Mr. Principal, Your Imminence, Your Disgraces, my Thorns, Shadies and Gentledevils: It is customary on these occasions for the speaker to address himself chiefly to those among you who have just been graduated and who will very soon be posted to official Tempterships on earth. It is a custom I willingly obey. I well remember with what trepidation I awaited my own first appointment. I hope and believe that each one of you has the same uneasiness tonight. Your career is before you. Hell expects and demands that it should be—as mine was—one of unbroken success. If it is not, you know what awaits you.

I have no wish to reduce the wholesome and realistic element of terror, the unremitting anxiety, which must act as the lash and spur to your endeavors. Yet at the same time I would wish to put before you a moderately encouraging view of the strategic situation as a whole.

Your dreaded principal has included in a speech full of points something like an apology for the banquet which he has set before us. Well, Gentledevils, no one blames him. But it would be vain to deny that the human souls on whose anguish we have been feasting tonight were of pretty poor quality. Not all the most skillful cookery of our tormentors could make them better than insipid.

Oh, to get one's teeth again into a Herod, a Henry the Eighth, or even a Hitler! There was real crackling there; something to crunch; a rage, an egotism, a cruelty only just less robust than our own. It put up a delicious resistance to being devoured. It warmed your inwards when you'd got it down.

Instead of this, what have we had tonight? There was a municipal authority with Graft sauce. But personally I could not detect in him the flavor of a really passionate and brutal avarice such as delighted one in the great tycoons of the last century. Was he not unmistakably a Little Man—a creature of the petty rake-off pocketed with a pettv joke in private and denied with the stalest platitudes in his public utterances; a grubby little nonentity who

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About the Author

Clive Staples Lewis, professor of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Oxford, has been described as possessing "the rare gift of being able to make righteousness readable." Since the publication of Doctor Lewis's The Screwtape Letters in 1942, the book has become a satirical classic—one of those rare works that approach the problems of Christian morality with both grace and humor. Screwtape, the writer of the letters, is a senior devil who gives his nephew, Wormwood, a junior devil, an advanced correspondence course on how to corrupt human souls. As Screwtape here reappears as an after-dinner speaker, we repeat Doctor Lewis's earlier admonition to his readers: "... the devil is a liar. Not everything that Screwtape says should be assumed to be true even from his own angle." Photograph by Wolf Suschitzky
had drifted into corruption, only just realizing that he was corrupt, and chiefly because everyone else did it? Then there was the lukewarm Casserole of Adulterers. Could you find in it any trace of a fully inflamed, defiant, rebellious, insatiable lust? I couldn’t. They all tasted to me like undersexed morons who had blundered or trickled into the wrong beds in automatic response to sexy advertisements, or to make themselves feel modern and emancipated, or to reassure themselves about their virility or their normalcy, or even because they had nothing else to do. Frankly, to me who have tasted Messalina and Casanova, they were nauseating. The Trade Unionist garnished with sedition was perhaps a shade better. He had done some real harm. He had, not quite unknowingly, worked for bloodshed, famine and the extinction of liberty. Yes, in a way. But what a way! He thought of those ultimate objectives so little. Toeing the party line, self-importance, and above all mere routine, were what really dominated his life.

But now comes the point. Gastronomically, all this is deplorable. But I hope none of us puts gastronomy first. Is it not, in another and far more serious way, full of hope and promise?

Consider first the mere quantity. The quality may be wretched; but we never had souls (of a sort) in more abundance.

And then the triumph. We are tempted to say that such souls—or such residual puddles of what once was soul—are hardly worth damning. Yes, but the Enemy—for whatever inscrutable and perverse reason—thought them worthwhile trying to save. Believe me, He did. You youngsters who have not yet been on active service have no idea with what labor, with what delicate skill, each of these miserable creatures was finally captured.

The difficulty lay in their very smallness and flabbiness. Here we were vermin so muddled in mind, so passively responsive to environment, that it was very hard to raise them to that level of clarity and deliberateness at which mortal sin becomes possible. To raise them just enough; but not that fatal millimeter of “too much.” For then, of course, all would possibly have been lost. They might have seen; they might have repented. On the other hand, if they had been raised too little, they would very possibly have qualified for Limbo, as creatures suitable neither for Heaven nor for Hell; things that, having failed to make the grade, are allowed to sink into a more or less contented subhumanity forever.

In each individual choice of what the Enemy would call the “wrong” turning, such creatures are at first hardly, if at all, in a state of full spiritual responsibility. They do not understand either the source or the real character of the prohibitions they are breaking. Their unconscious hardly exists apart from the social atmosphere that surrounds them. And, of course, we have contrived that their very language should be all smudge and blur; what would be a bribe in someone else’s profession is a tip or a present in theirs. The job of their Tempters was first, of course, to harden these choices of the Hellward roads into a habit by steady repetition. But then—and this was all-important—to turn the habit into a principle, a principle the creature is prepared to defend. After that, all will go well. Conformity to the social environment, at first merely instinctive or even mechanical—how should a jelly not conform?—now becomes an unacknowledged creed or ideal of Togetherness or Being Like Folks. Mere ignorance of the law they break now turns into a vague theory about it—remember they know no history—a theory expressed by calling it conventional or puritan or bourgeois morality.

Thus gradually there comes to exist at the center of the creature a hard, tight, settled core of resolution to go on being what it is, and even to resist moods that might tend to alter it. It is a very small core; not at all reflective (they are too ignorant) nor defiant (their emotional and imaginative poverty excludes that); almost, in its own way, prim and demure, like a pebble or a very young cancer. But it will serve our turn. Here at last is a real and deliberate, though not fully articulated, rejection of what the Enemy calls Grace.

These, then, are two welcome phenomena. First, the abundance of our captives; however tasteless our fare, we are in no danger of famine. And secondly, the triumph; the skill of our Tempters has never stood higher. But the third moral, which I have not yet drawn, is the most important of all.

The sort of souls on whose despair and ruin we have—well, I won’t say feasted, but at any rate subsisted—tonight are increasing in numbers and will continue to increase. Our advice from Lower Command assure us that this is so; our directives warn us to orient all our tactics in view of this situation. The “great” sinners, those in whom vivid and genial passions have been pushed beyond the bounds and in whom an immense concentration of will has been devoted to objects which the Enemy abhors, will not disappear. But they will grow rarer. Our catches will be ever more numerous; but they will consist increasingly of trash—trash which we should once have thrown to Cerberus and the hellhounds as unfit for diabolical consumption. And there are two things I want you to understand about this. First, that however depressing it may seem, it is really a change for the better. And secondly, I would draw your attention to the means by which it has been brought about.

It is a change for the better. The great and toothsome—sinners are made out of the very same material as those horrible phenomena, the great saints. The virtual disappearance of such material may mean insipid meals for us. But is it not utter frustration and absolute famine for the Enemy? He did not create the humans—He did not become one of them and die among them by torture—in order to produce candidates for Limbo: “failed” humans. He wanted to make saints, gods, things like Himself. Is the dullness of your present fare not a very small price to pay for the delicious knowledge that His whole great experiment is petering out? But not only that. As the great sinners grow fewer and the majority lose all individuality, the great sinners become far more effective agents for us. Every dictator or even demagogue—almost every film star or crooner—can now draw tens of thousands of the human sheep with him. They give themselves—what there is of them—to him; in him, to us. There may come a time when we shall have no need to bother about individual temptation at all, except for the few. Catch the bellwether, and his whole flock comes after him.

But do you realize how we have succeeded in reducing so many of the human race to the level of ciphers? This has not come about by accident. It has been our answer—and a magnificent answer it is—to one of the most serious challenges we ever had to face.

Let me recall to your minds what the human situation was in the latter part of the nineteenth century—the period at which I ceased to be a practicing Tempter and was rewarded with an administrative post. The great movement toward liberty and equality among men had by then borne solid fruits and grown mature. Slavery had been abolished. The American War of Independence had been won. The French Revolution had succeeded. Religious toleration was almost everywhere on the increase. In that movement there had originally been many elements which were in our favor. Much atheism, much anticlericalism, much envy and thirst for revenge, even some rather absurd attempts to revive paganism, were mixed in it. It was not easy to determine what our own attitude should be. On the one hand it was a bitter blow to us—it still is—that any sort of men who had been hungry should be fed or anyone who had long worn chains should have them struck off. But on the other hand there was the

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movement so much rejection of faith, so much materialism, so much adherence to the view that we felt were bound to encourage it. But by the latter part of the century the situation was much simpler and also much more ominously English, for where I saw most of my front-line service—a horrible thing had happened. The Enemy, with its mass of blank faces, had largely appropriated this progressive or liberalizing movement and perverted it to His own ends. Very little of its old aesthetic Christianity survived. The dangerous phenomenon called Christian Socialism was rampant. Factory owners of the old right type were in favor of labor, instead of being assassinated by their workpeople—we could have used that—were being flown upon by their own class. The rich were increasingly giving up their powers not in the face of revolution and compulsion, but in obedience to their own consciences. As for the poor who benefited by this, they were behaving in a most disappointing fashion. Instead of using their new liberties—as we reasoned as to the expected result of massacre, rape and looting, or even for perpetual intoxication, they were per­haps less disorderly, certainly much more orderly, much more thrifty, better educated and even more virtuous. Believe me, Gentledevils, the threat of something like a total collapse of society seemed then perfectly serious.

Thanks to our Father Below the threat was overcome. The campaign was on two levels. On the deepest level our newly­four­crated people contrived to call into full life an element which had been implicit in the movement from its earliest days. Hidden in the heart of this striving for liberty there was also a deep hatred of personal freedom. North Rensselaer first revealed it. In his perfect democracy, you remember, only the state religion is permitted, slavery is restored, and the individual is told that he has really willed (though he didn’t know it) whatever the government tells him to do. From that starting point, via Hegel (another indis­ensible propagandist on our side) we easily contrived both the Nazi and the Communist states.

Such was our counterattack on one level. You who are mere beginners will not be entranced by that kind of thing. You will be attached as Tempters to private persons. Against them, or through them, our counterattack takes a different form.

“Democracy” is the word with which you must lead them by the nose. The good work which our philological experts have already done in the corruption of the human language makes it unnecessary to warn you that they should never be allowed to give this word a clear and definable mean­ing. They won’t. It will never occur to them that “democracy” is properly the name of a political system, even a system of statehood, and that it has really willed (though he didn’t know it) whatever the government tells him to do. From that starting point, via Hegel (another indis­ensible propagandist on our side) we easily contrived both the Nazi and the Communist states.

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(democracy) to sanction in his thought the most degrading—and also the least enjoyable—of all human feelings. You can get him to practice, not only without shame but with a positive glow of self­approval, conduct which, if defended by the magic word, would be universally derided.

The feeling I mean is, of course, that which prompts a man to say “I’m as good as you.”

The first and most obvious advantage is that you thus induce him to enthrone at the center of his life a good, solid, re­sounding lie. I don’t mean that his state­ment is false merely in fact—that he is no more equal to everyone he meets in kind­ness, honesty and good sense than in weight or waist measurement. I mean that he does not believe it himself. No man who says “I’m as good as you” believes it. He would not say it if he did. The St. Bernard never says it to the toy dog, nor the scholar to the dunce, nor the em­ployable to the bum, nor the pretty woman to the plain. The claim to equality, out­side the strictly political field, is made only by those who feel themselves to be in some way inferior. What it expresses is precisely the itching, smarting, writing awareness of an inferiority which the patient refuses to accept. And therefore resents.

Yes, and therefore resents every kind of superiority in others; denigrates it; wishes its annihilation. Presently he suspects ev­ery mere difference of being a claim to superiority. No one must be different from himself in voice, clothes, manners, recreations, choice of food: “Here is someone who speaks English rather more clearly and euphoniously than I—it must be a vile, upstart, la-di-da affectation. Here’s a fellow who says he doesn’t like hot dogs—he thinks himself too good for them, no doubt. Here’s a man who hasn’t turned on the juice-box—he’s one of those damned highbrows and is doing it to show off. If they were honest­to-goodness all­right Joes they’d be like me. They’ve no business to be different. It’s undemo­cratic.”

Now this useful phenomenon is in it­self by no means new. Under the name of Envy it has been known to the humans for thousands of years. But hith­erto they always regarded it as the most odious, and also the most com­monal, of vices. Those who were aware of feeling it felt it with shame; those who were not gave it no quarter in others. The delight­ful novelty of the present situation is that you can sanction it—make it respectable and even laudable—by the incantatory use of the word “democracy.”

Under the influence of this incantation those who are in any way inferior can labor more wholeheartedly and suc­cessfully than ever before to pull down everyone else to their own level. But that is not all. Under the same influence those who come, or could, nearer to a full humanity, actually draw itself from it for fear of being undemocratic. I am credibly informed that young humans now some­times suppress an incantatory taste for classi­cal music or good literature because it might prevent their Being Like Folks; that people who really would wish to be and are offered the Grace which would enable them to be—honest, chaste, or temperate refuse it. To accept it might make them Different, might offend against the Way of Life, take them out of Togetherness, impair their Integration With The Group. They might (horror of horrors!) become individuals.

Meanwhile, as a delightful by-product, the few (fewer every day) who will not be made Normal and Regular and Like Folks and Integrated, increasingly tend to become-in reality the prigs and cranks which the rabble would in any case have believed them to be. For suspicion often creates what it suspects: “Since, what­ever I do, the neighbors are going to think me a witch, or a Communist agent, I might as well be hanged as a sheep and become one in reality.” As a result we now have an intelligence which, though very small, is very useful to the cause of Hell.

But that is a mere by-product. What I want you to focus your attention on is the vast, over-all movement toward the discrédit­ing, and finally the elimination, of every kind of human excellence—moral, cul­tural, social or intellectual. And is it not pretty to notice how democracy—the incantatory sense—is now doing for us the work that was once done by the most ancient dictatorships, and by the same methods? You remember how one of the Greek dictators (they called them “ty­rants”) then sent an envoy to another dic­tator to ask his advice about the princi­ples of government. The second dictator led the envoy into a field of grain, and then he snicked off with his cane the top of every stalk that rose an inch or so above the general level. The moral was plain. As you know, the ancient world was full of such dictators. The modern world is full of them.

And the spirit of “I’m as good as you” has already become something more than a generally social character. This spirit is now being work­ed into the educational system. How far its operations there have gone at the present mo­ment I would not like to say with cer­tainty. Not yet. Once you have grasped the tendency, you can easily predict its future developments; especially as we ourselves will play our part in the de­veloping. The basic principle of the new education is to be that dunces and idlers must not be made to feel inferior to intel­ligent and successful pupils. That way they will be “undemocratic.” These differences among the pupils—for they are obviously and punishable individual differences—must not be disguised. This can be done on various—not on various—levels. At universities examinations must be framed so that nearly all the students get good marks. Entrance examinations must be framed so that all, or nearly all, citizens can go to universities, whether they have any power or wish to profit by higher education or not. At schools for children who are too stupid or lazy to learn languages and mathematics and ele­mental science can be set to doing the things that children used to do in their spare time. Let them, for example, make mud pies and call it modeling. But all the time the faintest nudge is given to the idea that they are inferior to the children who are at work. Whatever nonsense they are en­thusiastically believed the English already use the phrase—“parity of es­teem.” An even more drastic scheme is not impossible. Children who are fit to produce nothing at all can be given no class, and be especially kept back, because the others would get a “trauma”—Beelzebub, what a useful word—being left behind. The bright pupil then becomes democratically fettered to his own age group throughout his school career, and a boy who would have been a Caesar or a Dante sits listening to his coeval’s attempts to spell out “A Cat Sat on a Mat.”

In a word, we may reasonably hope for the virtual abolition of education when “I’m as good as you” has fully had its
way. All incentives to learn and all penalties for not learning will vanish. The few who might want to learn will be prevented—who are they to overturned their fellows'?—the whole less have to plot and toil and spread imparturbable conceit and incurable ignorance among men. The little vermin themselves will do it for us.

Of course, this would not follow unless all education became state education. But it will. That is part of the same movement. Penal taxes, designed for that purpose, were testing the trial class, or the class which was prepared to save and spend and make sacrifices in order to have its children privately educated. The removal of this class, besides linking with the abolition of education, is fortunately an inevitable effect of the spirit that says "I'm as good as you." This was, after all, the idea of the title of God's textbook: for the overwhelming majority of their scientists, philosophers, theologians, poets, artists, composers, architects, jurists and administrators. If ever a democratic society was modelled which needed their tips knocked off, it was surely they. As an English politician remarked not long ago, "A democracy does not want great men."

Public Pudgery

Ethel Jacobson

Sic only took one parking spot, This blithely heedless parker—
Half of it on either side.

Of the dividing marker, I hope she stays there overtime
And gets two tickets for her crime.

It would be idle to ask of such a creature whether by "want" it meant "need" or "like." But you should be clear. For here Aristotle's question arises again.

We, in Hell, would welcome the disappearance of this blithely heedless parker in the strict sense of that word—the political arrangement so-called. Like all forms of government it often works to our advantage; but on the whole less often than it does. And what we must realize is that "democracy" in the diabolical sense—"I'm as good as you," Being Like Folks, Togetherness—is the finest instrument we have ever had of all the political democracies from the face of the earth.

For "democracy" or the "democratic spirit" (diabolical sense) leads to a nation without great men, a nation mainly of subliterate, morally flaccid from lack of discipline in youth, full of the corkiness which flattery breeds on ignorance, blustering or whimpering if rebuked. And that is what Hell wishes every democratic people to be. For when such a nation meets in conflict a nation where children have been taught, from school to school, where talent is placed in high posts, and where the ignorant mass is allowed no say at all in public affairs, only one result is possible.

The idea had been developed lately when they found that the Soviet Union had got ahead of them in science. What a delicious specimen of human blindness! If the whole tendency of their society was opposed to excellence, why did they expect their scientists to excel? It is their function to encourage the behavior, the manners, the whole attitude of mind, which democracies naturally like and enjoy, because these are the very things which, if unchecked, will destroy democracy. You would almost wonder that even humans don't see it themselves. But now that they have been made to work in school, where they would be undemocratic) you would have thought the French Revolution would have taught them that the behavior that arises from the natural behavior that preserves aristocracy. They might then have applied the same principle to all forms of government.

But I would not end on that note. I would not—Hell forbid!—encourage in your own minds that delusion which you impose upon me, a human being, in order to make the human beings of you. The idea that we are a bunch of tall talkers that are in ourselves is the fine flower of unhuman actions. I mean the delusion that the fate of nations is in itself more important than that of individual souls. The reason is that the ignorance the multiplication of slave states are the means—besides, of course, being fun—but the real end is the destruction of individual souls. For, if individual souls can be saved or damned, can become great persons, can know immorality, humanity, charity, contentment, and all the pleasures of gratitude or admiration, turns a human being a man almost which might finally lead him to Heaven.

But now for the pleasantest part of my duty. It falls to my lot to propose on behalf of the present host the happy toast to our President Slubgob and the Tempter's Training College.

Fill your glasses. What is this I see? What is this delicious bouquet I inhale? Can you know, Priests of devotion, and all my hard words about the dinner. I send and smell—that even under wartime conditions the college cellar still has a few dozen odd bottles of a Pharisie. Well, well, well! This is like old times. Hold it beneath your noses for a moment, Gentleminds. Hold it up to the light. This is, after all, the wine of the French Revolution. Hold it up to the sunlight. This is the wine that was produced its subtle flavor. Types that were most antagonistic to one another on earth. Some were all rules and relics and rules and words; others were all dress and long faces, and petty traditional abstinence from wine or cards or theater. Both had in common their self-righteousness and the assumed moral superiority between their actual outlook and anything the Enemy really is or commands. The wickedest of all religions was the Church, and every member of each; slander was its gospel and denigration its litany. How they hated one another up there where the sun shone! How much more than once they were, and how they were forever conjoined but never united. Their astonishment, their resentment, at the combination, the festering of their eternally impenetrable spit, passing into the most mazy of all knots, the Dark fire. All said and done, my friends, it will be an ill day for us if what most humans mean by "religion" ever vanishes. That is why we are fighting against a truly delicious sins. The fine flower of unholiness can grow only in the close neighborhood of the Holy. Nowhere do we see that fact so clearly as on the very steps of the altar.

Your Imminence, your Disgraces, my Thorns, Shades and Gentledevils: I give you the toast of—Principal Slubgob and the college.

THE END