

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR-MONGERING¹

"GOD," said Voltaire's Quaker, "God, who has commanded us to love our enemies and to suffer without repining, would certainly not permit us to cross the seas, merely because murtherers, cloath'd in scarlet, and wearing caps two feet high, enlist citizens by a noise made with two little sticks on an ass's skin extended." The ass's skin has largely given place to the broadcast bray and the journalistic bellow; the effect remains the same. And the central problem for the psychologist is surely this: that while war is all but universally agreed to be an unacceptable form of human activity (and the waverers now have China to help to convince them), nevertheless we are faced with the daily possibility of an outburst, and with the certainty that at a word from their politicians the people will flock to the standards and prepare to do themselves what they are now execrating the Japanese for doing. How does this come about? How is it that the politicians, on the one hand, find themselves apparently impotent to prevent war? Is it sheer malevolence and guile; is it due simply to a peculiarly low grade of general intelligence; or is it a case of psychological maladjustment, a distressing complaint, but curable? On the other hand, is the consent of the populace to be attributed simply to the wiles of press and political propaganda, or is it due to psychological factors in the subjects themselves.

No war—this, I think, must be our general premiss—is due simply to psychological causes; while on the other hand, no discussion of the phenomenon of war can afford to omit the discussion of psychological causes. For in the first place, the non-psychological factors themselves end by leading us back to psychology. Most if not all modern wars between big powers, it may well be urged, are likely to be economic, a question of markets and money. In this case they are due either to the machinations of a few big-business men—to what is usually called international finance; or they

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are due to politico-economic situations such as arise over the question of colonies and raw materials. In either case we need the psychologist. In the former, as Aldous Huxley has pointed out, the big-business men are in point of fact cutting off their own noses, apparently to spite one another's faces. "If capitalists," he writes, "were interested only in the efficient exploitation of their victims (as would to heaven they had the sense to be!) they would not waste their resources in fighting one another; they would combine to work out the most efficient scheme for squeezing profits out of the entire planet. That they do not do so—or do so only spasmodically and inadequately—is due to the fact that the exploiters are as much the slaves of the passions aroused by nationalism as the exploited . . . These Machiavels are incapable of seeing their own best economic advantage." Here, clearly, an efficient Government should call in the psycho-analyst, and force the financiers to undergo treatment. There are the armament merchants. These, in England, we have signally failed to control; and here it is evidently our political bosses who ought to submit to adequate treatment. The same solution offers itself in the case of politico-economic embroilments: the world is divided, as everyone knows, into the Haves and the Have-nots, nations smart under a sense of injustice, of having been the victims (Italy, Japan are examples) of a dastardly doublecrossing; economic disabilities probably, rancour and desire for revenge certainly, press upon them; war ensues or at least threatens; the politicians of the rich powers continue to express in unmeasured language their love of and desire for peace, while doing nothing to remove the almost certain threat of war, arguing with engaging abandon, and lack of logic, as Hitler has rightly pointed out, that colonies are economically valueless and therefore not worth giving back, apparently unable to foresee the too obvious retort that if they are not worth giving back they are equally not worth keeping, and to recognize the obvious fact that the desire for colonies is only in part a question of economics. All this is pathological.

Economics, politics, then, bring us back to questions of

psychology. But war has causes which are more strictly psychological than this. The instigators of war have their motives, mistaken no doubt but cogent; but in any modern European war between big powers the mass of the people have nothing whatever to gain, materially speaking, and they know it. They will not, when it is all over, be any the richer for it (if indeed they are alive at all), they will be very much poorer; they will not be happier; they will be unemployed and underpaid; they will have lost friends and relatives and possessions; they will be unable to settle down in contentment to the tattered remnants of civic life. What is the explanation? For it is abundantly clear that while the people do not initiate war they might well be responsible for making it impossible if they chose. It has recently been said that "War is not a sentence of death passed by the politicians on the people, but a vote of no-confidence passed on the politicians by the people." It would, one feels, be difficult to formulate a statement more diametrically opposed to the facts. The difficulty is to discover why, when our politicians are on the eve of launching us once again into a big war, a vote of no-confidence is *not* passed on them by the people, and the war prevented. "I have been laying myself out to talk to the people who are close to the backbone of every country," wrote a correspondent in the *Spectator* last year, "the craftsmen, the toilers, the small business-men, the taxi-men, the shopkeepers—and throughout Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, I have received the same answer. 'We want to be let alone in order to enjoy our work, our homes, our wives and our children . . . We don't want to go to war with anybody, we only want to be allowed to live our own lives. But those who are above us know best about such things, and if they say we must fight, we will do our best for our fatherland and we will fight.' It is only too true," concludes the letter, "that it is politicians and demagogues and money-seekers who are out for wars—the people who are the heart of every land ask for peace and security and the brotherhood of men."

The humble trust in "those above us," which is the most

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tragic thing in this letter, is a thing which, in the democratic states at least, must surely be dying out. Yet in these countries also a peace-loving populace can grow militarist, or have militarism thrust upon them. There are, it would seem, two lines of investigation to be followed if we look for an explanation: the change brought about in the plain man is the result partly of conscious, partly of unconscious forces.

There is first of all the question of deliberate propaganda. Everybody knows perfectly well that war has come to be a thoroughly low business; there is no difference, as Captain Mumford has pointed out, between throwing a number of babies upon a fire and throwing fire upon a number of babies; yet the romanticist type of propaganda continues to flourish. The Tattoos continue to be a brilliant success; the fact that the methods of past centuries are gallantly paraded, while those of to-day are carefully withheld, is seldom commented upon. And Mr. A. G. McDonnell's Major Crawford, a lower mental type, it is true, than the majority of Englishmen, joins with tears in his eyes in *Nearer my God to Thee*, and mutters with a break in his voice that "of course we can't let the Huns come and play old Harry with our girls." The (real) glory of dying for one's country is presented in such a way as to obscure the fact that what is really expected of one is the (more debatable) glory of killing for one's country; and century-old traditions of sportsmanship are somehow made to seem compatible with emptying bombs on to towns, so that the same young man who would die rather than be rude to a girl will feel no compunction at the thought of causing her to expire in anguish. The slogans with which our wars will inevitably be bolstered up are demonstrably absurd: we shall be told we are fighting for democracy, though we have a Prime Minister's word for it that the result of another war would be either anarchy or an iron dictatorship; we shall be told that we are fighting for civilization, though a casual stroll through the slums of Glasgow would convince the most intransigent optimist that we were not particularly entitled to boast about our claims to be civilized; we shall be told that we are fighting for hearth and home, and King and Country, though it will be per-

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fectly obvious that the enemy have no desire to possess our homes, being only too keen to retire to their own, that kingship will vanish with the few other remaining vestiges of more spacious days as a result of the war, and that it will profit our country little to have made havoc of our neighbours'. We shall come to hate and despise the enemy, call them the most opprobrious epithets, and really think them monsters and devils, though we have known them all our lives and found them charming and humane. And when the business is over, if there are any left to tell the tale and draw up a treaty, there will be another batch of Lloyd Georges and Clemenceaus to put together in black and white every necessary ingredient for another inevitable outburst, and the whole cycle will begin again.

Why are we susceptible to such blatantly ridiculous propaganda? The propaganda itself, clever though it be, could never carry a country off its feet as it does unless in some way the country were conditioned to receive it. Masterly rhetoric can convince a man who is willing to be convinced either way; it may occasionally convert a man who was previously wholly convinced of the justice of the other side, but it will hardly do this as a rule, or to a whole nation. The needs of intellectual subservience have been sown long before; and the sheep are all but ready to file into the prepared pen before the first catchword is composed.

There is the whole force of popular education. The peasant has been made to learn a lot of irrelevant facts, and to unlearn the power of thinking for himself about the things that matter. He is conditioned from his tenderest years to accept a given statement of fact (the Whig interpretation of history, let us say), a process all but amounting to hypnopædia; and his intuitions successfully stifled almost at birth, he is sent forth into the world to fall a prey to the emotional dictatorship of film and radio, of press and platform. The Catholic press has an additional advantage: there is a faint aroma of the pulpit about its utterances, a further chance that the reader will take the provided dope for gospel; and too often this advantage is exploited to induce hate-reactions for this or that foreign country instead of working out

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patiently the implications of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

The hate propaganda falls on receptive soil. You cannot, as Aldous Huxley has remarked, "argue away the immediately experienced fact that boasting is delightful, that it is bliss to feel yourself superior to the other fellow, that 'righteous indignation' is wildly intoxicating, and that the thrill of being one of a mob that hates another mob can be as pleurably exciting as a prolonged orgasm. The exploited who succumb to the nationalist propaganda of the exploiters are having the time of their lives. We have asked what they get out of being involved in their masters' quarrels. In the early stages of being involved they get the equivalent of free seats at a magnificent entertainment, combining a revival meeting with championship boxing and a pornographic cinema show. At the call of King and Country, they spring to arms. Can we be surprised?"

There is in all of us an element of sadism. Of opportunities for expressing this sadism, the average citizen is lamentably deprived. In early childhood it can be done; sadistic impulses often enough find hearty expression in nursery games. Sometimes they are combined with the more strictly acquisitive instincts, as with the child in *Merrily I Go To Hell*, who, having to act the part of the Minotaur and being thereby entitled to bite his brothers' and sisters' arms till they bled, made a practice of first accepting a penny as payment for not biting them in real earnest, and then biting them with extra violence for having tried to bribe and corrupt him. In later life it is possible, in some walks of life, to find similar assuagement in wife-beating and what-not; but in the suburbs and the upper circles this is not done; and the instincts in question may be incompletely repressed. The psychologically healthy men can of course direct his primal instincts to unexceptionable and at the same time adequate channels of expression; the fact remains that the majority seem to fail to achieve this fully, and the orgy of battle may then come as a providential if unconscious relief.

In parenthesis, the common argument that war is a

biological necessity may here be mentioned, though it need hardly detain us. It is historically untenable: nations like Sweden and Holland have gone on for a century without waging war; the civilization of the Indus Valley offers no evidence of warfare at all. Psychologically it is equally unsound. That there are primitive aggressive, acquisitive, sexual impulses in every personality no one denies; but it is the whole essence of Freudian theory and practice as of Catholic philosophy and theology that these instincts are patient of direction or transmutation. The destructive impulses are capable of deflection, as when Ajax, to use Glover's example, slew sheep instead of men; the sexual instincts find expression in creative work; sadism, aggression, an outlet in what St. Thomas would call the *ardua*, and associate with the virtue of fortitude. The impulses which find an outlet in fighting need not do so: war is no more a law of nature than duelling or head-hunting. For indeed, as Dr. Glover has made clear, the war-impulses and the peace-impulses are largely identical; the idea of a specific and untransmutable impulse of bellicosity is a chimera. But there are reasons, of a sociological character, why the desirable and often desired direction of impulse is not achieved; it is worth our while to examine them.

Three historical factors spring to mind; puritanism, the industrial revolution of the 19th century, the treaty of Versailles.

Puritanism bottled up the emotions and forbade orgies. There was one exception: it fostered righteous indignation, which turns quickly enough to hate; and the hate orgy was respectable. (Catholic practice, it may be noted in passing, where it is free from puritan influence, encourages, some would say over-encourages, the emotions, and provides orgies in the shape of fancy-dress processions and carnivals—in Tarascon the procession of the dragon was only stopped because it led to bloodshed due to extrinsic causes (the rationalists) and the dragon's tail was apt to do mischief to the unwary. Catholic theory sanctifies sex and makes it a sacrament.) The conscious repression of the emotions without the possibility of even a periodic relief is bound to

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lead to disaster: there will come a time when opportunity will prove too attractive; the emotions will boil over; there will be atrocities. "Men to-day have no real passions," said Stendhal's Altamira; and Lawrence's *A Propos* repeats the verdict for the twentieth century. Puritanism in religion and the subhuman evolution of industrialism in economics robbed life of its gaieties, and sent passion underground. Religion, indeed, and pleasure became incompatible ideas; no longer could anyone write the admirable verse of the old French poet on the subject of Deodatus—

*Que Déodatus est heureux
De baiser ce bec amoureux
Qui d'une oreille à l'autre va—
Alleluia—*

the Lent of calvinist asceticism had no redeeming carnival. Industrially, the small folk fared no better; their gay, like their creative, instincts, found no outlet. "As Proust knew," writes Clive Bell in his book on that author, "there are drugs: for the common man, the common round, the daily task, a little golf, a good deal of whisky, regular unemotional sensuality at fixed intervals, leading on to premature imbecillity and an unearned grave. The normal man escapes from life by never living intensely."

Lawrence put all this forcibly in other terms. "Protestantism came and gave a great blow to the religious rhythm of the year, in human life. Nonconformity *almost* finished the deed. Now you have a poor, blind, disconnected people with nothing but bank-holidays to satisfy the eternal need of living in ritual adjustment to the cosmos in its revolutions, in eternal submission to the greater laws. And marriage, being one of the greatest necessities, has suffered the same from the loss of the sway of the greater laws, the cosmic rhythms which should sway life always . . . The Christian religion lost, in Protestantism finally, the togetherness with the universe, the togetherness with the body, the sex, the emotions, the passions, with the earth and sun and stars . . . I think if we came to analyse to the last what men feel about one another to-day, we should find that every man feels every other man as a menace . . . The sense of isolation,

followed by the sense of menace and fear, is bound to arise as the feeling of oneness and community with our fellowmen declines . . . Class hate and class consciousness are only a sign that the old togetherness, the old blood warmth, has collapsed and every man is really aware of himself in apartness. Then we have these hostile groupings of men for the sake of opposition, strife. Civil strife becomes a necessary condition of self-assertion."

The industrial revolution did more than supply a rational and well-found excuse for hate. It re-introduced slavery, on the one hand, and on the other it robbed a great part of the population of creative work. Say himself in the 19th century remarked that it was a poor thing to have to confess that one had never made more than the eighteenth part of a pin; sociologists have been saying it ever since. What is true of sub-human labour is true *a fortiori* of unemployment. The instincts and impulses which find their proper outlet and expression in creative work, and the building up of a life which without freedom is impossible, these impulses are forced to find an outlet elsewhere. There is a period of frustration; perhaps of enforced repression; but it cannot last for ever; sooner or later there will be an explosion, the primitive impulses will re-appear in their least civilized forms; there will be an outburst of sexual crimes of sadistic type (this is happening to-day in England), of stealing and similar acts of aggression on persons or property; and again war will provide a providential relief.

Versailles is a suitable peg on which to hang the further discussion of social frustration. It humiliated Germany and reduced her to an intolerable state of economic impotence; it failed to fulfil the expectations of Italy in accordance with the secret treaties; it insulted the Japanese, and succeeding years saw a prohibition of Japanese immigration and a boycotting by tariff of Japanese goods, which were in line with the spirit of the treaty. The rich powers confront the poor; and the poor suffer from a sense of having been ground down and betrayed. Collective insecurity is the inevitable result. The world of to-day is materially speaking a unity; economic evolution has passed from the domestic and

national stages to the international; if the economy of the nations is to run smoothly there must be international co-operation, and the lack of this means a state of anxiety. The social organization is disturbed, and, as Dr. Mannheim has pointed out, it is then that man "deprived of his original goal, finds relief in the creation of symbolic goals and symbolic activities." And "as soon as it is possible to change the original level of aspiration and to induce people to strive for symbolic goals as if they were primary goals, so that instead of butter they desire national prestige, they will cease to feel the latter as symbols and consider them as real gratifications . . . Men flee to symbols and cling to them mainly because they want to avoid that anxiety which, according to Freud, overwhelms us whenever the libidinous energy remains for long without an object. Hammer and sickle, swastika, brown and black shirts, red and black flags, outstretched arms, clenched fists, phrases like 'freedom and glory of the nation'—are fictions providing an outlet and goal for displaced energy." The initial stage of unorganized insecurity passes, as the same writer points out, into the stage of organized insecurity; the insecurity has not been removed, but a state of strict regimentation now supervenes: "not only business and government are planned, but the psychic disturbances and the general breakdown are deliberately guided for the benefit of those who still maintain their rational calculation and, because they still stand outside the focal points of the general collapse, are able to remain sober. They may consciously desire even war or autarchy, for what is economically irrational for a whole nation may still be profitable to particular groups . . . The organization of insecurity has above all the advantage that there is no longer a feeling of object-loss, and as long as the whole system functions and an emotional and symbolic atmosphere overlies its rigid military order people will willingly obey and subordinate their individual preferences to the dictates of the central machinery. Those who formerly lacked direction enjoy the inescapable automatism of the machine." "In such a society," Dr. Mannheim adds, "those who are leaders enjoy the possibility of raising hatred

on one day and appeasing it on the next." The symbolic substitutes with which we in this country are provided are not difficult to detect, though they are less obviously paraded than elsewhere; the possibility of raising hatred is not absent, though it is shrouded under the disarming fiction of the freedom of the press.

Puritan repression, lack of creative work, lack of economic and political freedom, social and international insecurity, these combine to produce a state of frustration and anxiety, a sense of object-loss, in which it is possible, and easy, for leaders, using the power of modern propaganda on people already conditioned by popular education, to impose the adoption of symbols, to make their subjects submit to regimentation, and run, when the signal is given, the noise is made by the two little sticks on the ass's skin extended, like sheep to the slaughter of themselves, like wolves to the slaughter of anybody and everybody else. What can be done about it?

The first steps towards a solution are not psychological. If conditions of life and work were human, there would be less need to fear the end of our civilization. The first thing is to restore economic and political liberty to the individual, to restore private property and creative work. "We must," as Madox Ford has put it, "restore to the individual a sense of power, for without that he cannot recover his sense of responsibility. And we must get rid of the elected professional politician to whom we give *carte blanche* to double-cross us over every legislative proceeding." How this last is to be done it is difficult to see; nor does it lie within the scope of the present discussion. But the restoration of power and property to the individual concern us here: psychologically as well as from other points of view the social unit in terms of which we are inclined, and are taught, to think, is at once too large and too small. Herded into vast amorphous towns, we fall an easy prey to a nationalism (or imperialism) which robs us of the social fulfilment which a small group can provide, and, at the same time, prevents us from acquiring a breadth of outlook which can synthetize international needs and duties, the concept of international unity,

with personal ambitions and the interests of our immediate social group. The man who can find satisfaction in creative work, a real and deep social life, is not tempted to express himself in hate for foreigners; he is led to develop a spirit of patriotism because he is close to the soil and traditions of his country; but patriotism and nationalism have little in common. The contrast, so often made, between nationalism on the one hand, and the internationalism of big business on the other, is an unreal one; sanity, as is so often the case, lies midway between the two extremes, for a recognition of international unity and duties can be complementary to, and not destructive of, the spirit of patriotism and the autonomy of the person.

To this line of thought another should be added. The psychological effect of having creative work, property and the rest, is enormous; but it is not enough unless there is also some single purpose or motive force sufficient to weld the whole of experience into a unity. Now it is of the essence of nationalism that it tries to provide that unifying motive force in national self-glorification; it has its roots, in other words, in social egoism; and this necessarily implies an emulation which leads to hate. Moreover, it would seem likely that egoism in society as in the individual must produce psychic maladjustment: the ego cannot find satisfaction except outside itself. Where nationalism proceeds through national self-glory to hate, Christianity proceeds through God-glory to love; there can be little question, psychologically speaking, which progression promises best for the happiness of mankind. In the context of a unifying motive force, Christianity is the only force which is large enough to include due self-interest, altruism, patriotism, internationalism, subsuming these under an otherworldly finality and thus guaranteeing, *inter alia*, a centre outside the self. But does Christianity provide a sufficiently strong counter appeal to the emotional appeal of nationalism and war? The evidence would seem to show that in practice it does not.

The situation is here complicated by the fact that numbers of Christians themselves are far from being peace-minded.

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This in itself is a phenomenon which demands psychological investigation. The fact that peace movements are often associated with communism is not without its influence: our catholic press is not blameless in the matter of producing a state of mind which is at once so virulently and so negatively anti-communist that it will forego the most praiseworthy pursuits if communism can be shown to be already in the field. There is the inferiority complex which is the legacy of the penal times; and which causes us to fight shy of anything which savours of an unpopular minority or an attack upon the established ways of thought. There is no doubt in many cases the incidence of unconscious masochism to be considered; a factor more influential perhaps in northern regions where puritanism has had its effect upon catholic thought.¹ We share the lethargy which is characteristic of our age in general, and which would have its effect even if every catholic were consciously and unconsciously convinced of the value of peace and the futility of war. We are suffering, far more acutely than the romantics of the 19th century from the *mal du siècle*:

“I think the end draws near; the soil is stale”

wrote Louis MacNiece, and summed up the outlook of our times. We are in truth the Old World; the feeling that things draw to an end is widespread; and hope is not the emotion of the old. St. Thomas, enlarging on the saying of Aristotle, that the “young are of good hope,” remarks: “Youth is the cause of hope, for three reasons, parallel with the three characteristics of the good which is the object of hope: viz., that it is in the future, is arduous, is possible. For the young, there is much to come, little that is past; and therefore, since memory concerns what is past but hope what is to come, they live little in memory but much in hope. Moreover, the heats of nature make them high spirited, so

¹ There is the stolid indifference which comes of the determination not to be roused, for any purpose, from the comfortable depths of one's armchair. Jean Maillefer, in his diary, wrote, “*Les Maillefer aiment leurs aises*—the Maillefer love their ease,” and the Abbé Bremond commented: “It is the motto of the bourgeois of every country.”

that the heart is enlarged, and it is from great-heartedness that a man attempts the arduous, and therefore the young are filled with high courage and good hope. In the same way, those who have not suffered repulses nor found impediments to their purposes, tend to think everything possible to them, so that again they are hopeful." The holy doctor adds that much the same is true of the drunk. Our world is not filled with the spirit of youth, nor is it drunk, with glory or happiness. The noonday demon securely reigns. The state of affairs is largely unconscious; and so it is that those too who have faith, the substance of things to be hoped for, lack zest and initiative, and that *caliditas naturae* which charity ought to induce. There is a further fact to be considered. Since the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, theology has tended to become more and more juridical, legalist, less and less teleological. The return to St. Thomas is still not wholly achieved. Now legalism and fervour are incompatible. It is psychologically impossible to become enthusiastic about negatives. The juridical revolution in theology had much the effect upon the life of the catholic as the industrial revolution upon the life of society; it will not be until the basic idea of creativity is restored to morals that the spirit of supernatural *laissez-faire* will be finally exorcized, and enthusiasm and affirmation return. This is surely one of the most urgent tasks of our time; our negativism is everywhere observable—in our attitude to other ways of thought, our *anti*-communism, *anti*-fascism, and so forth, which forbid us either to see any elements of truth in what we oppose or to set ourselves positively to attempt alternative action; in our atrocity-mongering (witness our press on the Spanish war) and our concomitant inability to see the positive implications of the Christian brotherhood of men; in a word, in our attitude to the Christian life as a whole, which we see rather as the avoiding of breakages of rules than as the engraced fashioning of a life of affirmative self-giving to God and men.

Supposing then, that we were both unanimous and affirmative in our aims, we should still be fighting at a disadvantage. The *mal du siècle* welcomes destruction

rather than construction; hate, as St. Thomas remarked, can be more potent than love; and fear impedes activity (and we live in an age of fear). We live, moreover, in a fatalist expectation of the worst. "The greatest likelihood of war," writes M. Simon in his *Discours sur la Guerre Possible*, "lies in a state of collective moral depression, that disillusioned scepticism which becomes thenceforward rooted in the heart of the peoples with regard to a rule of law, and the conviction that everything is a question simply of force . . . If to-morrow the nations rush into conflict, it is easy to see what their action will be: precisely the gesture of despair. Everything occurs as though men found themselves to-day confronted by a problem of mechanics so difficult that no intelligence could solve it, and there remained only one solution—to set free of all control and all rational prevision the forces concerned." Pessimism, moreover, is not without its compensations: Julian Green has remarked on "the pleasure that comes from abandoning oneself completely to one's fate without a single effort to evade its rigours."

Fatalist acceptance of dissolution and Christian hope are diametrically opposed. What can be done to rid ourselves of the one and restore the other, confining ourselves to the point of view of this paper?

There are certain obvious steps which can and ought to be taken in the sphere of ordinary conscious life. We can begin by opposing and debunking the propaganda of the press, catholic and otherwise, which is doing its best to make us once again warminded; we can circumvent its hypno-paedic aspect, by making plain the unconscious effect of policies which may escape conscious detection. Secondly, the whole field of sociology lies before us: anything that can be done to remove the sense of object-loss by restoring creative work and life, is making for the removal of causes of war. We can attack the question of education: such obvious steps as the securing of a rational teaching of history, which does not divide the world into English gentlemen on the one hand and wops dagoes and niggers on

the other;² the insertion into curricula of a course of instruction on the idea of international obligation; the examination of the whole problem of punishment, and the substitution of the love- for the fear-motive; the question of war-games; in general, the whole problem of the evolution of the aggressive and sexual instincts and impulses; all these are of first importance in determining future generations towards, or away from, war. There is, again, the question of periodic orgies: circuses remain always necessary; sabbatarianism is not dead; and the cinema leaves much to be desired in the way of orgiastic adequacy. We can work to restore the *incliti arte a raddolcir la vita* to their rightful place. The rivalry which finds outlet in war can be diverted to better channels, as Dr. Glover has pointed out: to achievement, for example, in the cultural and aesthetic fields. (In this connection, the British Pavilion at Paris, with its arrogant refusal to compete, is as interesting as, and perhaps more depressing than, the efforts of its vociferous neighbours.) There is then the whole complexus of problems concerning the necessity of disclosing and mastering the unconscious urges which can make pacifists more dangerous than the most uproarious warmongers; and which without warning can turn the consciously pacific-minded into a whooping maniac. There is the (secondary) psychological, and (primary) theological value of prayer. There is, in fine, the whole field or what one might perhaps be allowed in this context to call thomisticated freudianism. The power of the conscious to redirect unconscious impulses provides the material through which the Christian teleology and the establishment of the primacy of the spiritual may be worked out: the modern world, both consciously and unconsciously, is too often faced with a fictitious dichotomy—materialism and the flesh, or Christianity and the discarnate spirit. "The human problem," as Gustave Thibon has said in his contribution to *Problèmes de la Sexualité*, "consists not in

² Such scorn of the foreigner has, of course, its roots very deep; it is no modern phenomenon—what better expression of it could there be, to go back no further, than the sublime arrogance of the remark of the sieur de Brantôme: "*En France il fait bon faire l'amour*"?

choosing between the senses and the spirit, but between the domination of the senses and the domination of the spirit. It is not a question of excluding this or that form of human life, but simply of knowing which among these various forms ought to occupy within us the central position, and impregnate the others with its directive attraction. The dilemma 'for or against the senses' does not exist. The glory of catholic thought is that it is not *against* anything (unless it be against evil, which is privation of being), but that it is *for* everything, in its right place and within the limits congruous to its nature."

Ferrero, in his book on *The Unity of the World*, has emphasized the fact that "isolated destinies no longer exist among the nations; the repercussions of events, whether direct or indirect, from one end of the earth to the other are as unforeseeable as they are inevitable, the world, while its individual parts are in conflict with one another, is allowing itself to be bound little by little by invisible bonds, produced by the conflicts themselves . . . Mankind, however, is not yet aware of it." What is needed then? "A single body cannot go on living under the guidance of several discordant and inimical consciences. The world body, which is now almost a physical entity, requires a single conscience in which there will be room for all that is best of the civilisations already existing to reside in harmony." What Ferrero has said of the world, M. Simon has said of Europe: "*Ce qui lui manque, ce ne sont pas seulement des lois, c'est une âme.*" And he adds: "*Que sera demain l'âme de l'Europe, fasciste, communiste ou chrétienne?*" From the purely psychologico-pragmatic point of view, and leaving aside all question of absolutes, it is only in Christianity that the world will find a soul, and unity, and peace. The wisdom of China has achieved a length and depth of view that is defence against anxiety, precipitate action, folly—there is the story of the aged mandarin who, after hearing a eulogy of the French Revolution, remarked, "Yes, but would it not be wise to wait a little while and see which of its effects is really final"; the drive behind communism may achieve a momentary unity, which however is essentially only partial; fascism has

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in it at least the principle of authority and order which liberalism lost; but only Christianity can at once find an alternative to political or economic expediency in the claims of a higher kingdom; a defence against group and race antagonisms in the doctrine of the Mystical Body; a denial of despair in the building of the City of God; a driving force greater than hate in the action of uncreated Love; only Christianity can lead men to that sharing of the life of the Infinite in which alone their finite nature is fulfilled, and can redeem them from that mystery of iniquity which is hidden even from the deepest psychology, by the mystery of the grace of God.

The responsibility which rests to-day upon the Christian is indeed a heavy one. We are called upon to help in the building of the one City of God in days when every force and tendency seems to be making for the world's dissolution and destruction. But "the greatest and first appeal the godly man can make to others for the building of Jerusalem," as Miss Evelyn Underhill has put it, "is to their foreconscious—suggesting to them through the indirect influence of a God-saturated personality the possibility of a like contact with Reality." "Reconstruction of character and reorientation of attention must precede reconstruction of society . . . we must *be* good before we can *do* good; be real before we can accomplish real things." Reality is not found in activism, but in the quiet of contemplation. O Contemplation, said Matthew Green—

O Contemplation! air serene

From damps of sense and fogs of spleen—

the world has lost and must find contemplation; are we leading the way? Perhaps the work of catholic psychology in the cause of peace can be summed up most adequately in the three stages of the adventure of the discovery of God: purgation, illumination, union, in which alone is fully wrought and perfected the godward sublimation of impulse, the harnessing, in Boehme's magnificent phrase, of man's "fiery energies to the service of the light."

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