

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE

READERS interested in Laura Thompson's "holistic" approach to the problem of anthropology (Frontiers, April 18) have opportunity to see this approach in action by reading Miss Thompson's book, *Culture in Crisis: A Study of the Hopi Indians*, published late last year by Harper & Brothers. Despite the academic vocabulary of the volume, a living picture of the Hopi people emerges to win the interest, sympathy, and admiration of the reader. It represents what may be called the "new" anthropology, in which metaphysical assumptions about the nature of men are openly adopted, and scientific discipline unites with a warm concern for human beings.

Of necessity, such a book presents several aspects. There is, first, the study of the Hopis themselves. This includes a dramatic account of their achievements in living happy, constructive lives on the semi-arid desert plateaus of northern Arizona. It also includes an indictment of the dominant white race in nearly all relations with the Indians, and examines critically the blundering efforts of well-intentioned but somewhat conceited and bigoted whites to "help" the Indians. Finally, by implication, it raises but does not settle the whole question of white proprietorship of Indian welfare—of the attempts of an alien, individualistic culture to "civilize" or assimilate a people who have little interest in either learning or appreciating the white man's ways. The relationship between the white man and the Indians is something like that which would exist between a powerful, adaptable, versatile, but neurotic and often destructive man of talent—even a kind of genius—and another man who is his inseparable companion, one whose psychic constitution is very differently constructed and who continually suffers from the excesses and minor manias of the first man. Neither can leave the other alone. The neurotic is a dual personality who at times admires the serene nature and instinctive idealism of his companion, and at other times steals him blind in the name of "progress." The victim of

this relationship is not resourceful enough to forge the means to his own freedom within the framework of the environment imposed by the other, yet even as he suffers the corruptions of the enforced association, he exhibits qualities of character which cause the neurotic great shame and contrition.

The analogy is inadequate, of course. A very large proportion of the white population is never ashamed or contrite for the reason that it knows nothing of the trials of the Indians. And another section of the population may see some external phase of the problems of the Indians, but remains indifferent, being too wrapped up in its own desires to care.

Today, the crime against the Indians is mainly a psychological crime, and is, therefore, an offense in which nearly all white men participate, by toleration if not by overt behavior. A passage from Miss Thompson's book will make this easier to explain:

At first the government treated the Indians as members of small nations in treaty relationship with the United States. But as more and more tribes were subdued and the Indians became less of a threat to white settlers, the government changed its attitude toward them. By breaking or amending treaties unilaterally it reduced the Indian tribal lands to a fraction of their former size, regarding the Indians as federal wards to be assimilated into the general population as soon as possible.

The Indian Bureau, transferred from the War Department to that of the Interior in 1849, tried by every means in its power to enforce a policy of compulsory assimilation. The program, which led to the development of a complicated bureaucracy, included: (1) the wasting of tribal resources by making concessions of Indian lands to non-Indians for farming, mining, and grazing, by wholesale deforestation of Indian lands; and by neglect of measures to insure conservation of resources; (2) the fractionization of Indian tribal lands by their compulsory allotment in severalty and descent to heirs; (3) the forcing of Indian children to attend government military boarding schools continuously

throughout their formative years; (4) the banning of various Indian religions and their ceremonial expressions and the encouragement and subsidization of Christian missionaries to proselyte in Indian schools and on Indian lands; (5) the deliberate discrediting of Indian values, language, arts, and morality in Indian schools, on the reservations, and in government reports to Congress and the general public. . . .

For over fifty years the Indian bureau's activities were dominated by this policy. The policy was rationalized in various ways: for instance, by the widespread belief that the "Redman" had no religion or culture or ethics or society in the real sense. He was supposed to resemble an animal rather than a man. Since he was actually a man, however, with a soul as well as a body, his soul might be saved by Christian teachings and his mind illumined by schooling. Indeed, he might become a God-fearing member of "society" if he could be dissociated completely from his environment and assimilated in the general population. This would be accomplished by whatever means were necessary, including physical force, to redeem the Indian for this life and the next.

It is only fair to say that, under the administration of John Collier (1933-1945), strenuous efforts were made to establish basic reforms in the policy of the Indian Bureau. Of the successive influences from without upon the Hopis, Miss Thompson says, in summary:

The analysis revealed (1) that mission influences tend to have a destructive and disintegrative effect on the Hopi Pueblo life, recent Mennonite pressures being highly disorganizing both to Hopi society and to Hopi male personality; (2) that the traditional Indian Bureau policy in Hopiland has had a deleterious effect on Hopi welfare, modified somewhat by the inaccessibility and cultural resistance of the tribe; (3) that although federal policy and program have changed officially, many individuals in Hopiland (both Indian and non-Indian) still express, in attitude and behavior patterns, ideologies and rationalizations similar to many of those underlying the traditional policy; and finally, (4) that the new integrative Indian Service policy, based upon a positive philosophy regarding the creative nature of man and of society in environmental context, has had a markedly beneficial effect on the welfare of the tribe. It also indicated that there is considerable misunderstanding of, and

resistance to, the new policy and program in Hopiland, and in the general American population.

Even on the reservation, among the newer Indian Service personnel, among the wives of employees, and among visitors, the stereotyped notion that Indians are "childlike, lazy, and stupid," is still widespread. With some, this notion persists even after long contact with the tribe.

The long-term effects of white administration of Indian "welfare" were these:

By 1928, according to the Meriam report, the Indians were the most depressed and poverty-ridden minority in the United States. The land holdings of most of the tribes were markedly inadequate, and besides this, four-fifths of their land base had been rendered unusable by Indians because of fractionization through allotment and descent to heirs. Patterns of social organization in most tribes had broken down or been thrown off balance by federal actions through the years. The Indian death rate was higher than the birth rate. Indeed, the Indian societies were fast being "liquidated" and the Indian believed that as an Indian he had to die.

Plainly, the present-day conquest of the Indians, while it was once military, is now psychological. The white men came, first, to their lands as merely powerful invaders, but have remained as a "superior breed" and have endeavored to destroy the Indian culture with very little more regard for justice to the Indians as human beings than the Nazis showed to the Jews under Hitler.

"Justice to the Indians," of course, is an equivocal phrase. For anyone who would like to try to find out what it is, the reading of *Culture in Crisis* should have a high priority. The Hopis are especially important for study for the reason that they probably were less affected than almost any other tribe by the military conquest of the North American continent. The Hopis live in exactly the same place as they were when Columbus first reached America. They have never been displaced, mostly for the reason that nobody wanted their particular portion of the Arizona desert. (Rumors of oil, however, make the future uncertain.) They have merely been surrounded and

compressed into a small area, beset by government officials and missionaries. Further, the Hopis seem to have maintained their tribal traditions in greater integrity than have other tribes. Finally, the Hopis, according to standard IQ tests, "are on the average very intelligent, highly observant, and capable of complex, abstract thinking." Hopi children consistently scored higher than the children of other Indian tribes and "remarkably higher than the white school children on whom the test was standardized."

The Hopis are astonishingly non-competitive. They do not seek special recognition. The clever child avoids praise from the teacher, the exceptionally skilled worker wants no higher pay than the unskilled man. Their feeling of duty or obligation is to the tribe and to all nature. In the Hopi world-view, or "system,"

each individual, human and nonhuman, is believed to have its proper place in relation to all other individuals, and each has a definite and responsible role in the world order. But, whereas the nonhuman world is controlled inherently by the rhythmic correlativity principle, man is a responsible agent who may or may not fulfill his function in it. While the world of nature by its own laws responds in certain ways to certain stimuli, man has a margin of choices and he also has the power to elicit response. Thus, in contrast to the nonhuman world, man can, if he will, exercise a limited but positive measure of control over the world. . . .

. . . to be effective, man must participate in the scheme not merely by performing certain rites by rote in certain ways at prescribed intervals. On the contrary, he must reactivate the rites creatively, giving them ever-renewed vitality and significance. In other words, he must relive them spontaneously with emotions, thoughts, prayers, and will.

In the Hopi language the word for "to pray" also denotes "to will, to wish, to want." An appreciation of the Hopi "pray-will" concept, which has no equivalent in the English language, is important to our understanding of Hopi traditional culture and personality. The individual's success in life, the welfare of the group, the harmonious functioning of the world of nature hinge on man's carrying out his role wholeheartedly and with an effort of the emotions, mind, and will.

With this as the background of Hopi life, it is natural to wonder what we—the frightened, frustrated, war-fearing and war-making Americans—can contribute to the welfare of the Hopis. Giving them \$90,000,000 won't help, as the Hopis realized when they opposed the Navaho-Hopi Bill. Trying to "assimilate" them will only destroy them, and having taken most of their land away from them, we can hardly "leave them alone." So, we repeat the question, "What is justice to the Indians?" We suspect that there will be no real answer to this question until we are better able to say what is justice to any human being—to ourselves as well as the rest of mankind.

Letter from **JAPAN**

TOKYO—AS the victor nations speed up their efforts to find a peace settlement for Japan, the Japanese people hope that the authors of the coming treaty will not be guided by the short-sighted philosophy of expedience known as pragmatism and blind themselves in a spirit of vindictiveness to the fundamental principles of the equality of all men and the solidarity of the human race. In the aftermath of World War I, Clemenceau and Lloyd George thought it expedient to impose crushing terms on Germany, and their thoughts were doubtless on the outcome of the next election and how the people of France and Britain would vote. They wanted heavy reparations and they wanted Germany deprived of her colonies. But the history of the past 30 years reveals how impractical was their plan

Indeed, past and recent history is replete with examples of peoples who aimed at what seemed immediately useful but proved disastrous in the long run. Of course, one cannot be opposed to things that are expedient in the sense of their being truly practical, but when expedience violates principles, it cannot be practical in any sense of the word. No one is more outspoken in deploring the effects of ignorance and superstition than the self-professed pragmatists, but it seems that the pragmatists today are ignorant themselves of the basic issues.

As trite as they may sound to the cynics, the propositions that all men are equal and that the whole human race is one are principles which must gain universal acceptance. Humanity, even among those people whom sophisticated Westerners look down upon as inferior, is becoming conscious of its dignity and worth and is demanding equal status and equal opportunity.

It is high time that the people talk not of "total wars," but of "total peace" and "total humanity." The proponents of democracy in their quest for the One World of Freedom, peace and security must appeal to all humanity, if they are to succeed. It will not do to direct their arguments to only certain peoples or certain nations.

In other words, no peace formula can have permanent value unless the world leaders realize with all sincerity that all men of all nations and all races are human beings just as they themselves are, with the same aspirations and hopes. Two great world wars have already been fought within three decades and another global conflict is threatening; these wars have been fought "to end all wars," "to make the world safe for democracy," "to defeat totalitarianism," and so forth. But at the end of each world conflict, the seeds of the next war are planted because the great and enduring principles are laid aside to make way for the expedient things of the moment.

The victor nations may demand many things of the conquered peoples. The rulers of the defeated nations will doubtless sign the peace instrument as did others in 1919, and they may do so willingly and thankfully to end a state of complete subservience. But it would be folly to believe that—if unreasonable and expedient conditions are demanded—the next generation in the vanquished nations will be satisfied with the arrangements made by present-day leaders..

It is patent that if the traditional policy of limiting economic growth, fencing off unused natural resources, exacting preposterous reparations, and turning hungry nations into virtual prisoners is carried out, the coming generation may be thrust again into the role of a Hitler, Mussolini or Tojo. Happily, the statements of the men now working on a Japanese peace settlement reveal their intimate realization of the dangers of a short-sighted policy of expediency. But if they should be overruled in the final accounting, the seeds of future war criminals may be planted. It must be asked, however, if that should happen, whether or not the real war criminal is not the narrow-minded philosopher of expediency.

JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW

BOOKS ON RELIGION

THERE are so many different kinds of books on religion, it seems likely that the factor of what may be called "temperament" (for lack of a better word) plays a large part in determining human opinion on this subject. Writers who pretend to a fine "objectivity" toward religion, for example, are usually men who seem incapable of profound mystical experience, despite the keen development of their sense of justice and exceptional intellectual integrity. In noticeable contrast are others who feel quite justified in abandoning their normal critical faculties whenever religious emotion is involved.

Because of these two extremes, we have found very few books on religion to admire. Twenty-five or fifty years ago, there was good reason to side more with the agnostics and critics of religion than with the defenders of religion, for the reason that orthodoxy was for the great majority still an unshaken edifice. Today, however, iconoclastic attacks on religion are useful only as antidotes to the gradually strengthening tendency to write off both the Renaissance and the Reformation as Western civilization's Great Mistake. One such book, *A Guide for the Misguided*, by Ezra Brudno (Philosophical Library, \$2), repeats familiar themes of criticism, but fails entirely to acknowledge the possibility of great transcendental realities lying behind the dogmas and superstitions which it so effectively tears to shreds. It is an ex-prosecuting attorney and critic of organized religion that Mr. Brudno contributes his most useful commentaries:

At the end of my official term my research revealed to me that about 99% of the criminals I had prosecuted were reared in orthodox religious homes and had attended Sunday Schools in early boyhood and were still strict in their religious observances. The Jewish offenders almost invariably came from orthodox Jewish homes and abstained from eating pork or ham and the Catholics did not eat meat on Friday. I frequently asked Catholic criminals why they would not eat meat on Friday and their stereotyped reply was, "I am a Catholic." When I pressed for a reason their invariable answer was "I don't know," with a strong shrug of the shoulders. I might add that in the course of my four years in office

I did not come across a single Unitarian, Agnostic or atheist. I do not mean to infer that non-believers or members of liberal churches are immune from crime, but it at least convinced me that strict religious observances were no deterrent to crime or immorality.
...

Mr. Brudno writes in a distinguished tradition whose representatives, from Thomas Paine to Robert G. Ingersoll, have done much to free the minds of people in the United States and elsewhere of the heavy psychological burdens of religious dogma. Something, however, which comes out of the works of the giants of freethought, such as Paine and Ingersoll, is the extraordinary surge of humanitarian power and sympathy for all mankind which dominates and even overshadows their skeptical rejection of metaphysical ideas. This love of human beings is itself a kind of unspoken metaphysic; quite conceivably, in another age, when the prevailing moral issues are focussed elsewhere than upon the struggle between freedom of mind and religious superstition and bigotry, men like Paine and Ingersoll would concentrate upon metaphysical affirmation instead of metaphysical denial. There is evidence for this in another recent publication of the Philosophical Library—*The Letters of Robert G. Ingersoll*, edited by his granddaughter, Mrs. Eva Ingersoll Wakefield. Commenting on Ingersoll's correspondence with Horace Traubel, Walt Whitman, and John Burroughs, Mrs. Wakefield remarks:

In certain poetic moods, Ingersoll felt an indefinable sympathy with Pantheism. At other times, he regarded it as a sort of sublime intellectual nonsense, an incoherent and meaningless mysticism.

He felt that the Pantheists, the Accepters of the Universe, fell inevitably into moral confusion for they failed to discriminate among values, to choose the true and reject the false. Instead they accepted all things—the good and the bad—with a certain sentimental smugness. All was *not* for the best in the best of all possible worlds, Ingersoll insisted, and accordingly took issue with Whitman and Traubel on what he considered their intellectual apostasy concerning the "God belief."

The "goodness of God"—any sort of God—is indeed the stumbling block of religion for all disciplined minds, and we can hardly regret Ingersoll's intransigence in this respect. It would be

impossible to summarize the intellectual and moral riches of this large book—more than 700 pages—in a brief review. The integrity and brilliance of Ingersoll's mind shines forth in almost every letter, and while Ingersoll remains an uncompromising champion of atheism, throughout his life, it may be said that he never uttered an ungenerous word. Perhaps the most moving passage in the book tells how young Bob, a disbeliever from youth, conversed with his father, a fighting abolitionist preacher, on Christianity:

For many years, despite Robert's recalcitrance and irreverence regarding orthodox religion, the Reverend John Ingersoll patiently endeavored to lead his erring son into the true faith. The two had endless discussions concerning belief in God, the immortality of the soul, the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the Bible, and all the other great theological and philosophical questions which have tried men's souls throughout the ages. Although always intense and often painful, these conversations were amiable and tolerant in temper; and little by little they achieved an unexpected and astonishing result; they profoundly liberalized the orthodox faith of the father, while they only strengthened and fortified the unbelief of the son. There was an intrepid rectitude in the spirit of John Ingersoll which caused him to respect and accept the truth, as he saw it, at any cost to himself. In the final computation the cost was very great indeed: the almost complete repudiation of the beliefs of a lifetime, and the return, at the end of his days, to new and untested spiritual pathways. The delicacy and pathos of his father's dilemma in later life was fully appreciated by Robert who used all the tender affection and imaginative understanding of his nature to transmute the potential tragedy into rewarding serenity and peace of mind. The quiet climax of this personal drama came at the death-bed of John Ingersoll when the brave old spiritual warrior requested Robert to read, not from the Bible, but from Plato on *The Death of Socrates*.

Such extraordinary fusions of the liberating idea with the consecrating feeling are extremely difficult to find, and even more difficult to define with any satisfaction. We seem almost reduced to anecdote and allegory to capture the meaning of such moments in human experience. This, perhaps, is a part of the explanation of the strange power and haunting appeal of Haniel Long's version of sixteenth-century Cabeza de Vaca's brief account of

his journey, on foot, with three companions, from Florida to the Pacific, through eight long years. This book, *The Power Within Us* (Regnery), is commonly encountered among liberal modern Christians with mystical leanings. It is not, however, a testament to any particular sect of religion, but to, as de Vaca expressed it, "The Power within us." Two things of supreme importance were discovered by this Spanish don, as he suffered a parting from every outside evidence of his noble origin: First, he discovered the fellowship of all men among the Indians; second, he found a healing power within himself to help the Indians recover from their physical ills. In a reflective reply to a companion of his wanderings, de Vaca says: "When these Indians call upon us to have mercy and heal them, is the power they feel in us derived from stone houses, barns and tilled fields—from alcalde or nobleman, or from Holy Church, for that matter? Let the truth be said, Andres: All that we learned across the water we have had to throw away. Only what we learned as babes in our mothers' arms has stayed with us to help others."

Cabeza de Vaca belongs to that fraternity of men who have learned deeply from extreme situations—from the intensity of suffering, danger and deprivation. Richard Byrd is another who gives evidence of a similar discovery—in his *Alone*—and Harold Maine, author of *If a Man Be Mad*, is a third. *The Power Within Us*, like these two volumes, is a profound treatise on natural religion—the kind of religion that might have been declared by both Paine and Ingersoll, if they had not been so busy fighting the oppressions of church dogmas and priestly power.

COMMENTARY **JULY AND AUGUST?**

TWO months from now, MANAS will have completed the first half of its fourth year of existence, and this seems a propitious moment to share with its readers an idea which has been weighing in the minds of the editors for a considerable length of time. The idea, briefly, is that MANAS suspend publication for the two summer months of the year—July and August.

During the years thus far, it has been noted that changes of address and other interruptions of the usual pattern of living occur most frequently during those months—for obvious reasons. It seems to us that readers are likely to miss MANAS least during this period. The editors, on their part, are few in number and the magazine, despite the welcomed contributions in recent issues, is almost entirely staff-written. This means an unbroken and intensive effort on the part of the editors to produce the paper fifty-two times a year. The editors, in short, feel the need of rest and refreshment, from time to time, and July and August are the logical months to take it. Quite possibly, some readers may feel the same way.

There is one more aspect to this problem. MANAS is a costly venture. It is not yet able to pay its own way. Support is gained from various sources—and will, we trust, in the future, be forthcoming—without strenuous appeals to subscribers for special help. The need, however, exists, and one way to lessen the financial burdens placed upon the publishers would be to decrease the annual printing bill by approximately one sixth.

In the past, we have never laid great emphasis on requests to readers that they "write in" their reactions and opinions. Such correspondence, of course, is always welcome, and the letters which come without special solicitation are both a help and a satisfaction to the editors. In this case, however, we ask that readers express themselves concerning the idea of suspending publication during July and August. There is the question, for

example, of the adjustment of subscriptions to run two months longer into the next year, to compensate for the issues missed during the summer. And there may be other considerations that we have not thought of. So, we invite letters on this subject. The more complete the expression of opinion, the better the cross-section of views available for our guidance in making this decision.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

ONCE again we are able to enjoy the pleasure of recommending a book for both children and their parents, and the reasons are the same as those advanced before on similarly rare occasions. James Norman Hall's *The Far Lands* (Little, Brown & Co., 1950) is the retelling of a legend of simplicity, heroism and beauty—the story of a simple and beautiful people who moved eastward across the sea to settle the Pacific islands. Such stories of pioneering, when they are done with sympathy—and perhaps a bit of mysticism—seem prototypal of each man's dream of reaching through adversity to "the promised land," which also means the ideal community.

Hall inclines to the belief that the Polynesians started their explorations from the coasts of Asia, having an original homeland somewhere within the India of today. He once discovered that among the Polynesians were those who worshipped the God of Peace, holding that all human life is sacred and that war is to be avoided if harmony with great nature is ever to be obtained. (Though Hall does not belabor this particular point, nor even develop it, it might be considered as a philosophic substantiation of the migration-from-India theory.)

In any case, the story of the young chief, Maui, who led his peace-loving tribe from island to island in search of a land where there was no God of War, is an odyssey of inspiration. These men had to be braver than the more war-like Polynesians, more resourceful, and possessed of greater faith. Decimated by the hardships of voyages in uncharted seas, preyed upon by enemies who delighted in human sacrifice, they showed themselves to be the strongest and best of all. Because Maui is pure, like Galahad, his vision as well as his strength is that of ten, while his love and his building of a family are idyllic. For the young, there is the fascination of adventures and the wonders of constructing a comfortable life

with nothing more than stone tools. For adolescents, there is the thread of personal romance which absorbs and uses all of life's beauties, yet without sensualism—and for older men and women who have now perhaps stopped dreaming their "impossible" dreams there may be in *The Far Lands* a reawakening of sympathy for the fancies and yearnings of youth.

This is as good an occasion as any to make a strong plea for introducing young people to tales of even the most fantastic heroism. Let's have them in greater quantity, even if we have to dig back into the past far beyond the influence of purely contemporary writing. The old hero idea is presently passé, but it seems to us we shall always need to believe in heroes, whether we are young, middle-aged or old, since the great hero of story can so naturally and easily become a spur to our own idealisms. Though we may be destined to see our earliest aspirations fade in the merciless "struggle for security," we should at least know that men have lived, or can live, according to higher standards. Culturally, the hero-legend was a way of defending and extending the courage of one's own convictions. The hero was a man who stood alone, who worshipped no person or system of authority but who sought to reach goals others trembled to envision. So, while *The Far Lands* is a book capable of stating its own case and producing a beneficial effect upon the imaginations of all who read it, we may broaden the base of our commendation to include *any* book which stirs the imagination in heroic directions.

A correspondent recently inquired about ways of instilling standards of ethical behavior in the young. We can think of nothing more important, on this question, than that the ethical standard must be the end result of an ideal *desire*, earnestly worshipped. We accept ideals, when we really accept them, not because "society" takes them up and regards them as sensible, but because they stand to us for the portion of our lives which is a

constant reaching *above* conventions and commonplaces.

In his earlier years, a child does not discuss or defend what we call "principles," but he may fully understand those "principles" when they are exemplified in consecrated action. At times we even regret the passing of such novelists as Rafael Sabatini—someone all would doubtless find it difficult to consider a moral instructor. But Sabatini, and all those who wrote in his vein, happened to be saying one thing which should be endlessly repeated: never expect less than the best from yourself, never believe that any cause is hopeless or that your own strength is insufficient. Such sentiments are always good for us to hear, perhaps even necessary.

Coming back to the Polynesians, they long ago reached their cultural apex, and started into the sort of slow and natural decline which each man faces as his own energies wane towards the close of life. But, perhaps because they were a simple folk, their heroisms are among the most easily grasped. The following is a portion of a Polynesian legend which inspired Hall's book—the legend of Maui-the-Peaceful. The demigods are conversing, those beings who misused their greater strength in struggles and violence, and now look forward in sadness toward their own extinction. The mother told her son:

"I have had a strange dream, but no idle one. I saw what is to come. The Earth is to be peopled again."

"With demigods?" Tavi asked.

"No," said his mother. "With creatures shaped like ourselves but far smaller even than Maui. And they will love battles as we did, but fight in a different manner."

"Then they are doomed even before they appear upon the Earth," said Tavi.

"Amongst them there will be a few who are lovers of peace," said Haka-Hotu. "In the dream I saw these banded together because they hated killing. They fought bravely but only when attacked, to protect themselves and their families. But they were a few against many. I saw them being driven to the

borders of the sea where we now are, then going out upon it in their little boats, some from the cove below here. It was for them, perhaps, that we demi-gods were ordered to fish up lands.

"Tané wishes to prove the courage and the faith of the searchers for peace. He would have them conquer not only the dangers of the sea but also the bitter disappointment of hope deferred. And so they must if they are to be worthy of this quest."

FRONTIERS

The Law of Averages

NO more than a number of writers of books, articles and pamphlets, can we let the Point Four idea rest. It seems to be about the most imaginative idea in behalf of world justice and world peace that the United States has produced within a generation or more. Not that we expect it actually to *work*—to work, that is, in the way and on the scale that it was first proposed. But, as Stringfellow Barr has noted, "President Truman's 'Point Four' remarks, even though timid and vague, briefly stirred not only the conscience of Americans but the hopes of men throughout the planet." Any idea that can stir consciences and awaken hopes is worth keeping alive.

The Point Four program, as most people know by now, is a program to help the backward, undeveloped countries of the world by using American capital supported by American technical advice. It was a gesture in the direction of world peace, on the supposition that the peace of the future will depend upon greater economic equality and self-sufficiency, throughout the world. No one in his right mind can disagree with this supposition—but the real problem, as Thomas à Kempis put it some five hundred years ago, nevertheless remains. "All men," said the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, "desire Peace, but few men desire those things that make for peace." The fate of the Point Four program at the hands of Congress is enough to show that even if this program would bring the world peace, not enough Americans and their representatives in Congress could see the connection.

Mr. Barr's contribution to the Point Four idea is contained in a pamphlet, *Let's Join the Human Race*, issued by the University of Chicago Press at 25 cents a copy. Most of the pamphlet is an attempt to convince his readers—the free, white, and relatively prosperous people of the United States—that the vast majority of the other 2,000,000,000 human beings on earth live under conditions that would make most Americans do something far worse than joining the Communist Party. His argument, built around the idea that you, the reader, are a "soul"

about to be born, is worth repeating. It grows out of simple statistics:

If you are born this year, then on the same day more than 200,000 other babies will be born, all over the world.

You will have less than one chance in twenty of being born in the United States. Your chance of being born in the Soviet Union will be not much better. These countries may be heavily armed, but most people just don't live in them.

You will probably be colored. Remember that you and the 200,000 other squawking brats who will be the day's baby crop are going to be born all over the planet and that there are just not many openings in the places where the white race lives. You must take your chances with the other babies. And the chances are, you will be colored—colored black, or colored brown, or colored yellow.

Your chances of being born white this year are not much more than one in three. Your chances of being born Chinese are one in four; of being born in India, better than one in nine.

If you are born colored, you will probably be born either among people who have recently revolted and thrown out the white folks who used to govern them or else in a country that is still trying to throw the white folks out. If you are born in Africa, you are likely to learn the maxim: "Never trust a white man."

You have only about one chance in four of being born a Christian. It is far more likely that you will be born a Confucian or a Buddhist, a Mohammedan or a Taoist.

We wonder how many Americans would be able to contemplate these possibilities with equanimity—or who, after reading them, would breathe a sigh of relief and say to themselves, "Well, that may be how the figures work out, but thank Heaven I was lucky!" But being "lucky" is not much of an explanation, really. Perhaps we can't explain our good fortune at all, except on the flattering hypothesis that for some hidden or unknown virtues we have been rewarded by birth as free, white Americans. That is one theory, but hardly a theory that we can expect the other 2,000,000,000 people in the world to adopt. Mr. Barr gives some of the reasons why::

If you are born in the United States—and remember, that's quite an *if*—you will probably live longer than a year. But if you are born in India, which is more likely, you have only a little better than a one-to-

four chance of living more than a year. But cheer up! Your chances in some places would be worse; and, besides, even if you survive babyhood in India, you have only a fifty-fifty chance of growing to maturity.

If you are born colored, the chances are overwhelming that you will be chronically sick all your life—from malaria, or intestinal parasites, or tuberculosis, or maybe even leprosy. And even if you are not chronically sick, you are likely to be weak from hunger. You have about a two-to-one chance of suffering from malnutrition, either from too little food or from food that is not a balanced or nourishing diet. You have a reasonably good chance of experiencing real famine—to the point where you will be glad to eat the bark off a tree. But this chance is extremely hard to calculate.

Of course, if we get into another world war, this last chance will be much easier to calculate. Babies born on a battlefield—and the whole world will be the next war's battlefield—seldom get enough to eat. If you are determined to be born a free, white American, your chances of eating regularly are pretty good, of course, but are you sure you can arrange it? Do you remember how it worked the last time?

Mr. Barr has more to say:

Again, if you are born colored, you have only a one-to-four chance of learning to read. And since you almost certainly will not own a radio, you will be pretty well cut off from that part of the human family that has enough to eat and that is reasonably healthy. You will most likely live in a mud hut, with a dirt floor and no chimney, its roof thatched with straw. You will almost certainly work on the land, and most of what you raise will go to the landlord. In addition, you are likely to be deeply in debt to the local moneylender, and you may have to pay him annual interest of anywhere from 30 to 100 per cent.

So you're glad you're an American! So is Mr. Barr. But he has one more point to make, and then we're through quoting him:

Many millions of these sick, hungry, illiterate, and oppressed people belong to "the free nations" we propose to lead in a crusade against communism. We had better take a good look at the real world we live in before we lead much further. We had better base American foreign policy on real facts.

When we Americans look at Russia, all that we see is tyranny. When millions of these wretched outcasts look at her, what they see is liberation from the landlord and the moneylender and the planned reconstruction of their country on the basis of modern machinery. They see a possible end to a kind of misery and despair which most Americans have never seen. Tyranny does not

frighten them: they have never known anything else. We had better stop shouting slogans at them long enough to try with all our might to imagine their misery.

Mr. Barr, while he's proud to be American, also wants to join the human race. He is for peace, and he doesn't see how we or anyone else can have it so long as the modern world continues to be divided into the healthy, happy and free, and the enormously greater majority of hungry, sick, and wretched. We in America are extraordinarily proud of our new audio-visual toy—TV—but the peoples in other lands are much more impressed by another American invention—TVA. They have heard about it, they know how it works, and they would like to have one like it where they live.

Mr. Barr's own proposal, saved for his last five pages, is for a World Development Authority—a kind of world TVA, involving a tremendous public corporation set up by the UN, which would be financed by World Peace Bonds which all of us could buy as private individuals. The only interest these Bonds would pay would be peace. "I believe," says Mr. Barr, "the human race would invest. I believe you and I would invest."

Well, we'd like to agree with Mr. Barr. We'd *like* to believe that a world TVA would work. But we think an awful lot of people will have to decide to join the human race on Mr. Barr's terms before they will support a world TVA. And they'll have to have some better explanation of why they are Americans than just being "lucky." We have heard of small groups of people who were determined to live for the welfare of the whole—to risk their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor for some great ideal—but such groups have always had some extraordinarily impressive convictions about the nature of *man*. You have to have a feeling about *all* the people to go along with Mr. Barr. Wanting to "stop" communism is not enough to make us a nation of altruists. Hating the thought of hunger and disease is not enough, either. You almost have to be ready to be born black, chronically ill and hungry, and with a two-thirds probability that you won't live a year, before you can feel yourself to be a part of the *whole* human race. This is an idea to work on for a while. It doesn't sound easy at all.

Has it Occurred to Us?

ONCE upon a time, two philosophers lived within daily distance of each other, and of one of them it was said that he delighted in finding, over and over, that each link in his friend's thought drew the whole chain with it. We gather that the delight was mutual, for latter-day friends of both philosophers have been known to feel the same unbreakable coherence in each thinker's work. If a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, possibly a wise consistency is the guardian of great minds.

But has it occurred to us that consistency must be delicately accomplished? The generalizing faculty cannot be an absolute guide, or the power of discrimination would atrophy. There is nothing to choose between synthesis without analysis and analysis without synthesis—either extreme keeps the mind "small." One who cannot soar out into new immensities on the wings of an idea is one who would use a magic carpet for a doormat to wipe his feet on, before locking himself in for the night. But one who cannot settle down with an idea and give it quiet pondering, who will see it only on his "day off," and never considers taking it to work with him—is not in much better case.

We may say of every man that each link of his thought draws a chain with it, but then, he has chains and chains, not a *whole* chain. For the person who is wrapped in grief, every "link" draws the whole chain of sorrow, while other chains—of understanding, of happiness, of responsibility, of brotherly concern for others—are left lying useless. The young lover has countless links in his chain of devotion and desire, but this chain is seldom joined to the chains whose links he has been forging at home, in school, in his reading and recreation. The ambitious man segregates his thoughts in another fashion, so that nothing more than occasional misgivings would interrupt his "single-minded" pursuit of power, profit, or prestige. The soldier must not think and feel wholly what he is doing, lest he unman himself: the battlefield is not the place for musing.

Shall we, then, salute the integrated thinker and pass by at a respectful distance? Are some favored few born with sensible consistency, and all the rest doomed to a discouraging incoherence? Does an unfair destiny decree that one species of man shall have a dozen short anchor cables and never quite be able to stop their ships from drifting, while another species—they with the "whole chains"—can ride at anchor even in high seas? Perhaps the fates are against all but the handful of first-rank philosophers, endowed by divine right with delightfully unified minds. Or perhaps to think this is to harbor a huge persecution complex against The Universe! It would be a rash man who would seriously accuse the great unknown Fates of having it in for him.

If we wish a less foolhardy experiment, let us not adopt such a glamorous view of our importance. Let us leave unfair cosmic forces out of consideration, and scale the problem down to the modest fraction of the globe which contains us and all our present concerns.

In that dimensionless place where we can think alone, and really think, we are neither less than nor greater than any other person, neither more nor less fortunate, neither more nor less abused. There, grief and love, ambition and war become *what we think them*, not things in themselves. There, we can assemble all the chains of our thought, or rather, we find that what we imagined to be several abbreviated lengths are actually sections of a continuous whole. We think neither generally nor specifically; instead, we think completely, and for that interval of something else than Time, the integrity of our thought is a fact. It is only when we leave that strange, but strangely peaceful corner of our consciousness that links here and there break apart, or we blindly take up one emotion or one notion and bemoan the fact that nothing makes sense.

Has it occurred to us that as long as we put ourselves in categories from day to day and from mood to mood, without troubling to follow a single one of our ideas in and out of every

characterization, we have no hope of disentangling the threads of our thinking? If, to choose an impersonal example, we think that honesty for the grief-stricken man is different from honesty for the harassed and battle-weary soldier, we know not honesty, but only its appearance. If we suppose that consideration for others depends upon whether we are, for the moment, ambitious or in love—we are considerate only by accident.

The man who holds to a few general rules that serve him as both daily and emergency rations, is one who sees in a new problem some old familiar elements he has grappled with before. He observes in himself—instead of in Fate, Fortune, friends or enemies—an injustice, an ethical discrepancy, a tardy virtue that matches the shadow across his path. He learns to bring the whole force of his being to bear upon his experiences. More and more, he remains himself throughout mental changes and emotional revolutions. He is more wholly himself with every trial of his integrity, and, for a wonder, the Universe, to his more coherent eye, grows in integrity.