III
STUDENT LIFE: 1924–1932

Although I had never been unhappy and in fact enjoyed my public school, the transition from public school to university was altogether delightful. There is a psychological uplift about being treated by adults as an equal instead of an inferior, as a rational being instead of a child, which no-one can understand who has not experienced it. I felt for the first time like a mature person, who could be persuaded by argument but not ordered about like a domestic pet. As my main interests at Eton had been history and philosophy, I decided to take my degree in what was then the new school of Modern Greats. This included the trinity of history, philosophy and economics, and covered much the same ground as is covered now by PPE.[137] My tutor was Humphrey Sumner,[138] who took what was thought to be the brightest of the new intake of undergraduates. No-one could have given a stronger visual impression of dedication to the true and the beautiful than Humphrey Sumner. His glowing eyes and parchment complexion suggested a reincarnation of Savonarola. To complete the picture he wore a flowing black cloak and a broad brimmed black hat. When you went in for a tutorial he was puffing his pipe and working indefatigably on an obscure period of Russian history. I saw him once again after I left Oxford. He descended on me one afternoon at Magdalene, Cambridge, and asked to be taken around the College and the Pepys Library. I did so with trepidation as I knew he would expect the expertise of a professional guide. I lost touch with him before he became Warden of All Souls, the crown of a great academic career.

For philosophy at Oxford at this time there was a galaxy of talent. The Master himself,[139] who lectured on Plato, Morris, the late Lord Morris of Grasmere,[140] and a young Fellow called John

[137] Philosophy, Politics, and Economics.

[138] B. Humphrey Sumner (1893–1951), fellow of Balliol College and later warden of All Souls, 1945–1951.

[139] A.D. Lindsay (1879–1952), later Baron Lindsay of Birker, academic philosopher and master of Balliol College, 1924–1949.

[140] Charles Morris (1898–1990), later Baron Morris of Granmere, philosopher; later vice-chancellor of the University of Leeds.

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Macmurray,[141] a leading expert on Kant with a reputation for his brilliant lectures on the Categories of Knowledge. Another Fellow of the College who left a brief but indelible impression on me was R.H. Tawney.[142] His nephew Michael Vyvyan was a history Scholar. He arrived at Balliol at the same time as I did, and he asked me to tea in his rooms to meet his Uncle, who had come to Oxford to lecture on the topically important subject of 'Coal'. Tawney had just returned from a holiday in Italy, and we were regaled in an opulent and mellifluous prose, such as I had never heard before, with an unforgettably brilliant picture of the art and architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. He was already a major prophet of socialism, but on this occasion there was not one word about politics or economics.

My undergraduate friendships were mainly formed with those who shared my enthusiasm for the Labour Club and the Union Debating Society. It was there that I first met two friends whom I was to see often in later life when they became Members of Parliament, Dingle Foot[143] and Dick Acland.[144] From them I learned that to succeed at the Union you had to burn the midnight oil. But my closest friends were those who most regularly frequented the Labour Club. The Labour Club was a flourishing University society which secured speakers from every branch of the Labour movement, MPs, Trade Unionists, and academic Economists. Its presiding geniuses were Douglas[145] and Margaret Cole,[146] who were indefatigable in their efforts to stimulate the young. They used to ask some of us to their Oxford home, where Douglas would read a paper on the socialist theory he was at that moment embracing. I remember meeting for the first time Roger Wilson,[147] who became Professor of Education at Birmingham University, Robert Henriques[148] the novelist, and Evan Durbin,[149] who was to become the closest friend of Hugh

[141] John Macmurray (1891–1976), philosopher who held academic positions in Oxford, London and Edinburgh.

[142] R.H. Tawney (1880–1962), Fabian intellectual and Professor of Economic History at the London School of Economics.

[143] Sir Dingle Foot, QC (1905–1978), Labour MP and solicitor general, 1964–1967.

[144] *Who gave his estate to the National Trust.* Sir Richard Acland, 15th baronet (1906–1990), Liberal and then Labour MP.

[145] *Douglas Cole and his wife, Margaret, members of the Labour club, Syndicatists and lecturers on economics.* G.D.H. Cole (1889–1959), Fabian and political theorist at Oxford University.

[146] Dame Margaret Cole (1893–1980), Fabian, local government politician and co-author with her husband of mystery novels among other writings.

[147] *Roger Wilson, my best friend and later professor of education at Birmingham.*

[148] *Robert Henriques* (1905–1967), *novelist.*

[149] *Evan Durbin, best friend of Hugh Gaitskell, died young in tragic accident.* Evan Durbin (1906–1948), economist at the London School of Economics and Labour politician and MP.

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Gaitskell.[150] Roger was a devout Quaker, and his socialism was a practical expression of his religious ethics. He combined a strong social conscience with a great sense of fun. But the friend from whom I learned most about society, though I can't say I ever felt close to him, was Frank Lee,[151] who came to Balliol after a scholarship to Ruskin College. My other friends were middle class, but Frank's father worked in the Lancashire cotton mills, and his son was an authentic voice of the working class. I was slightly afraid of his emotional intensity, and shocked by his hatred of the exploiting class. But his burning sense of social justice and injustice, and his entire devotion to the cause of the underprivileged, earned my deepest respect. His sincerity and power of argument, even though unaccompanied by the faintest spark of humour, made him a successful speaker at Union debates. He asked me once to meet his parents and spend the night at their home. The Look in his father's face when I left the skin of my kipper on my plate is something I shall not forget; ever since I have found the waste of food in the homes of the well-to-do somewhat shocking. Frank lived to become the first Labour Mayor of Northampton. But both he and his lovely wife Olive died young.

The idyll of my first year at Balliol was abruptly and most unexpectedly interrupted by one of those accidents whose repercussions are felt for the rest of one's life. I was attending the annual conference of the Universities Labour Federation when a press reporter came up to me and asked me for a personal statement about my views. I was rather flattered by this request, and told him that I had decided to drop my title and preferred to be addressed as Mr Hare.[152] This was immediately reported in the press, thereby drawing the attention of my father who, for the first time, as politics had been taboo at home, became aware that his son had become a Socialist and therefore a dangerous heretic. Roger rebuked me afterwards for speaking to the press, and of course he was right. I suppose it had flattered my vanity to find that my doings were of interest to the public. Anyway the result was disastrous. The following statement appeared in the Daily Mail on April the 27th, 1925:

> Viscount Ennismore, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Listowel, has joined the famous Fabian Society, members of which are usually called Intellectual Socialists. Its still best known members are George Bernard

[150] Hugh Gaitskell (1906–1964), Labour MP; chancellor of the exchequer 1950–1951; and leader of the Labour Party (and opposition), 1955–1963.

[151] *Frank Lee, scholar from Ruskin, became Mayor of Northampton.*

[152] As opposed to the courtesy title Viscount Ennismore.

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> Shaw and Sydney [*sic*] Webb. Lord Ennismore, who is now 19 years old, is now at Oxford and is said to intend entering politics as soon as he graduates. Six of the seven Labour peers in the House of Lords are members of the Fabian Society – Lord Haldane, Earl Russell, Lord Olivier, Lord De La Warr, Lord Thomson and Lord Gorell.[153]

The Fabian Society was still a middle class organisation of 'intellectual socialists' founded in 1884 by Edward Pearse [*sic*][154] and his friends, as an offshoot of the idealistic 'Fellowship of the New Life' by a resolution defining its aim as 'the reconstitution of society in accordance with the highest moral possibilities'. It was named after the Roman General, Fabius, who 'waited most patiently when warring against Hannibal though many censured his delays'.

There was no mention of its association with socialism until it was joined shortly afterwards by Bernard Shaw[155] and Sidney Webb,[156] who described it as 'consisting of socialists, whose aim was to re-organise society by freeing land and capital from private ownership'. It remained essentially middle-class and gradualist, avoiding the dogmatism, revolutionary violence, and class war of the Marxists, and preaching its gospel by means of Fabian Tracts exploring the evils of a capitalist society and prescribing their remedy.

My father had been devoted to me when I still shared his interests and was therefore all the more hurt at my turning against all that he held dear. His attitude was typically Victorian and as he himself said if it had been a woman or money he would have understood but for me to betray my own class was unforgivable. My father believed that I had been corrupted by the company I kept, which of course included the Master himself, Sandy Lindsay, who later became a Labour candidate for the Oxford constituency. My father wrote to me an angry letter saying that, in my own interest, he was no longer prepared to pay my fees at Balliol. As his objection appeared to be directed to the College rather than the University, I asked the Master whether I could not transfer to another College. He went to see the Dean of Christ Church and when his mission failed, I was deeply touched that he came in person, mounting the steep staircase to my little room in College, to say how sorry he was about his failure. I believe he also tried other Colleges, without success.

[153] *Statement in Daily Mail, April 27 1925, about my politics and membership of Fabian Society, which ended my life at Balliol when my father refused to pay university fees.*

[154] Edward R. Pease (1857–1955), founding member of the Fabian Society and trustee of the London School of Economics.

[155] George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950), Irish playwright and Fabian.

[156] Sidney Webb, later Baron Passfield (1859–1947), intellectual and Labour minister, served in various ministerial posts including secretary of state for the colonies, 1929–1931.

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At this stage I heard from my father that he had found out from his old school friend Lord Willingdon,[157] at that time Governor-General of Canada, that he would be willing to have me on his staff as an honorary A.D.C. My father believed that this association with people of the 'right' social standing would assist me to see the error of my ways. I protested that this would deprive me of a university education, and, although my father attached no importance to this, my plea was supported by other members of my family. It was then that some bright and kindly ally – I don't know who it was – suggested that A.B. Ramsey,[158] who had known me at Eton when he was Lower Master – he presided over the 'Essay Society' in his garden, at which I had read an essay, might be willing to take me at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

So a place was found for me at Cambridge, and I was saved from what I certainly regarded at the time as a fate worse than death. When the news that I was leaving Balliol got around, everyone treated me with great kindness. Among the older men A.L. Rowse,[159] the historian, invited me for the weekend to All Souls, proclaiming indignantly this was the first time since Shelley[160] that an undergraduate had been sent down for his opinions. This comparison was more flattering than true. Shelley was sent down by University College for his atheism, but I had been removed by my father, and neither Balliol nor Oxford was in the least to blame for this paternal intolerance. Although I had only been up at Oxford for a year, the Balliol Society, at the instigation of its Secretary Kenneth Bell, invited me to become a member.

I have already mentioned the kindness of the Master. I wonder whether he felt, in view of his own socialist opinions, some responsibility for the bad company which my father thought I had fallen into. Lady Scott, in her beautifully written biography of her father,[161] attributes my departure from Balliol to a comment in the Morning Post which alerted my father to the fact that the Master had written a book which glorified: 'the first and greatest of all the Communists, Karl Marx'. Needless to say, this book on Marx did not in the least mean that the Master agreed with him, in fact his was a devout

[157] Freeman Freeman-Thomas (1866–1941), later 1st marquess of Willingdon, Liberal politician and colonial administrator; governor general of Canada, 1926–1931, and viceroy of India, 1931–1936.

[158] *A.B. Ramsey, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge and former Lower Master at Eton, who offered me a place at Magdalene.*

[159] A.L. Rowse (1903–1997), historian and literary academic, fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

[160] Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), poet. His expulsion from Oxford in 1811 was the result of his part in an anonymous pamphlet *The Necessity of Atheism* printed the same year.

[161] *A.D. Lindsay – A Biography* [published in 1971].

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Christian interpretation of Marxism. But my father did not read the Morning Post, although he may have known something about the Master's reputation as a socialist. In point of fact Sandy Lindsay did not influence my political opinions, and I find that in a letter to my father I pointed out that I had brought my socialism with me from Eton.

It was the writings and speeches of a French socialist leader, Jean Jaurès,[162] who had graduated in philosophy before he found a political party that agreed with his views about society, that first attracted me to socialism. Sandy Lindsay may not have been a great scholar or an original philosopher but he stood out as a good man who really believed in social justice and economic equality. His main interests as a philosopher were the ethics of political theory. His life was spent in applying ethical principles to the practical problems of society, afflicted as it then was before the advent of the Welfare State by all the ills of unemployment and lifelong poverty. The advice he gave me when I paid him a last visit before leaving the College was to take economics at Cambridge. This he said would teach me to understand the social problems which would one day confront me in Parliament. I am glad to think that I was able later on to assist in providing a wider forum for his views, and a fresh opportunity for public service. When Viscount Addison,[163] my Leader in the Lords, told me that the Prime Minister, Clem Attlee,[164] wanted suggestions for Labour peers, I thought immediately of Sandy Lindsay. He did in fact accept a peerage in 1945, and spoke in the House, rather nervously I thought, on several occasions. It was a great pity he was not offered a post in the 1945 Labour Government, ideally at the Ministry of Education, where he could have combined the administrative ability he had shown as Vice Chancellor at Oxford University with his enthusiasm for education. But unfortunately he had no 'base' such as a constituency or a trade union in the Labour Party.

Another Oxford don I had the good fortune to meet was that grand old man, Professor Gilbert Murray,[165] with whom I was already familiar from his romantic translations of Euripides. He was the moving spirit behind support for the League of Nations, precursor of the United Nations Organisation, which many of us regarded at the time

[162] *Jean Jaures, French socialist leader and orator*. [Assassinated in 1914.]

[163] Charles Addison (1869–1951), later 1st Viscount Addison, Labour politician and minister including serving as leader of the House of Lords for the entire Attlee administration, 1945–1951, and secretary of state for dominion affairs, 1945–1947.

[164] Clement R. Attlee (1883–1967), later 1st Earl Attlee, Labour prime minister, 1945–1951, and leader of the Labour Party, 1935–1955.

[165] *Professor Gilbert Murray, professor of Greek and enthusiast for League of Nations*. Gilbert Murray (1866–1957), classical scholar and translator at Glasgow and then Oxford.

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as the principal safeguard against another World War. Every year Professor Murray despatched a band of undergraduate missionaries to preach the League gospel at public meetings during university vacations. As I was primarily interested in social work, he asked me to talk about the International Labour Office. I went out to Geneva and met Mr Butler, who had succeeded Mr Albert Thomas as Director-General of the I.L.O.,[166] and I also met Dame Rachel Crowdey [*sic*],[167] who briefed me about the humanitarian work of the League of Nations for women and refugees. I spent some of my summer vacation addressing almost invisible audiences in schools and village halls.

There was one other event during my Oxford career which necessitated another difficult choice between my family and society. The facts of the General Strike of May 1926 are familiar to everyone. It happened during my summer term at Oxford, and my father summoned me back to London to join him by enrolling as a Special Constable. It should be remembered that the Special Constables at that time were recruited from ex-officers and university students. My sympathies of course were on the side of the coal miners. I flatly refused to become a policeman, in which capacity I might have had to assist strike breakers and to suppress demonstrations by Trade Unionists. Instead, as a compromise, I drove patients to the London Hospitals in my little car, and later acted as an office boy for some older university students who were trying to get out a news sheet to publicise the Archbishop of Canterbury's appeal for an agreed settlement. When I returned to Oxford I was greeted by another angry letter from my father for failing to do my patriotic duty. It is curious how completely the tables have been turned in the years between the general strike of 1926 and the Heath Government of 1970. In 1926 the miners were routed by the mine owners and the Government, and were driven back to work by starvation, with lower wages and a longer working week. The Heath Government was brought down by the resistance of the miners to the refusal of a wage increase.

At Magdalene, Cambridge, I started life in 'digs', and among my earliest recollections was that of the arrival of a large consignment of books from my great-uncle, a successful stockbroker and youngest brother of my grandfather Derwent, which included J.S. Mill on 'Liberty'.[168] He was the only member of my family who tried to

[166] International Labour Organization, established in 1919 and based in Geneva.

[167] Dame Rachel Crowdy (1884–1964), social reformer and nurse during First World War, head of the Social Questions and Opium Traffic Section at the League of Nations.

[168] English philosopher, John Stuart Mill; *On Liberty* was first published in 1859.

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convert me by argument, and I am ashamed to say I did not acknowledge his gift.

In spite of an excellent tutor in economics at Cambridge, in the person of Sargent [*sic*] Florence,[169] I found Marshall's 'Principles of Economics',[170] the textbook for students of this subject, so dull and difficult and so far removed from the problems of real life in which I was interested, that I decided to switch from economics to English. I was thus able to combine work with pleasure, and my tutor I.A. Richards[171] was an outstanding figure among younger dons in the field of English literature. In the final Tripos examination I failed to get a First Class Degree, and came in with a good Second.

I had been fond of music since early childhood, a taste encouraged by my mother who was always dashing off when we were in London to the Queen's Hall as it then was, or to the Wigmore Hall for concerts and recitals. One of my greatest blessings has been a good musical memory. I carry in my head a collection of melodies from songs, arias from operas, themes from orchestral or chamber music, that never leave me with the boredom of a vacant mind. I should perhaps say fragments rather than whole compositions. The words I usually forget, but the theme often brings these back. My feeling for music is best described by Schubert in his song 'An die Musik'.[172]

Eton gave me my first opportunity of becoming a performer instead of a listener. In accordance with my paternal upbringing a piano was an instrument for girls, but luckily there was no such restriction on the male voice. I therefore started singing lessons with a professional bass in the School Chapel Choir, and soon found myself emulating the booming tones in which my teacher uttered the haunting melancholy of Schubert's 'Der Wanderer'.[173] There was plenty of robust singing in the School Musical Society, and even in our House Quartet which introduced me to Elizabethan madrigals. But no-one took the trouble to teach me to read music. I had an excellent ear fortunately, and this was good enough for Eton. But when I went up to Oxford, and Sir Hugh Allen[174] gave me an audition for the Bach Choir, he would have failed me but for my touching enthusiasm at the prospect of singing Bach. I still regard music as queen of the arts.

[169] *Sargant Florence; economics don and my first tutor at Cambridge.* Philip Sargant Florence.

[170] Cambridge economist, Alfred Marshall; *Principles of Economics* was first published in 1890.

[171] *I.A. Richards, taught English Literature and my tutor for the subject.*

[172] Franz Schubert composed this in 1817.

[173] Composed in 1816.

[174] Sir Hugh Allen (1869–1946), musician and academic at Oxford and the Royal College of Music.

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There was nothing at Cambridge to correspond to the Bach Choir in which I sang at Oxford, but I was invited to join a small group of undergraduates familiarly known as the 'Corncrakes', who met every week at the home of Professor Cornford.[175] He was a professor of classics and his wife, Frances Cornford,[176] was a poetess who had been a friend of Rupert Brooke.[177] They were the parents of John Cornford,[178] a poet and communist who became a Cambridge legend when he was killed in the Spanish Civil War. There we sang madrigals, gossiped over coffee and cakes, and made new friends.

The lure of politics was still overwhelming, and I soon gravitated towards the University Labour Club and the Union Debating Society. Of all the guest speakers at the Labour Club I remember most vividly the lumbering massive figure of the biochemist J.B.S. Haldane.[179] He described to us how he made himself a guinea pig for his own scientific experiments, venturing sometimes to within an inch of death. He was admired throughout the University for his defiance of our antiquated divorce laws. In those days a divorce was only possible after proof of an offence. He was in love with a married lady parted from her husband, and they wanted to get married. It was therefore indispensable for one or other of them to commit a marital offence. Haldane duly committed adultery, and obtained Charlotte's divorce, and their marriage.

He was then informed by Mr Seward,[180] the Vice-Chancellor, that the Sex Viri (responsible for the morals of the University) had decided to deprive him of his Readership on grounds of 'gross immorality'. This important body consisted of three Heads of Colleges and three Professors of Laws, with the Vice-Chancellor in the chair. He decided to appeal against this absurd decision, and the Senate had the good sense to find the charge of 'gross immorality' untenable, and to reverse the verdict of the Sex Viri.

It was at another union debate that I fast met Arthur Ponsonby,[181] later my Leader when I took my seat in the House of Lords. He told me to my surprise that Ramsay MacDonald[182] in 1929 had seriously

[175] F.M. Cornford (1874–1943), classics scholar at Cambridge.
[176] Frances Cornford (1886–1960), poet.
[177] Rupert Brooke (1887–1915), poet and soldier.
[178] Died 1936.
[179] J.B.S. Haldane (1892–1964), scientist and socialist.
[180] Later Sir Albert Seward (1863–1941), master of Downing College, 1915–1936, and vice-chancellor of Cambridge, 1924–1926.
[181] Arthur Ponsonby (1871–1946), later 1st Baron Ponsonby of Shulbrede, Liberal and then Labour politician; Labour leader in the House of Lords, 1931–1935.
[182] Ramsay MacDonald (1866–1937), Labour prime minister, 1924, 1929–1939; leader of the Labour Party, 1922–1931.

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considered his recommendation to give me a peerage to strengthen the Labour Party in the Lords. At the time it was contrary to the policy of the Party to create new hereditary Peerages, and the fact that I was the eldest son of a Peer must have appealed to the Prime Minister. I daresay my age deterred him. An undergraduate socialist peer might have made the small number of Labour peers in the House of Lords look a little ridiculous. Perhaps it was as well, because my father would have had a fit if I had had the further publicity of a Labour seat in the Lords!

I attended and took part regularly in debates at the Union, and finally reached the Order Paper in the Michaelmas term of 1928, as the proposer of a Motion condemning the existing social order. This was the occasion of another disaster in my private life, and is therefore a focal point among my Cambridge memories. Soon after I came to Magdalene, I told my friends I would prefer to be addressed by my family name of Hare instead of my courtesy title of Viscount Ennismore. This was understood and accepted as a private arrangement within the university. However when my name appeared on the Order Paper of the Cambridge Union advertising the debate as 'Mr W.F. Hare', the floodgates of publicity were thrown wide open again. My photo as Mr Hare was published in a number of daily newspapers, and the Daily Express carried a fairly long and friendly story about the debate mentioning the fact that 'When it was proposed a few months ago that women should be admitted to the debates of the century old Cambridge Union Society it was Viscount Ennismore who pleaded eloquently that the word Lady should be added to Gentlemen in the Rules'.[183]

But now let me go back to the Debate in the Union which led to my final family disaster. The Motion to which I was speaking was framed in suitably sweeping undergraduate terms. 'This House believing the present constitution of society to be inefficient and immoral, cannot hope for peace in industry.' The proposer Mr W.F. Hare, seconder Mr A.J. Cooke. Mr A.J. Cooke was the Secretary of the Miners Federation of Great Britain,[184] and had led the miners through the long ordeal of the lockout, the General Strike, and the final capitulation in 1926. I had to point out that he was on the left of the Labour Party to convince my audience that the motion was also supported by moderates like myself. Mr Cooke complained that I had 'disowned him' and insisted on

[183] *I appeared on Order paper of Cambridge Union (debating society) as Mr W F Hare, Proposer of Motion, with Mr A J. Cooke, Secretary of the Miners Federation of Great Britain, as seconder. This was last straw for my father who banished me from home.*

[184] 1924–1931.

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referring to me as 'the noble lord'. I blush to think of my own performance. I had just been reading the speeches of Jean Jaures, a French socialist leader I greatly admired, and I modelled my speech on the long flowing periods of his impassioned Gallic oratory. Anything less appropriate to a sophisticated Cambridge audience can hardly be imagined. In spite of this inauspicious opening, the debate ended to my surprise with just over 200 votes for the Motion out of a total of over 500 votes cast. A not inglorious defeat.

But the dropping of a name and a title he had borne for most of his life was the last straw for my poor father. He made it quite clear that in future he did not want to see me at home during the vacations. This setback did not however discourage me from persisting with the Union. In my last year I was elected to the Standing Committee, and this gave me an opportunity to raise again the question of the admission of women. I was sure that if I could get the Committee on my side, a Motion could be carried on the floor of the chamber. Selwyn Lloyd,[185] later Foreign Secretary to Anthony Eden[186] at the time of Suez and Speaker of the House of Commons, was President that Term, and he agreed to summon a special meeting for the purpose of discussing the admission of women. I put my case, but the majority including the President were against me. I teased the late Speaker a little about this incident one evening at a dinner at the Speaker's House – this of course was at a time when we were both members of different Houses at Westminster.

Another political Opponent and good friend whom I liked immensely was Gilbert Harding,[187] who was just as amusing in private life as he was later on as a broadcaster. It seems strange since women have now played such a conspicuous part in the activities of the Cambridge Union, and have even filled the office of President, that it took so long after their admission to Parliament for the doors of the University Debating Society to be opened to them.

What might have made matters even worse for my family than my escapades at Balliol, was that I now fell into the clutches of someone even more dangerous than the Master, a Christian socialist who was the nearest approach to a socialist saint that I ever met. His name was

[185] Selwyn Lloyd (1904–1978), later Lord Selwyn-Lloyd, Conservative MP who served as foreign secretary, 1955–1960, and chancellor of the exchequer, 1960–1962; speaker of the House of Commons, 1971–1976.

[186] Anthony Eden (1897–1977), later 1st earl of Avon, Conservative prime minister, 1955–1957.

[187] Gilbert Harding (1907–1960), broadcaster and journalist.

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Jack Bellerby,[188] he was a Fellow of Caius College, and he lectured on economics. He was engaged in organising an immediate and peaceful transition to what he called a 'contributive society' in place of the acquisitive society in which we live. His instrument for this purpose was a new kind of Friendly Society called 'The Neighbours'. This Society was registered under The Industrial and Provident Societies Act, and the first Articles of the Rules read:

> The Society should be called Neighbours Limited, and its object should be to collect provide and administer funds for the promotion of art, science, social welfare, and fellowship.

Every member was obliged to hold at least one share of one penny, but for each share he must donate £100 to the Society. The donation of members would be invested, and the income used for the above purposes. There was one benefit, and one benefit only, which the members themselves could derive; being a safety net for those who gave away all of their property. If their income were less than the national average wage earned at that time, it would be made up to £3 per week for a single person and to £4 per week for a married couple, with 10 shillings extra for every child. It should be emphasised that though the aim of every member of the Society was to live on no more than the average wage, the only qualification was a commitment to reduce personal consumption in order to release surplus income and capital for the purposes of the Society. There was no obligation not to exceed the average wage, and I am afraid this feat of self-denial was always far beyond me. But I hovered for a time very close to the edge, and this was enough to cause intense worry to my parents.

Needless to say the founding of this Society and my connection with it did not escape the attention of the press. I was interviewed by the Daily Sketch, and the result was an article headed 'Peer's Son to Give Up Fortune' and beginning with the following sentence:

> An extraordinary Friendly Society has been formed to enable wealthy men and women to give away their money for social purposes and live on a mere pittance allowed by the Society.

It went on to say that I intended to live in a bedsitting room in London. By that time I was 22, and my fortune consisted of a modest allowance from my father to cover food clothing and tuition fees, and

[188] *Professor Jack Bellerby, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge and lecturer on economics, who founded a Friendly Society called 'The Neighbours'. A secular saint, who among other activities published a symposium on factory farming for the Association for the Advancement of Science. He financed the publication of my booklet on 'The Values of Life'.*

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a capital sum of £2,000 given me by my grandfather Derwent when I was 21. I had told Jack Bellerby that I might be willing to hand over my capital, but before accepting he thought he should discuss it with my mother. He told me, after having a cup of tea with her at our London home, that it would evidently cause distress to her and my grandfather if I parted with my money, and advised me to keep it for the time being. The reference to the bedsitting room was highly misleading in the context of the article, when it suggested this was the next step towards a life of increasing self imposed austerity. In fact as my father had now banished me from the family home, I had absolutely nowhere to go during the university vacations. So my mother had come to my rescue by taking a bedsitter for me at No. 6 Paddington Street, not too far from my home at Bryanston Square.

My darling mother had supported me during the whole of the trouble with my father. There I resided in the holidays until an accommodation with my father made it possible for me to return home. The basis of this accommodation, which took place after I left Cambridge, was that I reverted from Mr W. Hare to Viscount Ennismore. I am glad to say that the friendly relationship that this concession made possible continued until my father's death in 1931.

But to go back to Cambridge and my friend Jack Bellerby and The Neighbours Limited. I do not believe that it ever attracted many supporters, and those who joined it were worthy rather than wealthy. I am sure that Jack Bellerby did not really expect it to transform society, but rather to offer a unique opportunity for those who believed that the accumulation and inheritance of private property and the manner of its acquisition are an obstacle to the good life. This belief has inspired secular socialists and many devout people throughout history. But, whereas the utopian socialists and monastic orders organised their new societies outside the community, The Neighbours was a new society within the existing community. You could therefore be a 'Neighbour' and remain a husband, a professional man, a good citizen standing as an active participant in local or national politics, but you became a better person by using your saved or inherited income or capital for the common good. This it seems to me was the essential originality and ingenuity of Jack Bellerby's conception. He certainly deserves a niche in the history of British Socialism in the 20th century.

After I left Cambridge, Jack Bellerby and I drifted apart. His first wife, the poetess Frances Bellerby, became a chronic invalid and he seemed to spend most of his time after he retired from Cambridge looking after her. He surfaced again in 1970 when I had a letter asking for my help with a book on factory farming. I had been a junior Minister at the Ministry of Agriculture in 1951. He told me that he

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had had to give the welfare of farm animals higher priority than his philosophy. He was profoundly shocked by the cruelty of some of the methods of factory farming, the battery or broiler house chicken, the sweat box, the battery calf, methods that deprive these animals of the freedom of movement and enjoyment of light and air which they would have in their natural environment. He produced his book, with a foreword by Prince Philip, in the form of a symposium on Factory Farming, which he edited on behalf of the Association for the Advancement of Science. I heard from him again once or twice, suggesting ways of bringing pressure to bear on the Minister of Agriculture for the control of factory farming.

It was at Cambridge also that I discovered Bertrand Russell.[189] His essay on 'A Free Man's Worship' was exactly in tune with my own doubts about the benevolent creator in whom I had been brought up to believe, and struck an attitude of defiance in the face of adversity which suited the circumstances of my own family predicament. It was of course in form and content quite different from his later writings, and had a poetic quality calculated to appeal to the young.[190] At the same time it helped to crystallise my thoughts about the universe in a form which I found no reason to change in later life. The universe as we know it is not hostile or unfriendly but simply indifferent to human existence, which has come about by a series of accidents, and will be brought to an end when conditions on our planet render it uninhabitable by living organisms. Mysterious as the relationships may be between mind and body, the one seems to depend on the other, and we have no evidence of the existence of disembodied minds.

My mood of defiance has changed over the years to one of acceptance of the limits that nature and society impose on the freedom of each of us to choose our own path through life.

In the cosmic sense nothing and no-one matters at all, but in an arbitrary human sense everything and everyone is of supreme importance. It was this paradox that set me thinking about human values, and occasioned the small book on 'The Values of Life' I wrote soon after I left Cambridge. It was commissioned by Jack Bellerby for private publication by Education Services, which was responsible for educational productions on behalf of The Neighbours Society. This little book was translated into Sanskrit. I never knew the

[189] *Bertrand Russell. His essay on 'A Free Man's Worship' opened my eyes to a new philosophy of life.* Bertrand Russell (1872–1970), later 3rd Earl Russell, philosopher, writer and activist. *A Free Man's Worship* first appeared in 1903.

[190] *Russell mentions in a letter to Donnelly that he had had a letter from Joseph Conrad 'praising' the Free Man's Worship 'in about the strongest terms in which writing can be praised'.*

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translator, and I have no idea how it circulated in India. I cannot now regard it as an original contribution to philosophy, but it did express a passionate affirmation of belief in the distinction between the values that are ends in themselves, beauty, goodness and truth, and those that are merely instrumental, such as material values, to the achievement of the good life. My sense of values has not changed, and I still find love at the core of it.

I was a socialist, but not a Marxist. Marx's deterministic philosophy of history bears little relation to historical facts, and seems to have become in communist countries a substitute for religious faith. My own youthful politics can only be understood in the context of the social conditions prevailing in the 20's and 30's. This was long before the Welfare State had provided a safety net from cradle to grave, at a time when the depth of poverty, the hardship of unemployment, the glaring inequalities between rich and poor, and the bitterness of the class struggle, were such as we now find hard to imagine.

Social conditions in the 30's were exposed by Lord Boyd-Orr's[191] famous study of the nation's health in his 'Food, Health and Income' published in 1936. He asserted that 'at least a third of the population were so poor they could not purchase sufficient of the more expensive foods needed for health'. The Conservative government was ignorant of or indifferent about the extent of poverty and malnutrition, and was so alarmed by Lord Boyd-Orr's report that at first they tried to stop its publication. To my father I was simply 'a traitor to my class', as he described me in one of his letters. This was a sad mistake. For it was the middle class political leadership in this country which, with the support of the Trade Union movement, later made possible a peaceful and democratic transition to the Welfare State, and averted the violence and bloodshed which has characterised the social revolutions and counter revolutions in other parts of the world.

Let me now return to the reconciliation with my father which took place soon after I left Cambridge. When my grandfather died in 1924, my father inherited a great deal of money and decided to buy a home in the country to replace Convamore, the 'family seat' in Ireland. He chose a pretty Georgian house at Oxton in Devonshire, where the mild and damp climate must have reminded him of Ireland. The situation was lovely, the house standing in a small park facing a lake and surrounded by woods and hills. My mother told me he had bought the home without consulting her,

[191] John Boyd Orr (1880–1971), later Baron Boyd-Orr, public health specialist and first director general of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation.

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and she would have preferred something nearer London. It was just too far for a weekend in the country. But she soon made it a comfortable home for the family, and invited their friends and hers to stay.

I used to spend my summer holidays at Oxton. Walking took the place of shooting, which I had given up while I was at Cambridge. When I was a boy shooting was my favourite sport, and my grandfather always reserved some pheasant shooting, at least a few cock birds, for my Christmas holidays. But I woke up one morning with a sudden horror of wounding or killing wild animals for sport, and since then I never touched a gun or a rifle. Indeed I soon afterwards joined the National Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports. I still hope that one day the shooting and killing of animals for pleasure will go the way of bear baiting and cock fighting.

My favourite pastime now was to go for long walks through the lanes and footpaths of the Devon countryside with my nearest neighbour, Sir Robert Newman[192] (later Lord Mamhead), the [C]onservative Member of Parliament for Exeter. He subsequently refused to accept the policy of his Party, and held his seat at Exeter as an Independent by defeating the official Conservative candidate backed by the party machine. This unusual feat was entirely due to the love and loyalty of the people of Exeter, in whose service he had spent the best years of his life. He was a very devout Anglo-Catholic, and often asked clerical friends to stay at Mamhead. I was glad when he told me that the Bishop of Norwich had described me as 'a good man without God'.

I also saw my old Oxford friend Evan Durbin again at Oxton. His home was at Exmouth, and we tramped the country lanes together. Evan was a brilliant economist. He died tragically young; drowned in an attempt to rescue his children in a rough sea off the coast of Devon.

Thinking probably that I had grown more responsible since I had left Cambridge, my father told me one day at Oxton that he intended to hand over his Irish property to me. I regarded this as a mixed blessing as my father's main interest was to get rid of it by sale, to save himself the trouble of collecting the rents. Most of the Irish land had already been sold, but he was still a landlord with considerable property in the town of Listowel and elsewhere in the counties of Cork and Kerry. I did not altogether relish the prospect of becoming an Irish landlord, particularly as I would almost certainly be an absentee, but I said that I would do my best. However I was never put to the test, after an incident that occurred while I was in London.

[192] Sir Robert Newman, 4th baronet (1871–1945), later Baron Mamhead, Conservative and later an Independent MP.

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My father had invited a lady friend from his unmarried past for the weekend, and put this friend in my bedroom at Oxton. The lady noticed on my bookshelf a book on the evolution and reproduction of animals by a highly reputable Belgian biologist, I think it was Forel.[193] Unfortunately for me it was lavishly illustrated, and among these illustrations was one of the male and female genital organs. When my father's attention was drawn to my literary tastes he decided that I was addicted to pornography, and was therefore quite unfit to manage his Irish estates. The lady's motivation was, I fear, that of a discarded mistress, as my father did not marry until middle age.

I had been stimulated by disagreement with what I read about theories of literature to undertake a serious study of aesthetics. It seemed to me that delight in poetry and the other arts should be as susceptible to rational analysis and explanation as the phenomena of nature. I found that the psychological theory of mental equilibrium advanced by I.A. Richards and the Cambridge school was vague and totally unsatisfactory, and this whetted my curiosity to such an extent that I was obliged to seek the truth about aesthetic experience for myself. I experienced something of the passionate curiosity which Bertrand Russell describes as impelling him to write about the principles of mathematics, and which had always animated the explorer in philosophy or science. There was no comfort to be found from the professional philosophers G.E. Moore, Broad, or Wittgenstein,[194] though I attended some of their lectures and seminars. They all seemed to think that aesthetic experience and beauty defied analysis. When I told Wittgenstein that I wanted to study aesthetics and possibly write about it, he replied in his blunt rude way that I should give up the whole idea and get to know something more about philosophy. I was not deterred.

As aesthetics was then a terra incognita at English universities, I had to go to Paris, where a Chair of Aesthetics had been recently founded at the Sorbonne for a Professor Basch.[195] I decided to submit the result of my enquiry as a thesis for a PhD degree at London University.

So I went off to Paris, and installed myself in a single room in a Pension on the Left Bank run by a widow who took foreign students as paying guests. She was a simple but excellent cook, and I got on

[193] François-Alphonse Forel (1841–1912). He was Swiss.

[194] Cambridge academic philosophers, G.E. Moore, C.D. Broad and Ludwig Wittgenstein.

[195] Victor Basch (*c.*1863–1944), Sorbonne academic and expert on aesthetics, executed in 1944.

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well with my fellow lodgers, two of them Americans and one English student, whom I met at our evening meals. My déjeuner was usually taken at a little Duval, a Parisian version of what at that time in London was the Lyons establishments. In the evening I went out to classical concerts or the opera comique, where I loved to hear Italian tenors in arias of Verdi or Puccini. My Pension was not far from the Sorbonne, where I went every morning by autobus. I remember reading the whole of Goethe's 'Gespräche mit Eckermann'[196] during my bus journeys. I had been there about a year when I was summoned home by a telegram from my mother saying my father was seriously ill with pneumonia, contracted after a day's shooting in the rain with a neighbour. Pneumonia of course was a killing disease before the days of penicillin, and he was too ill for me to speak to him before he lost consciousness and died. I saw him once while he was unconscious, the first time that I had seen a dying person, and it made me desperately anxious that his painful struggle for breath should end quickly. He was buried in the family burial ground at Oxton, and that patriarchal figure the then Bishop of Exeter,[197] a brother of Lord Salisbury, read the burial service.

Mr Lesley [*sic*] Farrer, now Sir Lesley Farrer,[198] then a junior member of the firm of Farrer & Co, and later solicitor to the Queen, had been sent from London with my father's Will. After the funeral the family returned to the house and he divulged its contents. One of my Aunts, Lady Margaret Loder, thought I needed a little worldly advice before inheriting a fortune, and told me to beware of entertaining Royalty. When she was a girl she told me the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) with Princess Alexandra[199] had stayed at Convamore on a visit to southern Ireland, and my grandfather had complained that he had found his Royal guests extremely expensive. This advice however turned out to be unnecessary.

The ensuing moments had exactly the qualities of extreme secrecy and total surprise for a superb example of Victorian melodrama. The only thing lacking was the family gathering round the dining room table. There was a very large fortune to dispose of, the eldest son cut off without a penny, the widow with no more than the tail-end of a London lease,[200] the whole family, even the dead man's widow

[196] Johann Peter Eckermann's conversations with the scholar and writer Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, edited by Eckermann in the mid 19th century.

[197] Lord William Cecil (1863–1936), bishop of Exeter, 1916–1936.

[198] Sir W. Leslie Farrer (1900–1984).

[199] Later Queen Alexandra.

[200] *It might give a false impression if I did not add that my mother had some money of her own inherited from her father.*

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without an inkling of what the Will would reveal. What more could one want before the curtain fell on the final scene!

What my father had done in a Will that largely decided the fate of the next generation was to place the family property in trust with Lloyds Bank for two of my younger brothers, John and Alan Hare, during their lifetime with reversion on their death to the then holder of the Listowel title. This had been made possible, by an agreement between my father and grandfather while I was still a child, to break the entail on the family property, whereby the family fortune had passed for several generations, undivided, since the time of the first Richard Hare, the merchant from Cork, with the family honours passing from father to eldest son. The entail was broken by my father and grandfather to benefit the family by reducing tax on my father's death.

My father had passed over my next brother, Richard, who was only eleven months my junior. He had the fatal defect of being an intellectual who had never shown the faintest interest in sport. By far the most intelligent member of my family, he took First Class honours at Oxford, and after marrying a remarkable Russian sculptress, Dora Gordine, became one of our leading authorities on Russian culture and the first Professor of Slavonic Studies at London University. He translated the novels of Turgeniev[201] and published several books on Russian art and literature. He died alas in his fifties, and with a hardly surprising sense of estrangement from his family.

My youngest brother Alan inherited for life Oxton, our home in the country, the Irish property, and a substantial residue of capital investment. My two sisters received the usual pittance allowed for those who had the misfortune to belong to the female sex.

It was my brother John, who became Viscount Blakenham, who inherited the lion's share, Kingston House, and the rest of the London property. He went on to a distinguished political career in the Conservative Party, first in local politics on the London County Council, later in national politics rising to Cabinet Office as Minister of Agriculture, and becoming finally Deputy Leader of the House of Lords and Chairman of the Conservative Party.

Within the next few years the inevitable happened. The Oxton estate was sold except for the consecrated burial ground, and a block of modern flats was rising on the site of Kingston House, the last of the great 18th century mansions within 15 minutes walk of Hyde Park Corner. It was, of course, before the days when our architectural heritage acquired legal protection.

[201] Ivan Turgenev (1818–1883), novelist.

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I confess that I was taken by surprise, as it had not occurred to me that even my small allowance might stop, and make it difficult or impossible for me to carry on with unpaid public work or research. I had been lulled into a false sense of security by my father's promise that if my expenses increased when I married he would help me by providing further funds for my wife and children. But this was the moment of truth, and I had to make an immediate decision. It was too late at my age to train for a profession, but if I wanted money my title in those days might have given me a start in business or in the city. I did not really hesitate. I had a gut feeling that my vocation was to be a scholar and a public servant, and that would be possible only with my mother's support. She disapproved as strongly as my father of my political views but nevertheless treated me with unfailing kindness and generosity. When I took my seat immediately as a Labour peer there was another minor family crisis. It was bad enough to sit as a socialist, but this disgrace was now compounded when it was realised that on taking my seat I had Affirmed instead of taking the Oath of Allegiance to His Majesty. Not even a Christian, possibly an Atheist!

I was told my grandmother Listowel had retired to her bed for a week when she heard the news.

The time had now come when I was ready to put pen to paper. At this stage it was easier to work in London than Paris, as I could find all the books I wanted in the Reading Room of the British Museum. What I had in mind was a history of aesthetic theory, picking up the historical thread where it had been dropped by the Oxford idealist Bernard Bosanquet[202] in 1892, when his 'History of Aesthetics' was published, and bringing his seminal work right up to the present day. I had been immensely impressed by the work of the German philosophers of the second half of the 19th century and the beginning of this century, particularly the schools of Einfühlung[203] and the science of art, who, influenced by the development of scientific thought, had abandoned idealism and applied the methods of science to the problems of art and beauty. It seemed to me that they already had most of the answers, and they were almost unknown in my own country, which was still under the influence of the idealism of Benedetto Croce.[204]

I was working in London under the supervision of an excellent academic philosopher, Miss Hilda Oakley [*sic*],[205] at King's College. But

[202] Bernard Bosanquet (1848–1923), philosopher and writer.

[203] Philosophical and aesthetic term coined by German philosopher Robert Vischer in the late 19th century usually translated into English as aesthetic empathy.

[204] Benedetto Croce (1886–1952), philosopher and politician.

[205] Hilda Diana Oakeley (1867–1950), philosopher and academic.

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when I finished my thesis neither she nor anyone else at English Universities knew enough about my subject to be able to judge its merits, and my old friend and teacher Professor Basch had to be summoned from the Sorbonne. His report was mainly critical, so I was relieved when at the end he concluded that my thesis 'would have been accepted for a Doctorate at the University of Paris with an honourable mention'. This was a sufficient recommendation for a Doctor's Degree at London University. My attention was also caught by his remark about the value of my thesis, if it were published, to English readers 'who wanted to find a path through the labyrinth of modern aesthetic theories.' I was lucky enough to find a publisher in Allen and Unwin, and my thesis appeared as a 'History of Modern Aesthetics'.[206] Basch told me that if it had been a thesis for the Sorbonne he would have given it a double degree of merit.

There is nothing more boring than an author who trumpets the virtues of his own book, so I will only quote two press comments, one favourable, and one unfavourable. A literary periodical 'The New English Weekly' did not like my style and simply could not stomach my 'cheap clichés' . I am sure they were right, and I have tried to mend my ways in the revised edition of my book. 'The Listener' on the other hand, a BBC publication, described my history as 'certainly the first account in English of the many important theories of aesthetics which have appeared in Germany during the last 50 years. It is our ignorance of these theories which is largely responsible for the grotesquely exaggerated importance which English writers have attached to the aesthetics of Croce, and for providing a corrective in this respect, if for no other reason, Lord Listowel deserves our gratitude'. The article concluded 'His book may be recommended as now the best introduction to its subject'.

This was not however the view of the majority of professional philosophers, who simply ignored it. It was the era of logical positivism, and aesthetics was regarded like metaphysics as nonsense, a total non-subject. A notable exception was Professor Samuel Alexander, professor of Philosophy at Manchester University, whose letter of April 30, 1933 I should like to quote:

> I was greatly delighted with your book, and I hope it will be much read, and will help the study of aesthetics in this Country.

When I first knew him he had already completed his major work 'Space, Time and Deity'[207] and was writing short pamphlets on art

[206] Published as *A Critical History of Modern Aesthetics* in 1933 and reissued in 2016.
[207] Published in 1920.

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and beauty. He was a brilliant systematic thinker, with a twinkling eye and boyish enthusiasm, and our mutual friend, the late Miss Eleanor Rathbone M.P.,[208] told me he could be seen cycling through the streets of Manchester well into his 70s.

What pleased me most about my book was that though it was not for the general reader it was read throughout the English speaking world and in Latin America. A pirated Spanish translation appeared in Buenos Aires in 1954, and the author pointed out that there had been no history of aesthetic theories in Spanish since the 19th century. I was able to revise my first edition in 1967, when the Teachers College Press of Columbia University in New York asked me to produce a volume in an educational series.[209] I succeeded in correcting many of the mistakes in the first edition, and widening its scope but, I had not the time in a busy life to bring my history up-to-date, so the title to avoid confusion was altered to 'Modern Aesthetics; an Historical Introduction'.

After a first visit to London to read my thesis I never saw Professor Victor Basch again. In France he was a moral force as well as a great savant, and in his capacity as President of the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme[210] he had often denounced the Nazis for the persecution of their political opponents and the Jews. When Hitler invaded France he was therefore a wanted man. He fled with his wife from Paris to Vichy France after the invasion, but when the Germans occupied the whole of France they were both carried off suddenly by the fascist Vichy Police and brutally murdered, although he was by that time an old man in his seventies.

Another friendship born of a mutual interest in aesthetics was with the poet and art critic Sir Herbert Read.[211] I dealt with him rather severely in my book, and I was astonished when he offered to introduce me to Professor Constable[212] of the Courtauld Institute, because he thought his students would benefit from some knowledge of the theory of art. As a result of this introduction I was invited to give a series of lectures. I met him [Read] several times with like minded people in London, and I was always struck by a strange incongruity between his poetic and indeed heroic personality – if one reads between the lines of his story about life in the trenches in the First

[208] Eleanor Rathbone (1872–1946), social reform campaigner and Independent MP.

[209] *Revised edition of my book published by Teachers' College Press, Columbia University, New York (1967): Modern Aesthetics: an historical introduction.*

[210] Originally formed in 1898 to defend Alfred Dreyfus.

[211] Sir Herbert Read (1893–1968), art critic, historian and writer.

[212] W.G. Constable (1887–1976), art historian who in addition to being director of the Courtauld Institute, 1932–1936, held positions such as Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge and curator of the Boston Museum of Art.

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World War, when he was awarded a D.S.O.[213] and an M.C.[214] – and his very ordinary appearance. He was a small man with a round face like a Dutch cheese, and he spoke so softly that it was sometimes difficult to hear him. I had a letter from him in 1967 written only two months before he died, and it shows that he remained faithful for 50 years to the philosophy of life jotted down in his War Diary in February 1917. The extract from his diary reads as follows:

> Art is to my mind a thing of such fundamental value that it should colour our whole outlook on life … Allied to love, it is a complete philosophy of life. Love gives us the fellowship of our species: Art unites us with something vaster – with the whole cosmic process.

Compare this confession of faith with the following extracts from his letter to me: –

> It is very kind of you to send me a copy of the revised edition of your Modem Aesthetics. I have always jealously guarded the first edition and have often referred to it.
>
> Your 'conclusion' is a definition of the subject that I can after all these years of thought on the subject wholly agree with – what you call 'the relational character of beauty'. I still hesitate to equate art and beauty, but that is merely a semantic problem. I also agree that the metaphysical implication of our aesthetic philosophy is a form of monism.

Now that my book on aesthetics had been published, I was able to devote myself to the support of the Labour Party in the House of Lords.[215]

[213] Distinguished Service Order.

[214] Military Cross.

[215] *My apprenticeship to parliament was through London local government. I was elected in 1937 as one of the two members for East Lewisham forming part of the Labour majority. The Municipal Reform Party had been in power for 27 years before the 1934 election (when Labour were elected) and their main objective had been to keep down the rates as 'economy had always been their watchword'. At the end of the three years after 1934, the Labour Party led by Herbert Morrison were able to go to the electorate with a record of achievement more striking than anything that had been attempted for many years past, but with a rise in the rates of 1s and 2d. Nevertheless, in 1937 the electorate again preferred Labour, when they were sent back to finish the job.*

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