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THE POLITICAL VIRTUES

IT has long seemed to us a worthy project to attempt to let the winds out of contemporary political passion, yet how to do this without disregard of the issues with which politics is concerned presents something of a problem. For reasons that are probably not too obscure, political emotions almost invariably turn into self-righteous emotions, so that, in times of crisis, the uglier aspects of religious controversy seem reflected in political differences. For those who are deeply involved in political struggles, this seems a not important resemblance. What fools, they will say, those sixteenth-century Europeans, who would burn at the stake a man who dared to claim that the body of Christ was not in the wafer of Holy Communion; yet if a man of today, surrounded by people of a contrary persuasion, argue against Private Property, he is likely to be punished by whatever legal or illegal devices are available; or, among those of an opposite view, if he insist that Collectivism is a violation of the laws of nature, he may be imprisoned or even liquidated as a counter-revolutionary wrecker.

Self-righteousness in politics is natural enough in the ideologues who choose to believe in one or another of the political absolutisms of the day. Among believers in democracy, however, political self-righteousness comes very close to being a contradiction in terms. It is this contradiction, perhaps, which has produced in honest democrats those distinctly uneasy feelings which result when the pressures of present-day political conflict turn the argument for democracy into a kind of absolutism—an argument which, when reason fails to supply the needed support, falls back upon an urgent appeal for actual survival.

The trouble with this development is that, when it occurs, the political virtues which are the chief glory of Democracy weaken and finally disappear altogether. The very qualities of life which seem most precious to us slip through our fingers, and we are left without the prize, yet with almost as much blood on our hands as upon the hands of our enemies.

It was Everett Dean Martin who was the first, so far as we know, to put into popular form the thesis that violent revolution—the armed struggle between the righteous and the unrighteous—is no longer a means to human freedom. In *Farewell to Revolution,* he wrote:

> The history of revolutions points to the conclusion that we are not the victims of impersonal economic forces working inevitably through insurrection to social reconstruction, but that rather the generations which have to pass through the experience of revolution are the victims of their own failure to deal with reality, victims of their own lack of understanding of history and of insight into their own motives such as better knowledge of psychology provides.

The delusion which could easily become the cause of the downfall of democratic societies is the notion that democracy is both the inevitable and the sole repository of the political virtues. Democracy may, during a given historical epoch, afford the freest expression of the political virtues, but these may be lost through inattention to their true character. Another book which supplies substance for reflections of this sort is Guglielmo Ferrero's *The Principles of Power.* Ferrero is concerned with what he calls the principles of "legitimacy" in government. A "legitimate" government is a government in which the people place confidence as deserving of the authority and power which it exercises. As he puts it:

> Principles of legitimacy have the task of freeing the government and its subjects from their mutual fears and of replacing more and more in their relations force with consent. They are therefore pillars of civilization, since civilization is an attempt

to liberate mankind from the fears that torment it. But, if in a civilized state a principle of legitimacy is brusquely violated and the power acquired by force, a people immediately relapses into fear and barbarism.

What happens when a government is without popular acceptance as legitimate, or when the governors feel the support of the people slipping away? As Ferrero shows, they commonly resort to terrorism or propaganda, or both. Sitting uneasily on the throne he had usurped, Napoleon succumbed to the mania for self-advertisement:

> The nineteenth century missed the really original achievements of Napoleon, the most effective of which was the invention of propaganda in all its forms, beginning with a fraudulent press. It was during the French Revolution that newspapers began to acquire a political power in war and peace. Of all the revolutionary leaders, none understood better nor utilized to a greater extent the new instrument than Napoleon. . . . It was Napoleon who first conducted the entire press like an orchestra and made it into a gigantic gramophone that every day played the same record for his subjects and his enemies: that he was infallible and invincible. It was Napoleon who first transformed the administration into a machine able to manufacture enthusiasm: speeches, demonstrations, processions, triumphant arches, orders of the day, illustrated vindicatory pamphlets, gifts of city keys, torrents of flowers, public receptions. It was Napoleon who first organized mass movements into a state monopoly, taking them away from the parties.

Now comes the critical passage:

> *A legitimate government has no need of propaganda.* [Our italics.] We have seen that legitimacy implies a reasonable conviction on the part of the people that the government is capable of conducting public affairs in a satisfactory manner. That conviction is enough for a legitimate government not to become alarmed by the criticisms or grumbling of the people whether justified or not. Revolutionary government is not permitted to enjoy any such peace. It knows that its power does not appear to be sufficiently justified to a part of the population, and it is not content to stifle all complaints and criticisms but hires more and more numerous and varied groups of minstrels to go and sing its praises at every cross-roads. The head of the government is a genius, a hero, a great man, a superman, a demigod, and all his ministers, friends, collaborators, and agents partake of his almost divine nature so long as they serve him, only to change into monsters when they have quarreled with him, the people under his rule, are overwhelmed with every advantage: with prosperity, for instance, even though they may be dying of hunger. "As false as a bulletin," was a popular saying during the first empire. No falsehood is beyond the capacity of revolutionary government.

What, then, shall we say of an epoch in which all governments—not just revolutionary or totalitarian governments—endeavor to maintain their "legitimacy" and defend their policies by means of carefully regulated propaganda?

Finally, we turn to the *agent provocateur* of all this quotation and discussion—a letter from a reader who brings to bear on the intensity of present-day political emotions a leverage of humor which raises still other questions about the political virtues. The scene is the mythical "Boredom Club," and the principal character is one Colonel Ramsbottom, an aging militarist for whom our reader has an understandable affection:

> Ramsbottom is immensely proud of his Scottish connections, although as loyal to the United States as any retired army officer should be. In fact, that's how the incident got started.
>
> Well, Ramsbottom and a few of his friends were having drinks and Churchillian cigars before the fire when I dropped in. I slipped quietly into one of the leather chairs that makes me feel depressingly older; and suddenly—was richly rewarded.
>
> It was Ogden Tosh, the Club's most militant agnostic, who I heard ask Ramsbottom: "You say you believe the Bible, every word of it, like a little child. As an American 100% loyal—what Mencken would call a star-spangled man—what do you make of the verse, 'Fear God—Honor the King?' "
>
> "The word of God," said Ramsbottom, severely.
>
> Tosh rejoined: "But Colonel, don't tell me you don't uphold the war of 1776? I mean, didn't Washington and Jefferson have *right* on their side? Where does 'Honor the King' fit in there?"
>
> Innocent me—I thought Ramsbottom was going to be trounced. The more stupid members of the Boredom Club like Trevison, the golf-playing president of International Consolidated, and chubby Sinclair, the Utilities tycoon, were sure of it. They—I

mean *we*—all waited to hear from the military Caste Personified.

Ramsbottom laid down his brandy and I saw a smile on his round, chubby, gray-whiskered face that warmed my heart.

"My dear Ogden," he began pleasantly, "must you really be so obtuse?" He also put his cigar on the tray. "Don't you *ever* get your facts straight? The Americans never went to war with their rightful king in the first place. It was the English who forgot to Honor the King, as Charles Stuart told them. Don't you remember how the Lord rewarded their stupidity by giving them over to some silly German who went to war with America over a $1500-a-year tea tax? No sane Scotsman, regal or otherwise, would have goaded the colonists into a war over a few cups of tea!"

I couldn't help chuckling—but more was to follow:

"You're quibbling!" accused Ogden Tosh.

"Not at all," said the Colonel, now warming up to the subject. "The really serious consequences of not Honoring the King are even worse than wasting good tea in Boston Harbor. If the English had kept the Stuarts on the throne, there would never have been any war with America—and since by 1914, our combined countries would have been too strong to be challenged by Germany, there would have been no first world war!"

I gasped. Even Tosh gasped. Bores ditto!

"Ergo, no second world war, either," the Colonel declaimed, quite happily.

"Now, no atom bomb threat hanging over our heads!"

"I suppose," said poor Trevison, "no atom threat from Russia if they hadn't killed the czar!"

"Fear God, Honor the King!" smiled the Colonel, picking up his brandy again—and I noticed the sophisticate Ogden Tosh looked almost thoughtful, as he searched for his cane and gloves.

* * *

The Colonel makes me vaguely uneasy sometimes, as MANAS does when it talks of the dignity of man in the age of Dachau and "liquidation" applied by man to man. The fallacy may be older than the Pyramids.

I turn on the radio. Malenkov has quit or is ousted. More violence, threats, strife, and cruel hardships for the good peasants of Russia. Unhappy their fate under the czars: now crushed like animals in slave camps.

"But the Romanovs were so picturesque," the Colonel once told me, "and that summer long ago in St. Petersburg—and there was the Countess Ilya..." And his eyes looked so fond and gay.

THE ARTS OF PEACE

FOSTER AND KLEISER, Southern California's leading entrepreneurs in billboard advertising, have recently pasted into place a most thought-provoking display. The Y.M.C.A., it appears, wants the public to know that youths entering its orbit of influence will almost surely become red-blooded Americans. "Jet Pilot, 1966" reads the caption under a picture of a sturdily winsome youngster in a flying-helmet—this to be, in an appropriate number of years, the final result of an elevating association with his Christian instructors and his likewise Christian peers. "Muscles," the ad says, will be "built" into his "character," and he'll *really* fly those '66 models, mister.

Not much point in calling attention to the obvious, such as that the most Christlike men of our time—say, Gandhi and Albert Schweitzer—are rumored to have shown practically no interest in helmets, jets, or any form of training to "preserve" Christianity or democracy by way of armed preparedness. What has apparently happened is that almost every institution in the world is now geared up to a common scale of values, and so beautifully do the gears mesh that it seldom occurs to anyone that the Christian way and the jet way, as according to older notions, are pretty much incompatible. The Christian way, like the American way, has seemed less clear with each decade of expansive talk about it, and the churches, like our politicians, have so improved upon the original invention of Christliness, in the name of "practicality," that we figure the original patents must have run out somewhere along the line, anyway.

Approaching the subject from another familiar set of considerations, it can easily be granted that violence, like Rachel Carson's sea, is all around us, with or without jets. Not only does the Y.M.C.A. finally vote it into partnership, but every psychiatrist knows that few people—however placid the external course of their lives—avoid hosting a vast number of hostile impulses towards various of their fellow-men. Most married couples in quest of divorce, for instance, reveal that years of thinly veiled hostility are the real cause of their present desire to cancel the original contract. Increased wealth for almost everybody has made the strain proportionately greater, since people with leisure and money, no longer required to labor cooperatively in the interests of survival, have had to fall back upon their capacity for intimacy with one another to make the grade—something you just can hardly get in sufficient quantities, these days.

Perhaps lack of the capacity for intimacy generates more of our family and community hostilities than anything else. It is as if everyone knows intimacy should be possible—honesty at all times and in all ways, plus a true desire to see a fellow, friend, or wife enjoy the highest felicity—and becomes angry when it is realized that what they offer is less than this. Hostility grows from frustration as well as from fear, and it may be man's innate capacity to become so much more than he presently is that causes him so much dissatisfaction—first with himself, and then with others; if changing himself into something more clearly resembling the ideal pattern seems impossible, perhaps other people can be forced to be as he would like them. So the seeds for violence exist whenever we hope to force situations and people to become what we want them to be.

Institutions are often formed to impose conformity upon others, and institutional violence is, in some ways, the worst of all. When a man can speak and act in the name of an institution—a church, a nation, a police force—he is apt to feel doubly righteous. Callousness is callousness no longer, for one feels that God, or an unreasonable facsimile, is backing his play. This, we are sure, is what makes so many juveniles dislike "cops." The police officer, unless a truly exceptional man, begins to feel that *he* is the law—therefore outside ordinary human obligations. He is the power of righteous violence, appointed by due process. His own personal hostilities and frustrations thus have

a wide field for release; as he justifies his attitude of "hating criminals," he is in some danger of becoming one himself—that is, a man who has lost sight of the principles of justice. The burglar who takes another's possessions and the policeman who treats all potential suspects so as to rob them of whatever dignity they possess, are both thieves, and so is the irate wife or husband whose main object in a divorce court is to discredit a former partner. Neither remembers that, in American law, a person is presumed innocent until proved guilty; and on this basis no one man or woman can take upon himself the robes of judgment. In the divorce court one should state facts, not insinuate one's angers, jealousies, hatreds, and character summations. In a police round-up the patrolman's assessment of potentially suspicious circumstances attending the apprehension of a citizen gives no right to treat the man being questioned as if he were, in fact, guilty.

Whenever one has a brush with the law of the sort described, or runs afoul of a vengeful former mate in the court of domestic relations, he is apt to perpetuate the spirit of violence by dwelling on the undesirable characteristics of his personal accuser. But, actually, it is not detestable personalities alone which create violence; rather we must blame the general background of hostility throughout society which encourages "righteous" wrath. *Lex talionis,* eliminated from the statute books, lives in the emotions of men, and the policeman, or aggrieved mate, and uses the talons sharpened by the frustrations and hostilities of his community.

Somewhere about here the pacifist arrives with his solution. Be gentle, curb all wrath, he says, and let the other fellow's anger play itself out. While this is good advice, since to stop wars we shall have to outlaw warlike feelings within ourselves, a truly "passive" resistance may leave one thing out of account—that a stand for one's dignity and integrity sometimes takes more than sweet saintliness. Gandhi, as we recall, did not capitulate easily to policemen who tried to dislodge him from a train in South Africa because Indians were then "not allowed." He held on to his seat, literally, until it was nearly pulled from the flooring, and his frail body nearly pulled apart. Undignified? Yes, but another kind of dignity was won, the kind which says, "I can't help it if I have no chance of winning this particular struggle, but I can refuse to capitulate without protest to a violence I would not practice myself." Gandhi, as students of his early life know, was able from the outset to distinguish between personalities and institutions, but, unlike most of us, he always summed things up in favor of the people and to the discredit of the institutions. Gandhi would fight an institution with great vigor and resourcefulness, but he would not, could not, dislike any particular human being who happened, at the moment, to be imposing the institution's will.

This is a good, even a necessary, distinction to make, if one is determined to make a stand against the injustices which attend all forms of violence. What matters is not that *we* have been insulted by a policeman, whose toughness merely masks his own insecurity. What matters is not that distorted things have been said about us in court. What matters is that we employ a different means in fighting whatever battles for human dignity come our way. Those means will have to be dynamic, but they must be employed to fight injustice itself, not simply the injustices we have personally suffered.

This is, most of it, a very old line of reasoning, but it bears repeating from time to time just the same. The context of violence doesn't alter until we alter it, and we are bound to feel ourselves its victims until we are its masters. And those who do become its masters, we suspect most strongly, never ask others to fight battles for them—neither policemen, lawyers, nor armies—never seek protection by the implements of force because they do not need them.

REVIEW
RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

WE admit to a certain skepticism when we find an avowed Christian talking about the need for unsectarian religious instruction, for we have found that such people usually mean instruction so "broad" that it may be thought of as including the three familiar religions of Protestant and Catholic Christianity, and Judaism. Then, with what some may regard as a tiresome perversity, we feel justified in asking, what about the Buddhists, the Muslims, and our old friends, the Atheists? How are you going to devise religious education suitable for *them?*

Open-mindedness, however, being a much celebrated if little practiced virtue, we have attempted to do our part by reading carefully the *Christian Century* editorial (issue of Jan. 26) in which "what may prove to be one of the most significant educational experiments of this generation" is described. Eleven Indianapolis public schools are now pursuing a program which "endeavors to teach the basic values of religion while avoiding any semblance of indoctrination."

Well, maybe. The idea is to supply children with a "basis for participation in the spiritual heritage of American life without sacrificing its essential characteristic of separation of church and state." The editorial speaks of the "spiritual deficit of American life" now marked by increasing juvenile delinquency and also by "increasing incidence of adult delinquencies in the form of attacks on the fundamental freedoms."

The sponsors of the Indianapolis program hope by describing the essential place of religion in the development of American life and stressing the ethical and moral values in American culture to assist children to develop integrity—"consistency of outlook and behavior—which exalts such qualities as truthfulness, loyalty, honesty, respect for self and for others, initiative, industry and self-discipline." After examining the syllabus covering "Our Religious Heritage," the part of the program designed for use in the seventh grade, the *CC* editorial writer asks:

> What is wrong with the public schools' giving the children this kind of information about religion, which should be the possession of every American? The seventh grade syllabus specifically warns teachers "to avoid subjective evaluation and criticism of specific religions and religious doctrines, creeds, sects, and denominations. It goes without saying that teachers must not use the teaching program as an excuse or pretext to proselyte in favor of any religion, denomination or sect, *including their own.* Instruction must be kept on an objective rather than a subjective level." . . . Is it bad for religion or bad for citizenship for young Americans to learn that religions hold many beliefs in common? These are the main points covered in the syllabus for the seventh grade as developed in the Indianapolis schools.

There doesn't seem much to quarrel with, here, except what sounds like a special effort to suppress the critical faculty in young people. Why shouldn't they learn to examine religious beliefs—*all of them*—with a wary eye? We don't suggest that a class in cultural history ought to be turned into a free-for-all attack on religion, but that an education which does not provide students with general principles for arriving at sound ethical convictions, and, therefore, for rejecting unsound beliefs, is bound to be superficial in the long run, and perhaps in the short run, too.

But let us say that a course in the various contributions of the several sects of Christianity to American culture may have its value, especially if the disservices of these groups are also capable of being examined with an equal impartiality.

However, a letter from a reader in the *Christian Century* for Feb. 9 raises certain doubts. This writer asserts that the Indianapolis program is an attempt by the school authorities to "appease" critics who urge that the public schools should *not* be "neutral" about religion. The program, he says, goes beyond the "factual" approach found in courses, labeled history or sociology, which include notice of the role of religion in human affairs. This correspondent has

apparently studied the Indianapolis program with care, for he says:

> Indeed, the plan goes so far "beyond" the truth that its syllabuses do violence to history. For instance, under the heading "Thomas Jefferson," the 7th-grade syllabus, "Our Religious Heritage," deceptively quotes two sentences from the great Virginian in order to make it appear that he advocated religious instruction under public auspices at the University of Virginia. The passage thus quoted on page 22 of the syllabus is actually taken from the Oct. 7, 1822, minutes of the university's board of visitors, kept by Jefferson in his capacity as rector. Not quoted in the syllabus are the sentences immediately following, in which Jefferson pointed out that the "want of instruction in the various creeds of religious faith" had been thought "of less danger than a permission to the public authorities to dictate modes or principles of religious instruction. . . ."
>
> The treatment accorded James Madison on page 23 of the same syllabus is even more outrageous: "James Madison has been accused of some skepticism; however, he proclaimed days of fast and prayer and made frequent public references to the almighty." Persons familiar with Madison's real view of the proper relationship between church and state will need no further comment. . . .

So, one may wonder a little about the "integrity" of the compilers of this syllabus, and whether "such qualities as truthfulness" are really going to be "exalted" by the imposition of all these gray lies upon the minds of the unsuspecting schoolchildren of Indianapolis.

The real difficulty, of course, is the state of mind (or soul) of the Christian believer who is convinced that his religion cannot make its way in the world without special pleading of this sort. Why, if the doctrines of Christianity are so impregnably true, must they be so amply served by the methods attributed to the Other Side? One expects the communists to rewrite history; and it is well known to students that when the Christian authorities of past centuries found certain teachings included in their canon duplicated in the tenets of earlier pagan faiths, they alleged that the Devil himself inserted those ideas in the minds of the pagans in order to confuse the Christians of later generations. But surely a great "Christian" nation need not stoop to such tactics in public education in order to safeguard the moral welfare of its seventh-graders!

What then, is to be done about the decline in juvenile morals? Such questions always remind us of the rule of a Spanish anarchist educator, who said that to give a child a proper education, you have to start with his grandfather. So we probably would have nothing to offer as a syllabus on religion for use in the public schools. We should propose, instead, that the issue be kept out of politics entirely, and that parents begin to think things out for themselves, after the manner proposed by Mrs. Margaret Knight in her broadcasts through BBC, and in the numerous discussions in "Children. . . and Ourselves" published in this Magazine. You can't have genuine integrity in the schools unless it first is able to thrive in the home and community. You can't have an investigation of the sources of moral truth in the schools without ignoring the claims of powerful religious institutions which seek to confine "the truth" to a single body of doctrine. Probably there are a number of conscientious teachers who are doing all they possibly can to acquaint their pupils with non-sectarian moral principles. This is the sort of effort which had best be left wholly unorganized for the time being—perhaps forever.

COMMENTARY
A MODEST PROPOSAL

A WEEK or so ago a friendly reader came to visit us. We talked of many things, but most of them were connected with the work and problems of publishing MANAS. This reader dropped in again a few days later, remarking that his first visit had been filled with surprises. He made certain suggestions.

The surprises were mainly related to the fact that MANAS is a very modest enterprise—a staff of two plus volunteer help—and hasn't been sure, for a long time, where next week's sustenance would come from.

"Why don't you tell your readers," he asked, "how small you are? Have you considered that they have a right to know about your problems?"

We explained our reluctance to burden readers with "appeals" for help.

Our friend was able to understand this. "But," he said, "there must be many other subscribers who have the same high regard for MANAS as I have, and who suppose, as I did, that the paper has sufficient readers at least to cover the cost of printing and mailing. They ought to realize, it seems to me, that you don't have even a thousand subscribers, and that the income so obtained cannot possibly meet your expenses."

We said that we had felt that probably knowledge of how few subscribers there are would be discouraging to readers, just as it is to us.

"Your readers can do better than be discouraged," he said. "Now that I know more about it, for instance, I will make more of an effort to get you new readers. If every subscriber would get you three subscriptions more, could you break even?"

"We'd come a lot closer to guaranteeing the future of MANAS, we said.

Well, maybe our friend is right. Maybe we shouldn't suppose that anyone who values MANAS will think less of it because our circulation is not large. Perhaps we ought to have presented these facts a long time ago.

Just for the record, orders for MANAS from newsstands should be placed with the Eastern News Company, 306 West 11th Street, New York 14, N.Y. Distributor for MANAS in India is International Book House, 9 Ash Lane, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay, India, to whom subscriptions should be sent. European and other subscriptions should come direct to the Manas Publishing Company.

Readers who would like extra copies of a particular issue to give to friends, or packages of miscellaneous back issues for distribution among potential readers are invited to send in their requests.

Finally, there is our standing offer to send three sample copies of MANAS to all prospective readers whose names are supplied to us. All these services are of course without charge, as the chief means available for attracting attention to this journal.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

OUR excuse for recurring reference to the need for a more intimate "nature appreciation" than that afforded by high school biology courses—and we think the excuse more than adequate—is the indisputable fact that modern civilization has progressively alienated itself from the lower orders of life. As we cut down the forests and plow through the valleys both the smaller and larger animate creatures respond by a progressive withdrawal from sight, and, somehow, pets and flower gardens fail to make up the loss. Perhaps this is because an ever present "nature" surrounding the dwellings of man on every side is at least either friendly or unfriendly; nature in its untouched state can hardly be ignored by primitive people or pioneers, and the knowledge that all about is a host of living intelligences, with which one must work out certain problems, aids the mind in grasping the idea that there is a lot of "real existence" outside the fields of competitive human ambitions.

We have at hand two pieces of literature which may strike some of our readers as unusual contributions to nature-philosophizing. An article, "Conservation Is Not Enough," by Joseph Wood Krutch, bridges the gap between scientific ecology, philosophy, and art. The other, a volume directly aimed at arousing the interested sympathy of children for the lesser creatures, claims first attention. Since there is so much worth quoting in both book and article, we reserve comment on "Conservation Is Not Enough" until next week.

Animal Inn, "the stories of a trailside museum," tells how youths near Chicago are provided opportunity for learning to know the creatures of the forest. While any sort of zoological garden seems antithetical to the spirit of "nature appreciation," the program of Animal Inn is remarkable in its psychology. In the Preface, Virginia Moe, curator of the museum, explains how easy it is to overcome the indifference of children toward smaller living things:

> There are lots of interesting places where you may go to look and learn, but there are few places where you can have a lot of fun at the same time. Trailside is one, for it is almost entirely run by children. Every day most of the cages must have fresh sawdust or new bedding and often a washing with soap and water. Every day all of the outside cages must be raked and hosed. Then there is all of the food to prepare. At any time, especially during spring and summer, there may be new arrivals. To receive a box and to be the very first to open it and look in is always an exciting experience. Imagine seeing a baby weasel or a sassy young skunk for the first time! Someone has to find the right cage, the right kind of nest box, and all of the other things, such as branches and leaves or sand or sawdust, that we call "cage furnishings." All this means work for several junior assistants who try very hard to make the new guest feel at home in the kind of surroundings that best reproduce his original way of living.
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> Trailside doesn't look like an Animal Inn. It looks like an ordinary old three-storied house built of yellow brick. This kind of museum may be new to you, and so, on your first visit, you will perhaps be surprised when you are greeted at the door by a little spotted fawn with a white rabbit at his heels, or a pet squirrel who wants to play hide-and-seek inside your jacket. Or it might be a tame robin that will circle your head and alight on your shoulder, or a woodchuck who will sit up and tap your knee as if he had something to tell you. You'll begin to wonder if the animals are just as curious to see you as you are to see them. And that may be true, because even if you don't know much about the animals, they know a great deal about children.
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> Trailside is somewhat different from most museums in other ways, too. As soon as you get inside the door, you may be asked to hold an injured blue jay while a splint is being placed on its broken leg. If you look as if you want to know about these things, you may be invited to feed a squirrel baby or one of a dozen hungry baby birds who haven't even grown their feathers yet. In every room you will be able to make friends with the birds and animals who make their homes in the Forest Preserve District of Cook County, Illinois. You will see them playing, eating, sleeping, caring for their young, and chattering among themselves.
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> For that is why the museum is here in Thatcher Woods—so that the boys and girls can find out about some of the interesting birds and animals, water creatures and insects, trees and plants, that you see when you leave the city to spend a day in the Forest Preserve. The city of Chicago and its suburbs have built westward from the shore of Lake Michigan for

> ten solid miles, but the city stops suddenly at Thatcher Avenue and there at the edge of Thatcher Woods is Trailside Museum, standing among the tall oaks and elms. Down in back of the museum is the pond and farther on through the woods is the Des Plaines River.
>
> Thatcher Woods is only a small part of the thirty-five thousand acres of the Forest Preserve District. But even here, where the woods is now just a narrow green ribbon running through the city it has always been woodland. Now because it is a Forest Preserve it will always be undisturbed. Here the wild creatures have continued to make their homes in its hollow trees, under their roots and among their branches, and in dens along the river banks and in the river itself. Of all these creatures most of us catch only a fleeting glimpse of some brown furry fellow scurrying into his hide-out or find only the footprints of those who prowl by night. But Trailside Museum, standing at the edge of this woods with all of its secrets, is there to discover a few of them.

Unusual features of Trailside Museum include matters of declared principle as well as physical features. For one thing, Trailside never buys or collects its live exhibits. Many of the birds and animals have been injured, and are brought there by children or adults for treatment. Other small animals are deposited in boxes on the doorstep after the museum closes at night or before it opens in the morning, or else are brought in personally by residents of the area. It is interesting of itself that when knowledge of the existence of such an institution as Trailside became general, an extraordinary number of people went out of their way to bring birds fallen out of their nests, dispossessed chipmunk babies, etc. In the animal yard out-of-doors, a very large cage is left without specific occupant—so that the "junior assistants" who care for both animals and cages may take their small friends inside and play with them.

The thought of animals and children "playing together," instead of the animals simply being played *with*, may sound rather strange, but is it not a nice thing for youngsters to learn that everything living is something like a dog or a cat, and will respond to affection and friendliness?

Something should be said about the philosophy of the curator of Trailside. Seldom, we fear, do the employees of zoological gardens feel that the animals themselves should have something to say about who is to be released, why and when:

> Those who visit Trailside very often cannot help making friends with animals and birds because almost all of our pets are friendly. Those which are too old to get over their natural mistrust of people are only unhappy in captivity and so their stay with us is short. There are some birds and animals that long for freedom as soon as they grow up, even though they have never known the wild. These, too, are released. But there are those who seem to think that "people are nicer than anybody," and these are the permanent guests of Animal Inn.
>
> Sometimes the woods and fields seem like a great stage-setting, a background for a pageant of the hundreds of little dramas that one knows are happening all around, but which require such sharp eyes and ears and so much patience to find. Most of us have to be content to learn by heart that background with its night and day scenes and its four great acts—which are the four seasons—and then piece the stories together one by one, getting acquainted with a few characters at a time wherever we chance to meet them.

In the closing words of her Preface, Mrs. Moe suggests to all potential helpers of Trailside that they will do the best job if they try to imagine how an animal feels, and be willing to live in his world of consciousness at least part of the time. "Remember," she writes, "that you must make up to him in all sorts of ways for separating him from his own kind and for bringing him into a different world. You must give him new pleasures and contentments for those he has had to give up."

The stories which follow, because they are true stories and, moreover, full of interesting historical notes, provide interesting and constructive reading for the young. So we propose the inspection, perhaps the purchase, of *Animal Inn.* (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1946.)

FRONTIERS

India's Domestic Problems

A FRIEND and reader in India, after speaking appreciatively of MANAS articles concerned with his country, turns to questions which are troubling many thoughtful Indians:

> . . . there is another side of our public life which gives cause for apprehension. We are all too prone to copy the West, at least in some of its bad features, and we are trying to create a pattern of Western industrialism, while paying lip-service to decentralisation and cottage industries. During recent years more and more power has been concentrated in the hands of the Government, and this without the benefit of an efficient and incorruptible administration, with the result that what the State undertakes, suffers, and the people also in consequence. The real cause is that the onrush of scientific materialism has undermined our hitherto excellent mores and ways of social control. While we are building many industries and multi-purpose projects, we are not giving enough attention to rebuilding a new man for a new society. We seem to be groaning under the fallacy that improved material conditions will improve man automatically—an expectation which has not been fulfilled within my lifetime. There has been much social disorganisation recently, with increases in crime and the feeling of insecurity, and there is little sense of urgency for the rehabilitation of man, and not machines. . . . I personally think our values are essentially sound, but that we are running after the Western mirage of "Progress," which, as I see it, leads only to a hollow personal life, and ultimately to deliberate destruction. I strongly feel that we should not copy Western technology blindly. . . .

It is possible to respond to such expressions with great sympathy, yet feel that the analysis omits factors which may be the key, not only to India's problems, but the problems of the West as well. And, since this is possibly the case, it ought to be practical to drop the distinction between East and West, at least in relation to certain common issues, and to consider these latter as problems of Man.

The question that needs to be raised, so far as we can see, is this: Why are these "essentially sound values" so vulnerable to "Western materialism"? It is fairly easy to answer in behalf of the past several centuries of Western history. The qualities of vigor, inventiveness, originality, and daring had departed from those institutions which assumed responsibility for the preservation of moral values in the West. The Church—or the churches—as any impartial study of history will show—has seldom if ever offered hospitality to the *living* aspect of the moral life the side of human endeavor which, trying to keep pace with changing circumstances, forever seeks new applications of ancient principles. This is not a diagnosis of which thoughtful Christians are unaware. A professor of missions and social ethics writes in a recent *Christian Century:*

> The real communist menace . . . is not a tiny handful of misguided clergymen for whom seemingly Christian ends justify flagrantly un-righteous means. No, the real danger is that millions of righteous church members will sit comfortably in their pews, deploring the spread of communism and ignoring the dynamic concern of their Leader [Christ]. The few who "follow the party line" in attempting to apply their faith will do less damage than the many who *validate* the party line by rejecting or perverting the revolutionary gospel of Jesus Christ.

Let us note, moreover, that the pioneers of Western science were not "materialists" at all. Copernicus gives evidence of being a Pythagorean idealist, and Galileo had a similar background of interest. Kepler was an enthusiast of universal intelligence and practiced astrology on the side. Newton was a mystical pantheist whose views were very like those of his Platonizing contemporaries at Cambridge. The fact is that the custodians of Western "moral values" *fought* the scientific movement with every weapon at their disposal, finally driving the scientists into the materialist camp in self-defense. The communists are but the inheritors of the anti-religious partisanship developed among scientists during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries.

The lesson of the history of Western science seems clear enough. The primary truths of human

existence are not in doctrines but in *attitudes.* The doctrinal side of the scientific movement, when it finally developed, was the outcome of polemical conflict with dogmatic religion. It was, therefore, largely opportunistic and bristling with the spears of expedient logic. This, however, was only the "front" of the controversy. Behind the lines of angry debate were the scientific values, which were not "doctrinal" at all, but consisted in devotion to freedom of the mind, love of truth, and commitment to unhampered search. These were the values which the representatives of religious orthodoxy had long since abandoned. These values—to borrow from Eastern thought—were the arms of Krishna, now in the chariot of the new Arjuna of science.

But why, someone will ask, identify the personification of wisdom, the avatar of Truth itself, with what is admittedly only its partial embodiment in the genius of science?

The image, we confess, is only relatively applicable. But the parallels of great scripture never apply absolutely except for the wholly pure in heart. For the time, and during the great struggle of the scientific movement in behalf of the freedom of the mind, the spirit of truth was far more on the side of the scientists than anywhere else. Krishna, in other words, is found wherever the *primary* values of human life have been given hospitality.

It is not, then, the Eternal Verities which are ever vulnerable to the onslaughts of materialism. Materialism arises triumphant when the light of the Verities grows dim by human neglect, when ancient truths are mummified in rigid custom, and the life runs out of them, turning, like quicksilver, to other forms of human expression. The ultimate requirement of a form for *primary* truth is that it remain free, flexible, and friendly to the unpredictable motions and changes of high imagination.

In time, the same fate as overtook the dead forms of Western religion will bring an unanswerable indictment against Materialism. The life of the latter will have sought new forms, and only the repeaters of brittle formulas will still try to support the doctrines taught by the champions of scientific materialism. The question, as always, is, where will the new life emerge? Will it turn to a useless resuscitation of beliefs held *before* the scientific movement?

In a mass society made up of every variety of human development, the reaction from science is undoubtedly leading to a limited revival of what Westerners call Fundamentalism. In India, too, there seems to be a section of the population concerned with the revival of theocratic forms and sanctions.

But the great virtue of the scientific movement is the opportunity it has afforded, now that its cycle is nearly run, for a purified religious philosophy. It is the *functional,* not the doctrinal, truths that reformers, both East and West, need to extract from the heroic achievements of science.

We may look back across the centuries and see that human progress is really measured by a kind of "net" growth which results from a process of extreme alternations of various sorts. The philosopher, the sage, the *rishi*—men of this category bend a bit with the tides of human history, but are never overwhelmed. They *use* each tide as a corrective of former extremes, and to the extent that it may serve their purposes. A national hero, for example, who affects many millions will perhaps find it necessary or be inclined to adopt more of the energy of the tide to accomplish his purposes than the isolated thinker who tries to instruct the few in a steadily held line of striving, unaffected by the oscillations of the great cultural tides.

When looking for the significant figures of history, then, it is needful to seek out the men who have been first of all the vehicles of *primary* truth—the quality of freedom, o£ integrity, of universal sympathy and impartiality. The doctrines of such men will generally vary with their historic role—if they are founders and builders, their metaphysics will be important, their

transcendental teachings suggesting the structure of a culture (Laws of Manu?) designed to preserve and order the expression of the primary truths. If they are revolutionaries or reformers of dying systems, it is likely that their stress will be on the primary truths, with doctrines subordinated or even "esoteric," as seems to have been the case with Gautama Buddha.

Perhaps India has yet to learn something from the West, for how else can be explained the bond of "Karma" which unites so many of the youth of India with the energy still remaining in the scientific delusion? India's great leader, Prime Minister Nehru, is in a sense a man of two cultures. Shall we think that this is wholly by accident, and without meaning for the struggle of India to attain to stability and cultural independence? The primary truths of these two cultures are and must be the same; it is the secondary truths—the *Samvritti* of the matter—which are at uncompromising war in the artificial union of East and West at the doctrinal level. It takes a great man to live in balance in a world torn by incompatible traditions, creating a kind of Promethean agony as the lot of the national leader who attempts to reconcile such tensions; meanwhile, India may be the better for waiting until a larger maturity has been achieved, before fixing upon the final synthesis which must one day emerge as the solution of her problems.