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THE SHAKESPEAREAN VOICE OF CONSCIENCE IN BRAVE NEW WORLD

A YEAR OR SO AGO the world press expressed alarm at reports of successful experiments at Cambridge University concerned with the fertilizing of a human egg outside the womb and with the consequent possibility of extra-uterine nurturing of an embryo and a fetus. The journalistic fuss is dying down but at the time there were, in the newspapers, frequent allusions to Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* (1932) and there was an assumption, perhaps over-optimistic, of a general familiarity with this novel. There was, understandably, widespread apprehension about the imminent feasibility of "bottled babies", and the impression was given that this was the sole and central topic of *Brave New World*. However, what Huxley calls "a foolproof system of eugenics, designed to standardize the human product and so to facilitate the task of the government managers" is only one of the forecast indignities of Fordian society six hundred years hence.

Predating C. P. Snow, Huxley's approach is bi-cultural. The germ of his moral is to be found in the epigraph to *Brave New World* in which we are admonished by Nicolas Berdiaeff that a time will come when "les intellectuels et la class cultivée rêveront aux moyens d'éviter les utopies et de retourner à une société non utopique, moins 'parfaite' et plus libre." What the intellectuals and cultural class must anticipate in a predictable utopia is specified in a foreword to the novel which Huxley wrote fifteen years after its first publication. He is most concerned with the potentials of "research in biology, physiology and psychology"—especially the effects of such research on the human individual—and persuades us that we can tacitly take for granted "the triumphs of physics, chemistry and engineering" since the science of matter "can do nothing to modify the natural forms and expressions of life itself." The big social problem in the awfully near future will be one of happiness, of "making people love their servitude" and this can only be established as a

result of a "deep, personal revolution in human minds and bodies." Apart from the eugenic—or, perhaps, dysgenic—control of production, in regulation sizes, of human beings, Huxley postulates three further requirements for the revolution which will ensure the utopia, will solve the problem of happiness. There should be an improvement in the techniques and aims of the education of the human creature from before the laboratory cradle and then on through its infant stages so that all scientifically organized forces of suggestion and conditioning can prepare it for a place of contentedness in the social scheme. In case any of the conditioning is defective, or perhaps periodically to intensify the sense of content, a narcotic which entails no hangover should be developed and mass produced. As with Karl Marx in another context, once the happy, healthy, efficient human unit is ready for marketing, there should be a rational organization of its distribution throughout the occupational system. A side effect of the resultant stable society would be totally permitted and encouraged, but sterile, sexual promiscuity. These conditions for the "revolutionary revolution" comprise the core of a utopian prophecy which, give a minor prognosis or take an insignificant prescription, could doubtless have been prosaically tabled by a group of Cambridge scientists, their theoretic and empiric powers appropriately evoked, of the thirties. The imponderables which afford *Brave New World* its dread enchantment, imbue it with the moral cross-purposes of regulated abstinence and uncomplicated eroticism, and invest it with a lively probability are, of course, Huxley's artistry, impudently engaging, and his erudition, of encyclopaedic range.

The artistry and erudition are consolidated. In the first half of *Brave New World* the colloquial registers of dialogue and the sceptical mannerisms of description invigorate Huxley's mythic future. We are beguiled by his biological and psychological plausibility. The placidity of the significant majority of Fordians—secure and serene because of their daily *soma* ration, stimulated and soothed in the matter of sexual limberness because of nightly variety—is fetchingly and gaily proposed, though flavoured with germane sardonicity. The uneasiness and antisocial behaviour of an insignificant minority—the untoward fidelity of Lenina's copulating with one man only, the ruddy Henry Foster, over a period of months; the churlishness and Othellian jealousies of Bernard Marx, occasioned perhaps by an unfortunate accident in his bottle; Helmholtz Watson's revolt against emotional engineering—represent a squeaking of ancient conscience in the ordinarily lubricated procedures, social and occupational, of the Fordians. But this vague and feeble discontent is not, for the purposes of Huxley's fiction, sufficient, and in the second half of the book

he therefore urbanely, effortlessly conjures, from the New Mexican reservation, a Shakespearean conscience—at once a derivative and a constituent of a pre-Fordian morality—out of the expressive personality of John Savage.

We recall that John Savage is discovered by Bernard Marx—both names are overtly allusive—in the New Mexican Reserve in A.F. 632. (The new calendar began with the marketing of the first Model T Ford.) He is the son of the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning of the Central London Centre and of Linda, a Fordian Beta, who is lost in the reserve whilst on a holiday there with the Director. Despite the contraceptive precautions she has taken in the form of Malthusian drill, she finds herself giving live birth to John in the squalid circumstances of an Indian village. She teaches her son to read within the semantic scope of her own stunted literacy: “Streptocock-Gee to Banbury-T, to see a fine bathroom and W. C.” and, more monosyllabically, “the tot is in the pot”. Her most frequent Indian lover, Popé, generally sodden with *mescal*, has earlier discovered in a chest of the Antelope Kiva a book called *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* and has left it lying around Linda’s hut. John is at this point aged twelve and books of this sort have long since been banned in the Brave New World of Our Ford. In the next few years John reads the plays with a religious fervour with—if the frequency of his later quotation is any guide—particular concentration on *The Tempest*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Troilus and Cressida* and *King Lear*, and it is noticeable that there is in all these plays a deal of Augustinian morality as well as, in a William Golding phrase, advances in lubricity. John had, and this is part of Huxley’s casual inventiveness, nothing else to read—apart from a technical handbook of Linda’s entitled *The Chemical and Bacteriological Conditioning of the Embryo. Practical Instructions for Beta Embryo-Store Workers*, which he threw away after struggling through the title. Parallel with his Shakespeare studies he was exposed, although full participation was forbidden, to an adolescent inculcation of the religious observances, in the Indian village, to Jesus and Pookong—rituals characterized by masochistic indulgence and notions of sacrificial purification. John Savage, the result of this Fordian error—had Linda not been stranded in the Reservation she would have gone straight to the Chelsea Abortion Centre—takes an unusual road to maturity; his behaviour, his social sensitivity, his concept of propriety are not effected, as is the case with his extra-uterine compatriots, by shots of foal’s liver whilst they are growing on a flap of sow’s peritoneum nor by hypnopaedia during their education in the neo-Pavlovian nurseries, but by his close reading of an old dramatist and by his being witness to the rites of

an amalgam of an etiolated Christianity and of a remembered Indian worship. The conjunction of Shakespeare, Jesus and Pookong, at many levels by no means incompatible, erect in John Savage certain indestructible prejudices.

The Shakespearean fundamental, we may indicate parenthetically, of John's conversation and thought is not solely a matter of conscience or moral orientation. Huxley uses the recall of haunting phrase and aphoristic line to diversify the novel, and while sometimes quotations are formally presented at others they are mortised into the dialogue or, particularly, into John's meditation. They can be constituents of the novel's permeative wit as we can observe on the occasion of John's stolen glimpse of Lenina in the Reservation rest-house. He has broken into her room where she is oblivious, on a *soma*-holiday to everything, and he kneels rapturously on the floor beside her bed:

A fly buzzed round her; he waved it away. 'Flies,' he remembered,
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, may seize
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.

John, as he gazes, has a moment of lascivious temptation to be followed immediately by an acute shame which is disturbed by "a humming in the air. Another fly trying to steal immortal blessings? A wasp?" (Chapter 9). The humming is, of course, Bernard Marx's returning helicopter, but we notice that there lurk, behind this waggery, prohibitions of St. Paul and St. Jerome and strictures of Mexican-Indian monogamy.

Sometimes the Shakespearean echo forms an integrant in a linguistic game, a counterpart signal in an eventual harmony of verbal communication achieved despite lexical discrepancies. Dr. Shaw, treating Linda with massive doses of the euphoric drug, explains, "Every *soma*-holiday is a bit of what our ancestors used to call eternity", and John, remembering Cleopatra, exclaims for his own elucidation, "Eternity was in our lips and eyes" (Chapter II). A chord from Hamlet strikes his moral sensibility when Lenina takes off her clothes in her attempt at artless seduction: "She put her hand to her neck and gave a long vertical pull; her white sailor's blouse was ripped to the hem; suspicion was condensed into a too, too solid certainty" (Chapter 1B). And in John's final confrontation with Mustapha Mond, Shakespeare furnishes an anachronistic but serviceable glossary. "There was a man called Cardinal Newman," Mond relates, "a cardinal . . . was a kind of Arch-Community-Songster." The Savage remembers his *King John*: "I, Pandulph, of fair Milan

cardinal." Mond refers to Maine de Biran: "He was a philosopher, if you know what that was." And John Savage adapts Hamlet's words with "A man who dreams of fewer things than there are in heaven and earth" (Chapter 17). On these occasions Huxley is chiefly enjoying himself and entertaining the reader.

In the foregoing random selection we are diverted more by the facility and the wit of the Shakespearean leavening and not so much concerned with a disposition of morality. In 1946, Robert H. Wilson, who has dragged the concordance for us, provided the line references and noticed the misquotation on Ariel (*The Shakespeare Association Bulletin*, XXI, 3), made the following his basic conclusion. "As for Shakespeare," he writes in a formidably argued essay, "Huxley may be taken to imply that we can best profit from the plays if we view them esthetically and not, in John's fashion, as textbooks of thought and conduct." Wilson reaches this evaluation persuasively—we remind ourselves, of course, that it is a Huxlian postulate that he is deducing. If, Wilson asserts, part of the New World is already with us—and this surely is a requisite of Huxley's satiric intention—then power is shifting from certain words, morality from certain attitudes. There is a "loss of significance, in the sense of meanings which are deeply stirring or seem seriously applicable to our own lives . . ." and consequently, already some people "will consider the dictum that [King Lear] is the greatest Shakespearean tragedy to have been outmoded along with the Victorian heavy father." One of his vindications, of internal reference, is Helmholtz Watson's uncontrolled laughter on discovering the moral assumptions of sex, parenthood and death in *Romeo and Juliet*. To support his contention externally he quotes Chelifer on "Old Shakespeare's . . . incredibly confused . . . thoughts . . ." in *Those Barren Leaves* and Huxley's poem "The Moor" in which reference is made, apropos of Othello, to "good St. Jerome's filthy tongue." The inference is that Shakespeare's writing is governed by an obsolescent morality and that there is only, in his poetry, a verbal magic, aesthetically marooned. It may be profitable, if we can agree that one is dependent on the other, to look at the concepts of "conscience" and "morality" in *Brave New World*.

The Shakespearean conscience is related, in its prohibitive manifestation, to the Christianity of the Indians on the reservation in that it is more an outcome of dogmatic Paulism than of charitable Jesuism. In this comparable respect, we remember how the Indian wives attack Linda to salve the consciences of their husbands who, tempted into religious disobedience as husbands have been throughout the history of Christianity, are only too ready to

engage in this sort of sin with anyone so accommodating as a Fordian Beta store-worker. Whatever the moralistic coalescence, Huxley assembles, in *Brave New World*, some of the intensest expressions of Shakespearean guilt in the matter of sexual incontinence of which the following excerpt is characteristic and central. In Lenina's attempt at seduction she holds John, tortured by his dilemma, in a tight embrace. His celibate tenacity is inspired by St. Paul by way of Ferdinand's affirmation to Prospero: "The murkiest den, the most opportune place' (the voice of conscience thundered poetically), 'the strongest suggestion our worsen genius can, shall never melt mine honour into lust. Never, never!' he resolved" (Chapter 13). Remarkable in the context of the enthusiastic bawdiness of Elizabethan roistery is the fact that Shakespeare, like so many writers who preceded and followed him, is a dramatic champion of plain monogamous living, a vituperative preacher against the sins of the flesh. He belongs to the primary paradox of English literature. As with Donne, as with Milton, as with so many, he chronically exhibits a sensuality curbed and perverted by guilty awareness of sinfulness in indulgence. An anguish of fidelity and a reverence for a specifically regulated chastity comprise one tension of antagonistic forces. Hence John Savage remembers Lear's outburst, "Down from the waist they are Centaurs, though women all above. But to the girdle do the gods inherit. Beneath is all the fiends'. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurout pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption . . ." and so on to Lear's asking for perfume to sweeten his imagination. But John also remembers Timon's pitiless orders, luxuriously isolated from their context: "For those milk paps that through the window bars bore at men's eyes" (Chapter 13). This libidinous image is representative of the opposing tension which is detectable in English literature in the multiplex shapes of ribaldry, the laughter and the passion of concupiscence, sexual asides, innuendo, the wit of adultery, the ecstasy of physical beauty, the excitement of clandestinity, the titillation of deceit and so on. Appetising as it is, there is, nevertheless, a hesitation over eating the cake. We grieve, or at least our authors do, the devaluation of chastity; we sing the praises of lifelong coupling whilst at the same time retaining our basic wantonness. We can recognize most of our literature by its paradisaic syndrome of the apple and the serpent. It is worth remarking, however, that if we were to excise this affliction—if such it is—from our literary inheritance the establishment of English literature would fall apart. The flowers—and the need for the flowering—would go.

Surely this is Huxley's didactic and evangelical point in *Brave New World*. His emphasis is not so much on the unsuitability of a Shakespearean

morality—from wherever it is derived—to this and future civilizations, as on the dread probability of a Fordian substitution, which he can see, as it were, being bottled. Under the, largely, non-violent authoritarianism vested in a dozen Monds—their power rests in remoulding the instincts, the nature and the behaviour of people—biological and psychological knowledge and technique are used to a far more intimidating extent than ever St. Paul used the powers, himself no doubt a credulous victim, of disciplinary mysticism. In the novel the flowers have indeed gone for a substantial proportion of society through the simple expedient of Deltas and Epsilons being conditioned to fear them. A typical educative process is described when a group of eight-month-old babies is brought into the Neo-Pavlovian nurseries and turned so that they can see an array of flowers and books:

Turned, the babies at once fell silent, then began to crawl towards those clusters of sleek colours, those shapes so gay and brilliant on the white pages. As they approached, the sun came out of a momentary eclipse behind a cloud. The roses flamed up as though with a sudden passion from within; a new and profound significance seemed to suffuse the shining pages of the books. From the ranks of the crawling babies came little squeals of excitement, gurgles and twitterings of pleasure.

The Director rubbed his hands. 'Excellent!' he said. 'It might almost have been done on purpose.'

The swiftest crawlers were already at their goal. Small hands reached out uncertainly, touched, grasped, unpetalling the transfigured roses, crumpling the illuminated pages of the books. The Director waited until all were happily busy. Then, 'Watch carefully,' he said. And, lifting his hand, he gave the signal.

The Head Nurse, who was standing by the switchboard at the other end of the room, pressed down a little lever.

There was a violent explosion. Shriller and even shriller, a siren shrieked. Alarm bells maddeningly sounded.

The children started, screamed; their faces were distorted with terror.

'And now,' the Director shouted (for the noise was deafening) 'now we proceed to rub in the lesson with a mild electric shock' (Chapter 2).

This is the author, we notice in passing, who was disgusted at the vulgarity of sentiment in Dickens's portrayal of Little Nell; but there is, after all, an ubiquitous indeterminacy about the definition and power of sentimentality. And, sentimentally evoked or not, the aspect of the manufacture of a fear, a guilt, a conscience is more gruesome than human sacrifices to Pookong or the

Christian abhorrence of sexual sport.

Mustapha Mond, in a characteristic homily, reminiscent of Chelifier and of so many Huxlian intellectual dillettantes, provides a comparison of the two moralities and their application to life and happiness. Chapter 17 contains the philosophical and theoretical centre of the novel. Perhaps because of its Socratic exchanges within the vitality of a fiction, because, even here, of its wit, and because of a Hardyian plausibility in the presentation of the incredible, it is so much more telling and indicting than *Brave New World Revisited*, which was written twenty-seven years afterwards and which restates all the direful warnings in exhortative prose. John Savage is intellectually outclassed by Mond in an ethical duologue:

'Do you remember that bit in *King Lear*?' said the Savage at last: "'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us; the dark and vicious place where thee he got cost him his eyes," and Edmund answers—you remember, he's wounded, he's dying—"Thou hast spoken right; 'tis true. The wheel is come full circle; I am here." What about that, now? Doesn't there seem to be a God managing things, punishing, rewarding?'

'Well, does there?' questioned the Controller in his turn. 'You can indulge in any number of pleasant vices with a freemartin and run no risks of having your eyes put out by your son's mistress. "The wheel is come full circle; I am here." But where would Edmund be nowadays? Sitting in a pneumatic chair, with his arm round a girl's waist, sucking away at his sex-hormone chewing-gum and looking at the feelies. The gods are just. No doubt. But their code of law is dictated, in the last resort, by the people who organize society; Providence takes its cue from men.'

It seems demonstrable that Shakespeare's poetry cannot hang in the air, a feat of emotional engineering, unrelated to thought and behaviour. There are, irrelevantly, acknowledgement and partial vindication of substance established through Mond's burst of derision. The chapter concludes with Mond informing John that with a monthly dose of Violent Passion Surrogate he can have "all the tonic effects of murdering Desdemona and being murdered by Othello, without any of the inconveniences." Huxley reveals, at this stage of his writing and artistry, that he forms part of an extension of the Shakespearean paradox, however much he vicariously protests disentanglement and removal, however much Mr. Propter in *After Many a Summer*—to refer to Wilson's essay again—may claim that "a good satire was much more deeply truthful and of

course more profitable than a good tragedy." With the perverseness of Hamlet, John answers:

'But I like the inconvenience.'

'We don't,' said the Controller. 'We prefer to do things comfortably.'

'But I don't want comfort. I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness, I want sin.'

'In fact,' said Mustapha Mond, 'you're claiming the right to be unhappy.'

'All right, then,' said the Savage defiantly, 'I'm claiming the right to be unhappy.'

'Not to mention the right to grow old and ugly and impotent; the right to have syphilis and cancer; the right to have too little to eat; the right to be lousy; the right to live in constant apprehension of what may happen tomorrow; the right to catch typhoid; the right to be tortured by unspeakable pains of every kind.'

There was a long silence.

'I claim them all,' said Savage at last.

Mustapha Mond shrugged his shoulders. 'You're welcome,' he said.

John Savage wants poetry and we remember that the only poetry he knows is the dramatic poetry of Shakespeare's plays and a few pieces like "The Phoenix and the Turtle" from which he quotes. The message, and it has been signalled continuously throughout the history of our religions and our literatures, is that we cannot syphon off the inconveniences. The existence and enjoyment of poetry, God, freedom, goodness are not possible without the symbiotic co-existence of syphilis, typhoid and sin. Up to now, life and literature—especially the genres of drama and of the novel—signify a set of disjunctions. The structure of the human personality, like the structure of human society, comprises antagonisms wobbling about a sporadically achieved equipoise—those quintessential moments of illumination, of ecstasy, of seeing into the life of things. Hence John Savage possesses both an intensity of lust and a scrupulosity of sexual discipline as he watches Lenina unzip and the consequence is, with unresolved comedy or tragedy—or satire, that he beats her on her bare rump. The Jeromesque intervention is at once a matter of disease and purification, and this has been a repetitive ambiguity in imaginative literature. It may be Huxley's unwitting point that literary art cannot survive without some such intervention, without this condition of ambiguity.

Huxley's primary purpose in *Brave New World*, it is reasonable to assume, is to satirise the western world of the nineteen twenties and thirties and

consequently, through ridicule and exposure, and because he was a brilliant if amateur sociologist and political scientist (he was contemptuous of most professionals), to anticipate certain moral and social metamorphoses which mankind, given the directions and momentum he perceived, might find itself enslaved to. But a creative writer, even a fictional satirist, is very dependent—if only for iconoclastic purposes—on his moral environment and on his cultural and historical traditions. Thus Huxley had to project a contemporary morality, however much he saw it being corroded by philosophical and material agents or whatever its potential for Mexican-Indian deterioration, into his Fordian future for two reasons. He needed a popular convention of the “rightness” of things to set against and to be jointly ridiculed with an imagined Fordian morality: but most of all he needed to energise his story and his people and to ensure plausibility. So, in this novel, we discover sociological, political and ethical theorising enshrined in a viable artistry. Part of the power of Huxley’s articulation, persuasive and dynamic as it is, is generated through his sensitive adaptation of the Shakespearean conscience, through his harnessing not only the superficial poetics but also those essentials of human conduct and bewilderment to which the Shakespearean phraseology is related. The difficulty in any utopian proposal is to write with any other reference.

The inevitability of the human dilemma is most sadly illustrated by his presentation of Lenina. She is, apart from an aberrative dawdling in her sexual relations with Henry Foster, a perfect Fordian product. Nothing went wrong in her bottling processes. Yet in her translation to a Fordian utopia she carries with her an old-fashioned femininity of, say, Dickens’s Bella Wilfer or of Hardy’s Bathsheba Everdene. She retains the girlish importunity and vexation of a Shakespearean comedienne. Before the bottom-smacking incident, John tries to explain the singleness of his love for her:

‘ . . . Listen, Lenina; in Malpais people get married.’

‘Get what?’ The irritation had begun to creep back into her voice. What was he talking about now?

‘For always. They make a promise to live together for always.’

‘What a horrible idea!’ Lenina was genuinely shocked.

‘Outliving beauty’s outward, with a mind that doth renew swifter than blood decays.’

‘What?’

‘It’s like that in Shakespeare too. “If thou dost break her virgin knot before all sanctimonious ceremonies may with full and holy rite . . .”’

‘For Ford’s sake, John, talk sense. I can’t understand a word you say.’

First it's vacuum cleaners; then it's knots. You're driving me crazy'. She jumped up and . . . caught him by the wrist. 'Answer me this question: do you really like me, or don't you?'

There was a moment's silence; then, in a very low voice, 'I love you more than anything in the world,' he said.

'Then why on earth didn't you say so?' she cried . . . 'Instead of drivelling away about knots and vacuum cleaners and lions, and making me miserable for weeks and weeks' (Chapter 13).

We remark the Noël Coward idiom and a certain astringency in the romanticism, yet this depiction of romantic courtship with its mixture of earnestness and exasperation is convincingly and entertainingly achieved. Some of John's conscience, nevertheless, rubs off on to this vivacious girl, sexually healthy and eager, but unaccountably perplexed and unhappy. Part of Huxley's triumph in realization of character, in his removal of Lenina from the inertness of a Shavian puppet, is apparent in the final chapter when she weeps with an "incongruous expression of yearning distress" just before the ultimate sadism and licentiousness of John's suicidal participation in the orgy which took place near the old lighthouse at Puttenham.

Although Bernard Marx, Helmutz Watson and Mond himself are not so exultantly asserted, the triumph nevertheless represents the greater persuasive power of artistry over straight sociology; it exhibits the victory of human sensitivity over satirical intention; it is a measure of the force of the pity and the terror of the Shakespearean conscience which has impelled men of greater or lesser talent to the agony of literary creativeness. Indubitably we apprehend, with the utmost unease, the warnings lucidly proclaimed in *Brave New World*. We apprehend also the expansion and reinforcement of these warnings in *Brave New World Revisited*—the danger of over-population genocidally obvious in the really terrifying escalation of human reproduction and in the dismaying paradox of death control. We can deduce also, from our more recent information, the dread probability of hypnopaedia as we witness the modish experiments, in North America at any rate, in computer-assisted learning involving, as it does, proposals for a radical therapy and improvement in the matter of "intelligence"—whatever that may be. Euphoric escape by way of psychedelic drugs and the morning routine—in the more prosperous nations—of the Pill are already commonplace if not yet politically systematized. The horror of all these forebodings is encysted in John Savage's contempt and hatred which he could express only in Othello's jibe, "Goats and monkeys!" And what alchemizes them, apart from his own literary giftedness, so transcendent-

ally into a work of art at once galvanic and elegant, is Huxley's adroit use of the Shakespearean conscience. The artistic presentation of this ancient dilemma is, we say again, nothing new. And as we observe the precepts and codes of behaviour of the Victorian heavy father everywhere crumbling, we wonder how contemporary and future dramatists and fictionists will make their moral dispositions—with a sufficiency of enchantment and conviction. We notice in passing that a great many of today's novels—and films—in fact reiterate this old and continuous problem. Despite our greater permissiveness and naturalness (we remember the "natural", childish promiscuity in the third chapter of *Brave New World*) in sexual matters, a deep modern anxiety, in present fiction, is centred in John's recall of Thersites' phrase, "the devil Luxury with his fat rump and potato finger." And the bias to satire is, in many cases, strong. (Now we are moving, however, into another large area which requires liberal documentation.) As for Huxley, he adapted a chronic condition of perplexity, of guilt, for use in a satirical design. Yet the most convincing aspects of *Brave New World* lie—pace Mr. Propter—in its intimations of tragedy. And the voice of conscience, as Huxley sardonically accepts, is indispensable to tragedy.