BRITAIN AND THE BEAST

PETER HOWARD

Has Britain a future as a great nation?

In this robust book Peter Howard recognizes that Britain may never again be so powerful in arms and wealth as some other countries. But this does not dismay him for he believes that her greatness resides not in bulging banks and bellies, but in the character of her people.

Howard writes with pungent frankness about the present assault on our national character – and the decline which has made many abroad think Britain is finished. The conflict and inefficiency which have made our industrial growth the slowest in Europe, the debunking of patriotism, the campaign to call queers normal and normals queer, churchmen who question accepted morality, philosophers who point man back to the beast, men of Right and Left who fight class war – all come in for stimulating attention.

Howard calls for a revolution of the best of Britain – an uprising of all those who believe the ways of moral straightness and patriotism are best, and that the nation can be rearmed morally in time to arrest decline and give us a new lease of leadership.

This book is a ringing reaffirmation of faith in Britain's future. Howard holds that the puzzling malaise of our nation is something that we can cure and cure quickly, answering unemployment, stagnation and confusion. He offers hope that Britain may yet by her exertions and example show humanity how to rebuild a broken world.

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Britain and the Beast

by

PETER HOWARD



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I

Beasts and Bishops

THE Age of Beasts may be upon us.

Man has become an intellectual giant, but stays a moral dwarf. His brain has swoln. His hands grow strong. His heart is shrunken.

It is in his knowledge to ride the stars, probe the secrets of firmament and ocean, swim like Leviathan in deeps below the ice-cap, draw near to mysteries of death and life itself.

But hate, fear and selfishness are his companions, and greed his guide. His hands of skill are bent to kill. He has the power to destroy himself and, like a child with gunpowder and matches as toys, the witlessness to do it.

Today one or two men, before multitudes know of it, can break peace and start war to end the world. As more nations make thermonuclear weapons, more men will possess that power and share the loneliness and pride of that responsibility. It is new on earth, something that has not visited us before.

At the very time when the spirit and moral passion of man, his knowledge of good and evil, must increase to meet the challenge of his strength and skill, there comes a world-wide onslaught on old virtues of faith, chastity, honour, patriotism and obedience. Man thinks he has got God in a corner. He will kill Him if he can.

In Britain, persons of birth and privilege lead the way. In private and public, they have chosen standards of character

lower than those they know are right. Press, radio, television tell the tale to millions. And some add to it in the telling.

Churchmen should have been Churchills against this attack on ancient Christian values. Instead, some are Munichеers of materialism. Such men seem to say that if enough people commit adultery, then adultery shall be no longer wrong. They appear to declare that the sin of Sodom is no sin if enough can be found to share it.

These opinions, though only those of a vocal minority, are spread from continent to continent by cable and radio as those of the Church. Even some of those who believe they are striving to interpret God to the modern generation seem to cause confusion.

Dr John Robinson, the Bishop of Woolwich, gave evidence in the four-letter-word trial about *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the book in which Lawrence portrays his adulation of adultery and fascination for fornication. The Bishop said, 'Lawrence tried to portray this relation as in a real sense an act of holy communion. For him flesh was sacramental of the spirit.'[1]

It is a different outlook from St Paul's who wrote: 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh; and these things are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that you would. . . . Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness. . . . But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace. . . . And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.'

But, the Bishop adds, in the last two pages of Lawrence's book there is a 'tremendous and most moving advocacy of chastity.'[2] The hopeful reader finds, however, that Lawrence is merely praising as 'chastity' 'the peace' when copulation (he uses a more earthy word) is over—and shortly to be resumed.

[1] *The Times*, 28 October 1960 [2] *Ibid.*

Now the Bishop says that he 'can understand those who urge that we should give up using the word "God" for a generation'. In his article in the *Observer*, 17 March 1963, on the theme of his book *Honest to God*, he writes, 'With the development of scientific knowledge, the image of God "up there" made it harder rather than easier to believe. Now man has discovered that he can manage quite happily by himself. He finds no necessity to bring God into his science, his morals or his political speeches.'

The *Daily Telegraph* says in an editorial on the Bishop's book,[1] 'The faithful are dismayed. The indifferent maintain their indifference. The unbelievers mock, or seize this opportunity to extend and to reinforce unbelief. These are results not normally calculated to reassure Bishops.'

The Bishop asks, 'Suppose the whole notion of "a God" who "visits" the earth in the person of "His Son" is as mythical as the prince in the fairy story? . . . Suppose the Christmas myth . . . has to go?'[2] He speaks of the value of the Christmas story, for instance, 'as myth', because myth can 'indicate the significance of the events, the divine depth of the history.' Many will find his reasoning hard to understand. But Lenin would have understood him. Lenin said, 'Communism will never succeed until the myth of God is removed from the mind of man.'

A man who spoke two years ago on the Moscow radio at Christmastide would not have thought the Bishop childish. He said, 'Our rocket has by-passed the moon. It is nearing the sun, and we have not discovered God. We have turned out lights in Heaven that no man will be able to put on again. We are breaking the yoke of the Gospel, the opium of the masses. Let us go forth and Christ shall be relegated to mythology.'

If man disbelieves in God, there is no such thing as 'right'

[1] 1 April 1963
[2] *Honest to God*, by Dr John A. T. Robinson, S.C.M. Press, 1963, p. 67

and 'wrong'. Man is his own master. He has body, not soul. Body is the boss and the fulfilment of its demands is the goal of humanity.

Here is the question of our age. It faces the whole world. Each man must ask it of himself. Every woman and child awaits the answer. Is man spirit, or only a beast, an animal? Is there nothing in us except chemicals that can be bottled and shelved? Will the waters of our blood be sucked into the clouds one day and fall back empty on earth and ocean, our muscles, bones and tissue moulder into dust that will be fodder for worms, plants and fishes—will no spark, no soul, nothing of us be left?

The future of the human race depends on what answer we give to this question. The Communists boldly and clearly answer, 'Man is a beast.' In a Russian textbook on psychopolitics, introduced by a speech from Beria, formerly head of the Secret Police, the Communist answer is printed:

> Man is an animal. He is an animal which has been given a civilized veneer. Man is a collective animal grouped together for his own protection before the threat of the environment. Those who so group and control him must then have in their possession specialized techniques to direct the vagaries and energies of the animal Man towards greater efficiency in the accomplishment of the goals of the State.

If man is nothing but a beast then he will continue to live like a beast, treat others like beasts and be treated like a beast. Bars and guns will be his lot, the slaughter-house his final portion.

He is a cunning, vicious, dangerous beast. He has learned tricks. He has thermonuclear teeth below the earth and his claws span the sky in space-capsules. His females have learned to wear wigs for his delight, to paint lips, cheeks, toes, eyes till they are like the colours of a mandrill's backside, to

drown their natural scent with false and dazzling odours. They take drugs through their skins, lungs and mouths.

The Communists are honest in their belief that it takes strong bars, strong locks, heavy whips to control man the animal.

Christians answer boldly. They claim, 'Man is more than a beast. He has a spirit within him that is eternal and a God who made him who is All-Powerful, All-Knowing, All-Seeing.'

But many Christians live as if the Communists were right and they were wrong. They live in practice as though neither God nor moral standards exist.

Karl Marx saw misery and injustice in Christian Britain which inspired *Das Kapital.* If Christians had lived the fullness of their faith, could two World Wars between Christian nations have started in our lifetime? Would Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini have grabbed their animal power? Would there today be many with too much while millions are hungry?

Crossless Christians and others in the free world who make sex, food, drink, money, position and power their guide, confirm the arguments of Karl Marx. Many cry 'Peace' and are critics of Communism. But they make the advance of Communism inevitable by the way they live.

Between Communist and Christian stand men who worship mind. They do not like the force of the Communists or the faith of the Christians. They say man is a thinking beast.

They do not believe in God. But they cannot consider that anything more wonderful than their own intelligence exists. They worship man's mind, especially their own, as others worship flesh. They think human wisdom is the height of knowledge. They miscall simple truth simplicity. They are snobs of intellect. If God is there, He must think that pounds of grey tissue, jelly and liquid above each human neck are as false an idol as pounds of nerve, muscle and glands below the human belt.

It is a paradox of our age that if death is the end of it all, then man will condemn himself to death. No animal, no beast will for long accept in life the discipline, selflessness and enlarged responsibility which is our only hope of survival. Force for a time may control the beast. But the beast will burst forth for its final kill.

If the Gospel of St Mark is denied, or cut down to fit man's convenience, then on earth the gospel of Karl Marx will prevail. That gospel, according to its dialectic, leads to war.

Today 'men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants.' Such tyrants will soon condemn continents to death.

It is late, but not too late. Europe, ancient Christian civilization, is a divided continent. From the heart of her might yet emerge the will of whole nations to remake the world, East and West, to re-arm the spirit and morality of mankind, to restore God to leadership in all man's ways.

That is the destiny of any country that calls itself Christian. Enemies of that destiny are from generation to generation fools of their day and traitors of history.

2

Guts and Grandeur

IN black ink may my love for Britain shine. For indeed I love my country. Today we are told that patriotism is out of date. We need a larger love. That may be so. But only a fool thinks a man can love the world he has never seen if he scorns the home he knows and sneers at the land which gave him birth, whose bread he has eaten and whose sweat, joys, tears he has shared.

I would my pen could tell of the glory that might have been, had we not sold our moral birthright for a mess of materialism; of the power and kingdom of the human spirit that may yet await us, if we have the courage to face what is wrong and the will to cure it.

They say we never had it so good. It is certain that the image of our national character has never seemed to others so bad.

This is an issue which receives frequent comment in *The Times*.

On 28 July 1962, in a leader called 'The Pulse of Britain', the newspaper talks of 'the present malaise in the country' and says that the causes of our decline are '. . . external. They are not due, as in the case of many other empires, to the moral decline of the people, who in Britain have been caught still in their prime, but only half conscious of the consequences of what has happened to them.'

On 11 February 1963, in a leader called, 'The Tide Does Not Wait', *The Times* declares, 'The crisis inherent in the

political and economic situation today is a moral one.' The leader ends, 'The day will surely come when a new Britain *will* be built. Those who do it will not pander; they will command the ancient virtues.'

The second leader has more truth and hope than the first. Any honest man knows that there has been a change in moral outlooks and attitudes in homes, industry, schools, Parliament, Churches, which is shaking the structure of our society. And if our 'malaise' is due to something in ourselves, we can cure it.

This is a very great country.

I do not speak of the armies, guns and lean grey ships of war that for so long kept our shores free and our ascendancy mighty.

Yet there was a grandeur, a glory, a spirit of comradeship and sacrifice in the days of Empire, in the life and death of those men, known and unknown, civil servants, soldiers, humble men and great with their womenfolk, who loved their country and believed in her. It is a quality of service that the small of heart who build themselves up by crying down our past either despise or do not understand.

Laurence Binyon caught something of their spirit in his poem *For the Fallen*:

> They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
> Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
> They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
> They fell with their faces to the foe.

Young men and women who today squat in the street, or twist in dives, doubtless have within them the same courage. But it is cheap to teach them to sneer at their fathers, whose blood paid for their liberty.

Nowadays it is plain that John Bull with big ships, and a big stick, and with big boots which went marching over Africa, Asia, and anywhere else they fancied, is gone for

good. Britain will not again have the armed strength of some other powers.

Nor does greatness mean, as politicians seem to think, bulging banks and bellies, those twin goals of a Bingo Age and Affluent Society. Despite the genius to invent and create which men in British industry still have, other countries with more people who work harder and have more oil in the wells, ore in the mines, fish in the sea and cattle on the land, may be richer than ourselves.

Britain's greatness lies in the character of British men and women, millions upon millions of them, forgotten, unsung, inarticulate, almost unconscious of the things that mean to them the most. In spite of drunkenness, whoring, cruelty, violence and grossest acts of injustice and oppression, they have for generations believed that God is God, right is right, wrong is wrong, and that Britain has her inalienable part to play in helping humanity to find the path of justice and of peace.

In the days of the industrial revolution, Wesley was hounded out of his church, accused of treachery and nauseating methods, of lunacy, stupidity and deceit. Yet he saved Britain from a blood-bath. From his example, workers took courage to defy the oppression of power, and to build for labour a dignity that still endures.

The British pioneers of labour were treated like brutes by their fellow Englishmen. They were flogged, pilloried, starved and exiled. Yet from them came proof that social and economic change could be won against fearful odds and deadly foes without the madness of bloody revolution and civil war.

The triumph of the British Trade Unions has enabled half the earth to remain free today. Who can doubt that without the hope of that example, transplanted in one form or another from this island to every continent, millions of hungry men, black, brown, yellow, white, would already have turned to Communism as their only weapon?

Few doubt the courage of Britons in battle. Lost in Flanders mud and clay, in swamps and jungles of Asia, beneath desert sands of Africa and the Middle East, in dark ooze and water-caverns of Seven Seas, rest bones of a host of ordinary men from this island. Twice in my lifetime they left all they loved and never came home again, not just because they were so ordered, not for markets or profits or control, but because they believed there are things worse than death, and that the end of life's journey does not mark the end of everything, but the start of something new.

Few empires, if any, have dominated the earth so fully as Britain's. No other empire in the history of man has triumphed over all her enemies and, at the moment of triumph, with the consent and insistence of her people handed back to nation after nation, tribe after tribe, their liberties, and kept no control save common tradition, the memory of dangers shared, the desire of something new that can be built and inherited together in the future. These acts of history, rooted in the character of the people of these islands, cannot be lightly set aside.

They offer hope that, in the gravest crisis man has yet faced, Britain may shrug off her sloth, shed her sex-thraldom and her lust for the second-rate, and by her exertions and example show humanity how to rebuild a broken world.

3

Red and Yellow

We need an honest look at Britain. It is not honest to say that all the past was bad, that everyone Left is right or that everyone Right is wrong.

Nor is it honest or patriotic to pretend that everything is well, that no illness lies upon us. We are sick unto death. But we can be cured.

A fool pretends cancer is nothing but collywobbles. A friend reaches for the surgeon's knife.

The Times, in its editorial 'The Tide Does Not Wait',[1] says:

> Once again there has to be set out in plain words what is to be determined: Britain's place in the world, her way of life, her standard of living, her influence and her purpose. There are still blinkered people who believe it is traitorous and defeatist to raise such issues. To them these are sacred immutabilities, never to be in question. What will the outside world think if they are? They *are* in question, and the outside world has thought already.

The fact, awkward or not, which must be faced is this: If Britain is to change, people in Britain must change. The relative standards of morality that confuse and compromise our life must go. Absolute standards of character in the home, craftsmanship in industry, cleanliness and purity from top to

[1] 11 February 1963

bottom of the nation, from castle to cottage, from pub to palace must be acknowledged and pursued.

The editorial of 11 February 1963 continues:

> If the House of Commons is to get to the heart of the matter today, it will have to acknowledge that the crisis inherent in the political and economic situation of Britain is a moral one. This question of incentives has never been put widely enough. In any nation the stick and carrot, even the bullet and the diamond, may be effective for a time. History shows that societies rise and fall, flourish and decay, by what they believe in and by what their way of life stands for.

The Times goes on to say that if the state of the nation improves, 'it will be because Britain has once again become a nation caring about the state of its society'.

In its earlier editorial, 'The Pulse of Britain' (28 July 1962), *The Times* says:

> The searchings which the nation is suffering are the kind which individuals themselves hardly comprehend . . . bewilderment . . . aimlessness of youth . . . disillusion with both major political parties . . . 'pointlessness' in life. . . . The positive reactions are shown in talk of 'leadership', 'sense of direction' and more 'planning'; in the submerged 'basic ingredient'—patriotism, which our Correspondent defines as meaning 'that we should do admirable things and do them better than anyone else'; and in the message which the ordinary voter is trying to convey that 'material ease is not enough'.

One symptom of this moral crisis is the hundreds of unofficial strikes recorded in 1962 in Britain. That is, men struck against the advice of their elected Trade Union officials and at a time when unemployment was rising and the pulse of national trade and work beat thin and slow.

Arthur Koestler, who came from Germany seeking refuge in Britain, and loved what he found well enough to become a British citizen, wrote in the *Observer* of 10 February 1963: 'In this oldest of all democracies, class relations have become more bitter, trade union politics more undemocratic than in de Gaulle's France or Adenauer's Germany. The motivation behind it is neither Communism, Socialism nor enlightened self-interest, but a mood of disenchantment and cussedness.'

Mr Koestler is no Tory diehard. He tells how a thousand railwaymen stopped work because they may no longer be able to have their hair cut by railway employees, in railway time and on railway premises. He describes how, in 1956, the Merseyside dispute between joiners and metalworkers about who should drill holes in aluminium sheets led to a six-month stoppage; how two years later 400 men were dismissed as redundant, 11,000 were threatened by the same fate, work on three ships and a submarine had to be postponed indefinitely because boilermakers and drillers could not agree who was entitled to use five stud-welding guns designed to weld nuts and thimbles to metal plates; how it then appeared that this dispute had held up the use of this tool for *twelve years* (while the Japanese shipyards beat us in shipbuilding).

Mr Aidan Crawley, cricketer, politician and reporter, in a series of articles which appeared in the *Sunday Times*, writes on 28 October 1962:

> Our complacency is not only misplaced. It is itself a sign that the Communists have succeeded in getting us into exactly the frame of mind they desire. For the first duty of any Communist Party in a capitalist country is to lull those it seeks to overthrow into false security. And at this moment the Communist Party of Great Britain is working probably more effectively than at any time in its history. . . . Britain is lagging behind its competitors in productivity. We are producing less because, as a people,

we are more divided than the Germans, Japanese, Scandinavians, Italians, Americans and even the French. And we are divided because the concentrated poison which the small but highly-organised Communist Party is injecting into the most vulnerable parts of our system is spreading throughout the whole community.

In an article in the *Sunday Times* of 21 April 1963, Aidan Crawley adds:

Ten years ago we had the highest wages and the highest standards of social services in Europe. . . . If present trends continue we may be at the bottom by 1970. . . . The reason we are falling behind is simply that we lack a common will to work. . . . Every major industrial country is still expanding faster than we are. Yet, with the exception of the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union, none has greater natural resources or higher traditions of skill. We fail to exploit our assets simply because, as a people, we do not work well enough together.

Koestler says further:

Communist influence in the Unions increased with growing prosperity and full employment; today it is the dominant factor in industrial relations and its disruptive effects are more strongly felt in this country than anywhere else in Europe. The nation gets only episodic glimpses of the true state of its affairs . . . and believes that these are isolated incidents. In fact they are the result of a planned, centralised and extremely well-organised campaign. . . . It is unthinkable that Guy Burgess and John Gollan should take over Whitehall by a political *putsch* supported by the Red Army. The real danger, if the present drift continues, is a situation patterned on the 1926 General Strike, but with more disastrous consequences. Marxian dialectics is as much double-Dutch to the working class as it is to the

rest of the British electorate. The unofficial strikers are not Communists but unconscious tools.

The Red men are few. But they are formidable in their Marxist faith. They succeed because they are red-hot where so many democrats are lukewarm.

Too many of us are yellow. We stand for nothing, so fall for anything. If we are Christian, we shrink from the charge of 'meddling in politics'. We dare not say that Communism is wrong, and so cut Christ to the shape and size that suits anti-Christ. We sit while others shout. We compromise while others Communize. We stay at home while others vote at Trade Union meetings. We denounce those who fight for faith as fanatics. We do nothing ourselves, but salve our conscience with criticism of the methods of those who try to do something. We are the lukewarm gutless ones of whom the poet writes:

> Light half-believers of our casual creeds
> Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,
> Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
> Whose vague resolves never have been fulfilled;
> For whom each year we see
> Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
> Who hesitate and falter life away,
> And lose tomorrow the ground won today.[1]

The problem is real. Its roots go deep and spread wide. It is a time for spade and axe. On 30 January 1963, *The Times* said this plainly in its editorial called 'A Time to be Radical':

> To say the issue now facing the British people is primarily a moral one is to invite the accusation of being smug. Yet unless it is so regarded by both Government and Opposition, and eventually by the greater part of the

[1] Matthew Arnold in *The Scholar Gipsy*

> nation, the battle for a better Britain for our children is not likely to be won. It is not a sign of sophistication but of degeneration when a people can no longer recognise a challenge . . . only radical measures will do now.

But the Government alone cannot produce measures radical enough. Only a change in national motive is adequate. This is everybody's business. *The Times* (13 July 1961) recognized this:

> The Communist attack is on everybody. . . . Britain is still a jealous and divided nation . . . a new society remains to be built and new ways must be devised to build it. . . . Fundamentally Britain's greatest ill is a collapse of discipline. . . . Britain is fighting two wars today, a cold war in alliance with the rest of the free world in which economic defeat is an avowed aim of the enemy; a war on her own in which the stake is her standard of living and eventually her way of life. This is not an exaggeration. If Britain goes on as she is, there will come the economic crisis she cannot survive.

4

Workers and Shirkers

MANY say they love God. But they hate their neighbour.

Yesterday Germany tried to conquer the world for her idea of master race. That idea led Europe to desolation and the world to despair. Today the idea of master class threatens our society. We fight the class-war in schools, factories, mills and drawing-rooms. Steel of selfishness of the Right creates steel of bitterness on the Left. Men of Right and Left who fight the class-war today are full of wickedness and danger. Class-war today is as mad and cruel as race-war yesterday. Both sides are the reactionaries of our time. Few sane men will argue that a master class is more Godly than a master race.

I sat talking to a man in charge of a shipyard. He calls himself a God-fearer. He said, 'Thank God, unemployment is back again. After the war, we gave work to hundreds of men unwilling and unable to do a full day's work. They were the wrong sort. Now we shall have a chance to get rid of them. They never should have come to the yards at all.'

When I spoke of this to a worker in the yard, a man who had fought for shorter hours, more pay, who had led unofficial strikes and stoppages, his face froze. He looked like an animal at bay with hounds upon him. His jaws went grey with clenching. There was a patch of scarlet on each cheek. He said, 'That's it. I'd like to kill men like that. They've never been through it. They don't know the hell of it. Signing

on each week, getting a few quid doled out to you, having nothing to do but worry, worry, worry—with the wife nagging and the kids staring at you. You feel guilty if you have a beer or a fag. They may not have enough to eat.'

But the controller of the shipyard had also said, 'Last week I lost an order to Japan. They quoted £500,000 less than we did to build a ship. Their delivery date was months ahead of ours. And they'll keep it. They build more than twice as fast as we can. The foreigners who placed the order came to me afterwards and said they were sorry, as they hoped to give Britain the order, but they dare not afford a long delay and an extra £500,000.' He added, 'I have to put twenty per cent on to every estimate now because of the time and money I know will be lost through slow work and unofficial stoppages in the yards.'

As Koestler says,

> Once upon a time England was the workshop of the world; if the Persians wanted a railway engine or the Turks a tooling machine, they had to wait their turn or lump it. Today, as a German industrialist remarked, 'If the Persians want to build a railway, we give them a seven-month delivery date and seven years' credit; der British give them a seven-years' delivery date and seven months' credit.' Britain is only just beginning to emerge from the delusion that she still lives in Queen Victoria's day; sooner or later she must face her moment of truth.[1]

The quality of British goods has fallen too. In October 1962, the Prime Minister of an Asian country, a friend of this land, told me he did not 'mind paying more for British goods when they wore well. But now the new things from Japan cost less, work better, last longer. We buy from Japan.'

Management is probably more to blame than Labour for

[1] *Observer*, 10 February 1963

this. *The Guardian* (15 March 1963) states that if the Trade Unions are twenty-five years out of date, many Employers' Associations are fifty years behind the times. Employers nourish the unofficial go-slow as zealously as workers. The London Correspondent of the government paper *Der Bund* of Berne, writing a letter to *The Times* on 14 March 1963, said, 'In all the capitals in which I have worked as a newspaperman, I do not remember a single one (not even easy-going Tunis) where the city-bound traffic does not dry up long before 9 a.m.' The writer told in his letter of the stream of management cars still flowing past his home, sixteen miles from Charing Cross, each morning at 9.30 a.m., without a chance of reaching London offices before 10.15 a.m. at the earliest.

The letter goes on, 'In England, I have never been able to make an appointment with a politician, civil servant, businessman or industrialist before 10.30 a.m. or after 5.30 p.m. Having heard or read so much about slackness on the factory floor in this country, may I humbly suggest that a working day for the managerial classes starting not later than 9 a.m. (as in all countries on the continent) might prove a sound first step in any campaign exhorting workers and employees to work harder?'

This letter, full of common sense, was greeted by wags of the head and pursing of the lips from the rich and powerful, and protesting letters to *The Times*.

Neither whip nor wheedle will cast this devil out of us. It needs a new spirit in the human heart. The shadow of unemployment could be lifted from every home in Britain in six months, if Management and Labour together said to their nation and the world three things:

1. *All contracts will be completed on time.*
2. *There will be no unofficial stoppages or managerial go-slows.*
3. *There will be first-rate craftsmanship.*

Management could put people before profit by deciding

that industry shall meet the need of millions instead of filling the pockets of a few; Labour could put the interests of the nation before one section of the nation, deciding that they will give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. Then Britain would end her time as a nation with small aims and big fears. She would become a nation with a big aim and no fears.

An American firm, producing heavy industrial equipment in Britain, finds it cheaper to make the same stuff from the same tools with the same manpower in America, ship it across the Atlantic, pay import duty and sell it here. They make a larger profit with American-made than British-made goods in our home market, because the American workers work harder. They turn out the finished product three times as fast as British workers. That American firm is planning to pack its bags, sell its British factory, sack its British workers and go back to the Mid-West.

Does this mean the British worker is less skilled, less strong, less able than an American? Not so. But facts must be faced. From 1950 to 1960, 'no industrial nation had a slower growth of *per capita* output than Britain' (*Time Magazine*, 19 October 1962). In these years, our exports rose by 23·8 per cent, while Common Market exports rose by 63 per cent.

In 1962, France's national output rose by 6·3 per cent. Ours was practically unchanged from the previous year.[1]

Arthur Koestler, with clear eye, puts his finger on a cancer in our land. Speaking of his time with the workers of Britain he writes:

> I soon learned that the world is divided between 'Them' and 'us'. The 'T' is capitalised, the 'u' is not, because 'us' had nothing to do with class-consciousness in the Marxian sense—as it existed in the militant Socialist parties of Europe. Politics hardly entered into this attitude;

[1] *Economic Survey of Europe—1962* (U.N. Economic Commission)

instead of the fierce class-hatred which had scorched the Continent with revolutions and civil wars, there was a kind of stale, resentful fatalism. I learned to conform to our unwritten Rules of Life: Go slow; it's a mug's game anyway; if you play it, you are letting your mates down; if you seek betterment, promotion, you are breaking ranks and will be sent to Coventry. My comrades could be lively and full of bounce; at the working site they moved like figures in a slow-motion film, or deep-sea divers on the ocean-bed.

The most cherished rituals of our tribal life were the tea-and-bun-breaks—serene and protracted, like a Japanese tea ceremony. Another fascinating tribal custom was the punctuation of every sentence with four-letter words used as adjectives, without reference to meaning, compulsive like hiccoughs. It was not swearing; these strings of dehydrated obscenity served as a kind of negative status symbol.

Our country is in as great a danger in the docks and at Dagenham today as it was at Dunkirk in 1940. The men who saved Britain by shedding their blood yesterday are destroying Britain by grudging their sweat today.

Yesterday at Dunkirk they knew what they were ready to die for. Today they want to know what they and their country are living for. Until something greater than self-interest is shown them, they will hazard nothing.

At Dunkirk they saw the Nazis—and they were far from home. At Dagenham and the docks they are at home, and they see only the bosses whom they hate, but do not fear. For they feel they themselves are the true masters of industry. And it is so.

At Dunkirk the danger came from without. All saw it. In unity they strove and, in the end, they won.

Today the danger is within. Few see it. Many deny it.

Most refuse to pay the price of sacrifice that would conquer it.

It is a moral problem. It is not a matter of money but of motive. Less work is done for more pay by both Management and Labour today than ever before in our history.

Some Trade Union leaders say demands by workers for more pay in return for less work will go on until profits and unearned income are curbed. They also say that even if such curbs come, they cannot promise men will obey Trade Union leaders who propose the end of their demands. Management —and Government, too, Right and Left—say they cannot keep us out of bankruptcy if workers will not work.

Many workers think that a desire to be promoted, to get on, to win privilege, is a surrender to the class enemy. They scorn those who are successful. Success is looked upon by them as betrayal and won by fraud or fawning. They blackmail their comrades into conformity. It is like men in war capable of command, whose best service to their country would be command, but who refuse promotion from fear of what their fellows would think of them.

So thousands today slack to keep in with their mates rather than serve to keep their country safe and prosperous. Service is becoming a bad word, while slacking is a virtue.

5

Sods and Squares

WORDS today lose meaning. *The Times*, in an editorial on 24 December 1962, says, 'Words as elemental as murder and adultery must be construed in terms of the law and custom of the times.'

So it seems if enough of us are murderers or adulterers, these actions may become stars, not stains, upon our character.

Words like Puritan and Peace, once good, are now suspect.

Morality is becoming a term of abuse—something few modern men will admit they desire or sustain. To call another a moralist is becoming worse than to call him a moron.

In May 1959, a *Daily Express* writer said, 'Can a Great Power afford to have moral principles? Most experts in diplomacy answer No.' And indeed, if some Great Powers today talk of their 'moral responsibility' towards a neighbour, that neighbour knows it has been told that this responsibility, under pressure by events, will not be fulfilled.

The idea is spreading that a man's private life has nothing to do with his public conduct. And once morality is thought to be of small importance, it is but a step to proclaim it dangerous.

In practice, though not in theory, morality is already irrelevant in some sections of British life.

In a book defending Guy Burgess, the runaway diplomat,

Mr Tom Driberg, former Chairman of the Labour Party, puts one aspect of the matter plainly. Speaking of homosexuality, he says it is an 'irrelevant phenomenon' which 'has nothing to do with real issues in this case'. He adds, 'There are many homosexuals serving with distinction in the Diplomatic Service, in Her Majesty's Government, and in many departments of State.' He writes of the 'sweepingly puritanical warning against loose living of any kind' in the Privy Councillors' Committee's report on Security.[1]

It is significant that not long ago Burgess boasted in Moscow that he was in touch with important people in Britain, including friends in our Intelligence Service.

The Russians are aware of this theory of 'irrelevance' in British morality. It is not irrelevant to them. The *Sunday Telegraph* of 4 November 1962 reports, 'Senior British Intelligence officers have known for a long time that members of the Russian M.V.D. have been seeking out men with possible homosexual tendencies. The Russians have been so well informed that they have sometimes known in advance the identity of possible recruits before they left Britain for countries behind the Iron Curtain.' The newspaper says that men like George Blake (now serving a forty-two-year sentence for betraying his country), William Vassall (eighteen-year sentence—Admiralty spy) and Henry Houghton (spy at Portland Underwater Weapons Establishment) gave Russia information about the private lives and moral weaknesses of Government officials and Admiralty employees.

Nikolai Korovin, Russian agent who organized spy-rings in London, says the *Sunday Telegraph*, pressed men like Vassall for information about the drinking habits, sexual inclinations, and other tastes of men likely to be sent to posts abroad from this country. Mr Orr-Ewing, as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, said that all Russian spies 'are trained to detect weakness in character, weakness for drink, blondes,

[1] *Guy Burgess*, by T. Driberg, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1956, pp. 3, 108–9

drugs and homosexuality. These are carefully card-indexed for future use.'[1]

Once upon a time homosexuality was in disrepute in Britain. Men going with men, women with women, were thought queer. Today some say it is queer to be normal.

An Oxford undergraduate, a Rhodes Scholar, told me in March 1963, 'I do not understand England. The men in my college don't like my accent. That I get. But some of them don't like my having a photograph of a girl on my mantelpiece. They think it's odd of me. That I don't get.'

The habit of homosexuality spreads from the top of the nation. Public schools and universities foster it. Men who have it stick together and entrench themselves in positions of power. They work in Press, Politics, Theatre, Radio and Church.

It is almost dangerous to lift a voice against it.

For example, on 12 October 1959, Professor G. D. Kilpatrick, in the course of a University Sermon in St Mary's, Oxford, gave a brief and sober warning against the dangers of possible homosexual activity in Oxford. The *Oxford Magazine*,[2] the only journal of senior Oxford, at once attacked this quiet Scot under the headline, 'The Savonarola of St Mary's'. 'In a fume of pulpit euphony last Sunday, Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis [of Holy Scripture] let some juicy hints loose from their plain covers', the editorial stated. 'By grafting loose slanders of stump oratory on to the austere business of exegesis, the Professor succeeded in making himself a figure of interest for Monday's breakfast table at least. . . . By bringing these two issues [homosexuality and education in Oxford] so glibly together, Dr Kilpatrick has debased both.'

In a concluding paragraph, the editor suggested sarcastically that 'the women's colleges should be asked to supply tuition chaperons and that the lift at the Bodleian Library

[1] *The Times*, 15 November 1962

[2] *Oxford Magazine*, 16 October 1958

must bear the stern injunction of "Only one scholar (male) at a time" '.

In 1959, the Oxford police arrested seventeen people, some of them undergraduates, in the space of two hours for homosexual soliciting in the streets. The *Oxford Magazine* protested against the police. It said that the police should have warned the law-breakers they were coming, so that they could have taken shelter. The *Oxford Magazine* said, 'Motorists are warned when police patrols are operating in a given area, and this, presumably, improves their driving. Why should there not be a similar warning of the presence of plain-clothes men in such areas as Rewley Road and Gloucester Green? If it is argued that the nature of the offences is different in these cases, that is readily agreed. But the relevance of the difference is not clear.'[1]

We are in the midst of a revolution of thinking. And a nation's thinking is in ruins before a nation's economy, and even her cities, are reduced to ruins also.

At the turn of the century Oscar Wilde, brilliant, dissolute, charming to some, asp-like and venomous to others, was sent to gaol for his love affairs with men.

Wilde's descent into homosexuality (nowadays some would call it ascent) began by reading books about the vice. Corrupted himself, Wilde arranged with a bookseller to leave a manuscript of a dirty novel about homosexuality open in his shop. Young men were lured by the open book—and then approached and corrupted by Wilde. It turned out later that the book, *Teleny*, had been written by Wilde himself.[2]

So much for arguments which say books corrupt nobody. Such arguments come often from writers who are proud of the power of their pen, ashamed of the twist in their lives. Wilde believed and proved books can corrupt.

His weakness ruined him. He died in Paris, bitter, poor,

[1] *Oxford Magazine*, 11 June 1959
[2] See H. Montgomery Hyde, *Famous Trials: Oscar Wilde*, Penguin Books, 1962

broken, amid sounds and sights that sicken you as you read of them. He said, 'The gargoyles on Notre Dame are the only people who smile at me now.'

Little more than half a century later an actor of genius, a man of sensitivity and success, was caught by the police, fined by the magistrate for persistent importuning of men, and released.

Next time he appeared on the stage in the West End of London, the whole audience, led by a man intimate with top British society, rose to their feet and applauded him. I am thankful he was not ruined like Wilde. Men need help more than hatred. But neither prison nor praise seems a suitable remedy for a moral condition that can be cured.

Since *Lady Chatterley's Lover* won its way into British boudoirs, books of this sort of 'art' are becoming common. One book recently published is *Another Country* by James Baldwin. This is how Percy Howard, writing in the *Sunday Express* on 24 March 1963, describes this novel:

> Baldwin's novel purports to be a serious discussion about the relations between white and black in New York—and indeed it does (perhaps without meaning to) tell us much about the sexual resentments and fantasies of the modern Negro intellectual. . . . It leads up to a long and detailed chapter about sexual intercourse between a man called Eric and another man call Vivaldo—a chapter which appears to try to persuade readers that this is the most worthwhile love of all.

The radio and television push acceptance of unacceptables on us in many ways. Programmes often are sympathetic to dirt and make suggestive jokes about homosexuals and filth. One morning in Spring, 1963, I heard two men talking about cricket reports. One said he had had his camera trained on an Australian cricketer with his legs very wide apart fielding at leg slip. He had commented to the public that the man was

'waiting for a tickle'. Giggles and laughter. This goes out to millions.

It is not gruff, earthy bawdiness of the Middle Ages. It is girlish, lavatory smut of the Middle Fourth.

Now eleven Quakers have marched. Their views have been proclaimed to nations by radio and Press. In their report[1] they say, 'The word "homosexuality" does not denote a course of conduct, but a state of loving your own, not the opposite sex; it is a state of affairs in nature. One should no more deplore "homosexuality" than left-handedness', though one can condemn and prohibit specific acts (p. 21). They also say:

> Homosexual affection may be an emotion which some find aesthetically disgusting, but one cannot base Christian morality on a capacity for such disgust. . . . An act which expresses true affection between two individuals and gives pleasure to them both does not seem to us sinful by reason *alone* of the fact that it is homosexual. The same criteria seem to us to apply where a relationship is heterosexual or homosexual. . . . We are not saying that all homosexual acts or relationships are to be encouraged. . . . One must disapprove the promiscuity and selfishness, the utter lack of any real affection, which is the stamp of so many adult relationships, heterosexual as well as homosexual. We see nothing in them often but thinly disguised lust. (p. 36)

> The waywardness of love is part of its nature and this is both its glory and its tragedy. . . . So we are concerned with the homosexuals who say to each other 'I love you' in the hopeless and bitter awareness of a hostile criminal code and hypocritical public opinion, and also with the anguish of men and women who know they love each

[1] *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*, an essay by a group of Friends, published by the Friends Home Service Committee, February 1963

other when marriage is impossible and only suffering can be envisaged. (p. 39)

If a homosexual is no more responsible for his indulgences than a man born left-handed, there is nothing to be said. But we shall soon come to the place where thieves say, 'Why blame us? It's as sensible as to blame a man who is born right-handed'; where blackmailers say, 'Why blame us? I love the sense of cruelty and power blackmailing gives me. I cannot help it. It was born in me. Blackmailing came upon me from the blackness of the womb. You might as well blame a blackmailer for blackmailing as blame a black man for his black skin.' (And in the mad, modern world, many do blame black men for black skins, and white men for white skins.)

An Anglican bishop goes beyond the left-handed theory. He said to a friend of mine, 'Don't you read the New Testament? Don't you remember that the disciple Jesus loved leant on His bosom? What do you think it means?' The Bishop suggests that Jesus Christ was a homosexual. These people are like doctors who study disease, catch it, and then explain its inevitability to people, when their task and calling is to cure it.

The distinguished Oxford scholar Canon Liddon had a truer view of Christianity. He used to say, 'Two things a genuine Christian never does. He never makes light of any known sin, and he never admits it to be invincible.'

So one theory says there's nothing wrong with homosexual indulgence and it can't be cured. The other says sin is sin and it can be cured. It does not suggest that prison is the best place for sinners. Nor that praise is the medicine for them. Neither praise nor prison will change the habits of a lifetime or shift the furniture of a human heart.

God alone can do it. He will if men let Him.

Many Britons, not renowned for their devotion to the Deity, show sorrow at our state. John Freeman's *New Statesman*

recently declared,[1] 'The shops are full; so are the prisons. Britain is now the gambling capital of the world and in the wake of the gamblers come the high-class call-girls, "models" and pimps. The provinces have to make do with bingo halls, betting shops and "business men's striptease clubs". . . .' The article ends, 'In 1951 most people were tired of what they conceived to be undirected austerity or rule by governors. Now they are in the mood of a man who has spent a night of wild debauch and longs for the domestic proprieties. Over and above their practical proposals for regenerating the economy, Mr Wilson and his colleagues must offer the public a sincere sense of rectitude.'

It is true that recent Governments have had unfortunate resignations and exposures. It may also be true that much has been covered up. One Lobby correspondent, asked why his newspaper did not print photographs and news about the debauchery of a public man, replied, 'It would be unfair to single him out. Lots of them have something like that about them.' It is also true that if the Press talked too much about the private lives of public men, public men might hit back by unveiling the private lives of some publicists and Press proprietors. It's a mutual aid society.

But if the *New Statesman*'s vision of rectitude in a Labour Government comes true, Mr Wilson, if he were to win an election, would have to choose his government carefully.

The late George Brinham, Chairman of the Labour Party's Youth sub-committee and former Chairman of the Labour Party, at the age of forty-six had his head smashed with a decanter by a sixteen-year-old boy. Brinham had picked up the boy in the street, wined, dined and then tried to seduce him in his flat. The boy defended himself. He was acquitted of manslaughter. The police said Brinham was known to them as a homosexual. There had been complaints against him of indecency with other boys and with a seaman.[2]

[1] 22 March 1963 [2] *Daily Express*, 22 January 1963

Two questions are raised by this:

1. Who protected Brinham and allowed him to become Chairman of the Labour Youth sub-committee without a word of warning to the public? Prominent men in the Labour Party as well as the police force knew about it.

2. How many other public men, Conservative, Liberal and Labour, get such protection? Why?

That such protection has been given in modern Britain is suggested by Mr Anthony Purdy and Mr Douglas Sutherland in their new book, *Burgess and Maclean.*[1] Writing about the warning which enabled Burgess and Maclean to flee the country, they say, 'it was . . . from M.I.5 that the warning came, and it came not to Maclean but to Burgess. It came in a telephone call.'

The authors say that the man who gave the warning 'was a senior member of the service who has since left and won honours in another field.' They continue, 'He had been a close friend of Burgess, although he had not seen him for almost a year, and he was a homosexual. This is why it is nonsense to say that Burgess's homosexuality is irrelevant to the case, as, for instance, Tom Driberg claims in his book. It is irrelevant to moralise, certainly; but the fact remains that if he had *not* been a homosexual he would have been far less likely to have been warned of the danger to Maclean.

'There is some reason to believe that Burgess will one day name the man publicly (in a book or when he returns to England), as he has already done privately. He has told many people that if he ever stands trial in Britain he will subpoena a number of well-known names for his defence, as well as two not-so-well-known ones—two of the friends who were then officers of M.I.5.'

One of these two men, say the authors, was the man who gave the warning.

[1] *Burgess and Maclean*, by Anthony Purdy and Douglas Sutherland, Secker and Warburg, 1963, p. 120

The Vassall Case, we are assured by the Radcliffe Tribunal, does not raise questions of protection, although it seemed strange to some that the only official censured was a dead man. The Tribunal's report, however, does give a frightening picture of the blindness of British people to moral weaknesses, a blindness not shared by the Russians.

Thus *The Times* of 26 April 1963, after speaking of the 'disturbing hint of complacency' in the Tribunal's findings, says:

> It is hardly enough to say, as the report does, that Vassall's homosexual practices were a private matter and that in any event information about homosexual practices in general is not collected and recorded by the Security Service. . . . Above all it is necessary to challenge the unequivocal claim of the Tribunal that there are no security arrangements which could have resulted in Vassall being detected as a spy. . . . His defects of personality were detected and exploited by the Russian Intelligence Service after only eight months in Moscow.

The *Sunday Times* puts the matter more strongly still.[1] After welcoming the clearing of certain men's reputations, their editorial states:

> Some of the findings on the security system itself do not seem to be so fully supported by the Tribunal's own evidence. Consider, for instance, findings 5 and 6 in the Report: 'No person having security responsibilities in the Embassy is to blame for not detecting Vassall's homosexuality as a security risk. . . . There is no truth in the allegation that reports on Vassall by the Embassy mentioning his homosexual proclivities or his Russian contacts were ignored by the Admiralty. No such reports were made.' In the light of the full report these findings seem astonishing.

[1] *Sunday Times*, 28 April 1963

Take, first of all, the question—a key question to the whole case—whether Vassall's homosexuality, which was detected by the Russians, was known or should have been known in the Embassy. The fact is that it was suspected. The naval attaché, Captain Bennett, for whom Vassall was working, suspected he was a homosexual. He wrote in his first annual report that Vassall had an 'effeminate personality'. He mentioned the matter to the Admiralty in person. He discussed it with the Ambassador. He retracted it in the next annual report. He repeated it to his successor, who himself thought that Vassall was 'rather a pansy little man', but not a homosexual. Finally, when Vassall was arrested, Captain Bennett told security officers that Vassall was 'an undoubted homosexual'.

Perhaps Captain Bennett should have gone further, but he did surely go quite far. Nobody who has ever written or read a reference would regard an 'effeminate personality' as anything but a most damaging phrase—a phrase no man of the world would write or read in an official document without being conscious of its implications. Captain Bennett wrote down his suspicions, told Vassall's administrative superior, told the Ambassador, told his successor. The annual report was available to those who carried out subsequent security checks. A security officer who does not think 'effeminate' a suspicious word has an innocence of mind which should disqualify him for a job in which naïveté is both absurd and dangerous.

Nor was Captain Bennett alone in his suspicion. When Vassall was arrested the Ambassador concerned, by then retired, remarked that he had an 'obvious weakness'. In the light of this the Tribunal's findings seem quite dissociated from the Tribunal's evidence.

This is not a pretty subject, and it may be that its disagreeable character influences people too much. Yet it is basic to security vetting that certain defects of character

expose people to compromise and temptation, while others do not. In their different ways homosexuals, promiscuous people, alcoholics, gamblers and spendthrifts are security risks.

It is therefore essential to security, in a world in which the Russians use methods of compromise and blackmail as a standard practice, that the weaknesses which lay a man open to their attentions should be studied. It is the duty of those in charge of staff appointments to watch out for such defects. . . . It is particularly the duty of the Security Service.

It seems clear that if Britain cannot detect—let alone cure—moral weaknesses in her citizens she is at a crippling disadvantage in the world of today.

It is a situation that can be changed.

Evil grows when virtue compromises. R. L. Stevenson in *Pulvis et Umbra* says, 'It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good . . . our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalised, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life faith can read a bracing gospel.'

Britain needs to face the bracing gospel of absolute truth if she is to survive as a great power in the modern world.

6

Queens and Queers

HOMOSEXUALITY is not a matter of party—or of class. Yet public schools seem to be pace-setters of this weakness. John Wilson, Second Master and House Master at King's School, Canterbury, in *Public Schools and Private Practice*[1] writes:

> In theory boys [at public schools] are not permitted any form of sexual expression at all: masturbation, homosexuality, pin-ups, pornographic literature and meeting girls are, in general, forbidden. In practice, one finds that sex seeps out somewhere. If the rules forbidding heterosexual expression are strictly enforced, and this is reinforced by stringent discipline elsewhere, the incidence of homosexuality is likely to be high: in some schools overt homosexuality or partially repressed homosexuality is general practice. Nearly everywhere homosexual friendships are frequent, and it is not infrequent in most schools for such friendships to reach the point of physical action. The existence of pin-ups, talk about girls by the housemaster or some other authority, and occasional meetings with girls even under supervision, on the other hand, can reduce homosexuality to something approaching zero. Everything depends on whether the strength and quality of heterosexual desires are faced, and not only faced but approved, by the authorities.

[1] Allen and Unwin, 1962, p. 70

Most men who have gone through public schools have met homosexuality. Many have experienced it. C. S. Lewis, in his moving and sensitive book, *Surprised by Joy*,[1] gives the picture of his youth that has remained true of many schools today:

> As we sat round our clamped table, silent for the most part and speaking in whispers when we spoke, the door would be opened at intervals; a boy would look in, smile (not at us but to himself) and withdraw. Once, over the shoulder of the smiler there came another face, and a chuckling voice said, 'Ho-ho! I know what *you're* looking for.' Only I knew what it was all about, for my brother had played Chesterfield to my Stanhope and instructed me in the manners of the Coll. None of the boys who looked in and smiled was a Blood; they were all quite young and there was something common to the faces of them all. They were, in fact, the reigning or fading Tarts of the House, trying to guess which of us were their destined rivals or successors. A Tart is a pretty and effeminate-looking small boy who acts as a catamite to one or more of his seniors, usually Bloods. Usually, not always. Though our oligarchy kept most of the amenities of life to themselves, they were, on this point, liberal; they did not impose chastity on the middle-class boy in addition to all his other disabilities. Pederasty among the lower classes was not 'side', or at least not serious side; not like putting one's hands in one's pockets or wearing one's coat unbuttoned. The gods had a sense of proportion.
>
> The Tarts had an important function to play in making school (what it was advertised to be) a preparation for public life. They were not like slaves, for their favours were (nearly always) solicited, not compelled. Nor were they exactly like prostitutes, for the liaison often had some

[1] *Surprised by Joy*, by C. S. Lewis, Fontana Books, pp. 73–4

permanence and, far from being merely sensual, was highly sentimentalised. Nor were they paid (in hard cash, I mean) for their services; though of course they had all the flattery, unofficial influence, favour, and privileges which the mistresses of the great have always enjoyed in adult society. That was where the Preparation for Public Life came in. It would appear from Mr Arnold Lunn's *The Harrovians* that the Tarts at his school acted as informers. None of ours did. I ought to know, for one of my friends shared a study with a minor Tart; and except that he was sometimes turned out of the study when one of the Tart's lovers came in (and that, after all, was only natural) he had nothing to complain of. I was not shocked by these things. For me, at that age, the chief drawback to the whole system was that it bored me considerably. For you will have missed the atmosphere of our House unless you picture the whole place from week's end to week's end buzzing, tittering, hinting, whispering about this subject. After games, gallantry was the principal topic of polite conversation; who had 'a case with' whom, whose star was in the ascendant, who had whose photo, who and when and how often and what night and where. . . . I suppose it might be called the Greek Tradition. But the vice in question is one to which I had never been tempted, and which, indeed, I still find opaque to the imagination. Possibly, if I had only stayed longer at the Coll, I might, in this respect as in others, have been turned into a Normal Boy, as the system promises. As things were, I was bored.

A boy who last year (1962) left a well-known public school said to me, 'At the school I left recently, about eighty per cent of the boys went through some homosexual experience. This was worked out by a group of boys after they had left the school. The main trouble was that it was never dealt with. If it had been tackled frontally and somebody in a

position of authority had taken a clear line, most of it would not have gone on. Most people knew that it went on but for various reasons nobody did anything to clear it up.'

Compassion, not contempt, should be given to those gripped by habits of homosexuality. But it is important to understand the surge and depth of the problem. A book has recently been published by a homosexual writing under a false name.[1] He pleads for acceptance of homosexuality as normal and right in Britain.

He says there are at least two million homosexuals in Britain. This is how the 'marriage' of two of them is described:

> I know two young men who were determined to start their partnership with a stronger bond than mere affection. They were proud of one another, and they wanted their love to last, as all lovers do. So they arranged a wedding ceremony in a private home, invited their friends, and standing before a table adorned as a simple altar, they swore fidelity to each other. Then their friends gathered round and drank to their happiness. Their feelings were genuine. It was a gay occasion. They knew the world was against them, so they sought to grasp something of the mysterious elusive security of marriage. Some might think it blasphemous, but can you honestly say that it was disgusting, or degrading, bearing in mind that both men were incapable of so-called 'normal' relationships? (p. 33)

The writer of this book tells how sometimes one partner of a homosexual 'marriage' kills himself when the other dies (p. 17). He claims virtue for this. It is typical of the unnatural thinking which unnatural affection produces. If a surviving partner of a marriage between man and woman

[1] Douglas Plummer, *Queer People*, W. H. Allen, 1963

commits suicide, it is a sign of moral and mental frailty. In the case of a homosexual affair, suicide earns a medal.

The writer names many well-known men as homosexuals —among them the late Gilbert Harding, Sir Hugh Walpole, Ivor Novello, Kitchener of Khartoum. The writer adds:

> It is remarkable how many famous men have been homosexual, yet unknown as such to the general public. I once knew an eminent K.C. who entertained well. Cabinet Ministers, clerks, students, lawyers, actors, foreign visitors, all met at his well-loaded table. Nearly all were homosexual. I don't remember seeing a woman at his flat. But the level of conversation was always high, and there I met famous scientists and doctors and well-known personalities. Our host, a witty, talented Irishman, who loved his wine almost as much as the companionship of his fellows, was warm-hearted and generous. As a conversationalist he had few equals. Today he would, if he were still with us, make an ideal television personality. I sometimes wonder what happened when he died, because his bedroom walls were lined with at least two hundred framed photographs of famous homosexuals whom he had known during a long life—pillars of the Church, diplomats, judges, lawyers, service officers, and business men. Scotland Yard would have been surprised to see so many wigs on so many homosexual heads. (pp. 33-4)

The writer of the book has two aims. First, to change the law so men of mature age who, in private, decide to use their mouths, hands and all other parts of their flesh as they choose shall not be sent to gaol. Second, that others accept such use of the body as natural, as normal as the act of sex between man and wife.

Nowadays many men and women in Britain would favour ending prison sentences for homosexuals. Most would never believe physical homosexuality is as natural as marriage.

But many homosexuals are determined to get Britain to accept sodomy and all that goes with it as normal. They use the prison issue to that end. They pressure you by saying that if you are against sending homosexuals to gaol, you must favour their sleeping with each other. Such men say, with truth, that because many find homosexuality unpleasant, that does not prove it wrong. They should admit that because many find homosexuality attractive, this does not prove it right. The fact that many are against the death sentence for murder does not mean they favour murder as a habit, or way of life.

Homosexuals complain that until the law is changed, they are liable to be blackmailed by wicked men. This is true. It is also true that some homosexuals themselves blackmail and press others to join their practices. In some theatre, film and broadcasting circles it is made plain that you will not go far unless you go the homosexual way. You are promised gold and glory if you walk that path. You may be barred if you refuse it. And unscrupulous homosexuals take money from others they have seduced and who fear the shame of exposure.

But homosexuals can be helped. I have often seen them find a satisfying answer. Seen, too, how they can be discouraged from that answer.

In March 1963, a man was in my home whose needs are sad and great. His family had been broken. The police had caught and charged him. He risked gaol for his weakness. He came for help. After a time, he began to see that sin was sin and that Christ could cure it. He saw steps to take which he believed could start to put things right and rebuild the life of his family.

In the one o'clock B.B.C. news service that day, a Sunday, the one sermon reported to the nation had the theme that sexual indulgence was not so bad as people thought, and that charity was more important than chastity. (Oscar Wilde, speaking at his third trial about a man convicted of

sodomy with young men, was up to date with his definition of the word 'charity'. He said, 'If they were poor and he shared his bed with them, it may have been charity.'[1])

Why, of all the sermons preached in England on that Sunday, is this one picked out to give to the nation? What does it do to a man like the man in my home that day? It robs him of any sense of sin, and so robs him of an answer to it. He goes his way and the family goes to hell. There are millions like him.

Homosexuals use such broadcasts to justify their ways. They protest they are not propagandists. But it is a lie. (Homosexuals tell many lies. It is part of their retreat and cover from life.) They try to make others homosexual to ease the sting of their uncertainty.

It is this propagandizing of the homosexuals as well as their mutual protection that creates the close-knit confraternity of the 'boys' around the world.

At one point, 264 homosexuals were reported to have been purged from the American State Department. Many of them moved from Washington to New York and took jobs in the United Nations, drifting back to Washington after a year or two. But men of this sort have links with men of the same sort in Britain and in other countries. There are no barriers of class, colour, country in the land of Sodom.

In Holland, as reported in the *Observer*,[2] there is a club for homosexuals. The *Observer* says:

> The organisation is called the Cultuuren-Ontspannings-centrum (C.O.C. for short), which in translation emerges somewhat inadequately as 'Centre for Culture and Recreation'. The C.O.C. has grown rapidly since. It now has just over 4,000 members—1,600 in Amsterdam and branches in Rotterdam, The Hague, Utrecht, Groningen,

[1] H. Montgomery Hyde, *Famous Trials: Oscar Wilde*, Penguin Books, p. 247
[2] 13 January 1963

Arnhem and Eindhoven. From the start, lesbian women have been eligible to join, and they now total 500 members. The whole organisation is governed by a national board of ten members, though the final say is with an annual delegate conference.

From America, where a recent estimate made says that one man in six is homosexual,[1] a man wrote from Seattle, on 24 January 1963, 'In my lifetime I have known personally at least 5,000 of those some people call security risks. I am a homosexual myself. It is anyone's own right how they choose to live their sexual life. It is just as natural an expression of love for a man to fall in love with a man as it is to fall in love with a woman. If homo practice becomes a very big issue, you are firing hate and division toward six million homes and ten million homosexuals in the U.S. Most homosexuals believe in Jesus and they are patriotic citizens and hold the highest offices in the country. We *do* love our country.'

No doubt many homosexuals are sincere patriots. Yet events today show that any moral twist can make a man a bad security risk—and that practising homosexuals are more vulnerable than most. Sterne wisely said, 'Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.'

Homosexuals, when they hold positions of power, have sometimes misused them. At least twice in recent British history settlements which would have secured much for our country have been thrown away by bursts of temper and cruelty from one or two of our negotiators who were homosexuals.

Of the interplay of homosexuals, R. G. Waldeck, writing in *Human Events*, 16 April 1952, said:

That the Homosexual International could become dangerous should have been evident to anyone who had an opportunity to observe the mysterious manner in which

[1] Jeff Stearn, *The Sixth Man*, Doubleday, New York

homosexuals recognize each other—by a glance, a gesture, an indefinable pitch of voice—and the astonishing understanding which this recognition creates between men who seem to be socially or politically at opposite poles. True, other Internationals are better organized and more articulate. But what is the unifying force of race, of faith, of ideology as compared to the unifying force of a vice which intimately links the press tycoon to the beggar, the jailbird to the Ambassador, the General to the Pullman porter? 'Cherchez l'homme' points to a much more powerful factor in international affairs than 'cherchez la femme'.

With fascination I watched the little Sodoms functioning within Embassies and foreign offices. Somehow homosexuals always seemed to come by the dozen, not because they were cheaper that way but rather because a homosexual ambassador or chargé d'affaires or Under-Secretary of State liked to staff his 'team' with his own people. Another reason was that the homosexuals really do look after their own.

Waldeck adds,

Welded together by the identity of their forbidden desires, of their strange, sad needs, habits, dangers... members of this International constitute a world-wide conspiracy against society. This conspiracy has spread all over the globe; has penetrated all classes; operates in armies and in prisons; has infiltrated into the press, the movies and the cabinets; and it all but dominates the arts, literature, theater, music and TV. . . . The alliance between the Homosexual International and the Communist International started at the dawn of the Pink Decade. . . . The Communist assumption that the workers represented the future gave a respectable façade to that social promiscuity which is the secret element of their vice. As some women take up bridge or golf or current affairs because it gives them a common

interest with the men they love, the upper-class homosexuals took up Marxism because they felt this brought them closer to their proletarian *ephebes*. . . .

True quite a few homosexual intellectuals soon found that Marxism wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Thus the great French writer André Gide—whom the European homosexuals call 'our Goethe'—solemnly repudiated the god that failed. Others followed his example, especially when they discovered that Russia was by no means the homosexual paradise they had imagined.

Some astute observers insisted that the disturbing increase in homosexuality, not to speak of its Marxist accentuation, is the result of a Moscow-directed propaganda expressly designed to corrode the tissues of capitalist society. . . . This does not mean that every homosexual diplomat or official is a Communist or even a fellow-traveller. Still, this dangerous mixture of anti-social hostility and social promiscuity inherent in the vice inclines them towards Communist causes. . . . One could probably trace some of our more preposterous foreign policy decisions during the last 15 years to the little Sodom inside the State Department.

Waldeck concludes:

The 'love-and-let-love' line which claims that sexual perversion does not prevent a man from functioning normally in all other contexts fools homosexuals themselves by instilling in them the notion there is nothing wrong with the satisfaction of the abnormal desires and that it is, indeed, the solution of the homosexual problem. That this is by no means the case is demonstrated by the unhappiness under which most homosexuals (even the most successful among them) labor.

The arguments which some make for homosexuality in

particular and immorality in general lack logic. It is said, for example, that as Oscar Wilde was a homosexual, it proves that people write better if they live degenerate lives.

It's as reasonable to say that if Nelson had not been Lady Hamilton's lover, he would have lost the Battle of Trafalgar.

Or that, because Churchill likes brandy, he would have lost the war without it.

On the level of that sort of argument all who want to paint well should cut off their ear with a razor—because Van Gogh was a genius with the brush, sheared off his ear, sent it in a box through the post. Or because Joan of Arc could not read or write, all who want to be saints must become illiterate.

Many men of genius have had bad habits. So have many who lacked all genius. Many men of genius have had good character. So have many fools.

It is best to help all men, no matter what their gifts, or lack of them, to live straight.

God can bring real cure to all men.

He does it through men who are prepared to see themselves and others clearly, to live an answer and to mediate it to others.

It was in Edinburgh at the start of this century that Professor Henry Drummond used to meet and change the students of his day. He used to come back at night saying he needed to change his clothes, so foul did he feel from the sins he had heard and answered. His life changed the course of a generation. When faced with a crowd of young men, he said he would deal first 'not with intellectual doubt, but with moral degradation'. He knew from letters that had come to him how some in that audience 'had their backs to the wall'. They were beaten personalities.

Drummond, writing in *The Ideal Life* of Christ's power to cure diseases of flesh and spirit, said:

This tracing of the sin to its root now suggests this further topic—its cure. Christianity professes to cure anything. The process may be slow, the discipline may be severe, but it can be done. But is not temper a constitutional thing? Is it not hereditary, a family failing, a matter of temperament, and can *that* be cured? Yes, if there is anything in Christianity. If there is no provision for that, then Christianity stands convicted of being unequal to human need.

Nor was Drummond impressed by Christians who want to keep themselves to themselves, who think nations can tread the path of godlessness, provided their own soul is safe, who favour what they call 'personal work', but denounce Christian revolution as 'meddling in politics'.

In the *Programme of Christianity* Drummond says, 'Next to losing the sense of a personal Christ, the worst evil that can befall a Christian is to have no sense of anything else.' He goes on to speak of 'a prodigious task—to recreate the world. . . . Christ has a purpose for mankind, a purpose beyond him and his needs, beyond the churches and their creeds, beyond Heaven and its saints—a purpose which embraces every man and woman born, every kindred and nation formed, which regards not their spiritual good alone but their welfare in every part, their progress, their health, their work, their wages, their happiness in this present world. . . . Christ cared more for humanity than for religion —rather His care for humanity was the chief expression of His religion.'

They used to say in the old days, 'Sin is the disease. Christ is the cure. The result is a miracle.' That was before Christ had become a form but no longer a force in the lives of so many, and before sin had been abolished by compromisers.

Some modern men are too proud to believe anyone can understand more than they do. 'For my thoughts are not

your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.' Their pride in themselves or their belief in God has to go. So God goes.

Some years ago when the Press had given news of homosexuality, Frank Buchman, talking to a few friends, said:

> Unless you instantly sniff this danger and call it by its real name and meet it in particular people, you may have a collapse in the nation that will influence millions of people. You get the problem everywhere—on the stage, in the choir of the church—and the average parson doesn't know how to deal with it. Anyone who has inside knowledge of what is going on, knows. They claim there were two million homosexuals in Germany in the 'twenties. Corruption breeds dictatorship. Did the Christians in Germany solve that problem? Christians remember the seventh and eighth chapters of Romans—they forget the first. If you have problems like that in England or should have in the future, you ought to be prepared to meet them. These 'absorbing friendships' I've known about for a good long time. I first understood their power in China. You need to give the fullest affection—the real expulsive love where there is real fellowship. Remember the antiseptic quality that is necessary for that sort of thing. It means the skill of the surgeon in getting to the root of the problem.
>
> Take a man who at one time or another has had homosexual tendencies. I Corinthians vi, 9–11, can be a reality and then people can forgive and forget. You may have to know how to redirect and how to forget if you are to be a remaker of men. A man like that, changed, may have the chance to do what no one else in the nation can do.

7

Bedding and Wedding

VIRGINITY is out of date. British girls are still born with it but many no longer stay with it. The *Yorkshire Post* on 18 July 1961 described how, at one girls' school, a yellow golliwog was pinned by each child on her breast who could say that she had got her boy to bed with her. A girl undergraduate wrote in *Isis*,[1] the Oxford University magazine, that there is 'no premium on virginity in Oxford'. Referring to one college by name, she wrote, '30 per cent to 40 per cent *virgines intactae* is about the highest most experts would put it. Certainly a random group of eighteen reading arts last year revealed thirteen definitely not.'

The Observer writes, 5 May 1963:[2] 'One out of every 16 children born now in England and Wales is illegitimate. For the children of mothers under 20 the number is one out of every four. Unmarried mothers are giving birth to a vast new population of 55,000 babies a year in Britain. Unmarried mothers come from every class and background. One-third of all our babies[3] are now *conceived* out of wedlock, and, of course, only a fraction of unmarried love-making results in conception. Large numbers of illegitimate children are aborted. The unmarried mothers are the ones who are unlucky—and who fail to regularise their position afterwards.'

Some may find these figures sad. None will find them

[1] *Isis*, 14 June 1961

[2] *Observer*, 5 May 1963: *Who are the Unmarried Mothers and Fathers?* by Jeremy Sandford

[3] i.e., first-born babies, *Observer*, 2 June 1963

surprising. We are no longer a Christian country. Most people have rejected the yardstick of absolute moral standards, which are Christ's. We have put our own prejudices, preferences or personal judgment in their place. Sexual behaviour is only one part of the landslide that has happened to our values in Britain. There are no statistics for Pride, Wrath, Envy, Gluttony, Avarice and Sloth, the other six Deadly Sins. But to look at Affluent Society today does not make for belief that these things are on the wane.

Only madmen blame a child for being born out of wedlock. But only fools disregard the social problem that this flood of illegitimacy is creating. Twenty years from now there will be a powerful minority in Britain with a grievance against society in their hearts because, despite modern trends, most of those born out of wedlock grow up with sourness in their belly and a chip on both shoulders.

'In 1961,' the recent *Observer* article continues, '23 of our unmarried mothers were 13, 133 were 14, 725 were 15. Marriage at these ages is illegal. At sixteen the law permits marriage. The sixteen-year-old mothers gave birth to 1,600 illegitimate children and 2,100 legitimate ones.' The article quotes one of these teenage mothers, '. . . Everyone was doin' it, you know, when we was at school, people said, What ain't you done it yet? You got to feel the odd one out, then you got worrying, What, don't no one want me? . . . When I finally had a go, of course I fell for a baby. . . .'

Ruth Adam, wife of Kenneth Adam, Director of B.B.C. Television, in an article in the *Sunday Times* of 10 December 1961 reports that fathers no longer have authority in the house. Mothers and daughters have a 'bond of feminine freemasonry'. Mrs Adam (with a married daughter and three sons) ends her survey:

> The biggest contribution to peace in the home since she [mother] was her daughter's age, has been the shelving of

the topic of virginity. . . . 'Well, of course she wants to go with the boys. It's only natural, isn't it?' said one mother, defensively, when the headmistress remonstrated with her about her daughter's behaviour. When I was teaching, the inevitable retort was an indignant, 'My daughter's a *good* girl!'—meaning an undoubted virgin. This mother does not know if her daughter is, and does not mean to ask. After all, there is nothing much she can do about it when she knows the answer.

About the story of the yellow golliwogs on the tunics of the schoolgirls, Mrs Adam comments that Fleet Street was not nauseated by this. She could in fairness have said that for years many men and women of the Press have had standards of their own in matters of sex. The nation is catching up with them. But such reporters have an interest in compromise which not all disclose in presenting news to the public.

A year after Mrs Adam wrote in the *Sunday Times*, Susan Cooper was contributing to the same paper (11 and 18 November 1962). Under the titles 'Morals in Confusion' and 'Monogamy in Decline' she writes: 'Fidelity has come to mean for many people not "forsaking all other" but merely taking care not to let their second liaison disrupt the first.' She faces the problem. She says:

This quiet revolution in marriage has produced a vicious circle: by relying on our own fallible judgment as a basis for human relationships, we make mistakes which can produce children incapable of forming secure relationships at all. . . . In America . . . it has produced a condition where every fourth marriage breaks up and juvenile delinquency rates soar. What can prevent the same thing happening here? . . . The young have no guide; no education (and not much example) in behaviour and no strict convention to obey.

The parent without religion behind him has a new dilemma: 'When a teenager shows you a newspaper report saying 60 per cent of all teenagers have premarital intercourse, and asks how far she should go, what do you say? If 60 per cent do, then it's conventional. My wife and I just try to explain that sex without love leads to disappointments, shotgun marriages and so on.' He offers his daughter no moral objection, but a reasoned answer—and this is what society also needs. . . .

But the most urgent need of all, as in so many aspects of Society today, is that we should recognise how radically our values have changed; how they have moved in our conception of the mutual responsibility of marriage, from rules to reason, from duty to choice. Of course, the great majority of British marriages are stable still; of course, many are still conducted on clear Christian principles. But the others are multiplying. Relationships between individuals are probably the last hope of this century. But they can support a society only if they begin in self-knowledge and end in unselfishness. With this in mind, it is high time we sat back and realised what marriage in Britain has become—and whether this is what we really want it to be.

Susan Cooper says we are not depraved yet, but have exchanged one moral system for another without realizing it. She says it is divorce above all which has struck at the Christian concept of marriage in Britain, and that divorce by consent is, in practice, the way of the land. 'The tenets of Christian marriage', she declares, 'hold good only in a whole-hearted Christian community which Britain has long ceased to be.' Marriage is no longer looked on as a sacrament but as a contract voidable at will.

The *Observer* of 7 April 1963 agrees: 'In a society which has largely, if tacitly, rejected the Christian religion there is

no case for arguing that the divorce laws should be based on Christian theology', it says.

People of privilege have set the pace. *Time Magazine*, commenting in May 1957 on the latest divorce in the British Cabinet, said that it brought 'the Cabinet divorce rate to three times the national average'.[1] 'Public opinion', said the then Archbishop of Canterbury in his diocesan letter of New Year, 1960, 'which once ostracized adulterers, does it no longer.' One marriage in fifteen of marriages between commoners breaks up. Seven out of twenty-five of the non-royal dukes have been to the divorce court—three of them more than once.[2]

One royal person said in a loud voice to his companions after meeting a friend of mine at a party, 'It must be *awful* to be morally fit.' The words were spoken with cut and coldness.

The present Archbishop of Canterbury wrote in the *Sunday Times*, 17 February 1963, 'Today there is in our society an immense outbreak of preoccupation with Venus. There is a dwelling upon sex; the sex problem, the adjustments of sex, instruction for sex, adventures of sex, stories of sex, what to do with sex, better and brighter sex.'

The assault on traditional morality comes from unexpected places. On 26 October 1962, an editorial appeared in the *Times Educational Supplement*. Its writer said:

> The puritanical streak in British religion has set too great an emphasis on sexual morality, which strong social influences do little to encourage. It would seem wise for teachers and others to attempt to counteract this emphasis. After all, possibly the majority of young people today go early off the rails so far as sexual behaviour is concerned and this, for the time being, is a fact that has to be accepted. It is important to make them understand that this is no reason for leaving their church.

[1] *Time Magazine*, 6 May 1957

[2] *Time Magazine*, 4 January 1960

On 9 November 1962, the *Times Educational Supplement* was quick to deny it had meant what it seemed to have said. It printed a number of letters of protest from teachers, but in a long editorial entitled 'Faith and Morals', once again failed to offer hope to the sinner that Christ could change his character as well as forgive his sin—this in an article addressed to Christians, and leaving secular humanists out of account.

Towards a Quaker View of Sex, an essay by a group of Friends, was published by the Friends Home Service Committee on 18 February 1963. Eleven leading Quakers wrote it. They say, 'It is fairly common in both young men and women with high standards of general conduct and integrity to have one or two love affairs, involving intercourse, before they find the person they ultimately marry' (p. 6). Their thesis is that this is not necessarily a serious sin. They say in a later chapter, 'Where there is a genuine tenderness, an openness to responsibility, and the seed of commitment, God is surely not shut out' (p. 45).

On marriage, and the problems of the 'eternal triangle', the eleven Quakers say, 'We recognise that, while most examples of the "eternal triangle" are produced by boredom and primitive misconduct, others may arise from the fact that the very experience of loving one person with depth and perception may sensitise a man or a woman to the lovable qualities in others' (p. 39). Again, they say, 'A triangular situation can and often does arise in which all three persons behave responsibly, are deeply conscious of the difficulties and equally anxious to avoid injury to the others. Since this kind of situation attracts no publicity and does not end in the divorce court it is assumed not to exist' (p. 20).

In a country which, thanks to God and the blood of heroes, is yet free, any man has the right to give opinions. But the climate has changed. Not long ago, if somebody publicly suggested that adultery had God's blessing, he would have

been assailed and scorned. Today, if somebody suggests that adultery is wrong, that a guiltily divorced person may have a gap in character, he is at once abused and accused. It is said that he lacks charity. The phrase 'Charity or Chastity' is passed about and about. It means that if you favour chastity, you lack charity towards others who believe in sexual licence.

True enough, there have often been and still are too many Pharisees who treat sinners as if they were typhoid-carriers. Theirs may be greater sin.

But 'Charity or Chastity' is a false alternative. Christ, on this earth, did not lack charity. Nor did He oppose chastity. He did not repel harlots. But He told one as He told all, 'Sin no more.'

He loved sinners, but hated sin. He refused to help men use their brains to kill conscience and argue sin out of existence.

Another Quaker, George Fox, whose quality won thousands of his countrymen to a faith in Christ, thought differently from his eleven successors. He believed that God wanted men pure and could clean them up and help them to stay pure.

On page 28 of the introduction by Dr Nuttall to *The Journal of George Fox*, published at the Cambridge University Press in 1952, there is this passage:

> 'Mind that which is pure in you to guide you to God', Fox would say. Even in childhood, he tells us, he had been taught how to walk to be kept pure; and he had kept his childhood's vow not to be wanton when he grew to manhood. Here again he universalised his own experience. If he could be kept pure, so could others. He claimed no special grace for himself, no gift that was not for all men to receive who would. Nor did he pretend that it was possible to live in purity without persistent watchfulness, in utter dependence on the power of God.

In chapter one of the *Journal* itself, page 18, Fox writes as follows:

> And passing on, I went among the professors at Dukinfield and Manchester, where I stayed a while and declared Truth among them. And there were some convinced, who received the Lord's teaching, by which they were confirmed and stood in the Truth. But the professors were in a rage, all pleading for sin and imperfection, and could not endure to hear talk of perfection, and of a holy and sinless life. But the Lord's power was over all; though they were chained under darkness and sin, which they pleaded for, and quenched the tender thing in them.

On the next page, Fox says:

> And as I was walking by the steeplehouse side, in the town of Mansfield, the Lord said unto me, 'That which people do trample upon must be thy food.' And as the Lord spoke He opened it to me how that people and professors did trample upon the life, even the life of Christ was trampled upon; and they fed upon words, and fed one another with words, but trampled upon the life, and trampled underfoot the blood of the Son of God, which blood was my life, and they lived in their airy notions, talking of Him. It seems strange to me at the first that I should feed on that which the high professors trampled upon, but the Lord opened it clearly to me by His eternal spirit and power.

Modern Britain is far from Fox. Writing in *Life* on 17 December 1962, the English author James Morris says of this country:

> Behind a blandly respectable exterior, as generations of visitors have discovered, the British cherish many less reassuring traits—hypocrisy often, bawdiness nearly always, the cattiness that goes with clubs and class differences,

lasciviousness, ruthlessness, a deep queer streak of violence. . . . The opulent Edwardians had such a weakness for the pleasures of homosexuality that it used to be called 'the English vice'. . . . If the English gentleman has beaten a well-worn track to Paris in pursuit of the conventional delights, Frenchmen with a taste for the subtler vices have always crossed the Channel to London—now, as ever, a city wide open to the initiate. . . . You cannot safely generalise about the British, a mongrel race of great diversity; but more than most peoples, it is perhaps fair to say, they have trimmed their morals to the times. . . . Once a reserved, stuffy people, at least in appearances, they are now becoming one of the gaudiest and most blatant in Europe—certainly few capitals are more flaring, vulgar and uninhibited than London today, with the couples happily copulating in the lovely parks, the strip shows flourishing in Soho and the illegitimacy rates rising, in a city that has always been notable for unmarried love, to unprecedented heights of fecundity. . . . Nothing in life or politics, the British like to say, is jet black or pure white: and in the resultant twilight of uncertainty Major Thompson often removes his bowler, unbuttons his vest and picks up a painted whore.

One sign of the times, a lurch towards what many people would call impurity, was the verdict of the jury in the case of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

In *Lady Chatterley's Lover* seventy-seven times Lawrence prints the unprintable four-letter words. This shocked some people. I was not shocked by that. I was shocked that responsible men and women should speak of this book, with its thirteen descriptions of adulterous acts, in such words as 'highly virtuous', 'in some measure a moral tract', and 'an extremely moral book', and that teachers and clerics should recommend it for young people to read.

Thirty years ago at Oxford, men of my time read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. That it helped to corrupt many, none can doubt.

They believed that a climax of the book, the seventh episode where Mellor's sexual relationship with Lady Chatterley is described in detail, denotes Lawrence's support of what is known in English law as 'buggery'. It is a perversion that involves '*penetratio per anum*'. It can take place between men and men, or men and women. In either case, in English law, this is a criminal offence and both parties are liable to imprisonment for life. It is no defence to say that in the case of man and woman they are married to each other.

The fact that it is this perversion that Lawrence describes, and by implication defends, was confirmed in a scholarly article by John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, in *Encounter* (February 1962). His arguments seem conclusive.

Not once during that trial was this aspect of what Lawrence advocates in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* mentioned in court. Oxford undergraduates thirty years ago were clear that a climax of the book tried to thrust this habit down the craw of the reader.

Some regard the outcome of the *Lady Chatterley* trial as unimportant, because they look on morality as a purely personal matter.

If the theory that a man's private life is his private affair, and does not affect the life of his community and nation, were true this would not be important—except that the character of every man and the state of every soul is important. But that theory is a lie.

'The truth', says Dr Monk Gibbon,[1] 'is that civilisation collapses when that essential reverence for absolute values which religion gives disappears. Rome had discovered that

[1] Quoted by Sir Arnold Lunn in *Memory to Memory*, Hollis and Carter, 1956

in the days of her decadence. Men live on the accumulated Faith of the past as well as on its accumulated self-discipline. Overthrow these and nothing seems missing at first, a few sexual taboos, a little of the prejudice of a Cato, a few rhapsodical impulses—comprehensible, we are told, only in the literature of folk lore—these have gone by the board. But something has gone as well, the mortar which held society together, the integrity of the individual soul; then the rats come out of their holes and begin burrowing under the foundations and there is nothing to withstand them.'

Jung supports this. 'The meaning of Christianity and Mithraism is clear', he writes. 'It is a moral restraint of animal impulses. The dynamic appearance of both religions betrays something of that enormous feeling of redemption which animated the first disciples and which we today scarcely know how to appreciate. Those old truths are empty to us. Most certainly we should still understand them had our customs even a breath of ancient brutality, for we can hardly realise in this day the whirlwinds of the unchained libido which roared through the ancient Rome of the Caesars.'

Dr J. D. Unwin in *Sex and Culture*[1] shows that societies display most apathy where pre-marital continence is disregarded and where indulgence after marriage is greatest. 'Sometimes', writes Dr Unwin, 'a man has been heard to declare that he wishes both to enjoy the advantages of culture and to abolish continence. The inherent nature of the human organism, however, seems to be such that these desires are incompatible, even contradictory.... Any human society is free to choose, either to display great energy or to enjoy sexual freedom; the evidence is that it cannot do both for more than one generation.'

[1] Oxford University Press, 1934

8

Gaiters and God

A WRITER once said, 'In the English Church a man succeeds, not through his capacity for belief but through his capacity for disbelief. Ours is the only church where the sceptic stands at the altar and where St Thomas is regarded as the ideal apostle.' The writer's name was Oscar Wilde.

I take a passage from his terrible ordeal in cross-examination by Edward Carson in the First Trial, when some of Wilde's own ideas contributed to an Oxford magazine were put to him.

CARSON: 'Wickedness is a myth invented by good people to account for the curious attractiveness of others.' You think that is true?

WILDE: I rarely think that anything I write is true.

CARSON: 'Religions die when they are proved to be true.' Is that true?

WILDE: Yes. I hold that. It is a suggestion towards a philosophy of the absorption of religion by science, but it is too big a question to go into now.

CARSON: Do you think that was a safe axiom to put forward for the philosophy of the young?

WILDE: Most stimulating.

CARSON: 'If one tells the truth, one is sure, sooner or later, to be found out'?

WILDE: That is a pleasing paradox, but I do not set very high store by it as an axiom.

CARSON: Is it good for the young?
WILDE: Anything is good that stimulates thought at whatever age.
CARSON: Whether moral or immoral?
WILDE: There is no such thing as morality or immorality in thought.
CARSON: 'Pleasure is the only thing one should live for.'
WILDE: I think that the realisation of oneself is the prime aim of life.[1]

Wilde has been elevated lately into a hero-figure. He has become the modern prophet of perversion, a male madonna of materialism. Films and books present him to millions. So, in discussing trends of our times, it is important to face a few facts about him.

He boasted to a friend near the end of his life, 'I've been married three times—once to a woman, twice to men.'

He swore not only before God in court, but on his honour again and again to his lawyers and to friends (even to those who blackmailed him), that there was no word of truth in the suggestions made against him.

Later when he was found guilty and there was no purpose to be gained by lying, he agreed that it was all true.

He often picked up and paid professional female prostitutes for their services. His friend Robert Sherard records that one evening Wilde said to him, 'Priapus is calling', went off for the night with a harlot (who later was murdered by another customer) and was 'in great form' next morning. The first thing he said to Sherard on that day was, 'What animals we are, Robert.'

After his release from gaol, he took up his homosexual practices again. Though public-school boys came his way,

[1] See H. Montgomery Hyde, *Famous Trials: Oscar Wilde*, Penguin Books, p. 108

he had always shown special softness for valets, clerks, masseurs, waiters, male prostitutes and people of less privilege in life than himself. As death drew near he seems to have preferred boys of the working-class for his pleasures.

At the trial Wilde's practices were described in detail, and afterwards Wilde said he had done far more than was charged against him. Lord Alfred Douglas, in later life, said that after six months of friendship, Wilde and he stopped the physical and sexual acts of their relationship.

Wilde from start to finish believed that his habits and his lies were right. He enjoyed the danger, declaring it was like 'feasting with panthers'. His only regret about the boys he had paid for their services was that they were ready to give evidence against him at the Old Bailey.

Sherard[1] records that Wilde said to him, 'They jeered at me when they saw me. But I never did them any harm. I never tried to be anything but kind to them.' Sherard notes that Wilde's eyes filled with tears and he thought he had shown nothing but sisterly and motherly affection for these boys. He comments, 'It was the most complete case of biological introversion.'

Some of this history, much of it typical of so many homosexuals, may be thought to justify the words of a man like Canon Rhymes who, preaching in Southwark Cathedral on 10 March 1963, said, 'Much of the prejudice against homosexuality is on the grounds that it is unnatural—unnatural for whom? Certainly not for the homosexual himself.'[2]

But was it natural for Wilde? Or was his habit something which, knowing it was wrong, knowing it was unnatural, he did for his own delight and in defiance of the hunger for God and righteousness that he admitted he had stifled in youth but which at last drew him to the Church? Would it not have been more 'natural' to accept faith as a young

[1] *Unhappy Friendship*, p. 31 [2] *Daily Express*, 11 March 1963

man and avoid the catastrophic downfall that was his? For it was only on his deathbed that Wilde at last yielded, and was received into the Catholic Church.

Sin blinds. It binds. It deadens. It multiplies. Christ can cure it. The result is a miracle. But if you say sin is not sin, then Christ is not needed to bring a cure. And those who disbelieve in sin soon disbelieve in Christ likewise.

Nobody would doubt the sincerity of men like Canon Rhymes, the Bishop of Woolwich and others who question traditional concepts of Christian morality and faith. But it is permissible to suggest that they lack wisdom to ascertain the links between the way men live and the way a nation goes, between Communism and immorality, between personal indiscipline and national disaster.

Priests and bishops have a supreme responsibility. Theirs is the highest calling men can follow. Evil men swiftly use what falls from the lips of Churchmen, and twist it to justify their devices.

The *Daily Telegraph* wrote on the publication of the Bishop of Woolwich's book, *Honest to God*, that it 'has been extravagantly praised by many who are not in the least interested in the better expression of theological truths, but rather in seeing to it that there shall be no theological truths left to express. The Bishop has put a splendid weapon into their hands.'[1]

The Bishop's book has certainly stirred the spiritual pot of our nation. He has disturbed millions of minds on a religious subject. This is a wonder in the modern world.

The Archbishop of Canterbury rightly says that 'it should be the mark of the Christian faith to learn from the shock of new ideas, but it is also necessary to see where such ideas may be misleading'.[2] The Archbishop also says that if the Bishop's view of the Atonement and the Resurrection is accepted, 'it is hard to see what firm ground is left'.

[1] *Daily Telegraph*, 1 April 1963 [2] *Image Old and New*

As the Bishop says he himself does not quite understand all he has written, as the book reviewer of *The Times* says (4 April 1963), 'It would take a wise man to understand what the Bishop means', I can only hope to be truthful by saying what the book means to me.

The Bishop is evidently trying to express a conception of God which is truer for him and, he believes, for this generation. Here Father Corbishley puts the matter in perspective. 'Of course,' he writes in *The Tablet*, 'all our imagery is woefully inadequate; and the great mistake made by the *nouvelle vogue* in theology is to suggest that their own "image" is *nearer* the truth than the ones they reject. Thus, the bishop dislikes the Biblical phrases about God "inhabiting eternity" or "walking with man in the cool of the evening". He would prefer us to think of God not as "out there" but "deep down here". Both are true; both are equally inadequate.'[1]

The Bishop puts much value on the views of the German pastor Bonhoeffer who, before being hanged by the Nazis, published his conception of religionless Christianity, of modern secular men having grown up, grown out of the need of a Supernatural God. The Bishop quotes with approval Bonhoeffer's letter of 30 April 1944:

> Our whole nineteen-hundred-year-old Christian preaching and theology rests upon the 'religious premise' of man. . . . But if one day it becomes apparent that this *a priori* 'premise' simply does not exist, but was an historical and temporary form of human self-expression—i.e., if we reach the stage of being radically without religion—and I think this is the case already . . . what does that mean for 'Christianity'? It means that the linchpin is removed from the whole structure of our Christianity to date.[2]

The Bishop's book seems to say that God is not there if

[1] *The Tablet*, 13 April 1963

[2] *Honest to God*, p. 122

man does not need Him. As scientific explanations of the universe expand, man's need of God contracts. (Most men would think the world seldom seemed more in need of God than now. Not so the Bishop.)

Some people for personal reasons feel uncomfortable and unhappy and so still need Church to attend. But in time as man matures more fully, he will not need, presumably, Church or God.

The Bishop talks of the Incarnation in such phrases as 'God dressed up—like Father Christmas' and 'the traditional view leaves the impression that God took a space-trip and arrived on this planet in the form of a man'.

God, says the Bishop, is not a Person but 'ultimate reality'. He does not make it clear to an ordinary man like myself how and why one should pray to 'ultimate reality'. This ultimate reality is 'Love'. *The Times* reviewer comments: '"Nothing prescribed" says the Bishop "except Love." So to a young man wanting to take a girl to bed, you do not say, "It's wrong" or "It's a sin", but "Do you love her?" One gathers that if he replies "Yes", he still ought not to because he should then "respect her far too much to use her". It is rather consoling to see how this most latitudinarian of Bishops still retains the old Protestant suspicion of fornication.'[1]

The Bishop in his book states, 'Nothing can of itself always be labelled as "wrong". One cannot, for instance, start from the position "sex relations before marriage" or "divorce" are wrong or sinful in themselves. They may be in 99 cases or even 100 cases out of 100, but they are not intrinsically so, for the only intrinsic evil is lack of love.'[2]

The Times reviewer concludes:

The old myths and imagery Dr Robinson urges need not be discarded for they retain their 'numinous power'.

[1] *The Times*, 4 April 1963 [2] *Honest to God*, p. 118

Bishops from their thrones may still look down on congregations saying, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven', hear the priest intoning, 'Therefore with angels and archangels' and the words read out, 'Thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity . . .' But they will know that in fact we have no Father and there is no Heaven, no angels and no archangels, while eternity is empty of inhabitants and will not receive us. The picture is so bizarre that perhaps the comment may be made of Dr Robinson that was made of Auguste Comte, '*Une religion sans Dieu! Mon Dieu, quelle religion!*'

It is hard to see what meaning, if any, the Bishop of Woolwich gives to the ancient words of the Creed, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His Only Son, Our Lord.'

It is not astonishing, in view of the unusual position the Bishop holds towards God, that over two years before he published *Honest to God* he was rebuked by the Archbishop of Canterbury for giving evidence in the trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*,[1] and thus 'becoming a stumbling-block and a cause of offence to many ordinary Christians'. The Archbishop, Dr Fisher, also said, 'The Christian fact is that adultery, whether in fact or in lustful longing, is always a sin. The good pastor will teach his people to avoid both the fact of, and the desire for, sex experience of an adulterous kind and fornication also, from the plain undeviating teaching of the Bible.'

The Bishop graciously apologized to the Archbishop. He said, 'I wish to express my great regret that by giving evidence I unwittingly caused confusion and distress to many of my fellow Christians.'[2] He then went on to urge Christians to read the book. He also quoted a headmaster of a well-known Christian school (unnamed) who is planning to get

[1] *Observer*, 6 November 1960

[2] *Observer*, 13 November 1960

his boys to read it and to give them a series of talks on it.

Another teacher, a delegate from Ramsgate to the 28th Congress of the British Communist Party at Easter 1963, told the conference: 'I tell you, comrades, I find it much easier to make converts through Lady Chatterley than through Karl Marx.'[1]

A Communist recently told a friend of mine that he had moved his job from industry into a pornographic publishing house. He said that up to the time when *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was given the blessing of the court, pornography was less profitable. Since then orders for pornographic books of all kinds have boomed.

Later Dr Robinson also stated that he did not feel suicide was a sin against society. 'It seems to me', he said, 'that very much more often it is a sin of society against the individual.'[2]

Another Southwark cleric, Canon Rhymes, warden of the diocesan training centre, preaching in Southwark Cathedral on 25 November 1962, said:

> When the world rejects what goes on in the Church, when the world refuses to obey the moral prohibitions of the Church, the Church should not necessarily angrily denounce them, but examine itself to see whether what is being rejected is itself a yoke which should be rejected. . . . If the present generation will not be influenced by mere prohibitions about morality, if the moral laws become an attempt to impose a perfectionism which is beyond most people, then we shall either have to face the complete overthrowing of all moral demands, or we shall become split personalities trying to observe the impossible and knowing it to be impossible, burdened with a yoke beyond our bearing.[3]

The Canon might ponder whether the world rejects

[1] *Sunday Telegraph*, 14 April 1963
[2] *Daily Express*, 10 October 1962
[3] *Prism*, January 1963

Church morality because Churchmen themselves preached what they did not live. He seems to neglect Christ's command, 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.' He also seems to think that the alternatives are indulgence or frustration. This leaves out the hope, born out of experience in generation after generation, that what is impossible to man becomes possible and satisfying by the grace of God and with His help. 'My grace is sufficient for you. My strength is made perfect in weakness.'

The Canon goes on:

> Do we not try to examine these prohibitions afresh and work out the implications of abandoning a very legalistic type of ethics and regarding moral laws as rigid things you have to obey? Are we to offer merely a 'thou shalt not' to the youth struggling with the urgency of the sexual desires in a world which has taught him that immediate satisfaction is desirable and natural, or to a man or woman who in the prime of life has faced a breakdown of marriage, or to a homosexual who is conscious that the need for him to find his own kind of love is as natural as it is to the heterosexual? Or are we to see these things as a disturbance of the Church and to work out for each what it means to have a freedom which is Christ who would deal with each as He finds them rather than apply rigid rules?[1]

Cambridge theologians add their voices to the clamour against tradition.

Mr H. A. Williams, Dean of Trinity, in his lecture 'Psychological Objections'[2] tells the story of a man loyally practising his religion and a devout Anglican. This man had a nightmare in which he saw a monster in human form hypnotizing the actors on a stage, reducing them to puppets. He came to the conclusion that this monster was the God he worshipped.

[1] *Ibid.*

[2] *Objections to Christian Belief*, by D. M. Mackinnon, H. A. Williams, A. R. Vidler, and J. S. Bezzant, Constable, 1963

Two years later he was seen drunk among the bars and brothels of Tangiers and he told Williams that the words of Jesus rang in his ears like peals of victory, 'Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you.' Williams says he is not suggesting it is morally desirable to spend one's time drunk among the bars and brothels of a city. He sees that there are much worse evils than that.

His conclusion is that the congregation of 'good' people in Church can be much farther from the heart of God than those who have strayed from the path of conventional behaviour. Nobody sane would doubt the conclusions of Mr Williams. The insanity lies in using such conclusions to deny that God has the power to cure and satisfy the lusts of the human heart which lead men to bars and brothels.

Writing in the *Church Times*, 11 January 1963, Mr Williams says, 'When sex outside marriage is a medium of self-giving . . . then I would unhesitatingly say it is not sinful.'

Mr Williams puts his view most clearly in the book, *Soundings*: 'Sexual intercourse outside marriage', he says, 'may be often, perhaps almost always, an exploitation, unilateral or mutual. But there are cases where it need not be and is not.' He takes his examples from two recent films. The first describes how a nervous sailor acquires confidence in himself through the way a prostitute sleeps with him. 'What is seen is an act of charity which proclaims the glory of God', comments Williams: 'He [the sailor] goes away a deeper fuller person than when he came in.' The second film shows how a man strongly attracted by small girls finds the courage to sleep with an older woman. 'He does it, and they sleep together, he is made whole', Williams concludes. 'And where there is healing, there is Christ, whatever the Church may say about fornication. And the proper response is—Glory to God in the Highest. . . .'[1]

[1] *Soundings*, edited by A. R. Vidler, Cambridge University Press, pp. 81–2

What these Cambridge theologians and others associated with them seem to have in common is the view that anything outside human reason is to be doubted or disbelieved. And we suppose that the Dean of St John's, Canon J. S. Bezzant, another contributor to *Objections to Christian Belief*, was following out their beliefs when, in sending down an undergraduate found with a girl in college, he is reported to have said: 'He has not been asked to leave on a moral issue—it is just the question of protecting the college's reputation.' To which the *Daily Express* rejoined, 'Why not on moral grounds? What is wrong with that?' 'Things have come to a pretty pass', commented the *Church Times*, 'when Churchmen have to be reminded of morality by the secular press.'[1]

These men who sincerely proclaim a new age of reason seem often utterly unreasonable to less complicated men.

B. H. Streeter, the Oxford theologian and Provost of The Queen's College, pointed out the fallacy of the 'nothing of itself is wrong' view of morality in his book *Adventure*.[2] 'When passion is the arbiter, my own case is always recognised to be exceptional', he wrote. 'There never were in history lovers like "we two", never were any kept apart by a fate as hard as ours. When Aphrodite whispers in my ear, a principle which admits no exception may nerve me to resist; but if any exception is admitted, my case is certain to be one.'

He adds: 'Where sex is concerned border-line cases will always by the parties concerned appear to be over the border. Which means that the border-line—for other people and for them next time—has moved on that much. If, for example, you say in framing your rule that engaged couples may behave as if already married, the rule will be stretched

[1] *Church Times*, 15 March 1963

[2] *Adventure, The Faith of Science and the Science of Faith*, by B. H. Streeter and others, Macmillan, 1937, p. 125

to cover couples secretly engaged, and very soon to couples thinking of being engaged, couples wondering what it would feel like to be temporarily engaged, and so on.'

The Bishop of Lichfield, speaking to his Diocesan Conference on Dr Robinson's book and his view that 'nothing can of itself always be labelled wrong', said: 'I wonder what the police would make of this remark, battling as they are against an increasing wave of violence and crime. . . . In my view, the abandonment by the Church of the absolute in regard to the Christian ethical standard would lead straight to a terrible moral disaster for the nation.'[1]

An Anglican priest wrote to me recently. He said: 'Fifty clergy attended the annual refresher course of my theological college last week. For lunch-time reading on the "quiet day" the vice-principal read to us from Bonhoeffer's *Letters from Prison.* The force of it was that "there is no God". The last lecture, on "Sexual ethics today", was largely based on *Towards a Quaker View of Sex.* One vicar said to me that his curate, now in his second year, did not like visiting, and could not be given the Confirmation class because he would not know what to teach them—his one great enthusiasm being the words of the Bishop of Woolwich. The vice-principal said to me that many theologians were interested in the view that God was a psychological phenomenon, and that he personally felt that way at the moment. The spiritual effect of all this talk was paralysing. The real miracle of Christ's cleansing from the guilt and power of sin will never come that way. It is a dead end.'

One thing is certain. An iconoclastic attitude which questions God, sin, morality in the shapes they have been known, is fully understood and used by the Communists who encourage moral weakness in order to control men for their purposes, who have a materialistic concept of history which they thrust upon humanity and who know that so long as a

[1] *Evening Sentinel,* 22 May 1963

traditional God holds the allegiance of men, they cannot establish their dictatorship on earth.

How different is the Communist concept of history from that of the Regius Professor of History at Cambridge. Professor Butterfield writes in his *Christianity and History*:[1]

> In the workings of history there must be felt the movement of a living God. . . . The patterns that matter in history are patterns that end in personalities—they *are* posterity, they *are* the heirs of all the ages, whom creation groaned through so many astronomical eras and such long geological epochs to produce. . . . I do not see why Christians should be shy of trusting in Providence, leaning on it and making alliance with it, regarding it as a living and active agency both in ourselves and in its movement over the length and breadth of history. We cannot make terms with it or demand that it give us either victory in war or exemption from cataclysm . . . indeed the Christian knows that it gives him no guarantee against martyrdom for the faith. What it does guarantee so exultantly in the New Testament is a mission in the world and the kind of triumph that may come out of apparent defeat—the kind of good that can be wrested out of evil.

[1] H. Butterfield, *Christianity and History*, G. Bell and Sons, Ltd, 1949

9

Christ and Anti-Christ

WE are in the midst of a world-wide rebellion against God. Unless this is understood, we miss the signs of the times.

This resolve to remove God from the mind of man is the cause that lies beneath our decadence.

It is the disease which produces all the symptoms we have discussed.

It is a resolve backed by the total resources of mighty states. It is also sustained by all who maintain in thought, word and deed that man is beast, not spirit. They play a Satanic game.

Few believe today in Satan. What the Devil must most desire is for men to lose their belief in him and their belief in sin. If man disbelieves in sin, and God's power to deliver him from it, he is on the road to slavery.

Hitler understood this well. A Gestapo report,[1] attacking Moral Re-Armament, said:

> Frankly its [MRA's] importance is that at the very moment when we [the Nazi party] are making efforts to suppress Christian conviction of sin, which appears to us the first step towards the enslavement of the German, a movement is emanating from the Anglo-Saxons, who are racially related to us, which regards just this consciousness of sin as a basis for change in national relationships. . . .

[1] *Die Oxfordgruppenbewegung*, published in 1942 by the Head Office of the Reich Security Department

The Communists, like the Nazis, try to kill the consciousness of good and evil in men. Ends may be good. All but the most selfish and most blind would live and fight for revolutionary change in economic and social conditions. But Lenin knew that his means could never be accepted by men who thought right right and wrong wrong. 'Our morality is wholly subordinate to the interests of the class struggle', he said. It means that in his view anything that helps Communism forward is morally right, anything that halts it is morally wrong. Purges, lies, exploitation of men's weakness or greed, use of threats, force, markets or money, all are allowed to bring more power into Red hands.

It is important that groups and individuals who today use their press, pulpit, radio or theatre to debunk morality and to call dirt art, and purity puritanism, understand where a Hitler or a Stalin may lead their lands tomorrow.

Such men are really atheists. They want to make materialism the philosophy of man. That is, to make man believe that he is the supreme intelligence and that things matter more than people because they mould man's nature. Mud makes man. Better things make better people.

This philosophy is supported by materialists all over the world. And there are as many of them Right as Left.

In the end, this leads to dictatorship. Nations encouraged to get more and more in return for less and less, persuaded to vote for political parties who promise more cake in return for less cooking, swiftly divide into camps and classes with conflicting interests. Division multiplies. Production and purpose vanish. A sense of drift replaces a sense of destiny. Sooner or later, the strong man steps in—of course for everyone's good, particularly his own and his followers'—and defends his control in order, as he says, to avoid chaos. You see military men sincerely leading us on towards this form of government in every continent today.

Lack of inner discipline is the seedbed of all dictatorship.

It is the start of the finish of freedom. And, sooner or later, when men lose God, they lose their sense of anything except getting their own way. Selfishness knows no discipline except self-interest.

Some pressmen, who like the rest of us have accepted in their lives standards of conduct lower than they know they should, help materialism forward. They, like the politicians, give people what they want. And so they make sex, violence, gain and godlessness news, and spike as 'propaganda' the truth of God's moral re-armament.

Some theatres, like cabbages, thrive on dung.

It becomes smart to be critical and negative. Anything positive and constructive is denounced and debunked.

Schiller said theatre should be 'moral force'. Today it has become amoral—and often immoral.

Now we are to have a national theatre.

On 16 February 1963 the National Theatre Board announced the appointment of Mr Kenneth Tynan as Literary Manager of the National Theatre. His duties will include choice of plays, all the theatre's publications and publicity, and he will act as the National Theatre's spokesman on matters of policy.[1]

The *New Statesman* welcomed this appointment. In 'London Diary' Paul Johnson wrote (22 March 1963): 'He has played a bigger part than anyone else in converting the revolutionary theatre of a decade ago into the new orthodoxy. Kitchen sinks, lavatories, working-class accents, drugs, homosexuality and crime are now standard ingredients for success in the West End theatre.'

In an article in *Encounter*, in April 1962, Nigel Denis examines Kenneth Tynan's qualities and development as a critic. He says that the arrival of Brecht's *Mother Courage* in 1955 was the turning-point for Mr Tynan. 'Brecht's "epic" view coincided exactly with Mr Tynan's preference for the

[1] *Daily Telegraph*, 18 March 1963

epical Shakespeare, and because "behind its every line . . . there beats a passionate desire to improve the human condition", Mr Tynan's questing humanitarianism was satisfied as well. He had not liked "propaganda" before, but now, he found, he did, particularly as Brecht's helped towards "the postponement of despair".' A year later, says Nigel Denis, 'the arrival of *Look Back in Anger* completed Mr Tynan's quest. Everything was there—the stream of words that Mr Tynan had always loved, the absence of drawing-room refinements, the spirit of young England expressed in "the drift towards anarchy" [and] "instinctive Leftishness", plus the thrill of seeing "the sex war and the class war on . . . one and the same stage." "Jimmy Porter", Mr Tynan wrote joyously, "is the completest young pup in our literature since Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."'

Mr Tynan is an admirer of Lenny Bruce (described as 'sickest comedian of them all') and saw him perform twenty-three times before Bruce came to Britain, according to the *Observer*. Tynan describes Bruce's interests as 'personal degradation brought about by the commercialization of religion and sex'.[1] One typical Bruce 'joke' is about two old people who have been unhappily married for fifty years, until they discover both have gonorrhoea. This unites them. Lenny Bruce's autobiography is called *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*.[2]

Mr Tynan in a rave review of Bruce's entertainment calls him 'the most original, free-speaking, wild-thinking, gymnast of language this inhibited island has ever engaged to amuse its citizens. . . . He talks about the techniques of masturbation. . . . Hate him or not, he is unique and must be seen.'

Another reporter from the *Observer*[3] says of the performance by Bruce, whom he calls 'Man in the Unfrock Coat': 'the first word of which meaning is absolutely plain is four-lettered, shouted at audience'. After a quiet start on religion,

[1] *Observer*, 1 April 1962 [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Observer*, 29 April 1962

Jews and death of Christ, the reporter says Bruce 'extended homilies about venereal disease, fornication, religion, contraceptives . . . grows more abandoned, obscenities more frequent . . . simulates orgasm on drums'.

Early in 1963, Lenny Bruce was sentenced to a year in gaol in Chicago for presenting an obscene show.[1] He was subsequently refused entry to England twice in one week.

The modern trend in theatre was illustrated by Alan Brien writing in the *Sunday Telegraph* on 28 April 1963: 'Last Sunday, the Royal Court presented a one-night production of Wedekind's *Spring Awakening*, in which a 14-year-old schoolgirl died of an abortion, two schoolboys kissed in an ecstasy of homosexual love, and four inmates of a juvenile prison staged a masturbation contest.'

The theatre is the pulpit of this century. Miss Anona Winn, the broadcaster, urging a boycott of dirty plays, said, 'I am utterly bored with all this animalism. You see plays in which every character is a stinker and, worse still, is proud of it. Walking out is no good. They've got your lollie. The thing is not to walk in.'[2]

If that sort of stuff comes from the pulpit of the stage, what comes from the pulpit of the churches? Many labour faithfully and proclaim age-old truths with sincerity to their people. Others, more determined to win success than souls, seek popularity—and lose nations.

Some condone impurity so that 'they will not lose the youth', or appease the world with the Twist inside the church and bingo inside the church hall. Others invite men to speak to their people whose lives are perverted and whose political views are so anti-God that they are the likeness of Communism.

Few of these Churchmen believe God can *do* anything, in, by, with or through you. If God cannot cure sin, and change the sinner, you can only condemn or condone. Today

[1] *Sunday Express*, 17 March 1963 [2] *Daily Mail*, 27 April 1962

condonation of evil is given the name of 'Love' by those who understand neither love nor evil.

Stories of miracles wrought by God are inconvenient to Churchmen who never find miracles taking place around themselves because of their own moral compromise.

So any who tell the truth of such miracles are called liars. They are attacked for being 'dramatic' about God. Their methods of doing something are abused by those who have made perfect their methods of doing nothing, except conform to flesh and world. Such Churchmen shun the unpopularity of the Cross. They try to make Christ into a mixture of Father Christmas, pop singer, sentimentalist, and Left-wing shop steward.

They want a popular Jesus who comes to terms with materialism rather than a Crucified Christ who asks what it profits a man or nation if they become fat and rich but lose their faith and purpose.

They want a Christ who conforms to the world and cuts His cloth to suit the shape of humanity rather than a Christ who offers the world change and salvation, and who with pain and joy cuts the character of man to fit the coat He has for him to wear.

They want a Christ who has abolished the fact of sin, rather than a Christ who, by His sacrifice, has offered us forgiveness when we fall, and the power to overcome sin so that we do not fall—who says, 'Take up your Cross daily, and follow Me.'

10

Mud and Monkeys

GOD is the great totalitarian. He demands the whole of a man. He calls it reasonable service.

In return for obedience, He offers liberty and joy.

You cannot worship God and man—whether such man be white, black, brown, yellow, Red, boss or worker: whether that man be another—or yourself. The world is torn apart by man's worship of man. Race against race, class against class. Colour against colour.

God could answer division. But God let loose in the world is controversial. So men try to nail Him in a box. It does not work too well. The box may look like a coffin. They tried it two thousand years ago. God keeps on walking—talking to those who listen.

The true cause of human discontent is not colour, class or race. It lies in the nature of man himself. Man was born to have a Master. Part of man has always rebelled against the sovereignty of anyone stronger, wiser, better than himself. Part of man hates goodness when he sees it. It makes him more conscious of the badness that he knows is within himself, that consciousness of right and wrong, of sin that Hitler was determined to remove from his 'master race', Lenin from his 'master class'.

Men who reject God as master often maintain that life has no meaning. Aldous Huxley in *Ends and Means* says:

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. . . . The philosopher who finds no meaning in the world is not concerned exclusively with a problem in pure metaphysics; he is also concerned to prove there is no valid reason why he personally should not do as he wants to do, or why his friends should not seize political power and govern in the way that they find most advantageous to themselves. . . . For myself, as, no doubt, for most of my contemporaries, the philosophy of meaninglessness was essentially an instrument of liberation. The liberation we desired was simultaneously liberation from a certain political and economic system and liberation from a certain system of morality. We objected to the morality because it interfered with our sexual freedom; we objected to the political and economic system because it was unjust. The supporters of these systems claimed that in some way they embodied the meaning (a Christian meaning, they insisted) of the world. There was one admirably simple method of comforting those people and at the same time justifying ourselves in our political and erotic revolt; we would deny that the world had any meaning whatsoever.[1]

This is a clear statement. It strips away the cant and humbug for so many who for years have claimed intellectual purity for themselves and denounced as hypocrites and morons any who stand firm for chastity and truth as God gives them to see it.

Another facet of Huxley's truth is that men often use social attitudes to still private consciences. Numbers of writers, artists, speakers favour social and economic change, which costs them little, to still the sting of conscience about their hostility to sexual or moral change, which would cost them

[1] *Ends and Means*, by Aldous Huxley, Chatto and Windus, 1940, pp. 270–3

habits of indulgence. For example, men who exploit somebody else's body for their personal pleasure may feel better when they denounce British Imperialism for, as they say, exploiting the body of Africa for national gain. A man conscious himself of doing wrong in one thing is prone to attack evil in another class, race, country.

Sex is not in itself bad. It is good. But sex indulged becomes an addiction. Civilized men and women know it. It drives men to dominate, to control, to satisfy vanity. Yet it is the highly educated men and women who know what they do and what they lose by doing it, who have insisted on forcing their addiction upon Britain.

Those with less knowledge of themselves and of history who follow the lead of the propagandists of *life without meaning* will have less to answer for when one day they face Him who has promised *life without end.*

Pontius Pilate once asked, 'What is truth?' He was in the presence of a Personality who, for two thousand years, millions have believed was the embodiment of Truth. But he missed the miracle. He was too clever to see the Truth that faced him. Or else he recognized the miracle but was too cowardly to proclaim the Truth.

In modern times philosophers like Bertrand Russell have not only missed the Truth but seem to have deliberately undermined it.

Edmund Burke noted in his own day: 'I have observed that philosophers in order to insinuate their polluted atheism into young minds systematically flatter all their passions, natural and unnatural. They explode or render odious or contemptible that class of virtues which restrain the appetite. In place of this they substitute a virtue which has no idea in it of restraint, or indeed of a distinct settled principle of any kind.'[1]

Bertrand Russell has for years demonstrated his defiance

[1] Edmund Burke: letter to Chevalier de Rivarol

of traditional views of life and wedlock. He should be admired, perhaps, for courage, for although he says marriage is 'regrettable' and 'unpleasant' he is now well into his fourth marriage. He has become a sort of Grandpa Moses of Materialism in his lifetime. Thousands of folk who want to do what they want when they want call in aid his philosophy, which many of them misunderstand anyway.

Russell has made his position quite clear in his essay entitled *Has Religion Made Useful Contributions to Civilization?*[1] In the first paragraph he says that religion helped in the early days to fix the calendar and caused Egyptian priests to chronicle eclipses with such care that they became able to predict them. 'These two services I am prepared to acknowledge, but I do not know of any others',[2] he says.

He ends this essay: 'Religion prevents our children from having a rational education; religion prevents us from removing the fundamental causes of war; religion prevents us from teaching the ethic of scientific co-operation in place of the old fierce doctrines of sin and punishment. It is possible that mankind is on the threshold of a golden age; but, if so, it will be necessary first to slay the dragon that guards the door, and this dragon is religion.'[2]

Coming to Christianity, he is brutally frank about its particular snag as far as he is concerned: 'The worst feature of the Christian religion is its attitude towards sex—an attitude so morbid and so unnatural that it can be understood only when taken in relation to the sickness of the civilized world at the time when the Roman Empire was decaying' (p. 20). (What, one wonders, would he consider the state of the civilized world to be today?)

His advice to young people is forthright. 'I shall not teach', he writes in *Education and the Good Life* (p. 221), 'that faithfulness to our partner through life is in any way

[1] *Why I Am Not a Christian*, by Bertrand Russell, Allen and Unwin, 1957, p. 18
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 37

desirable, or that permanent marriage should be regarded as excluding temporary episodes.'

'To close one's mind on marriage against all the approaches of love from elsewhere', he adds in *Marriage and Morals* (p. 113), 'is to diminish receptivity and sympathy and the opportunity of valuable human contacts.'

'I am sure that university life would be better, both intellectually and morally, if most university students had temporary childless marriages', he writes further in *Education and the Modern World* (p. 119). 'This would afford a solution to the sexual urge neither restless nor surreptitious, neither mercenary nor casual, and of such a nature that it need not take up time which ought to be given to work.' In *Marriage and Morals* (p. 165), he elaborates:

> For my part, while I am quite convinced that companionate marriage would be a step in the right direction, and would do a great deal of good, I do not think that it goes far enough. I think that all sex-relations which do not involve children should be regarded as a purely private affair. I should not hold it desirable that either a man or a woman should enter upon the serious business of a marriage intended to lead to children without having had previous sexual experience.

'The peculiar importance attached, at present, to adultery, is quite irrational', he writes in *What I Believe*.[1]

In his essay *The Recrudescence of Puritanism*,[2] Russell does what Alice's Queen does. He takes words and makes them mean what he wishes them to mean. The word 'puritan', according to the pocket Oxford Dictionary, means, 'person of extreme strictness in religion and morals'. Russell says, 'We may define a Puritan as a man who holds that certain kinds of acts, even if they had no visible bad effects on

[1] *Why I Am Not a Christian*, p. 55 [2] *Sceptical Essays*, Unwin Books, 1962

others than the agent, are unbearably sinful, and, being sinful, ought to be prevented by whatever means is most effectual—the criminal law if possible, and if not that, then by public opinion backed by economic pressure.'

Russell then attacks Puritans for becoming 'exceedingly desirous of power'. He says:

> Love of power does far more than love of drink or any of the other vices against which Puritans protest. . . . We must learn to respect each other's privacy, and not to impose our moral standards upon each other. The Puritan imagines that his moral standard is *the* moral standard; he does not realise that other ages and other countries, and even other groups in his own country, have moral standards different from his, to which they have as good a right as he has to his. Unfortunately, the love of power which is the natural outcome of Puritan self-denial makes the Puritan more executive than other people, and makes it difficult for others to resist him.

Why then should those who like adultery and perversion not accept the fact that millions of us do not like such things?

Russell fails to tell us that he and men like him have pushed their ideas on the world as powerfully as anyone. Their pressure on the public to accept their version of morality has never been surpassed since press, telephones, radio, easier travel to theatres and movies made it possible for ideas to be thrust with strength and permanence down the throat of continents and nations.

These men have used their considerable intellects to rob humanity of faith in a Divine and Almighty Christ, in a God who can guide and talk to the creatures He has made. Such men have succeeded in an astonishing way in forcing 'Progress' towards a godless world into the heart and will of humanity.

Yet there are gaps and chasms in the path towards godlessness along which these men have led us.

Darwin, in his *Origin of Species*, dealt what many believed to be a death blow to religion and morality. He was thought by some to have proved man to be merely a monkey. Streeter, in *Reality*, comments that Darwin 'seemed to put a blind, mechanical abstraction called Evolution on the throne of God, and to substitute the Struggle for Existence for the Law of Love. . . . I have shewn the fallacy of this deduction. What Darwin had discovered was neither the nature of life nor the goal of its endeavour, but the road by which it had travelled. And his discovery illuminates, not so much the character or the purpose of the Power behind the Universe, as the mechanism by and through which He (or It) works.'[1]

But since some said Darwin had proved man a monkey, millions have believed it. They fail to wonder any longer at the 'Missing Link' in Darwin's chain. But why, if man emerged from monkeydom, are there not millions upon millions of half-ape, half-angel, half-beast, half-spirit creatures in a state of emergence walking the earth today? Even the most witless man is different from the most highly-trained ape (and it takes a man to train an ape).

Death is dismissed as a bogy. Christ's conquest of death, with the wonder of the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount, the penetrating power, after two thousand years, of the parables, the texture of truth of events recorded by the Sea of Galilee, are all thrown aside as rubbish. And this is said to be the invention and imagination of some liar or group of liars who themselves came from nothing but monkeys, mud, primeval slime and the chemistry of sun and stars.

If God is there and created life, surely He can restore it after death? If God is not there, these philosophers would have us believe things that stagger imagination far more

[1] *Reality, A New Correlation of Science and Religion*, by B. H. Streeter, Macmillan, London, 1931, pp. 270–1

than faith in life after death or in a God for whom all things are possible.

If there is no God, we are to think that by some combination of circumstance, unpredictable, apparently unrepeatable, out of the ooze and vapours and bubbles of a cooling planet (what force, what spirit, what power produced the planet, let alone the limitless universe, none dares to say) came life. It was an accident. Crude, passionless, and, to intellects that know so much, quite without reason. From that life came fish, flies, trees, cattle, flowers, seaweed, birds, reptiles, with habits and ways beyond numbering, with hearts, lungs, stomachs all working in different ways, all working with a sustained and developing sympathy through centuries—and from all of that teeming, astonishing, self-perpetuating explosion of life, one type of life, and one alone, able to think, able to communicate the most complicated secrets which by his understanding have been torn from the fabric of the world and universe, able to split the atom and release the titanic force which, without human explanation, is imprisoned there; above all, able to know in his heart the difference between right and wrong, that profound, eternal instinct common to all mankind which Christians call conscience and others the inner voice. No fish, no animal, no insect has conscience. Only man, who does his best to kill it.

The world goes on. The sun rises. Moons wax and wane. No stars from the multitudinous galaxy, with a flash of white heat, destroy us, nor shift our rotating, oscillating, eternal courses. Order, mysterious, powerful, universal, remains.

And all this, materialists say, is due to material things, to curious and accidental chemical hazards, to nothing so wise as the brains they use to destroy man's faith in anything or anyone wiser than themselves.

It is strange that man could swallow such a theory, when he sees around him no sign whatsoever of fresh life being created by such means, or of men who explain life in this way

being able to perpetuate it. Death itself poses a question to those who deny God. Why should mud which produced man ever see man slide back to mud again—inevitably, universally and in every part of the earth since time began? The fact that there has been no exception, save One, to this rule, is itself without explanation if mud is the mother of us all. Mud to monkey—monkey to man—and no instance in recorded history, in days ancient and modern, of any link found halfway between mud and monkey, halfway between monkey and man. Why, if all life and all men came from such things, should not such developments be eternal, continuous, able to be seen, explained, experienced in the world around us now?

The human brain, a pound or two of water, tissue, grey jelly, blood and chemicals, is able to calculate and to create machines which calculate more swiftly and accurately than the brain itself, to feel the tiniest tickle on the toe, to numb sense instantly if shock is too strong for the body to bear, to read in many tongues, to write music that stirs imagination, to direct hands that paint pigsties or great pictures, to probe secrets of a universe which it did not make.

Rationalists seem so irrational if they believe all this mystery and majesty happened by chance from mud. They are like fleas squeaking that they are monarchs of materialism, lords of a grey earth—unaware that they are riding on the back of an elephant too big for them to imagine towards far destinations yet unknown.

These materialists deny the facts of sainthood, where often in the story of man sick have been healed, characters have been changed, miracles against the laws of nature have taken place; they deny, too, any experience outside and beyond their own, and say it is exaggerated. They cannot believe the fact of a Power able to satisfy a man so as to answer his lust for sex, success, security, to guide the minds He made, to show all how to live, to have a plan instant and available

for all men everywhere all the time, if they are sane enough to listen to Him and brave enough to obey.

Albert Einstein said, 'The man who regards his own life and that of his fellow creatures as meaningless is not merely unfortunate but almost disqualified for life.'[1]

Lise Meitner, the atomic physicist, said, 'Only a higher power than man can control the powers of atomic energy.'[2]

The biologist, Edwin Conklin, said, 'The probability of life originating from accident is comparable to the probability of the unabridged dictionary resulting from an explosion in a printing shop.'[3]

The great issue of our times is whether God and spirit or man and matter are masters of the globe. Most men through history have found it more reasonable to believe in a God who made man and the world we live in; who gave each of us liberty of choice moment by moment, and a knowledge in our hearts of evil and of good; who sees in this world a chance for men whom He made to grow in character and develop in the liberty of His sons.

This God does not look on life and death, peace and war, as we do. We make wars by our own refusal to follow His way. But He is not like us. What seems to man an end, to Him is a beginning. Death may not be lasting for Him who created all life and still has Power.

Pain and suffering, to us so terrible, to Him may be but instruments of growth and preparation for an eternity of joy. They may be meant to make man feel the need of God and turn to Him for help, not to make man disbelieve in Him, and turn his back on Him in judgment.

Economic misery caused by man's greed and selfishness, not ordained by God whose world has enough in it for all creatures, can and must be ended by man's change. Some try to use God to perpetuate evil and persuade men to suffer in silence injustices that are fearful and ills that can be cured.

[1] *Reader's Digest*, May 1963, p. 85 [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

This is damnable and wrong. But it is also wrong and damnable, if God is there, to pretend that material well-being comes first in life, or that better environment will by itself make better men.

That is the sin of Fascism and Communism. They lead humanity away from God. Neither can succeed 'until the myth of God is removed from the mind of man'.

True, men like the Red Dean boldly say that the Communists are the nearest approach to real Christians in the modern world.

Dr Hewlett Johnson is reported as saying[1] while defending his dual role as Christian and Communist, 'In the parable of the Last Judgement, Christ said that we should be saved or condemned according to our acts of social service in feeding, clothing and helping others—not according to our church-going or even our belief in God. It is possible to be a heathen or an agnostic and still exemplify the Christian spirit.'

But if Communism won the world—and even if it were able to feed, clothe and house humanity adequately (something it has so far failed to do after nearly half a century of experiment in the Soviets)—it would still, according to its own avowed aims, rob mankind of its soul, its hopes of God and of eternity.

If God is there, man is a spirit, with the spirit of eternity in him, with a soul, a conscience, a knowledge of good and evil, a will left free to choose between what he wants and what is right, a brain that can be used either to argue God and conscience out of his existence, or to seek God's purpose and pursue it for himself, his neighbour and the world.

If man has a spirit in him he will strive to the last against Godless and licentious philosophy. He will know that sin is sin and can be cured. He will live in this world with a knowledge that something new and permanent awaits him in the next.

[1] *Daily Express*, 27 February 1963

II

Pigmies and Patriots

In the spring of 1941, the fourth Marquess of Salisbury asked me to Hatfield House. He said, 'I can think of nothing but the war. It makes me afraid.'

I asked him whether he was afraid of defeat. He said no.

I asked if he dreaded death, wounds and destruction. He answered, 'Of course I dread those things. Nobody could contemplate the slaughter without feeling a sense of despair at human folly. But I dread them no more than my neighbour.'

I asked him what troubled him. He replied:

> The moral desert that lies ahead. This war is going to destroy the moral sense of nations. Values that it has taken generations to establish will be smashed. I do not mean the political and economic changes that are bound to come. They may be good for us all. I cannot say. But the smashing of absolute standards of morality that you and I believe in, the denial of truths of the Spirit, the elevation of man's mind and body in the place of God—those are things out of which nothing but darkness and decay can come and those are the things I see before us.

Another old and wise man, the late Lord Samuel, had written four years earlier:

> It seems likely that in this matter of the family, there will

develop two contrasted schools of thought, each, as time goes on, defining more and more clearly its own philosophy. The one will lay stress upon freedom, self-satisfaction, enjoyment; will treat sexual relationships lightly; will regard a marriage as experimental, will prefer to be childless or to have one child or two, and will look upon children's interests as secondary. The other school will lay stress upon lasting affection, stability, the home, children, the family system. They will regard the permanency of marriage as a matter of course. Their own matrimonial differences they will resolve, because they hold that they must be resolved. . . .

In between the two schools there will be many gradations; but fundamentally there are those opposite philosophies, and the world must choose between them.[1]

Britain, at present, seems to be choosing the first way. Home-ties no longer mean so much. It is accepted not only as inevitable but as normal that parents and children should clash and grow cold in affection and understanding. Mr Leslie Paul, who called his autobiography *Angry Young Men*, said that 'The relations of the generations may become the central social issue of the next fifty years, as the relations between classes has been the central problem of the last half-century.'

It is part of the shapelessness of an irresponsible society. It is what Mr Khrushchev called 'the decay of the sense of overriding purpose'.

Communism alone gains from the philosophy that private and public behaviour have no link, from this lack of purpose and love of moral compromise among the nations.

Lenin said long ago that before his revolution could win, moral standards in the democracies would have to be sapped and derided. His words were, 'Postpone operations until the

[1] *Belief and Action*, Pelican Books, p. 130

moral disintegration of the enemy makes delivery of the mortal blow easy and inevitable.'

Madame Kollontai, his friend and Ambassador in Sweden, reported to her Government, 'Immorality in the schools is making satisfactory progress.' (People are sometimes confused by Communism's double standard, which aims to pervert morals in the democracies while attempting to enforce strict morality in their own countries. Thus the *Guardian*, in a single week in March 1962, carried two reports from East Berlin. They announced (*a*) that a branch of the Sexpol had been set up there to train prostitutes of both sexes to corrupt morals in Western Europe and (*b*) that East German girls had been sent home from a factory because they wore too tight sweaters which distracted the workers from their production.)

Dr Neal Wood, in *Communism and British Intellectuals*, says that scientists, eggheads and poets became Communist between the wars to avoid the 'wasteland of nihilism'.

Man is born to believe and obey. If he turns his back on God, he turns his face to man, and man's dominion. He will believe and obey Hitler or Stalin as long as they hold the whip. Then he will serve their successors.

Dr Neal Wood writes, '. . . conscience, discipline, duty, honour, patriotism, virtue, no longer represented what was once venerated. . . . A growing cynicism in regard to the Established Church, a demand for sexual freedom and an interest in birth control were the earliest symptoms of youthful bewilderment and revolt.'[1]

What part, if any, can patriotism play in the future? Any countryman knows it is easier and quicker to cut things down than to help them grow. In a generation, love of country, which it took centuries to cherish, has been trimmed and shorn. It has made men cynical.

[1] *Communism and British Intellectuals*, by Dr Neal Wood, Victor Gollancz, 1959

Once upon a time patriotism was a revolutionary force. Joseph Story in *Motto of the Salem Register* wrote:

> Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
> Unaw'd by influence and unbribed by gain;
> Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
> Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law.

Mr Kingsley Amis is less exalted in his view. Writing in the *Observer* on 20 January 1963, he says, 'When I was growing up in the thirties and early war years, patriotism seemed easily the most discreditable of political emotions.'

My wife is wise. Once she said to me, 'I'm meant to love you as you are, but fight for you to become the man you are meant to be.' Loving our country as she is, fighting to make her what she is meant to be, should be the mark of a modern patriot. Scoffing at her as she is, helping to drag her down to decadence is not the same thing.

Nowadays the soft oil of flattery is preferred by most Britons to the salt of truth. Those who cringe to the Establishment are praised as patriots. Those who cross the current of the times are accused of disloyalty and treachery. In an age when men refuse to fight the moral battle of life, moral cowards are called progressive. For centuries character has been forged between the anvil of conviction and the hammer of desire. From that clash has come nobility of living, the steel-true, blade-straight quality of the pure in heart.

But this is out of date. We are determined to limit the moral stature and reach of man. We are producing a race of spiritual pigmies whose 'happiness' is so fabricated out of sated desire that they cannot live without it. They look miserable as they march mankind towards the kingdom of contraception.

'Patriot', like 'puritan', is almost a bad word. The smart fellow now lives to get as much for himself from home and country as he can, give as little in return. It is true of Manage-

ment and Labour, father and son, peer and publican, Left and Right.

What are the charges against patriotism? First that it is dangerous. It is said to be too narrow for the times we live in. The theory is that a man passionate with love for his own country must be passionate with hate for other lands. He creates a climate of nationalism in which war sooner or later becomes inevitable.

We are told, and told rightly, that we are meant to love humanity, not just one part of it, even if that part happens to be our own. When Edith Cavell, facing death, said, 'Patriotism is not enough', she put this feeling into words. But she did not denounce patriotism. Many think and say the old-age pension is not enough. That does not mean they believe it should be kept from the aged.

How can you love the world if you look down on your own people?

It is impossible to give the right kind of love to the world if you withhold it from your country. The claims of those who talk peace at international conferences, but fight family-war in the home, class-war in the Cabinet or industry, lack conviction. Communism, which says men should have a loyalty to the class-struggle, unlimited by national allegiance, in truth is used by Russia and by China as a massive tool to further their national, imperial aims.

A man who has real love for his family can give real love to his country. A man with that sort of love can love the world. A man with a divided home and class-hatred talking about international good will is as false as a drunkard urging others to stop drinking whisky. Patriotism in its true sense is a preliminary to effective internationalism. Men without true patriotism will never have the space of heart to unite the world, or a care for other peoples.

The second charge against patriotism is that it *no longer pays*. People say that Britain depends on lands like America

and Russia for food and comfort. We depend economically on the good will of other, richer, stronger nations and therefore dare not love our own in case the Russians or Americans are upset by it. If we believe that national policy should be ruled by economic expediency alone, if we are materialists, if we think that what we get for ourselves is the most important thing in life, there is something to be said for this assault on patriotism. Other countries love to hear us praise them at our own expense.

But history shows that men who always stoop to lick other people's boots often get kicked in the teeth.

Since the start of the century, British Governments have, as the Earl of Sandwich writes (*Observer*, 27 January 1963), 'reduced the people's faith in the national morality of their society by neglecting the higher spiritual appeals, and by buying political support with grossly material gifts'.

Lord Sandwich says Lloyd George began it. It has become normal in modern British politics. You destroy patriotism if you present the State as a universal cow to be milked harder and given less care and corn year by year. People despise such a cow, which demands so little from them. And when the milk flows more slowly, they begin to hate her.

The Conservative Party once boasted that it was more patriotic than others. It has become the biggest bidder with material benefits on the political stage today. It encourages people to insist on 'having it good'. And if we are out to squeeze our country dry in return for as little work and risk as possible, then love of country is a handicap to the ruthlessness of this attitude.

It is also true that if the people of Britain have fallen so much in love with material benefits that they are willing to have White House or Red Square rule their national policies rather than risk their standard of living, patriotism will *not* pay.

But if we are at this point in our affairs, the question we

need to ask may not be, 'Will patriotism pay?' but, 'Was it right for us to sell our birthright for dollars and roubles? Were we right to stop being patriots?'

Kipling wrote on 22 June 1897, at a time when Britain's Empire bestrode the earth:

> The tumult and the shouting dies—
> The captains and the kings depart—
> Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Now Kipling is mocked. Kipling said we are dust but God is mighty. Today, many say that God is dust and men are mighty.

Which is the true patriotism?

12

Morals and a Man

THE terror of our times is not the divided atom. It is divided man. Unless we succeed in uniting man, we accomplish nothing.

Political and economic remedies which do not change men, in the long run change nothing. Communists and Marxists at least face the need for a revolutionary change in human society. What they will not face is the fact that after forty years of revolutionary socialism in the Soviets, human selfishness remains the unfinished business and the unsolved problem on the table of the Kremlin. New systems do not answer selfishness. Corruption, rebellious youth, dishonesty, impurity, even strikes—they are uncured in the Communist world.

Communist and non-Communist worlds share the failure to change human nature and to create a new type of man with new motives able to build a new world. But the Communists attempt to do it. Most non-Communists do not seem to try.

In Britain some say the country is going to the Left.

The Tory response is a Budget which represents 'Expansion without Inflation'. It shirks the issue that only harder work by more people will produce expansion and avoid inflation.

Mr Harold Wilson proposes a World Economic Conference as Britain's next contribution to humanity.

But it happened before. Memories are short, hopes high. A former Labour Prime Minister tried it nearly thirty years ago. It never touched the root of economic malaise. It vanished in shame and ignominy before the eyes of the world. Conceived in hope, it was born dead.

Some will never forget the shattering effect of that failure. Mass unemployment continued, and was only solved by the development of an arms programme. This time we must have a militant moral purpose that cures greed not in one class but in all—a oneness of aim to end the class-war and disunity which, on common-sense grounds alone, make economic efficiency a mockery. A motive larger than bitterness must be found to right wrong.

On 16 September 1938, seventeen national Labour and Trade Union leaders published the following manifesto in the *Manchester Guardian* of that day:

> . . . It is imperative for Labour at the present crisis, not only to see clearly the root causes which are at work, but to discover the best way to eradicate them.
>
> Basically the world unrest is to be found in the root disease of materialism showing itself in widespread selfishness, fear and greed, not in this nation or in that, but in all. We are all guilty. Labour in all countries, if true to its traditions of placing human and spiritual values before material things, can build bridges over national barriers and play a decisive part in the reconciliation of nations. It can make such a contribution to world conditions that the voice of faction and self-interest can be effectively dealt with, fear will go, and God's great plan for mankind will be revealed and find expression. Such was the dynamic spirit of the best of the early Labour leaders, and it must again be re-created.
>
> This is what moral re-armament really means for Labour. Inspired by such a spirit, Labour would have

moral authority sufficient to challenge all sections of every community, and to call for their co-operation in framing and applying a policy which would confront materialism with its only master.

A passionate pursuit of evil must be met by a passionate pursuit of good. A world-wide rebellion against God must be met by a world-wide revolution to restore God to leadership. A man who says, 'We shall never succeed till the myth of God is removed from the mind of man' must be met by one who says, 'I want to see nations governed by men governed by God. Why not let God run the whole world?'

A beatnik age, a beat generation must be met by men and women of the beatitudes, who believe the truth, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God', and demonstrate that truth in their lives. It could begin, as Lord Hailsham suggests, with a 'revolt of the Squares'—an uprising of all those, in every Church and no Church, in every Party, who believe the tried ways of patriotism and moral straightness are still the best.

A force is arising in every country all over the world determined to sweat, bleed, die if they must, to establish absolute moral standards and the guidance of God as the normal of nations, as the necessity for survival in the twentieth century. There is no such thing as a relative standard. If a standard is not absolute, it is no standard. Those who advocate absolute moral standards are not, on that account, prigs and prudes. They do not pretend to be perfect. They are conscious of their frailties and of faults their frailties cause. They do say that, measuring their lives against those standards, they can see clearly where men and history have gone wrong and what to strive to put right. They do claim that Christians should fight for and not against acceptance of Christ's standards in nations like Britain and in all nations that call themselves nations of God.

They do not count themselves better than their neighbours—but are ready to learn how to do better and how to live better from anyone willing to teach them.

They will never admit that because men fail to live like Jesus it is wrong and vain to try. They will not accept the shadowy interpretation of 'Love' which encourages men to avoid the moral challenge of the Cross instead of holding them to it.

A famous divine, who has often argued against absolute moral standards, said sneeringly before an audience of 2,000 young people, 'Suppose Christ had stood for moral re-armament. . . .' Christ did—and does.

It is possible to imagine a world without Christ. It is impossible to imagine Christ without His standards of moral conduct, His everlasting mercy to forgive all who fall short of them, His passion and compassion to help men and nations to live them more and more unto the perfect day.

Men who live for the revolution of Moral Re-Armament, now as all down the centuries, believe in a God who speaks —and who acts when men obey. They do not say that God tells them everything or that all they do and say is determined by Him. They do spend time each day listening to God and giving Him a chance to put His thoughts and His directions into their will and heart. They know from experience that those who listen honestly and obey wholeheartedly see men change around them. They believe that if Christians and Christendom are not changing history but instead are helplessly watching the wheel of history turn against them, it is not God's will but man's lack of willingness that is to blame.

Each man everywhere has the chance and choice to be part of the moral and spiritual re-armament of the world —or part of moral decadence and spiritual decay.

Frank Buchman began the work of Moral Re-Armament

to spearpoint in this age what he called 'the greatest revolution of all time whereby the Cross of Christ will transform the world'. He used to say that if he did not train other men to do the work he did better than he did it himself, he would have failed. It is a tribute to his training, which taught men to be led of God, not by any human directive or control, that since his death in August 1961, the work is bursting its seams or like an overflowing river flooding rapidly across the earth.

Buchman has his critics. The criticisms will be faced in the next chapter of this book. But two things may here be said. The first is that Buchman in his lifetime won more faithless men to faith and helped more ineffective men of faith to become effective than any of his critics.

Those who believe in God should recognize from that fact that God did it. He chooses His own ways and His own men. Sometimes He may choose them not for their human virtues, charms and abilities, but so that through their weaknesses, lacks and angularities, His truth may be made plain.

Secondly, Christians forget that Christ was crucified not because He was wrong but because He was right. There was one of Christ's contemporaries who, while agreeing that the work being done was good, always disagreed with the methods and thought he could do things better. He was critical of the way money was spent, critical of the company Christ kept, critical of his comrades. His name was Judas.

This is not to suggest that Buchman was like Christ or that all his critics are like Judas. I have known thousands of men in my time—some of them with virtues of one sort or another that were greater than some of the virtues of Buchman. I have never known any man more conscious of his own shortcomings, more determined to put right what was wrong in himself and in the world, more incensed if people tried to flatter him or make him into a human guide or idol.

Divines who for years misrepresented MRA as not mentioning Christ now come forward and try to remove Christ as a Person from the earth. It is cant and humbug of the worst kind.

Newspapers which now clamour for morality for years have consciously suppressed news of Moral Re-Armament.

All through history men who have stood boldly forth to challenge the standards, morals and customs of the age have been persecuted. Lies have been told of them. Stones have been thrown at them. Failings have been magnified, achievements denied or belittled. In the end, many of them have had their carcass or character assassinated. In an age that has turned its back on God, the persecution of a man who stands to restore God to leadership is inevitable. It is the best tribute our times can pay.

Sadly, in Britain today men are too dependent on what others think of them. This is inevitable in a place where God is off His Throne. The 'done' thing is more important than the 'right' thing because 'right' and 'wrong' no longer are recognized. The gods are grey. It therefore follows that if some moral leadership becomes controversial, many keep away. The Cross has always been controversial, and will not for long be bent or broken into the shape of a swastika, a hammer and sickle, or concealed by the more gentlemanly, deadly camouflage of British 'decency' and compromise.

Buchman loved Britain. On the occasion of his sixtieth birthday in June 1938, at a reception given in his honour in the Town Hall of East Ham, cradle of the British Labour Movement, Dr Frank Buchman launched Moral Re-Armament in the following speech:[1]

The world's condition cannot but cause disquiet and anxiety. Hostility piles up between nation and nation,

[1] *Remaking the World*, the collected speeches of Dr Frank N. D. Buchman, Blandford Press, 1961, pp. 45–8

labour and capital, class and class. The cost of bitterness and fear mounts daily. Friction and frustration are undermining our homes.

Is there a remedy that will cure the individual and the nation and give the hope of a speedy and satisfactory recovery?

The remedy may lie in a return to those simple home truths that some of us learned at our mother's knee, and which many of us have forgotten and neglected—honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

The crisis is fundamentally a moral one. The nations must re-arm morally. Moral recovery is essentially the forerunner of economic recovery. Imagine a rising tide of absolute honesty and absolute unselfishness sweeping across every country! What would be the effect? What about taxes? Debts? Savings? A wave of absolute unselfishness throughout the nations would be the end of war.

Moral recovery creates not crisis but confidence and unity in every phase of life. How can we precipitate this moral recovery throughout the nations? We need a power strong enough to change human nature and build bridges between man and man, faction and faction. This starts when everyone admits his own faults instead of spotlighting the other fellow's.

God alone can change human nature.

The secret lies in that great forgotten truth that when man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts; when men change, nations change. That power active in a minority can be the solvent of a whole country's problems. Leaders changed, a nation's thinking changed, a world at peace with itself.

'We, the Remakers of the World'—is that not the thinking and willing of the ordinary man? The average man wants to see the other fellow honest, the other nation at peace with his own. We all want to get, but with such

changed leaders we might all want to give. We might find in this new spirit an answer to the problems which are paralysing economic recovery.

Suppose everybody cared enough, everybody shared enough, wouldn't everybody have enough? There is enough in the world for everyone's need, but not enough for everyone's greed.

Think of the unemployed thus released for a programme of Moral Re-Armament; everyone in the nation magnetised and mobilised to restore the nations to security, safety and sanity.

Every man, woman and child must be enlisted; every home become a fort. Our aim should be that everyone has not only enough of the necessities of life, but that he has a legitimate part in bringing about this Moral Re-Armament, and so safeguards the peace of his nation and the peace of the world.

God has a nation-wide programme that provides inspiration and liberty for all and anticipates all political programmes.

'Every employed and unemployed man employed in Moral Re-Armament; this is the greatest programme of national service—putting everybody to work remaking people, homes and businesses.

New men, new homes, new industry, new nations, a new world.

We have not yet tapped the great creative sources in the Mind of God. God has a plan, and the combined moral and spiritual forces of the nation can find that plan.

We can, we must and we will generate a moral and spiritual force that is powerful enough to remake the world.

These were, are and will be the aims of Moral Re-Armament.

In the words of the fourth Marquess of Salisbury, speaking in the House of Lords,[1] 'What you want are God-guided personalities, which make God-guided nationalities, to make a new world. All other ideas of economic adjustment are too small really to touch the centre of the evil.'

The Earl of Athlone published, with other leaders, a letter in *The Times* on Armistice Day, 1938, which read in part:

> Moral Re-Armament must be the foundation of national life, as it must be of any world settlement. The miracle of God's Living Spirit can break the power of pride and selfishness, of lust and fear and hatred; for spiritual power is the greatest force in the world.
>
> Throughout her long history this country never failed, and has not failed now, to meet recurrent crises with the courage which each demanded. But the spiritual crisis remains, and calls for action. Nation and Empire must stand or fall by our response to that call. The choice is moral re-armament or national decay. That choice will decide whether ours is ultimately to go the way of other dead kingdoms and empires, or whether our Commonwealth, led by God, may become a leader of the world towards sanity and peace.

Later, speaking in a radio broadcast after the outbreak of war, the Earl of Athlone said:

> The call for Moral Re-Armament has encircled the world, and become a source of fresh hope to millions of men and women. Heads of States, national, civic and industrial leaders of all classes, creeds and parties have welcomed it as the cure for that deep disease of the spirit from which civilization is suffering.
>
> Moral Re-Armament stands for a change of heart, for that new spirit which must animate all human relation-

[1] 20 March 1936

ships. It calls on us to make the will of God the guiding force, as for individuals, so for homes and nations.[1]

Ben Tillett, the dockers' leader, friend of Cardinal Manning in his youth and of Frank Buchman in old age, sent this message from his deathbed: 'You have a great international movement. Use it. It is the hope of tomorrow. It will bring back sanity to the world.'[2]

[1] *Moral Re-Armament—The Foundation of National Life*, B.B.C. broadcast by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., 1 December 1939

[2] *Ben Tillett, Fighter and Pioneer*, by George Light, Blandford Press, 1942

13

Reaction and Reality

GOD guides men, if they let Him. At a time when human wisdom has failed, He has a plan.

He has to pour His living water through faulty, leaky, dirty, cracked vessels. He gives gleams of His truth. Through weakness men may but comprehend part of them.

A man like myself does his best to obey the ideas that come to mind in a time of quietness—measuring them against the highest standards that he knows, talking them over with friends equally committed to God's will, when in doubt.

I am not so vain as to think I must consult God before eating bread if I am hungry or helping a man if I see him knocked down in the street. I am not so conceited as to think that even at my best and highest I come near to the glory God has from time to time shown through men to other men.

But when I sent a letter to a friend of mine, one of the ablest and most successful men in Britain, congratulating him on a family event, he replied with a jeer, 'Your letter seemed ordinary to me. If that is God's guidance, His style must have changed a lot in the last 2,000 years.'

So many people are snobs of intellect. They write well, make money, gain titles or preach splendidly but are helpless and barren when they meet a man in need. They shine before men but change nobody. They criticize those who

have less polish and recognition than themselves, forgetting that the first journeymen of Christ were fishermen, shepherds and craftsmen of hand and heart, not crafty of head and great in human eyes.

It is impossible in the space of this book to take up and refute all accusations and charges made against men and women of Moral Re-Armament. But many of them are self-contradictory and others are made with a shallowness of understanding or a denial of reason which makes them worthless.

Drink is one example. Some people paint Moral Re-Armament as a long list of 'don't, don't, don't' when in truth it is an everlasting 'Do'. My friends and I are accused of trying to force people to stop drinking. We are told that Christ turned water into wine and that therefore we should be in favour of people drinking whisky, gin, beer, brandy, vodka and sake, not water.

It is ludicrous to think that men have left well-paid, fascinating work to devote themselves at some sacrifice and risk for the rest of their lives to the task of stopping others from drinking.

I do not drink alcohol myself, though in my time I have swallowed my share of champagne and downed my dose of spirits. I do not, in truth, try to force others to stop drinking, though I am constantly under pressure from those who want to rob me of the liberty of drinking or not drinking what I choose. I do not drink for two reasons. The first is that I reckon to put everything I have into the moral re-armament of the world. I would not use it on alcohol when so many have not enough to eat.

The second reason is that people sometimes come my way who are in the grip of a habit. I cannot, I know from experience, help a drunkard by drinking moderately with him.

The point was made clearly a few years ago. A lady asked her sister, who drank too much, to lunch with my wife and

myself. The sister arrived, having fortified herself for the occasion. The lady asked, 'Why do you *have* to drink six cocktails before lunch?' The sister with a sweet smile and whisky-laden breath replied, 'For the same reason that you have one, dear.'

I do not say it is wrong for anyone else to drink. It would be wrong for me. Experience tells me that if I drink, or indulge in other habits which, though harmless, may be selfish, I cannot help others to find an aim and answer for their life.

Drinking is a matter of personal choice. It is different, in my view, from rape, self-abuse, adultery, incest or perversion, which in any circumstances for anyone are wrong not right—and can be cured.

We have been called Fascist *and* Communist. We cannot be both. We are neither. The truth is that Moral Re-Armament is persecuted in lands of the dictators whatever colour their shirts. Moscow radio, attacking the work, said, 'It is a global ideology with bridgeheads in every continent in its final phase of total expansion throughout the world.' Peking radio said, 'The only ideological force left for Communism to fear in the free world is MRA.'

Hitler's Gestapo said, 'They uncompromisingly take up a frontal position against National Socialism. . . . They encourage their members to place themselves fully beneath the Christian Cross and to oppose the cross of the Swastika with the Cross of Christ, as the former seeks to destroy the Cross of Christ.'[1]

Far harder is the criticism based on what 'somebody high-up', 'somebody important' is said to have said about us. The word is passed around that we are 'dangerous', 'an organization with sinister and undisclosed aims'.

[1] See 'Christianity in Germany—A Nazi Document', letter in *The Times*, 29 December 1945, from Lord Ammon, Harold E. Clay, Lord Courthope, the Bishop of Lichfield, Sir Lynden Macassey, K.C., Sir Cyril Norwood and Sir David Ross

I suffered this form of attack myself soon after I began to learn something of the work of MRA and had found a faith in God and an experience of the reality of Jesus Christ in my life. A member of the British Cabinet and a Fleet Street editor took me to lunch at an expensive restaurant where the food is perfect and where to crumble a roll of bread costs half a guinea. They warned me that Buchman was extravagant with money. (Later, when I met Buchman, I discovered that he did not spend as much on himself in a month as those two men spent on me at lunch that day. I also found that he had turned down an offer from American financial interests of a large personal salary and a big office building with paid staff in New York, if he would serve them. He said, 'No. It is not God's way.') They then told me that Buchman was a dangerous German spy who, to their knowledge which came from high Intelligence sources, was going to be arrested immediately America entered the war.

Shortly afterwards Buchman's statement on national defence, with its foreword by General of the Armies John J. Pershing,[1] sold 1,350,000 copies in the United States. It was described by the War Department Bureau of Public Relations in Washington as 'probably the most challenging statement of this nation's philosophy of national defence that has yet been written.'

Some have said to me, 'You are all right. Buchman is all wrong. Denounce him and we will support you and your friends.'

This equals another offer made on behalf of a British newspaper by a Member of Parliament, 'If Moral Re-Armament will give up Buchman we will take up your cause.'

Dark threats and lies often come from the morally and ideologically twisted.

[1] *You Can Defend America*, 1941

Mainsprings of organized opposition to MRA have always been the extreme Right, the extreme Left or the extreme sexual, who thus spurn the message which would free them from their servitude.

Another sly and difficult attack comes from those who say they have been warned by 'high social circles' to keep clear. High social circles often mean those who like to boast they have some touch with the royal families of Europe.

Frank Buchman had the confidence of many royal houses. He made good friends and bad enemies among them. Some owed happiness and transformation of character and outlook to his influence upon them. Others were pricked by his challenge and hated him for it. It is a token of the times we live in that the view of socialites who like to swim in royal pools is heeded seriously about a work of God. The courtiers of morally defeated Kings are not always the best authority on the King of Kings. And it is interesting to know that those who quote some mysterious social source as their reason for keeping clear of Moral Re-Armament are *always* those who accuse Buchman and his friends of social snobbery. Those in the ranks surrounding royalty who hint at hidden knowledge, and warn folks off, never give the real reason for their venom.

Sometimes you meet somebody who says something foolish was said or done by somebody somewhere. A distinguished divine told me that he was against us because 'some years ago at Oxford a student so brilliant he was sure to get a First had "guidance" on the day of his Finals examination not to take the papers'. I asked him for the student's name. He could not tell me. I said, 'I have been looking for that student for years. Did you ever meet him?' He said, 'No. A friend whom I trust told me the story.' I said, 'I would not condemn a cat on such evidence, let alone fellow-Christians.' The divine lost his temper and shouted, 'You are attacking me.'

This is like the cuckoo who accused the wren of taking up too much room in the nest. And the brilliant student who on Finals day would not take the exam is as true as the lie invented by an old drunk in the Mile End Road which haunted General Booth all life long. The lie said General Booth lived on the immoral earnings of his wife. Millions believed it.

We do not 'share sins in public'. That legend hit the headlines when an ancient enemy of Buchman egged on an actress to deliver a speech to an audience among whom were pressmen.[1] The *Daily Mirror* gave her front-page treatment, dressed in a bathing-dress, to add point to her charge that we were baring ourselves to the world. Those who accuse us of this have no hesitance in sharing other people's sins in public—and in private.

But we have no control over anyone. Nothing can stop anybody at any time from making some foolish statement. The late Dr B. H. Streeter was once asked, when addressing hundreds of clergy, about some silliness alleged to have been made by somebody friendly to Buchman. He rose and said, 'Gentlemen, each of you know you have at least one lunatic in your congregation.'

'Exaggeration' is another accusation. Some people think anything they do not know about, anything outside their own experience, is exaggerated. It is also true that I and my friends hear and see many things, which from their nature cannot be told, but which would prove the unceasing contribution MRA is making in the affairs of the world.

We were said to have had nothing to do with the Cyprus settlement. But Archbishop Makarios, President of the Republic of Cyprus, sent the first flag of Free Cyprus to leave the island to Frank Buchman at an MRA World Assembly in August 1960 for the day of Independence, as a sign of gratitude for all that had been done.

[1] Hannen Swaffer in *World's Press News*, 18 September 1953

Adenauer said that MRA played an unseen but effective part in the international agreements that led to reconciliation between ancient enemies.

The head of the Security Committee of the Japanese Diet, Saburo Chiba, said that no agreement would have been possible between his country and South Korea but for MRA.

Marshal Tavora, presidential candidate in Brazil, declares MRA saved his country from civil war.

The grandson of Mahatma Gandhi says that MRA was responsible for keeping the southern part of India free from Communism, by uniting Christians and Hindus.

All these are matters of opinion. But they are opinions expressed by men better able to judge events than some who angrily yell 'exaggeration' because they do not like the challenge or the methods of MRA.

'Ruthlessness' is another charge against us. It has been made to my knowledge recently by:

(1) A politician backed by high socialites, who tried to bully another man into doing something he felt he should not do, and threatening that he would ruin him if he did not do it;

(2) A general who threatened to dismiss an officer with fifteen years' unblemished service to the Crown if he did not renounce MRA;

(3) A senior cleric who told a friend of mine in the name of his Bishop, 'If you come to this parish, you'll have to drop your MRA friends. We persecute everybody connected with MRA—and mean to go on doing it.'

Who is ruthless?

There was once a man who, after inspecting the Louvre pictures, told a gallery guard, 'I don't think much of the pictures.' The guard answered, 'It's not the pictures that are on trial here. It's the folk who look at them.' Those darkened souls who want to force the earth into acceptance of their own compromise, needs must hate Moral Re-

Armament. It is the reaction of Materialism against the reality of the Holy Spirit at work in human hearts.

People give themselves away by their criticisms. It's like the pressman who invented the story that I and my friends hold hands in darkened rooms, or like the old lady who after drinking for the first time in her life said to her friend with indignation, 'You must be drunk. You've got two noses.'

The final criticism which I have space and inclination here to answer is 'unreality'. We are said to be more idealistic and less real than the man who tries to change the world without changing human nature. That is where the League of Nations failed. It is where the Common Market negotiations with Britain failed. It is where the United Nations is failing. Where, too, Communism carries in its own advance the seeds of its own destruction because neither Moscow nor Peking has learned the secret of creating the new type of man for lack of which their system will fail.

Communist and non-Communist worlds share a common need and a common failure. It is a refusal to pay the price and learn the art of changing men. Unless we deal with human nature thoroughly, drastically on a colossal scale, man will quicken his pace along the historic path to violence and destruction.

Only reactionaries want to see the world different while resolute to stay the same themselves.

A British leader once said, 'To expect a change in human nature may be an act of faith. But to expect a change in human society without it is an act of lunacy.'

This does not mean all people have to be changed before society changes. Men few in number have created revolutions and decadence. Men few in number can re-create the character of Britain and hold her to her destined part in world renaissance.

Is this politics? Some accuse Moral Re-Armament of playing in politics. We have no aim in politics except that all

politicians and all political parties shall be governed by God and so govern nations. Our outlook is neither more nor less political than that of William Penn who said, 'Men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants.' Was that statement religious or political?

Moral Re-Armament is an army on the march throughout the world united by an idea whose time in history has come. Such warriors cannot be lured by favours, nor halted by lies, threats or ruthless bullying. It is a winning march.

14

Purity and Passion

WHEN Moses was told by God to lead his people to freedom, he said, 'No'. He thought his fellow-countrymen would be unwilling to believe the promise. He felt he lacked the brains and character to do what needed to be done. He was a man slow of speech and with a slow tongue. God replied that He had given Moses his mouth and tongue and that Moses should do what he was told. The people, too, resisted Moses with blind bitterness. They hated the man who had set them free, and abused the leadership that was taking them towards a new country.

In Britain today, the easy course would be to drift with the stream and to yield the effort to turn the tide. Anybody who tries to restore God to leadership in Britain today, to bring purity to homes, unselfishness to business and industry, honesty to politics, and love to answer the snobbery of the new elite and the frustrated superiority of the old, has a rough time. Often they are misrepresented, misunderstood, gagged, smeared and ostracized.

It is hard to be thought a prig, knowing your own limitations in life. It is difficult to resist the charges of lack of ability, intellect and grace—knowing them to be true.

Towards the end of his life, when somebody was making a list of mistakes which they said he had committed, Frank Buchman answered with a laugh, 'Well, I reserve the right to be wrong.'

The engine which drives myself and my friends forward is the sincere belief that we are doing what God has called us to do, and the certainty that without a moral and spiritual revolution, Britain and the world are condemning themselves to dictatorship and destruction.

Some pious folk today have a new idea of 'greatness'. It seems to be the intellectual justification of what is small and easy. The aims of Britain today, and of the men who lead her, are far too small.

Moses was told by God to put his hand into his bosom. When he took it out, it was white as snow with leprosy. A heart is what men or nations are. A hand is what they do. The hand follows the heart. The heart and head of a nation, its thinking and character are in ruins, before its economy and living are in ruins. It may not stop at economy and living. It may be cities and buildings too.

The prophet Isaiah had strong words to say about the men of his day who called dirt clean, sin virtue and black grey. He said, 'Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope. . . . Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter! Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own conceit. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink, which justify the wicked for reward and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him.'[1] The prophet goes on to predict doom for nations that have 'cast away the law of the Lord of hosts'.

Men like Bertrand Russell rattle the chains of fear before the eyes of men, like old ghosts. They try to give nations nightmares in order to scare them on the path to peace. In my view they are right to fight for peace. But they will never, never, never get peace in this way.

[1] *Isaiah*, V, 18 and 20–3

The horrors of thermonuclear warfare are hard to paint even in the secret studios of the imagination. Cities like London, Moscow, New York would be seared to dust in one flashing moment. Millions would die. Millions more would be maddened and maimed.

The argument that civilization so crushed and distorted would then build world unity better than men were able to before such a disaster seems absurd. It is as unreal as the hope that the terrors of modern war will prevent men from waging it. History seems to show that the hands of leaders of nations always have the itch to use weapons their people's brains have built. Fear is no lasting safeguard. Pride and the hope of swift conquest overcome it.

Peace is the fruit of a tree, not the root. Peace grows out of the way men live together. Until you deal with the character and morals of men, you will not get peace. It is a paradox of the twentieth century that men like Russell, who have spent much of their lifetime using the acid of their intelligence to eat away the old moralities, now find that without a restoration of old moralities they can never get the peace for which they cry. Nobody should question the sincerity of Russell, either in his pursuit of private indulgence or of public welfare. But it is necessary to question the wisdom of those who have helped by their philosophy to destroy the belief of millions in moral change and discipline which alone can win the peace they desire. These men have chopped down the tree and now hunger for the fruit of it.

To men without faith, death sudden and far-flung is the worst thing that can happen. To Christians and others who trust God, there are things worse than death. Men with faith and an experience of change create international conditions that alone can establish peace. Peace pursued as an end in itself is too small. It will never be achieved. It will come and only come by a change in human nature. It follows that policies based on the belief that anything called 'Peace' is

right and anything not called 'Peace' is wrong are bound to fail.

Moral Re-Armament is not and never has been pacifist. It is a battle. It draws the right battleline through the heart of the modern world. It is not a self-improvement society. It is not a destination but a journey, a gateway that leads to a new world. It is an ideology which has a part for everybody and therefore is bigger than Communism, Fascism or any other offshoot of Materialism, that bloody-bowelled matriarch of the 'isms'. It is not a religion, a Church or a party you can join, but a life that all are meant to live in the party or Church where they are.

It is a revolution that fights for social and economic change, national change, international change, all rooted in change in man himself. Its revolutionaries, incorruptible, not to be bullied or bribed, may make mistakes, but are constantly making history.

They believe Alexis Carrel, the scientist, a Nobel prize-winner, was right when in *Man the Unknown* he said, 'Moral sense is more important than intelligence. When it disappears from a nation, the whole social structure commences to crumble away. Moral activities have not received the importance they deserve. Moral sense must be studied in as positive a manner as intelligence . . . much more than science, art and religious rites, moral beauty is the basis of civilisation.'[1]

If Downing Street, the White House, the Red Square, made it their aim to rebuild the world, and declared their common commitment to that common task, the emphasis of power politics would shift in continents overnight. It would mean, of course, a revolutionary shift in the emphasis of power politicians.

Leaders and led need a new set of values if we are to inherit a new age. Not long before Frank Buchman died,

[1] *Man the Unknown*, by Alexis Carrel, Hamish Hamilton, 1935, p. 130

a younger man who wanted to help him in his work took tea to his room. The few words that the older man said to the younger show the way to the values modern man needs. Buchman said, 'If you are going to work around here, you please start living by the Cross and not by rules. You know what that means? Well, we will discuss it together.

'Do you trust the God you serve? Feel He is absolutely reliable? Absolutely reliable? You have got to get to the place where you prefer Him above all men and things.

'"Lovest thou me more than these?" He said that. Can you answer, "Yes"?

'My boy, that is where you have to get to. Without Him, don't cross the threshold. With Him, travel the world. It is true: "He walks with me and He talks with me and He tells me I am His own." You ever have that sense? You should. It is your birthright.

'I advise you: make absolute honesty your policy. Don't think avoiding sin is the goal of life. Some do, and a damn dull job they make of it. You have got to have a true sense of direction in which you go all out. Do you have it? What is your speed? What is the fastest you have driven in a car? If you are moving fast, the dirt does not stick. Ever notice? Same with sin.

'Are you smothered with miracles? You ought to be. They are not rationed, you know.

'Your heart has got to come alive. I do not feel a heartbeat in you. You need a blood-transfusion. Plasma. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin." It is life-giving stuff.

'He gave blood—pints of it, for you to restore you to life. Do you let Him lead? What does lead you? You have got to get to the place where you prefer Him above all men and things. Shed every secondary motive.

'I streamlined my life long ago: "Make and keep me

pure within." Pure within. "No heart is pure that is not passionate".'

Buchman said later to a friend of his, 'I hate not to be militant. If I am not militant, I so easily become critical.'

We need nations today as militant for moral re-armament as some are for moral disarmament, for the destruction of God. Nations, like men, will be judged by their attitude to the work God is building, the idea He has launched to meet the crisis of this godless century.

We in the West without God are narrow-minded men with small and selfish goals. Cardinal Newman, answering the savage and startling attack of Charles Kingsley upon his faith, said, 'He appears to be so constituted as to have no notion what goes on in minds very different from his own and moreover to be stone-blind to his ignorance. A modest man or a philosopher would have scrupled to treat with scorn and scoffing principles and convictions . . . which had been held so widely and so long—the beliefs and devotions and customs which have been the religious life of millions upon millions of Christians for nearly twenty centuries.'

It is so cheap and so easy to try to kill God for our own convenience.

There is an old story which is not unlike the story of some thinkers today. A family of mice lived in a grand piano. All life long their world was filled with music which they did not understand but loved. They worshipped the Great Player that they could not see. One day a few mice took a long journey. They returned to report that there was no mystery about the music. It was made by wires stretched and vibrating high above the mouse world. This discovery undermined the belief of many mice in the Great Player. Then two other mice journeyed beyond the wires and returned to report the final discovery. It was not wires but hammers dancing up and down upon the wires that made the music. This finally convinced the whole mouse world that they knew full and

final truth. The myth of the Great Player was at last removed from the mind of mouse.

But the girl went on playing the piano just the same.

Today's philosophers with their sarcasm and sneers on television, their impurity from the pulpit, their negatives in the press, their cynicism in Parliament and Whitehall have no scruples. Living in an age which has brought humanity to the brink of self-annihilation, some heedlessly destroy man's hope of everlasting life. Men proud of their intellectual maturity are moral embryos. They are spiritually under-developed. They miss the truth that a civilization that has grown up intellectually and industrially must grow up morally and spiritually—or perish.

It is up to Britain now.

Her days of imperial power are sped.

Her days of ideological power could now begin.

God-led, Britain could lead the world out of the chaos and clamour of modern times into the paths of change and peace.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err
  And scan His works in vain,
God is His own interpreter
  And He will make it plain.

The ordinary man is hungry for great living. He hates, as he swallows, the cheapness of the chaff, the dirt disguised as his delight, the hollow husks of hate which are forced down his throat. It is not a matter of politics. It is a matter for all politicians.

It is a choice that all of us must make. Christ or anti-

Christ, spirit or beast, renaissance or decadence, moral re-armament or a godless, hopeless, purposeless age.

We can choose the pure passion of the Holy Spirit in Britain, or the comfortable compromise that corrupts and crucifies Christ anew.

Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.

BRITAIN AND THE BEAST

PETER HOWARD