass injustice, though committed by our Prime Minister, to quote this song as expressing world dominion only. The whole focus, as the context shows, is on collectivism, the sacrifice of the individual and all his interests to a united Germany.

not Russia for the Germans, for the French, or for the Swiss. He never tried to impose Russianism as a gospel or a panacea, and, short of imposing it, he never even tried to infuse the Russian spirit as the salt of the earth. *Sich imponiren* is the very spirit of war; true patriotism, national differentiation, of peace.

For note another point. War, which seems to be nurtured by patriotism—which seems the uttermost expression of it, turns at last on patriotism and slays it. The patriot loves his country because it is different from others, because of its local colour, flavour, smell, because of its living personality. But let that country "impose itself," make other countries obey its laws, accept its customs, adopt its very language, and all these distinctions, lovely and beloved, lapse into a grey uniformity.

It is, indeed, by the analogy of language that one best realizes the meaning and the magic of patriotism. There are people, I believe, who long for a universal language because it would be "so convenient," and it would "bring people together." Now, for certain purposes, I do not want to deny the utility of, say, Esperanto, and for those purposes we might all be well advised to learn it. But if Esperanto alone were spoken throughout the world, think of the desolation of it! To most of us life would be barely worth the living. And should we really draw nearer to other nations? We should meet our fellows, it

is true, at a dreary, half-way public-house, but never see them and feel them at home. When we take the trouble to learn a people's language, it is then we draw near and touch their innermost, unconscious souls. Jahveh at the Tower of Babel laid the foundations of patriotism.

What made the Germans, then, take that fatal step, slide over from a noble patriotism into their ugly pan-imperialism that must end in the death of patriotism? The plain, material causes—the failure of the small German states, the victory in the Franco-Prussian War, the insistent fear of a powerful neighbour, the jealousy of British sea-power—all these have been dealt with by writers more competent. But behind all these things lies a spiritual or intellectual cause, which it is, I think, important to stress, and which brings Germany into sharp and significant contrast with Russia and France, and, in somewhat different fashion, with England. Germany is over-theoretical. Untouched, it would seem, by modern realism, she still worships abstractions: she is a belated idealist. She sees her own "Kultur" as a thing that can be labelled, deported, imposed, a coat of paint that she can put on the other European savages. She forgets that there is no such thing as "Kultur," though there are cultivated men. She lacks Russian realism—the sense of the live fact—of actuality, always parti-coloured.

The sin, or rather blunder, of over-intellectual-

ism, of seeking to understand and rule the world by abstractions, is confined to no one race; but it remains perhaps true that "no Teuton born can resist a generalization." The Russian Intelligentsia, of course, fell for a time into the like snare, but they were rescued, or rather ruined, by the Revolution. As Dr. Williams says:[1] "The Revolution brought the Intelligentsia into rude and sudden contact with reality, and put its dogmas and doctrines to the severest possible test. Doctrines were brushed aside by elemental forces, and instincts, dulled by an inveterate habit of generalization, failed to respond adequately and decisively to the startling appeal of facts." The *Intelligentsia* was devoted to theories, and put great faith in education. It had a "Non-conformist conscience," and it worshipped ideals. These old ideals are to the Reactionaries as faded photographs—each generation must be "taken" afresh; Germany stereotyped.

When abstractions are backed by all the forces of collectivism, their stupefying power is appalling. To call the Germans "Huns" is as ignorant as it is offensive. Such cruelty as they practise is deliberate, not wanton. They are over-educated, unduly docile, not merely to a military power, but to ideas; they are drunk, not with beer, but with theories. This domination of the idea strikes us nowadays as cold, heartless, inhuman. Mainly for this reason is the verdict of

[1] *Russia of the Russians*, p. 135.

Latin on Teuton true to-day: *Teutonici nullius amici.*

Taken up by a whole nation, with the deadly uniformity of all collectivism, and with the added impact of *sich imponiren,* one-idea-ism verges always on insanity. One-idea-ism, as Professor Claye Shaw[1] has shown us in his interesting discussion of the psychology of the German Emperor, is not insanity. As a momentary state it is, indeed, essential to action; we do not act till one idea gains such preponderance that it excludes others. "Mono-ideism" tends, almost necessarily, to action; the single line of idea becomes all-compelling; "it allows no rest: it commandeers and fosters anything which tends to nourish it; it rejects whatever might, as an alien, hinder its course and development." We, all of us, know this state of mind when we are developing a theory. It is essential that this state should be transient—that is, that it should culminate in action—in writing a book, or a pamphlet, or a fly-sheet—and then pass. If mono-ideism persists, that way madness lies.

These two fatal impulses—*sich imponiren* and the cult of abstractions—are to my mind the main, inner, and spiritual causes that have driven Germany into war. The second of these—the cult of abstractions—offers to our English race comparatively few temptations. As a nation we

[1] *Morning Post*, December 11, 1914.

are intensely practical; we hate theories, we abominate system. We are proud of being ill-prepared beforehand—of being "good at an emergency." As a people we live at the outer, not the inner, end of our nerves; we are at home with facts and all abroad with images. We have, besides, a certain balance or sanity of soul which comes to us, I think—and it is more than material safety—from our great sea-mother. Britannia is fond of asserting that she "rules the waves." More than she recks of, in spirit the waves rule Britannia. God grant they always may! The old sea-wolf has many faults, but among them is not swelled head, nor yet the ungovernable passion for abstractions.

At the German, with his abstractions, his theories, his rules and regulations, his well-thought-out "methodisch" plans, the normal Englishman simply smiles; but the Junker, the incarnation of *sich imponiren*, the upper-class bully, he—as simply—*hates*. And why? Alas! for the old reason. That Junker is very near to each one of us. We have him in our very bones. We are Teutons, too—a big, bold, bullying race. We watch the Junker and his offensive "hochnäsig" ways, and each one of us unconsciously says: "Mutato nomine de te. . . ." Let us thank Heaven, fasting, for the Norman Conquest, which saved us and our language from racial purity. Let us thank Heaven, fasting, for the day when, some two hundred years ago, a "re-

markably thin young man[1] stepped briskly on shore at Dover and planted the small seed of friendship between England and France." For then began that intercourse of two alien cultures which "found its momentous consummation at Mons and Cambrai, on the Oise and the Marne."

We have had the incalculable blessing of alliance with our Allies—alliance with Latin blood and Latin spirit, older and urbaner than our own. If Germany is brusque and awkward and self-assertive, need we forget that she is a new nation? She is sure, and rightly sure, of her own splendid claims and merits, but not yet quite assured of her position in society—her status in the comity of nations. Can we not remember that, but for the Grace of God, and of France, "there goes John Bull"? "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and for good breeding commend me to a fine mongrel.

We have been saved from some of Germany's spiritual excesses—saved by France, by the sea; and saved still more we shall be, I believe, by the spirit of pity and worship and realism that comes to us from reactionary Russia. But still within us are the seeds of war. We are still far from that true patriotism and liberty which necessarily mean peace. The essence of that patriotism is,

[1] See Mr. Lytton Strachy's illuminating appreciation of Voltaire in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1914.

on the positive side, freedom[1] to be ourselves; on the negative, the complete renunciation in ourselves of the spirit of *sich imponiren*. Freedom for ourselves must involve freedom for others, else it ceases to be sacred—it is no longer social.

This paper began with the feud between don and soldier—the mutual contempt and intolerance of intellectualist and practical man; the soldier accounting the don a useless prig, the don accounting the soldier an illiterate fool. That feud is healed—at least, for the time. The don has discovered that the soldier can and must think hard, and the soldier, when he sees the don at his drill, discovers that he is not such a fool as he looks. This new union and communion is attained under the stress of a common emotion, and of the closer, more actual, realistic knowledge that this emotion has brought about. At least half the misunderstanding is due, on both sides, to the acceptance of a theory—a man of straw, a bundle of objectionable qualities, in place of a man of fact, a man alive. It is a conflict of ideals. Ideals must cease to conflict.

But behind this foolish ignorance, brought about by class and professional severance, remains our savage determination to set one value against another, not to take men as they are and live with them, but to abstract a quality and then

[1] For a just analysis of true Freedom see an article "On Freedom" in the *Literary Supplement* of the *Times*, December 17, 1914.

set it cock-fighting with another quality. We need more Russian realism, we need more Russian patriotism. But, above all, we need to get rid of the whole spirit of competition, rivalry, jealousy, for they are all, at heart, one and all, the seeds of war; they are all part of the spirit which seeks to enhance one by the minishment of another. Even at a civilized University, if you are "a good egg," it becomes your immediate duty to despise a "bad man." This spirit of jealousy, of minishment for others, which, in peace, we condemn as un-Christian or laugh at as boyish, breaks out in war among those who should be venerable. Men of learning, old and eminent enough to know better, write to the papers and vehemently "deny our debt to German scholarship." The favourite formulary of such crude intolerance is: "We hope we shall hear no more of," which means, "We hope, by bullying and blustering, to stop the utterance of any opinion that is not our own." It is the very quintessence of the spirit of war—*sich imponiren.*

Now here, I am sure, I shall be told that I am a crazy idealist. War, it will be said, is inherent in man's nature. Clergymen, who should be preaching the gospel of peace, and are hard driven for an argument to defend their apostasy, tell us that, in the last resort, we must appeal to force, because God, in nature, teaches the "survival of the fittest," and by the fittest is meant the strongest. An appalling, bloodthirsty blunder

to fasten on Darwin. All nature cries aloud that the fittest are *not* the strongest. It is the most adaptable, not the strongest, who, as the merest reflection on language might suggest, survive. The mammoth is gone, the elephant, alas! is going, and the great might of the bear is now not so much a power as a pathos.

More careful thinkers say, true, yet another truth remains: Force does not prevail, but fighting must survive, because fighting and sex are inextricably bound up. Abolish these primal instincts, and the mainsprings of life are atrophied. Man is and must remain a fighting animal. True as to sex. No sane person seeks to free sex from jealousy, because sex is, in its essence, exclusive. All our most cherished institutions of marriage and the home centre round this quality of exclusion. Marriage *is* exclusion and jealousy, state-sanctioned. It is easy to see that here jealousy serves life, and has therefore its proper function. But need jealousy and exclusiveness spread from sex to the whole of life? So long as they do, so long we shall, I believe, have war. Till we cleanse our hearts of competition and seek that spirit of "live and let live" which in individuals is liberty, and among nations is patriotism, war, though it will be between units even larger and larger, will not—cannot—cease out of the world.

Christianity has so far failed to abolish War. That is simple matter of fact. Five Christian

peoples, Catholic and Protestant, are now at each other's throats. War has indeed, as a Christian scholar himself[1] as candidly as sadly points out, actually promoted among races a sense of brotherhood unknown to Christianity. "It looks as if the human family would really have made a step towards the ideal of brotherhood by waging war together—as if the cynic had some truth on his side who said: 'There is no bond like a common enmity.'" Another thinker will say: Of course Christianity failed. Christ taught a splendid impossibility, based on an immediate eschatology. The Kingdom of Heaven would immediately appear upon earth. What mattered war? What mattered anything? "Love your enemies." "Forsake your father and your mother." "The Kingdom of God is at hand." But we who know that both we and the race to come have long life before us must work more slowly and more surely. Gradually, not Christianity, but our sheer humanity, will make war to cease. We have abolished duelling between individuals, and war—which is but a duel between nations—must go.

Alas! an illusion. Duelling went out because the horror of it—the murdered man before your eyes—killed it. From modern war this purgation of horror is, save for the few at the front, absent or remote. In vain we lash our imagination; we cannot figure it. We are not personally

[1] Mr. Edwyn Bevan in *Brothers All.* Papers for War-Time, No. 4.

responsible for it; the State presses a button, and the dogs of war are let loose. We do not personally wage war; even the generals sit, not upon their chargers leading the attack, but secluded in their bureaus; even the men lie in their trenches, often unseen by and unseeing those other men they kill. There is horror enough, God knows! but not for us the personal horror of doing your own killing. Everything—war, commerce, politics—is nowadays huge, abstracted, remote.

How, then, can war be slain? Not merely, I think, though that is our immediate duty, by fighting the Kaiser, but by slaying the spirit of Kaiserism that is in the very bones of each one of us—this spirit of competition. Of course, I shall be told that this doctrine is emasculate and effeminate. I do not mind that in the least. Every single advance in civilization has had to face that taunt. I can myself just remember the days when a man's virility was held to depend on his capacity for drinking a bottle of port. We are bred up on competition, and we fancy we cannot live without it. Cambridge has abolished her senior wrangler, yet I am told the study of mathematics lives on. Work done in competition is work done on a strong stimulant—right, possibly, in an emergency, never permanently sound. And yet our whole education, our public school system, is based on two things: *sich imponiren* of the group—dare at your peril to

be different, to have personal distinction—and neck-to-neck competition in work and in games. We teach our children to work, not that they may do their best for sheer love of the thing done, but that they may do better than somebody else. Surely always an ugly thing, for someone else is hurt and minished. If children are so reared, can we wonder that grown men are at war?

Do we really need this stimulus of competition? Is it never possible to be zealous without being jealous? So long as we believe competition to be necessary, it will be. It is only a forward faith that can remove the traditional mountain. And what have we to substitute for competition? Only co-operation. Co-operation is a dull, tarnished word, tarred with the brush of utilitarian economics. But is it really a cold, dull thing to work together to know, to work together to discover, to work together to try and make the world a better place for all of us? How savage we are if we can only herd together, wolf-like, to fight!

War is ennobling, we are told, so long as the rules of civilized war are observed—so long as we "play the game." Civilized war! No such thing exists. War may be necessary—it is always barbarous. It is no real settlement of any difficulty—no real adaptation of national need to national environment. And "playing the game"! In the mouths of civilians such words are foolish and pernicious—they obscure the awful issue, the

lives cut short of the nations' best and bravest, the agony and the devastation. We must "learn to give and take a blow and bear no malice"; yes, perhaps, though it seems to me simpler and safer to leave the blow ungiven and untaken. But learn to give and take each other's life—well, that may be a possible injunction for those who believe the dead warrior passes from the battlefield to Elysium; but for those who have no such clear conviction life is supremely precious. There are things worse than death—a thousand times worse—but is there anything better than life, of which for the individual death is the end? The slaying of life is, in sooth, a ghastly "game."

I would not be misunderstood. Of the men at the front—the men who are out to die for the sin of Europe—of them I do not speak; for them I have no thought of blame—only deep reverence. Whatever they do or feel, their supreme peril and self-sacrifice consecrates them, setting them in a place apart. If they fall back on whatever stimulus or consolation their breeding or training provides—on the spirit of sport, on "playing the game," instead of the spirit of solemn execution—it is not for me to cavil, sitting at ease at home. If I met a drunken soldier—I have met none such since the War began—my lips would be shut from blame. If my country had set me the work it has set him, I could not do it in cold blood and sober. But in times of peace, and for us at home, unconsecrated by the baptism of blood and

fire, our plain duty is clear: We must cleanse our hearts not only from hate in war, but from those subtler poisons that fester unto war—from all rivalry, jealousy, and from all spirit of competition; from the setting of nation against nation, class against class, don against soldier—nay, even from the setting of abstract principle against abstract principle, and of action against thought. We must learn to believe that the fittest *will* survive, not because it fights, but because it best adapts itself. We must live and let live, tolerating —nay, fostering—in the life of individuals and of nations an infinite parti-coloured diversity, and so at last win

*Peace with Patriotism.*

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