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THE INNER LIFE

SENSIBILITY, or what is sometimes termed a sense of "the fitness of things," is difficult to discuss, and almost impossible to define, which places a considerable burden on anyone who proposes, as we now propose, that sensibility is a condition for the survival of civilization. The argument, if it can be called an argument, runs something like this: In a world in which human decision is increasingly prompted by fear—and in which *public* decision is almost entirely confined by expectations that others are determined to do us evil—the inner life of human beings is reduced to a minimum. Since a man's inner life has little meaning politically, and enters not at all into the popular measures for "security," the tendency is, in times of fear, to ignore its importance altogether. For the values of the inner life are substituted other values—those which can be judged by standards of outer conformity. After all, a man's *inner* life, if no one knows what it is, may very well be "subversive"! Accordingly, the really "reliable" man is the man who is careful to turn himself inside out. He expurgates from his mind any and all opinions which could not be published in the *Daily News* without fear of contradiction or reproach.

Bertrand Russell, writing under the lighthearted title, "How to Be Happy in 1953," in the *United Nations World* for January, puts the matter well:

> Everybody has tastes and desires and affections which are private, and if he is too much concerned with adapting himself to his neighbor's standards, he has to impoverish the private part of himself until he becomes as entirely public as a politician's speeches. But when he has achieved this, he will be left with a profound dissatisfaction of which he will probably not know the cause. Since he does not know the cause, he will attribute it so some external enemy whom he will proceed to hate.

Here, then, we have a rule of cultural survival for which there is not, and can not be, a popular definition. For what is the "inner life"? It is made up almost entirely of nonpolitical virtues. The inner life consists of riches which depend upon what a man is, of himself, regardless of what others may do to or for him. It is immune to the sweep of hysteria, indifferent to the nervous compulsions brought on by shouted slogans. Its values are the values of Socrates, who loved his fellow Athenians too much to carry them away with rhetoric in order to save his own life. He knew that being "carried away" by feelings was opposed to the inner life of man. If the Athenians could not "feel" the way to the doing of right and justice to Socrates, without his playing upon their emotions, he would have to die. And die he did, leaving the world the incalculably precious example of how a man with an inner life behaves under stress.

What is the most subversive force in the world, today? It has not changed. It is the force which drives men to externalize their inner lives until they have nothing, or almost nothing, left inside. This is the meaning of all heresy trials, all witch hunting. It was so in the Dark Ages, and it is so, today. In a wholly externalized society, every aspect of a man's life must be capable of public exhibition and comparison with some superficial norm. Again, Bertrand Russell has pertinent things to say:

> . . . important as politics and economics are, it is not wise to be completely absorbed by them. This is one of the things that are repulsive about communism. Communists view everything as a part of politics. Einstein, they say, invented his theory of relativity as a trick to bolster up bourgeois power. Poets and painters are to be judged, so communists aver, by whether they further or retard the interests of communism. Never for a moment are the faithful allowed to forget politics. They must not enjoy the

> sunshine or the songs of birds or the affection of those whom, if they were not Communist, they would love unless such enjoyment can be shown to minister to the victory of the Cause.

It is customary, these days, to define the measure of America's security by estimating the military potential of the armed forces of Western Europe, by attempting to predict what will happen in Korea, and by guessing at the number of suspected individuals in the Department of State and the Secretariat of the United Nations. Is this so very different from the communist scale of political virtue? Doctrinaire communists preach the doctrine of "objective morality," according to which a man must be judged entirely by the results of his actions in relation to the Communist State. Of necessity, a man whose behavior resists this sort of classification is a suspicious character. He is an unknown quantity with a hidden theory of the good, and if the good is always the publicly measurable, then what is hidden is almost certainly dangerous and evil.

We can be grateful to the Communists for pressing the logic of external morality to its outermost limit. If they had not done so, we could not see so clearly as we do what happens to a society which makes an inner life an almost criminal offense. The public history of the Communist movement makes plain the consequences of progressive externalizations of the inner life.

We speak, of course, of the Communist movement as a political and ideological force in the world. The human beings in the communist-dominated countries are not stripped of their inner life simply by a fiat from the Kremlin. It is simply that the cause of the inner life has become a "resistance movement" in communist countries. In the West, this cause has not yet been officially branded as a resistance movement, although there is an ominous trend in this direction. So far, the right of private opinion—even opinion in opposition to the prevailing national temper—is technically and to some extent practically allowed. The obvious danger-point for the West is the point at which almost *any* opposition to national policy begins to be defined as "pro-communist," for when this point is reached, the West will have adopted the "objective morality" which is the dogma of the Communists. So far, some of the demagogues and witch-hunters have reached this point, but it seems fair to say that the Government has not.

The difficulty in a discussion of this sort is in defending the ultimate importance of an inner life without seeming to propose that its test is somehow a "tolerant" attitude toward what are judged "subversive activities." The truth of the matter is that the spirit of the inner life will always oppose without compromise any tendency to externalize morality, will always reject any statistical version of the Good. If anti-communism threatens the inwardness of morality, then the defender of the inner life must oppose *that kind* of anti-communism, because that kind of anti-communism is as wrong and subversive as what it ostensibly attacks.

The defender of the inner life usually feels rather futile—defeated before he begins—when obliged to protest, "I have no sympathy for Communism, *but.* . . . " In speaking thus, he makes it plain that he does not expect to be widely understood; and he knows that, since being obliged to deny Communist sympathies is practically an admission of having them, for all too many Americans, he can hardly win friends and influence people for the cause he represents. He speaks, in short, to an audience already impoverished of the values of the inner life; that is why he finds them so hard to explain.

This brings us to our point, which is that the time has come to seek regeneration of the inner life itself. We cannot claim its importance unless men know how to participate in its riches. We cannot shore up the political safeguards of freedom unless men agree that freedom is a precious thing. We cannot press for truths which are not politicalized unless men agree that such truths exist and are worth pursuing. We cannot

argue against materialism and external morality so long as these things are worshipped in the guise of popular idols.

We have to face the fact that we are, culturally speaking, people whose inner life has been twice betrayed—once by our popular religion, and once by our popular science. In both cases, the instrument of betrayal has been the same—the discount of the importance of the inner life. Centuries hence, no doubt, we shall look back upon this period of history and call it the Cycle of the Great Contempt for Man. For during this period, man has been successively called Sinner, Simian, Consumer, and Soldier in Total War. Never, except for heroic and revolutionary interludes, has he been called a Soul, a maker of his own life and destiny. The lesson of this epoch, it seems to us, is that, with or without the approval of theologies and anthropologies, man is first a soul, a maker of his destiny, or he is nothing—nothing at all.

A few of our readers tire of our references to the idea of immortality. We return to this idea frequently because it seems the best way to suggest that man is a transcendental being—a being with resources beyond both dogmatic and textbook accounts of his nature. Immortality is a symbol of the nobility we hunger after—of the qualities in life which somehow declare for a reality which is greater than all mortal goods, for which the greatest of men have both lived and died.

It is this unfearing spirit, this dignity of mien, this devotion to high purposes and indifference to all else, which we revere in other men, regardless of the special vocabularies of time, place, and cultural tradition. This spirit appears as a spontaneous delight in children, in respect for men *as men*, without notice of either their color or their opinions. It acknowledges no crisis great enough to hide injustice, accepts no provocation to acts that may harm the innocent and blameless. It understands Tragedy and accepts it because, in Tragedy, the inner life survives, even if all else be destroyed.

This is the natural fruit of the inner life, the hidden harvest which feeds the life of civilization. It cannot be commanded, and no crusades can be launched in its behalf. When it decays, all other fruits lose their savor, some turning even into poisons which stop the heart. It is a fruit which each man must cultivate, cherish, and harvest for himself.

Letter from
MEXICO

MEXICO CITY.—The Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe stands in a suburb of a city known until last year as Villa Gustavo A. Madero, in honor of a revolutionary martyr. The federal legislature restored the name of this villa to Guadalupe Hidalgo a year ago. Annually, on December 19, an estimated two million pilgrims pay homage to the so-called "Patroness Saint" of the Western Hemisphere, the Virgin of Guadalupe, on this site.

Since the Catholic Church, according to the last census, commands the nominal allegiance of 96 per cent of the Mexican population—and particularly the fanatical loyalty of her women—it may be appropriate to examine the historical roots of this phenomenon. Without meaning to offend Mexican women, it must be said that abstract ideas are hermetically sealed from their minds. When confronted with controversial issues, the well-chaperoned senorita turns away from the subject or merely answers with silence—in either case she ingenuously dodges the conflict of ideas. Generally, the woman of Mexico does not know what an idea is. And this conspicuous vacuum is a monument to the Roman Catholic Church.

In her racial configuration, the dark Mexican has assimilated her European conquerors; likewise, the institution of the Church has adapted itself to pre-Conquest idolatry, assimilating pre-Catholic religious symbols and traditions in order to gain roots and survive in the Mexican cultural soil. Since idol-saints were dark, not merely Mexico's favorite saints and virgins, but Christ himself—the Christ of Puebla is black—became Indianized. After razing the Aztec temples, the conqueror maimed the Indian soul by constructing Churches over their very foundations—with the aid of enslaved natives.

On Dec. 9, 1531, ten years after Cortes' subjugation of the decaying Aztec empire, Juan Diego, a recent convert to the Catholic religion, crossed the hill of Tepeyac on the outskirts of Mexico City on his way to attend mass. According to the High Pontiff's approved version, Senor Diego on three different occasions in the same vicinity encountered, to the accompaniment of celestial music, a wondrous vision. Midst dazzling light, an image appeared telling Diego softly that she was the mother of God, no less; that it was her wish to have a shrine built on that site.

Skeptical, the first Bishop of Mexico, Juan Zumarraga, on two successive occasions dismissed the convert, demanding tangible evidence. As the story goes, it was on Juan Diego's third crossing of Tepeyac that the alleged miracle occurred. The Virgin told the crestfallen native to gather some roses and present them to the Bishop wrapped in an *ayatl*—Aztec meaning unbleached cotton cloak. Turning to where the Virgin pointed, the humble native was astonished to view roses blooming on the rocky hillside. And when his *ayatl* was unfolded, Zumarraga marvelled to witness an engraved likeness of the Virgin of Tepeyac, later named Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Within a year, the Bishop had a shrine constructed on the hill of Tepeyac, in which Juan Diego's *ayatl* has been preserved in a gold frame, mounted in the main altar of the basilica. Since the fame of the miraculous Virgin of Guadalupe has spread all over Mexico, the annual pilgrimage, which attracts more than two million credulous devotees, rich and poor, is a principal event on the Mexican calendar. In 1754, Rome issued a bull confirming the alleged miracle. And a few years ago a gold crown was placed over Diego's humble cotton *ayatl*, symbolizing the coronation of the Virgin in her newest role as "Patroness of the Western Hemisphere." The image of the dark *Virgen de Guadalupe* is a conspicuous sight in every corner of Mexico—on buses, in stores and workshops. I have seen it displayed in an altar in the engraving plant of the daily newspaper *Novedades*, adorned with gay flowers and supplicated with burning incense and candles.

The image of Our Lady of Guadalupe was adopted as the insignia on the standard of the Father of Mexican Independence, Miguel Hidalgo, a humble priest who summoned his parishioners of Dolores with a militant call to oust the oppressive Spaniard. His insurgent army, which grew to 80,000 Indians in six weeks, raised the cry, "Long Live Independence." So effective was their rallying symbol that royalist forces countered with the Spanish edition, the "Virgin of the Remedies," impressed on their banners. When Hidalgo was offered pardon, he answered, "Pardon, your Excellency, is for criminals, not for defenders of their country."

Hidalgo issued a proclamation emancipating the Indian and restoring his lands. After barely six months in the field, Hidalgo's career was cut short by treachery. He was excommunicated by the Bishop of Michoacán, who declared that "religion condemns rebellion." The Bishop of Oaxaca pronounced the independence movement an "erroneous doctrine" and the Inquisition condemned "the manifest heresy of the people's sovereignty." Both Hidalgo and his successor, Morelos, however, wrote charters that would establish Catholicism as the exclusive religion of state, banning all other doctrines on Mexican soil.

Virtual tyranny over body and soul was the prerogative of the Catholic Church of Mexico. With honorable exceptions, notably the gifted Fray Bartolome de Las Casas, Protector General of the Indians, the most abused man of two continents, who was cited as the enemy of both Church and Spain for vigorously flaying her colonial policy—a policy of uninhibited extermination of the aboriginal population—the Church until the first half of the eighteenth century was distinguished by its callous policies. It took a bloody revolt in the second decade of the present century to dislodge her from firmly held positions of entrenched privilege. Owning over half of the national real estate as well as fulfilling the role of chief money lender, the Church was roundly hated for her ill-gotten wealth, extorted from oppressed serfs. Besides her revenue from land monopoly, she enjoyed tithes from a multiplicity of religious ceremonies whose collection was compelled by the State.

While the clergy condemned education of women, the Army and Police, puppets of ecclesiastical authority, arrested dissenters and proscribed "impious" writings. The order to decorate all homes on religious holidays was enforced by municipal governments. These profound abuses led to a subsequent anti-clerical reaction, resulting in a vigorous suppression of clerical activity and the statutory separation of Church and State in the Constitution of 1917. In the years following the sanguinary Revolution of 1910, it became popular for Mexico's national leaders to affirm their allegiance to Masonry—a trend exemplified by Calles and Cárdenas—until two decades ago.

Confronted with the all-embracing ideological, social and economic transformations swept in by industrialization, the Church of Mexico has been gradually surrendering her authority. That her moral influence has always been tenuous is apparent in her indifference to graft and to larceny, grand and petty, her toleration of the "double standard," adhered to in all Latin America, the main effect of which is to drive women into her open arms, and her do-nothing policy toward extensive vice and poverty. The student and intellectual of Mexico now gladly witnesses the drama of a revolution whose final scope will be total.

MEXICAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW
"OCCUPATIONAL" NOVELS

Two recent arrivals in the field of bulky novels afford further evidence that fiction is often a provocative educational influence. Arguments to support this view are often repeated here, and while repeating them we have pointed out that major issues in our day jumble and pile upon one another with such rapidity that even the well-read citizen is apt to find himself feeling rather helpless and detached. Our concerns seem to multiply themselves until they are no longer concerns, until we cease to feel strongly about any of them. As someone remarked recently, modern man's reactions to the transition from atom bombs to hydrogen bombs are precisely those of the man who goes to work in a glue factory: on his first day the situation seems unbearable, on the second day it begins to seem barely possible that he will survive, but after a month he becomes completely oblivious to the stench. The novelist, however, if he is a good novelist, succeeds in involving us *personally* in what he regards as crucial situations, because he forces us to identify ourselves with his characters. Thus Irwin Shaw's *The Troubled* Air might do far more to change an ordinary reader's attitude toward "Red-baiting" than impassioned pleas based upon abstract principles; and while it is regrettable that abstract principles do not have the same appeal for us that they had for Socrates and Plato, there is no doubt about the fact that they do not, at the present time.

We don't know whether the two stories to which we now call attention mark a "trend," but both might be called occupational or professional novels. *That None Should Die*, by Frank G. Slaughter (!), a practicing physician, brings the layman a vivid feeling for the daily trials and ordeals of surgeons, internes, and nurses. The details of important operations seem authentically described. Dr. Slaughter is obviously much concerned with the problems of "socialized medicine," his protagonist in the story evolving a plan which eliminates the threat of state control, although, before this plan gains a fair hearing, the whole medical profession is made to experience the horrors of politicalized medicine during a period of government bureaucracy. The latter condition comes about after a Secretary of Health is added to the Cabinet, and ambitious men succeed in passing legislation establishing Federal control of hospitals, clinics, nurses, and even the apothecary shop.

Dr. Slaughter, however, is not an enemy of socialized medicine, which he clearly distinguishes from politicalized medicine. His favorite dream involves a public health program controlled by medical men themselves—without appointments. A reformed and revitalized AMA—Dr. Slaughter has few illusions about the present character of this body—would supervise the extension of clinical service to three income-groups of citizens. For the low-income group, all medical care would be handled—

> by the local and state governments, by paying the clinics at average cost-rates for each patient treated. Patients will be treated in out-patient departments or in the hospitals on the wards. Operations, etc., will be usually done by the house staff under supervision of the specialists of the clinics. All necessary medical care will be given just as if the patient were in higher-income groups. This will entail little more expenditure of tax money, since most of these people are already being cared for by charity hospitals in their areas.

The medium-income group would be made eligible for a special kind of health insurance with moderate rates; something like the compulsory health insurance advocated by Governor Warren of California. (Warren was wrongly reported as favoring complete *State socialization* of medicine.)

Members of the high-income group, in Dr. Slaughter's plan, would be required to seek medical care from private practitioners. This serious proposal for modified, nonpolitical socialized medicine is appended at the end of *That None Should Die*, the 440 pages of which

demonstrate that the author is not inclined to oversimplify any of the issues of "socialization."

Part of Dr. Slaughter's intent is to warn the American public against misreading political slogans, so that when such portentous questions as those discussed in *That None Should Die* arise, as they inevitably will, the average citizen may have clearer understanding of the complicated factors involved. In this connection, an article in the November *Progressive*, "The Politics of Medicine," by Max Seham, makes pertinent comment:

> Today the devious uses of the word "socialization" seem designed to reduce it to absurdity. A candidate for office in the last national election, asked to define dynamic sociology, replied seriously that it was a term dealing with dynamite and socialism. When Sen. Robert A. Taft offered his National Housing Bill, the leaders of the National Real Estate Association called the Senator from Ohio a "socialist." When President Truman proposed his Omnibus Bill for a national health program, Sen. Taft called it a "socialistic monstrosity."
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> Whether on the floor of Congress, or in open forum, it is popular for opponents of social progress to call anyone who disagrees with them or the *status quo* a socialist.

Another novel of considerable interest, *Live with Lightning*, involves the plight of atomic physicists who are pressed into Government service for military research. The author, Mitchell Wilson, obviously has scientific background, being rather well acquainted with the discoveries treated in the story. We doubt if anyone of that select minority comprising the nation's top physicists would object to Mitchell's account of the current psychological problems of their profession, and we further think that other devotees of the natural sciences will be glad that such a book has been written. Among other things, *Live with Lightning* reveals a great deal in regard to the impulsions which lead talented young men to become research scientists.

The note of warning in respect to the encroachment of politics upon pure research is sounded dramatically in this book. The plot arrives at this impasse: young laboratory specialist, having risen from penury and obscurity to some professional prominence, is offered a job in connection with Government control of atomic research. He decides that he cannot refuse the responsibility, since it is his conviction that atomic commissions should be staffed by civilians, but he becomes thoroughly aware that both he and the scientists under him will be subjected to constant surveillance, feared and respected as potential traitors:

> He would take the job, all right, but he knew that whether he did or not, he would still be in jeopardy, and he had placed himself there more than fifteen years ago. A sudden gust from the impenetrable solitude of the future came to him, and it had the stench of dungeons and fear.
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> He lay there in the bed, aware that all around him were people who didn't even realize the viciousness of what would be perpetrated in their name. How could they? The newspapers told them frightening stories, their statesmen publicly debated madness, and only a handful of people in the entire country knew how baseless the whole thing was, because only this handful had ever been taught the jargon of physics. The simplest words of this language held terror for the uninitiated, and the country could be taught the vocabulary only under the calmest conditions.
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> He thought of the hotel about him. The walls, floors, and ceilings seemed to dissolve, to leave the supine forms of the sleepers suspended in space. They stretched away from him on all sides, in a regular array, each layer floating above the one beneath so that he was merely one point in this lattice of human bodies. On a given day, for a reason he might never know, due to a command from a stranger, all these slumbering faces would open their eyes and automatically turn their heads to stare at him with hate and fear—the traitor scientist, the man doomed to death, and rightly so, for having breathed one portion of a secret that was no secret to another man who had known that secret all along. And in those hating glances there would be no single shred of pity because there had been no chance to communicate to the minds behind the eyes that the secret they feared was only common knowledge.

> Whether he took the job or not, he was about to be made into a witch by law, a captive witch, but a witch without witchcraft. For the first time in his life, as he lay sweating coldly in the strange bed, he understood men like Copernicus. The Inquisition was not dead. It lay in every man's heart. Whether he joined it or not, it was after him.
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> At that moment, too, he hated his profession, the one thing he had always loved above everything else. He didn't want to be a physicist any more. He wished every bit of knowledge could be stricken away from his mind. It was his brown skin on a day of lynching. He was lonely. He was afraid.
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> His eyes closed, and he wet his lips as he fought off the unwanted insight. He forcefully resninded himself that last night he had made up his mind to take whatever was to be offered to him, and that the cost had already been discounted.

Mitchell Wilson's story is equally provocative in its impromptu philosophizing. Take, for example, this analysis of scientific greatness:

> I'll tell you what you need to be a great scientist. You don't have to be able to understand very complicated things. It's just the opposite. You have to be able to see what looks like the most complicated thing in the world and, in a flash, find the underlying simplicity. That's what you need: a talent for simplicity. Sometimes, when I read the big theoretical discoveries, I get the sense of watching a human mind grab into the awful morass of ignorance and come up with beautiful order. And believe me, that takes a special kind of courage. A man has to be able to trust his own insight. Everybody says go out and think for yourself, but if you do and come back with a new idea they damn near kill you. So you can't be afraid of what people will say and you can't be afraid of your own judgment.

We wonder how much more serious writing from specialized scientific backgrounds of this sort will be coming out in the future. So far as we can see, such efforts should be welcomed. They contain enough relevance to immediate situations, and enough power, certainly, to win some readers away from an endless diet of detective and adventure stories.

COMMENTARY
HUMANITARIAN FREEDOM

ALTHOUGH sensible that there are books in print which insist upon nineteen or twenty kinds of "freedom," instead of just four, we have no intention of questioning the classifications offered by this week's Frontiers contributor. Classifications, after all, are never final or indisputable; they are tools for the understanding, to be taken up or discarded according to their usefulness. Mr. Bull's fourfold analysis of freedom seems to us especially fruitful in opening up the subject for further reflection by readers. Freedom, unlike some other subjects, cannot be understood without reflective use of the imagination.

Take for example the treatment of "Humanitarian Freedom." This is the freedom of the individual to range beyond political definitions of right and justice in the service of one's fellows. This kind of freedom is a prolific parent of other kinds. The Rochdale weavers exercised their humanitarian freedom when they established the first consumer's cooperative society, and out of their efforts grew a world movement which brought multiplying freedoms to many millions throughout the world. Gruntvig, the founder of the Folkschools of Scandinavia, moved far beyond the call of duty as a clergyman to evolve, with the help of others, a system of adult education which enriched the cultural life and speeded the social and economic progress of Denmark and other Scandinavian countries. Another movement with the same practical possibilities originated in Chicago as the Great Books program, and today is serving the interest and hunger for learning and wisdom of some fifty thousand people in the United States, through Great Books Seminars held, for the most part, in the public libraries of the country.

Reformers and the makers of constitutions ignore the importance of Humanitarian Freedom at their peril. It is only the totalitarians who will not trust to the resourcefulness of human beings in their use of humanitarian freedom—who attempt to provide through legal compulsion for needs which are best served and satisfied by spontaneously undertaken activities. There are freedoms which we demand, and concerning which we rage with indignation when they are curtailed, but there are other freedoms which we savor and enjoy without thinking very much about how they have grown or where they are rooted. These latter are the freedoms which arise out of self-determined creative activity. A law-maker cannot anticipate these freedoms, cannot define them with any particularity, and, indeed, is seldom inclined to consider them at all, since he is under constant pressure from his noisiest constituents to smooth the path of acquisitive free enterprise. Further, people who live at their highest level when exercising their creative faculties are not likely to turn into law-makers, anyway, for laws are almost entirely instruments of constraint, and the creative spirit expresses itself in the language of compulsion and constraint only with the greatest of difficulty.

The chief area for cultivation of humanitarian freedom is education. Education is the one great human institution which must respect the undirected, unplanned inspiration of individuals, or lose its excuse for existing at all. It is natural, therefore, that the history of education should be filled with instances of heroic deviation from established patterns, and be marked by endless sproutings in the field of humanitarian freedom. One recent illustration of such efforts is the tutorial program now in progress at the Santa Barbara branch of the University of California. A year or so ago, a small group of professors at Santa Barbara, already carrying their normal load of professional duties, resolved to make available to undergraduates an opportunity for wider freedom in education. Without any additional compensation, these teachers took on the ardors of preparing and executing a tutorial program which would enable students to pursue their studies in the light of a personally chosen philosophical synthesis. The professors made themselves ready for this program by holding seminars of their own, by clarifying their own conceptions of philosophical synthesis. In a word, these men have tried to establish the conditions under which university students may find their way to a maturity which is often not even conceived of—except in vague, rhetorical terms—in institutions of higher learning.

From this adventure in humanitarian freedom, we may think, will develop an educational atmosphere that nurtures the imagination, enlarging the students' sense of human possibility. It has been done before, of course, and in many places, but each time and at each place this sort of education becomes a reality, the vital understanding of freedom, essential to a free society, is renewed. And, what is most important of all, this kind of understanding cannot be renewed except by the free flow of the humanitarian impulse, the undemanding and unexpecting gift of the heart.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
NOTES IN PASSING

A RECENT communication reveals that one subscriber, at least was rather disturbed by our lack of enthusiasm for the fairy tales of Grimm and Andersen. We said (MANAS, Oct. 22):

> Fairy tales also indicate a great deal about the nature of the values and beliefs held by the author—a kind of implicit "history" which cannot be avoided. In another way, too, social and cultural attitudes eventually enter the picture, for we find in Grimm, and even in Andersen, an emphasis on evil which may be more productive of nightmares than a hopeful sense of values.

Being questioned about this, we went back and read some more of Grimm and Andersen, but were still unable to find the "hopeful sense of values." The moral context for both the Grimm collection and the imaginative tale-weaving of Andersen seems a theological one. A selfish, lying and destructive person—as in Grimm's "The Frog Prince"—may suddenly be transported to great happiness by means of a species of divine intervention. Clever subterfuges are often rewarded by happiness, too, as if those who first spun out such tales were willing to think of themselves as weak and sinful creatures, so long as they could rebel occasionally against the total rule of God's law. In a number of stories the reader may note how the characters are made to escape the consequences of their own evil doings—which, to us, is but proof that it is logical to resent the sort of God who makes you morally weak and then holds you morally accountable. This emphasis, we maintain, is a long way from orientation in a "hopeful sense of values."

The following passage from Andersen's "The Guardian of Paradise" illustrates most of the points we should like to make, and encourages us to reaffirm our conviction that *Henry Beston's Fairy Tales* are some thousand per cent more valuable and instructive for our children than either Grimm or Andersen. Andersen, despite his capacities as a story teller, so often seems preoccupied with the subject of eerie death:

> Death was a strong old man, with a scythe in his hand and great black wings. "He shall be laid in a coffin, but not now. I only mark him and then leave him for a time to wander about on the earth to expiate his sin and to grow better. I will come sometime. When he least expects me, I shall come back, lay him in a black coffin, put it on my head, and fly to the skies. The Garden of Paradise blooms there too, and if he is good and holy he shall enter into it. But if his thoughts are wicked and his heart still full of sin, he will sink deeper in his coffin than Paradise sank. And I shall go only once in every thousand years to see if he is to sink deeper or to rise to the stars. . . '

As we see it, the last place theology belongs is in children's stories. Children need the bright and the shining, need to be closer to nature than to evidence of man's preoccupation with sin.

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It has long seemed clear to us that, while it is easy to institutionalize human beings, and almost as easy to get them to cherish their institutionalized condition, one thing you can't promote this way is human understanding. Sounding like Gertrude Stein, we can only repeat, "A man is a man is a man is a man." For "a man" is not a communist, nor a republican, nor a democrat, not a progressive, nor a neo-classicist, not a Catholic nor an atheist—at least not while and if you are making attempts to understand him. That is, he cannot really be described in any terms save his own. A man is not even "a husband," and, to prove it, we quote a bit of youthful wisdom as it appeared in the *Reader's Digest* for December. Under the title "This, Too, is Infidelity," Margaret Johnstone reports a dialogue with "a child who accurately diagnosed his parents' marital ills":

> "Mother," he asked, "what does 'married' mean?"
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> "Why, it means mothers and fathers promise to love and honor each other all the rest of their lives," that mother answered.
>
> "Then you and Daddy aren't always married, are you?" he countered.

The point we keep trying to make about marriage is not that there is anything wrong with people being husbands and wives, nor any sure guarantee that people would be happier if marriage had never been invented, but only that all stereotypes promote a great deal of confusion and a fair amount of hypocrisy. It is not, interestingly enough, the legal aspects of marriage which bring about this result, but the combination of legal status and social expectation. We have a right to expect from our wives, husbands and children only one thing—a desire to be as just with us as we try to be with them. We don't have a right to expect anyone to think, act, or feel a certain way just because he is a husband. Byron's remark that "truth is a gem that is found at a great depth; whilst on the surface of this world all things are weighed by *the false scales of custom" is* worth periodical pondering.

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Helping the young to achieve an appreciation and respect for books is always a goal of education, and more, perhaps, can be accomplished in this respect at home than in the school. An illustrated article in the *Saturday Evening Post* (Nov. 8) tells the story of a "modern shepherd of the hills," a good Samaritan of the Ozark back country, who has dedicated the past twenty years to distributing reading material to the mountaineers of his region. Carrying his volumes on a pack board, Ted Richmond annually traverses thousands of miles. A "deeply religious man," though in no orthodox sense, Richmond has not limited himself to distributing the books he personally thinks uplifting. He endeavors simply to share the wonders of the printed page, and if it takes years for one of his non-paying customers to elevate his taste beyond Western stories, Richmond does not become impatient. He began by sharing books he owned. Later he addressed appeals to library and church groups in more settled communities surrounding the Ozark hills. Now, largely through his efforts, there are shelves bearing the legend "Wilderness Library" in churches, schools, and country stores. Some two thousand people have become Richmond's intimate acquaintances and recognize him for their friend, although they were at first suspicious of a man with such an odd hobby.

Even this brief recap of the *Post* story may serve to bring vividly to mind the extent to which the sharing of good books among friends, neighbors and acquaintances may develop genuine cultural and intellectual sympathies in the community. What can be done in the Ozarks can be done in a natural and normal way by anyone, anywhere. There are few things that people can share without incurring or imposing some kind of obligation, but book-sharing is one of these things. The friendships which develop through book-sharing and recommendation are, moreover, definitely grounded on elements more basic than political allegiances or even church membership. Children who grow up under the influence of this kind of neighborliness are likely to develop into intelligent and sympathetic readers.

FRONTIERS

Four Freedoms

THERE are four kinds of freedom, four distinct meanings indicated by this one word. We find them in pairs: two referring to subjective or psychological experiences, two referring to objective, sociological experiences.

Let us start with that concept of freedom which refers to a condition of the individual consciousness. Freedom here in the soul of a human being means a certain independency in his power to choose, a certain perspective upon his own choosing functions. Freedom in this sense signifies not only Man's transcendence of instinct, but also the individual's incipient power to transcend the inward and the outward conditions in which he finds himself. This kind of freedom enables a person, for example, to embrace an actual present hardship in order to move toward a conjectured benefit. Sometimes this is called spiritual freedom.

A second concept of freedom refers to a Utopian dream. It is the unlimited freedom of the adolescent's wish. Being potentially capable of acting freely (in the above sense), men tend to imagine outer conditions in which their expressions of independence would be quite untrammelled. These Utopian dreams of total freedom, while fantastic, are yet valuable. For if the youth cherishes no dream of absolute freedom, how can the man be expected to undertake the serious business of actually achieving increased measures of relative freedom?

Now, turning to the much more complicated pair of outward freedoms,—the associational freedoms,—we find that these pertain to moral and civic rights and responsibilities. These we shall call humanitarian freedom and political freedom, though other terms might serve as well. Both concepts arise in contexts of human relationships and both pertain to variable degrees of exemption from the control of conditions not of the individual's own making, or choosing. Incidentally, for the benefit of those who may still be wrestling with the old problem of free will versus determinism, let us say that this problem loses its pertinency as one progresses in understanding the several distinct aspects of freedom. The question resolves from whether we are free to which of our choices are relatively more free and which are relatively more determined.

Humanitarian freedom is the freedom a man experiences when he is more considerate of the well-being of other men than the law requires him to be. It is sympathy and human kindness in action. It is manifest when individuals together pour millions of dollars into agencies of relief and benefit to other people across the world. It may motivate a Josiah Warren in running a store at actual cost of services rendered, refusing to take the profits the law allows. It was experienced by slave-owners as they voluntarily set free their slaves. Conscientious objectors bear witness to this kind of freedom when they decline to war against brother humans of another land. It is soldiers fraternizing with the enemy; and employees working overtime without pay; and employers sharing their profits with the workers. Every voluntary act of supra-lawful human friendliness belongs in this category of freedom. In this kind of freedom all choices of the individual are grounded in a premise of kindly regard for others.

On the other hand, our fourth concept of freedom—political freedom—grows from a premise of antipathy which reaches back as far as history itself. It has been said that every bit of freedom which the common people have ever won from the rulers of the earth has been won at a cost in human bloodshed. It would seem that the ultimate satisfaction of the people's struggle for freedom must lie in the achievement of equal freedom for all citizens. Until that goal is attained, political freedom must remain in some respects a misnomer. Predaceous liberties for the clever and greedy, sore deprivations for the

majority—both masquerade under the banner of freedom. Political freedom is "equal freedom under the law." The law is inextricably rooted in precedent, some of it ancient and unsavory precedent. The most flagrant abridgements of equal freedom are found in the unwritten common law. Because of basic contradictions in the meanings of political freedom, our political life bears some resemblance to a nightmare. In the name of protecting life, capital punishment is judicially administered; in the name of free enterprise, industrial and mercantile giants are legally protected in squeezing out thousands of little enterprisers; in the name of "sound money" maldistribution of the products of industry is perpetuated, causing periodic booms and busts; in the name of defending the peace, war is waged; in the name of liberty, misappropriation of natural resources is lawfully encouraged and protected. The list of anomalies could be extended indefinitely.

But that is only half the story—the shadowy side—of political freedom. It looks ominous precisely because men have failed to make good use of the degree of freedom that has been achieved. Particularly in a country which has, like ours, a constitution with provisions for its own amendment, the value and importance of political freedom—however limited and confused—can scarcely be over-estimated. In such cases, theoretically at least, all of the shortcomings of political freedom can be corrected by constitutional means. In this connection it is well to remember the abridgements of freedom which were apparently unsuspected at the time of the ratification of the Constitution of the U.S.A., and which have since been brought to light and corrected. In some of the original thirteen colonies, the right to vote was limited to male property owners who were members of an approved church. The abridgement of women's right to vote was not outlawed until about 130 years after the ratification of the Constitution. The lawful denial of freedom suffered by chattel slaves was not corrected until the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were ratified, following the Civil War. From these examples it appears that limitations of freedom are most likely to be found lurking unsuspected in blind tradition. In the past great strides have been made in expanding the American concept of political freedom, due largely to the efforts of devoted patriots (otherwise known as trouble-makers) who detected, publicized, and worked for the correction of traditional common-law denials of equality of opportunity. In other words, our concept of political freedom has grown immensely in the first one hundred fifty years of American Independence. There is still room for further growth.

WENDAL BULK

Nazareth, Penna.