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**I MAY be old-fashioned BUT
. . . THIS REALLY SHOCKS ME**

Before me lies a large picture of the Duke of Newcastle. He is smiling a big smile that stretches across three columns of a daily newspaper. Millions of British families must have started their mornings with that smile. By the duke's side stands a girl, young enough to be his daughter. She is also smiling. Smiling at the duke.

As pretty as a picture, with a nice line in mink hanging over her arm. A handsome pair, I say, who have provided the latest example of *marriage à la mode*.

They have broken their marriage vows, left their legal partners, upset a number of lives, and interrupted the growing-up of their children. *I may be old-fashioned, but I am getting a little tired of this sort of thing.*

Not merely of the general slackening of morals, but of the way in which immorality is taken for granted, as though it were rather chic.

There was nothing hole-in-corner about that photograph. It was not a furtive snapshot of two star-crossed lovers escaping through a back door. It was posed in the Dorchester.

As I say, I am getting a little tired of this sort of thing in a so-called Christian country.

An Evil Creed

I am not one of those who think that infidelity is the ultimate sin. Ever since I was an undergraduate I have fought for the humanization of our divorce laws. But when I see all restraint abandoned and all discipline despised I am inclined to despair.

One of the most evil men who ever lived, the late Aleister Crowley, once coined a phrase that summed up the whole of his hideous philosophy. Ten words: **"DO WHAT THOU WILT IS THE WHOLE OF THE LAW."**

It is a creed that must end, as it ended with him, in the total damnation of body and soul. And it seems to me that a

very large percentage of British men and women have decided to adopt it.

Do what thou wilt. If you see a pretty woman and want to possess her, go right ahead. Nature is nature isn't it? All the world loves a lover. . . . what?

Do what thou wilt. If you want to live like a rake and ruin your health, the State will take care of you. If you want to over-spend and blue your savings, the State will educate your children.

Nobody but a sucker believes in discipline nowadays. Discipline is "bull," and "bull," as we all know, is out.

Yes, I am sure that all this is very old-fashioned. And the only reason I dare to write it is because I have a faint hope that there may be a few other people, not necessarily senile or decrepit, who are equally old-fashioned.

I am not writing a tirade against "sex": one might as well write a tirade against Niagara Falls. But I am most bitterly deploring the current conception that sex comes first, that sex is the ultimate master, that sex excuses everything.

Worthwhile

I BELIEVE that nothing worthwhile in art, in business, in sport, or in any human activity is achieved without relentless discipline.

I BELIEVE that a man's life—a good life and a full life—is a matter of blood, tears, toil, and sweat from the cradle to the grave.

I BELIEVE this most passionately, about the family and the home

And if there are not enough people who share this creed, **I BELIEVE** that, before long, Britain will be a second-rate nation in the eyes of the world and a fifth-rate nation in the eyes of God.