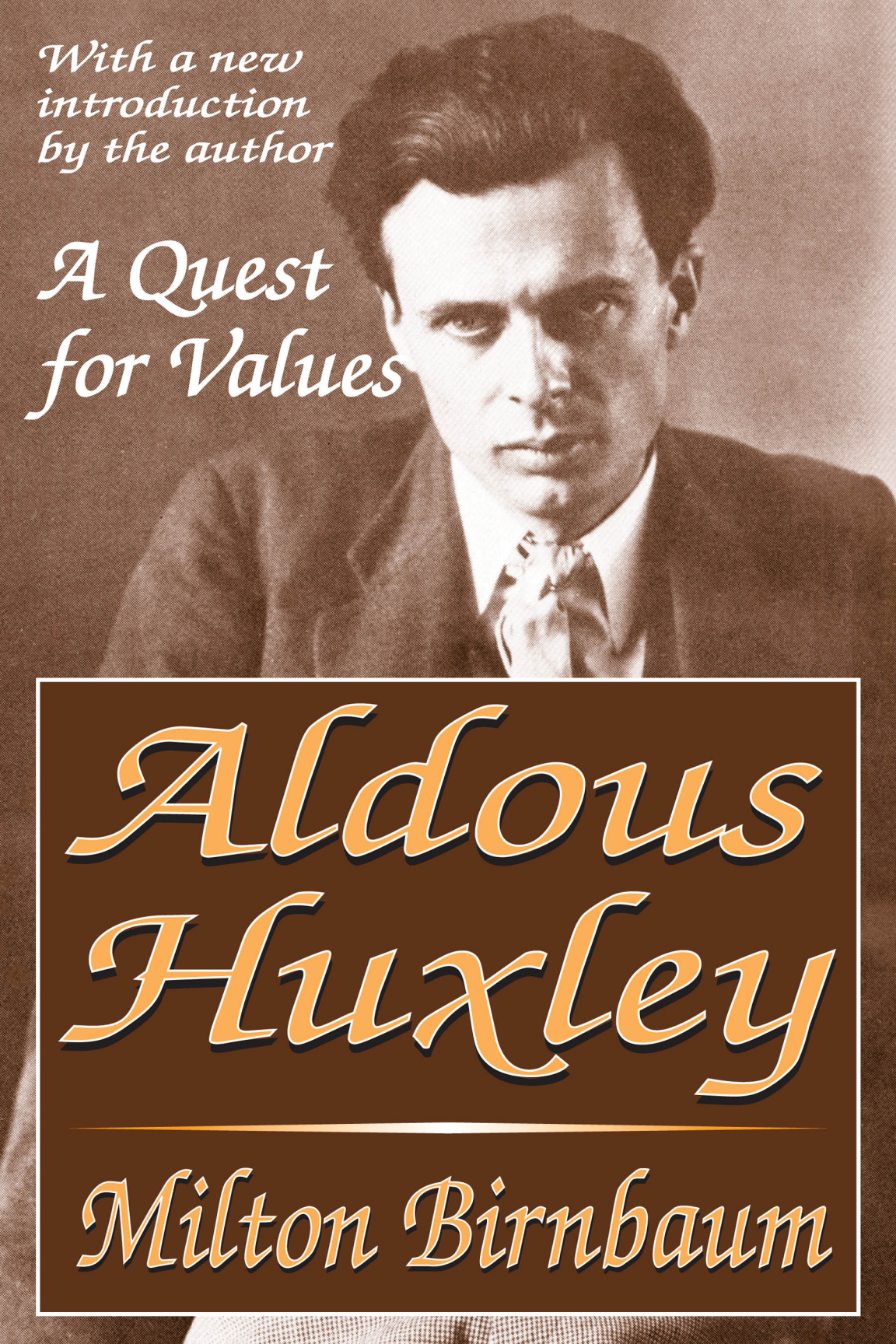

With a new introduction by the author

A Quest for Values

Aldous Huxley

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To Ruth "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

and Ellen "Many daughters have done valiantly,
But thou excellest them all."

Patriotism is not enough. But neither is anything else. Science is not enough, religion is not enough, art is not enough, politics and economics are not enough, nor is love, nor is duty, nor is action however disinterested, nor, however sublime, is contemplation. Nothing short of everything will really do.

—Aldous Huxley, *Island*

INTRODUCTION TO THE TRANSACTION EDITION

> "A man of letters can perform a valuable function in the world at present by bringing together a great many subjects and by showing relationships between them. It is a question of building bridges."
>
> —Aldous Huxley, "Integrate Education"[1]

I

The reissuing of my book gives me the opportunity to reconsider both my own previous publications on Huxley and those of other Huxley scholars.

In my tribute to Huxley that I wrote in 1994 on the occasion of the centenary of his birth and that appeared in *Modern Age* (Winter 1995), I listed ten attributes that Huxley exemplified to me as the ideal man of letters. These are as follows:

1. Stoic acceptance of fate.
2. Intellectual diversity.
3. Rootedness in the past.
4. Knowledge of the present.
5. Awareness of the future.
6. Sense of humor.
7. Civility and personal decency.
8. Commitment to society.
9. Precision of language.
10. Sense of self-transcendence.

The new revelations that have come out since my book was published in 1971 have not radically altered my evaluation of Huxley. At the same time, it is impossible to concretize permanently one's judgment of a man of letters whose curiosity, omnivorous reading, and evolving perceptions led him to shift his own views of the world. One would expect benevolent recollections of the deceased as a human being from his family and friends, but what struck me when I read the observations of the twenty-seven individuals found in *Aldous Huxley, 1894-1963: A Memorial Volume* (a book edited by his brother, Julian Huxley) was not only the unanimous judgment about Aldous's decency but also the admiration of him as a man of letters. The contributors to the book included distinguished representatives from the arts (T. S. Eliot, Isaiah Berlin, Stephen Spender, André Maurois, etc.) and individuals from other fields as well—including scientists, medical doctors, technologists, educators, and psychologists. Such an eclectic representation was a fitting tribute to Huxley's encyclopedic interests and involvements.

And yet, paradoxically enough, when Huxley died on November 22, 1963 (the same day on which President Kennedy was assassinated), he was listed primarily as a novelist. The headline in the *New York Times* (November 24, 1963) read, "Aldous Huxley, Novelist, Dead." Consulting some recently published dictionaries, I found that their entries do not go beyond listing Huxley as "novelist and critic." *Merriam-Webster's Encyclopedia of Literature* (1995) does amplify a bit: "English novelist and critic whose works are notable for their elegance, wit and pessimistic satire."

Such a limited categorization, of course, is a denial of Huxley's incredibly kaleidoscopic inclusiveness. A listing of his over four dozen books reveals his proficiency not only as a novelist but also as a brilliant writer of biography, letters, and travel books, and as a critic of the arts, science, education, politics, and more. Seriously visually impaired since the age of sixteen, he even wrote a book on blindness: *The Art of Seeing*. His writing, indeed, would cover just about everything from A to Z—from Art to Zen.

Yes, he was at times pessimistic, but only in the prophetic sense, and one must also recall that prophets and pessimism are generally inseparable. What makes Huxley memorable as a novelist and as a

man of letters is not just the pessimistic—and ironic—thrust of much of his writing (although it is arguable whether it is pessimistic or realistic) but the elegant wit which makes his pessimism palatable. He could puncture the silliness of exaggerated romanticism by writing:

> Here we sit in blissful calm
> Quietly sweating palm to palm.

Or note also his belief that happiness can be attained by emulating a Russian who was picking his nose while simultaneously watching the sunset. In this way, the Russian was satisfying both his aesthetic and physical needs. And yes, let us not forget his occasional whiff of optimism—especially towards the end of his life.[2]

But satisfying one's aesthetic and physical needs is not enough. One must also satisfy the needs of the spirit. There is not only the world we live in but also the world we would like to live in. To fulfill all these needs, Huxley found it necessary to examine in his writings and lectures not only the arts and the world's philosophies and religions but also the sciences. His books often co-join disparate fields: *Science and Literature*, *Heaven and Hell*, *Themes and Variations*, *Ends and Means*, *Texts and Pretexts*, a utopian novel (*Island*) and a dystopian novel (*Brave New World*). He continued lecturing and writing until the very end of his life. Appropriately enough, his last essay was a brilliantly perceptive analysis of Shakespeare and the Bard's view of religion (see further below). The title of the essay was "Shakespeare and Religion." Terminal cancer did not terminate Huxley's quest for values.

II

Were I to rewrite my book today, would I make some changes? Of course, but not radical changes. Basically the conclusions I reached in the final chapter of my book would remain fairly much the same, but they would be somewhat more qualified. For example, when I wrote about Huxley's experimenting with drugs, especially towards the end of his life, perhaps I should have indicated more clearly that it was not only the influence of people like Timothy

Leary[3] that tilted him to take drugs but also the pain of his incurable cancer from which he had been suffering for some time and which ultimately caused his death. It should also be emphasized that whenever he did take drugs, he did so under medical supervision. At the same time, it cannot be denied that those drugs (notably mescaline and LSD) were also taken to enable him to achieve what he felt to be a sense of mystical self-transcendence. The question, however, still remains: Did the mind-altering drugs that he wrote about lead to *The Doors of Perception* (the title of one of his books) or to the doors of deception?

Another arguable point about Huxley's work is the quality of his fiction. When several books (including my own) on Huxley came out after his death, some book reviewers commented that Huxley's novels and his fictional characters deserved more serious and positive critical consideration. As I reflected on this observation, I concluded that these book reviewers were taking the wrong approach, inasmuch as Huxley himself admitted (through his most autobiographic character, Philip Quarles, in *Point Counter Point*) that he was not "a congenital novelist," but a writer who used the novel as a platform from which to disseminate his ideas to a wider audience than the one that would read his non-fiction only. When one thinks of Flaubert, one thinks of his fictional character Emma Bovary, or when one reflects on Tolstoy, it is Anna Karenina who comes to mind. By contrast, with Jonathan Swift, it is not so much Lemuel Gulliver, the character, that one remembers, but the travels that Gulliver undertakes and the lessons he learns from these travels. Likewise with Huxley, it is the constantly evolving vision that he presents of the objective and spiritual worlds that the reader is likely to recall—and not the fictional characters who inhabit his novels.

While my conclusions about his fiction and non-fiction have remained essentially the same, my perception of Huxley the individual has somewhat altered. Two of the biographies that came out since Huxley's death—Sybille Bedford's official and still standard one (1973) and the one by Nicholas Murray (2002) brought out some features of Huxley's personal life not earlier known by his reading public. For example, by using previously unpublished diaries and letters of people who were involved with Huxley in one way or

another, Murray shows us a Huxley who, along with his first wife, Maria Nys, carried on a *ménage à trois* with the notorious Mary Hutchinson, a member of the equally notorious Bloomsbury group.

These revelations, however, did not *seriously* affect my view of Huxley as a person—and certainly not as a man of letters. When I read these new revelations, I was reminded of Hamlet's comment when he was contemplating his murdered father's moral derelictions: "He was a man, take him for all in all."

Another addition I would include in my book would be to place Huxley's occasional ambivalences and inconsistencies within a post-9/ll/01 context. Since that defining date, it has become obvious that our mental and moral compasses have been seriously altered. Even before 9/11/01, we tended to live in an "Age of Anxiety" (to use the apt title of one of W. H. Auden's poems) and, as William Butler Yeats told us in this widely reprinted poem "The Second Coming," published in 1921:

> Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

This decline in self-assuredness and purpose has led to what I could call the "AAA Age—The Age of Anxiety, Ambiguity, and Ambivalence." In the United States especially, we have become divided and uncertain as to whom to vote for for president and what national and international policies to pursue, and we struggle to try to predict the results of these policies. Huxley's occasional ambivalences, inconsistencies, and gloomy prophecies anticipated the traits of the post-9/11/01 period.

III

While the number of books, articles, symposia, and doctoral dissertations never really ceased since Huxley died in 1963, the supply expanded significantly with the approach of the centenary of his birth (1994).

In 1990, Robert Baker and James Sexton began their edition (with commentary) of all of Huxley's essays. (The sixth and final volume came out in 2004.) In 1994 (June 26-29) the Westfälische Wilhelms-Universtät held a Centenary Symposium in Münster, Germany. The symposium included Huxley scholars from all over the world and covered an incredible number of aspects of Huxley's work and their significance. In 1998 was founded the Centre for Aldous Huxley Studies (CAHS), whose "main tasks" included "a critical edition of the works of Aldous Huxley. . . [and] the foundation and publication of a Huxley annual in collaboration with Huxley scholars of international acclaim." The annuals have regularly appeared since then—and with an amazingly inclusive coverage of topics.

The year 2004 also witnessed the Third International Aldous Huxley Symposium, held from July 24 to 29 at the University of Latvia, with the theme "Aldous Huxley, Man of Letters: Thinker, Critic and Artist." As with the 1994 symposium held in Münster, this symposium included Huxley scholars from nearly every part of the world and covered every conceivable (and, at times, seemingly inconceivable) phase of Huxley and his writings.

IV

Brave New World (1932) ends with the word "east" and is followed by four dots. To me, the word "east" and the dots that follow symbolize Huxley's pull towards mysticism, especially Buddhism. The attraction to Eastern mysticism and the desire for self-transcendence began to manifest themselves not only in the novels published after *Brave New World*, but also in such non-fiction works as *The Perennial Philosophy* (1945) and *The Doors of Perception* (1954).

These dots at the end of *Brave New World* also heralded what I believe was Huxley's most significant contribution as a man of letters: becoming a bridge builder who tried to show the organic connection not only between the various sciences and literature but also between science and religion, between the culture of the West and that of the East, between mind and body, between Eros and Thanatos, between this world and the spiritual. . . . ; in other words, he tried—to use a phrase increasingly current since 9/11/01—"to connect all the dots."

As mentioned earlier, just before he died, Huxley was completing what was to be his last essay. Significantly, it was called Shakespeare *and* Religion" (italics added). Most of his life he tended to emphasize the "and." It was the "and" that symbolized his quest for values.

So-called realists, of course, will characterize what was essentially a spiritual quest as mystical piffle.[4] They will point to a statement he made in a lecture shortly before his death: "It is a little embarrassing that after forty-five years of research and study, the best advice I can give to people is to be a little kinder to each other." These "realists" claim, with some justification, I might add, that in a post-9/11/01 world, "more kindness" and mystic philosophizing are hardly the cures the world needs. But this appeal for an embrace of Eastern mysticism and for more kindness is *not* the final message Huxley left to the world. In the essay he wrote before his death ("Shakespeare and Religion"), he included the following:

We must not live thoughtlessly, taking our illusion for the complete reality, but at the same time we must not live too thoughtfully in the sense of trying to escape from the dream state. We must continually be on our watch for ways in which we may enlarge our consciousness. We must not attempt to live outside the world, which is given us, but we must somehow learn to transform it and transfigure it.[5]

V

My interest in Huxley began in 1946 when I took a course at New York University in "The Twentieth-Century English Novel." When I reflect on all the material I have read by and about Huxley since then, and especially when I consider my involvement with Huxleyana after the publication of my book in 1971,[6] I wonder if I ever can reach final conclusions about a man whose own tendencies were so fluid and "amoeboid"—a word he used to describe his autobiographic character, Philip Quarles, in *Point Counter Point*.[7]

The *New York Times*, in its obituary on page 1 (November 24, 1963), notes a remark Huxley once made that "[i]f ours were still the age of Heraldry, I would like the words that Goya appended to one of his paintings ('*Aun aprendo'*—'I'm still learning') to be on

my crest." Whenever I try to finalize my perceptions about Huxley and his works and whenever I read additional works about Huxley, I'm forced to admit, "*Aun aprendo*, I'm still learning!"

Milton Birnbaum

Notes

1. Aldous Huxley, *The Human Situation: Lectures at Santa Barbara, 1959*, ed. Piero Ferrucci (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), 2.
2. In one of the lectures entitled "The World's Future," given at the University of California, Santa Barbara, he said the following: "…it seems quite clear that enormous possibilities lie open to us, that we are on the threshold of profound discoveries within our own nature and external nature. If we can solve the basic political and demographic problems, we could produce a world of the most incalculably superior nature" (*The Human Situation*, 107).
3. In a letter written in 1962, Huxley made the following observation: "If only Tim [Leary] cd [*sic*] go into a Summit Meeting and give some mushroom to the two Mr. Ks [*sic*] [President Kennedy and Premier Khruschev]—the result might be world peace through total lucidity and breaking out by both parties from the prison of their respective cultures and ideologies." Nicholas Murray, *Aldous Huxley: A Biography* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2002), 447.
4. Huxley himself was aware of the apprehensions that members of established religion would have about his mysticism. In a lecture delivered in 1962, he said, "The members of the official religion tended to look upon the mystics as difficult, trouble-making people. They have made puns about the name; they have called mysticism 'misty schism'. . . ." "Symbol and Immediate Experience," *Huxley and God: Essays*, ed. Jacqueline Hazard Bridgeman (San Francisco: Harper Collins 1992), 250. For further illumination of Huxley's approach to mysticism and his perception of it not only as a means of achieving a sense of self-transcendence but also as a way to improve the world's condition, see my article "Aldous Huxley: Bridge Builder or Quixotic Dreamer?" in *The World & I* (August, 1994).
5. Bridgeman, *Huxley and God: Essays*, 279.
6. When my book first came out in 1971, I was asked almost immediately to become involved in a series of activities concerning Huxley's significance as a prophet and as a man of letters. First, I was invited to write a new introduction to his *Encyclopaedia of Pacifism* (which originally appeared in 1937) for the Garland Library of War and Peace. I then received several requests for permission to reprint some of my previous publications on Huxley. I also lectured before various groups on Huxley's importance as a writer and as a prophet. In addition, I wrote some articles and book reviews dealing with Huxley scholarship. This active involvement with Huxley continued until 1994, when I wrote my Huxley tribute on the occasion of the centenary of his birth (*Modern Age*, Winter, 1995). That year (1994) *The World & I* published my article referred to in Note 4. Since 1994, I've kept up with new books written about Huxley and the various symposia and conferences on him, but, except for an occasional book review, I have not been as actively involved in these activities as before. Advanced age has its virtues but also its limitations.

7. His description of his autobiographic character, Philip Quarles, in chapter XIV in *Point Counter Point* (published in 1928) is an amazingly prophetic and accurate description of Huxley's own intellectual and spiritual journey: "There was something amoeboid about Philip Quarles' mind. It was like a sea of spiritual protoplasm, capable of flowing in all directions, of engulfing every object in its path, of trickling into every crevice, of filling every mould, and having engulfed, having filled, of flowing on toward other obstacles, other receptacles, leaving the first empty and dry" *Point Counter Point* (New York: Random House, The Modern Library, 1928), 230.

PREFACE

In the lead article in the *New York Times Magazine* for August 18, 1968, James A. Michener wrote of two prospective college dropouts who came to consult him on a problem: they had decided not only to drop college, but also to leave home and to head for Haight-Ashbury to find what they hoped would be a more meaningful life. As the "attractive" young boy and girl confided in him, their alienation from adult society became quite apparent. They said, "We no longer find the values you lived by to have any significance. We're sure you know they're phony, too, and that's why we wanted to talk with you."

As I look back over the last few decades and try to figure out what first attracted me and thousands of other college students to Aldous Huxley in the 1920's and early 1930's, I suppose it was the feeling that Huxley also no longer found the values of his society of any significance. In debunking the traditional sources of value he was, in a sense, acting as our surrogate. Curiously enough, however, as I grew older and shifted my philosophical position, I found that Huxley also kept shifting the direction of his quest: debunking was replaced by a Lawrentian endorsement of the life-worshiping idea; this, in turn, yielded to a longing for inner meaning; sense gratification yielded to a search for spiritual substance. This spiritual quest

in turn was intensified by his desire to expand the threshold of consciousness by experimenting with hallucinogenic drugs. And always there was the Donnean belief that insularity leads to isolation and that therefore it is preferable to involve oneself not only in self-fulfillment, but in attempts at societal amelioration.

My interest in Huxley has been both professional and personal. If I am allowed to have more than one alter ego, I would certainly include Huxley as one of my other selves. In addition to his entertaining facility as a writer and his seemingly encyclopedic mind, it was his preoccupation with a moral quest that made me maintain my interest in him; paradoxically, his moral quest led him to attack puritanism, but then Huxley's awareness of the paradoxes in the human condition only enhanced the fascination he has always held for me.

In this book I shall attempt to analyze critically the search for values that has characterized all of Aldous Huxley's works. The discussion will be by subject matter rather than by separate analysis of the individual works. Major consideration will be devoted to Huxley's novels, his books of essays, and those portions of his biographies, letters, and poetry which bear directly on his search for values. His collections of short stories (some of which, incidentally, like "Young Archimedes" and "The Gioconda Smile" contain some of his best, most sustained emotional artistry), his many adaptations of both his own works and those of others for the stage and screen[1] are essentially reworkings of ideas found in his other writings; consequently, they have been omitted from my discussion.

In *Ends and Means*, Huxley asked: "Does the world as a whole possess the value and meaning that we constantly attribute to certain parts of it (such as human beings and their works); and, if so, what is the nature of that value and meaning?"[2] In the process of answering this question, Huxley searched the traditional sources of value—art, education, government, love, nature, philosophy, religion, and science—and gave us his answers, found scattered throughout his works. Similarly, he analyzed certain types of people—the introverted individual, the hedonist, and the man of action, types to whom he sometimes attaches Dr. William Sheldon's designations of "cerebrotonic," "viscerotonic," and "somatotonic."

The subsequent chapters in the book will discuss Huxley's reactions to these traditional sources of value and types of people.

It is my belief that such a study will not only help in a better understanding of the significance of Aldous Huxley, but will, in some measure, illuminate the period from about 1920 to the present. As B. Ifor Evans has observed of Huxley:

> His novels and criticism are a mirror in which the age could perceive itself with its shifting hopes and disillusionments, the changes from the harsh gaiety of the twenties to the solemn acceptance of the thirties that tragedy is approaching. More than any other writer of that time he had an instructed appreciation of the other arts, of painting and particularly of music . . . . Further, he, more than any of his contemporaries, had the equipment to construct some bridge between science and the arts in an age when those two great aspects of human activity were so unhappily divided.[3]

Acknowledgments

I would like to extend my appreciation and acknowledgment to Harper & Row Publishers, Inc., Chatto & Windus, Ltd., and Mrs. Laura A. Huxley for permission to quote three of Huxley's poems ("Books and Thoughts," "The Life Theoretic," and "Two Realities") —found in *The Collected Poetry of Aldous Huxley* (1971)—and to quote illustrative passages of unusual length from the following books by Aldous Huxley: *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*, *Grey Eminence*, *Music at Night and Other Essays*, *The Perennial Philosophy*, *Point Counter Point*, and *Time Must Have a Stop*.

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sion to reprint much of "Aldous Huxley's Animadversions upon Sexual Love" (Vol. 8, No. 2, Summer 1966); *The Personalist: An International Review of Philosophy* for permission to include "Aldous Huxley's Conception of the Nature of Reality" (Vol. 47, No. 3, July 1966); *The Hibbert Journal* for permission to reprint "Aldous Huxley's treatment of nature" (Vol. 64, No. 255, Midsummer 1966); *The Journal of Popular Culture* for permission to reprint "Aldous Huxley: An Aristocrat's Comments on Popular Culture" (Vol. II, No. 1, Summer 1968); the International Society for General Semantics for permission to include "Aldous Huxley's Views on Language" (*ETC.: A Review of General Semantics*, Vol. XXVI, No. 1, March 1969); and *Xavier University Studies* for permission to reprint "Aldous Huxley's Views on Education" (Vol. 6, No. 2, May 1967). All of these articles have been revised slightly for inclusion as chapters or parts of chapters in this book.

I am heavily indebted to many people who have advised me over the many years my book was being rewritten for publication after its submission as a doctoral dissertation (New York University, 1955). Professor Bruce W. McCullough (Emeritus Professor of English at New York University), whose patient and helpful guidance made problems connected with my work seem solvable, and my colleagues at American International College (Professor Evelyn Jackson, Librarian; Professor Francis M. Kelly, Jr., and Professor Frederick A. Palmer) were kind at moments when kindness was most needed. My sincere thanks also go to American International College's Emeritus President John F. Hines, Jr., President Harry J. Courniotes, and Dean John F. Mitchell (whose approval of a half year's sabbatical and a Summer Study Grant enabled me to devote more time to completing my book than otherwise would have been possible); to Mr. Arthur C. Kulp, Circulation Librarian at Cornell University, for allowing me to use the university's library facilities; to Mr. Benjamin Silbermann (of H. R. Huntting Co.), congenial lover and seller of books, who never turned me down whenever I asked for a book; and to Professor George A. Panichas, of the University of Maryland, whose friendship, help, and encouragement through the years have been far more meaningful than I could possibly express.

I INTRODUCTION

That Aldous Huxley has been a force in the literature of the twentieth century few will deny. During his lifetime he published over forty books, his period of creativity continuing almost to the day of his death in 1963. Although known chiefly for his novels, he also wrote poetry, essays ranging from art criticism to the effects of the hallucinogenic drugs, travel books, introductions to other people's books, biographies, and adaptations for both the stage and screen. He has been translated into Spanish (*Contrapunto*, from *Point Counter Point*), Greek (*Meta ta Pyrotèchnemata*, from "After the Fireworks"), and French (*Richard Greenow: grande nouvelle inédite*, from "The Farcical History of Richard Greenow"), to cite but three examples. One finds references to him not only in the usual critical books on the British novel in the twentieth century (for example, B. Ifor Evans, *English Literature between the Wars*; Millett, Manly and Rickert's *Contemporary British Literature*; David Daiches, *The Novel and the Modern World*; H. V. Routh, *English Literature and Ideas in the Twentieth Century*), but also in books dealing with philosophy, religion, and the social history of our times (for example, C. E. M. Joad's *The Recovery of Belief* and *Return to Philosophy*; Morris R. Cohen's *The Faith of a Liberal*; Robert Graves and Alan Hodge's *The Long Week End*; F. S. C. Northrop, *The Meeting of East and West*).

Whether Aldous Huxley has been a force for good or evil, whether he is an artist more noted for his contributions to the novel of ideas or for the ideas themselves, whether he is chiefly a romantic or a neoclassicist—on these questions, critics have not agreed. He has been called a frustrated romantic by one critic;[1] he has been attacked because he has joined Freud, Jung, Adler, and Lawrence "to sow distrust of reason, and to represent it as a mere tool of the unconscious."[2] His view of life has been characterized as "essential sterility,"[3] and his embracing of mysticism has been called "the rationalist's substitute for suicide."[4] But Huxley has had his defenders, too. His description of the modern world has been hailed as "far more honest and decent than the early Victorian age depicted in Bulwer Lytton's *Pelham.*"[5] Similarly, "despite the temptations which beset a successful author," he never "seriously compromised with his intellectual integrity."[6]

Even his most ardent admirers, however, will not claim for Huxley a seminal role in the shaping of twentieth-century literature. He was no James Joyce or D. H. Lawrence creating new paths for artists to follow. In his nonfiction he was no Nietzsche forging revolutionary ideas to unsettle smug consciences. He was not so much a pioneer as a reflector, not so much an earthquake as a seismograph. This is not to imply that Huxley was barren in creative imagination; certainly his *Brave New World* would belie such an inference, but even that book reminds us of other fictional utopias.

Wherein then lies the value in giving serious consideration to Huxley? Precisely in his being able to articulate the intellectual and moral conflicts being fought in the collective soul of the twentieth century. D. H. Lawrence would express his reactions viscerally but failed to look through a microscope, as Huxley reminds us. James Joyce could disentangle himself from the nets in which he felt caught, but he did not seem aware of the oases to be found in Eastern meditative systems. E. M. Forster knew of passages to other cultures but preferred to regard art as self-sufficient rather than as catalytic. Virginia Woolf knew the agony of private torment but did not realize the healing that can emerge from societal involvement. It was Huxley of all these twentieth-century English writers who best reflected and coordinated the divisions of the modern world; he best expressed its *Weltanschauung* in its most

universal sense. Thomas Henry Huxley, Aldous Huxley's grandfather, was called "Darwin's bulldog" because he so tenaciously clung to and advocated Darwin's theories; similarly, Aldous Huxley may become best known for being both an observer of and a contributor to the shifting values of our world.

That Huxley's works have always demonstrated a search for values can be shown by an analysis of his works from the very beginning. The novels published in the 1920's (*Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, *Those Barren Leaves*, and *Point Counter Point*) were all concerned with showing how some of the traditional sources of value —religion, love, family life—were absent from the postwar generation. Most readers thought these books to be cynically entertaining and did not see their essentially moral undercurrent. What Mary Thriplow, the self-conscious author in *Those Barren Leaves*, says about her books could be applied to what Huxley thought about the public and critical reaction to his own books:

> They like my books because they're smart and unexpected and rather paradoxical and cynical and elegantly brutal. They don't see how serious it all is. They don't see the tragedy and the tenderness underneath. You see . . . I'm trying to do something new—a chemical compound of all the categories. Lightness and tragedy and loveliness and wit and fantasy and realism and irony and sentiment, all combined. People seem to find it merely amusing, that's all.[7]

Huxley's preoccupation with values was not confined to the novels. In *Jesting Pilate* (1926), a book of observations made on his travels throughout the world, Huxley is also concerned with values:

> Our sense of values is intuitive. There is no proving the real existence of values in any way that will satisfy the logical intellect. Our standards can be demolished by argumentation; but we are none the less right to cling to them. Not blindly, of course, not uncritically . . . . Understanding diversity and allowing for it, he [the traveler] will tolerate, but not without limit. He will distinguish between harmless perversions and those which tend actually to deny or stultify the fundamental values. Towards the first he will be tolerant. There can be no compromise with the second.[8]

Similarly, when Huxley discusses the arts, he is not so much concerned with the aesthetic as with the moral implications. When he is talking about Christopher Wren, the English architect, he says