

THE INTELLECTUAL PILGRIM- AGE OF ALDOUS HUXLEY

C. I. GLICKSBERG

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S literary career is marked by a brilliant versatility. His first efforts were in verse, and though the art of fiction now takes up most of his time and energy, he has never really abandoned his poetic ambitions. Besides composing novels and poetry, Huxley is also active as a critic. Indeed, the future, in appraising his significance, may rank his critical contribution as of chief importance. Whatever he writes is penetrated with keen critical insight. His poems and novels are precisely those which a highly trained critical intelligence would create. His fiction is remarkable, not for its recording of life passionately lived, but for its interpretation of life in terms of intellectual experiences.

He has not rested content with knowledge derived from books; he has gone about the earth extracting the wisdom of experience from places and people. He belongs to a leisure class. He has never known, except at second-hand, the struggles that most men pass through in order to secure the bare means of subsistence. This class-consciousness—or lack of it—has in part conditioned his outlook on the world. His learning, however, his vast miscellaneous fund of knowledge, his restless intellectual curiosity, have not proved a handicap. They have helped him to produce a body of work which is representative of the cross-currents of modern life. He is one of the few contemporary writers who are honestly searching for the truth, refusing to accept ready-made political or philosophical formulas, however attractive they may appear in their immediate social setting.

It is surprising the number of things Huxley knows, and how lightly he carries his erudition. He uses books to satisfy his insatiable intellectual appetite, his desire to understand. He reads not in order to acquire scholarship but to react sharply to ideas; books enrich and intensify his intellectual life. His essays are "meaty", packed with significance, revealing an admirable integration of what he has seen, observed, read and experienced. He is both a journalist and a man of letters, and that makes all the difference. The subjects that interest him

are legion. In Swift he finds a kindred spirit, but he is also at home with Shelley and Dante and Voltaire, with remote periods of English poetry, with Donne, French poetry, classical and modern poetry, Heywood, Horace, Chaucer, Mencken, eugenics, Balzac, T. H. Huxley, Wordsworth, Jung the psychologist, Edward Lear, Ben Jonson.

Fortunately this formidable, this encyclopedic intellectualism is kept in check by a sanative skepticism. He realizes all too well that the world of ideas can easily be rendered harmonious, while life itself remains intractably complicated. And few modern critics have taken so much pains to make clear the various stages of their intellectual journey. Endowed with a vigorous, fertile brain, his most pleasurable preoccupation is to observe character and study the perverse vagaries of life. Determined to avoid all preconceptions, to see the object steadily and in relation to the totality of other objects, his attitude is unflinchingly skeptical.

With regard to literary criticism, he has frankly stated his position in *Essays New and Old*. In order to express himself adequately, the writer must master his medium of expression. But aesthetic considerations are not of paramount importance. If Huxley finds the contemporary insistence on form to the exclusion of everything else absurd, he is equally inhospitable to the St. Vitus's dance of the unconscious initiated by the Surrealists. Language, he argues, is a social product, encrusted with centuries of tradition and bound to conform to definite usage. The revolt against language is doomed to end in futility.

Like I. A. Richards, Huxley has been deeply influenced by science, especially by the science of psychology. Symbolic logic, the theories in physics formulated by Einstein, have taught him that a truth can be both positive and negative, both true and false. He arrived at these conclusions after a searching analysis of the psychological criteria of truth. He does not accept a rigidly mechanistic interpretation of life. Psychological experiences, for example, are facts that cannot be dismissed. One psychological experience is just as valid as another. What finally determines the nature of truth is a psychological affirmation.

Just as there are many truths, so are there many gods—as many gods as there are minds to apprehend them. God is but a projection of a state of mind. Though a rationalist, Huxley is fully aware of the danger that lies in too complete a reliance on the intellect. Other faculties, equally important, cannot be

suppressed. To do so is to maim the personality. To dwell exclusively in the rarefied atmosphere of abstract knowledge is to exalt the mind too highly as an instrument for comprehending life. There is much between heaven and earth that reason is powerless to explain. The pragmatic test of truth is often suspect. "The final mystery is unknowable. Men's confused perceptions of it are diverse and contradictory. The truth—the inward truth, I mean, since that is the only truth we can know—is that God is different for different men, and for the same man on different occasions."

Though truth is not unitary, psychological facts vary in their degree of usefulness. Some psychological states have the power of profoundly enhancing the sense of life. Huxley assumes, as Pater did before him, that the more intense life is, the better it is. This *à priori* affirmation is supported by the assertion that abstract knowledge cannot nourish the soul—an assertion that is of decisive importance in understanding Huxley's intellectual development. In short, Huxley, after attempting to lead an exclusively intellectual life, has come to the conclusion that experience comes before knowledge, that man must put into use all his various faculties, thought and feeling, mind and heart, sense and desire. Like D. H. Lawrence, he perceives the disaster we court in trying to deny our true nature in its harmonious complexity. Harmonious living is an ideal that we should strive to cultivate, an ideal that is supremely difficult to attain. The perfected man is the complete man. And if we are to live completely, life in all its manifestations must be accepted. There is no ultimate transcendental answer to be ferreted out by metaphysical methods. There are as many answers as there are seekers, and the best answer is the one which permits an harmonious fullness of living.

It is interesting to watch how Huxley, a confirmed skeptic for whom nothing is sacred, has succeeded in constructing a philosophy of values by no means ignoble or disheartening. All truths may be human fictions, contingent and instrumental. Precisely for that reason, Huxley would answer, must man cling to those truths or fictions which are life-enhancing. The universe we inhabit is conditioned for us antecedently by our heredity and our acquired habits. We are a bundle of disparate and frequently conflicting selves: loyalties, moods, desires, appetites. To be alive is necessarily to be inconsistent. As Huxley cheerfully confesses: "My music, like that of every other living and conscious being, is a counterpoint, not a single

melody, a succession of harmonies and discords." Consequently he refrains from adopting a single philosophical system; that would entail the elimination of vital aspects of existence not subsumable under that system. Instead he will endeavor to be sincerely and completely himself: intuitive and intellectual, instinctive and rational. He will embrace the peculiar organic compound of selfhood that is the essential Me. A worshipper of life, he will accept all the contradictory facts of human existence, and endeavor to piece together a way of life out of these discordant fragments.

If inconsistency is inescapable, then every man has a right to his own world-view. Huxley concedes that right, but he also retains the right to resist any attempt to convert him philosophically or spiritually. What is true for him may not be true for others. Live and let live—that is his motto. He simply states his beliefs tentatively, for what they are worth. His fundamental assumption is that life is valuable in itself; there is no need for supernatural sanctions. From this it follows as the night the day, that the end of life is more life, that living is its own excuse for being. And life, once more, presupposes diversity, contrast, incongruity, contradiction. Completeness is all, the fusion of passion, instinct, desire with will and mind and spirit. The main thing is to achieve a vital equilibrium, not by denying our impulses, but by balancing our excesses.

II

Illusions are essential to the harmonious conduct of life, but they do not lose their efficacy when one is aware of their true nature. It is Huxley's habit constantly to regard man in this dual rôle. Man is a thinker and a bundle of conditioned reflexes, a God-intoxicated dreamer and a creature controlled by his glands and nerves and instincts. Huxley's knowledge of science has not unfitted him for his task as a writer. His creative function, as he sees it, is to understand life in all its amazing complexity, and he utilizes science because it helps him to do so.

The position of the modern critic is and will be increasingly determined by his relation to the world of science. He can, if he wishes, ignore it, and insist that the truths discovered by art are eternal. Or he can acknowledge the fruitful achievement of science, and yet maintain that it does not in the least invalidate the contribution of literature and art. Finally, he can accept the scientific synthesis on the ground that it extends his know-

ledge of reality and his understanding of human nature. The last attitude calls for great courage on the part of the writer: he must plunge into the relative universe explored by science and attempt to master its secrets.

That is the attitude Huxley has adopted, but he has adopted it without neglecting the humanities. He has assimilated the culture of the West. We are, therefore, prepared for his tempered and penetrating conception of literature as being both philosophy and science. "In terms of beauty it enunciates truth. The beauty-truths of the best classical works possess . . . a certain algebraic universality and significance. Naturalistic works contain the more detailed beauty-truths of particular observation. These beauty-truths of art are truly scientific." And again: "Other things being equal, the work of art which 'says' more about the universe will be better than the work of art which says less. (The 'other things' which have to be equal are the forms of beauty, in terms of which the artist must express his philosophic and scientific truths.)"

Having gone thus far, Huxley proceeds to tackle the controversial problem of the relation that exists between poetry and science. Unlike the Humanists, Huxley is of the opinion that science can inspire and fructify the writing of poetry. By changing his intellectual beliefs, by transforming his spiritual existence as a whole, science creates for the poet a new world of material and a new way of expressing it. In brief, the science to be found in "scientific" poetry is not there as science at all, but as an integral vision, a complete attitude towards life.¹

As a student of science, Huxley has none of the overweening arrogance of mystics who profess to have access to secret mines of knowledge and power. No one but a physicist who had specialized in the study of the atom would venture to discuss its structure and functions, yet when it comes to the far more complicated and baffling entity, man, nearly every one feels himself qualified to speak with authority on the subject. Huxley does not believe that human nature is too complex and variable to be susceptible of scientific investigation. A science of society is not an impossible ideal. There are many aspects of man that can be measured. The sciences of genetics, psychology, physiology, economics, and medicine can help us greatly in ordering our life more intelligently. Huxley does not deny that there still remains a vast realm of experience that cannot as yet be

1. For an aesthetic philosophy that supports this judgment though from a Marxist point of view, see the brilliant study by Christopher Caudwell, *Illusion and Reality*, which recently appeared.

subjected to exact analysis, but which is of decided importance in its bearing on practical conduct. Science thus led Huxley to a study of society and politics, economics, Marxism, revolution, war and peace—subjects which he could not very well avoid.

III

In a world shaken to its depths by political passions, the intellectual could no longer preserve an attitude of benevolent neutrality. Humanity may be a comic spectacle to one who thinks, affording food for satiric reflections, but when issues of life and death are involved, when the very existence of civilization appears at stake, the clever gibe or skeptical rationalization is grotesquely out of place. To persist in a position of philosophical skepticism while major battles are being fought is to betray the cause that even an intellectual should uphold. The pressure of contemporary events has also driven Aldous Huxley to coordinate his views about society, to make up his mind where he stands and to what extent he will participate in the political struggles now raging.

What his political sympathies would be, was already decided by his previous development. The Utopian mentality, aspiring to a perfection unattainable on land or sea, did not appeal to him. That type of mentality, he contends, represents a flight from reality—the last thing Huxley wished to do. As early as 1928, in *Proper Studies*, Huxley candidly stated his political convictions.

“Unqualified by training to discuss the details of existing social organization, by nature uninterested in hypothetical Utopias, I have tried to steer a middle course between the too immediate and concrete on the one hand and the too vague and remote on the other”. His first effort is to determine the true nature of the individual and then to examine the structure of society, which exists for man and which must be in harmony with human nature if it is to endure. “A knowledge of human nature provides us with a standard by which to judge existing institutions and all proposals for their reform.” Given the individual, it is then possible to deduce the kind of institution it would be desirable to establish.

This pragmatic approach yields results which are neither valid nor fruitful. The reason is obvious. It is based on a dubious premise. The *individual*, as a given datum, does not exist. We have individuals, differentiated, but endowed with a

more or less similar biological and social heritage, and society is not the sum of these separate and far from cohesive atoms. Each individual reacts in a manner peculiar to his social origin, his economic status, his education. The social institutions we find admirable will depend frequently on the kind of individual we select as typical. Since there is no such thing as an "average" individual, the discussion remains largely abstract.

Considering the emphasis that Huxley places on the individual, it is not surprising to discover that he distrusts certain aspects of democracy. The democratic scheme of society, he argues, was founded on a mythical conception of human nature; it embodies a wish-fulfilment, a hope of what man, under favorable circumstances, might become, not a realistic portrait of man as he is, with all his imperfections and inherent weaknesses. The theory that all men are equal is a fantastic myth. Many theories, political and metaphysical, are merely post-natal rationalizations of the interests and desires of individuals and of groups. Psychological research has demonstrated the falsity of the democratic theory.

Following the system of thought elaborated by Pareto, Huxley points out that theory does not animate action. A revolution does not arise because masses of men are persuaded of the wisdom and historical necessity of their decision. First come the actions and reactions, which are dictated by interest, need, and desire; only after the event is there woven an ambitious web of speculative justification. In *Do What You Will* (1929), Huxley takes his fling at the shibboleths so zealously propagated by Marxists. Though sympathizing with the victims of the ugly labor conditions that prevailed after the Industrial Revolution, he maintains that the theory fathered by Karl Marx and based on these conditions in England of the mid-nineteenth century is wrong. Instead of increasing in numbers and in power, the proletariat is rapidly being liquidated, is ceasing to exist—there is the paradox of history Marx could not have envisaged. Huxley accounts for the transformation of the proletariat in a manner not in keeping with his skeptical method of enquiry. "In the depths of the human soul lies something which we rationalize as a demand for justice. It is an obscure perception of the necessity for balance in the affairs of life; we are conscious of it as a passion for equity, a hankering after righteousness."¹ Do the facts, however, sustain such an hypothesis, much as we should like to accept it? Are labour condi-

1. See the recent book by Goetz A. Briefs, *The Proletariat*, which strikingly supports such a thesis.

tions actually improved by humanitarian appeals to an outraged social conscience? Do holders of economic power voluntarily surrender their power, sacrifice their material interests because of the promptings of righteousness? Huxley, who is no Marxist, contends that it pays the capitalist to have a contented and fairly prosperous proletariat. In other words, he believes that the historical tendency has been and will be to incorporate the proletariat into the bourgeoisie. Socialism will then lose its appeal, and the menace of the Revolution be dissipated. As long as the worker secures equality of income and security of employment, he will not care whether the state is socialistic or not. Prosperity and equalization of income will do more, in a peaceful way, to usher in "the revolution" than grinding poverty and bloody violence.

But after the consummation, what then? Equality of income—that alone will not make for happiness. It is fantastic, cries Huxley, to imagine that it could. Man's life cannot be solved by purely economic reforms. This is how Huxley refutes the doctrine of dialectical materialism: by emphasizing the perception that life under socialistic auspices will be rendered mechanical and intolerable, by insisting that man cannot live by bread alone.

Huxley demonstrates to his own satisfaction that the only hope for the future lies in creating a society led and governed by an aristocracy of brains, the *élite*, those who possess superior intelligence. For all practical purposes, he feels, a working hypothesis can be developed and applied. His rational approach to the social problem thus led him to a solution which emphasized the importance of individuality. For one who dislikes practical activities, for one aloof from the arena of politics, sociological speculation was bound to remain abstract and theoretical. "I am interested in the outside world", Huxley declares, "but only intellectually, not practically. My ambition and my pleasures are to understand, not to act; and when action becomes necessary, I grudge the time I must devote to doing things in a world which I desire only intellectually to comprehend." Huxley would naturally prefer a state governed by the best minds, because it would give him the leisure and the freedom to follow his intellectual and artistic pursuits. His distrust of democracy, his lack of faith in the innate potentialities of human nature,—these are a bad mixture of prejudice and theory, without benefit of any direct experience. It is doubtful whether Huxley has any close knowledge of industrialism, the labor movement, or the proletariat.

IV

Recently, Huxley has been forced to take stock of himself and, what is even more difficult, decide on a course of action. Instead of a mind knowing, absorbing impressions and ideas with avid but discriminating appetite, one now perceives a man feeling, forming conclusions, ready to act in cooperation with his fellowmen. Among English novelists, with the exception of H. G. Wells, Huxley probably possesses the most enterprising intelligence, encyclopedic in its range of information and observation, catholic in its interests, fearless in its dissociation of established truths. But he has from the start played the rôle of the brilliant intellectual satirist so well that people find it hard to picture him in any other part.

His late political evolution, stated with naked sincerity in his book, *Ends and Means*, need not surprise us; he has burned no bridges behind him. He has not vaulted over logical obstacles by a fiat of faith. He has simply carried his liberal philosophy to its practical conclusion. Practice now supports theory. The problem which forms the central thesis of the book deals with the relation of means to ends. Unlike the orthodox communist critic, he maintains that the end does not justify the means; that, on the contrary, good ends can be attained only by using the proper means. From this naturally follows his system of reform. The economic motive is but one phase of human and social conduct. Metaphysical beliefs about the nature of reality, about right and wrong, also determine our actions. Economic reform, rightly considered, is a part of ethics.

The only criterion of social planning is whether it will transform society into a just, morally and intellectually progressive, peace-loving community. Fundamentally what Huxley emphasizes is the importance of the psychological and ethical components of the science of governing. The ideal is to organize social changes which will remove the abuse of concentrated power; which will create an environment that will make possible a renaissance of art based on harmonious living. And these changes must be brought about by the right means. No reform should be instituted which awakens violent opposition. The reform may be wholly desirable in intent and effect, but the opposition is a clinical symptom that the historical situation is not yet ripe, that the social mass for whom it is designed is not yet prepared.

Both Communism and Fascism are opposed to Huxley's pacifist ideal. He desires to build a society founded on freedom and justice, on peaceful cooperation among fully responsible individuals, and such a society cannot be realized by means of a dictatorship, whether of a general or a party. Decentralization is the prime need; self-government, not coercive bureaucracy. With Huxley it is axiomatic and imperative that the only valid methods for enacting social reform are those based on non-violence. Education, he hopes, will gradually root out the psychological evils which cause men to act aggressively. War can be abolished. If it exists, it is because men wish it to exist, and the wish itself can be removed.

Huxley is also opposed to collective security, to any league which depends on military alliances to carry out its collective will. The imposition of sanctions can result only in a world-wide war. That is not the way to use the machinery of peace. The psychological causes of war must first of all be extirpated. Since rulers of militaristic societies are militarists at heart, the work will have to be undertaken by individuals acting alone or banded together—a theme developed in Huxley's "propagandistic" novel, *Eyeless in Gaza*. Only when they have convinced men of the desirability of peace will the policies of nations undergo a marked change, and future wars be prevented.

Huxley offers an intellectual panacea that is highly stimulating, but far from convincing. Peace and reform by persuasion—that is a utopian expectation. The law of inertia operates powerfully in the field of thought and behavior, as well as in physics. It is supremely difficult to change the minds and hearts of men. A multiplicity of vested interests will oppose the agitation of the pacifists. If men could only be changed, if they could be induced to think straight and recognize the unity of mankind, if the environment could be altered to remove the temptation of evil, then the land of the heart's desire would long ago have been established.

And yet Huxley's faith, impracticable as it is, represents the faith of liberalism at its best. What is liberalism but the affirmation of the moral principle that society is to be fundamentally changed and improved, not by economic edicts or political tinkering, but by a change of heart? Society is composed of groups of men; if the citizens of a state are ignorant, corrupt, greedy for power, then the state, too, will be tainted with these evils. Huxley at least believes that there is hope for the future,

that the solution lies in conferring leadership on men who are experts in their field and officially responsible.

Ends and Means is an intellectual autobiography that makes a significant contribution to contemporary English letters. It marks the beginning of a new ideological current. Unsparring of himself, Huxley looks back on the old nihilistic self, assured that the universe is devoid of meaning, and courageously renounces it. For he has won a measure of faith and understanding, but without falling into mysticism. Every outlook must be grounded in experience, must be approved by reason and must lead to an enlargement of consciousness.

The chief difficulty of the idealist in the modern world is the problem of reconciling his ideals with the conclusions of science. He must begin with the philosophy of science, otherwise he has no assurance that his beliefs are valid. They may be fictions which cannot be authenticated. Hence Huxley is once more constrained to investigate the meaning of science, this time to indicate its limitations and in what way it can assist man to become what he wants to become.

Huxley starts out with the "idealistic" assumption that what we are is the result of what we have thought. All science, in fact, is based upon an act of faith: "faith in the ultimate explicability of the world, faith that the laws of thought are laws of things." But the picture of the world presented by science, Huxley tells us, is incomplete. It fails to include intuitions of beauty, moral values, immediate sensations, pulsations of feeling. The quantitative, measurable aspect of reality is singled as the only true one, and as being identical with reality in its complex totality. By a process of simplified abstraction, the scientist is enabled to comprehend and control his environment, but the abstraction is very far from being identical with reality.

A few years ago Huxley would not have taken this line of reasoning, and he himself tells us why. The confession is important as indicating the end of a period of intellectual doubt and despair. Like many of his contemporaries, Huxley had once assumed there was no meaning in life. "This was due partly to the fact that I shared the common belief that the scientific picture of an abstraction from reality was a true picture of reality as a whole; partly also to other, non-intellectual reasons. I had motives for not wanting the world to have a meaning; consequently assumed that it had none, and was able without any difficulty to find satisfying reasons for this assumption." If we find no meaning in life, it is because we desire to live, or

pretend that we desire to live, in a meaningless universe. Huxley soon discovered that a philosophy of absolute meaninglessness is untenable. Life cannot be lived without meaning, without a category of value. This leads him to posit a superrational form of consciousness, a kind of experience which is neither emotion nor knowledge; it transcends the limits of the self, and arrives at a qualitatively different type of consciousness. And it is this type of consciousness which will uphold against hatred and evil the shield of understanding and good will.

Aldous Huxley has become affiliated with the Peace Pledge Union. In order to explain the positive, constructive efforts of the peace movement, he wrote the official pamphlet, "What are you going to do about it?" and also edited *An Encyclopedia of Pacificism*. The Peace Pledge Union sends out teams of speakers and propagandists to large cities in England, Scotland, and Wales. It hopes to call a World Conference, to which the representatives of all nations would be invited, to sit on terms of absolute equality. By creating an attitude of non-violent resistance to war, it hopes to liberate the spirit and demonstrate the redeeming power of Love.

V

Huxley is a stimulating critic to read, because he is laboring under no compulsion to be logically consistent at all times. He is propounding no Procrustean theory into which all facts must be made to fit. He is not ashamed to confess the spiritual and intellectual dilemmas in which he finds himself. His search for integrity has led him far beyond the confines of literature and art; he has grappled with science, eugenics, politics, peace, Marxism, revolution, war—with all those crucial problems which confront the modern mind. Central to his system of thought is the recognition that man betrays an inevitable tendency to justification—justification at any price by any means: an irrational but none the less powerful passion for righteousness. Men are not content to do what they desire unless they can explain it as rational, vindicate it as essentially right. This ritual of justification is practised by all classes, all types of men, each using a slightly different technique.

Essentially modern in temper and outlook, Huxley has for the most part been unaffected by the excesses of "modernism". A clear, independent thinker with views of his own, he has refused to subscribe to the intellectual and artistic fads of his

generation, simply because they were new. Consistently skeptical, he has had the courage to reject at a time when to withstand the contemporary movement was condemned as a mark of the conservative. And when the hour struck for a manly affirmation of his beliefs, he did not flinch. He had the toughness and flexibility of mind to part with his skepticism and declare the faith that was in him. Fulness of knowledge, sane disciplined thinking, variety of interests, skeptical eclecticism, scientific insight, a liberal point of view—these have given to his writing a quality all too rare in modern criticism. Analytical by nature, he will not be deceived by doctrinaire formulas, he will not allow formless emotions to rule him. Though well aware that feelings are the motive power of action, he sees clearly the need for straight and honest thinking, for completeness of understanding. If men are to behave well, they must learn how to think correctly. There lies the road to salvation.

Aldous Huxley has thus passed through a number of intellectual stages, but he is still on his way. The evolution of his ideas seems to follow an erratic course; judged as a whole, however, it betrays a fairly consistent pattern: it moves from a celebrated skepticism at one end to a full-blown social faith at the other. There is a parable in all this. Beginning as a dreadfully clever, acid-dripping intellectual, Huxley soon gravitated towards an uncompromising skepticism. In this he was responding to the temper of his time; indeed, he cannot be understood without reference to the age in which he lived. The skeptical position entailed certain consequences: relativism in morals and philosophy, an increasing reliance on the scientific method.

But if everything was relative and variable, then the individual was the authority of last resort, a law unto himself. One falls into philosophical anarchism. Moreover, the intellectual soon discovers that he cannot live in a world stripped of values, a world cut off from vital contacts with his kind. He grows enfeebled, isolated, sterile. His chief incentive to creative labor is the effort at self-understanding, the desire for self-expression. Yet every analysis, every revelation must be prefaced by the remark that it does not apply to anyone else. Then, too, the intellectual is forced out of his isolation and skeptical detachment by world-forces which he cannot keep at a distance. They draw him into the whirlpool with a powerful spiraling suction. The threat of another war, the menace of Fascism, the spectre of unemployment and revolution, the sub-

stitution of force for conciliation in international affairs, the abdication of reason and intelligence—these are not events to be studied calmly under a microscope. They touch the intellectual to the quick; they shock him into awareness. These forces have led Huxley to the crossroads; they have made him decide that everything depends on peace. He has made his vital affirmation, and though he has sought to provide a scientific foundation for it, the rationalization cannot disguise the naked act of volition, with all that it implies of faith and love and fraternal cooperation with his fellowmen. Where Huxley will head for, once he perceives that peace by reason and persuasion is futile, who can say? It is safe to assume that, having taken the plunge, he will reach out for a more comprehensive social vision and philosophy. It is certain he will not enter the Church; that door is closed to him. It is equally certain that he will not join the Communist Party; that path is barred for a man with his temperament and predilections. But as a liberal—aroused, active, determined—his voice will carry weight. Liberalism in action will break down the inhibitions which have held his emotional nature in check; it will enable him to make those creative judgments and decisions by means of which the human spirit seeks to shape its world. He will then have attained the ideal of completeness he has been striving for: the organic fusion of intelligence and instinct, mind and matter, individualism and social participation, reason and faith. If he knows the futility of political endeavor, he is not blind to the fact that literature too is perishable, and that all one can do in this precarious universe is to struggle and labor for what one believes, even though the mind cries out, "Vanity of vanities."