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The McGill Fortnightly Review

An Independent Journal of Literature and Student Opinion

Vol. I. No. 8 PRICE 10 CENTS Saturday, March 6, 1926

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EDITORIAL

WE are glad to see that the question of the athletic levy is before the student body again, for it is high time that the whole subject was re-discussed. For our part, we cannot but feel that the levy is peculiarly pernicious.

If its sole object were to provide more undergraduates with more playgrounds and more opportunities for healthy exercise—if, in a word, it helped to make more genuine athletes—then we would have no quarrel with it. There can be no reasonable objection to the University exacting money from students for the purpose of providing them with those things necessary to their mental and physical fitness. But the levy in question does not do this. Its avowed object is to turn students into spectators. It makes McGill undergraduates buy seats in advance for games they may never see. It is, to use other language, the state subsidisation, at the expense of student-taxpayers, of an industry which was apparently incompetent to stand on its own feet. We can imagine no more severe an indictment of McGill sport than this, that such a levy was considered necessary; and no more patent an example of our faith in organization than this, that it was thought the levy would produce a better type of student.

However, in case the undergraduates do not wish to reduce their present subscription to student activities, we have an alternative proposal to make. Let the five dollar levy be devoted, not to swelling the crowds of spectators at games, but to the encouragement of things more intellectual and artistic. We would suggest the following distribution: $1.00 to the Music Club, $1.00 to the Literary and Debating Society, $2.00 to the Players' Club, $1.00 to *The McGill Fortnightly Review*. All of these seem to us to be eminently worthy of general support.

Will no candidate for the presidency come forward with this as his platform?

* * * *

WITHIN the University there seem to be numerous minds still in that primitive stage of development which renders them incapable of understanding the nature of criticism. The Editors of the Fortnightly are constantly being told that they are always "crabbing," that they never suggest anything "constructive." Because we do not produce for our impatient readers some proposal for a new society or a new activity, because we are often content to protest against thoughtless or misguided expressions of "college spirit," we are looked upon as dangerous beings possessed of radicalism, socialism, Bolshevism and all of the other supposed vices of a like character so notriously repugnant to the Montreal mentality.

To these of our critics we have simply this to say. There are times in the history of Universities when the only sort of "construction" worth having is that which preserves the best traditions of the University from being vitiated by the introduction of alien ideas and alien ways of doing things. The present at McGill is such a time. We are in danger of forgetting what our traditions are. We gulp down the current ideas of organization in our sport and our student activities without stopping to think whether we are altering for the worse the character of our play or our activity. We have shown ourselves quite ready to solve little difficulties of our own by importing ready-made solutions holus bolus from the States. It is against these alien importations and these novel methods that the Fortnightly has ever set its face. We are destructive only in the sense that we attempt to destroy parasitical growths, and those who label us Bolshevik are wrong, for we express probably the most conservative opinion in the University. If we have attacked the Scarlet Key Society, it is because its symbolism and its officialdom represent in our opinion a startling break with tradition; if we ridicule the Freshman questionnaire, it is because we maintain the old belief that it is better for a Freshman to volunteer for an activity than to come at the request of an official who has got his name from a questionnaire; if we cry out against over-organization it is because we feel that the present structure of our student society is such that it tends more

and more to a deadening centralisation never before seen at McGill, more and more to deflect the initiative of the individual from self-chosen channels of expression into a prepared set of forms and moulds. Every bit of our criticism is, in fact, but the statement of a theory of University life which, we contend, is at once truer to the ideals and more in keeping with the best interests of McGill than anything that our antagonists have yet propounded.

No, this is not a time when, for a paper like the Fortnightly to justify its existence, it must outdistance the present organizers at McGill in an effort to be the first with some new-fangled proposal. We stand out very definitely against the "bigger, better and brighter" attitude. A University is not a soap-factory; it does not require constant alterations, improvements and additions in order to fulfil its functions properly. The new Arts Building will not improve McGill's B. A. by one jot or one tittle, nor can further "organized" activity produce aught else but dissipation of energy. So the Fortnightly does what it can to emphasize the spirit rather than the body, the idea rather than the form, and to slow down this misdirected attempt at "progress."

A Reply to Mr. Cohen

Allan Latham

IN the last number of *The McGill Fortnightly Review,* Mr. Bernard Cohen in his article, *The Theory of the Stationary Population,* argues for a fixed number of people in the world as a remedy for the more patent social ills. He enumerates the three following advantages, which would presumably result from an application of his theory:

(1) Unemployment would be eliminated, because work would be as plentiful as the supply of workers, whose ranks would not be augmented by a growing population.

(2) Wages would increase, owing to the comparative scarcity of labour. Thus a more nearly equal distribution of wealth would be achieved.

(3) Wild-cat investment would go by the boards, as a consequence of the reduced concentration of wealth with the attendant necessity of economy on the part of those getting sufficient, but not extravagant, gains from industry.

I am unable to agree with Mr. Cohen, in so far as he is of the opinion that a "stationary population" would lead to the first two conclusions given above. The third is not very important, since it is not an outstanding phase of industry from the social point of view, although it may be from that of a student in a school of commerce, which both Mr. Cohen and I are not. Moreover, the second of the above conclusions follows directly from the first. Consequently, I shall merely attempt to refute the assumption regarding unemployment.

Given a "stationary population," it would still be impossible for unemployment to disappear, in a capitalist society. Unemployment is a necessary corollary of competitive production. There is no reason for believing that the trade cycle would not continue to exist. Indeed, it is very probable that, with the static population, there would be even wider variations in the demand for labor. There would be unavoidably the same old periodic gluts on the market, if anything, probably greater than formerly. At every time of glut, large numbers of employees would be necessarily dismissed. The unemployed cannot be regarded as the surplus of population: they are rather the labour force whose services are required in times of boom, but which is superfluous in the inevitable periods of depression.

Malthus, whose deductions led to a belief in the desirability of artificially limiting population, could not conceive of the industrial society in which we live to-day. The means cited by him, whereby population is kept commensurate with subsistence, apply to an agricultural or only partially industrialized state. How could he, or anybody else, account for the phenomenal growth of population in latter-day England? The answer is that productivity, owing to machinery and organization, progressed far in advance of the population which might be supported. But, why did people increase, until they were in apparent excess of nature? Simply because the industrial system demanded it. From the beginnings of English industrialism, there was an urban population with irregular work, called the "pauper class." Ninety years ago, this class numbered about one and one-half millions; to-day, with greater industrialization, there are five times as many people affected by the dearth of employment.

It cannot be questioned that the progress of industry causes enormous leaps in the population of industrial countries. The growth of knowledge in the field of applied science, increased efficiency in management, and the irresistible expansion of capital, would all conspire to need an ever growing army of workingmen. However, since the present army would not be permitted to grow, it would at last be essential to close down large parts of the industrial mechanism. More men than ever would consequently be thrown out of work, until the industrial life would become inactive enough for the nation's powers of absorption to catch up with its productivity. We are confronted, then, with the amazing paradox that an increased demand for men would eventually mean a very much lessened demand for them. We are thereby forced to accept the dictum that a stationary population would not only fail to relieve the unemployed, but would also actually increase their numbers, which are at present sufficiently alarming.

It would seem that our industrial age requires a steadily increasing population. Artificial restrictions of population growth only introduce worse complications, when these restrictions are directed to the prevention of general increase. Nevertheless, I am prepared to admit that, in agricultural states of the type of India and China, a stationary population would be of immense benefit. There, the workers are connected intimately with the primitive source of wealth. They multiply in accordance with the bounty or the paucity of nature. When nature has an unproductive year, multitudes starve to death; and in good years, they are permitted to increase.

Neither do I deny that those who wish to limit the size of their families should be allowed to do so. However, it would be highly regrettable if the practice of birth control were to become so general as to keep population below its quantity demanded by the instruments of production. Therefore, I question the plea that much happiness would immediately result from popular education in birth control. If our system of distribution were altered, so that surplus production were to go to the workers instead of the capitalists, "overproduction" would no longer be an impediment to the stationary population.

Antequera

A. S. Noad

De Antequera partio el moro tres horas antes del dia.
Con cartas en la su Mano en que socorro pedia.

IT was assuredly a dark dawning for the Moor, that of the day when he lost Antequera. This little hill-town, once the key to the passes which lead from Malaga to the fertile vega about the blessed city of Granada, has still some of the austere beauty of a fortress in decay; the rugged escarpments that surround it show signs of how the Moor prized it, in the battered but time-defying walls reared by his hand.

We visited Antequera as the result of a whim. On the way down to Malaga, to see the Good Friday procession, we were puzzling how to spend two intervening days. The coast city itself would be horribly crowded, and our lodgings almost certainly dear and uncomfortable. Where might we drop off with a fair chance of enjoying air, good water, mountain scenery, and homely Spanish talk? Antequera, said Herr Baedeker, was once the bulwark that held off from Granada the remorseless tide of Christian invasion during many a long year of border strife. He promised, too, a singular stone labyrinth, a notable peak, the Torcal, and "one of the few dolmens to be seen in Southern Spain—the Cueva de Menga." We were for Antequera.

Perched atop of a windy hill and overlooking a boulder-strewn plain, with tremendous spires of rock cutting the horizon all round, Antequera held aloof a quarter of a mile from the little station where we descended. Two deboshed-looking mule omnibuses presented themselves as a means of climbing thither. "Hotel Colon?" said the driver of one, without hope in his tone. We were discoverers and the name suited. In we jumped; the conveyance groaned up the slope, rattled over irregular pavements, turned five or six corners, and stopped only twenty feet below our destination—a close enough approximation for a mountain town.

It was a good inn. True, the entrance was forbidding, and suggested a combination of warehouse and bird-fancier's; the facilities for making one's toilet were primitive; the servants looked morose. But all was clean and airy, and our first meal (lunch) was a real Spanish repast of chowder, eggs, fish, and—alas! my heresy was not to be concealed—"biftek," eaten under the dumb protest of the waitress.

Antequera itself provided a few surprises. First, when we walked abroad after the siesta, we were made the object of close and growing attention on the part of its inhabitants. My whiskers, unique I should say in the district, were not long a puzzle, of course. I was a Frenchman, and Frenchmen wore whiskers. But what was my companion doing with a cape, exactly such a cape as the stout old men of Antequera carried to ward off the dry cold breeze? Who ever saw a woman thus arrayed? And they peered and whispered, chuckled and summoned witnesses from within their houses, untill at last I began to fear popular violence. I even fancy a stone or two flew our way, aimed with intent to injure, but only as a reminder that Spanish hillmen can still use their native weapons, if need be. Those urchins who stared and ran reached for a pebble with a gesture as inevitable and as harmless—properly understood—as the arching of a cat's back. We climbed out of the more frequented streets and took the offending cape to the citadel.

There it stood, dominating the town, the work first of Moors, then of the Christian chieftains, who had vowed never to let their dearbought prey slip from their grasp. We won free of the winding white lanes, mounted a few steps, and found ourselves facing a stretch of bare rock, curiously honey-combed with caves. From one of these emerged two or three frowsy people, who gazed mutely at the strangers. "Is it permitted to enter the fort from this side?" I cried from afar. "Yes, Yes!" came the answer. "But be careful lest you slip; it is a dangerous path."

We passed on our way, following a barely discernible track along the crest of the hill, over cactus-encumbered boulders. Soon we had guides: two ragged boys hurried past us with side-long glances and vanished round a corner of the ruin. As we followed, a shower of dirty water descended from the walls, missing us by a hand-breadth. Fish-scales gave a grisly hint of what we had escaped.

Beyond the bend in the ramparts, we found a spot where the masonry had collapsed. We clambered up this breach, encouraged by the two youths, who had by now called forth the keeper of the place. He was an old, old man, full of pride in his mountain stronghold. "Come," said he, "I will show you the tower." And into the tower, up a spiral stair, we went, while he jingled keys in front.

Emerging on a breezy platform, we gazed out over many miles of fierce, shaggy upland. Right in front was a mighty cliff of red rock, jutting out abruptly from the plateau—the most conspicuous thing in the landscape. This, said the ancient, was the Lovers' Leap. The inevitable pair—a Moslem maid and a Christian youth—pursued by the fanatical parents of one or the other, had jumped to their death once in the far past. But beyond and to the right was something even more interesting.

"You are to know," our guide quavered, "that yonder peak is the highest in this country. It is in truth unique. Folk come from all quarters of the globe to see and to climb it. Its height is tremendous; the winds that blow there are strong and cold in the extreme. Only last month," and he fixed me with his eye, "a German gentleman came here, merely to scale the mountain."

He looked expectant, and thank heaven, I could respond without a scruple. "Yes, it is wonderful," I hastened to say. "And fortunate are you who live within sight of so great a prodigy."

"Then there is the clock," he added. "Come down and see the clock." We saw the clock; we stood and listened to the mechanism crawling within it. It was a very old piece of work, I am afraid to say how old. An inscription on the wall told of the king by whose orders it had been placed there—perhaps it was Philip the Second.

But the air streaming around us made us shiver, and we were a little relieved to get down again to the relatively sheltered foot of the tower. There was more to be seen, said the old gentleman; but the edge of his expository fervour was palpably blunted. We excused ourselves and stumbled away down the breach, leaving him satisfied, I trust, with our tangible thanks. At any rate he bowed adieu to us as we went out of sight.

And now we tramped through the town, looking for someone who could tell us of the Cueva de Menga. "Thirty metres deep" was what Baedeker had said. Decidedly, we should be faineants if we went away from Antequera without visiting and revering this

relic of prehistoric ages. On the road to the station we at last found a lad who was not afraid to risk a definite word of instruction. He was seated upon his donkey; his eyes were long and lustrous, surely the legacy of some long-forgotten Moorish ancestor; his manner was simple, shy, and altogether beautiful. He knew of the Cueva de Menga.

"Walk along by those almond trees, where there is a track. Leave it near the burying-ground and climb the hill. There you will find the Cueva de Menga. Go with God!" And he dug his heels into the donkey's ribs and passed on his way.

We went along by the almonds, as he had shown us, and soon saw the cemetery, at the foot of the slope—a white-walled quadrangle with its little population of tombstones. But of the Cueva there was no sign. We scanned the hill for a black mouth, and could find none. Leaving the road, we walked over uncultivated fields until we ran across a little goat-herd, singing softly to himself upon a heap of stones.

"Where is the Cueva de Menga ?" we asked. "Mirelo," replied the child, pointing to a depression not fifty yards away. With beating hearts we drew near to one of the few dolmens still to be seen in southern Spain.

Imagine a nearly square pit about ten feet deep, with a green-scummed pool at one end. Above the water was a big grey stone, half-hidden with bushes and brambles, and plainly imbedded in the soil. Such was the far-famed Cueva de Menga.

Little enough, in truth. Yet as we stared at it, a feeling of dislike not based wholly on disillusionment rose in us. Something ugly and hateful had once inhabited that spot, I am sure; it looked blasted. The insects buzzed around it, the breeze made a harsh rattle in the bushes, the goat-herd's song came to us in snatches; but we were suddenly caught away from this world to another older, crueller one. We saw no visions, felt no rush of memories. But both of us were invaded by a vague uneasiness and a desire to be gone. So we left the Cueva de Manga.

We left Antequera the following day, not before I had learned how the Spaniards make their Bunoz, that savoury strip of doughnut which goes so well with the morning coffee. (This, however, is another story.) As the train bore us away down the rocky passes towards Malaga, our thoughts remained a space with the little fortress in the hills, and we might have repeated the words of the old ballad, "Y ansi se gano Antequera." "And thus did we make Antequera ours."

Sonnet

WOULD I were Angelo, and taking stone
Rough-hewn from bold Carrara's mountain [brims,]
Could shape it to the glory of thy limbs,
So uttering the beauty thou hast shown
That all the multitude of men would own
Thee perfect beyond thought, and when death dims
Thy mortal fires, more than a poet's hymns
Would prove the loveliness that I have known.

Yet would I pity those enamoured fools,
Gazing enraptured on that heartless bust
With unappeased desire, hopelessly.
For what thy love can mean is mystery
No stone may tell, though Phidias from the dust
Rise with deft hands to wield the edged tools.

Brian Tuke

Downhill

Thoughts on the Decline of Democracy

"Vespasiano"

I

MR. Ramsay Muir in his little book, "Peers and Bureaucrats," has remarked the phenomenal decay in importance of the British House of Commons. It is an admirable little book, and sets forth the case conclusively. So clearly established is the thesis that nowadays its burden is included in academic lectures on the English constitution.

The career of Mr. Lloyd George well illustrates Mr. Ramsay Muir's contention, especially during the War. It is a significant thing that in war time when efficiency is—not indeed more essential—but more obviously and immediately essential, the methods of democracy are inevitably cast aside, and firmer government takes their place. Mr. Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions and as Prime Minister scarcely stepped into the House of Commons, the headquarters of democracy, which awed by the gravity of affairs, shewed enough sense—perhaps for the first time in its career—to keep quiet, and for the most part without question to pass all measures proposed to it by the Cabinet. When Mr. Lloyd George effected the *coup* which made him Prime Minister, he did so without the agency of the House of Commons—a thing which had not occurred since the bad old days of George III.

What, then, must one think of that ultra-democratic measure passed by Lloyd George at the end of his reign—the Representation of the People Act? The Act was the most democratic ever known in England—it carried the franchise almost to the logical limit, including women. Is it not possible that this too was done in Mr. Lloyd George's admirable spirit of cynicism? May it not be that, seeing the dragon of Democracy rendered harmless, Mr. Lloyd George threw it the last cake from the tin, laughing in his sleeve? What harm in broadening the franchise still further, when the party system had effectually defeated the ends of a democratic franchise?

It is supposed that the voters have their "moment of tyranny" on election day. But this is really only theoretically the case. As a matter of fact they are only the clay used by the parties in their potting. An election is a competition between the parties, to see who can dupe the people most effectively. The people do not choose how they will be governed; they choose between the various conglomerations of specious nonsense known as party platforms, which are composed without the least reference to the party's true intentions, and are merely bait to catch votes. Surely, then, to broaden the franchise merely lowers the average intelligence of the voter, and renders the process of duping the easier. I think that delightful old scoundrel Disraeli knew this. Napoleon III certainly knew it. It is altogether likely that Mr. Lloyd George knows it too.

II

WHEN Lord Thomson was in Montreal lately, he startled our little bourgeoisie by comparing Lenin and Mussolini, and deciding that their constitutional positions had been very similar. "What," went the whisper, "Lenin and Mussolini? That wicked immoral Bolshevik, and the great John Bull of Italy?" And they probably decided that Lord Thomson himself was more like Lenin than is Mussolini, a horri

Bolshevik, come to confuse their honest little bourgeois minds. It reminds one of the Papalist attitude to "thinkers" at the time of the Risorgiamento. Lord Thomson was lifting the curtain? He showed our little bourgeoisie the facts—things which they have never understood—which do not fit into their little scheme of things. But the truth is that Russian Communism, just as Italian Fascism, is not in the least democratic. We have got beyond democracy, and new constitutional forms, if they are to live, must recognize that. That both Communism and Fascism do so, is both a sign of the times, and a sign that they have come to stay. The only essential difference between Communism and Fascism is that the former provides an intelligent method of securing good governors, the latter provides no method. Perhaps that is the fundamental reason of their extreme opposition.

(To be concluded)

Proud Parable

I will sit with my love
in the somnolent window seat,
and watch for long enough
the slender rain. And how it
stings the polished street
to an intolerant white flash
of loveliness will parable
how beauty in the flesh
from a high elsewhere fell,
blossoming its bright splash
to a proud, momentary parable.

—*S.*

Legend

COOL and dank as green seaweed this wet hair
Coils callously about a little wave
That sways as gently as two bells the grave,
Small, coral-tinted breasts to starboard there
Where salt translucency has had to share
With fabulous old sea-legends the brave
Presence of a mermaid. She has left her cave
In the oozy depths to fling a dare
To unbelieving men. Thin silver skims
Across the green and gold; her scales outshine
The beauty of a mortal maiden's limbs.
The head of the littlest shipmite swims
More dizzily than after a sip of wine,
And the Chaplain fumbles in his book of hymns.

—*Vincent Starr*

Correspondence

Frontenac Hotel,
Kingston, Ontario.
February 18, 1926.

The Editor,
"McGill Fortnightly Review,"
Montreal.
Dear Sir,

I have just read with much interest in the McGill Review of February 6 the article entitled "Universities." But though I believe that the writer's purpose is entirely good I do not agree with his method of presenting the case. In fact I absolutely disagree with some of his statements.

What exactly is his conception of an university I wonder? As far as one can deduce from his article a true university would be a very exclusive institution in which a body of persons devoted a portion or all of their lives entirely to the cultivation of the mind—to thinking—with no other objective than self satisfaction. While I will not deny that out of the meditations and close deliberations of the members of such communities something might emanate which would contribute towards the well being of mankind, I am certain that the term educational institutions could not be correctly applied to them.

Education has been well defined as "a training for Life." But we ordinary mortals understand that universities are not merely educational institutions but that they are the highest type of educational institution. Therefore we expect that the true university will be equipped to train men and women for all occupations in which considerable mental capacity is required, for example as teachers, ministers, doctors of medicine, scientific engineers, scientific agriculturists, and lawyers.

How dare Mr Coulborn make the statement that "Medicine, Law, Applied Science are not university subjects," and suggest that doctors of medicine and certain others are not thinkers. Granted medical men and engineers do not spend their lives in the selfish pursuit of thought for its own sake, as "pure thinkers," but, unless they happen to be among the few who perform their duties with no other interest than that of reaping a large monetary reward, they are regularly utilizing every opportunity which occurs between spells of routine work to apply their minds to the questions of ways and means of rendering the greatest service to humanity. The practitioner, if he be true to his profession, thinks deeply about new processes for the cure and prevention of disease, and about the psychological and spiritual aspects of his practice. The engineer exercises his intellect in an endeavour to invent ways of harnessing the forces of nature so effectively that the burdens of toiling mankind will be reduced, and as a consequence that man will have more leisure to devote to the development of the aesthetic side of his nature.

Of course most of us know it to be only too true, and I believe it to be the cause of Mr. Coulborn writing as he did, that the attitude towards Life of many students not pursuing Arts is not as sound as it ought to be. But is that the fault of the students, and does it prove that Medical and Applied Science faculties are no properly parts of an university? No. Examine the matter carefully and the cause of the students' too materialistic outlook on Life will be seen to lie in the nature of the curriculums they are exposed to. Those who map out the courses of study for the various

non-Arts faculties are so zealous in their efforts to ensure that the students get as "thorough as possible" a training in a limited time that they almost completely lose sight of the fact that most of the young people who come to study medicine, etc. also come, or at least should come, to the university to receive a higher education. As a result of this forgetfulness of these powers that be the courses offered are so weighty and so intensive that the average student, unless he is fortunate enough to be influenced by some rectifying force outside of the university, cannot help but become rather narrow and very materialistic. For if he is conscientious and is desirous of "doing well" he applies himself intensely to the immense amount of work assigned, confidently believing that it must be good for him, never imagining the possibility of the authorities being capable of making a mistake, and never spending a moment while his brain is fresh pondering over the purpose of Education and its real relation to Life. It is not to be wondered at then that he, poor misguided mortal, is crude in his outlook on Life, and that his behaviour at times is such that it shocks the well balanced mind of the true student of Arts—when I say "true student" I do not mean the "pure thinkers"—and calls forth denunciatory remarks from those like Mr. Coulborn who, impelled by the instinct of trying to preserve that which one loves, temporarily lose their mental balance while making a vigorous effort to check what they rightly believe to be an influence deleterious to the success of their aim in life.

I firmly believe that the curriculums of certain faculties as they stand are only adapted for the exceptional student but there is no fundamental obstacle to prevent them being revised in such a way that, as well as giving good training in Medicine, or whatever it be, they would provide a liberal "training for Life." If the lovers of Arts, and I claim to be one, were to direct their efforts towards impressing the authorities with the necessity of such alteration their time would be well spent.

Yours truly,

J. Lewis Thomas

Nocturne

PILING the comforters about the bed
this snowy lady prances to her rest:
if music be the food of love, if love be dead,
play of dark dirges only the quietest—

pluck the faint willow, ruffle the pool,
drop the crisp yellow down to death,
muting the fretwork of the cool
fountains and her shadowy breath.

Down these white curves her body moves
circuitously coupling night—
black velvet on the budding groves
that harbour a quaint feigning of delight.

The dark envelops her phorescent limbs,
Night mixes with her Day:
she is a twilight woven all of whims,
most accurately murmurous of grey.

—*Michael Gard*

Science and Happiness

J. A. Taylor

SAVAGES and primitive types of people have their culture, their art, and personal affections, all of which express their mode of life. As humans rise above such a more or less perceptual plane of existence the peculiar phenomenon of reflective thought leads to a higher level, where the mind of man can, and sometimes does, function intellectually. But as far as we know, man is unique in this respect, and it is only natural that nearly all his interpretations and constructions of reality, of the world of nature in which he lives and has his being, be projections from such a source, as well as functions of it.

Some however are less inclined to make man the measure of all things. For the scientific interpretation of nature the course now pursued is from without inwards, and not from within outwards. In studying objective measures scientists have played in an immense and beautiful virgin field. Even the great Newton was here as a "boy, finding here and there a prettier shell or a smoother pebble than the rest." Thus was born science. It supplied what art had previously lacked. It gave birth to knowledge in the modern sense, and in doing so dealt a mortal blow to at one of man's hereditary enemies—superstition.

But I am principally concerned here with the nature of the urge responsible for the scientist's devotion to his life work. How is it that psychologically and, in the common sense, artistically, from the phenomena presented to him in perception he labours joyously in building up his particular iron-like framework of scientific fact? The answer to this question is, I believe, intimately bound up with the *emergence* on reaching such a higher plane of mental activity, of what I will call an *intellectual delight in contemplation*—a fact of stupendous significance, not only for science and human commerce, which is finally dependent on it, but for culture, for art, and even for the affections of everyday life. Because of it, all these are today richer in meaning, and productive of greater delight. It is at once the cause and consequence of a life spent in earnest quest of truth, and it is mainly responsible for reaches of culture and of art above and beyond the primitive.

Intellectual delight in contemplation leads to the pursuit of knowledge *for its own sake*. Although it is one of the higher elements going to make up some forms of that complex that we call love, it is not in any way synonymous with love, unless in the restricted sense of, for example, the "love" of a mathematician for his science. The capacity for it seems to be, in the main, an hereditary function of the organism, and in the case of this tendency not being inherited, it is doubtful if the individual is capable of delight in the pursuit of knowledge. If not, he certainly will never "thirst" for knowledge. Furthermore, the love he is capable of lacks it as an element, and it is very doubtful if such could lead a person to a "love" for knowledge, as we say. This seems a strong argument for the more fundamental nature of knowledge as compared with love in the living of a good life, in spite of the fact that the possession and the consequent force of it in guiding life are far less universal. Bertrand Russell thinks that love is more fundamental. But then he, as far as I know, does not refer, in his definitions of love and art, to the inclusion of an intellectual delight in contemplation, and does not attempt to

explain why great men labour in the field of pure science. In fact he is not above citing personal gain as an incentive. A desire for fame and distinction might even be invoked. Such explanations are very popular in America, but in this, as elsewhere, we must meet all the facts; we must get to the truth of the matter. As Russell says in his little book "*What I Believe,*" "The philosophy of nature is one thing, the philosophy of value is quite another. Nothing but harm can come of confusing them. What we imagine good, what we should like, has no bearing on what is." (page 22). Objectively, knowledge covers a far wider, and, subjectively, a far more restricted field than love. In this respect it has much in common with art.

Intellectual delight in contemplation seems, to use Bertrand Russell's expression, to "move between two poles"; on the one hand that which tends to a personal expression, (beauty as in certain types of art), and on the other, that which tends to an impersonal expression (as in science). The former tends to subjectivity, the latter to objectivity. The former, though it usually finds its inspiration in nature, does not end in nature, but in a unique creation, expressing more or less an individual factor. The latter not only finds its inspiration in nature, but works with nature exclusively, continually returning to inquire if it has inadvertently added to or subtracted from its "essence-model" of the external world. In this sense, a sort of fusion of the intellectual and the emotional delights in contemplation has been called a "Cosmic Emotion" by W.K. Clifford, which he says can only be experienced by *approaching* nature and not, for example, through poetry. It results either in a feeling of resignation and submission, or in an overpowering stimulus to action, depending on the individual; but it involves admiration for nature in either case.

"To respect nature is foolish; physical nature should be studied with a view to making it serve human ends as far as possible, but it remains ethically neither good nor bad." (p.93). But, "Human nature we should respect, because our impulses and desires are the stuff out of which our happiness is to be made." (p.92).

This, strange to say, is to the only reference I can find in Bertrand Russell's book as to the meaning, or the attainment, of happiness. Although it need not be a plum set up to tempt people into leading a good life, in order to enjoy that which they believe necessarily follows from it, it might work out better for humanity if this were so in the nature of things. Unfortunately, experience seems to show that happiness is missed when taken as an objective. Like a will-o'-the-wisp it will lead the self-centred ones to misery. Yet I cannot but believe that knowledge, that the experience of love and art in their manifold forms, that well-wishing, together with the application of knowledge to human life and ends inspired by it, adds to the sum total of human happiness. And after all that has been said concerning the good life, the whole purpose of the thing seems to have been missed, if we cannot suppose that the leading of such a life for its own sake will result in greater human happiness even as it will in greater creative activity.

If, as I believe, but cannot undertake to defend here, beauty is not confined to human nature, and if beauty leads to happiness, then we must "respect" extra-human nature. However, we must do this on Russell's own score. How do our impulses and desires originate? The answer to this question indicates the primal source of our happiness, so long as we act with a competent knowledge in harmony with it; and therefore this source, in common with that peculiar and complicated accretion which we call human nature, should be respected—no less the whole than the part. Artists frequently struggle in want from childhood to a premature grave, yet they appear to be happy in the execution of their art—in the reproduction of the beautiful that they experience through their own nature, stimulated by external nature. However, ethical judgments are not involved. The human concepts "good," "bad," and so on, cannot be applied to the order of nature, as Spinoza showed, but it does not follow that they are unique in the sense of meriting respect. Few that have experienced the beauties of such "vulgar" natural phenomena as the freezing of water can escape from a feeling of admiration, of respect. And while we are totally ignorant of *what* we are respecting, the emotional antecedents are there, and the attitude is equally legitimate with the corresponding attitude held with regard to human values. As Kant's well-known expression goes: "There are two things that move me to profound respect, the starry heavens over me, and the moral law within me."

The reference to a Divine Artificer is not a necessary, in the sense of logical, consequence from this, although we must remember that such men as Sir Isaac Newton and Lord Kelvin, two of the greatest investigators in the history of natural science, actually made this reference. It is significant that people who do not experience the *Cosmic Emotion*, and psychologists who study *man*, seem very much less liable to experience this respect. The investigations of Leuda, concerning the beliefs of American men of science in God and Immortality, show strikingly that these beliefs are most prevalent among physicists and least prevalent among psychologists.

Under the unconscious influence of the *Cosmic Emotion* such acts of belief become almost inevitable. That, from a logical point of view, they involve the assigning of particular natures first to such "respect," and secondly to the "what" of such respect, which natures must contain a reference to a supernatural origin, is not directly apparent to them. However the "nature" of our psychological processes is unknown, and if such and such a "nature" be assigned to the *Cosmic Emotion*, the *religious consciousness*, and so on, it is outside of the province of psychology to pronounce upon it. Rather than hang in the air confessing ignorance, the particular emotional antecedants involved drive the intellect before them, if such an expression can be used, to an act of faith, and the natural philosopher, forsaking his former critical attitude, held with reference to the external world, is led into spheres of the unknown where, he feels convinced, there is an underlying "harmony," a common thread of truth between the reason and inspirational and revelational pronouncements, not formerly evident.

Man may be the most involved product of nature, but he is also the most egocentric. From the dawn of history the religions of man have shown how completely what he calls the "higher things" are bound up with himself and his fate. Anything that concerns him or his happiness should, he feels, be respected. It is almost axiomatic to him that the most involved product of nature should be the "best." But it is doubtful whether he would still be of this opinion, if it had so happened that, for example, the horse or the ant had usurped this distinction. If size

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were any criterion, the whale or the dinosaur might have overshadowed man's ancestors. As it is, H. Bergson considers that the intuition exhibited in the ant, even to a greater degree than man, is a higher and more immediate form of knowledge than that laboriously achieved by the "over-rated" human reason. Perhaps after all the ant is the "better" product!

The "progress" of humanity, of which many of us talk so glibly, also evades reflective examination. If happiness is any criterion the doubt is apparent. It is true that science at least *does* make progress, and the more progress that science makes within its own field the greater are the possibilities of achievement open to mankind, of its serving human ends. But man's moral nature is a thing set over apart from science. Its development is not necessarily so involved. What prompts the engineer to gain and use scientific knowledge? Probably not altogether personal gain. We cannot naively assume that the development, improvement and coherence of man's moral nature takes place in any analogous way to that of science. If the content of pure science was suddenly made many times its present value, the happiness in the world, the production of a "good world," would not be furthered. The present state of man has been determined by biological continuity and adaptation, and it sets definite limitations on him as a psycho-physical organism, and on the pleasure-reactions to his environment, which determine the sense of well being and happiness experienced. In other words man's happiness, and the possible extension of it, are functions, not only of his environment, but of *himself*, of his biologically determined nature. Savage man may be heartier and happier than civilised man, although more restricted. However, all restrictions are not necessarily to be done away with. By overcoming resistance and obstacles, man finds himself and develops. With the field of man's activity and possibilities of enjoyments widened by Science, demands keep pace—more being required to induce the same satisfaction. He becomes deadened to the simpler things, the elementary happinesses, the fundamental values. Only highly flavoured and glittering pabulum will soothe the jaded nerves of the super-civilized. How far civilization can stand this involution without succumbing to nervous collapse is problematical. Man may manage bigger pieces of pie as he grows older, but there is a limit to the possible increase in the size of his mouth. The question is will man die of chronic indigestion before he can develop a bigger head to accommodate his over-developed gastronomic apparatus. It seems that in the past only geological periods of time have sufficed for such developments.

The more people that civilization can support, beyond a certain point, the more it seems are they, and incidentally their fellows, brought ultimately to misery. Between the maudlin sentiment that cherishes the sludge of humanity on the one hand, and the sanctimonious pig-headedness that permits them to procreate often in ignorant vileness at a rate impossible to a healthy minority, on the other, there does not seem much room for progress,—except as a joke. When will our moralists realise that nature, "red in tooth and claw" as they say, is infinitely more humane and just? The emancipation from natural restriction and environment won by science should not imply the survival of the unfit, nor tolerate the persistence of loathsome ideals. The progress brilliantly exemplified of science seems to have been confined, so far, to the field of inanimate nature, and to some parts of human nature considered as independent, while cobwebs still serve to cover our social wounds.

While it is not my purpose to question here the divine origin of the highest values of human life, I do question the myopia that sets man over apart from nature in his social relations, and higher functions, if not in the lower. Man may be a mere infinitesimal lump of matter in the natural universe of star galaxies, but he is capable of *values* of an ideal nature, and of *loyalty* to them. This we must accept at least with "natural piety," as Alexander put it.

The McGill Fortnightly Review

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Subscription rates are one dollar for this year's complete issue. Cheques should be made payable to the McGill Fortnightly Review and sent to the Managing Editor at the above address.

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