VOLUME VIII, NO. 2
JANUARY 12, 1955

CAVALCADE OF PHILOSOPHERS

THERE are many arguments against anthologies, most of them sound, and doubtless they all apply to anthologies of philosophy. But since these arguments are familiar, and since we have for review the largest philosophical anthology we have ever seen, a few words in favor of such volumes seem in order. In *Treasury of Philosophy* (Philosophical Library, New York, $15.00), Dagobert Runes has compiled quotations from almost four hundred "searchers"—as he calls the philosophers. An immediate merit of his selections is the presence among them of scores of names unfamiliar to the average reader—"a considerable number of Hebrew, Chinese, and other Oriental minds who have been ignored," Mr. Runes notes, "by our Western-focussed historians." Then there are several obscure American thinkers who, the editor found, have been neglected by European historians of thought.

This book holds many pleasures for the mind. Since the quotations are all short—Lao-tze, who wrote the least, seems to have more pages devoted to him than any other except Plato—the great system-builders are not represented by outlines of their systems, but by passing insights such as reward five or ten minutes of reading with material for hours of reflection. The wisdom of brief expression enjoys numerous defenses, but none, we think, as apt as the rejoinder of Bishop South to Queen Anne, when she complimented him on a sermon, but added, "It was very short." The Bishop replied, "Madam, it would have been shorter had I had the time to make it so!"

Treasury of Philosophy contains the sort of pithy utterance one longs for in relation to all central problems. For example, take the attitude of mind, so common today, which looks complacently on every idea, new or old, and reacts by saying "Show me!" or "Prove it!" Here is the half-baked skepticism which has abandoned all subservience to dogma and authority, yet will accept no individual responsibility for the freedom which has been obtained. This is "small-boyism" in philosophy, which assumes that it is possible to live without positive or affirmative convictions. Such people really pursue a parasitical mental existence on the fruit of the constructive thinking of other men. They exploit the culture of their time without contributing to it either courage or originality. Turning the pages of Dagobert Runes' heavy book, one finds in the words of the materialist thinker, Eugen Dühring, a brilliant analysis and proper condemnation of this sign of cultural decay:

> Pessimism is itself the peak of moral evil, in the sense that it adores nothing and condemns nature. Scepticism tries to do that with regard to reason. It is the theoretical supplement to practical corruption. It is incompatible with the trust of healthy knowledge, and is opposed to real logical knowledge as a final possibility. When it remains faithful to its essence (or rather its nuisance), it implies that there can be deviations for personal contingencies; therefore it assists wickedness.
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> Since everything is basically bad, people consider it only right for them not to consider some of their own base acts. If they resign themselves to demoralization and thereby adjust themselves to the character of the world, they're merely following the pattern of all things. If they commit an evil act and extend it further; or even approve of it (in a particular case), they contribute their share to the moral evil. They try to protect themselves with the hypocritical excuse that they are redeeming the world with their demoralized behavior; that they help make for that saintly order which tends toward the adoration of *nil*.
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> Even with better people, there is some demoralization too; it takes the form of discouragement, or the reduction of confidence in the state of things, and makes for a sapping of strength. That kind of demoralization parallels the circumstances in the demoralization of troops. In the struggle for existence, the opinion that the good have no choice in the sphere of the knowledge of things, or

> the possibility of doing good, must certainly produce a demoralizing effect. A philosophy hostile to life, which professes the total evilness of nature and explains the world as a single and great evil is in itself the greatest thing that makes for demoralization, because of necessity it eradicates the courage for life and good will.

While not a "developed" pessimism, the popular apathy toward idealism and philosophy, the indifference to the need of each individual to work out a sense of relationship to life, with resulting responsibilities, comes very close to deserving all that Dühring says of pessimists and sceptics. One interesting thing about Duhring is that he attacked Capitalism, Marxism, organized Christianity and Judaism, and, as Runes adds, "the faculties of the German universities." Despite his physical blindness, his thought is of a vigorously affirmative nature, leading Runes to say that "'heroic materialism' characterized Dühring's philosophy."

The early nineteenth century seems to have been a time when modern materialism attained its first great strength and enthusiasm—when it embodied a moral ardor like, if not so rationally supported as, the vaulting dreams of the transcendentalists. From such "materialists" one learns something of the potentialities of the human spirit—the unsuppressible determination to triumph over obstacles. The fact that Dühring's thought is materialistic in metaphysical assumptions seems little more than an accident of history, so far as the moral quality of his work is concerned; yet a fateful accident, for when materialism becomes a sect, a party, and is politicalized, like dogmatic religion it takes on many of the traits which he condemned.

We are continually being surprised by the nobility of the thought of men who are unbelievers in verbal forms of idealism. Zeno, for example, the founder of the Stoic philosophy, said this: "No evil is glorious. But there are cases of glorious death. Death therefore is no evil."

Two men not commonly thought of as philosophers, although both were transcendentalists, have honorable place in this book—Amos Bronson Alcott and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Coleridge, as devotees of his *Biographia Literaria* know, is especially the defender and expositor of intuitive perception, as the following illustrates:

> Talk to a blind man—he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy or religion. Of course, there is no *reasoning* with them, for they do not possess the facts on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible but naked dissent, which implies a sort of unsocial contempt; or—what a man of kind disposition is very likely to fall into—a heartless tacit acquiescence, which borders too nearly on duplicity.

Here is a passage requiring an appendix of encyclopedic proportions. First to be considered is the fact of these "internal senses"—whether they exist or not, and, if they exist, what may be their origin, their proper exercise and discipline. Then there is the question of why they are so seldom discussed. The answer to this involves review of a thousand years or so of political and social history, for the obvious reason why the subject of subtle moral and philosophical perceptions is seldom discussed is that it is deemed "undemocratic" to do so. In a society subscribing to the doctrine of human equality as a simple, uncomplicated fact, such questions are taboo. Further, writing and speaking which will have political consequences suffers serious degradation as a result, for "truth" is what all men can easily grasp, as in simple arithmetic. No strain can be put upon the mental capacities of the electorate, and the implication that people need to improve their minds and refine their feelings can never be allowed. This temper in relation to the idea of truth also afflicts scientific inquiry, which becomes essentially statistical, and all fields which do not naturally lend themselves to statistical methods are corrupted by over-simplification. This, by reaction, may drive the arts to adopt

obscurantist tactics, in revolt against the monopolistic claims of mathematics and rationalism, and further schisms in culture result.

Where will this vicious circle end? It will end, no doubt, as it began, for it was by misusing their superior intellectual powers and parading their special talents that the aristocratic spirits of another age brought revolution upon themselves and the rule of demagogues upon the people. It will end, we think, only when, as Plato said, philosophers become kings, or kings philosophers.

Is this impossible? Mr. Runes is a man of endless resources, for he is able to provide us a practical answer from Thomas Jefferson. Concerning George Washington, Jefferson wrote:

> His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. . . .
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> Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called upon for a sudden effort, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. . . .
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> On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad; in a few points indifferent; and it may be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man a lasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and its principles, until it had settled down into an orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

Had we more such men in America, the art of philosophy would be a more natural part of the culture of the United States.

Bronson Alcott's life was given to fostering the "internal senses" which Coleridge affirmed. He was above all a teacher—a teacher of young and old. At the heart of A1cott's thought is the idea of "the Man in the man," to borrow again the words of the English poet. For Alcott, the soul which *is* the inner man is a familiar reality:

> Ever present and operant is *That* which never becomes a party in one's guilt, conceives never an evil thought, consents never to an unrighteous deed, never sins; but holds itself impeccable, immutable, personally holy—the Conscience—counsellor, comforter, judge, and executor of the spirit's decrees. None can flee from the spirit's presence, nor hide himself. The reserved powers are the mighty ones. Side by side sleep the Whispering Sisters and the Eumenides. Nor is Conscience appeased till the sentence is pronounced. There is an oracle in the breast, an unsleeping police; and ever the court sits, dealing doom or deliverance. Our sole inheritance is our deeds. While remorse stirs the sinner, there remains hope of his redemption. "Only he to whom all is one, who draweth all things to one, and all things in one, may enjoy the true peace and rest of spirit." None can escape the *Presence.* The *Ought* is everywhere and imperative. Alike guilt in the soul and anguish in the flesh affirm his ubiquity. Matter—in particle and planet, mind and macrocosm—is quick with spirit.

These writers whom we have quoted may all rank as discoverers of Man. Even Dühring, the "heroic materialist," declares his belief in human capacity, whatever his metaphysical denials. It is the philosophers, always, who declare faith in man, and it is their successors, the organizers of churches and states, who denature the works of the philosophers and reduce man to the status of a *conformer* to systems of belief and systems of control. This is well illustrated in an article in the *Christian Century* for Nov. 17, in which the writer, A. Roy Eckardt, examines "The New Look in American Piety." He discerns three currents in

modern religious and psychological thinking which result in freeing the individual of responsibility. First is the cult of "peace of mind":

> . . . the peace-of-mind cult readily turns into religious narcissism. The individual and his psycho-spiritual state occupy the center of the religious stage. Here is piety concentrating on its own navel. The Christian gospel, we must object, is in its redemptive wholeness a challenge to men to surrender themselves for the sake of Christ so that their hearts will go out to their brethren. . . . The peace-of-mind movement is deficient morally and empirically. It has no grasp of the deep paradox that "whosoever would save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for [Christ's] sake will find it." . . . This new cult counsels "personal adjustment." But adjustment to what? New Testament Christianity is hardly adjusted to its environment. It makes us seriously wonder, in fact, how much of the social order is *worth* adjusting to. . . . An evil aspect of peace-of-mind religion is its acceptance, by default, of the social status quo.

The criticism is pertinent, whether in behalf of Christian gospel or secular humanism. Likewise what this writer has to say about the cult of the "Man Upstairs," which informs us, via Jane Russell, that the Lord is a "Livin' Doll," a "right nice guy." Finally, there is the "religion" which identifies Satan and the Powers of Evil with whoever happens to threaten America politically. Eckardt writes:

> The cult of "we" versus "they" . . . is more tangibly sinister than the other two. It is just a short step from a god who is the Great Adjuster and/or the Friendly Neighbor to the god who fights on the side of his chosen people, supporting their racial, economic or national interests. The crucial point is that the first two cults have already stimulated and endorsed powerful human emotions. The obvious outcome is that it is un-American to be unreligious. We are the good spiritual people. . . .

It would be difficult to find better evidence of the moral insight in the Christian community. Here is sound and searching criticism, with the spirit of genuine revolution such as Jesus intended.

But a better antidote to the modern "cults" exposed as anti-religious is found in the consistent originality and determined investigation of the philosophers w h o s e thought is assembled by Dagobert Runes. It is better because it is free, unattached, and an independent testament to the human spirit. It is not that these thinkers have no teachers, that they have abandoned the past. On the contrary, they embody much of the best of the past—even in these brief quotations. Their strength is rather in the fact that, as they appear here, they are minds without parties or organizations, appealing to the minds without parties or organizations in other men. They inspire men to have confidence in themselves, while learning from others. There is no other way to teach, and no other way to learn.

REVIEW
MEETING GREAT CHANGES

A LITTLE over a year ago, *Harper's* (November and December 1953 issues) printed a two-part article in which the writer, Harry Henderson, called attention to the large-scale effect on living habits, and even upon attitudes, of the enormous real estate developments called "tracts" which are growing up in many parts of the United States. Henderson calls these new communities "mass-produced suburbs," the largest of which is Levittown, Long Island, with a population of 70,000. These communities come into being almost in a matter of months and house populations which are radically different from older towns which have developed from "normal" growth.

We recall these articles, since sudden movements of large numbers of people seem to be characteristic of the present age. Even in the case of the resettlement of "displaced persons" in Europe, while the circumstances of the lives of such people are marked by tragedy rather than a simple attraction to the low-cost homes of modern tract construction, there are elements of experience in common with all other rapid movements of population: roots with the past are cut, new habits and attitudes developed with little obstruction, and a sense of adjustment to change becomes more psychologically acceptable.

From whatever cause, migrations of one sort or another, with settlement under novel conditions, are certainly a world-wide phenomenon. In India and Pakistan, for example, literally millions of people have been obliged to find new homes and new means of livelihood as a result of the partition of India into two countries. In about six months—between September 1947 and March 1948—more than a million people left Pakistan on foot, crossing into East Punjab. Half a million made the same journey by rail, 464,000 went by motor transport, and 28,000 by air. A million and a half more non-Muslims were obliged to leave the province of Sind before April, 1948.

Something of the immensity of this migration is conveyed by the official report of the Government of India:

> The biggest convoy, 400,000 strong, of the uprooted non-Muslim population, started from the Canal Colonies of Lyallpur on September 11, 1947. As the convoy took the 150-mile road to East Punjab it was swelled by tributary refugee streams from Gojra, Sumandri and Jaranwala. Leaving their ancestral holdings, the rich canal-irrigated fields, the colonists came with what they could carry. With them came petty shop-keepers, artisans, village menials, landlords, businessmen, doctors and lawyers. (The great majority were cultivators.) The major portion of the men, women and children walked, while a few who had brought their carts or tongas made their journey in these vehicles. So vast was the unhappy stream of humanity that it was estimated that it would take eight days for it to pass a stationary point. Halts were made from time to time for rest and food; fires were lighted and meals prepared and the few cows brought were milked for the babies.

This passage is quoted by Horace Alexander, an Englishman who has spent much of his life in India and who has described the Indian experience and adjustment to the migration under the title, *New Citizens of India* (Oxford University Press). While small and unpretentious, this volume should prove of great interest to those in the West who wish to inform themselves of the early fortunes of the new civilization now developing in India. We say "new," not to imply that India has no significant past—which would be ridiculous—but to suggest that new forces are at work in the India of today. Mr. Alexander's book is an impressive account of some of those forces.

Since this writer has slight interest in stirring the embers of old controversy, he says little of the causes which led finally to partition, beyond calling attention to the fact that when the British introduced "representative institutions" to India, the result was that voters voted in religious blocs —"Muslim electors voted only for Muslims; Hindus and those of other faiths voted in a

separate electorate." Thus political cleavage was added to religious cleavage, and parties of religious origin such as the Muslim League and the Hindu Mahasabha gave expression to aggressive religious nationalism. Communal rivalries led to riots in the towns and cities between Muslims and Hindus as early as the '20s and '30s, but Mr. Alexander points out that "it was only after 1944 or 1945 that these two main religious communities, who had hitherto lived peacefully side by side in the hundreds of thousands of Indian villages, began to fight each other also in rural areas." It is plain that Mr. Alexander believes the communal animosities were stimulated by the bigoted and self-seeking of both sides. At the time of the migration, after partition, he writes:

> Long columns of outgoing Muslim refugees sometimes met columns of incoming Hindus and Sikhs on the roads. They showed no trace of hostility to one another. All alike were victims of misfortune. As so often in human history, the many suffered for the sins and the folly of the few. Hindu or Sikh cultivators and other simple people might be stirred up to attack their Muslim neighbors, especially where fear or religious frenzy could be aroused; but there was no deep widespread enmity. If there had been no evil-minded instigation of violence, probably there would have been no violence. It was not spontaneous.

New Citizens of India, however, is chiefly concerned with the coming of these millions of refugees to India, how the Government of India provided for them, and how the people adjusted to their hardships and new surroundings. It is a story filled with sadness, but relieved by many evidences of courage and strong character. Mr. Alexander chose for his frontispiece a drawing of an old Pathan, eighty-five years old, who, having been formerly a landowner of some wealth, was now employed as a water-carrier in the new community of Faridabad—created to give homes to refugees. One day in April, 1950, the Pathan saw Alexander, a stranger, standing in the heat (100° F. in the shade at 9 o'clock in the morning). He "went to the well, filled two buckets with water, carried them across to me and offered me a drink as if I were a guest in his ancestral home and he was offering me the purest nectar. That drink was good."

When the refugees first came into India, they were guided to camps which had been prepared for them. It is something of a tribute to the Indian Government—which was not yet a year old when confronted by this enormous responsibility—that the emergency was met so well. There were mistakes and inefficiencies, of course, but Mr. Alexander, as a spectator as well as one who helped with the job, is chiefly impressed by the excellence of its administration. No mere review, of course, can convey the measure of confusion and human disaster that had to be dealt with. After the people were settled in camps, there was the problem of helping them to find new ways of life and means of livelihood. Throughout, the author reminds the reader that a great many of the refugees solved their own problems by intelligent and eager adaptation to the new conditions. Others were invited to build their own homes for themselves, and were paid by the government for this work. On this basis, entire new communities came into being. This plan effected great savings in money for the government and at the same time afforded a psychic therapy for the refugees, who eventually took pleasure and pride in the work.

There were occasions, however, when an outside stimulus was needed. In 1950, six Europeans (of the *Service Civil International*), three Swiss, two British, one German, came to Faridabad at the invitation of President Rajendra Prasad, and went to work at the toughest labor:

> Householding is a job requiring much skill. They had not that skill. They must learn. And they did not learn easily. During those critical months the presence of that handful of "intellectuals" from Europe who turned up each day and took their shirts off and worked through the heat of the day with crowbar, pick and shovel must have counted for something. They would be the last to claim that their presence, their example, was of decisive importance. It was not they, but the Gandhi workers, who were able to tip the scales when the whole cooperative principle was on the point of being abandoned as too

> slow. But at least it is gratifying for people of the West to know that a small band of workers for peace and goodwill from Europe, with whom, let it be added, Indian volunteers cooperated, have had some part, even if only a small one, in bringing to birth what looks like one of the starting-points of the cooperative commonwealth of the future.

It was by such means that the director of the project, Mr. Sudhir Ghosh, was enabled to persuade the people who were to live in the community of Faridabad to build their new homes on the Gandhian principle of self-help and cooperation. The doles were stopped and the government would pay only for work done or provide loans to help them get established on a self-sufficient basis. Traders and others were at first indignant at the idea of becoming manual workers, but the bulk of the refugees eventually accepted the situation and went to work with goodwill. The women, too, were taught crafts and thus learned the dignity of labor along with their men. The great hope of the people of Faridabad at that time (1950) was that they would be able to invite Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the famous Pathan leader who became known as the "Frontier Gandhi," to come to live with them. This follower of Gandhi had been imprisoned by the Pakistan authorities; unfortunately, we are not able to report on whether or not the hope of the people of Faridabad was realized.

Before ending this discussion, we should like to recall to readers some quotations from an Indian sociologist, Mr. S. K. Dey, which were printed in MANAS for March 24, 1954. We found his remarks in an issue of the *Economic Weekly*, published in Bombay, and printed them for what seemed to us their deep insight into the problems of rural and community reconstruction in India. We now learn from Mr. Alexander's book that Mr. Dey was responsible for one of the greatest achievements of the Indian resettlement program—Nilokheri. Mr. Alexander writes:

> The name of Nilokheri has become famous in India in the past two years. Why? Perhaps because it symbolizes the fulfillment of a dream. Perhaps it shows that dreamers are sometimes the most practical of men. Perhaps because it shows how human beings, by making good use of their minds and their muscles, and by working in cooperation rather than competition with each other, can rebuild their lives after undergoing ruin and catastrophe.

The real creator of Nilokheri, Mr. S. K. Dey, does not figure in the published reports. In a broadcast script that vividly describes the birth of the idea of Nilokheri he is an anonymous "farmer's son" with the training of an engineer. Fortune brought him to the huge Kurukshetra refugee camp in the autumn of 1947, and before the end of the year he had succeeded in starting a small vocational training center in the camp. To him, rehabilitation could be achieved if three principles could be fulfilled. First, rehabilitation must be built on manual labor—or "muscle can do it." Next, men and women must be trained. Third, conditions must be created so that full use could be made of their acquired skills. The training center opened in December 1947. Weaving of cloth was to be the central occupation. But there were no handlooms to be bought. So, first, looms had to be made. They were made. But there were not enough tools for making them. So tools had to be made. They too were made. Thus, tool-making, carpentry and weaving, dyeing and tailoring rapidly grew up side by side in the Kurukshetra occupational training center.

In April 1948, the Prime Minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, visited Kurukshetra. His imagination was captured by what he saw at the training center. He declared that he wanted to see "springing up across the expanse of India a thousand townships humming with the music of the muscles as at this center."

Land was sought where the work could be expanded, and where it could be built into the life of India by relating it to the soil, to land reclamation, to the growth and improvement of crops. Such a site, on land largely uncultivated, was found a few miles from Kurukshetra, at a hamlet called Nilokheri and thither, in July 1948, the training center was transplanted, to become the nucleus of a new town—what in England might be called a Garden City. The main task of the first nine months was the clearance of undergrowth and the draining of swamps. Then came construction. Roads were made. Worksheds were built for the Vocational Training Center. Offices were constructed. Industrial plant, obtained from disposals and salvage depots, were set up. Facilities for electricity were installed, including, at a rather later stage, a power plant—a most necessary part of

> any such construction. Tube-wells were sunk. A dairy farm, a poultry farm and a piggery were all started. And most of this work was undertaken through cooperatives. Thus, by 1950, a new township was in being. At the end of 1950 it was inhabited by about 7500 persons. Ultimately it will have more. Nilokheri has had one great advantage by comparison with most other refugee townships. Instead of having a large population, say twenty, thirty or fifty thousand, who must somehow be housed and rehabilitated, it has been more or less free to keep its numbers within the limits of its own capacity of absorption. Men and families have gone there to work, or to learn a new craft. As time goes on, the town grows; but it grows by natural development, as it can absorb more.
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> Even Nilokheri has had its growing pains. Refugees sometimes indulge in self-pity. They are victims of misfortune not of their own making. Therefore the Government must provide for them. But the gospel of Nilokheri is the gospel of self-help; not of dependence on Government or any outside agency, but of independence: not, "the Government will show us," but rather, "we will show them." The Administrator and his colleagues believe in the possibility of a cooperative commonwealth for all India. Here in Nilokheri they are showing a way, blazing a trail.

Here, perhaps, is enough of a sample of the quality and content of Mr. Alexander's book. It reports, we think, history in the making, even as he suggests. It is not an expensive book, but may be had for $1.50 from the Oxford University Press in New York—or any book store will order it for you.

COMMENTARY
EMERGING CONFLICT

THIS week's "Children . . . and Ourselves" draws attention to a fact which has lately become so common that it may easily be overlooked. It is that the distinguished accomplishments which MANAS takes delight in reporting are commonly the work of unusual individuals who have had to make their way *against* the general course of society as a whole—the society which Dr. Lindner describes as "infused with the rot-producing idea that the salvation of the individual, and so of society, depends upon conformity and adjustment." This is the day "of pack-running, or predatory assembly, of great collectivities that bury, if they do not destroy, individuality."

It is a curious distinction, this—that the men we are most likely to admire are deeply compassionate prison wardens, understanding specialists in reclaiming wayward youth, and philosophical psychiatrists—all men engaged in repairing the wounds inflicted by society upon its weaker and more susceptible members. Such men ought to be engaged in heightening the beneficent influence of culture instead of conducting a holding action to withstand its lethal effects upon human character.

The large public institutions of Church and State are plainly of little help in this respect. The State, guided by angry or apprehensive leaders, breeds an atmosphere of anxiety and suspicion, and religion—at the popular level, at any rate is a source of feelings which easily degrade into the crudely vulgar emotions of the cult of "the Man Upstairs." Education, the one institution from which help might be expected, has been made to cower in a corner while awaiting the vindictive attacks of rabble-rousers and professional patriots.

The scene is not encouraging. We describe it at some length for the reason that it is our scene, and in order to reflect upon the fact that such scenes cannot be changed by any of the official stage-hands: only the deliberate efforts of individuals to resist the stamp of conforming mediocrity, to create new patterns of cooperative relationships, can give a new direction and tone to our common society.

We often complain about "specialists"—that they dominate our society with their particularized and unique skills, making us dependent upon them. The charge is true enough, but there is another sort of specialist—the man who spends his life helping people to recover from and resist the ills of a specialized society. When the work of *these* specialists is acknowledged to be the common task of all, then we shall be on the way to shaping a culture which will uphold and ease the path of human individuality, instead of, as now, beating it down and forcing it into the mold of the mass mind—"a mind without subtlety, without compassion, uncivilized."

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

NOTES IN PASSING

THE editors of MANAS may seem somewhat gratuitous in calling attention to articles in magazines which nearly everyone sees, but occasionally items of particular interest escape even regular readers of *Time, Look, Saturday Evening Post,* and the like.

For instance, in *Time* for Dec. 6, an article on juvenile delinquency (p. 64), "Rebels or Psychopaths," quotes from a Los Angeles address by the Baltimore psychologist, Robert Lindner. Lindner proposes that the alarming increase of crime and social irresponsibility on the part of today's youth be recognized as something more than the usual "rebellion" of the young. "The brute fact of today," he writes, "is that our youth is no longer in rebellion, but in a condition of downright active and hostile mutiny. Within the memory of every living adult, a profound and terrifying change has overtaken adolescence."

A cause of this distressing situation, according to Dr. Lindner, is the fact that the demands of conformity are now more excessive than they have ever been before—any appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Viewing the national surroundings with the eye of youth, Dr. Lindner sees "nothing which does not require the young to conform, to adjust, to submit." The *Time* writer condenses another portion of Lindner's address by way of explanation, remarking that "along with religion and education he lumps social work, which aims to smooth rough-edged personalities so that they will not rub too harshly on their fellows; also philosophy, recreation and pediatrics." In Lindner's words: "Each is infused with the rot-producing idea that the salvation of the individual, and so of society, depends upon conformity and adjustment. . . . We have fostered," he insists, "the myth of conformity, the big lie of adjustment." He continues:

> In this perspective we can no longer regard the mutiny of youth as the product of "bad" influences, a transient perversity that time will cure or that a few applications of social-service soporifics and mental-hygiene maxims will fix. Mutinous adolescents and their violent deeds now appear as specimens of the shape of things to come, as models of an emergent type of humanity.

Now we come to passages that seem particularly illustrative of a point of view often expressed in this column. For Lindner, after admitting that turmoil and psychological disturbance are always part of the growing pains of youth, goes on to compare the difficulties of today's adolescents with "those classical descriptions of the storms of adolescence detailed by Shakespeare, Goethe, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Twain, Dickens, Joyce, Mann and the rest. Lust was in their creations, also vast and devouring if nameless hungers, as well as cosmic yearnings, strange thirsts, occult sensations, murderous rages, vengeful fantasies and imaginings that catalogue all of sin and crime. But in them these impulses were contained within the skin's envelope, merely felt and suffered in the private agony of a tormenting pre-adulthood."

Lindner continues in this vein, holding that the lack of time or opportunity for calm and quiet has much to do with the explosive eruptions of the youthful psyche. We must recognize the extent to which youth has been adversely affected by "the abandonment of that solitude which was at once the trademark of adolescence and the source of its deepest despairs as of its dubious ecstasies." Further:

> . . . frequently this solitude was creative. From it sometimes came the dreams, the hopes and the soaring aims that charged life henceforward with meaning and contributed to giving us our poets, artists, scientists . . . But youth today has abandoned solitude in favor of pack-running, of predatory assembly, of great collectivities that bury, if they do not destroy, individuality. Into these mindless associations the young flock like cattle. The fee they pay for initiation is abandonment of self and immersion in the herd . . .This innovation can yield no social gain. For it is in solitude that the works of

> hand, heart and mind are always conceived. In the crowd, herd or gang, it is a mass mind that operates—a mind without subtlety, without compassion, uncivilized.

The rest of the *Time* article—nearly four columns—is worth reading, and we note also the correlation drawn between Dr. Lindner's conclusion and the views of David Riesman, who was the subject of a *Time* article in the issue of Sept. 27.

* * *

A less philosophically important but heart-warming article in the *Satevepost* (Dec. 4) describes a "Wilderness Cure for Delinquents." This is the story of an informal ranch school for juvenile offenders which has worked wonders in Riverside County, California. Superintendent Ralph E. Johnson, who asked simply for the opportunity to get some lawbreaking boys together to construct a ranch and classroom buildings, believes, like Dr. Lindner, that a measure of solitude and an exposure to the rugged beauties of nature may remove the tension in the majority of youngsters. In these surroundings the boys begin to discover themselves, acquire some genuine individuality, and are much less driven to acceptance of the gang mores of the town.

They have only one rule at Twin Pines Ranch, as Superintendent Johnson calls his remarkable "reform school": "No one who leaves without permission is ever allowed to return again." There are no rules because there is a lot of work to do, and in such a pleasant locale, assignees almost invariably turn to with a will and *discipline themselves.* "The boys learn by doing useful work," Johnson says. "There are no made-work jobs on this ranch. Everything we build is permanent and lasting. We don't build anything for practice."

The boys at Twin Pines have constructed school buildings, irrigation dams, raised poultry, increased the housing facilities—and, as a reward, are allowed to ride horses without adult supervision through the surrounding country. Some feel that Johnson is simply trying to turn back the clock, as if to imitate a bit of frontier America. If this were all, though, as soon as the youngsters graduated and returned to different conditions, they would again be swallowed up by the adverse psychological confusions described by Dr. Lindner. But the record of those who have spent a year or two at Twin Pines indicates that often permanent stability somehow gets built into youth in the wilderness environs.

FRONTIERS

Litmus Paper Letter

ALBERT EINSTEIN's "I'd rather be a plumber" letter to the *Reporter* (Nov. 18), has been bringing forth a surge of heated commentaries. Our own quotation from Dr. Einstein's brief statement—written by the physicist in response to *Reporter* editor Max Ascoli's request for reactions to a *Reporter* article, "United States Science in the Present,"—derived from a New York *Times* story which appeared before the *Reporter* was released. Now, having seen the *Reporter*, we note with concern that the *Times* writer slanted his story quite unjustifiably when characterizing Mr. Ascoli's attitude toward Dr. Einstein's letter. The *Times* report said:

> In publishing the letter, Max Ascoli, the editor of *The Reporter*, said that it was an honor but "hardly a pleasure to publish this letter from Albert Einstein." The comment will be freely used by enemies of the United States, he said.

In justice to Albert Einstein and Max Ascoli—and for the information of MANAS readers who read *Time*, which also printed an unfortunately biased interpretation of the letter, changing the context in which it appeared—we reproduce in full both the Einstein note and Mr. Ascoli's editorial comment:

> To the Editor: You have asked me what I thought about your articles concerning the situation of the scientists in America. Instead of trying to analyze the problem I may express my feeling in a short remark: If I would be a young man again and had to decide how to make my living, I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances.
>
> Princeton, N.J. ALBERT EINSTEIN
>
> The Editor Comments: It is an honor but hardly a pleasure to publish this letter from Albert Einstein. We are fully aware that those on the far Left and on the far Right will quote it gleefully—the very people whom Albert Einstein and we ourselves loathe.
>
> Yet we wish the only thing we had to worry about were the inevitable quoting of the Einstein statement in Moscow or in Buenos Aires. Could a man like Einstein denounce with such terse vehemence the plight of his fellow scientists in a totalitarian country and stay out of jail? The subjects of tyrannical governments must marvel at the freedom of the press that we over here can still afford. But while this freedom to protest is an argument strong enough to confound our enemies, it is not strong enough to reassure our friends—or our consciences. It isn't much to say that there is incomparably greater intellectual freedom over here than under any totalitarian regime. The record of our country on this score cannot be just better than that of Malenkov's Russia or Peron's Argentina. It must be good—good without qualification and irrespective of what it may cost to keep it good.
>
> Albert Einstein's statement is an extreme one, but if we want to call a halt to the state of affairs on the campuses and in all the other centers of intellectual life in our country, we think it infinitely more effective to look at the situation from the Einstein rather than from the Micawber viewpoint. For too long it has been said that something will turn up. Indeed, something has turned up. The forces of evil have found it expedient, if not to reject, to shelter under a cloud their best-advertised protagonist—at least for a while. If things are going so well, some people ask, what does it matter if the country has to dispense with the services of a Robert Oppenheimer or of an Edward Condon?
>
> If enough citizens dedicate themselves to finding out what this sickness is that has got hold of our country and do their utmost to cure it, then the time will soon come when no one would dream of advising bright young men to be peddlers rather than scholars—and most certainly not a man like Einstein who has given all the power of his mind to the ascetic search for truth. Things being as they are, responsible thinking people can use to their advantage bitter pills like the Einstein letter. This is why we are grateful to him for the shock he has given us, and we believe our readers will be as shocked and as grateful as we are. We need such shocks.
>
> The publication of this letter—and indeed our magazine—is an act of faith in the sanity of America.

Since the *Reporter* solicited the Einstein comment in the first place, we feel that Ascoli's remarks should be of particular interest, and the measured tone of the above characteristic of the

Reporter's editorial policy—is one with which most of our readers will probably agree. Some readers of *Time,* no doubt incited by the interpretation *Time* provided, were considerably less understanding. The Dec. 13 issue contains remarks from indignant subscribers such as: "Your accurate summation of Professor Albert Einstein is to be applauded . . . Having escaped the horrors of Nazism, he received in our country not only asylum but honor and privilege, yet he has repeatedly shown a hostility to America that is galling."

While this small storm has been blowing itself out, we are happy to note an appreciative review of Einstein's *Of Ideas and Opinions* in the *Saturday Review* for Dec. 11. Paul Schilpp writes:

> If the increasing encroachments upon freedom of research, of teaching, and of public expression are a cause of growing concern to many scholars and scientists in America, what must they mean and portend to a man who, like Einstein, has lived through such a process of hindrance and intimidation once before, but who lived to see the final tragic upshot and results of such wanton interference with the freedom of the human spirit?
>
> It is not surprising, moreover, that the man who, next to science, has devoted most of his life and efforts to the achievement of peace on earth, should today find himself accused by our demagogues of "fellow-travelling." For, under the impact of our nationwide fear-psychosis which has followed on the heels of World War II, it is the epithet "peace-monger" which has replaced the opprobrium formerly attached to the war-mongers. Einstein refuses to let himself be deterred by this unsavory public.
>
> Einstein is, of course, far more than the world's most renowned physical scientist. Especially since the death of Gandhi (and the exceedingly rare entering of Albert Schweitzer into public discussion), Einstein has increasingly become the conscience of mankind, albeit entirely unintentionally on his part.

To add a last reposte on Dr. Einstein's critics—though he doesn't seem perishingly in need of defense—it is quite obvious that, despite personal discomfiture of mind, Einstein is not deserting the responsibilities of his position. He hasn't "retired" because he feels responsibility keenly. He is not, furthermore, "mad" at anyone. He is simply saying that independence is such a precious thing that the price of accepting a less exalted (and less tightly controlled) calling than that of atomic scientist would be a great temptation today. . . . Isn't it a little ridiculous for hack writers and housewives to tell a scientist how he should feel about a life's work they neither share nor understand?