



# *The* **DEFENDANT**

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'I have found that humanity is not incidentally engaged, but eternally and systematically engaged, in throwing gold into the gutter and diamonds into the sea. . . . ; therefore I have imagined that the main business of man, however humble, is defence. I have conceived that a defendant is chiefly required when worldlings despise the world – that a counsel for the defence would not have been out of place in the terrible day when the sun was darkened over Calvary and Man was rejected of men.'

G.K. Chesterton, 'Introduction', *The Defendant* (1901)

## **The Reality of Fairy Tales** (Karl Schmude)

Pages 1-2

## **Frances: the Woman Who was Chesterton** (Ian Johnstone)

Page 3

## **Belloc's Four Men Revisited** (Tony Evans)

Page 4

## **First and Last: Chesterton as a Daily Journalist** (Dale Ahlquist)

Pages 5-7

## **Tolkien – the Chesterton Inspiration** (David Alton)

Page 8

## **The Reality of Fairy Tales**

*by Karl Schmude*

A recent decision by the State Government of Victoria to warn against fairy tales on account of the gender bias they supposedly contain brings to mind the profound value they always held for Chesterton.

He would have been moved to gentle mockery by a government attempt to recruit fairy tales in the cause of identity politics. Under the current Premier, Daniel Andrews, Melbourne seems to have become a reverse of the familiar Dickens title: it is now 'a city of two tales' – countering fairy tales that are grounded in reality while replacing them with false tales that are founded on fantasy.

The Victorian government's Respectful Relationships program is not only promoting ideological correctness in sex – and fabricating how young people actually relate to life – but, at the same time, distracting attention from the important pictures of reality that are found in fairy tales.



*Chesterton as a 13-year old*

To Chesterton, fairy tales are all about reality. They are not an indulgence in fantasy or 'make believe.' On the contrary, they contain what he called 'the deepest truth of the earth, the real record of men's feeling for things.'

Fairy tales are full of moral truths, so that Beauty and the Beast contains 'the eternal and essential truth that until we love a thing in all its ugliness we cannot make it beautiful.' ('William Morris and His School', *Twelve Types*, 1902)

In *Orthodoxy* (1908), Chesterton devotes an entire chapter, 'The Ethics of Elfland,' to showing how fairy tales supplied his earliest intellectual formation. 'My first and last



## **Laughter in Paradise: G.K. Chesterton and humour**

The 2017 Australian Chesterton conference will take place on **Saturday, October 21**, at Campion College in Old Toongabbie, Sydney. Papers will focus on various aspects of Chesterton's humour, including Chesterton and the Marx Brothers; Christian humour in Dante, Chaucer, Cervantes and Chesterton; and Chesterton's favourite Shakespeare comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

For further information, please contact Karl Schmude – at [kgschmude@gmail.com](mailto:kgschmude@gmail.com) or on: 0407 721 458.

philosophy,' he wrote, 'that which I believe in with unbroken certainty, I learnt in the nursery.' Fairyland was for him 'the sunny country of common sense' - and fairy tales the source of a sound philosophy of life.

In another place, he explains that the core of fairy tales is also the core of ethics - that 'peace and happiness can only exist on some condition. . . . that all happiness hangs on one thin veto; all positive joy depends on one negative. . . . that, if one does the thing forbidden, one imperils all the things provided.'

He went on to illustrate the many fundamental truths revealed in fairy tales:

'Cinderella may have a dress woven on supernatural looms and blazing with unearthly brilliance; but she must be back when the clock strikes twelve. . . .

'A girl is given a box on condition she does not open it; she opens it, and all the evils of this world rush out at her. A man and woman are put in a garden on condition that they do not eat one fruit: they eat it, and lose their joy in all the fruits of the earth.' ('Fairy Tales,' *All Things Considered*, 1908)

While the Victorian government looks to encouraging children to act as 'fairytale detectives' and identify gendered messages in fairy tales, Chesterton focused on the principal truths about life that are there to be discovered.

He was aware that some people thought fairy tales were bad for children - as when, on one occasion, a lady wrote to him that it was cruel to tell children such tales as it frightened

them. Chesterton's response was that this misunderstands the nature of children who, if denied stories about scary mythical creatures like goblins, will simply conjure them up for themselves.

Children are alarmed at this world, Chesterton argued, because it is a very alarming place. Their fear does not come from fairy tales: it comes from what Chesterton calls 'the universe of the soul.' He then explained how fairy tales fill out the child's understanding of reality:

'Fairy tales do not give the child the idea of the evil or the ugly; that is in the child already, because it is in the world already. Fairy tales do not give a child his first idea of bogey. What fairy tales give the child is his first clear idea of the possible defeat of bogey. The baby has known the dragon intimately ever since he had an imagination. What the fairy tale provides for him is a St. George to kill the dragon.' ('The Red Angel,' *Tremendous Trifles*, 1909)

The Victorian government's concern about the damaging effects of fairy tales bears out, in a peculiar and even perverse way, Chesterton's high appreciation of such childhood literature. The government is only pursuing such programs of social engineering because it recognizes the powerful impact that fairy tales can have on the very young. What a pity it did not consult Chesterton's writings on the subject, and spend some time in 'the sunny country of common sense' - and thus avoid the embarrassment of a monumental missing of the point. ■

*This article was first published in the Catholic Weekly (Sydney), 23 April 2017*

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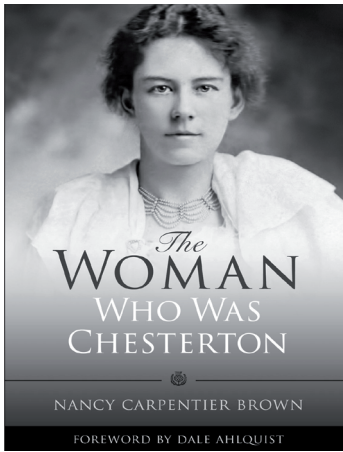
### **Chesterton on the Imagination of the Child**



'I knew then [as a child], exactly as I know now, that there is something mysterious and perhaps more than mortal about the power and call of imagination...

'The purity of the child largely consists in its entire absence of morality in the sense of Puritan morality, and all the modern and muddled moralities that have sprung from it, scientific and provincial and equivocal, especially the confusions about different meanings of words like "fact" and "fable" and falsehood. The problem is very close to the real problem about images. A child knows that a doll is not a baby; just as clearly as a real believer knows that a statue of an angel is not an angel. But both know that in both cases the image has the power of both opening and concentrating the imagination...

'[The child] understands the two essential types of truth: the truth of the mystic, which turns a fact into a truth where it should be turned into a truth, because the alternative is a triviality; and the truth of the martyr, which treats a truth as a fact, where it should be treated as a fact, because the alternative is a lie.' ('The Pantomime,' *The Common Man*, 1950)



# Frances - the Woman who was Chesterton

by Ian Johnstone

*Ian Johnstone has had a lifetime interest in G.K. Chesterton and was an early member of the Australian Chesterton Society. He has read widely and contributed keenly to civic and community life. A retired solicitor in the rural NSW city of Armidale, he recently published Armidale and the Great War (2017), a biographical study of local soldiers and nurses who served in World War I. Here he reviews Nancy Carpentier Brown's The Woman Who Was Chesterton (Foreword by Dale Ahlquist; published by American Chesterton Society, Bloomington, Indiana, 2015)*

This highly readable biography of Frances, GK Chesterton's wife, is largely a moving story of their productive, mutual, deeply caring and loving relationship. They were married for 35 years. They made each other the best person they could be. Nancy Brown's uplifting Epilogue says it well:

Of all the people in the world, Frances knew Gilbert best—knew him and loved him. She helped him become the person he was, write all he wrote, and see the world in the way he did. Theirs was a truly deep, truly divine, truly loving love story, and, because of this, well worth knowing.

Gilbert (1874-1936), the brilliant journalist, novelist, essayist, poet, biographer, philosopher, and orator, was a big man; about 6 feet 4 inches tall and in adulthood weighed about 20 stone. No wonder he was glad of Frances to do up his shoes! He smoked Corona cigars. He died of a heart attack aged 62.

Frances Blogg (1869-1938) was the eldest of seven children of a diamond merchant. She was first a teacher and from 1895, General Secretary to the Parents' National Educational Union.

She loved children, and wrote poems and plays for them. It was a dismaying blow to her to find in 1909, after an operation in 1908 to improve her fertility, that they could not have children.

She met Gilbert in 1896 and they married in 1901. She had no idea then that he was to become a great writer, celebrated journalist and lecturer. She had medical problems including one leg shorter than the other, and general muscular arthritis. She was devastated by his death and wrote poems for him in the two and a half years she lived after him. She wrote to her long-term friend Fr John O'Connor after Gilbert's death: "I find it increasingly difficult to keep going. The feeling that he needs me no longer is unbearable." She died painfully, aged 69, from an unspecified cancer.

Gilbert converted to Catholicism in 1922 and Frances converted four years later in 1926. Their spirituality meant a lot to both of them, and both thought deeply about their religion.

In 1909 they moved to live at Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, and stayed there until they died. The house is preserved in their

memory and visited by the many followers of Chesterton all over the world.

*Father John O'Connor wrote of Frances Chesterton after Gilbert's death: "we owe much of his best and highest work to her never-failing enthusiasm."*

Frances supported Gilbert in all he did but discouraged him from smoking, eating and drinking, for his own welfare. In 1911 she edited and published a collection of his writings entitled *The Wit and Wisdom of Chesterton*. That year he published *Ballad of the White Horse* and dedicated it to her.

She accompanied him and helped him on their tours of Palestine in 1919, Italy in 1920, USA in 1921, Poland in 1927, Italy again in 1929 when he met Pope Pius XI, USA again, and Canada, in 1929/30, Dublin 1932, Rome again in 1934, Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland and Belgium in 1935, and Lourdes and Lisieux in France in 1936.

Brown is admirably careful in choosing her sources of information. She uses mostly only first-hand ones of what Frances herself wrote and what Gilbert wrote. She ignores, for example, the suspect tirades of Ada Chesterton (1869-1962), widow of Gilbert's younger brother Cecil (1879-1918) who served and died from wounds in the Great War in 1918.

Brown's quotes are always revealing of true feelings. For example, Gilbert described Frances as "in all ways a kindred spirit". Father O'Connor wrote after Gilbert's death: "we owe much of his best and highest work to her never-failing enthusiasm."

Brown's comprehensive biography includes five pages listing Frances' works and music. Frances has an entry in Wikipedia. Brown has also written extensively about Gilbert and Frances and her publications are summarised on page 260.

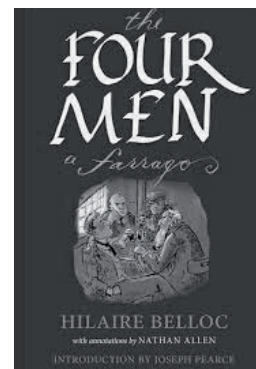
Aficionados of GKC will thrill to read of how essential Frances was to his writing. Here is the inside story of GKC. It is a most impressive accomplishment by Nancy Brown. ■



# Belloc's Four Men Revisited

by Tony Evans

**Tony Evans** retired early after many years as a producer with ABC radio and television in Perth. He subsequently published four historical biographies, the most recent of which was the life and work of William Wardell, the architect of St Mary's Cathedral in Sydney and St Patrick's in Melbourne. In 2014 Tony returned with his wife and family to his boyhood home in Belloc's Sussex, close to the route taken by *The Four Men*. He has been a life-long reader and admirer of both Chesterton and Belloc.



Although *The Four Men* is a modern masterpiece - the best of Belloc - it is not as universally revered as it deserves to be.

This may be partly because it defies simple categorisation. *The Four Men* is not simply a travel book, although travel is the thread that binds the narrative together. It also includes strange tales, legends, debates, drinking songs and arguments. The style is discursive and appeals to those who do not read in a hurry, but like to savour the book like a good red wine.

Belloc acknowledges this by adding the subtitle 'a farrago' which can be roughly translated from the Latin as 'hotchpotch'. The first writer to use the description, farrago, was the poet Juvenal in his *Satires*. He describes his own works as containing 'all that men are engaged in, their fears, anger, pleasures, joys and varied pursuits forming the hotchpotch ["farrago" in the original Latin] of my book' (Juvenal, *Satires*, Vol. 1, p74, translated by Lewes Evans).

To use a modern metaphor, *The Four Men* is a cult book, in that it is beloved and appreciated by a coterie of disciples who, nevertheless, don't want to keep it to themselves but want to share their enthusiasm with a far wider readership.

We therefore welcome this new, handsome soft-cover edition published by the American Chesterton Society (ACS) in association with Tan Books. It has an attractive, neat appearance highly suitable for carrying in the pocket or purse to become instantly available when walking; or in moments when waiting for one's next appointment.

The bones of the plot are simple enough: the author - 'myself' - sets out on a walk across his beloved county of Sussex, from East to West. He falls in casually with three companions. He calls an old man Grizzlebeard; the second one a carefree sailor, and third, a dreamy poet.

There's a metaphysical aura about these companions: are they real? In a sense they are not all flesh and bone; we quickly deduce that they are all different aspects of Belloc himself - Belloc the poet; the sailor; the older man of experience and wisdom; and the author.

In a letter to Maurice Baring, Belloc confirms that the sailor, the poet and Grizzlebeard are indeed intended to be supernatural beings - 'they only turn out to be supernatural beings when we get to the town of Liss, which is over the Hampshire border' (Quoted in Robert Speaight's biography of Belloc, New York, 1970, p.325).

On the cover of this edition is a sketch of the four companions looking very natural as they drink their beer around a pub table. The artist, T. Schluenderfritz, has wonderfully caught their characters, and we can see in each individual a fleeting resemblance to the pugnacious Belloc as we have grown to know him from sketches and photographs.

A valuable bonus is the introduction by Joseph Pearce, the latest biographer of Belloc. He explains how *The Four Men* is a book of pilgrimage 'conveying a soul's love for his native land...it is full of spiritual premonitions of the character of enduring things amid the decay of time.'

Another addition to the book which makes this edition unique is the erudite annotations by Nathan Allen. Wisely, the publisher has preferred to keep his annotations to the bottom of each page. We can therefore ignore those annotations too well known to need explanation, and benefit from those that do - like the fact that Belloc must have undertaken the walk at a much later date than the dates given each day in his narrative. Allen deduces this from his researches into the phases of the moon which Belloc clearly describes on certain occasions. The phases do not tally with the stated dates in November 1902 but with those several years later.

Belloc is often witty, pugnacious, and bombastic, but always has a glint of humour in the eye.

Sometimes it is as if he challenges us to argue with him. And when we point out a mistake he will only laugh at us, as he would do when he tells the story of how the Devil was thwarted in his attempt to flood Sussex by digging a dyke, or cutting through the Downs which protected the county from the sea. The devil in a rage flew off, flapping his great wings which the people thought was an aeroplane 'with which they were very familiar.' Clearly this is absurd on one level in the 10th century days of St Dunstan. But Belloc wasn't writing on one level. We greatly misjudge Belloc if we discount his bombast and high spirits, and demand that he be always drily factual.

I am fortunate to own a couple of 1st edition volumes of *The Four Men* with their cloth-bound brown covers, and their tipped-in plates of the sketches by Belloc. They are too precious to carry around with me so I am delighted to have this handsome portable edition as well, with all its additional material, and this is the one I would recommend. ■



Dale Ahlquist

# First and Last: Chesterton as a Daily Journalist

by Dale Ahlquist

A significant gap in Chesterton's available writings has been his contributions to the *Daily News*, a British newspaper, founded in 1846 by Charles Dickens, for which Chesterton wrote from 1901 to 1913. The gap has now been filled by the publication of a complete set of this journalism, edited by Dr Julia Stapleton of the University of Durham.

**Dale Ahlquist**, President of the American Chesterton Society, played an early role in preparing this trove of material for publication. He has reviewed, in successive issues of the Society's journal *Gilbert*, each of the eight volumes. His reviews of the set's first and last volumes are here reproduced with the kind permission of Dale Ahlquist and the American Chesterton Society.

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*Daily News* - Volume 1, 1901–1902

(Dale Ahlquist's review first published in *Gilbert: the magazine of the American Chesterton Society*. March/April 2015)

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Back in those dark days of my former life when I was a lobbyist, there were occasions of light that suggested something much better waited for me.

One of those was the extra day I spent in Washington DC, after nearly a week of meetings with senators, congressmen, and bureaucrats, which found me in the bowels of the Library of Congress working a microfilm machine - from the time the library opened to the minute it closed. I was printing copies of essays by G.K. Chesterton from the *Daily News*.

It was like finding lost Scripture. Almost no one had seen these essays for nearly a century.

After another trip to Washington, and still another to the University of Chicago, I eventually copied all I could find, some 600 essays. I then put a troop of typists together to get them all typed up. The plan was to get them into book form, just as all the Chesterton essays from the *Illustrated London News* (*ILN*) were reprinted by Ignatius Press as part of the *Collected Works* project.

As wonderful as the *ILN* material is, there is something even fresher and livelier and more inventive in the *Daily News* essays as Chesterton spreads his wings and learns to fly as a young London journalist at the dawn of the twentieth century. But the Ignatius project continued to move slowly, and not even all *ILN* essays waited for completion nearly twenty years after the first volume had come out. My hopes of getting the *Daily News* essays into print was further dampened by the fact that there are no scholars around who

were even aware of them—much less interested in taking on the task of editing them.

Then, like a beam of light bursting through the clouds, along comes Julia Stapleton, a professor from the University of Durham, in England.

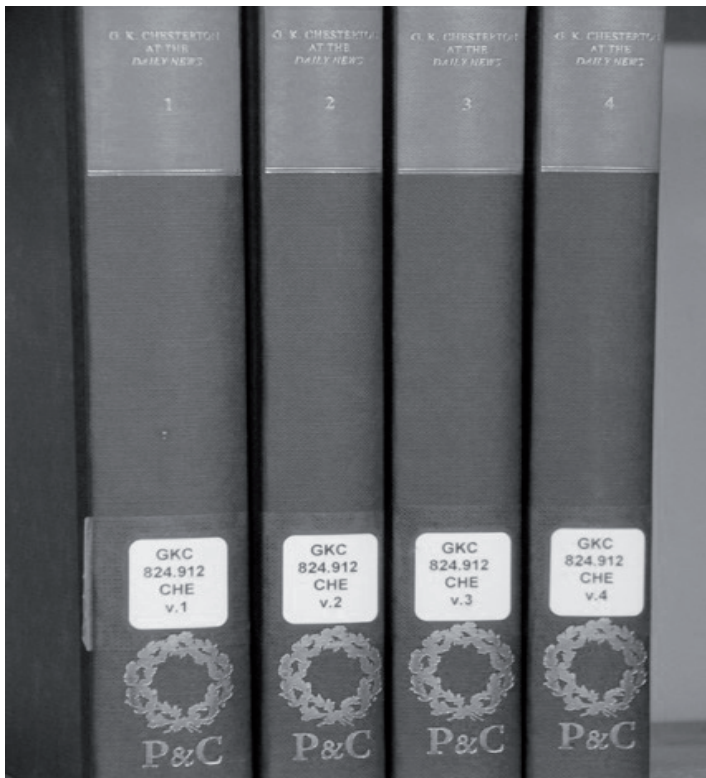
Her special interest happens to be early 20th century political thought, and she has already written a book on Chesterton. She wants to take on the *Daily News* project, editing and annotating and preparing the essays for publication. I am only too happy to assist her. She is naturally thrilled that I already have them in electronic form. But not all of them.

Julia went to work and found at least twenty essays (and some letters to the editor) that I had missed, including early unsigned ones. One of the most enjoyable parts of my very minor collaboration with her was to offer my opinion on the early unsigned articles. Were they or weren't they by Chesterton? I had pegged the earliest one as being an anonymous review of a book about Swinburne, February 12, 1901, but she found not one but two earlier pieces, the earliest being a review of a book on the history of Chinese literature from January 16, 1901.

A certain Norwegian bibliographer [Geir Hasnes] claims there are earlier ones. Ah, but where are they? There is no question that there is early unsigned Chesterton journalism out there, if not in the *Daily News*, then in other papers and publications. All we need is all the time in the world to find them.

And something to drink while we're looking!

Unfortunately, Ignatius Press did not jump on the opportunity to publish the marvellous collection that Julia had edited. Perhaps even more unfortunately, Pickering and Chatto did. The result is a beautiful set of eight hardbound volumes.



Nothing wrong with that. The unfortunate bit is the price. More than one thousand dollars. Some day, we hope, it will come out in an affordable edition. In the meantime, it will be found only in an occasional library of an occasional institution. It may as well still be on microfilm in the Library of Congress.



But even before he quit, we can see a change in tone during the last months of his tenure there, especially when he devotes one of his columns to an open letter to the Liberal Party. In it, he confesses that, for the first time since he started writing for the paper, he is not enjoying himself. He admits that he has been a Liberal 'since shortly before I was born' because the party represented freedom and democracy.

He could see, however, that it was clearly acting in the direct opposite of those ideals. Before the straw that actually breaks the camel's back, there is a penultimate straw that does severe spinal damage. For Chesterton it is the compulsory Insurance Act, and the fact that the paper calls someone who opposes the act an 'anarchist'.

Chesterton has already spoken out against the problems posed by compulsory health insurance: the rise in the power of the medical establishment joined at the hip with government, the looming threat of eugenics and, with it, infanticide, the messing with marriage, the manipulation of the working class, and above all, the helplessness of the citizen to do anything about it: 'The broad, brutal, fundamental fact about the capitalist State in which we live is in two parts: First, that we are all servants; second, that we know less and less whom we are serving.'

And: 'It used to be the weak things that hid themselves, now it is the strong things that hide.' He sees everywhere the loss of freedom and democracy: 'Russians have thousands of rifles, as Englishmen have thousands of votes: very nice things to have, if one were only allowed to use them.'

As in his early days at the *Daily News*, he still brings up literature, but even here there is a noticeable change. He offers a criticism of some modern writers, Kipling, the barely-remembered Israel Zangwill, and the now largely forgotten Hall Caine, as being brilliant writers who lost something when they stopped writing about the universe and starting writing about the world.

### Less Universal, More Particular

In some ways, and certainly for some people, this was about the same time that Chesterton himself succumbed to the same thing. His writing became less universal and more particular. He went from the universe and its glories

to the world and its problems. But unlike his 'realistic' colleagues, Chesterton does not simply describe the problems - he offers some solutions.

'We say that . . . an owner would be in a simpler and honester attitude to the whole universe. He would say, "I know the fruit of my acts and the limits of my responsibility. I know whom I am serving: I am serving myself, my wife and children, and what I can give beyond the necessary I will give to such a God as I may truly worship or such a public policy as I may truly approve."

'But, as things are in a complex wage-earning society (whether capitalist or collectivist in its form), no man of any trade really knows for whose benefit he has done one single stroke of his work. . . Our work is not simple enough to have any sense in it. The meaning has gone out of our daily actions; and our very gestures are void and vain.'

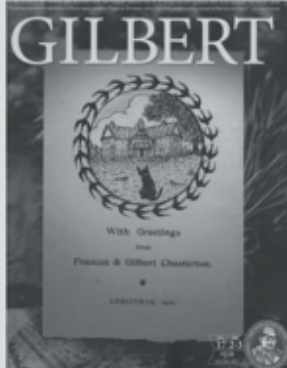
He also heroically defends Home Rule for Ireland, which again is something his ruling party opposes.

Chesterton calls out the unnatural position of the Englishman, which has led to a permanent persecution of the Irish people. His analysis is acute and prophetic. The ideas that are 'now believed tolerantly, casually,' that were 'once held savagely but now only sanely' are: first, the theory of the triumphant Teuton; second, the horror of the Roman religion; and third, the belief in commerce and the contempt for agriculture. These beliefs would not only lead to the horrors of Nazi Germany, but the horrors the world is now experiencing. We have put our trust in man, not in God. And we have put our trust in gold.

'And what shall we answer? I confess I can only answer in that lamentable sort of language used when religious differences were very marked: that if our God be God He can deliver us out of this furnace, but if not, we will not worship a golden image that such men have set up; that the safety of the proud insults heaven; and that idols are not always empty, but are the houses of devils.'

The end comes in February 1913.

Chesterton breaks with the paper and the party, both of which he had served loyally. He learns the hard lesson that the people in power cannot be trusted and that we cannot expect political solutions to the problems that plague us. ■



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# Tolkien – the Chesterton Inspiration

by David Alton

Last November, Lord David Alton (pictured) spoke on J.R.R. Tolkien as part of a Distinguished Lecture series at his alma mater, the Liverpool Hope University, in the city of Liverpool. The lecture marked the fiftieth anniversary of Tolkien's involvement in the translation of the Jerusalem Bible, and examined the link between his faith and his fiction.

Lord Alton is a well-known Catholic layman in England who spoke in Sydney at the second National Conference of the Australian Chesterton Society in 2001. The following portion of his Liverpool lecture relating to Chesterton and Tolkien is republished in The Defendant with Lord Alton's kind permission. It is available in full at: <https://davidalton.net/2016/11/10/tolkien-faith-and-fiction-liverpool-hope-university-lecture-marking-the-fiftieth-anniversary-of-j-r-r-tolkiens-involvement-in-the-translation-of-the-jerusalem-bible-and-the-link-between-his-faith/>

Tolkien and C.S. Lewis had read and were both inspired by the writings of Chesterton, who died in 1936, the year in which *The Hobbit* was completed.

In 1922 Chesterton's last book before becoming a Catholic was *Eugenics and Other Evils*, in which he stood against Margaret Sanger and the other early cheer-leaders for the Nazis who literally argued for 'More Children for the Fit. Less for the Unfit.' Sanger made it clear whom she considered unfit: 'Hebrews, Slavs, Catholics, and Negroes.'

Chesterton argued that, if people dared to challenge science without ethics, such as eugenics or cloning, attempts are made to belittle them with 'the same stuffy science, the same bullying bureaucracy, and the same terrorism by tenth-rate professors.'

Tolkien shared Chesterton's loathing of eugenics. In 1938 he condemned Nazi 'race-doctrine' as 'wholly pernicious and unscientific.' And, after Hiroshima and Nagasaki, he described the scientists who had created the atomic bomb as 'these lunatic physicists' and 'Babel-builders.'

Three years after *Eugenics and Other Evils*, Chesterton published his *Everlasting Man* (1925), which disputed H.G. Wells' view that civilisation was merely an extension of animal life and that Christ was no more than a charismatic figure.

In contesting this, Chesterton said Christianity had 'died many times and risen again; for it had a God who knew the way out of the grave.' Neither he nor Tolkien had any doubt about the Divinity of Christ, the Son of God.

In *The Everlasting Man* Chesterton paints the canvas of humanity's spiritual journey and portrays Christianity as the bedrock of Western civilisation.

Later, C.S. Lewis said that the combination of Chesterton's apologetics and George MacDonald's stories had between them shaped his intellect and imagination. In 1947 Lewis wrote to Rhonda Bodle that 'the [very] best popular defence of the full Christian position I know is G. K. Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man*.' Having abandoned his atheism, Lewis

wryly remarked that a young man who is serious about his atheism cannot be too careful about what he reads!

Tolkien and Lewis were also influenced by Chesterton's belief in *Merrie England* as an antidote to the pernicious dehumanisation represented by over-industrialisation and the Servile State. The culture of Tolkien's Shire is the culture of Merrie England.

Chesterton saw *Merrie England* in the guise of the country inn, the Sunday roast, conversation around the fireside, through the medieval Guilds, arts and crafts. Tolkien captured these ideas in the people of the Shire. He always made clear his intense hatred of the rapacious destruction of the English countryside and the desirability of the simple life. For most of his life Tolkien used a bicycle rather than a car, of which he thought there were too many, although it is unclear whether, like his Hobbits, he looked forward to two breakfasts.

Tolkien and Lewis took from Chesterton their profound belief in the human dignity of every person, each made in the likeness and image of God. The castrating unmaning of men ('men without chests') was captured by Lewis in *The Abolition of Man* (1943), and grotesque scientific brutality is the theme of his novel *That Hideous Strength* (1945).

In 1930 Chesterton had observed that: 'When people begin to ignore human dignity, it will not be long before they begin to ignore human rights.' And in his *Autobiography* (1936) he wrote:

*'I did not really understand what I meant by Liberty, until I heard it called by the new name of Human Dignity. It was a new name to me; though it was part of a creed nearly two thousand years old. In short, I had blindly desired that a man should be in possession of something, if it were only his own body. In so far as materialistic concentration proceeds, a man will be in possession of nothing; not even his own body.'*

*'Already there hover on the horizon sweeping scourges of sterilisation or social hygiene, applied to everybody and imposed by nobody. At least I will not argue here with what are quaintly called the scientific authorities on the other side. I have found one authority on my side.'* ■