

his reach may exceed his grasp. But that is hardly his fault.

Let me repeat that the root problem is moral and spiritual, one of the reconstruction of stable values, and of a sure discipline to achieve those values.

I should like to be allowed to illustrate our problem by reference to three recent books which, for me at least, when taken together, state the issue with a most helpful clearness.

The first is H. G. Wells' "Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind"; the second is Aldous Huxley's "This Brave New World"; and the third, D. H. Lawrence's "Apocalypse."

Mr. Wells' book is the last member of his trilogy on the foundations and prospects of our modern world, the other two members being his "Outline of History" and his "Science and Life." This latest book may be not unfairly described as a glorification of the practical ingenuity of man's intelligence and of the unlimited possibilities that lie open to his inexhaustible inventiveness. The note of the book is strangely reminiscent of the voice of King Nebuchadnezzar as he walked in the palace of the Kingdom of Babylon: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the Kingdom by the might of my power and for the honour of my majesty?" We know what the consequence of that performance was, but Mr. Wells shows no sense of it at all in the analogous case. The prospect he paints is that of a vainglorious and rather vulgar Triumph of Technique. Witness, for instance, the snap and click of the highly polished "Efficient" Parliamentary system that he devises. The crucial word "Happiness" occurs in his title, but it is nowhere defined in the text, nor does it occur in the index. Neither does the word "Character." We are left to assume that the Triumph of Technique is Happiness, and Art, Poetry, Literature are handled in a very brief section where they are treated as the expression of man's superfluous energy.

Salvation comes, therefore, through engineering! Yet, inadequate, and indeed degrading, as the Wellsian conception is, it, or something very like it, serves as a seemingly satisfying ideal to many at the present time.

Aldous Huxley's "This Brave New World" is a biting study of the Wellsian ideal come true. Science and technique and the calculating intellect have triumphed: war and disease, poverty and maladjustment are no more: even the pangs of birth and the risk of misfits have been circumvented by elaborate pre-natal treatment which utilises all the latest in bio-chemistry. To utter the word "father" or "mother" is now the height of obscenity.

All the ills and disagreeables have disappeared. But so also have all the deeper satisfactions. There is no friction, no striving, no rising from the ashes of failure to new efforts at self-making. Poetry has sunk several grades below doggerel, and music has disappeared to give place to direct titillation of animal feelings.

The intrusion into this world of a savage, who has, by accident, got hold of a neglected Shakespeare, causes a riot and, incidentally, gives Mr. Huxley the chance to say what he thinks of it. The whole thing may be summed up as: *Pigs*, without even the excuse of dirt.

Whatever one may think of the details, the moral of it all is clear. The conquest of war and disease and poverty is not the end of our problem, but the beginning of it. When we have got thus far we shall be faced more nakedly than ever with the inescapable problem of the Art of Life itself. Man can use science to conquer ills; but he can also use it to condition himself so as to become quite insensitive to the whole range of what we used to call the "higher" values. Is he to describe as "Happiness" the well-washed but brutish contentment that might ensue? Is it not rather the case that Beastliness *plus* the clinic and the bathroom is Beastliness still; if anything rather