

<b>EAE 0422 A</b>	<b>Sujet Jury</b>	<b>Sujet Candidat</b>		<b>Code Sujet</b>	<b>CLG 11</b>
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**Your main commentary should be focused on *non canonical constituent order and information packaging*. Other topics may also be addressed.**

So Gerald Heard was increasingly in my mind. He and his friend Chris Wood had emigrated to Los Angeles in 1937, together with Aldous Huxley and his wife, Maria. I had seen a good deal of Gerald and Chris while they were still living in London, and I already knew Gerard well enough to feel sure he would understand. The Huxleys I had never met. I was eager to talk to Aldous, whose *Ends and Means*, published two years earlier, was regarded as a basic book for pacifists.

I knew, from somewhat vague gossip, that Heard and Huxley had become involved in the cult of Yoga, or Hinduism, or Vedanta—I was still contemptuously unwilling to bother to find out exactly what these terms meant. To me, all this Oriental stuff was distasteful in the extreme. However my distaste was quite different from the distaste I felt for the Christians. The Christians I saw as sour life-haters and sex-forbidders, hypocritically denying their rabid secret lusts. The Hindus I saw as stridently emotional mysterymongers whose mumbo jumbo was ridiculous rather than sinister. That Heard and Huxley could have been impressed by such nonsense was regrettable. I explained their lapse by saying to myself that it was typical of these hyperintellectuals to get caught unawares from time to time and led astray by their emotions. But surely such a lapse could only be temporary? I intended to avoid discussing the subject with them, as tactfully as I could. After all, it was their intellects that I needed to consult.

So I now began corresponding with Gerald. To my surprise and relief, he wrote nothing about Yoga—indeed, his tone was reassuringly practical. His thinking seemed to be chiefly in terms of group formation. Pacifists must be organized into groups which were small enough to be cohesive, every member accepting total responsibility for every other. Order and creative accuracy must be opposed to disorder and destruction. We must create a doctorate of psychologically sound, well-equipped healers... Gerald's phraseology wasn't always clear to me but it sounded authoritative;

he seemed to know what he was up to. The idea of belonging to a like-minded group appealed to me strongly. Since my decision to be a pacifist, I had felt isolated, fearing that many of my friends must disapprove.

When I first wrote to Gerald, I didn't suggest coming to California, but he himself urged me to, in his reply to my letter. From then on, I took it for granted that I would come, sooner or later. Quite aside from wanting to talk to Gerard and Huxley, and to get away from New York, I had always had a romantic longing to visit the Far West. Now that this journey was actually in prospect, I realized that I needed to share it with an American, so as to see the country through his native eyes as well as my foreign ones. Luckily for me, there was a young American ready to be my fellow traveler. I will call him Vernon.

Vernon and I had met and become lovers during my first stay in New York. After I went back to England we had written to each other, and when I returned in January, he was waiting on the dock to meet me. To begin with, we had taken a room together in the same hotel as Wystan. Later, when Wystan and I rented an apartment, Vernon had moved in with us.