

THE CHANGING WORLD

THERE is a sense, of course, in which nothing ever changes—in which the human situation, while never static, always reveals the same essential elements of conflict and struggle, the same moral issues and the same transcendent goals. This is the sense of the meaning of things which makes the classics—books, as Dr. Hutchins says, which are contemporary in any age—possible, and gives to wisdom its timeless quality.

But there is another sense in which nothing is ever the same, and there are times when so many of the reference-points of ordinary life change so rapidly that even the classics seem to offer only the solace of serene personal resignation. And while a man can always be—or try to be—a Socrates at the last moment, there is the problem of saving all Athens, too. Socrates couldn't do it, but he tried. Simply to be willing to drink the hemlock without trying, first, to save all Athens, is merely to imitate Socrates' last act instead of following the example of his life. Martyrdom, as Bernard Shaw once acidly remarked, is a distinction that a man with no talent at all can attain. Martyrdom is the last desperate stand of personal integrity. It may be a vindication of the human spirit, but it certainly represents a failure of the human family. For this reason, perhaps, the climax of the Christian myth, the crucifixion of the Christ, has always seemed a bit morbid—testifying to the moral weakness of the world rather than the greatness of the Messiah. Jesus was great because of what he did while he was alive, and that his death has been made into the supreme event of the Christian interpretation of history is rather evidence of theological melancholia than a faithful expression of the religious spirit.

This excessive preoccupation of Christian thinkers with death and evil may be one of the chief causes of the troubles of the modern world. We study evil, not to understand its origin, but to

identify our "enemies"; and we expect evil, not to overcome it with the greater force of intelligence, but in order to counter it with a "good" use of the evil forces we have on our side; or, failing to overcome it, in order to submit to it in the odor of sanctity.

Today, we are talking about, expecting, and working out the justifications for another "righteous" war. But things have changed. It takes no specially illuminated prophet to reveal the fact that even a righteous war creates as many new problems as an unrighteous one. As Nathaniel Peffer remarked recently in the *New York Times*:

There was a time not so long ago, a simpler time, when a country went to war, defeated the enemy and had done with the whole business. In our day the complications only then set in. War is a simple, though terrible activity; you fight to win. With peace the unknown quantities enter.

Those "unknown quantities" seem always to include more war. And they include more than more war. The "defeated enemy" in modern war is always reduced not only to military impotence but to economic impotence as well. As soon as Germany was defeated, the United States and the other occupying powers had to assume the responsibility of seeing that the German population had enough to eat. Already, this responsibility has lasted about as long as the war itself. The modern military power must "adopt" and care for the country it defeats. Further, there is the possibility that the victor will have to rearm the soldiers of the defeated nation so that they can be used as "allies" in the new wars coming up. "Practical" men are now talking seriously about rearming Germany, and, on August 5, Karl von Wiegand, roving Hearst correspondent, cabled from Frankfurt that, before there can be another German army, "all generals, admirals and

diplomats sentenced to prison at Nuremberg and other Allied military tribunals must be released and rehabilitated." There are similar signs of the start of a beautiful friendship with defeated Japan, on the assumption that Japanese soldiers may be needed to help in a war with Communist China, or communists everywhere.

There is no reason to think that arrangements of this sort will not become the rule, in all future military relationships. The time may come when a "democracy" will be defined as any country that has been defeated in war by the United States. It is certain that a number of Communist States have already received their decisive political coloring from being defeated or occupied by Soviet Russia.

Unhappy prospects of this sort are probably behind the bitter criticism of the present governmental administration of the United States. The foreign policy of this country is doubtless muddling, but only a little reflection should show that conventional alternatives before a modern military power, today, could hardly make a difference in the fundamental prospects. The only proposition which, relying upon familiar political reasoning, unites logic with hope, lies in the direction of the madness of World Empire. And how long, do we suppose, that a Pax Americana, imposed on a planetary scale, would last, even supposing that it could be established?

The circumstances of our lives *have* changed. We do not have peace, and the world we have made, as we have made it, offers little chance of allowing a genuine peace in the foreseeable future. Perhaps the circumstances have not really changed, and what we thought was peace in years gone by was not peace at all, but only a state of war *in abscondito*, which we mistakenly *called* peace. In this case, the change has taken place, not in our circumstances, but in our understanding of them—which amounts almost to the same thing.

There is another complicating factor—the growth in world population. In 1650, there were, it is estimated, some 545 million people on earth.

The two-billion mark, Julian Huxley tells us in this month's *Harper's*, was passed during the 1930's. There may be three billion people in the world before the century is out. Not only is world population increasing at the rate of twenty-two million people each year, but the rate of increase is increasing, too. There has been a steady acceleration of population-growth since 1650—showing, as Prof. Huxley says, "no sudden spurt at the beginning of the industrial revolution, nor any sign of slackening in the present—if anything, the reverse."

Prof. Huxley's concern is with feeding all these people. At present, he says, "the large majority of the world's 2.2 billion people are to some degree undernourished, perhaps a half, certainly a third of them seriously so." And he adds: "Let me rub in the inescapable fact that every day there are some sixty thousand more mouths to feed in the world, and that every day this daily figure is going up."

In India, for example, during a recent ten-year period, the *increase* in population amounted to more people than the total population of Great Britain. When modern health measures are introduced in India, there will be eight instead of five million more Indians every year—an increase of eighty million every ten years. The population of Japan is double what it was sixty years ago, and the present rate of increase is 1.5 million a year. The population of Formosa doubles every thirty years, the Haitians multiply at the same rate, and the population of Egypt trebled within Prof. Huxley's lifetime.

A humane man and a scientist concerned with world food supply, Prof. Huxley says nothing about the "military" significance of this development. We do not mean to emphasize that the "have-not" peoples will soon be incalculably more numerous than the "haves"—although this is quite obvious—but simply to suggest that in a world crowded with people, wars become far more devastating to human values, and the responsibilities during and after war far greater

than in earlier centuries. An article by Bernard Llewellyn in an English periodical drives this point home:

I remember once travelling in a slow train from Hengyang to Changsha in Central China when attacking Japanese columns were a few miles north of Changsha. The train kept on stopping during air-raid warnings and we passengers were supposed to scatter in the fields.

On one such occasion I went over to a farmer busy harvesting—so busy that he didn't even look up from under his wide-brimmed hat to see if the bombers were coming. I asked him if he wasn't bothered about *fei chei*, the aeroplanes. He grinned with the hearty grin of the Chinese peasant. "It's harvest. There is much to do," he said. And I sensed then, as I had sensed before, the phoneyess of the speeches made by the generals and the officials for public consumption abroad.

Probably it is much the same in Korea. Perhaps this is a war for democracy—but it's not to the Korean peasant.

To him the words which give the war its authority are meaningless. The 38th Parallel was not his idea.

He is being liberated: he is being enslaved. What is the difference? What difference will such grandiloquence make to the hard, inescapable bitterness and the unspeakable tragedy of the facts?

His fields are overrun; his villages fired. Tanks, rockets and bombs are destroying a world from which all his simple peasant values are derived. As for himself, if he haunts his ruined fields he is liable to be shot as a disguised guerilla by the jittery Americans or be murdered as a spy by the Northern forces.

Why should the Korean farmer care enough to fight, if he can possibly dodge the battle? He will not win the war: he will not lose it. For this . . . is a war of ideas; and they are none of his. He will only be immeasurably poorer, whatever happens.

His homeland, the Land of the Morning Calm, is given over, as other people's lands have been given over before, to locusts in uniform who know how to ravage and destroy, but not how to build.

One or two more wars, and we shall all be Korean peasants, standing in our ravaged fields,

or among our broken machines, waiting, like Socrates, for the peace of death.

What to do? The solution of the Chinese peasant seems the only one available. If we give all our energies to getting in our harvest—whatever it may be we at least are not adding to the fears and woes of the world, and we may have opportunity to reduce them a little. The death of Socrates has had its full share of tributes. It is time to show some practical respect for his lifetime of harvesting.

Letter From **CENTRAL EUROPE**

VIENNA.—The problem of capital punishment has not been solved in Central Europe. The constitutions of some of the countries reject the idea of destroying human life, while others accept it. A few have even changed their attitude several times during past years.

There is no provision for capital punishment in the constitution of the Austrian Republic. After Austria had been an integral part of Germany (1938-1945), the Parliament voted for the use of capital punishment, for the reason that (it happened just after the war) "extraordinary circumstances had arisen." The law has since been extended on several occasions, and each time this has happened great public controversy concerning the decision has shown the immense interest which the problem arouses. At last, a few weeks ago, the law was finally suspended. This unexpected decision was partly due to the fact that a number of leading psychologists have declared that no murderer would spare a victim because of fear of a death-sentence, and due, also, to the personal views of the legislators.

Soon after, the papers began publishing letters which opposed the suspension. There were of course replies, especially from people who have "something to do with the matter"—from professors, priests, and charity and pacifist organisations. The advocates of capital punishment, in turn, point out that never within a century of Austrian history has there been a time so filled with murders as the past few weeks. Hardly a day passes without a gruesome crime. The majority of them are based on sexual lust—a motive which once was seldom a cause for murder in Austria—and on robbery. The police reveal that these offenders have frequently been in prison before, either for rape or unchastity of some kind.

It is no wonder that the question of whether or not capital punishment is "right" is now being discussed from all possible angles. The general

reproach that the State, on the one hand, expects its citizens (as soldiers) to kill and even decorates them for killing, and, on the other hand, calls somebody who killed without official permission a murderer, is too familiar to need more than mention. But there are the so-called "political" crimes. "So-called" they are, because, down to details, only a part of the population, sometimes even a smallest part, regard them as crimes. Whoever, in Austria, before the unification with Germany, was looked upon as a patriot, became a "criminal" under National Socialism; while, from 1945 on, millions—having belonged to the Nazi Party—were treated as criminals. And the game continues. An Eastern court may stamp a Western sympathizer as "traitor" and punish him with hard labour, while a Communist may be made responsible for anything when the West wants "to make an example." There is food for thought in the fact that, recently, a woman wanting to speak to her husband, in jail for robbery, tried to persuade the jailer to let her see him because he was "only" a criminal, and not a political offender. In another instance, a man was sentenced to five years because of the weakening power of a prominent member of the ruling political clique, while another man (the prominent member having in the meantime been hanged on account of "unreliable political conduct") received, only a few weeks ago, ten years for having praised the politician after his execution. Both "criminals" are serving their time in the same jail.

Experience, argue some writers, has taught that the worst sort of murderer, after the abolition of capital punishment in Austria, may leave prison before his sentence has expired (through parole or some amnesty), and thus, fattened by the tax-payers, make ready to commit another killing. Some journalists are not opposed in principle to the suspension of capital punishment, but try to show that the suspension is exclusively in favour of lustful killers. Isn't it capital punishment, they say, when the State permits the shooting of a comparatively harmless man who—trying to steal

some wood at night, or to cross the border with some illegal stuff—is afraid to answer or has actually not heard the call of the sentry? The State protects the bestial murderer, others point out, and is anxious about his (practically valueless) life and welfare, while the deserter—in most European countries which keep an army—is shot, often after a trial by men without legal training.

A plebiscite on the issue of capital punishment would obviously lead to the renewal of the death sentence. Women's organizations have declared that, although detesting executions, they would prefer them to further crimes by a released killer, so long as no guarantee can be offered that he will actually be detained for life, or at least until a medical board declares him no longer dangerous. Such a guarantee would be peculiarly difficult, today. Allied troops, overrunning Central Europe in 1945, have liberated thousands of criminals, mostly because they claimed and were thought to be "political" prisoners. The confusion of ideologies and morals brings on danger of extreme social disintegration.

CENTRAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW

THE ORIGINAL CRISIS

CERTAIN astute mystics of bygone ages used to speak of a "circle whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere," suggesting by this mathematical paradox both the infinite extent of space and the all-pervasive animating factor, Life. We have no intention of trying to speak of cosmic matters, but this kabalistic metaphor immediately presented itself as we reflected upon the recent motion picture, *Crisis*. This film was apparently intended to uproot the audience from the *terra firma* of American security, and, toward this end, the opening text stated the time of the action is "now," and that the scene of the story is "anywhere." Actually the scene is a dictatorship, into which is introduced a more than averagely astute American whose peculiar position enables him to discuss tyranny with the tyrant.

This is a situation that doubtless has figured largely in the dreams of Democrats, Republicans, and all leftward-tending parties; of liberals, conservatives, radicals, and conscientious objectors; of Catholics, Jews, Protestants, agnostics, and religious individualists; to say nothing of schoolboys and shop clerks, college professors and movie actors, the people down the block—and of ourselves. How many persons have wanted to "talk to" Hitler, and how many, today, would like to "tell" Stalin (or Truman) a few things? And yet, how many of us are really prepared and able to talk to a tyrant? The picture, *Crisis*, makes us wonder.

George Tabori, author of the screenplay, writes dialogue with punch and philosophy. (The use of the word "philosophy" is not inappropriate, in this reviewer's opinion, although the term is rarely required for discussing Hollywood products.) Cary Grant and Jose Ferrer must have thoroughly enjoyed the chance to portray a pair of independent characters with a few subtleties to fathom and a degree of honesty to express. For *Crisis* does not have as its leading personalities One and The Other. The American who can denounce tyranny with irony, humor, and vigor—

and always with the saving grace of sincerity and personal integrity—is not above admitting that he can not be absolutely impartial in the line of *his* duty, although impartiality is a credo of his profession. The dictator, who lives on his total faith in himself and in his indispensability, nevertheless is *aware* that he so lives, and therefore is to some extent (when temporarily free of the mood of power) conscious that his idea of leadership is just that—an idea, not a Natural Fact.

It is important that the protagonist of "American democracy" (a convenient shibboleth for an unrealized ideal) be shown ready and willing to uphold the principle of freedom at no matter what cost, even if the price be his own life and the occasion be an injustice which does not harm him, personally, in the least. It is important that he require freedom itself, not a particular concession of tolerated liberty. In one of the film's most memorable moments, the dictator, challenging this will to freedom, expressed by the American, asks, "Freedom to do what?" The situation is relatively trivial. "Arrangements" could be made. But the American has no desire (and, as it happens, cannot be compelled) to gratify the dictator's whim, for it is not a whim: it is an instance of the universal law of totalitarianism. The American replies that he wants not a special freedom, nor freedom to do a designated thing, but *just freedom*.

Freedom, however, is every bit as difficult to hold as to have. The unconstrained representative of democracy does not find that his will is free simply because, under the circumstances, death, torture, or even solitary confinement cannot be threatened him. The inner encroachments on his freedom of choice are vastly more trying. How, really, can he help feeling that the death of this salesman of tyranny, which he himself could so easily and so safely accomplish, would be a service to the country as a whole?

As for the dictator, the drama demonstrates that he, also, is unafraid of death. There is

personal courage here, undeniably. There is an acute mind, shrewd judgment of character, an intellectual appreciation of the ironies of the situation. But the tyrant cannot, in the nature of infallibility, have a sense of humor about himself. Observing the insane determination of a man who trusts nobody, we puzzle over the "virtue" of courage and the advantage of "pure logic." (Or is there such a thing as the latter, humanly speaking?) It may well be that all we can be sure of is that we can be sure of nobody, including ourselves, but even if this should be true, life on that basis is self-annihilating. Nothing and nobody, perhaps, will sustain our faith for us. Shakespeare's character in *Macbeth*, who said of a deceased thane and self-confessed traitor, "He was a gentleman on whom I built an absolute trust," was in the process of watching his "building" crumble. Yet who shall say that, for all the hazards of construction, trust is not to be built again?

Crisis, we are pained to report, has a "Hollywood ending," but, to the final finish, there is more than enough to persuade the thoughtful movie-goer that other things besides Space and Life are "circles whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere."

George Tabori, writer of the screenplay, may be familiar to some as the author of *Beneath the Stone* (1945), *Companions of the Left Hand* (1946), and *Original Sin* (1947). The first of these novels is an intimate study of the German-officer-mentality, which is not of purely German extraction, and might even be unearthed in the same country from which the hero of *Crisis* hails. *Beneath the Stone* is an argument for the supremacy of the individual.

Companions of the Left Hand attacks the hypocrisy of isolationism at the personal level—the writer who caters to Society, deliberately turning his back on the ferments of that larger society which is spelled with a smaller "s." There are militant passages about the religious hypocrisy ("God, for one thing, has been successfully mobilized for every

possible 'sin,' and is perhaps the only thing ever fully nationalized."); about "that lukewarm hypocrisy of manners which has been wrongly identified with civilization [and] will have to be shelved for the duration"; and about the even more subtle deceit of the man who is flippant about everything because, inside, he is too serious about everything: "The delusion," he said, "comes from starting to build on not-quite-the-truth, on minute imprecisions which multiply themselves until the whole thing is a damned lie, full of half-truths or just plain lies. *Mein Sohn*, there is nothing I cannot deny; and there was nothing I needed more than a dogma." *Companions of the Left Hand* does not suggest that there is "good" violence, any more than there is a good dogma. Tabori, a Hungarian radical, has apparently had his own experiences in European under-grounds, and of those who lift their hands in pious horror at revolutionaries, he might ask—as one of the "left-hand companions" asks the Abbot whose social injustice is about to be avenged by the village rebels— "Will you forgive them, though they knew what they were doing?"

Original Sin, which has no political setting, continues nevertheless in somewhat the same vein. "One travels in life with the wandering judge; a silent character who sees and knows; his eyes are large, his fingers long. He . . . must forgive me." An act, whether "done or wished for," Tabori writes, is the same, especially since unsaid things "seep and stay in the mind"—until, the mind makes itself over into the image of its thoughts, and no further barrier can be raised against fulfillment in action.

It is not difficult to appreciate why, for Tabori, the crisis is now, and everywhere.

COMMENTARY

AN INTERESTING DEFINITION

THE Alaskan subscriber quoted in this week's *Frontiers* wrote a much longer letter than could be printed in full. Besides some remarks evidencing a careful study of the *Federalist Papers*, his communication includes a short discussion of communism. While the habit of forming accurate definitions may not solve many "practical" problems, it can at least clear the atmosphere of much confusion. There is something especially salutary about this correspondent's definition of communism, making it seem worth sharing:

Just to keep the record straight, let me say that by my definition, communism is not a form of government, but community ownership of property. It may exist under any form of government, even as capitalism may. When communism is used to imply a form of government as well as an economic system, the word has no longer any definite meaning. The people of Fairbanks vote to take over public utilities from private ownership to public ownership, and we see one experiment in communism under somewhat representative government. The Federal Government, through its Reindeer Service, bought all property rights in the white man's reindeer in Alaska, and stole all the native's property rights in reindeer, and we had another experiment in communism under purely dictatorial government.

We fought one war recently, not knowing what for, nor what terms we wished to settle for, and we do not know yet, largely because of hazy, indefinite use of words. We will divide our friends in foreign lands, and divide our own people against each other, absolutely without need, if we continue to blend indefinite meanings in our words.

A firm belief in community ownership of property seems any man's right, here or elsewhere. Any explicit or implicit attempt to overthrow our government by force is an entirely different matter. To stop a man's belief in community ownership in Italy or France or any other country can only make enemies for us there. To stop Russian intrusion into the self-governing processes of any of those countries including Jugo-Slavia, could make friends for us of all citizens of those countries not actually traitors to their own homelands.

Nothing, we may agree, is so abortive as an attempt to "stop" a man's beliefs, although to stop "intrusions" in other parts of the world may not earn us the gratitude this correspondent anticipates. But in any event, the distinctions here made produce a lucid conclusion: When communism ceases to be a voluntary undertaking, it acquires all the abuses of political tyranny, and it is the tyranny which is wrong, and not the theory of ownership.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

OUR recent discussion of the psychological complexities involved in gifts to children affords a natural opportunity for returning to the subject of Discipline. The connection between the two subjects seems to us clear enough once it has been established; by helping our child with something *he has himself decided he wishes to do*, we give further impetus to his attempt to concentrate upon accomplishment. And this is the only fully satisfactory discipline—the drawing together of our energies and impulses and focussing them upon a goal we think is worth-while.

If we investigate the definitions of discipline offered by *Webster's International*, we discover—and it should be to our great interest—that the word has two almost contradictory meanings. Its original connotation was to "teach" or "educate." Education itself, by derivation, implies that one must help a child to *draw out* his own capacities, so that they may be trained to focus on a desired objective. But the other meaning of discipline is that of "chastisement" or "punishment." Here, as so often, we need to consider the influence of medieval theology upon our language and thought. The Greeks did not believe that the psycho-physical man is evil. Instead, it was natural for them to think of "education" as a gradual, harmonious shaping of all the aspects of human character. But for the Christian theologian, the psycho-physical man was evil, *per se*. The Evil in a man could not be transmuted into good, but must be destroyed. This view removed the concentration of attention from Construction of the Good, the True and the Beautiful, focussing it on Destruction of Evil. Similarly, any doctrine of Punishment has the consequence of making people believe that "Destruction of Evil" is the chief work of man, rather than Construction of the Good.

From this we might be justified in concluding that if we cease believing that destruction of

presumed evil is the most important thing, we no longer need the word punishment at all, and can substitute another word such as "training"—or, in those cases where we have the temerity to use our hands instead of our heads, simply "conditioning" or some such term. We may have some kind of right to strike one of our children, or anyone else, under certain conditions, but, even if we do, we have no right to call it "discipline." We can't call it "discipline" because real training requires that the child *himself* desire to regulate or modify his own behavior, and we shouldn't call it "punishment" unless we think that punishment is actually of value. While few of us think much of the "theory" of punishment, we may continue to act as if we did because we don't know what to substitute for punishment, or how to go about the substitution.

The key to right discipline, then, according to the original meaning of the word, is the child's own desire to undertake necessary training, and his voluntary participation in it. Any training which is accompanied by reliance on the fear-response of the child is no training at all, as is amply demonstrated whenever children who have "behaved" because they were fearful escape the persons or the controls they feared. As Homer Lane once remarked, "Love is the strongest compulsive force," and men may build lasting self-disciplines into their characters only by virtue of this compulsion. A child who is "trained" by fear, or any kind of coercion, is being trained in nothing but the habit of holding his own power of choice in abeyance. Whatever his behavior, he lives in a moral vacuum, and cannot develop those qualities which we most prize—honesty, cheerfulness in the face of adversity, fearlessness, etc.

In a certain sense, Discipline begins with Desire, and not with the suppression of desire. With many of the desires of our children, of course, we may not feel ourselves able to cooperate; we may even place obstacles in their way, and state frankly to them that that is what we are doing. The child's efforts to meet this difficult

situation too, may result in discipline. But *we* do not "discipline" *him*. When we can cooperate with the child's desires, assisting him to see the complications which have to be surmounted for their attainment, we are also helping his attainment of discipline.

We haven't brushed up on the system of "discipline" upheld by the Pythagoreans of ancient Greece, but we are intrigued by the obvious emphasis upon music and mathematics made by Pythagoras, suggesting the importance of The Arts in promoting an intelligent development of discipline. Both music and mathematics were regarded by Pythagoras as meditations on Harmony and Beauty. If we maintain that the aim of discipline—and also its proper definition—is the balanced and harmonious ordering of our complex and conflicting human energies, we can assign a place of high importance to the arts in the matter of "child training." Proper discipline means the progressive attainment of a Sense of Wholeness about all our actions, so that we see our thoughts as well as our deeds in a continuum of responsibility. But the function of great art, whether music, literature, or painting, subtly serves this same end, does it not? Appreciation of art depends upon the development of perspective, or vice versa. And perspective, in whatever degree, must be considered an extension of a perception of Wholeness.

Here we venture to inject the speculation that parents might devote more of their disciplinary enthusiasms to aiding the child on a quest for beauty and proportion. To the extent that this quest is successful will arise the intuitive understanding of proportion, *which must precede discipline*. "Beauty" may be hard to find in the world, whether we seek it culturally or in terms of human relationships, but it is perhaps never so remote nor so difficult to encounter as we are apt to think. Besides, if looking for Beauty is a losing game, why bother about Education, or anything else?

It is easy to be affected by the many views of discipline which equate the word with suppression or destruction. Perhaps all we have to do is to get discouraged. Some psychiatrists, in their more speculative moments, are now suggesting that any urge to trample Evil People underfoot may stem from an urge to self-destruction. We never, they say, really hate anyone except ourselves, and the reason we like to have enemies—and invent them if they are scarce—is because their weaknesses or cruelties provide convenient outlets for a hidden desire to destroy unpleasant complexes within ourselves. While it would be foolish to argue that many parents actually wish to destroy their children, it may still be true that an addiction to punishment—embodying, as it always does, something of the motivation of revenge—indicates the extent of our own destructive urges. No discipline can be accomplished if, however unconsciously, a *destructive* intent is harbored by the "disciplinarian."

But the child who comes to know something of what beauty and harmony may be in human relationships, through appreciation of the arts or by any other means, automatically becomes a man or woman who adequately punishes and rewards himself. An ancient scripture of India describes such a condition as that of the "self-governed Sage"—the man in whom freedom, responsibility, and discipline have become equated. A lesser educational goal than that of "Self-governed Sages" is not worth our effort, while a chance at this accomplishment is always worth the best we can give.

FRONTIERS

Responsibility For Government

A READER in Alaska writes in comment on the lead article in MANAS for July 19, which was largely devoted to Bertrand de Jouvenal's book *Power*. In this remarkable volume, de Jouvenal suggests that the Supreme Court of the United States functions as a regulatory principle in the interpretation of the will of the people. It falls to the Supreme Court to decide what is a constitutional use of power by governmental authority, and what is not. The Constitution was an endeavor to give expression to the natural rights of man—those rights defined in the Declaration of Independence—and the Supreme Court became, in time, the institution endowed with the authority to judge the meaning of the Constitution. Thus the Supreme Court, so far as civil government is concerned, has the place of authority once occupied by interpreters of the will of God. The concept of right, however, to which the Supreme Court is supposed to refer, is an impersonal one, based not upon "Revelation" but upon the principles of justice as determined by human reason and embodied in the social contract or Constitution.

But when the basic moral philosophy of a civilization becomes equivocal, uncertain, and subject to widely conflicting interpretations, even the best of men find it difficult to agree upon what is "right." Increasingly, they are affected by the pressures and doctrines of the hour. And the issues of our time are so momentous as to place peculiarly heavy burdens upon all branches of the Government.

Our reader, then, writes to say:

Your expressed need for a new theory of power, and an effort to live by it, is especially timely in Alaska of today, in view of the probable event of our framing a new constitution shortly. I doubt, however, if any living man can form any theories more fitting than those held by the men who framed our Constitution—

That no person should have authority to govern any citizen unless that citizen had a vote for or against him;

That the three branches of power in government should be kept strictly separate; and

That as a constitution is the only power that may supersede and control the man who governs other men, that constitution must be made into valid law by imposing an effective and enforceable penalty for its violation.

This correspondent proceeds to review the changes in governmental processes in the United States, noting the gradual transfer of power from elected to *appointed* officials. Government by appointees, he points out, is the rule in all forms of military organization, and it tends, in civil life, to become "dictated government." The analysis continues:

The saddest part of the entire show is that so many apparently sane Americans believe and state that representative government is inefficient, while dictated government is very efficient. Every bit of evidence I have seen points to exactly the opposite.

Dictated government is expensive and top-heavy. Dictated government is power-thirsty, never having enough money men or authority. The Alaska Game Commission through the Secretary of the Interior, can make its own laws, and in many cases be its own judge and jury. Its officers can search without a warrant—something no U. S. Marshal can do on even a murder case. Dictated government makes a caste of governors as against the governed. The unforgiveable sin is for one officer to side with a common citizen against another officer, regardless of right or wrong.

Dictated government effectively restricts free speech. The economic life of every pilot in Alaska depends upon his standing with a federal Bureau, and open criticism of his government may easily mean his financial ruin. Dictated government leaves our citizens holding votes void of any power to elect the men who really govern them. Dictated government leaves political parties without principles, planks or platforms involving the destinies of the nation and makes them into groups of followers behind flashy and showmanlike personalities. Men are elected to govern a state because they can sing hillbilly songs. Dictated government gives a creeping paralysis to every industry it touches, and indirectly to every other

industry whose welfare is geared to the one so governed.

Our own comments will have to be brief. First, there is little to argue about with this correspondent. The multiplication of bureaus and appointed officials to run them has followed the multiplication of functions in government. And the multiplication of functions in government has followed closely upon the irresponsibility of men in industry, and in trade, domestic and foreign. We have lost many of our freedoms because we respected other things more than the principle of freedom; the ballot means less, today, than it once meant, for the reason that the ballot, in the long run, can only match in power the responsibility the citizens are individually willing to assume. When citizens fail in responsibility, government takes up the slack. The omnipotent state never arises except to rule over an apathetic populace. Thus the theory of power spoken of in MANAS for July 19 is not really new at all—it is the theory that the source of power and authority for human beings is their own sense of moral responsibility. The authors of the Constitution assumed and were willing to bear great moral responsibility. Where did they get that willingness and that capacity? We know what has happened since their time. Our correspondent in Alaska, and numerous other thoughtful Americans, can write accurate descriptions of the decay of self-government. But who can write the prescription for the recapture of a sense of personal responsibility? The spirit of the Founding Fathers will be revived by nothing less.

Has it Occurred to Us?

"EVERY laborer is worthy of his hire"—at least so the saying goes. But how much of the laborer is hired, can be hired, should be hired? And how is "worth" determined? A man takes a job, and the job takes his time and energy, his attention and ingenuity, and something also of his will. How are all these repaid? But, first, where have they gone?

Has it occurred to us that whatever is put into a piece of work must exist somehow *in* that work? Is it only works of art and genius that we are to imagine as embodying the spirit of their creators—or does every product of human labor carry intangible influences impressed upon it that speak subtly, but no less precisely, of all who had a hand in its development? We can leave to sensitives and psychometrists the detection of details in this matter, it being no part of our concern to do more than note the general result of their experiments. Thus it is said, "Let any man give way to any intense feeling, such as anger, grief, etc., under or near a tree, or in direct contact with a stone; and, many thousands of years after that, any tolerable Psychometer will see the man and sense his feelings, from one single fragment of that tree or stone that he had touched. Hold any object in your hand, and it will become impregnated with your life atoms, indrawn and outdrawn, changed and transferred in us at every instant of our lives."

Actually, we should not need investigators with unusual human faculties to tell us these things. Even if nobody had ever consciously identified the effects of this or that emotion on a tree or stone, human beings would have wondered, now and again, if their surroundings were not "photographing" them. Who has not been nudged in the direction of such speculations by observing care and kindness, or harsh impatience, expended on things and possessions? And then, how inanimate things treat us: the handling of a book—sometimes an impenetrable

maze and yet again a willing collaborator, yielding the needed word or phrase at a touch; the car—"behaving" as moodily as its driver, now and then; and the typewriter, with quirks and tricks enough for a sleight-of-hand performer. Ordinarily, perhaps, we are not visited by these imaginings, but let a strong emotion of whatever kind overflow its human source and we marvel that the walls do not speak of it thereafter, and the very air murmur for a while, so great was the force let loose. Such musings we have left to poets and mystics—to our loss, it may be, for, brought into the working world, how much they might improve our lot!

What if every person, regardless of his particular type of occupation, were to attempt to notice *all* that went into his work? Certain obvious influences we are already familiar with: irritation, nervousness, tension, pain, worry, excitement, over-eagerness, as well as excessive joy or sorrow—these alter efficiency to a marked degree. We are conscious, under the circumstances, that "things" are not going right. But have we yet detected the influence of sincerity, of justice, of generosity? And suppose we never do detect them—shall we casually assume that they make no difference in the economic system?

There has been, in other times, the tradition of craftsmanship, expressing in practical terms the relation between character and skill. The good workman was not judged by a superficial efficiency: he was taught the ideals of his art, respect for fellow artisans, and proper deference to the masters of the craft. We do not have time, it seems, to attend to superfluous niceties or to unwind Tradition as a preliminary to technical training. But our world has suffered in consequence. The barrenness of our economic existence, cut off from man's inner life of mood and motive, of ideas and attitudes, is a byword. Every laborer is worthy of his hire, but since he is seldom called upon to bring his real worth to bear on the job, he earns only a token compensation.

Thus the mill wheel revolves but slowly, in shallow water, and power is meagrely generated, ignorantly harnessed, and inevitably wasted.

Without sentimentality, but with an awareness of the finer energies that can be shared when work is given the full complement of human resources, men and women could begin to reseed dignity and responsibility in the economic field. The self-respecting workman impresses—by means known or unknown, it matters not—the quality of self-respect upon whatever he produces, and may we not think of that impression as communicating itself to the users of the product? And if, in this relatively intangible way, a chain-reaction of human worthiness were to be started, who can say that our concept of the "laborer and his hire" would not sensibly improve? Certainly, no outside impression equals the demoralizing effect of giving less than one might, and, whether the gain is perceptible or not, it might well be infinitely preferable to give "something of ourselves" as best we can to the work of our days.